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Weekly Encourager - 6 November 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.

CRAWLING ON MY BELLY IN THE PRINCIPAL'S STUDY (Chapter 5 from *Schizophrenia Defeated* by James Stacey)

THIS WEEK'S SELECTED BIBLE READING IS JOHN'S GOSPEL CHAPTER 10: Key verses 7-13:

Therefore Jesus said again, "I tell you the truth, I am the gate for the sheep. All who ever came before me were thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not listen to them. I am the gate; whoever enters through me will be saved. He will come in and go out, and find pasture. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. The hired hand is not the shepherd who owns the sheep. So when he sees the wolf coming, he abandons the sheep and runs away. Then the wolf attacks the flock and scatters it. The man runs away because he is a hired hand and cares nothing for the sheep. I am the good shepherd; I know my sheep and my sheep know me – just as the Father knows me and I know the Father – and I lay down my life for the sheep."



Crawling on my belly in the Principal's study

(Chapter 5 from *Schizophrenia Defeated*)

Life was by no means easy in the months that followed Pam's passing, as I began to appreciate more and more just how much she had loved and cared for me. How I had depended on her for support in facing life in so many ways over our 14 years of marriage.

I drove my will to keep turning up for work to fill my day in the writing room at the post office with duties which I could never claim to be over-taxing, only mundanely repetitive. If it had been otherwise, though, I doubt with my condition if I would have been able to cope.

There were jobs which always had to be done daily like the changing of franking machines and dealing with complaints from customers missing their items sent in the post. The most difficult task after lunch each day was counting the takings from one of the stores in Chesterfield. Thumbing through notes and counting coins used to take its toll on me, and I was never more pleased than when the job was finished. I would have avoided my turn of pushing the cash trolley back to the strong room given the chance.

Each day I just longed for home time. I had neither the relish nor the inclination for work at this time, and the moment I went through the gates in the sorting office yard announced my kind of exit to freedom, though on reaching home I slumped into a regular routine of passivity. Early in the evening my children would find me upstairs in bed withdrawn from the real world — and how guilty I felt inside.

Though the loneliness of life used to concern me, I made few overtures for friendship as I could not be bothered and the effort was too much. If ever I was in a low state, I would always find a spiritual uplift from an elderly Christian widow, Mrs Edna Buckley, who lived less than two hundred yards up Chatsworth Road. She had lost her husband shortly before I lost Pam, and I was helped by the wonderful way she found God's grace to take her through.

She was quick to invite myself and the children for Sunday lunch immediately after the funeral. It was a great encouragement to know that when I struck a bad patch she would light up hope within my spirit. Pam and I loved having fellowship with her, and we both dearly loved her husband Philip, too. He had often brought Pam and the children by car to see me in the psychiatric hospital.

I thought it was wonderful how God had his people on hand to support me whenever it was needed. In addition to Mrs Buckley, Graham and Joyce Dobson, were constantly providing me with support, the value of which was priceless. Alison and Philip kept up their friendship with Alison and Paul, and it was to me a great relief to know they were in their company during the times I found things difficult.

Graham and I were both deacons in the church. He was a practical man, had built his own Mini-Clubman car, and was always on hand to do countless practical jobs at our house such as replacing worn-out guttering or mending the new central heating boiler when it leaked into the kitchen. We would pair up from time to time with our sons to see the ups and downs of third division Chesterfield Football Club at Saltergate.

I had read somewhere that the grieving process takes quite a while to pass through, and that I should not even begin to think about getting interested in somebody else until two years were over. In my own mind I knew that I was not ready for re-marrying, though I didn't realise it was because I was not free of schizophrenia.

I had to keep up the regular routine of receiving injections of modicate or depixol. There were signs of coping better at work and I was given greater responsibility, though I was aware that if my superiors knew of the internal struggle I was having they would have kept me away from more exacting duties.

Being one of the senior members of staff, I was appointed to try out the responsible job of taking charge of the main Head Office counter when the regular overseer was on holiday. Fourteen clerks came under my control with the additional duties of looking after the main safe and receiving cash deposits from main stores in the town.

Despite the unhindered, daily routine of the job, I never liked the responsibility in the short space of time I worked on the duty. I found being in charge of the safe in the writing-room which distributed remittances to post offices throughout Chesterfield and district much easier to handle, though there were difficult balancing problems to handle occasionally.

