

## **THE DAY I LIVED!**

**By Victoria Lockhart**

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! September 11, 2001 at 8:45 a.m. is the date and time that changed the complexion of my entire life--forever. I will never be the same! And it is my prayer that no one else will be either! For the better, I pray.

There were moments that I hated that day ever existed. It made me reflect so deeply about the evils of this world and what the heart of man is capable of. I recognized that it was a spiritual war that manifested in the physical. (*Ephesians 6:12 - For we wrestle not against **flesh and blood**, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places*).

This chapter is not entitled "The day I lived" because I survived but because a part of my very being became alive in a whole new way. In essence, I was born again, AGAIN! I am now and forever alive! I now understand the concept of abundant life more than ever! *John 10:10* states "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

I thank God every day that He touches me with His finger of love with life. And when my feet can touch the floor, and I'm in my right mind, I can wash myself, brush my own teeth, comb my own hair, put on my own clothes, I can feed myself, I say thank you Lord for "All The Little Things You Do For Me".

I take nothing or no one for granted. Every little hang up I had before September 11<sup>th</sup> has been washed away by the devastation of that day or exposed so that I can really see me for who God created me to be and the appreciation of life itself. I am grateful to

still be among the land of the living. Every experience that I have had since that day, every emotion that I have felt and feel, I thank God for it with every fiber of my being!

*“For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.” Acts 17:28*

It keeps me reminded that I am alive in more ways than one. More importantly, because I have given my life to Jesus, I will never die. I will experience life everlasting! My very soul and mind have been regenerated, renewed and blessed by God Almighty in ways I could have never imagined had this experience not been mine.

Although, it was the most devastating day in my entire life, and as you continue to read this book, you will see that I’ve been through some other devastating stuff. Nothing could ever compare to the atrocities of September 11, 2001 (except living without being in Christ)! I experienced the glory of being saved and the tragedy of knowing so many lives were lost. And for what? My heart will forever ache for the lost souls of that day.

One Sunday, my Pastor, The Apostle Sammy C. Smith, blessed us with the revelation God had given him in reference to trial and tribulation. He shared that “Christ never picked up His Keys from Heaven...Jesus picked up His Keys from Hell.”

I got excited about all the hellish situations that I’d been through and am still going through. I came to the understanding that I was receiving my Keys To The Kingdom (Knowledge and Understanding) that I could now pass on to you! How cool is that?

Let me begin by sharing with you when God began to manifest ministry through me, I was truly looking to do the Will and Work of the Lord. But was I truly committed? Did I really understand Kingdom Building? Was I looking to be glorified or was I truly looking for God to be glorified in me?

Little did I know that every experience up to that point in my life was to prepare me for Kingdom Building. I now know that I was back then and I still am being

*“Groomed for Greatness”* by God Himself. The ministry that the Lord commissioned to my hands didn’t become as effective as it is now until I became Kingdom minded.

In July 2001, the Lord commissioned me to begin work on His gospel CD. I was in the third month of the women’s ministry *“Girl Talk: Queen of the Roundtable.”* God was moving in my life like never before. He was using me to share His Word, Love and Life with His People, especially the *“Kingdom Women”*.

In April 2001, I’d begun working through an agency that placed me at a company on the 63<sup>rd</sup> Floor at 1 World Trade Center, henceforth called 63 1WTC. It was the best assignment I’d ever been on in my life. The people were great. We were like a family.

Every morning I got up to go to work, my heart was literally filled with joy and that was an awesome feeling to have. I knew that I was in the right place.

I remember the day I actually interviewed for the position. I had gotten there very early. I went for a cup of tea and waited by what used to be a coffee shop. (Sometimes I still can’t believe those buildings are no longer standing).

There was a well-dressed gentleman who walked by and chirped out a joyful greeting of *“God Bless You”*. The way he conveyed it was not of this earth. It was angelic and heavenly. It was as though he was sent from the Lord just to say those words to me at that very moment. It was at that exact moment that I knew I was in the right place. The next day I received the call that the position was mine.

It was a workplace where love truly did abound and the sense of family was eminent. I hadn’t had that feeling for quite sometime. I thank God for that awesome experience. Of course, I was the one always sharing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Most souls were very receptive. I thank God for that as well.

