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Weekly Encourager - 14 August 2016

Scriptural advice, help and insight on how to trust Jesus Christ to defeat schizophrenia from James STACEY NOW IN HIS 27TH YEAR OF FREEDOM - OVER 28 YEARS OFF ALL PSYCHOTIC MEDICATION - THANKS TO JESUS CHRIST.

“WITHOUT THE VISION FROM GOD OF TINA IN A BRIDAL GOWN, I WOULD HAVE LET HER GO”

Read Chapter 7, “Today Is Our Last Meeting” from *Schizophrenia Defeated* detailing how an end to a brief five-month courtship was averted followed by a deeper relationship leading to deliverance and healing from schizophrenia after 26 years – and marriage in 1991.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTED BIBLE READING IS MARK'S GOSPEL CHAPTER 2

(Verses 1-12) *Jesus Heals a Paralytic*: A few days later, when Jesus again entered Capernaum, the people heard that he had come home. So many gathered that there was no room left, not even outside the door, and he preached the word to them. Some men came, bringing to him a paralytic, carried by four of them. Since they could not get him to Jesus because of the crowd, they made an opening in the roof above Jesus and, after digging through it, lowered the mat the paralysed man was lying on. When Jesus saw their faith, he said to the paralytic, “Son, your sins are forgiven.”



Now some teachers of the law were sitting there, thinking to themselves, “Why does this fellow talk like that? He’s blaspheming! Who can forgive sins but God alone?”

Immediately, Jesus knew in his spirit that this was what they were thinking in their hearts, and he said to them, “Why are you thinking these things? Which is easier: to say to the paralytic, ‘Your sins are forgiven,’ or to say, ‘Get up, take your mat and walk’? But that you may know that the Son of Man has authority on earth to forgive sins ...” He said to the paralytic, “I tell you, get up, take your mat and go home.” He got up, took his mat and walked out in full view of them all. This amazed everyone and they praised God, saying, “We have never seen anything like this!”

“Today is our last meeting.”

We had just driven into the car park and were walking towards the restaurant, when Tina dropped the bombshell that it was going to be our last meeting. It was news I was shocked to hear and refused to accept.

I replied: “This can’t be,” appearing half-stunned, and feeling that the bottom had dropped out of my little world.

Considering what she now knew about me, though, Tina had every reason to announce an end to our brief five-month courtship. When we first met in the autumn of 1987 she had no idea of my 23 years’ history of schizophrenia; for if she had, there would have probably been no meeting from the outset.

Imparting the news of her intended finish brought more than a little sadness to her. I recalled that after our first meeting she liked me and even announced to her father and stepmother that she thought she had

possibly met the man she would marry.

But to hear her now saying that today was the last meeting came as something I was not prepared to accept. It wasn't just that I was terribly lonely and needed a wife, but I was spurred on by the vision, in which I saw Tina in a bridal gown, to dig my heels in and not let her go. I was deeply in love with her, though in my heart of hearts I could not have handled what an early marriage would have meant.

So as we walked to the restaurant I remonstrated. "This can't be. I don't want today to be our last meeting," I said.

As we sat by the warm fire eating our meal, I wondered if it could really be our last time together.

Tina was somewhat shaken by my response. "I thought every-thing would be plain sailing without you putting up any resistance. At the end of the day I intended travelling home down the A38 never to return," she told me later. .

The vision of Tina in the bridal gown strengthened my determination not to let her go home that day without the promise of seeing her again.

Our meal over, we headed back to the car. Outside the restaurant I felt a little freer to state why this couldn't be our last meeting.

"I love you and I'm not willing that everything is going to end today," I told her, stressing that I needed her love, and the special kind of compassionate love she had for someone like me with a disturbed personality condition.

I must have stated my case with conviction, for at the end of the day when it was time for her to return home, we had agreed to meet up again soon. Before she left to return home, I shot up in her estimation by simply asking if I could pray with her, to which she readily agreed.

