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For My Son Who Serves

Lord, bless my son whose daily living is a gift to You. He walks in faith and trusts in You with his whole heart. Bless Bradley, Lord, who gives without counting the cost and whose life is an example of Your presence among us. Bestow upon Your loving servant every gift of Your grace, and the abundant blessings of Your favor.

Thank you, Father.

Thank you...

I would like to thank my mother who has loved and prayed for Bradley the past forty-one years, for faithful friends; especially Charmaine and Peter Holder, Pastor Mac Haywood, and my two daughters. To my husband, Brian, who

loves and has been there for Bradley, and to Jim and Kathy McNally who have taken Bradley into their family and church as a son.

I have been blessed with three special children -- my first-born is a daughter named Colleen. She first laughed when she was six weeks old and hasn't stopped since; a real joy to be with and a ray of sunshine. Her heart is compassionate, she loves the Lord and serves Him well. She has a wonderful children's ministry, visiting a home for children with cerebral palsy; feeding them and seeing to their needs for bedding and nappies [diapers], etc.

The administrators at the home say it's wonderful the way the children have improved since she has been there helping them to read and talk. They can now point out an animal when she asks, and speak a few words. They get so very excited to see her. I thank the Lord for her beautiful heart; she is a special person who I love dearly.

My second child is Bradley Paul, "my miracle son," for whom I am writing this book. I thank God everyday for giving him to me. He is loving, caring, and has been a wonderful influence in my life, praying with me through many trials and encouraging me.

My third child is a daughter, Michele; born fifteen years after the first two. Yes, I had to start all over again and learn about babies! Ha... She is a soft, loving girl with a kind heart and a faithful friend. She also loves the Lord.

How much more blessed can a mother be? Thank you, Father.

Before I start writing my story, I would like to share a poem that touches me deeply. It has helped me to understand the hard times when I wondered why certain things happened:

The Weaver

My life is but a weaving
Between the Lord and me.
I cannot choose the colours
He worketh steadily.

Oft times He weaveth
sorrow

And I in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
and I the underside.

Not till the loom is silent and
The shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas and
Explain the reasons why.

The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

(Author Unknown)

MY SON BRADLEY

The Beginning Of Bradley's Life Of Miracles

This is the story of a very special son who was given to me on the 13th June 1964. His was a very difficult breach birth needing instruments to extract him.

Due to prematurity, his lungs were not developed enough and he was not breathing. They put him on one side as dead as they attended to me. However, God had other plans. A young doctor in training came in and revived Bradley, got him breathing and placed him in an incubator.

The doctors told me he wouldn't make it through the night, but I had an unwavering faith that he would live; faith that was truly a gift from God my Father, Savior and Special Friend.

THE STORY OF HIS PARENTS:

I was a young, 17-year old girl sitting on the "Cat Walk" on the Fish Hoek beach in the Cape Town area of South Africa, where I met Bradley's father,

nicknamed Billy. We attended the same church so we got chatting and started spending a lot of time together.

He was studying at the Bible Institute of South Africa at Calk Bay and was kept very busy. After his lectures in the evening he would run all the way from Calk Bay to Fish Hoek to visit me. "What one does for love!"

Billy was from East London, a town on the East Coast of South Africa, and during holiday breaks he would sometimes go up to East London to visit his mother and father. Once he came back with a bright blue Renault which his father had given him. Well, let me tell you, it had holes in the floor and roof so when it rained you had to put your feet on the holes in the floor and an umbrella up to keep from getting wet. But it was still very useful and we had many good years from it. "Except when I had to push start it!"

When Billy graduated we decided to get married. We lived with his parents in East London and waited upon the Lord to show us His will. Billy was asked to run a small church on the coast of Natal. There we lived in the cutest little wooden house right on the beach. We had very few things; a double bed, two chairs in the lounge, and a small stove and fridge, but we were happy doing the Lord's work. There were not many people in the church, but those who came loved the Lord and were very special. Soon after we started working, I discovered I was pregnant so we were very excited.