On the evening of September 10, 2001, my sister-in-Christ, Renee Gist (now Renee Evans), had taken me to the supermarket to pick up some individual pizzas for my co-workers and me. Although, I was a temporary they made me feel like I was part of

team.

The next morning, Tuesday, September 11<sup>th</sup>, I slipped out of the bed (by the grace of God), got on my knees and said my prayers. I then proceeded to the bathroom to get ready for work. My hours were 8-4. I usually got to work between 7:15am -7:30 am. This particular morning I arrived right around 7:30.

I wasted no time in putting the pizzas in the freezer, all the while thinking at around 1:00 pm or so we would delve into our tasty lunch. Little did I know, lunchtime would never arrive that day.

I sat at the reception desk playing Whitney Houston's "I Love The Lord". I was rehearsing it because I was scheduled to go to Atlanta for a gospel expo that upcoming weekend. I had reservations about going and I asked God if it was not His Will for me to attend to please show me. I don't think His not wanting me to be a part of that expo was any clearer.

It's amazing the kind of things you remember about a day like that. Even though it's been a while, I can actually visualize most of the occurrences of that day. On the morning of September 11<sup>th</sup> I awoke with a particular person in my spirit. I quickly made a mental note to email my publicist telling her what was in my heart in reference to this particular person. I never got to email my thoughts (only God knows why).

Time was being time and moved on as it always does. I glanced at my watch. It was exactly 8:45 am. I thought, "The receptionist should be here in 15 minutes."

Seconds later, my world was rocked by a sound that was so indescribable that I knew that it wasn't good.

Immediately, the building swayed from side to side. I could see debris falling every which way. Everything seemed to be falling in slow motion.

Just as immediately, I dropped to my knees and began to praise, worship and pray to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Everyone else was running, screaming and crying –

holding onto one another with a fear in their eyes that was more real than you'd ever want to imagine.

While I was talking to God, I could see Him in my Spirit stand up from His Mighty Throne of Grace.

He pointed to me saying, *"Is that Victoria, my baby girl, calling on me in the midst of all this turmoil? Somebody go get my baby girl! Somebody go get my baby girl!"*

In all that took place, not once--not even for one iota of a second--did I fear for my life. My soul knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that my life, my very soul was in God's Hands. I rejoiced because I knew Jesus and more importantly He knew me.

The reality of a personal relationship with God through His Son, Jesus Christ, became a living being on its own. It was alive and well. I now knew beyond a shadow of a doubt what this relationship was truly meant to be.

My relationship with the Lord has been strengthened, cemented and solidified. Even after getting to know the Lord for the past 13 years, it was amazing how much I learned about my faith and the realism of my relationship with a God that I had been boasting about for the last 13 years of my life. I will continue to boast on the Lord. I will bless the Lord at all times. His praises shall forever be in my mouth.

I've attached an email that I sent out on September 15<sup>th</sup> that summarizes my thought process just four days after the disastrous event....

-----Original Message-----

**From:** VRL7777@aol.com [mailto:VRL7777@aol.com]

**Sent:** Saturday, September 15, 2001 1:52 PM

**To:** (Note: Original Email addresses have been removed to protect the privacy of the recipients)

**Subject:** PRAISE THE LORD!!!

Most of you may be aware by now that the Lord delivered me with His Mighty Hand from Tower One at the WTC. I was on the 63rd Floor when the first plane hit and immediately lept to my knees to **PRAISE, PRAY, WORSHIP AND GLORYIFY THE LORD...**

I am so overwhelmed that God saved me that I don't know what to do!!! While walking down the 63 flights of stairs I sang "I Love The Lord"; I recited the 23rd Psalm and I continued to say "Thank You Jesus"...

The Lord has been moving tremendously in my life and I knew that the Lord was going to deliver me...Because He has promised some things that had not yet come to pass and Numbers 23:19 tells me that "God is not a Man that He should lie: Therefore, I knew I would see the light of day again. The flashbacks of the visions my eyes and spirit witnessed awakes me with profuse tears every morning that I've awoken since September 11, 2001. But God is faithful...Pray my strength in the Lord...