A mixture of emotions gripped my heart as I waved her off. I thanked God that I would be seeing her again, though we had agreed it would not be as often. I also knew a sinking feeling that without that promise, life would have been seriously difficult to cope with.

I sat in my home and reflected on the situation and how we first came to meet. Knowing that I had just avoided what for me was a crisis time, I breathed a sigh of relief. I still hoped that the 5ft 2in bright and bubbly nurse I had just waved off would indeed become my wife as the vision had shown.

Within a few days Tina wrote to me and said:

"I did not find it easy to communicate with you the things I did last Wednesday. I do not believe God is leading us together towards a permanent relationship and that is why I said what I did. Having said that I do honour, respect and like you, and I always will look upon you as a good friend. I do enjoy your company and I'm sure I'll see you again sometime. I'm praying for you James — I really am. The best thing you can do is to commit me continually to the Lord and to ask Him to bless and guide me. God has both our lives in His hands.

"I praise the Lord He has touched you and I look forward to hearing of the manifestation of His healing power in the months ahead. The Lord is powerful, the healer and sustainer of us His children. I will phone and contact you James. I will want to know how you are getting on and I believe God wants to show His glory through you in the coming months, so that your non-Christian friends particularly will be amazed.

"They will see His healing power manifested in you. In this healing process (and I personally believe a lot of God's healing is a process) there will be practical habits to be relearned such as a regular sleeping pattern. This is very important to establish in order to enjoy life. It was lovely to hear of you buying an azalea today — keep it up; they are beautiful plants aren't they?"

We met less frequently and the days apart were indeed difficult to manage. I had been through much worse circumstances during my long illness, and the grace of God was to undertake again. But the periods of separation proved so important in allowing Tina time to pray and ask God if there was really a way out of my condition. There were other matters, too, occupying her life, namely house-hunting. The year of 1988 was a time of booming house prices, particularly in the West Midlands and around East Anglia.

At the age of 44, Tina needed to pursue buying her own property. So she joined the many who were frantically securing houses before the prices soared high again. As a former Operation Mobilisation missionary worker in India and France, she planned to remain in work as a practice nurse in the West Midlands, a job she

was well qualified in. But she needed space for herself and a place of her own.

Her father had settled in Halesowen after retiring from the Church of England ministry in 1979, and the property he occupied was his choice, bought by the Church Pension Board and rented from them. Esther, his wife, who was a retired nurse, owned a terrace house in Leeds which they still kept on as they made frequent visits up North to visit relatives on both sides.

On one occasion Tina was among over 20 prospective buyers escorted around a run-down terrace house for which she had made an offer of £28,000. The whole party was a little surprised at the condition of the property, and one remarked to the company, "Well, if one of us doesn't get it, it'll certainly go to the Black Country Museum."

She wrote to me:

"The way house prices in the West Midlands are rocketing up is quite alarming, but I know the Lord will lead me at the right time to make the correct offer. Thank you for praying for me, especially regarding guidance about buying property. Over the last few days, the Lord has certainly brought me into a peaceful rest about it. The next couple of months will be quite pressurised for me with house hunting. I'm finding even now with my church commitments that by the time the weekend comes I feel drained. This week I'm out three nights but I know I'm doing the right thing."

We were both missing one another. Tina wrote in another letter:

"If I lived according to my feelings, I would see you every weekend, but circumstances seem to make that impossible at present. I will see you in July — what about the first weekend? We'll see nearer the time whether I come to your place or you come to mine. I'm sure in the future we'll see more of each other though. I have to confess I missed you last weekend.

"You're often in my thoughts and I pray you'll become stronger and stronger in mind as the months progress and that you will enjoy life much better than ever before."

