



My Life's Testimony of My Awesome
God

By Dr. Laralyn RiverWind

years

Memories were those gathered as a young girl on the Dineh in Shonto, Arizona. Though I am not Dine, I am a mix of the Cherokee, Muskogee Creek, Irish and Scottish. My parents worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs as missionaries when I was young and we found ourselves transplanted to the Navajo. A number of my formative years were with these fierce, shyly strong people known to most as the Navajo.

On this reservation that my life was first spared by Creator, my first mission trip with my parents turned into a potentially deadly one. Just a toddler then, I fell off a cliff hundreds of feet high. While it was the first, it would certainly not be the last. My Heavenly Father used my earthly father to save my life.

Years past, my family found itself travelling around to this reservation, that, prayerfully following the wind of His Spirit, willing to go wherever we were needed. Even as a young girl, I had a deep desire for wisdom and a distinct yearning for a close relationship with my Maker. No doubt, this should be accredited in part to the whole to my wonderful parents. Poor of pocket but rich in love, they reared me in a reverence of our Awesome Heavenly

At my own choice at a young age, I would ride my bicycle to the local church throughout the week during the summer and to find the beautiful comfort of His presence; praying in the sanctuary kept unlocked and open to all who would seek a quiet place of prayer during the day (ah, the good ole' days). At that time, I would seek Creator's company in the high limbs of a tree or in the depths of a sinkhole.

Some time around my coming of age (pre-teen years) that a major event occurred in my life. Along with my father and mother, I was struck by lightning: all of us by the same bolt. We didn't know it at the time, this holds a specific, special meaning in Native tradition and understanding, akin to being chosen. In retrospect, I suppose I should not be surprised that one of us struck by that bolt (my father, my mother and I) would now an ordained minister.

Some Time on the Mission Field

When I was twelve years old, my father decided to answer the call on his life to become a missionary; first enrolling in the Bible school lead by Dr. Fuschia Pickett, a precious, humble woman of God that I was surprised to learn many years later was well-known to many throughout the world in charismatic circles. Blissfully ignorant of the enormous blessing this was under her teachings as a teenager until my parents were commissioned to serve as missionaries in the Marshall Islands.

Being taught by Dr. Pickett and prepared by Dr. Sam (a well-known and renowned missionary in the Pacific Islands), we set out on an adventure of a lifetime when I was 16 years old. Though I was merely a senior in high school, I was implored by my parents to attend a Marshallese school to teach sixth grade, lest there be no one for the year. Feeling completely inadequate, yet desirous to do any way I could, I answered the call and began my first teaching experience at sixteen. The Marshallese people quickly warmed my heart, teaching me the basics of important life lessons: to laugh, abandon worry, embrace peace, and to forbid a wristwatch to rule my world. Teaching during the morning and attending high school during the afternoon, I enjoyed the warm Pacific sun, fought island fever, and determined to learn the Marshallese language quickly.

There were many adventures to come during the brief years in the Marshall Islands, yet the memories will always be the most impacting of my life as I learned over and over again that the all-powerful God I'd given my life to was determined to provide in captivating, amazing ways.

I discovered mosquito bites can be deadly, contracting Dengue and then Dengue Hemorrhagic Fever which nearly killed me. I was shipwrecked on a coral bed in the middle of a lagoon. On another occasion, I was rescued from falling into the ocean during a terrible storm on the open seas. Two thwarted kidnappings on a mission trip in Kiribati (The Gilbert Islands) gave me more reasons to give thanks to this Omnipotent God I serve.

It was in the Marshall Islands where the first man-made airplane in my life took place. I praised God after being the first to escape the clutches of a mass murderer who had killed many women before me. In an amazing display of perfect timing,

es did not allow this murderer to even touch me when his
kill me was executed.

ely, I did not come out of every difficult situation in my
hed. Having been the victim of multiple rapes and non-
molestation, I understand the pain of injury and have
reatly appreciate the healing power of forgiveness as well
e of discernment.

e a few short years where I was not very close to the
ose lost years are ones that I prefer to cover over in His
leave them behind me. That time of darkness taught me
al pride is very, very dangerous and should be avoided at

se lost years, I was date raped. It wasn't until years later
rd the term "date rape" and at the time, the enemy
me that the loss of my sanctity must have been my own
ishly believing that I needed to make the best of an
ad situation, I remained with the man out of a
ion to right some kind of wrong that I thought must have
wn doing. Recounting this mindset now, it is horrific to me
d have ever thought in this manner! What warped thought
we can have when we do not allow our minds to be
o the mind of the Messiah on a daily basis!

ingly, the relationship proved to be verbally, mentally and
y abuse. When I became pregnant, the man became
at I staunchly refused to have an abortion and he
to kill me. I escaped and ran. And I kept on running. For
pt with a suitcase packed at the ready in case the man
as he swore he would one day do. But he never did. I
ection and solace in the protective hands of my Heavenly

t an island unto ourselves. There is a well-known Native
"We are all connected." Some aspects of my testimony do
to myself alone. Out of respect for those I love, I let
ions of mutual experience remain unspoken. They have
e through times of healing, growth, judgment, joy, shame,
rity and learning... into the person I have become today.

aring years were thankfully less eventful, providing some
peace for my beautiful children, although there were
rocky times to overcome. If I had it to do over again, I

would have completely postponed my education; praye
working during the tender years of their childhood; and re
education later. But, alas wisdom is a process; experienc
make great teachers. In a frivolous fashion, I shared their
schooling and working in hospital emergency rooms
medical caretaking and business capacities, a setting tha
my R.N. mother diagnosed in my youth as an "adrenaline a

What the Enemy Meant for Evil...