I used to take the job home with me in my thoughts, and turn up sometimes an hour early in the morning to get on top of the work. Then, it happened! The build-up of pressure reached a peak, and I suddenly snapped, ending up in Walton psychiatric hospital again. This was to prove a time of utter devastation and demonic attack, the like of which I never want to pass through again (and never will by the grace of God).

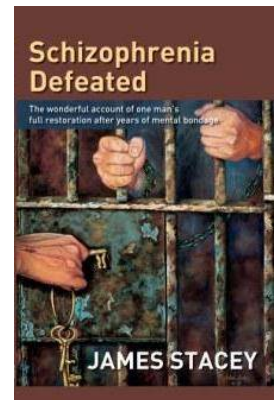
The satanic attacks on my mind were relentless. Seeing my life at a low ebb, the powers of darkness moved in to harass and assail and were desirous of breaking my spirit. I imagined everybody was out to kill me. I even suspected fellow-patients of having evil intent towards me. Workmen outside carrying hammers were going to use them "to do me in", and nothing was more sure when I saw them looking at the drains below the flooring in the hospital corridor than that they were intending to drop me down into the hole.

The onslaughts created so much fear in me that I would not allow myself to go to sleep. I resisted the tablets in my system. It was a case of continuously fighting the hordes of hell who must have been fancying their chances of finishing me off. Without the strength of the Holy Spirit providing resistance within me I would have given in, but God prevented me from throwing in the towel.

Knowing how much we can take, God usually sends to our aid at such times His angel of comfort and help. Mine appeared quite often in the corridor in the form of our new minister, Pastor Ernest Anderson, whom I regarded as God's messenger visiting me in my prison house. He sometimes brought along his wife, Joan, and what a joy and relief it was seeing them looking for me in the hospital day room.

One evening I just had to escape. I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to get to "the city of refuge", or to be more precise, to the Pentecostal church where the weekly prayer meeting was being held. With thoughts of everyone watching what I was doing, and feeling intense pressure on my mind, I managed to ring from the hospital for a taxi.

I paced up and down the foyer of the hospital, wondering all the time if I had been missed on the ward and someone was coming to take me back. After what seemed a long wait, the taxi finally arrived, dropped me off at church, and a great feeling of relief came when I saw Ernest and Joan and other friends there. I had reached



a place of safety from those who I really thought were seeking to destroy my life. It was typical of Ernest, seeing my desperate condition, to invite me to stay at his home — an invitation I readily accepted.

The prayer meeting over, we approached the Manse to be greeted by a police car and two officers outside, patiently waiting there to take me back to hospital. Because I was under a Section Order at the hospital which decreed that I must be detained for my own safety and the safety of others, my debunking had caused the officer in charge of the ward to send out the police. It was with some reluctance and heartbreak that I was escorted back. My heart sank as I walked into the ward and prepared to get undressed for bed.

There then began a long spell of staying at Walton hospital and what seemed endless refusals to be granted week-end leave to go home. During this “endless prison sentence”, a most unpleasant happening occurred which increased the spiritual battle I was going through. At a meeting where my welfare and progress were being discussed by those on the Ward and my social worker, the psychiatrist in charge of me said: “Mr Stacey, we have decided to give you electric shock treatment.” I should have been asked in the first place if I would allow it to be given, but I replied: “No, I don’t want it. I have had it before and it is most unpleasant.” The psychiatrist then said, presumably wanting to gauge my reaction: “Mr Stacey, we are going to give it to you if we have to carry you down.” Sensing his out-of-order conduct, I swiftly rose to my feet, looked him straight in the eye and said: “I don’t want it. Whose life is it, anyway?” He quickly replied: “All right, if you don’t want it, go home!!” I said: “I will”, and left the room for my ward to pack my case and leave.

Walking past the door where the meeting was being convened, the psychiatrist, leaned out and said: “OK Mr Stacey, forget it.” I then returned to the ward aware of such a strong spiritual opposition in the whole place. It was not the first time I had felt that “mental tricks” or “psychological games” were being played on me. On another occasion, I was asked by the receptionist to go down the corridor and knock on the psychiatrist’s door because he wanted to see me. When I did, he point blank denied that he had asked to see me. There was another occasion when the psychiatrist drew close to me and referring to a new female assistant who appeared for a short time said: “Do you fancy her?” I was more than confused by his strange behaviour. The incident about the electric shock treatment spoke so much of abnormal control that I reported it in writing to the Medical Tribunal at Nottingham. I relayed the whole incident to my Auntie Ivy and she promised she would get me representation at the hearing with a consultant solicitor at the practice where she used to work. But I later cancelled the complaint to the Tribunal because of the immense pressure and burden it added to my life.