The difficulty in keeping my job going amidst the inner turmoil and the comments to step up a gear in productivity became a constant struggle. In utter desperation and anguish of heart, I was more and more cast upon God in prayer and was aided to wage war against the indwelling spirits through the greater power of the Holy Spirit. God owned my life, and because of the power available to me through the death and resurrection of His son, Jesus Christ, He wasn't going to lose the fight. How faithful and mighty He was to prove in the next major battle!

For the space of four days I was really praying to keep alive, so intense was the struggle. The attacks culminated on the last night with such a tremendous assault on my life by the demons that I reached what I called "wits' end intensity". Finally, all I could do was to stay on my knees wrestling in deep anguish against this powerful evil force that was trying to overpower me. As I was being attacked in my mind, the stronger power of the Holy Spirit was strengthening me to fight the spirits inside my schizophrenic prison.

The final contest was fought on my knees into the early hours of the morning, though I was unaware of time during the battle. It must have been a few hours' struggle before I knew God had got the upper hand. Strange though it is to describe or picture, all the demons inside me, though not cast out, seemed stripped of their strength and were subdued within my life, if only for a time.

The physical and emotional toll was immense. I slumped into a chair and said:

"Lord, I just do not want to go through that ever again!"

God knew it would not be necessary. It seemed so significant a breakthrough that at the time I thought it was the full package to freedom. What the incident did was to impart such an important victory into my life, paving the way for the great day of healing and deliverance still nearly two years away.

By the end of June 1988, I had reached a place of utter helplessness and weakness. I had no more strength to fight. So hopeless did my situation seem that I thought the only way out would be to seek medical retirement; but the more I thought about that option the more guilt gripped me as I battled with the pressure from Satan of it being "the coward's way out." But the whole idea seemed attractive. I had reached the point where I could drive myself no longer.

I apologised to my children for my lack of energy. I felt no one understood what was going on in my life and the only way out would be to throw in the towel. For years and years I had fought a hidden foe within my life. Contest after contest had worn me down. From my bed I said to Philip:

"I'm sorry, but I feel so lifeless and out of sorts."

He had seen me like that many times before, but on this day it was different.

In a moment of inspiration, I decided to get away for a break and go to Scarborough for a few days, but the tremendous guilt I felt in even imparting this news to the children was hard to bear. I managed to muster enough energy the next day to pack a small case and set off for the train to Scarborough with a change at York.

The Yorkshire seaside town held many happy memories for me. Well over 20 years earlier at a time when my illness first broke, Pam arranged a brief holiday there in 1966 after I left the Middlewood Sanatorium in Sheffield.

Walking out of Scarborough station in search of a hotel, my emotions filled up. Here I was on my own in a place which held such sweet memories that I just wept inwardly. A short way from the station I stumbled across a Christian bookshop where God was to minister to me very personally. Opening the door, I heard the popular hymn, "The Servant King" being played on an audio cassette. With my back turned to the counter, where a member of the staff was working, I cried inwardly as the words of the hymn came to mind: "And in the garden of tears my heavy load He chose to bear." I thought: "Lord, You know what I am passing through and You have great compassion towards me."

I moved to another part of the shop to look at some attractive posters and my heart leapt as I saw an attractive scene of a stream and flowers showing the words from Isaiah 42 verse 9: "See, the former things have taken place, and new things I declare; before they spring into being I announce them to you." A word in season indeed which inspired real hope into my depressed condition!

I stayed in a couple of hotels spending time resting and walking within a short radius overlooking the sea front. But I was holding on to God in prayer in spite of the mental tiredness and confusion. It was a break that brought a slight improvement in my condition, but by no means did I return home fully strengthened and free of the problem I had when I left home a few days earlier.

The day after returning home, a most important letter arrived from Tina expressing the view that she thought it was right not to physically see or meet each other for six months. She wrote:

"I feel very drawn to you James as you well know. The main thing that has always attracted me to you is your gracious, kind and loving spirit. Over the months that attraction has matured and I have grown to love you.

