

Preface

Jeannie was my friend. She attended a church we pastored in our early years of ministry. My heart broke for her because she was the victim of a condition called *manic depression*. She was a severe case. The doctors were puzzled and couldn't seem to help her. They put her on medication to help her sleep at night. After a while Jeannie didn't want to get up. She just wanted to stay in bed with the blanket over her head and shut out the world. The doctors gave her something to boost her energy. They put her on weight-loss medication to help her drop pounds hoping to help her self image. She hated the way she looked. Jeannie was a beautiful young woman, but she thought she was ugly.

The vicious cycle continued. She was taking uppers to get her going in the morning, downers to sleep at night, anxiety medication to curb her roller coaster outbursts, pain medication for headaches, and others I can't remember. When she came to me, she was at the end of her rope. She wanted to die. Jeannie felt that the world would be a better place without her. In her mind she was a burden to all those around her, even those who loved her.

I prayed that God would heal Jeannie. I prayed for her physical issues, her mental issues and her marriage. I prayed for her doctors, her psychologist and her psychiatrist to have wisdom and discover how to help her. I prayed and prayed.

Jeannie loved God, but she was struggling with things beyond her control. Her life seemed to be in a hopeless spiral downward. God placed her on my heart and I couldn't sleep for worrying and praying for her safety and healing. One night I felt like the Lord gave me an

idea. I went to visit Jeannie. I told her that I wanted her to take one more prescription. Her countenance fell. Another medication? How could she take another medication? She was on so many now. I said, “You don’t have to take this medication through your mouth or in an injection. This prescription is taken through your mind.”

I had peaked her interest. She agreed before she knew what it was. I pulled out a Scripture verse God gave me to give to her when she was afraid. Earlier I had printed it out on an 8 1/2 by 11 inch piece of paper, put a nice border around it and handed it to her. She stared at it.

“The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” ~ Psalm 27:1

I told Jeannie to put the printed Scripture verse on her refrigerator. Every time she went into the kitchen she was to stop and read it. If Jeannie was diligent, by the end of the week she should have memorized it without much effort. Seeing the Scripture verse so often would implant the powerful Word of God into her heart and mind, helping her fight any thoughts of fear. I promised to provide her with as many scriptures as she needed for every emotion she was feeling. I knew the Word of God was powerful enough to help get her through this difficult time.

Jeannie didn’t stop taking her medications. She didn’t really do anything different except she hid the Word of God in her heart. She began to improve. With the help of a Christian psychiatrist, she was taken off many of her medications and began the healing process to a healthier mind and body.

My research began during this time while working with Jeannie. Many years later, God started tugging at my heart again to provide a tool that would help others struggling with emotional and mental burdens.

This book is called a tool because it is designed to be used over and over, assisting in the Lord's work in your life. This is not new material or the most current twist on an old idea. It is a short-cut to find help when you are drowning in your pain, anxiety, and struggles. I hope this book becomes dog-eared and well-worn. I pray the pages become bent, folded and bear your transparent heart with scratched notes in the margins. It is perfectly in order for you to use this book as a tool every day. It was designed from the heart of God with you in mind.