I want to Thank everyone who prayed for me and has extended love, compassion and concern towards me since this tragedy...In the name of Jesus, I love you all and every chance I get...I'm going to tell you so...The Lord has a purpose for my life and no devil in hell can stop God's Will for my life...Jesus is sweet, I know...And all of you who know me, **(and to those of you who are getting to know me)** know that this is why I talk about the Lord so much, I can't even help myself. When I fell to my knees, I could see in my spirit God sitting up from His Throne's seat and looking down on me and saying "Look at my baby girl calling on me in the midst of it all - Go and see about my daughter"!!!

I'm sending this bio to you because it was done the week before this tragedy and when it was sent to me; by my producer's mother, who is a graphic designer...(Malcolm and Jerri **I love you more than words can ever say, we've got much work to do! you're one of the best spiritual support systems that I have ever had...thanks for believing in the God in me...**)

I cried because had I not been here; this would have been the last picture anyone would have seen of me...But again, God said Not So!!! HALLELUJAH!!!

**I LOVE THE LORD, HE HEARD MY CRY AND PITIED EVERY GROAN;**

**LONG AS I LIVE, MAY TROUBLE RISE...I'll HASTEN TO HIS THRONE...This is my testimony!!! AND I WILL CONTINUE TO SPREAD GOD'S WORD; HIS PRAISE SHALL CONTINUALLY BE IN MY MOUTH!!!**

**Eternal Love,  
Your Sister In Christ  
Victoria...**

My cousin in North Carolina received this email. At the time, she worked for a TV/Radio Station and asked my permission to read this email over the air. She told me that it was such a joy to know that with all that was happening on that day that someone physically stopped to glorify God.

The response to the reading of the email was tremendous. People called in to say that it was good to hear a story about someone calling out to God. There were so many stories to be told but none that magnified the Goodness of God. It was natural for me to get on my knees. It felt good to know that I could go the Rock, not just on September 11<sup>th</sup>, but any day, any time, any place and for any thing. I continue to lean on His Everlasting Arms as I have for years.

I remember someone, a man, pulling me up off my knees and saying, "We've gotta' go!"

I was cognizant of the computer being on and said, "Should I turn it off?"

I still don't remember if I did.

We began to walk down 63 flights of stairs. As we were calmly walking down those stairs, the Lord blessed me with an angel.

There was a Caucasian man who every five minutes or so asked me, and only me, if I was all right. The third time he asked me, I asked him what his name was.

He stated "Michael"! I now know that was God checking on me!

I told Michael that he was an angel and he quickly said "I'm no angel."

I quickly replied. "Michael, you are today."

After he asked me how I was doing the third time, I didn't see Michael anymore.

I believe it was about 9:30 am or so when we exited the building.

When we got to the 61<sup>st</sup> floor, there was a beautiful fireman standing in the doorway saying to us, “Everything’s all right. A plane hit the building.”

My first thought was “Lord God, those poor people on the plane.”

This fireman had the light of an angel in his eyes. His very presence oozed “angel.” His eyes were the most beautiful blue I’d ever seen. His warm spirit and smile comforted everyone and kept us calm.

Later, when I found out that the buildings were no longer there, I wondered if that particular fireman had made it out.

We proceeded down the stairs. At that point, none of us understood the magnitude of what had occurred and what was about to take place. I heard one lady say to someone, “Let’s hurry up outta’ here and go to the mall.”

I believe it was at that point I just began to praise God through song. I began to minister to God “I Love The Lord”, the version by Whitney Houston. God had planted it in my spirit earlier that morning because He knew that others and I would need it for encouragement later.

As a matter of fact, 18 months after 9/11, the Lord blessed me to meet the writer of “I Love The Lord,” Mr. Richard Smallwood. God is so awesome!

Suddenly, we were asked to calmly move aside. Injured individuals from the upper floors needed to get to emergency aid. There was one man in particular who looked as if someone had placed a stick of dynamite in his hand that blew off his clothes and his skin. Before our very eyes, his skin appeared to be falling off his bones. It was the kind of injury that you looked at and knew when the shock wore off, and he was no longer in that “zombotic” state, pain was going to be the order of the day. It was then that I began to cry.

Finally, we reached the 12<sup>th</sup> floor. Water was everywhere. Most people took off

their shoes the rest of the way. By the time we reached the concourse, there was yet more water for us to dredge through. It looked like something out of the twilight zone. Everything was deserted. The once bustling city within a building looked more of a ghost town than the ones stuck out in the middle of a desert. We were like souls from a different planet that had just happened upon this strange anomaly. It was hard to believe that this was a place that had once been alive with the hustle and bustle of not only our energy but that of people worldwide.