"I would find it difficult at the moment being just a good friend to you. I feel, therefore, it would be the right thing to have a break for six months. I don't find this easy to tell you, and I certainly do not find it easy to accept; in fact I find it very hard. I've been thinking of you so much this couple of days. However, I feel before the Lord that this suggestion is right, but I miss you James and no doubt I'll miss you more. I do want you to feel free to telephone or write to me whenever you want to. You are really on my heart and I'll be praying much for you in the coming months.

"I really do trust that you'll have more fellowship with people in your church. Mixing with godly people does help us emotionally, mentally and spiritually. I think there must be many people in your church who love you Jamesie. I am praying that the Lord will refresh and invigorate you and pour more mental energy into you. Do keep in touch. I carry you in my heart and you're regularly on my mind. We must keep looking to Jesus. He is our hope."

Tina's decision to call for a six-month break was in itself the best thing that could have happened at the time. I needed the rest and break from seeing her because I was passing through a most difficult period. The effect of withdrawal symptoms through not having had an injection now for about six months exacted its toll on my whole system causing a reaction which made the need to pray harder more urgent.

I moved to the Datapost duty at the office where Sheffield Royal Mail was a subsidiary distribution centre, and the duty was quite demanding. I didn't realise it at the time but the pace of my work needed moving up a gear. Each and every day there was internal struggle going on in my life far more difficult than attending to office work. Although I had to be out of the house by seven every morning, I still believed that the change of location was proving to be a good one and I had no regrets.



Tina told me how much Esther, her stepmother, used to pray for me, and her father, too. Not only in their own devotions but joining forces together when emergencies arose, such as the time when I struggled with the news that my favourite aunt was dying with cancer in early January, 1989. The power of their praying helped me cope with what followed after an incident of jumping off the wrong Inter-City train in Sheffield Station.

Travelling home from Worksop after receiving the news about Auntie Ivy from my elder brother Keith, I boarded an Inter-City train around 9.20 p.m. at Platform 5 from where I normally journeyed home from work. I immediately shared the disturbing news with Mum Horton, my mother-in-law, as soon as I reached Sheffield station. Caught up in conversation, I lost sight of the time the train left and suddenly dashed over the bridge to board the train assuming without checking if it was the right one going to Chesterfield. As soon as it pulled out in the opposite direction, I headed for the door without a moment's hesitation and jumped off, landing on my feet. The opened door crashed into the wall inside a nearby tunnel and the train was halted. Out came members of the Rail Transport Police, and bluntly said: "What did you do that for?" I explained I was a bit upset because of the bad news about auntie having cancer and apologised for my behaviour. I landed a bill of about £160 for delaying the train and damaging the door. The emotional toll produced by that crisis, when added to everything else, required more strength. I was helped through by the regular praying of Tina's friends at Christ Church the Lye and Stambermill, near Stourbridge, who were always taking me on their hearts. Life-long friends up and down the country also took hold of the burden to see me free.

On a visit to my home one week-end, Tina decided that I needed to have a smart casual jacket which she was happy to pay for. She was tired of always seeing me dressed in a blue blazer which I never seemed to have off my back. We headed for Marks and Spencer where I chose an attractive light-blue jacket. "It looks nice," she said. "It matches your eyes." I remember feeling quite emotional for most of the time in the shop as I never had had anyone helping me shop for personal things for so long. She went further in her kindness and bought me a pair of suede shoes. I sobbed as I was trying them on. Not long after, I visited my friend, Mrs Buckley who immediately remarked on the nice blue jacket I was wearing. "Tina bought it for me," I said, to which she smilingly replied: "Things are getting serious when you start buying clothes for each other." I laughed.

Tina thought we would both profit from a holiday in Scotland; but instead of it being a time of strengthening and refreshing, it proved nothing but an ordeal for her. Staying at a guest house run by two radiant Christian spinsters in Kinlochleven provided a happy atmosphere. But there were times when Tina saw parts of my difficult personality which convinced her more and more of the complexities of the illness and how vacillating were the mood swings it engenders.

