



THE PROCLAIMER

SPECIAL EDITION

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NEW BEGINNINGS

Heaven is a real place, not just a mystical somewhere.

Everything there is the original; we have the replicas here.

It's a place where we know and are known by those we love who are there. Heaven is our real home!



We're in to the New Year and a new Millennium and many things in all of our lives have changed and things are not as they once were. God gives us a new beginning each day and we have choices to make as to what we do with it. The year 2000 held some really tough times for myself and our family. As most of you know, our precious granddaughter Breanna, and my mother, went to live with Jesus. Breanna, on June 8th and my mother, on July 8th. Both on the 8th which speaks of new beginnings. We know they are delightfully happy and are together with Jesus and all our other family members in Heaven. Up until now I

have not felt led of the Lord to share some of my personal feelings and experiences, however, yesterday on the 8th of January, the Lord spoke to me and told me now was the time. I am so thankful for my relationship with Jesus, for without Him, I could not be writing this. Also I want to personally thank everyone who has prayed for us and continually reached out in love to us. It means so much even if you don't know what to say, just be there. It really does matter. We have experienced first hand what it means to know that God's grace is sufficient in any circumstance. It truly is and He is still our sufficiency as we live each day until He



Breanna Celeste Dodson
March 30, 1996-June 8, 2000



Loretta Steele Wheeley
August 31, 1919-July 8, 2000

returns for us all.

Sorrow Is Not OF The Lord

When someone we love goes to be with the Lord, it hurts us and we feel great loss, especially a family member. If we know for sure they are a Christian, then we have the peace of knowing that to be absent from our bodies is to be present with the Lord. The grief we

experience is most times for ourselves because we miss them and are hurt they will no longer be with us.

These last months have taught our family that life is so fragile and that we can be here one moment and with the Lord

the next. It's natural to grieve over a loss, but we must not sorrow and get into deep depression. It is better to rejoice that you know they are with Jesus and if you know Jesus as your Savior, you will see them again one day soon. Because of Jesus, death of the body is not the end!!

She Came To Earth Praising The Lord

A tiny little thing, 4lb.2oz., and two and a half months early, she was a miracle from the beginning. Our daughter and son-in-law weren't suppose to have more children, but she came and was perfect in every way. There was no long stay in the hospital, because they could find no reason to keep her. She went home three days after she was born. We began to notice she would lift her hands and coo like she was talking when we thought she was asleep. Many babies throw up their hands when they are startled, but this was different. This was an intentional thing. Sometimes she sounded like she was singing, and perhaps she was. I believe now, looking back that she was certainly communing

with the Lord. In the picture, here, Breanna was 18 days old. We watched her as she lifted her hands and made sounds like she was singing. This went on for quite a while until I had to get the camera and



take pictures.. After this I took pictures of her quite often, with her hands raised. Even while she was small, her favorite music was praise music. Later when she could talk, she would ask you to play the "Jesus" music. We could be riding in the car and have praise music on and look through the mirror and she would have her hands raised, eyes shut and her lips were moving.

We all knew from the beginning she was an exceptional child, far beyond her physical years in wisdom, and spiritual maturity. She KNEW Jesus in a way that most of us will never know Him. She constantly asked us, "When can I see Jesus"?



Breanna at 18 months old. She looked like a real doll.



At 2 1/2 she glows with delight as she poses for a picture.



In the mornings she was joyful and full of energy. How many of us look this good when we wake up? The glory of the Lord was on her all the time in every picture we have.



At 3 1/2 she is still glowing

Dancing Before The Lord

Breanna, from the time she could walk, loved to dance. But she wanted praise music to dance by. She took lessons for one season, but even before the lessons, she seemed to know exactly the ballet moves to make. She would say, "Watch me dance for Jesus"., and she did. The day before she went home, she insisted that I watch her dance. She enjoyed it so much and even though she was only 4 she was very good.



Now I am sure she still loves to dance and she has the audience she wanted here, Jesus! She must be having a wonderful time dancing in His presence

One of her favorite songs was, "He is the King of Kings" and He certainly is. Her dance recital was about 2 weeks before

her homegoing and she was a beautiful little ballerina.