As I walked out of the 1WTC and saw the devastation, my mind could not grasp what my eyes were viewing. It was like a war zone.

This could not have been the same building I'd walked into perhaps 2½ hours ago? I'd never in all my days (and I grew up in the South Bronx) seen anything like that.

All I could think of was that the building had been bombed in 1993 and now this. "I'm calling the agency and telling them that I am not coming back to this building for any more assignments." Little did I know.

Policeman and fireman kept telling everyone to keep moving. The folks who would not listen disheartened me. They just stood around looking. Growing up, my mother always told us that if there was a "situation" of imminent danger taking place, "Get out and stay out of the way! When there is trouble you just keep moving, don't stand around looking."

I just kept praying and walking. I had no idea what was taking place.

By the way, I'm remembering how that day was such a lovely day for September. It was sunny and very warm for a September day and as I walked for several blocks, I felt hungry.

I said, "Lord, I need a cup of tea and something to eat."

All of a sudden, I saw a McDonalds. I went in, ordered breakfast and tea, paid for

it. Seconds later, I just knew Jesus was on His way.

McDonalds began to shake. The earth rumbled beneath us. Lights flickered off and on. My tears are profuse as I write this portion.

I ran out of the McDonalds and asked God, "What should I do?"

He directed me to a building further up the block and across the street. I got to the top of the stairs and He told me to just wait there. Only seconds later, there was a rumbling of the earth. Suddenly, people were running, screaming, crying. I yet did not know what had occurred.

Several years ago, I had a dream very similar to the events that took place that day. I dreamed that there was a huge dark grayish cloud of smoke, shaped like the Hand of God. People were running, screaming and crying all around me.

In my dream, I was just standing on the sidewalk saying to the people, "Why are you running? It's only God. Don't be afraid."

I don't believe that September 11<sup>th</sup> was the manifestation of my dream but the reality of September 11<sup>th</sup> was a spiritual war that broke out in the natural.

Also, the weekend before September 11, I felt very strange. I had a dream that four of my family members were killed in a car crash. It was very disturbing. I was so disturbed by it that I shared the dream with my Sistah-In-Christ, Linda Clark.

The evening of September 11<sup>th</sup> Linda reminded of that dream.

"Victoria, your dream--there were four planes, not four family members."

Let me digress for just a moment to share with you that the Lord sent many warnings. Another one of my dear Sistahs-In-Christ and Christian Author, Jerlean Noble, sent me the following email 4 days before 9/11. Again, there is the number 4.

In a message dated Fri, 7 Sep 2001 9:38:45 AM Eastern Daylight Time, "Jerlean Noble" <NobleJ@gwm.sc.edu> writes:

Praise the Lord!

Victoria, God gave me this, this morning, it's part of a prayer that Hezekiah prayed after God healed him. But this is the way God led me to write it. It's a message from him and He told me to send it to Jeanne and to you now. Love you my sister.

I have heard your prayers  
I have seen your tears  
I have read the message on the walls of your heart  
I will deliver you from all your burdens  
And from you I will never depart  
For I desire your Praise  
I have restored your health  
**I will let you live**  
Know that my love for you has kept you from the pit  
Your sins are behind my back  
For the grave cannot Praise me  
Death cannot sing my Praises  
Those who go down to the pit cannot Hope for my Faithfulness  
**But the living, the living will Praise me!**

(Answer from Victoria)

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW!!! THANK YOU LORD FOR SPEAKING TO ME ONCE AGAIN...DO WE NOT SERVE AN AWESOME AND MIGHTY GOD...HE OVERWHELMS ME...THAT WORD FROM GOD WAS JUST WHAT MY SOUL NEEDED THIS MORNING...AND THE BEAUTIFUL THING ABOUT THIS WORD HE USED YOU TO ENCOURAGE ME THIS DAY, THAT OUR FATHER HAS ALLOWED US TO SEE...I'M BLESSED AND HIGHLY FAVORED AND FOREVER WILL HIS PRAISES BE IN MY MOUTH!!!