On two occasions there were incidents that impressed the hopelessness of my condition on her. Driving into Glencoe one day with the cassette playing singer Keith Green, she observed that I was crying profusely without showing one ounce of emotion. It became worse for her when she asked me what was the matter and I couldn't explain. The words of the song had gripped my heart. Inside I felt so weary of all the problems in my life.

Knowing that Jesus understood brought great comfort, leading to a "quiet outburst" of tears. I was unable to explain anything to her, which at the time proved most frustrating.

But a greater time of confusion and exasperation for Tina was on the day we parked the car by a lake. In the dialogue between us, she saw more than ever glimpses of the darkness of the schizophrenic mind with its patterns of illogical thinking processes and unstable decisions. That day decided her, in one sense, of how taxing it would be to get involved with me if ever marriage was on the cards. The holiday turned more into a strain rather than something she had hoped would be enjoyable. However, in spite of everything she was concerned for

me.

In a letter received after returning home, Tina let me know just where she stood in our relationship:

"As I shared with you, I would wish to see greater mental strength before committing myself in a permanent relationship. So I'm praying about seeing evidence of normal mental strength becoming evident in the coming months. You are such a lovely man and I enjoy your company so much when you're relaxed, and I see Jesus in you, which of course is the most attractive feature in anyone.

"I have much more energy than you at present, and I love mixing with people, so that is another point to consider. I do realise you enjoy being with people when you are feeling fresh, but I love being with people even when I'm tired. Not always, of course, but I've often mixed with others at meetings, social events, even when I've felt very tired. In fact, at times I've been uplifted and strengthened being in the company of others when I have joined them feeling fatigued. So I find it difficult to want to be 'alone' on the whole, apart from times of necessity to do my chores at home or times of prayer, study etc.

"Be assured of my prayers in these days, Jamesie. There are good days ahead. Yes, you have felt much improved and I praise the Lord for that. However, I'm not satisfied yet, and so please put up with me seeing things differently to you at times. I do pray much."

Problems surrounding my slowness at work continued to disturb me, so much so, that I felt it needful to meet the Health Adviser and put my case forward. Although it was a positive meeting, the letter which came out of it was unable to highlight the real reason for my performance at work, though I was given a sympathetic hearing. The letter sent to Personnel by the Adviser wrongly attributed my psychiatric symptoms to Pam's illness and subsequent death in 1981, adding:

"Unfortunately, some symptoms were still in evidence last year following a withdrawal from drug therapy and which, he believes, affected his appraisal negatively.

"Since that time, he has been symptom free and is now discharged from hospital and GP care. I am pleased to say his health is now fully restored and that the bereavement process appears complete. Mr Stacey is keen that you should know he is fully recovered as he now feels able to cope with further responsibility should that possibility arise."

Reading that letter later just impressed itself on me that the medical people at work had no idea what illness I really had.

At this time, Tina drew my attention to a forthcoming conference to be held at Brighton in February, 1990, called "The Battle Belongs to the Lord." She felt it held out hope for me because of the subjects to be dealt with which could be a problem to Christians, and she suggested I consider attending.

In the summer of 1989, Philip began a three year course at Reading University. Alison was already a student at Huddersfield Polytechnic and into her second year.

I earnestly believed that to attend the conference might give some hope, so I promised to book later. The devil was all out to prevent my attendance, though, and began scheming to prevent me. I lost my father in November and this was a big shock. Supporting my mother in the weeks and months that followed brought greater responsibility.

As time drew near to the conference, I doubted whether I ought to go, but Tina pressed and pressed me to make the effort, underlining that it might lead to the answer I was seeking.

I became more aware of the impact on the demons that daily prayer, and reading and living in the word of God were having. Equipped by the power of daily reading the Bible and using it in spiritual warfare against the demons was most certainly challenging their home in my life. They were being stirred and felt under threat. It was during these days that God taught my heart the daily importance of standing fast in the faith, and how I should make it the issue of every day.