After we had been there for a year, we were asked to move to Kimberley, near the diamond mines in the northwest part of South Africa, to another church. We were sad to leave but knew that God had plans for us.

We settled into the Kimberley church, which was a little bigger than the one in Winkelspruit. The members were dedicated Christians and very excited to get a pastor as they had struggled without one for many months. I was very young but the ladies of the church took me under their wings and I thank the Lord as I learned much from them.

On the 31st August 1962, I gave birth to my darling baby girl, Colleen. I went into labor about 7:30 in the morning and went straight to the hospital, where they put me in a room to wait until the doctor came.

Being my first baby, I was rather nervous and started talking to a young man who was on a ladder fixing the light. We were chatting away and he asked if it was my first baby, etc.

Next thing, the nurse came to see if I was alright and I said, “I need to push.” She was a young trainee and said, “No,” emphatically. I insisted. She replied, “Okay, but just one push.” Well, guess what? My daughter slipped into the world, the young man fell off his ladder, and the trainee disappeared.

The next day the young man on the ladder came to see me bringing a bunch of flowers. He looked so proud you would have thought it was his baby. Ha!

Well, from the time Colleen was born she was a real joy to us. The folk in the church loved her and made such a fuss over her.

Sadly, after about a year we were once again transferred, this time to Brakpan near Johannesburg. Times were very hard in the church and we battled financially, but God was so faithful and supplied all of our needs. As it is written in Philippians 4:19, “*My God will supply all your needs according to His glorious riches in Christ Jesus.*” We didn’t know the luxury of sweets or treats – but we had each other, our darling little girl, and the Lord. I then discovered I was pregnant again, and we prayed and asked God for a son. I had an easy pregnancy but at seven months I went into labor and was taken straight to the hospital. The following morning at 5:30, Bradley was born.

He was so very small—only 4 pounds—and his lungs were not developed so he could not breath. The doctors massaged him for awhile then laid him on a table in the labor ward as they started ministering to me. I was very weak from hemorrhaging.

They told me they were sorry, but they did not think Bradley was going to live. I did not accept this. I knew God had given him to me and I believed wholeheartedly that he would. God had special plans for my son.

I remembered Isaiah 65:24, “*Before they call I will answer, while they are still speaking I will hear.*” I knew God had heard me. While the doctors helped me, a young trainee doctor came in. When he heard that Bradley’s lungs were not developed enough to open, he started working with him, and praise the Lord, Bradley started to breath!

He was put in an incubator but the doctors didn’t hold out much hope. I still believed the Lord had His hand upon Bradley. I praise the Lord for the doctor who took the time to work with him. It reminded me of the story of the men

who took their friend and lowered him through the roof for Jesus to heal. If they had not taken the trouble to help him he would not have been healed.

After a few days I was allowed to go home. It was hard leaving my tiny son in the hospital. He was weak and still fighting for life. My parents had been staying with me to look after Colleen while I was in the hospital. I thank God for them as they joined us many nights in praying for Bradley.

I knew God had his hand upon Bradley and I kept repeating the verse He had given me from Isaiah 46:4, "*I have created you and cared for you since you were born and I will be your God throughout your lifetime, yes, even when your hair is white with age. I made you and will care for you. I will carry you along and be your Savior.*" While Bradley was in the hospital he developed yellow jaundice and pneumonia. He was so small and weak, but God was faithful.

One day a trainee nurse had to inject him in the leg. She accidentally pierced a blood vessel and Bradley began hemorrhaging from his liver. We received a frantic call from the hospital to hurry there if we wanted to see Bradley before he died. As a family—my mother, father, Billy, and I—we stood around the incubator holding hands. We claimed healing for our baby son and dedicated His life to God's work. Bradley had been turning black from the hemorrhaging, but God's power came down on him and he immediately started turning pink again.

