



A ministry of Revitalizing Churches, Inc.  
P.O. Box 30177 Phoenix, AZ 85046  
[www.stoptoprayer.org](http://www.stoptoprayer.org) [sara@stoptoprayer.org](mailto:sara@stoptoprayer.org)  
602-992-8808

October 2022

*In the same way, let your light shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven.*  
Matthew 5:16



### ***Lesson with a Hairbrush*** - by Beth Moore

#### **Knoxville airport all waiting to board planes:**

I had the Bible on my lap and was very intent upon what I was doing. I'd had a marvelous morning with the Lord. I say that because I want to tell you it is a scary thing to have the Spirit of God really working in you. You could end up doing some things you never would have done otherwise. Life in the Spirit can be dangerous for a thousand reasons not the least of which is your ego....

I tried to keep from staring, but he was such a strange sight. Humped over in a wheelchair, he was skin and bones, dressed in clothes that obviously fit when he was at least twenty pounds heavier. His knees protruded from his trousers, and his shoulders looked like the coat hanger was still in his shirt. His hands looked like tangled masses of veins and bones. The strangest part of him was his hair and nails. Stringy grey hair hung well over his shoulders and down part of his back. His fingernails were long. Clean, but strangely out of place on an old man.

I looked down at my Bible as fast as I could, discomfort burning my face. As I tried to imagine what his story might have been, I found myself wondering if I'd just had a Howard Hughes sighting. Then, I remembered reading somewhere that he was dead. So, this man in the airport...an impersonator maybe? Was a camera on us somewhere?....

There I sat trying to concentrate on the Word to keep from being concerned about a thin slice of humanity served on a wheelchair only a few seats from me. All the while my heart was growing more and more overwhelmed with a feeling for him. Let's admit it. Curiosity is a heap more comfortable than true concern, and suddenly I was awash with aching emotion for this bizarre-looking old man.

I had walked with God long enough to see the handwriting on the wall. I've learned that when I begin to feel what God feels, something so contrary to my natural feelings, something dramatic is bound to happen. And it may be embarrassing. I immediately began to resist because I could feel God working on my spirit and I started arguing with God in my mind. "Oh no, God please no." I looked up at the ceiling as if I could stare straight through it into heaven and said, "Don't make me witness to this man. Not right here and now. Please. I'll do anything. Put me on the same plane, but don't make me get up here and witness to this man in front of this gawking audience. Please, Lord!"

There I sat in the blue vinyl chair begging His Highness, "Please don't make me witness to this man. Not now. I'll do it on the plane." Then I heard it..."I don't want you to witness to him. I want you to brush his hair."

The words were so clear, my heart leapt into my throat, and my thoughts spun like a top. Do I witness to the man or brush his hair? No brainer. I looked straight back up at the ceiling and said, "God, as I live and breathe, I want you to know I am ready to witness to this man. I'm on this Lord. I'm your girl! You've never seen a woman witness to a man faster in your life. What difference does it make if his hair is a mess if he is not redeemed? I am on him. I am going to witness to this man."

Again, as clearly as I've ever heard an audible word, God seemed to write this statement across the wall of my mind. "That is not what I said, Beth. I don't want you to witness to him. I want you to go brush his hair."

I looked up at God and quipped, "I don't have a hairbrush. It's in my suitcase on the plane. How am I supposed to brush his hair without a hairbrush?"

God was so insistent that I almost involuntarily began to walk toward him as these thoughts came to me from God's word: "I will thoroughly furnish you unto all good works." (2 Tim 3:17) I stumbled over to the wheelchair thinking I could use one myself. Even as I retell this story my pulse quickens, and I feel those same butterflies.

I knelt down in front of the man, and asked as demurely as possible, "Sir, may I have the pleasure of brushing your hair?"

He looked back at me and said, "What did you say?" "May I have the pleasure of brushing your hair?"

To which he responded in **volume ten**, "Little lady, if you expect me to hear you, you're going to have to talk louder than that.

At this point, I took a deep breath and blurted out, "SIR, MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BRUSHING YOUR HAIR?" At which point every eye in the place darted right at me. I was the only thing in the room looking more peculiar than old Mr. Longlocks. Face crimson and forehead breaking out in a sweat.