I began writing in a small hard-back notebook thoughts inspired by the Holy Spirit, and built up what I used to call "A Daily Familiariser". The important discipline every day was to pray and become strong through reading the Bible. I knew the importance of receiving instruction and strength from God's word in adding progress to progress in moving forward towards freedom.

I was determined that nothing would deter me from keeping up the fight to be free. What an

encouragement to know that even though I didn't know how to pray as I ought in my predicament, the Holy Spirit knew how to teach me, as the Apostle Paul writes in the letter to the Roman Christians (Chapter 8). He was indeed continually "making intercession for me with groanings which could not be uttered."

It was amazing how the Holy Spirit was imparting spiritual truth and light to my mind day in and day out. I was getting stronger in what was a constant spiritual campaign against demonic forces. Moreover, hope was arising in my spirit that I could be set free, though it was impossible then to anticipate the depth of freedom until it actually came.

At one point I nearly told Tina to drop the idea of attending the conference because of the pressure of looking after my mother. But I finally gave in to her persistent canvassing and asked her to book me in. Her father and Esther expressed an interest in attending as well, and after a long search for accommodation ended in finding a flat for four in Saltdene, Brighton, the issue was settled.

*Chapter 7, "Today Is Our Last Meeting" from Schizophrenia Defeated.
The book is available to buy via www.schizophreniadefeated.com*

A PRAYER OF HOPE FOR THOSE SUFFERING WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA: "Lord God Almighty, will you hear my prayer and make the sacrifice of your Son, Jesus Christ real to me. Wipe away my sins that were atoned for on the Cross of Calvary by Jesus in order that I might not have to die eternally. I believe that Jesus took all my sins and my sorrows and made them His very own and after three days He rose again from the dead and now makes intercession for me. By the power of His shed blood, I believe I am now set free and opened up to all the resources of His grace and power. I am looking forward to the day – why not today – when the evil bondage of schizophrenia surrounding my mind is totally defeated. I ask You, Heavenly Father, to help me drive out the dark, spiritual presence by the light and power of your conquering Holy Spirit's presence. I want to know the reality of the promise Jesus made that whoever follows him will not walk in darkness but will have the Light of Life. Make it happen for me, as I pray in the Mighty Name of Jesus, Amen.

See below in the pictures BEFORE AND AFTER deliverance and healing, the visible difference made by the power of the Holy Spirit on my great day of freedom in May 1990.



BEFORE DELIVERANCE AND HEALING

showing the "gates of brass and bars of iron" around my mind requiring the power of Jesus to shatter once and for all.



THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL

by Rebekah Laue of Pagosa Springs, Colorado, U.S.A.



AFTER DELIVERANCE AND HEALING

picture taken at 6.15 a.m. at Derby Railway Station five days after Jesus set me free, on my way to show Tina "her new man"

IF YOU HAVE NEVER INVITED JESUS CHRIST INTO YOUR LIFE, AND WISH TO, DO PRAY THE FOLLOWING PRAYER WITH ALL YOUR HEART: "Lord God Almighty, I approach you in the name of your Son, Jesus Christ. I know I have sinned in my thoughts, words and actions. There are so many good things I have not done. There are so many sinful things I have done. I am truly sorry for the sinfulness in my life, but most of all I acknowledge the sin that separates me from you. I accept the death of Jesus on the Cross to redeem me and extend the gift of eternal life. Gratefully, I give my

life back to you as I now ask you to come into my life. Come in as my Saviour and Lord and cleanse me. Come in as my Lord to control me. Come with the strength of your grace and the power of your Spirit to defeat the evil spirit of schizophrenia that troubles me. Now you have set my spirit free, pour your delivering and healing power into my life as I take authority in the name of Jesus through the power of his blood over the intruding force. I assert your ownership of my life and resist any legal right that the devil seeks to hold over my life and bind up and expel any evil presence. I believe that my mind can be completely set free and my whole life enjoy the total freedom of Jesus. Amen.