What a Mighty God we serve! I thought of the blind man Jesus healed when He said to him in Matthew 9:28, "*Do you believe?*" We believed, and God heard our cries as Psalm 36:5, "*Your steadfast love o Lord is as great as all the heavens, your faithfulness to the skies.*"

We stood in that little hospital room next to the incubator and said "Lord we give Bradley to You, and as you heal him, use him as Your servant one day." Little did we know how God was going to use him.

Father God sustained Bradley through many further health battles. He had worked a miracle and saved his life in answer to our prayers, but by the age of two, he was still not walking. Doctors said at first that it was due to weakness in his left leg where he had been injected, but by the age of four when Bradley was still battling to walk and kept falling, we took him for extensive medical tests. We found that he had a muscular coordination problem. We were advised to send Bradley to Cerebral Palsy School for the handicapped.

They told us that the instruments used to extract him at birth had damaged the part of his brain that controlled his muscular movements. Maybe one day with a lot of effort he might be able to walk and talk, but not without much difficulty.

Bradley could not hold a pencil when he began school, so he had to use a typewriter to develop co-ordination in his hands. It would break my heart to see him struggling, but Bradley never gave up or complained.

We continued to stand on the promise God had given me that Bradley would be healed. As he started receiving various kinds of therapy, we saw how Father began a healing work that has continued to this very day. His speech improved, his movements got easier, he began to walk and write without the typewriter.

After six years at the cerebral palsy school, Bradley began asking why he had to be in a school where most of his peers were in wheel chairs or had to use crutches to walk. When we received the call saying Bradley had made such remarkable progress there was no more they could do for him through speech, occupational or physical therapy at the special school, it confirmed to us that he was ready for a regular public school. But we knew it would be hard for him.

Once we made the change, he went through a terrible time with the public school children. They mocked him; calling him things like “spaz” and “retard.” They would trip him, take his case, and make him run to get it so they could mock him for running slowly. They would kick his sandwich out of his hand to see him shake so they could tease him. He often heard, “Why do you talk funny and why do you walk funny?” This was very embarrassing and often he would be in tears when he came home from school.

It was so hard for me as his mother to see this, and to realize how cruel children can be. Often we have heard children say, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never harm me.” It is not true at all; I have seen how words can harm very deeply.

Bradley, however, never complained and never gave up. I discovered that he is very persistent even when something is hard for him. This has been a blessing, enabling him not to quit, but it has also caused him a lot of frustration as well.

Bradley kept rejection and bitterness inside. But God redeemed, healed and used this for His glory.

BRADLEY BEGINS HIS WALK WITH THE LORD:

At a youth camp over Easter weekend of 1977, Bradley gave his life to the Lord. He returned home very happy with the chorus, "Because He lives, I can face tomorrow," as his theme. He was obedient to the Lord's Word and got baptized shortly afterwards, testifying to what had happened in his heart.

He began faithfully going to church. But due to the rejection he had suffered, he did not open up and enter into an intimate walk with the Lord. He would be afraid in worship to sing and clap as he was uncoordinated and self-conscious. What would people think or say? However, he felt the Lord calling him to total surrender. When he said, "I surrender all," he was amazingly transformed. The Lord began a deep healing work over the rejection in his life.

Shortly after, he was filled with the Holy Spirit; an event that took him from religion to a living relationship with the Lord. For the first time, Bradley began to hear the Lord speaking clearly to him through the Bible, and felt life in his prayers. The Spirit lead him to know the Lord as his best friend. As Proverbs 18:24 says, "*There is a friend who sticks closer than a brother.*"

All this time, Bradley had been wearing special orthopedic boots due to one leg being shorter than the other. This was supernaturally healed, and the boots were no longer needed.

When Bradley heard the call of the Lord to serve Him, he was filled with doubt in his abilities and searched for confirmation. As he prayed saying, "Lord, I shake and I battle to talk," he heard Father say, "*I am not looking for your ability, but your availability.*"

Weeks later as he attended a youth camp, he heard a message from Matthew 19:19, "*You shall love your neighbor as yourself.*" He was convicted of how much he hated himself, believing all the negative words he had heard spoken over him. Realizing that until he loved himself as God loved him he would not love God or others properly, he repented of the lies he had believed for so long. This revelation deeply affected his relationship with the Lord and others from then on.