Shortly after my precious husband, Joseph RiverWind and
I began having intense physical problems. First I noticed
exercising, for hours afterward, I would cough fluid up
lungs. But even more distressing, I was having severe
dysrhythmia that would suddenly, without notice, rob me
and feel like my heart briefly stopped and then was sh
rhythm again. Over the space of a couple of months,
became more and more frequent until it was not uncomm
to have a couple of dozen of these "episodes" in a day. Th
physically exhausted.

After multiple tests were done, the verdict was
Hypertension. Sounds benign enough but it was a death
This is an incurable genetic heart and lung disease th
pharmaceutical intervention kills in about two ye
medication, one's life can be extended from eight to tw
after symptoms first appear. I never took any of the me
told the Lord, "If you want me to go home to you, I'm
had a wonderful and full life. But if you still have more for
I know you can heal me." I just wanted whatever He want

A couple of months after I was diagnosed, I was seeking
intensely to know His will. I asked Him, "Lord what do YO
heard the Messiah say, as clear as a bell, "I want what I
Unbeknownst to me, at the same time my husband was i
room asking Him the same thing and hearing the Fath
James 5:14. "Is someone among you ill? He should call for
of the congregation. They will pray for him and rub olive
in the name of the Lord."

The next day we were at church, asking the elders to ano
pray for my healing in the name of the Messiah.
happened, a sensation like electricity moved over my ent
KNEW I was healed. The confirming report came within t

NO sign of Pulmonary Hypertension to be found. Praise

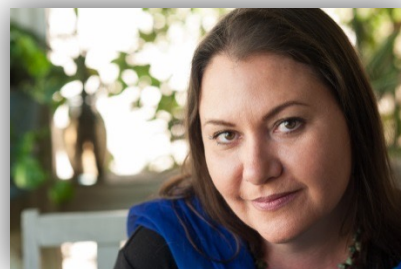
and Now

e a beautiful, anointed Godly husband: A Native man who is honored to be named the War Chief of his tribe. Having my happiest years of my life studying the Word of God with him beside him; teaching the Word; evangelizing the lost; ministering to the chosen; and praying in agreement with him, my journey feels practically complete. I say “practically” because healing and forgiveness is like an onion. There are many layers. I often there are many tears involved with opening it up. I feel entirely healed, only our Heavenly Father knows when it is complete. Now, I love helping others along that journey of healing.

ressed with two adult children and one grandchild. Now with my children, my husband, Chief Joseph RiverWind and I travel wherever our Father leads. We teach the Creator’s Word, make music, and share our cultures.

am blessed to dine with kings, queens, princes, princesses, and presidents. I have been honored to walk both an island beach on the White House Hill with U.S. and foreign ambassadors; to be brought to the White House for reserved rooms in the Capitol building; to sing at a Presidential Inaugural Prayer Breakfast. The Creator’s purpose in my life is to be well served by an adventurous spirit that I know was sent from above.

hat the adventure... has just begun.



Biographical Information

Dr. Laralyn RiverWind, along with her husband Chief Joseph RiverWind, cofounded FireKeepers International, its Messianic congregation, and the FireKeepers Fellowship in Detroit Lakes, MN. The RiverWinds have what they do best: “Priscilla and Aquila anointing”

A Biblical couple is always mentioned together in Scripture and we are side teachers. The RiverWinds travel wherever the Spirit leads and teach the Word together in a tag-team fashion and sharing their music. They have been walking in the understanding of Hebraic truth since 2005.

Dr. RiverWind earned a doctorate of naturopathy and a master’s degree from Trinity School of Natural Health, having made the top 10 in natural medicine years after leaving allopathic medical school. She met her husband. Her love of herbs came from her father who was her first teacher of medicine ways. The daughter of Dr. Lew and Mary Davis, she descends from the Cherokee, Muskogee Creek, Irish, and other tribes. There is also a family rumor of Sephardic heritage on her mother’s side.

Dr. RiverWind is the Tribal Spokesperson / Ambassador for the Cherokee and Arawak Tribal Nation and the wife of its War Chief. She is the author of a chapter in the book A Cup of Cappuccino for the Entrepreneur (Native American Women Entrepreneurs Edition) by Jeretta N. (2010 Small Business Book Awards). Laralyn is the former vice-president of the North Carolina Natural Products Association and, along with her husband, the 2012 Entrepreneur of the Year with the Minority Business Development organization over western North Carolina. She is a Native American Music Award recipient (“Tribal Thunder,” Best Rock Album, 2011). She assisted her husband in the writing of his book, That Old Ones Say, published in late 2014.

A mother of two who describes her most notable accomplishments as rearing her two children, a thrill seeker and an allergic sufferer. In adulthood, she is an ordained minister happily residing on the Red Lake Reservation in Minnesota with her husband, rescue pigeon, cat and