PROCLAMATION FOR GOD'S PROTECTION by Derek Prince

NO WEAPON that is formed against me shall prosper and every tongue which rises against me in judgement I do condemn. This is my heritage as a servant of the Lord and my righteousness is from You, O Lord of Hosts. If there are those who have been speaking or praying against me, or seeking harm or evil to me, or who have rejected me, I forgive them. Having forgiven them, I bless them in the name of the Lord.” *

NOW I DECLARE, O Lord, that You and You alone are my God, and besides You there is no other – a just God and a Saviour, the Father, the Son and the Spirit – and I worship You!

I SUBMIT myself afresh to You in unreserved obedience. Having submitted to You, Lord, I do as Your Word directs. I resist the devil: all his pressures, his attacks, his deceptions, every instrument or agent he would seek to use against me. I do not submit! I resist him, drive him from me and exclude him from me in the Name of Jesus. Specifically I reject and repel: infirmity, pain, infection, inflammation, malignancies, allergies, viruses, and every form of witchcraft.

FINALLY, LORD, I thank You that through the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross, I have passed out from under the curse and entered into the blessing of Abraham whom You blessed in all things:** exaltation, health, reproductiveness, prosperity, victory and God's favour. AMEN

*see Matthew 5: 43-45; Romans 12:14

**see Galatians 3:13-14; Genesis 24:1

We are continuing to insert in the Weekly Encourager some powerful Scriptures to read, memorise and meditate on for USE in your prayer battle to drive out the demon of schizophrenia. By so doing your confidence in the Lord will grow because the words will impart “spirit and life” into your spirit, and so equip you in your fight for freedom to know the deliverance and healing of Jesus.

When Jesus rose early on the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdelene, out of whom he had driven seven demons. She went and told those who had been with him and who were mourning and weeping. When they heard that Jesus was alive and that she had seen him, they did not believe it. Mark 16: 9-11

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us in the heavenly realms with every spiritual blessing in Christ... In him we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, in accordance with the riches of God's grace that he lavished on us with all wisdom and understanding. Ephesians 1: 3 and 7

The LORD is righteous in all his ways and loving towards all he has made. The LORD is near to all who call on him, to all who call on him in truth. He fulfils the desires of those who fear him; he hears their cry and saves them. The LORD watches over all who love him, but all the wicked he will destroy. My mouth will speak in praise of the LORD. Let every creature praise his holy name for ever and ever. Psalm 145: 17-21

You may be reading the Weekly Encourager for the first time and have stumbled across our website in a desperate search to break free of schizophrenia. Or every week you visit W.E. for encouragement and help to overcome this “monster” of mental illnesses and have been given REAL HOPE that the Lord Jesus is the only One to open the prison door to freedom in your life once and for all time. We encourage you to keep logging into the site as often as you can for scriptural advice as

we continue to point to Jesus who is well-trying and tested in the area of setting captives free from a bondage that no-one else can conquer. Our website www.schizophreniadefeated.com seeks to magnify the dear Son of God who left the courts of heaven to come to our world and die for you and me on the Cross at a place called Calvary just outside Jerusalem over 2,000 years ago. In that sacrifice, he paid the punishment and penalty of your sin and mine and on the third day rose again as "The Resurrection and the Life". He releases TODAY into your life and to anyone accepting his sacrifice, the same victorious life that brought him back from the dead, in the person of the Holy Spirit. Why not invite him into your life right now? It's a life-transforming experience that you CAN REALLY KNOW – which is well able to defeat and conquer the hell of schizophrenia you struggle with, for good!!



"I will proclaim your mighty acts, O sovereign Lord" Psalm 71: 16

James Stacey, Pray Until Schizophrenia Heals