During his final year of high school, he fasted regularly, seeking the Lord for clarity about His call. He felt the Lord calling him to the nations and thought, "Lord, it would be much easier for me to stay safe at home." Remembering that the Lord had told him, "*I am not looking for your ability, but your availability,*" he finally surrendered.

Father encouraged him with faith to step out and be used by Him. From the start, he found that as he prayed for people, he would get words of wisdom, knowledge or prophecy for them. People would say, "Who told you that?" and he'd reply, "The Lord that I know and love."

AFTER SCHOOL

I was so proud of how well Bradley did at school in spite of the tears he shed over writing slowly and the incessant mocking. He passed his high school studies and began working with the youth in his local church. It was challenging for him because he feared young people the most. The Lord knew, and allowed him to face his Goliath, helping him see that God could give him victory in this most painful area.

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF THE VISION:

Realizing God's call on his life was not a clear, easily understood path, Bradley became discouraged and wondered if he was really called to the nations. The doors he tried to open stayed firmly shut. The Lord showed him that he could not make it happen through effort; he had to die to it and let the Lord take over.

As he yielded and allowed God to work for him, he was led to do a one month missionary training school. God supernaturally provided financing to attend, and helped him through the intensive course as there was much to read, write and absorb in a short time. Through the course, he gained greater insight into his calling. The Lord gave him various scriptures and words, showing him that he was about to move on to the next phase.

Soon after, Bradley received an invitation to work with a missionary who taught revival, prayer, and world missions. Believing it was God's next step, he began working with the missionary. But doubt filled him. One night, as he wept before the Lord asking, "Am I in Your perfect will?" he read these words from Jeremiah 31:16-17, "*Thus says the LORD, 'Restrain your voice from weeping, And your eyes from tears; For your work shall be rewarded,' declares the LORD, 'And there*

is hope for your future," declares the LORD." Bradley laughed, knowing for sure he was in the center of His perfect will. These verses became so alive to him that it was as though Father was audibly speaking. This is one of the clearest times that Bradley has heard from the Lord, and he often talks about it to encourage people that God can speak to us through His Word.

For five months, as Bradley worked with the missionary, he witnessed God moving in wonderful ways:

The Lord told Bradley to never let his needs be known. As a result, he never has asked for support but allows God to supply his needs.

While attending a seminar, he saw a young couple sitting near him and heard God say, "I want you to give all the money you have to them." He obeyed saying, "This is a love gift for you." They did not know what to say; the husband had been out of work and she had a tiny baby to look after.

Bradley had no money for his bus ticket home but trusted God. That night, he was given a love gift by people he was with that covered his bus fare with a little left over for food.

We serve an awesome God!!! Bradley has a generous giving heart and I am proud to be his mother.

When his shoes had worn out and he asked God for another pair, for several days he told noone of his request. Nothing happened. Then one morning the door bell rang; there was a young boy with a pair of shoes, the right colour and the perfect size for Bradley! God sure is true to His word and does supply all our needs, again and again.

FURTHER MISSION WORK

After his season with the missionary and understanding Father's supernatural provision for him, he completed his theological diploma studies. He was invited to go on a one week mission outreach two hours north of Pretoria in an area called Lebowa. Little did he know what was really in store for him! This one week mission turned out to be a nine month learning experience that began with a miracle and ended with a healing.

Shortly after they had set up their tents and got into teams, the group heard an alarming sound. Looking into the distance, they saw a mob of 16,000 rebels

coming to attack them. Bradley and his team began to pray. Forty-five minutes later they heard silence. Looking out, they saw that the army had come in, and the rebels had fled.

When Bradley asked his leader what had happened, he replied that as he asked the Lord what to do, he was told to raise his hands above his head. As he obeyed, he saw the army come in and the rebels run. The army led Bradley and all the teams out to safety.

