

# **Answering the Cry of the Heart (Part 2)**

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# Chapter 1

## Copenhagen, Denmark

*“O Lord, thou hast brought my soul from the grave...”*  
*-Psalm 30:3*

Right in the middle of the largest gay pride parade, there stood a young girl in tears. She tried to hide her hurt and shame from all those around her. She was forced to be here, even though she didn't want to come. Her family was totally absorbed in this lifestyle of perversion. She could not tell anyone what she was really feeling, for fear that they would abuse her. As I was taken there by the Lord, I really did not want to be there in that sea of sickness. I too stood there in fear, not wanting to let my mission be known. I had to step back into the spirit and repent of fear and cry out to the Lord for protection and guidance.

I could see her, Tamara was her name, and she was just going with the crowd, not able to resist its movements. Suddenly, Tamara caught my eye and she started to stare, and just as suddenly turned away in fear of anyone seeing her look. Then there was another quick glance, and her eyes penetrated mine with the cry of her heart, “Help!”

I walked along with the parade, trying to keep close to her as she went along. The parade was ending, and many people were going their separate ways. Tamara continued to search me out in the mass of people. I motioned to her to come in my direction and she came very cautiously.

I smiled at her as she approached me and prayed for the Lord's peace to shine from me.

I knew we needed to talk quickly, for there was not much time. I spoke to her and she smiled and answered me with great surprise. I told her that I was sent by Jesus on a mission to talk to her. She asked who this Jesus was. I told her that He was her Savior, who had died for her.

She asked, "Why?" I told her because of His great love for her. I explained salvation to her and asked her if she wanted to accept Jesus into her life.

She looked at me and asked, "Right now?" I said that He would change her life and protect her from all the attacks of the devil.

Tamara said, "Ok," and I led her in the sinner's prayer. After she finished praying with me, she had a large smile on her face and she shined with the glory of God. I gave her a Bible that had been given to me for her. I showed her where to start reading in John, and she said she would.

She asked me, "Where are you from and how did you find me?" I told her about Jesus' great love for her; that Jesus had sent me to talk to her. I also told her that Jesus would give her the strength to live a new life in Him, and to turn from her old ways. I also told her that it was important that she learned all she could about Him, as quickly as she could by reading the Bible. Tamara, thoughtfully just stood there for a minute amid all of the turmoil.

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Then she asked, “Are you an angel?” I told her no, that I was just a servant of the Most High, being obedient to Him.

Tamara asked me, “Will I see you again?” I told her that if she follows Jesus we would see each other in Heaven someday. Instantly, I was translated back home once again.

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