Dance on ballerina for sus, King of Kings and of Lords!



little Je-
Lord

Special Delivery from An Angel

Breanna loved flowers and was forever picking them and bringing them in to her mother and to me. She even had to take some to our pastor the last weekend she was in church. On the weekend before she went home, we carried her to Tweet-sie Railroad and Grandfather Mountain. She went out on the hill below where we were camping and picked me some small yellow flowers. She picked them so close to the flower I couldn't put them in water, so I thanked her and laid them on the kitchen cabinet. When we left on Sunday, I threw the wilted, faded little flowers away. I thought nothing more of the flowers. Seven weeks later, we were attending a conference out of town, so we carried our motorhome. We stayed there for four days. On the fourth morning, while getting ready to come home, I was in the bathroom at the sink washing my face. I saw something in the floor and I picked up a tiny little yellow flower, exactly like the ones Breanna had picked for me at Grandfather Mountain. The flower was fresh, bright yellow and like it had just been picked. I showed it to my husband and he was just as amazed as I was. I knew a flower could not last for seven weeks and look like that, even if one had been left that I had not thrown away. That was on Monday and I kept the flower until Thursday, still not wilted or faded, and had it laminated on a picture that was taken of Breanna that weekend. As you can see, the flower is still bright, not faded, and looks like it's just been picked. —My explanation— Breanna wanted us to know she is okay and happy and she knew I would recognize the flower. She asked the Lord to send an angel to bring me a flower she picked from the garden in Heaven. You see the flowers we have here are only replicas of the real flowers in Heaven. I believe this flower will never fade or wither just like the ones in Heaven do not. They are eternal just as we are.



The flower is so bright when you see it in person. You know it has to be a Heavenly flower that will last forever.

Talking to Jesus

Breanna loved to sing to Jesus, but she loved to talk to Him also. Often, her mom, Tracy, would find her talking, sometimes with her hands raised, and she would ask Breanna who she was talking to. She would say Jesus, and would seem disgusted that she would have to ask. She loved to praise the Lord even in church. She wanted to be right up there with the praise team and often was. She would even get over in the corner up front, looking toward the wall and lift her hands and praise. She didn't do it for attention, because most times she did it when she thought no one was watching. One morning about four weeks before her homegoing, I had my digital camera out and was working on a newsletter. I had it in my hand and went to look for a disk I had taken some pictures on. I walked into my bedroom and there up on my bed was Breanna, with her hands in the air. I just snapped her picture and when I did it startled her. I asked her what she was doing and she said, "Maw,Maw, I am talking to Jesus", with her hand on her hip. To her that was a most natural thing to do and why was I even asking such a thing? I thought no more of that picture until after her homegoing. Then on Sunday morning before her service, the Lord reminded me of that picture. I did a poster of pictures of her life and included this one on it. I have given many of these away because the glory of God is just shining upon her. She is just glowing with His glory. The Lord spoke to me and said whenever I have a problem that I can't find the answer for just to look at this picture and do what she is doing. Praise the Lord in every situation and circumstance and you will find the answer. From the time she was sent here from Heaven til the time she returned she never stopped talking to and praising the Lord.



A Special Lady—My Mother

My mom married my dad one month before she was seventeen years old. On August 1st they would have been married 64 years. She was one of ten children, and grew up knowing what it was to work for a living. My dad said she could always stretch a dollar further than anyone he knew. I was born 9 years after they were married and they had almost given up on having any children. The enemy sought to destroy me from the beginning. I was a breach birth and was not breathing when I was delivered. The doctor breathed into me she said until I started crying. It was a very difficult birth for her. She was never one to complain



about how she felt. She even told the doctor not to worry about her just help her baby. She gave birth again to my brother, James. He

was 5 years younger than I. We lost him in a car accident when he was 23. Then Mom and Dad adopted her sister's son Tim, at birth when she died three days after he was born. So at 15 I had a new brother. What a blessing, because I learned a lot about babies from him. He too was premature and Mom had to do a lot of special things for him because he was so small. One thing she always taught me was that if you wanted to do something bad enough, if you didn't give up, you could do it. She loved the Lord and read her Bible every night. She marked her favorite places in it and she kept it by her bed.

Homesick for Heaven

Over the years Mom had been through 7 heart attacks. God had miraculously healed her each time.

She was a trooper, and never complained, even when she felt bad. We knew she was growing weary, because she didn't have the strength she once had. She didn't like not being able to do the things she wanted to do. She worked on many times when her body told her it was tired or didn't feel like going on.

Mom and Dad often kept Breanna and enjoyed her company. She loved to dance and sing for them. After Breanna went to be with Jesus on June the 8th, Mom just wasn't the same. She seemed to lose her fight. She told my dad that Thursday when he took her to the hospital, that she didn't think she would be coming back home. On that Friday morning, at Duke Hospital,



she was given a catherization of the heart. She was brought back to the room and was told they would go back that afternoon and do an angioplasty. When time came to take her, they came into the room and tried to put it off until Monday. I knew she seemed weak and her blood pressure was low. Finally they took her down to do the procedure and realized there had been a puncture to a vessel that morning and she was full of blood. Surgery was done to try to stop the bleeding but it was not successful. My mother went to Heaven at 2:10AM on July 8th,

one month after Breanna. As we stood in the room, I asked the Lord to let me know the angels were there. No more had I asked when the room filled with a glorious presence. I knew they were at the head of her bed. When the monitor flatlined I looked above her and there was a soft, blue, sparkling mist, hovering. Then, suddenly, it lifted and vanished and with it the presence of the angels. I knew they had ushered my mom into the presence of the Lord in Heaven.