Afterwards, a number of them fasted for three weeks and prayed for another three weeks for direction. As Bradley prayed about what the Lord wanted him to do, he was given Genesis 26:2, *"Do not go down to Egypt; stay in the land of which I shall tell you."* Twelve of the former team members were commissioned to go back to Lebowa where they had been attacked. Bradley returned with them.

When they had set up camp once more, some of the rebels came up to them asking, "Where is your angel?" Bradley and the team were perplexed, saying, "What do you mean?" The rebels told them that the day they had attacked, as the camp leader raised his hands, an angel had appeared behind him and rebuked them causing them to flee. Bradley and his teammates looked at each other in amazement.

Bradley worked in Lebowa for two weeks, learning valuable real life lessons about praying in the Spirit and being ready in and out of season to give the word of the Lord. From there, he moved further north to an area called Venda Land where he continued to teach and minister.

After an especially intense week there he began to feel ill. He spent days in prayer, trusting the Lord for healing, but saw a doctor. He was told he had typhoid fever and would be in hospital for at least a week. However, Father didn't want him away so long and performed a supernatural healing. Within four days he was totally well and able to return to the mission field. Bradley was deeply touched by how Father healed him.

During Christmas vacation, Bradley was asked if he would consider returning to East London to help his pastor start a Missions training school. As he prayed, the Lord gave him Deuteronomy 1:6-7, *"You have stayed long enough at this mountain. Turn and set your journey, go to the seacoast."* He was amazed at the accuracy of this scripture, as the training school was to be on the coast.

Desiring a deeper anointing, he did his first twenty-one day fast and asked the Lord to show him more specifically what He had called him to do. During this time, Father spoke clearly and though he didn't fully understand all that he received, it was confirmed in the years to come.

FIRST TRIP OF FAITH TO THE U.S.A.

Bradley desired to go to the U.S.A. to attend a Missions conference, but the Lord had not provided any money for him to go. Obediently, he gave it up. Within days of surrendering, the Lord provided his airfare, but no more. In faith, he booked his ticket with no idea where or how he would stay.

I have seen and learned such a lot from my son and that faith of his. My husband and I were rather concerned that he was going to the U.S.A. for six weeks, and all he had by the time he left was \$379. But Bradley refused to accept any money from us. Well, off he flew and God undertook again. He came back sharing with us of how after six weeks, he had \$50 dollars left, but intended to stay another six weeks. He prayed and trusted the Lord and didn't tell anyone.

Though no one knew his need, a love offering was taken by a group he was with and provided him \$400; more than what he came with. After three months, he arrived back in New York City with nowhere to stay for three days. As he sat at the airport and prayed, five hours later God undertook for him. Bradley trusts the Lord completely for everything, and God has never let him down. Sometimes He keeps him waiting until the very last moment, but He always comes through.

A SEASON OF TEACHING BEGINS

Shortly after coming home, Bradley was preparing to do a church plant for the Missions school, but he'd developed a hernia which required surgery. When his healing did not happen supernaturally after spending time in prayer, he knew that the Lord was going to use surgery to bring it about.

He went down the coast to Port Elizabeth to have the surgery; a painful operation, but the recuperation allowed him a number of weeks to seek the Lord for understanding as to why he was not allowed to do the church plant. He was taken to Acts 16 where he saw how Paul was stopped from going to Asia, but

went down to Troas where he was called to Macedonia. Seeing that he had been prevented from doing the church plant and had been brought down the coast, he believed that he would receive a specific call from someone.

A few weeks later, he was approached by leaders of a Christian retreat center who wanted his help as a teacher and cook for their retreats. “A cook?” he thought, but obediently went. A few months later he was given Acts 6:2, “*Your time of serving tables is over,*” and he knew that he could move into the next season that the Lord had for him.

During his prayers for guidance, Bradley was invited by a friend to share his testimony at a home group meeting. Two powerful things happened. First, a man said that the Lord told him to give Bradley a love gift and that he was to support him monthly. Second, he approached a lady, Charmaine Holder, with a message that he felt she was going to be used in intercession. The next day she called to say that the Lord had confirmed what Bradley told her.