ETERNAL LOVE, MY DEAR SWEET SISTER...YOUR GIFT IS SO SPECIAL...THE GIFT OF WRITING IS A BLESSED GIFT BECAUSE WHEN GOD WANTED US TO KNOW HIM – HE USED HIS PROPHETS AND DISCIPLES TO WRITE THE WORDS THAT HE WANTED RELAYED TO HIS PEOPLE...ALL 66 BOOKS OF THE BIBLE WERE WRITTEN BY HIS CALLED AND CHOSEN THAT BELIEVE IN THE ALMIGHTY MASTER; AWESOME CREATOR AND LOVING GOD!!!

I return now from my digression back to the day of 9/11.

I stood watching. No one was saying anything. People were just looking. I was looking down at all the people running. Yet no one said anything. It was the most silence I had or have ever heard. At that moment in history, the noisiest city in the world had become the quietest.

I stood glued to that spot for at least 20 minutes or so. Then I asked God, “What should I do next?”

My feet started in motion. I just continued walking. There was nothing else to do

but walk. I stepped on the very last step of the building. My eyes focused on a pair of shoes that were sitting perfectly on the sidewalk, as if God, Himself, had lifted the owner out of her shoes. They were very small shoes. My spirit led me to think that the woman might have been Asian because the shoes were so tiny. These black patent leather penny loafers were positioned perfectly on the sidewalk. Those shoes will be forever etched in my mind. I will always wonder what happened to the soul who wore them. Wow, the things you remember in times of tragedy and devastation!

As the Lord and I proceeded walking, somewhere in the midst of all that madness, an emotion arose that was so completely unexpected. I began to cry about not being married. Hey, like where did that come from?

I've been waiting on God all these years for my "Kingdom Man." I had been completely satisfied 99.99999½% of the time with waiting on God for His promise to me. Why, then, during such a time as this was I crying about not having a husband? I wondered why the "testosterone designated" to love me was not on his knees praying for my very life.

Actually, later on that day, my Sistah-In-Love, Lisa--my eldest brother's wife, my brother--Jeffrey and I were put on the boat to New Jersey. I looked back over to the city. Seeing all that smoke and what God just spared me from, again, I broke down and cried with my very being. Lisa was comforting me. As I calmed down, I looked up at her through all of my sniffles and crying and said, "Lisa, I just want to go out on a date."

We laughed so. And by the way, God did bless me with that date. One of my brothas-in-Christ took me to a Japanese restaurant on October 8, 2001. I had never seen how they cook the food in front of you. Hard to believe I've been a New Yorker all my life and never experienced the "Japanese Restaurant" thang. But I thank God for the experience and the answering of my sincere cry. I'm still waiting on the "Kingdom Man".

As I continued to walk toward midtown I went into a Burger King. I just had to have a cup of tea and sit down. Cupping my tea, I sat down and began wailing and lamenting.

The woman sitting next to me asked, “Were you in the building?”

I kept crying. Through my tears I managed, “Yes, I was on the 63<sup>rd</sup> floor of the 1WTC.”

At that point, I still did not know that the buildings were no longer standing.

There was a young man named Willie that was sitting at another table. He began to share that he was in the building and saw one of his co-workers burn up in an elevator. This young man was a mental mess.

I proceeded to ask the lady if she knew how I could get to Jersey City. Willie said that he lived in Jersey City too. We began our trek home together.

I thank God for Willie. The Lord sent someone who could relate to being in that building and, of course, I shared Christ with Willie. As we walked along, the streets were filled with people waiting on lines to use public phones.

Not long after that the Lord blessed me with a mobile phone. Because of that day alone, I believe the cellular phone business skyrocketed. There were many lives saved because someone was able to get a signal and let police and firemen know where they were located. What a blessing!

Willie and I walked for quite some time before finally ending up at a Radio Shack. I walked toward the back of the store. The news was on every single channel. The headlines read: “**World Trade Center Destroyed!**”

My tears returned. Crying again was the order of the day. I could not believe my eyes or my ears.

Everyone was trying to reach someone. I asked the gentlemen behind the counter at Radio Shack if I could make a phone call. I had to let my family know that I was all

right. No one could get through for quite sometime. The phone just kept saying the circuits are busy.

Finally, I was able to reach my sister-in-love, Lisa. I called her job. She answered the phone and just began crying. Immediately my brother, Jeffrey, grabbed the phone. I began to tell them what had taken place thus far.