I watched him look up at me with absolute shock on his face, and say, "If you really want to." Are you kidding? Of course, I didn't want to. But God didn't seem interested in my personal preference right about then. He pressed on my heart until I could utter the words, "Yes, sir, I would be pleased. But I have one little problem. I don't have a hairbrush."

"I have one in my bag," he responded.

I went around to the back of that wheelchair, and I got on my hands and knees and unzipped the stranger's old carry-on hardly believing what I was doing. I stood up and started brushing the old man's hair.

It was perfectly clean, but it was tangled and matted. I don't do many things well, but I must admit I've had notable experience untangling knotted hair mothering two little girls. Like I'd done with either Amanda or Melissa in such a condition, I began brushing at the very bottom of the strands, remembering to take my time not to pull.

A miraculous thing happened to me as I started brushing that old man's hair.... Everybody else in the room disappeared. There was no one alive for those moments except that old man and me. I brushed and brushed, and I brushed until every tangle was out of that hair.

I know this sounds so strange, but I've never felt that kind of love for another soul in my entire life. I believe with all my heart, I—for that few minutes—felt a portion of the very love of God. That He had overtaken my heart for a little while like someone renting a room and making Himself at home for a short while. The emotions were so strong and so pure that I knew they had to be God's.

His hair was finally as soft and smooth as an infant's. I slipped the brush back in the bag, went around the chair to face him. I got back down on my knees, put my hands on his knees, and said, "Sir, do you know my Jesus?"

He said, "Yes, I do." Well, that figures.

He explained, "I've known Him since I married my bride. She wouldn't marry me until I got to know the Savior." He said "You see, the problem is, I haven't seen my bride in months. I've had open-heart surgery, and she's been too ill to come see me. I was sitting here thinking to myself what a mess I must be for my bride."

Only God knows how often He allows us to be part of a divine moment when we're completely unaware of the significance. This, on the other hand, was one of those rare encounters when I knew God had intervened in details only He could have known. It was a God moment, and I'll never forget it.

Our time came to board, and we were not on the same plane. I was deeply ashamed of how I'd acted earlier and would have been so proud to have accompanied him on that aircraft.

I still had a few minutes, and as I gathered my things to board, the airline hostess returned from the corridor, tears streaming down her cheeks. She said, "That old man's sitting on the plane, sobbing. Why did you do that? What made you do that?"

I said, "Do you know Jesus? He can be the bossiest thing!" And we got to share.

I learned something about God that day. He knows if you're exhausted because you're hungry, you're serving in the wrong place or it is time to move on, but you feel too responsible to budge. He knows if you're hurting or feeling rejected. He knows if you're sick or drowning under a wave of temptation. Or He knows if you just need your hair brushed. He sees you as an individual. Tell Him your need!

I got on my own flight, sobs choking my throat, wondering how many opportunities just like that one had I missed along the way...all because I didn't want people to think I was strange. God didn't send me to that old man. He sent that old man to me.

John 1:14 "The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us. We have seen his glory, the glory of the One and Only, who came from the Father, full of grace and truth."

What a beautiful story of how God blessed that man through Beth's obedience. As someone said: "**We never know who we'll meet on the other side of our obedience.**" Likewise, we never know who we will encourage as we step out in FAITH (Fantastic Adventure In Trusting Him). How is your OLT (Obedience Lag Time)? From the time God asks you to do something, how long does it take? Delayed obedience and partial obedience are still disobedience. It grieves my heart when I don't obey the Lord and wonder how many opportunities and blessings I've missed as a result. May we be quick to respond to His **Holy Nudges** – putting our egos aside -- allowing our lights to shine brightly for Jesus in the journey!

---

**We're sorry but we can't allow you to go through security because your name is not on the boarding pass.**

---



A few years ago, when my cousin, Rosella was returning to Kansas from our visit, I helped her check in curbside. I was excited by what I assumed was an upgrade from B35 to A53! I took a picture thinking of how good the Lord was to "upgrade" her boarding pass. BUT when she got to the security checkpoint she was not allowed beyond that point because the name on her boarding pass did not match the name on her driver's license. They had given her someone else's boarding pass!



Thankfully the issue was resolved in time for her to get on her flight. I thought to myself, there's something of much greater importance! If we are not allowed on a plane because our name is not on the boarding pass, how do we think we will enter Heaven if our name is not in the Book of Life? May we passionately tell others about the Good News of Salvation found in Jesus!