As they met and interceded with others one morning, the Lord said to Bradley, “*The condition of My church is as in the time of Hannah, when she was in travail and Eli thought she was drunk.*” This led him to develop a teaching on travail, and make himself available to deliver it. Little did he know it would lead to a teaching ministry that would span many years.

As he waited on the Lord, he wrote his first study guide titled *A Call To Intercession*. It covered an introduction to intercession, depths of intercession, travail, group intercession, warfare, fasting, and the character of an intercessor.

Charmaine helped Bradley through the process of birthing this study guide and knowing the Lord’s will for his life. She has remained a faithful friend for seventeen years and still prays regularly for Bradley with her husband, Peter, who served on Bradley’s ministry board.

OPEN DOORS

The Lord began opening doors for my dear, faithful son to apply what he had learned to various local churches in his home town of Port Elizabeth, which he did for eighteen months. At that time, he was invited to attend a men’s breakfast where he met an evangelist, Angus Buchan. Believing it a divine appointment, Bradley took Angus a copy of his book. Angus asked if he would help lead the intercession for an outreach he planned to do in a few

weeks. It was the beginning of Bradley's next four years of work with Angus, helping to train people in intercession for Angus's city-wide outreaches.

During this season the Lord added a few more teachings to what Bradley had begun. He was enjoying himself, seeing doors open throughout the country. And from 1992, God began to take him to other nations.

The Lord encouraged Bradley that he was not only to do inspirational seminars, but that he was to start a school of intercession. At first, he thought he would build the school on the farm where Angus was based. But when the Lord did not provide for the building, Bradley knew that He had something else in store. In 1994, much to his surprise, God led him to do his first school in Santa Rosa, California.

Once again, Bradley obeyed and followed as God lead in a slightly different direction. Psalm 40:8 says, "*I delight to do your will my God, for your law is written upon my heart.*" The school's first session ran for three months in which students received three to five hours a day of teaching and five to seven hours of intercession, five days a week.

Bradley learnt just as much from the Lord as the students did. I had the privilege of going for the graduation. Was I proud to see how God was using him! I thought back to when he was a little boy and I had wondered what God had in store for him. Two nights later at a church he had ministered to, I was blessed to hear a number of prophetic words spoken over his life, confirming what I knew.

While he was teaching at the school, Bradley learnt a lot about the order of God and felt that the Lord wanted him to develop a curriculum that could be presented in local churches.

For the next eighteen months, he began to methodically work on lessons. In 1996, he put the first twenty on to video. These foundational lessons dealt mainly with intercession.

A year later he improved the quality of the videos and added another six lessons. As he began teaching these and looked back at what he had seen in his own life, he realized that only teaching intercession was not enough.

He saw that he needed to do another series that would help the wounded warriors, as he saw so many wounded Christians in intercession and elsewhere, fighting the same battles he had at the beginning.

As he shared this with a pastor's wife, she asked, "Why are you doing this after the series on intimacy and intercession? People cannot have an intimate intercessory walk with the Lord if they have not allowed Him to heal them."

This so challenged him that Bradley began working hard on this series, completed it within a year, and had it recorded in the later part of 1998.

GOING THROUGH THE VALLEY

It was very interesting that this series was recorded shortly after he had gone through an experience which taught him that it does not matter so much what we go through, but Who is with us when we go through it.

In May 1998, as he was ministering at Harvest Christian Fellowship in Stafford, Virginia, following the final evening of teaching, the pastor's wife, Kathy, asked if she could minister to him. Bradley agreed. She filled a bowl of water, got down on her knees and washed his feet, welcoming him into their home, family, and church. Bradley was touched and felt God's blessing that night.

Jim McNally, her husband, told him, "I know you have a father that you love and a pastor that you are submitted to in South Africa, but I would like to offer myself as father and pastor to you when you are in the U.S.A." With those special words he welcomed my son into his family as Kathy had done earlier. His eldest son, Shawn, and one of the elders did the same.