Lisa worked on 34<sup>th</sup> Street and told me to come to her job. Willie and I were on our way. We must have walked about 30 miles that day. If not, the next day my legs sure felt like it.

I remember saying to the Lord the following day, "Lord, my legs sure do hurt."

He gently reminded me that I had walked down 63 flights of stairs and walked approximately 30 miles.

When I arrived at Lisa's job, she and my brother were waiting with their arms stretched wide. My brother's eyes were red from crying. We embraced like never before. Even in the midst of such horror and pain, there was love. Life is a beautiful thang!

Lisa immediately called my mother, Lottie, and my baby brother, Marlin, in North Carolina. In all my years of living, I'd never heard my mother cry like that. She told me that she told God, "Not today, you can't take my daughter today, Lord."

Marlin was in the background just praising God and thanking Him for delivering me into the arms of life. It was very emotional.

Since 9/11 my spiritual prospective has dramatically changed. There is no time for foolishness. I have completely surrendered all that I am to the Lord. God has called me out of the corporate world. Looking back over the years, I could see that I didn't fit in anyway. I was actually that square peg desperately trying to fit into a round hole.

Have you ever felt like you just didn't fit in no matter what you did?

He has commissioned me to share His Love through preaching, teaching, praising

and the ministry of melody.

My Dad—My Father in Heaven, told me, “Victoria, I’ll be using you as a witness so that the world will know that I reign.”

After all I’d ever done in my life, the people I’d hurt, the lies I told, the things I’d stolen and all manner of sin against God; He spared me anyway. First, He saved me from the pit of hell and forgave my every sin, past, present and future. Then He spared my life on September 11<sup>th</sup> so that he could use me, Victoria Lockhart.

God is truly good!!! When I think of the goodness of Jesus and all that He’s done for me, I say Whoohoooooooooooo!

Just when you think it can’t get any worse, it does. Actually, the Lord delivering me out of the building presented itself to be the easier trial. When the attack is upon your children, it’s something else altogether.

When I look back from the time period of November 2001 through the end of 2002, only God could have kept me in my right mind. 2002 turned out to be the greatest year of my entire life. I look forward to having many more years like 2002.

In the midst of all the craziness God proved Himself to me. He began showing me things and speaking into my spirit like never before. Every gift was heightened because I became appreciative of what I’d already had.

When the CD “In His Time” was released people asked me had I been singing before (like a 9/11 experience had suddenly given me my voice--not). But there was truth to my new expression of the gifts and my new acknowledgement of the Gift Giver and understanding that all glory goes to God for every gift that He’s given me.

His Word declares in Proverbs 18:16, “A man’s gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.” How cool is that?

Like never before, Hebrews 11:1 kicked in: “Now faith is the substance of things

not seen and the evidence of things hoped for.”

If I ever needed the faith I thought I had, it was right after 9/11. All along, God had been preparing me to stand in the midst of adversity. All the hell I went through in the past was preparing me for this present time. It authenticated my faith and relationship with God through Christ, for real, for real. I was anointed to deal with what was about to take place.

My son, Joshua, who had joined the Navy in April 2001, was now catapulted into a war--that had absolutely positively nothing to do with 9/11. My then 17 year old daughter, Gabrielle, was pregnant and living in Show Low, Arizona. She was in a Christian home for pregnant teens carrying my first “Schmuggabugg” Zion Gabriel.

On September 11<sup>th</sup> my daughter was approximately 8 months pregnant. She sat viewing that horrific sight of a plane going through a building on television knowing that her mother worked in one of those buildings.

My “Schmuggabugg” (Zion Gabriel) was born September 21, 2001 (10 days after the tragedy). My emotions were all over the place. There was so much to pray about. Pray I did. I cried a lot too. And praise is what I do, so even in the midst of my misery and uncertainty, I still praised my Father in Heaven.

Nightmares haunted me for days. I kept dreaming that someone was throwing hand grenades into my window. I was running, running and running!

Originally I had made plans to go see my daughter before 9/11. After 9/11, I canceled those plane reservations as quickly as I was allowed to. Then, I was convinced not to let fear rule me. If God got me out of that building, then surely it wasn't my time and I did so want to see my first grandchild. I got on that plane with Jesus as my companion and went to see my daughter and my “Schmuggabugg.” It was lovely.