---

**ARISE ARIZONA 2022 – HOPE HAS A NAME - Sedona, AZ (September 3- October 1)**

---



What a joy to be involved in this wonderful ministry. 650 women attended and 25 made professions of faith! I counted it a privilege to have been invited, along with these Godly women, to teach two breakout sessions. My sessions were entitled: **The Joy of Becoming a Contagious Christian**. I love encouraging women to step out in faith and share Jesus with a world who so desperately needs Hope, found only in a personal relationship with Jesus. I was humbled by these comments: Always for God's Glory Alone!

*You are such a wonderful soldier of Christ. God bless you as a minister to all of us! - Linda*

*I really enjoyed the breakout session. You are such an inspiration to me! I'm so glad I was there! - Debbie*

*Thank you so much for your contagious spirit to share Christ. The weekend was wonderful! - Michele*

*Oh, Sara! What a blessing your breakout group was to me! I so want to witness for the Lord but always get tongue tied and your class was just what I needed to forget myself and bubble over for Jesus. Thank you for introducing me to that little book. I will definitely be ordering more. I wanted to show my sister the video of your Uber driver but can't find it on YouTube. Is there a special link I can use? Again, thank you so much. I'm already registered for next year's Arise! In Christ's Love, Cindy*

*Hi Ms. Sara! It was so great meeting you yesterday! Thank you for sharing your heart for evangelism. You truly touched my heart. I felt like God was giving me just a little "smile memory" of my aunt, and you certainly encouraged me. I actually prayed with our server at dinner last night. So totally God-ordained and Spirit-led, thanks to your encouragement. You are definitely a vessel being used for God's kingdom work! Btw: This is my beloved aunt who you reminded me so much of. This was just a few months before she went to be with Jesus. -- Jacque*



---

**Wonderful Answer to Prayer!** Many of you have been praying for me regarding my journey with RA. Thank you! The Lord heard and the plan my Rheumatologist set out to implement is working! My inflammation markers have decreased significantly, and I am no longer taking my pain medication. My hands are not stiff in the morning. I am so encouraged! When I saw my Rheumatologist last week, I told him I was going to Buckhorn, N.M. to speak at a women's retreat. He immediately asked what I was speaking on. I told him I was going to share how Jesus had changed my life in one of my sessions. I asked if he knew Jesus and he said yes, he had come to know Him when he entered the medical field. What an incredible JOY that was to me! I gave him a set of the Hope cards. The Lord keeps opening doors to talk to others about Jesus in my journey with RA!



*It was the pleasure of the Southwest Christian Center to have Sara Beekman be our speaker at the first annual Women's Retreat. Sara has such an infectious manner to reach out to others to know Jesus. Our group had so many laughs with her because she is the type that brings joy to others and wants them to feel at home. Her Clueless Birthday video brought the house down! Sara also has an ability to discern the season that a woman is in and relate something to that time. We have already had requests for Sara to return! The following are just three of the comments from attendees:*

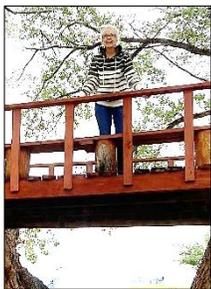
"I absolutely love Sara's sense of humor. Her words of wisdom were so powerful and timely for me. I'm very grateful. I loved the Uber Driver Birthday video! Laughed so hard." Annie

"What an amazing teacher! Loved her sense of humor and common-sense approach!" Thorma

"The Retreat was such a fun, uplifting and meaningful time especially with Sara's teachings! I will be there next year." Rose

*Thank you again Sara, you are unique in God's gifts!* Chris Bunts - Executive Director - Southwest Christian Center

What an incredible JOY it was for me to be involved in this retreat - Oct. 7-9. The women were such a blessing to me! I included pictures of a few of them. We enjoyed wonderful times of worship led by 3 generations: mother, daughter, and granddaughter. I teared up as I closed in prayer Sunday morning after my last session because these women had all become so precious to me!



The retreat center, in Buckhorn, N.M. was refreshing! I loved being out in God's beautiful creation and enjoyed the view from the tree house. Also, thankful we had indoor plumbing LOL! 😊 Many things reminded me of Kansas, including the tractor.

*Rejoicing in God's goodness and faithfulness in my life,*

*Sara*