Eventually I was discharged and tried to pick up the threads of life again, but still I was not free, though in my heart of hearts I just longed to be. To my Pentecostal friends I was accepted as having these periodic occurrences of abnormality, though no one had any discernment as to the real struggle occupying my life. I needed someone with discernment, compassion and authority from God to draw alongside and begin leading me out into freedom.

The illness of schizophrenia was becoming more and more entrenched in my life, affecting mind, body and emotions. The psychotic disorder over the period of about 20 years had led to a deeper bondage through this greater entrenchment. My firm conviction is that schizophrenia in my life – and in the lives of others suffering this evil intrusion of bondage – is rooted in rejection. There is a commonly held view that the illness has its roots in the womb, where normally well-ordered cells deep within the brain are thrown into disarray, but schizophrenia is not in the blood system or in the genes but in the demons. It cannot be denied that the condition gives opportunity to evil spirits of rejection to possess a life, and so deprive that person of enjoying normal freedom.

Christian schizophrenics desirous of enjoying the freedom purchased for them by Jesus Christ at Calvary literally know a constant war going on inside their lives. Real longings to be free of the demonic nature of this condition provide ample evidence to outsiders and doctors (the patients themselves don’t need convincing) of the strong prison house that holds them in bondage.

Though I returned to work part-time in the writing-room at the post office, on reaching home I just crashed out. Weekends were nearly always spent in bed, while I followed a kind of recluse existence as the schizophrenic condition prevented me ever having a quick satisfying forty winks, never mind knowing refreshing sleep any night. More and more a tremendous guilt attached itself to me, knowing that my children needed me, and I was too weary and tired to be by their side taking the lead during the important years of school life.

It was to prove such a delight in years to come, when healing and deliverance occurred in my life, to know again what it meant to have a good night’s sleep. Knowing how much I had missed out for so long on quality sleep and rest underlined why I needed to regain so much emotionally and physically after the great day of

healing.

These were indeed days of spiritual struggle in which I couldn't trace God but only trust, though my amount of faith was often very low. While there was an ongoing desire by evil forces to take me into further bondage, God was all the time watching over me and providing the power to pray. To appreciate now that all the hell I endured was known to my Saviour, who had full control of my life, gives me an unforgettable understanding of His faithfulness and love.

On a spring day in 1983, the onslaughts by the evil spirits took hold of my mind compelling me to believe a gigantic delusion that a devastating world event was going to happen at 10 o'clock that morning. I had been moving around at home since the early hours of the morning through having had a disturbed night. I felt the need to go and see Dr Skevington Wood, the Principal at Cliff College about eight miles away. So I hired a taxi and instructed the driver to get me there at double speed.

I was agitated walking down Cliff Lane near the College during the minutes before 10 o'clock as the delusion gripped my mind and sought to make everything real, as every schizophrenic knows. I marched down the corridor, then into the office of the Principal's secretary, saying that it was important to see him.

Dr Wood was standing behind his desk as I walked in. I didn't give him any time to talk, but immediately began to take over the proceedings by imparting the burning issue on my mind. He then sat on an easy chair without saying a word, presumably trying to make head or tail of what he was hearing. Then suddenly, I found myself on the floor slithering across the lush green pile of the carpet like a snake, repeating endless other delusions as the demons were obviously at work in my life.

It would have been obvious to anyone with knowledge of the demonic just what was happening. What a golden opportunity it could have proved to engage some of the students in deliverance ministry and take authority in the Name of Jesus over what was manifesting in my life! But as Dr Wood was to tell me later, he was not acquainted with such occurrences, and I ought to talk with his predecessor the Rev Howard Belben who had more knowledge than himself.

For one whole hour I dominated the conversation, and then Dr Wood interjected: "The students are about to take coffee in the common room. Shall we go down?"

Despite my intrusion on his time, and the disturbing behaviour that took place, he remained at peace throughout the whole encounter. He always seemed to have a sense of God about him. I always felt he had time for me and would never cut me short. Even later on when I rang him at the College on a Bank Holiday as he was preparing to move house, he sounded as if he had all the time in the world to talk to me. It was as though he was always allowing for interruptions in life and was kept poised under the control of the Holy Spirit.

Having carried on excited conversation with one or two students in the Common Room, I told Dr Wood I would be on my way to catch the bus from Baslow just over a mile away.

"Are you sure you can make it?" he asked.