The next morning, as Jim drove him up to the D.C. area to do a conference for Intercessors For America, he told Bradley that he was rather surprised by his wife's behavior the night before; it was unusual for her.

Bradley said he too did not fully understand why Father had allowed it to happen and he began praying about it. Four mornings later, he called Jim crying and said, "I now know what Monday night was all about."

When Jim asked him to explain, he said he had just received news that his father had been murdered in South Africa. Father God had given him a new spiritual father and family.

I thank the Lord for the way He prepares us for what lies ahead, and for people like the McNallys who hear and obey Him. I know that as Bradley goes out to do the Lord's work there are many loving, caring people ready to bless and receive him.

It was a sad, hard flight for Bradley as he returned to South Africa for his father's funeral, but the Lord was his strength. He told me that from the time he landed he felt as though the Lord had picked him up and supernaturally carried him until the funeral, when he began to grieve.

I was so touched that he managed to stand up and honor his father at the funeral. It was he who had encouraged him to join the church and youth group in East London, and I am so grateful for that. If his father were alive today, he would be so proud of him saying, "*Well done, my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.*"

Bradley is a very special son. He has the most beautiful heart and is so loving and cares for everyone. He will go out of his way to do something for you. I have been a very blessed mother.

I saw through his father's death, that an event which could have made Bradley very bitter really made him into a better man. God had dealt with bitterness in him a number of times before, and instead of pushing him away from God it drew him closer.

Jim and Kathy McNally have become part of us all here in South Africa. What a privilege to know such lovely Christian people! They have been out to visit a few times, which has been wonderful.

I also had the privilege of going to the U.S.A. in June 2004 with four friends from Port Elizabeth, and met with Jim and Kathy in New York City to celebrate Bradley's 40th birthday. Bradley and I went on to Traverse City, Michigan, where I was able to visit the "House of Hope" where Bradley often teaches. It is a wonder to see what is being done for the emotionally wounded young men and women who are ministered to there.

We went on to Gaylord, staying with a lovely family he often visits. They all made us feel so welcome, even arranging a trip to the most beautiful place, Mackinaw Island. Going on to Stafford, we stayed with the McNallys in the lovely new apartment they had built for guests. It was special being able to meet their beautiful family; sons Matt and Shawn, their daughters-in-law, and the darling grandchildren. I fell in love with them!

I had the privilege of being able to see the house into which Bradley would soon be moving, as God undertook in a wonderful way for Bradley to obtain his own home next to the McNallys in the U.S.A. Only the Lord could have arranged it. I just praise Him every day for the love He has for His children.

I have learned so very much from Bradley; how to wait upon the Lord, how to have faith and trust Him with my whole heart. I have learned that when we go through the valleys, that is when we draw closer to our Heavenly Father. If we don't go through them, how can we learn?

FURTHER STUDIES

Bradley loves to study the Word as much as he can and to mine truths to share with others. In 1996, Bradley had been given a word by Pastor Mac Hayward saying that one day his material would be used in Bible schools and educational institutions around the world.

After confirming it, Bradley took this to heart. He was shown that he needed further theological studies. He went on to receive his bachelor's degree, his master's, and finally in 2002, his doctorate in theology. I was very proud and happy for him. I spent many days seeking God for a special verse to give him when he got his doctoral diploma.

One morning while I was on my knees, it sounded like God was standing right next to me as He gave me the verse Psalms 2:8, "*This is your coronation day, today I am giving you your glory only ask and I will give you all the nations of the world.*" Well, I was so excited I jumped up and didn't know whom to tell first! I get excited when God moves like that and undertakes for His loved ones. All I can say is, "Thank you, Father."

Bradley graduated in a ceremony at the Bible college in Iowa which sadly, none of us were able to attend. When he arrived home we decided to give him a graduation in his home church.