Arizona is a beautiful place. My daughter seemed to be doing well. Little did I know that she was a time bomb ready to go off at any second. (That's another book)!

I was with them from September 27<sup>th</sup> to October 8<sup>th</sup>--the day I got to go on that "Japanese Restaurant" date. After seeing so much death and destruction, to see the new life of my grandson was oh so what I needed. God knows just what to do for us to restore and renew us.

That little bundle blessed my soul, need I mention that Zion is an absolutely beautiful boy. He's three years old now and so intelligent. He calls *me* "Schmuggabugg". I keep telling him that he's the "Schmuggabugg." But he insists on calling me what I've named him. When I hear his voice now something happens to me that I can't explain. He's got that raspy "preacher" voice and I know that God's going to use him for His Glory!

On December 9, 2001, my daughter came home from Arizona with the "Schmuggabugg." On December 28, 2001, my beloved Gabrielle attempted suicide. My! My! My!

One of my dear friends Minister Deborah King telephoned my home at approximately 10 pm. She explained to me that the Lord had told her that I needed to take my daughter to the hospital.

It turns out that Gabrielle felt compelled to ingest 25 Tylenol and not tell anyone for at least 30 hours.

The devil is a liar and Jesus is the Messiah!

Around 3 am, Minister King called me with news that was not good. T Gabrielle's liver was destroyed and she would have to a liver transplant!

I hung up the phone. I looked to the heavens and quoted God's Word.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth." **Psalms 121:1-2**

When I arrived at Jersey Medical Center around 8 am, the doctors were standing around Gabrielle stating how bad it was. But I knew better.

I told God “You didn’t spare my life on 9/11 to take my daughter. You don’t work like that!”

My “spiritual warfare attitude” kicked in. I called the enemy the liar that he is and proclaimed Jesus to be the Messiah that He is!

The doctors were telling me that my daughter would have to have a liver transplant. I could not for the life of me see my 17 year-old daughter with her 3 month old baby walking around with a bag attached to her. No way!

The doctors were prognosticating doom and gloom. I envisioned a future so bright I needed sunglasses. I asked the doctor to lay my hands where my daughter’s liver was. “I’m going to lay hands on her in the name of Jesus!” They knew better than to argue.

“I know that you have your medical, PhD’s and your Master Degrees but I’ve got a BA. I’m Born Again! And my God said in John 14:13-14, “And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.”

One brave doctor placed my hands where Gabrielle’s liver was. I laid hands on my daughter in the name of Jesus. Two days later, Gabrielle was out of ICU. To God be all the Glory!

During this particular time of trial and tribulation, it was as though everything I learned about Jesus in the prior years of my salvation “kicked in”. More than ever I believed God. And more than ever to this very day, I trust His Holy Word.

I don’t know why these particular experiences had to be the ones that really catapulted me into a whole new realm and dimension in Christ but I am eternally grateful for how I see and know God today.

Always, remember that every event in life was planned from the foundation of the world to get you to your ultimate destination. My pastor, Apostle Sammy C. Smith, is always teaching on “Destiny” in Christ.

I’ve come to understand that God does not place you in circumstances or around people for where you are but for where you’re going. It’s good to know that God kept me around because He wants to take me to a few more places here on earth before my life in eternity with Christ.

While my daughter was hospitalized the Lord began to speak to me about recording three songs. This commission began March 1, 2002 and was completed by June 12, 2002.

The Lord said that He would do “unheard of, unprecedented things” with these three songs. The CD entitled “In His Time” contains “Testimony”, “All The Little Thangs You Do For Me, Add Up To A Miracle” and “The Wedding Anthem”.

In April and June of 2003, the three songs were nominated for two gospel awards for independent gospel artists. In November of 2004, “In His Time” was nominated at the 4th Annual Tiffany Gospel Awards for “Outstanding Gospel Artist Of The Year” and “Best Gospel Single Of The Year – The Wedding Anthem”.

I’m grateful for God’s unfailing love and His favor.

**Note:**

To learn more about Victoria and the work of her hands, including this book, her ministry and her music, please visit [www.clubchristministries@yahoo.com](mailto:www.clubchristministries@yahoo.com)