I assured him everything would be fine and proceeded to walk from the Common Room down Cliff Lane to the main road.

I kept up attending church, though I dropped off going to evening service now and again. It was through a divorced friend attending our church that I was introduced to Christian Friendship Fellowship based in Doncaster — a kind of Christian dating agency for those wanting to meet up with Christians of the opposite sex for friendship, companionship or even marriage if that was the desire. It might be the solution for the tremendous loneliness and isolation in my life and seemed a good idea, though I knew I was not ready for marriage. Members could also join regional groups and take part in social functions together.

I joined up by paying the annual fee of ten pounds, and in return received a quarterly digest of members living in various parts of the country who stated their personal details, interests, hobbies and what their interest was in meeting someone. My introduction to the agency was at a dance held in Sheffield to celebrate the engagement of a couple who met through CFF, an event made more enjoyable by the attendance of groups from Nottingham and other areas.

It became something of a hobby with an absorbing interest to study the details of women who had joined. I was on the lookout for a fully committed Christian and was not prepared to consider eventual marriage to a divorcee. Seldom did I light on someone who stood out as a keen believer and follower of Jesus who had made it plain in the few lines of details shown.

On joining, my first contact and meeting was with a young Baptist widow from Mansfield whose husband had died of cancer. The benefit of sharing our experiences over the telephone gave mutual comfort, leading to my

first meeting since joining. Though a second meeting never materialised between us, I thought it boded well for further contacts.

I was informed in the second group meeting at Rotherham, during conversation with two women in their mid-fifties, about false details of age being given on the male listings, and not all members of CFF were genuine Christians.

"One man I met had stated he was 10 years younger than he actually was. He certainly looked it, even old enough to be my father and admitted the deception when I asked him," one of the women said.

I eagerly awaited the arrival of the quarterly handouts of details of new members and would make fresh contacts by telephone, even in far-away places like Sussex. One part of my mind would say to me that it was pretty worthless making contact with someone living so distant in the hope of forging a relationship. But it seemed an interesting prospect on dark lonely winter nights to light the fire in the lounge and entertain the pleasing adventure of getting to know someone even in a remote kind of way. Actually, it was the only interest that brought a bit of sparkle to my life.

The arrival of a quarterly phone bill for over £300 in the mid-eighties made me realise I was taking the hobby a little too far, and caused me to curtail those calls which I knew would never materialise into anything. I began to narrow the field to contacts in the Sheffield, Leicester and Manchester areas. I met women from these places, but it was not right to proceed in a relationship with them. Some obviously discerned that I was not completely free and this provided a reason for a swift end to contacts made, though my condition of schizophrenia was never known. I myself refused to admit that I could be labelled by that word, though I knew I had a real mental problem.

I often wondered if it was the right time to stop having my fortnightly injections. The longing to be free was often associated in my mind with ending all treatment, but I thought I ought not to make a rash decision. A psychiatrist had confused me by saying that it would not be necessary to keep having treatment throughout my lifetime. Perhaps I should chat to someone who would guide me. I proposed to do so when I went on a church trip to Lincoln to hear Rev Trevor Dearing.

Trevor, who was a former student of Cliff College like myself, had written a book called *God and Healing of the Mind*, detailing his personal testimony of how God had changed his life. Doctors described his condition when a teenager as "chronic depression," "hysteria" and a "severe anxiety state" and he also suffered from an intense depression, which shrouded his mind like a heavy, black curtain. God had wonderfully brought deliverance and healing to his life, which I was hoping He would do for me. If anyone could advise me about ending my treatment, he was the man.

I was inspired with hope as I heard Trevor preach and saw him at the close of the service ministering Divine healing and praying with many people desiring personal help with their problems. It was not possible for me to approach him because of this involvement with others. As there was very little time before our bus left, I decided to talk to his wife, Anne, at the bookstall. I briefly explained my condition of needing injections following numerous visits to psychiatric hospitals. Her answer was brief but reassuring:

"Never come off your treatment until God tells you to." And with that the internal struggle over the issue was settled.

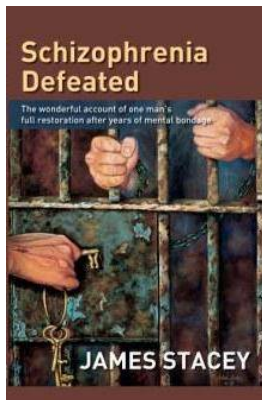
Ever since Pam's loss, my children helped each other during the critical years of their studies. Again, I felt terribly guilty that I could not even muster either strength or support to get to most of the meetings for parents held by both schools. I often received stirring words to get me to "pull my socks up" from other quarters outside home but without the understanding of my condition.