I lifted my hands and began to praise the Lord and I saw a vision of Breanna, running with her hands out, saying, "Maw Maw's coming, Maw Maw's coming and I saw Mom reach down and pick her up. Mom and Breanna are together there with Jesus!

Heaven is a Real Place

Most people you ask will tell you they believe in Heaven, but when it comes right down to it, they think it's just something you believe in to make you feel better when someone dies and they hope it might really exist so they might have a chance to go there if it really does exist.

God's word speaks often of Heaven, It even tells us that a place is being prepared for us and when we get there we will be able to live with the Lord and our loved ones that have gone before us.

Jesse Duplantis Ministries sent us a book about Jesse's encounter in Heaven when the Lord took him

there a few years back. He saw many things there, including families together. The Lord showed him that if you have a loved one that goes to Heaven as a young person, the other relatives that are there get the opportunity of raising that one. He saw the beautiful places the Lord has made for us and was told to come back and share this with everyone.

Heaven is so real to our whole family now. We don't believe that Mom and Breanna are in that grave. They just left their earth suits behind and that's where they are. The real Mom and Breanna are having a wonderful time experiencing real life in the city of Heaven with all of it's beautiful scenery and

yes, streets of gold. On Breanna's marker, her mom and dad have a picture of Jesus on one side and under it says, "New address: Heaven with Jesus". We really feel this way. Yes, it is a real place. A tangible, touchable, existing place that our spirit goes to if we know the Lord as our Savior. We continue to live there, but not inhibited like here, and there is no darkness, no evil, no sickness, no disease; only the goodness and beauty of the Lord.

If you have friends or family there, just know they are happy, and are waiting for the time when we can all be together again. That won't be long the way things are falling into place in our world.

Have You Made Your Reservations?

There is only one way to know for sure that you have a place in Heaven reserved for you. You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, ask forgiveness for your sins and ask Him to come into your heart and life and live for Him daily. To know Him is to Love Him and the more you know Him the more you want to know Him.

If you don't know Jesus, now would be a great time to invite Him into your life. You will never be the same and your reservation for :Destination: Heaven, will be made for you. Our life here on earth is but a breath away from Heaven or Hell. We come here as eternal beings. It's up to us where we go when our breath leaves our body. We either go to Heaven or Hell. Please don't waste another moment without Jesus as your Savior.

Some would ask why did all of this happen? I don't know except God's Word says in Deut. 29: 29, "The secret things belong to the Lord our God." All I do know is that these two beautiful ladies are with Jesus and all our other loved ones in Heaven. One day soon we will join them and live together forever.

Thank you for your prayers and support to Voices of Victory Ministries. Our heart's desire is to minister God's Word, in power, proclaiming there is victory in every area of our lives when we serve Him. God bless each of you. Please let us hear from you. We hope these newsletters minister to you and share them with others. Your financial support is greatly appreciated and goes to the cost of producing and mailing the newsletter. If you know of anyone who would like to be on our mailing list, please send us their address. Also you can find this on our website at: www.voicesofvictory.com Write Us: Voices of Victory/Phyllis Evans Ministries
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Proclaiming victory in Jesus



Special Edition



“I’ve Just Seen Jesus”

After Breanna went to be with Jesus, I struggled almost every evening, about the time we found her in the pool. In only three feet of water in a pool she never went to by herself, alone for only minutes, she was gone. The enemy tried to torment me with the pictures that played over and over in my mind until one evening I was alone and the torment began. I ran to the stereo and put in a CD. It began to play and I turned the volume as loud as I could get it. The song playing was, “I’ve Just Seen Jesus”. I ran out to the pool with the music blaring and looked at that water. I realized that is just what Breanna did. She saw Jesus in that very place and I began to

praise the Lord. Since that night I have been free of that torment. I know when she saw His face, as much as she wanted to see Him, there was no coming back for her. I know my mother was the same. As much as she hated leaving her family, one look at Jesus is all it took.

I have to tell you that the Lord has been so gracious and good to our family and has sustained us and given us peace. I did Breanna’s and Mother’s hair and did half of their services along with my pastor, Sandra Myrick. They weren’t there. I worked on shells they left behind. The services were done for those left behind and they were wonderful. Souls

came into the Kingdom of God because of them. I pray more will come as we continue to lift up the name of Jesus. I want to see Him. How about you?