It was so special to see him in his robe, walking down the aisle and up onto the stage to accept his degree from Pastor Mac Haywood. That night, I was the proudest mother ever to see what God can do for a son who I had been told would never live. I say again and again firsthand, “WE SERVE A MIGHTY GOD!” Peter, Charmaine and a couple of others from the church encouraged me to get up and speak at his graduation. I told them that I am not a speaker but they prayed for me.

When I got up, I experienced a boldness I had never known before and I was able not only to speak, but as I prayed over Bradley the Lord gave me a prophetic word for him. Bradley has said this is something he will never forget and that it was most meaningful to him.

He had cried over not being able to finish exams and get the marks that he had wanted to at school. Yet, when he did his doctorate, he was able to do it by correspondence in his own time, and the Lord blessed him with ability to get top marks.

YADA

As Bradley prayed about what he originally thought was to be a school of intercession, he asked the Lord what he was to call the ministry. The Lord led him to call it *Yada*.’ This is a Hebrew word that appears in 873 verses in the Old Testament and means ‘to know intimately’.

His desire is that through this series, people will be able to come into such an intimate walk with the Lord that they could birth kingdom purposes, get to know God through His Word, and be led to victory because of their intimacy with the Lord.

The course presently covers: Laying the Foundations – Order and Maturity – Roadblocks to be Expected – Times of Crises – Working Together as a Covenant Family – A Father’s Prayer Journey – Weapons and Warfare – and Redeeming Your City.

Bradley has put this material on video and DVD so that these teachings can be used all over the world. They have even been translated into different languages. This material can be reviewed and the booklets that accompany it can be downloaded from his web page www.yadainternational.com.

The Lord has taken Bradley to over thirty different nations to teach His Word. His teaching has been a blessing to many people and nations thus far, and through his testimony, I have seen grown men weep and give their lives to God.

One lady in our church came up to me and said, “When I heard your son was preaching, I begged my husband to come listen as he was very anti-church. Well, he came and sat at the back of the church and cried. A six-foot man! And he has been serving the Lord since.”

I thought of the verses in Isaiah 44:21-22, *“I have made you and I will not forget to help you. I have blotted out your sins, they are gone like morning mist at noon.”* Bradley continues to travel throughout the world to teach.

People often say how wonderful it must be to travel so much, but let me tell you, it is a very lonely road; sitting in airports—sometimes spending nights there with delays—and arriving at his destinations exhausted and needing to go straight to the church to teach. But God is always faithful to give Bradley the strength to do it.

The Lord has continued his healing to this day. It is miraculous. In the natural, Bradley should be going backwards, but instead he is improving all the time. There are only a few minor signs of cerebral palsy that people notice.

We must learn to lean on His promises and trust Him completely. I have seen so many miracles happen in my life that I could never, ever doubt my Heavenly Father. Even though Bradley goes through hard times, he presses in and leans completely on the Lord for everything--and I mean everything!

That is the story of my special son. When you read this story, please pray for him. I know he has people all over the world praying for him, but one more would be great!

Pray that God would continue to keep His hand upon Bradley, and to use him mightily to bless many people. Pray that God would continue to give him strength as he travels from country to country.

Thank you, Lord, for such a special son who has taught me so many things in my Christian walk. We have spent many hours praying and crying together and I have learned much from him. He has the kindest heart I know, and the way

he looks after his grandmother and cares for her is a huge blessing. Many of the young people today have not the time for elderly folk.

I would like to end with a poem I once read and I pray it would be a blessing to you:

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
And many a failure turns about.
When he might have won
had he stuck it out,
Don't give up though the pace seems slow.
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out.
The silver tint of the colour of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems so far.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst

YOU MUST NOT QUIT
(Author Unknown)

CLOSING PRAYER

Thank you, Father, once again for a very special son! Thank you for keeping him in Your loving care since the day he was born. I know that he will always be in Your loving hands, as You give, guide, lead, and bless him as he loves and serves You throughout his life. Thank you for the many blessings You have bestowed upon him, and I give you all the glory.

Love from your daughter,

Denise