I knew that my children were not ready for me to marry, as well as knowing it myself. I was to become engaged later on with a marriage date arranged, but it was not right to go ahead because the children were very unhappy about the wedding. Although preparations were well-advanced for the event, I followed a strong conviction it was right to call it off.

Work was shared between duties located in the writing-room next to the main sorting office and as a counter clerk. My patience and endurance with stamping pension books and being perched in one position all day long was beginning to fade. There must be a way out of this tiring kind of work, I thought. Month-end pressure, when car owners used to descend on us like vultures for road taxes was always a wearying time. And then there was the balancing. I used to be concerned about making a loss. Though I avoided making serious losses, this aspect gnawed at me and I longed to be free of it.

The only way out of counter work was to transfer to the Post Office Accountants General Department a

hundred yards away in the town centre. But the thought of that routine work, which handled administration for all over the country, never attracted me to seek a change.



However, a chance came my way which I seized with both hands, though it involved exchanging my job only just over a mile away from home for a 26-mile round trip to Royal Mail's head office in Sheffield.

My reasoning in going centred on one main advantage — of being in a normal kind of office atmosphere where I believed I would get stronger through not having the pressure of counter work. Some members in my family couldn't understand why I was moving away from a job on the doorstep, but it was a decision that was to result eventually in steering me towards healing and deliverance.

The move came at a time when the Post Office announced its Business Development plans, and I was given the option of putting in a request for a transfer. Travel subsistence would be paid for the first three years with a £1,900-plus payout all at once. In agreement with my children it was decided the time had come to have a new three-piece suite and a new carpet in the living-room. We soon directed the cash into those urgent and overdue improvements for our home.

Though working in Sheffield, I kept up the fortnightly visit to the hospital in the town centre of Chesterfield to receive my injections to keep me stable. I much preferred receiving my medication that way as it generally seemed to make me less tired. I could handle it far better than tablets.

For the first few weeks of the job in Sheffield I was a reserve, which meant filling in for someone on holiday. What a contrast to being at the beck and call of counter customers! The slackness of work and lack of urgency in the office routine soon enabled me to build up my strength. Eventually I was transferred to the Mails branch which dealt with all aspects of letter circulation, moving later on to the Datapost duty.

There were times, particularly in the winter, when I longed to be working nearer home, but the decision to move to Sheffield was going to prove an indispensable strategy in moving forward to become totally free, though it was still early days.

FOR FURTHER READING – See Archive File

2012 8 January - Praying In The Name Of Jesus And According To The Will Of God

2011 24 & 31 July - When Enough People Pray Enough Time Your Deliverance is Near

2010 17 January - Jesus is Waiting To Hear Your Cry For Help, His Response Will Be To Deliver

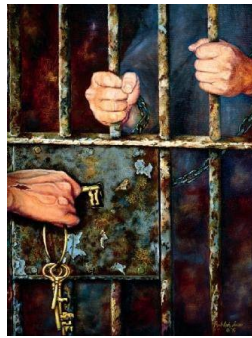
A PRAYER OF HOPE FOR THOSE SUFFERING WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA: "Lord God Almighty, will you hear my prayer and make the sacrifice of your Son, Jesus Christ real to me. Wipe away my sins that were atoned for on the Cross of Calvary by Jesus in order that I might not have to die eternally. I believe that Jesus 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

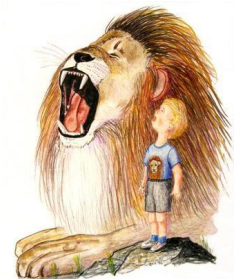
We are continuing to insert in the Weekly Encourager some powerful Scriptures to read, memorise and meditate on for USE in your prayer battle to drive out the demon of schizophrenia. By so doing your confidence in the Lord will grow because the words will impart "spirit and life" into your spirit, and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

"I pray that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give you a spirit of wisdom and revelation as you come to know him, so that, with the eyes of your heart enlightened, you may know what is the hope to which he has called you, what are the riches of his glorious inheritance among the saints, and what is the immeasurable greatness of his power for us who believe, according to the working of his great power." Ephesians 1: 17-19

Jesus answered, "It is written: 'Man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God.'" Matthew 4: 4

And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:7

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-tried 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