

God's Power Through the All Night-Long Prayer and The Sprinkle of Blood

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I want to testify God's help in my youth life.

I had a lot of problems on my thesis. I did not understand the method of my research and the results were negative, so I had to search for supporting articles. Some of my friends suggested me to manipulate the data so that I had a positive result and did not have to search supporting articles. **I refused** because I knew that it was not right. I believed that **if I kept the righteousness, God would fight for me.**

Long story short, I tried to search for supporting articles but I found none. Finally I submitted my negative result to my second supervisor without any supporting article and, beyond my expectation, my supervisor asked me to add the reality that happened as a supporting detail and we picked a date for my result seminar.

When I gave my result to my first supervisor, it was not accepted and I was not allowed to do the result seminar. I surrendered. That night, I went to the **All Night-Long Prayer Service** in Malang and I surrendered all to God. When I went back to Surabaya, my supervisor asked me to meet him/her the following day because he/she wanted to accept my result and let me do the result seminar.

I believe that **God has helped me to do everything.** I did my final defense with no problem, both of my supervisors allowed me to do the defense.

God's word on the old and new service had been : '*This year is the year of the sprinkle of blood*', and I really experienced it. Honestly, when listening to the preaching, I had been afraid and wondered: "*What will I see this year?*". As the final defense was coming near, God let me be hospitalized after a week of having an operation to remove my left molar. My cheek was swollen, my upper lip was not straight, and I felt a lot of pain and it was really hard to eat, while the medication that I had was quite strong.

My gastric acid rose and my defense was postponed. I had had an operation for my right molar before and everything had gone well. At night, I failed to sleep well for I could not bear the severe pain. I just cried out saying "*Jesus' blood, O Lord help me.*" On Wednesday morning I called my father but I could not speak, I only cried. My father was shocked and tried to console me.

On Thursday, I had no more energy and it was my time to see the dentist. When I came to the hospital, I did not go to see the dentist but I went to the ICU and was hospitalized. I was infused and all of the medications were injected. I sent a text message to the pastor, telling that I was hospitalized and he called me to pray for me.

I got the power from the prayer. That night, my mother also called because she could not sleep, thinking of me lying in the hospital. My mother also apologized because she could not be there for me. I said, "*Don't worry, Jesus is there for me for 24 hours.*" Deep down in my heart, I wanted my parents to be there with me, but I should not be egoistic, I knew that it was not possible for them to go to Surabaya at that moment.

From this experience, God taught me to **put my hope in Him;** not in human. When I felt really helpless and alone, God reminded me that He was always there, beside me; He hugged, strengthened, and consoled me.

While I was hospitalized for a week, I could not join the online services. I only joined one service on Sunday while lying down. When the youth choir was singing, I cried because I could not minister to God. I realized, even without me, the choir was not affected. I had a lot of weaknesses in my ministry, but I believed that God saw my heart.

I really wanted to come to the service and minister to God. Praise the Lord, I was allowed to go out from the hospital because the lab result showed that my blood was normal and my wound from the dental operation was getting better and better. Everything was because of God's help. I was encouraged to take a rest, but yesterday I really wanted to come to the youth service. Although I was not quite stable yet--I got cold sweat the moment I went out from my boarding house--but I was sure that God would help me. Finally, I went to the church for the youth service but I sat on the last row to avoid disturbing the others with my condition.

When I was praising the Lord, my tears went down because **I was really happy to come to the service.** Honestly, when I experienced these things, I thought that I could not do it anymore, my burden was too big, but God's word was opened in the youth service--about life change and blood sprinkle--and it gave me strength. Today, God also gave me the strength to come and minister to Him again.

I give thanks for the prayers and care from the pastor and his wife, friends from the youth choir, and the church.

This is my testimony, I hope it will be a blessing for us.