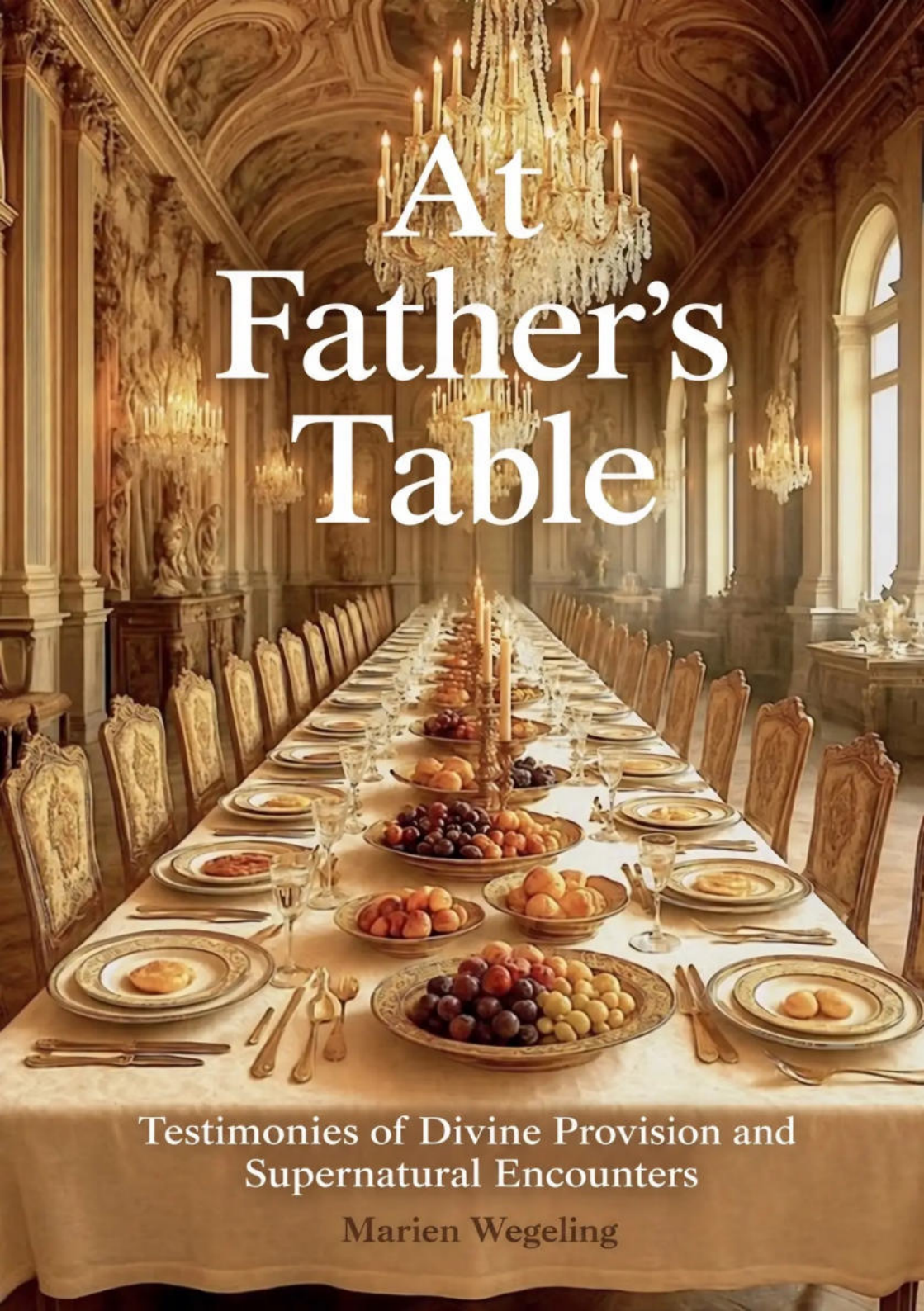




At Father's Table

Testimonies of Divine Provision and
Supernatural Encounters

Marien Wegeling

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The stories and testimonies in this book are based on the author's personal experiences. Although these experiences have been truthfully recorded from the author's perspective, they represent his personal interpretation of events and divine inspirations.

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Bible verses are quoted from the NIV (New International Version), unless otherwise stated.



"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD.

to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future

Jeremiah 29:11



Why this book?

It began with one word that refused to leave my mind: "**Remember.**" Not as a nostalgic look back at better times, but as an urgent call to action. God was not calling me to dwell on the past, but to walk again in the power of His Spirit, building on what He had done before.

The psalmist understood this when he wrote: "I will remember the deeds of the LORD; yes, I will remember Your miracles of long ago..." (Psalm 77:11). For those who remember, recognize. Those who recognize, acknowledge. Those who acknowledge, expect again.

Jesus spoke words to His disciples that still touch my heart: "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse those who have leprosy, drive out demons. Freely you have received, freely give." (Matthew 10:8). This command was not intended for a select group of chosen ones or for a time gone by. This was the command for every believer, for ordinary people with a willing heart, people like you and me who earn our daily bread and must make ordinary decisions.

God desires that we walk in miracles, signs, and supernatural breakthroughs, not considering them rare or extraordinary, but normal, our ordinary way of life. The problem is that we find it difficult to maintain this lifestyle when the reality of everyday life intrudes and our memories fade away. But how do you keep this supernatural lifestyle alive? By consciously remembering.

Remember how God healed you from that ailment that doctors couldn't cure. Remember how He spoke to you through that dream that came true exactly as He had shown you. Remember how He saved you, provided for you in impossible circumstances, gave you strength when you were exhausted. Remember the laying on of hands that touched you so deeply that you remained in His presence for weeks, the prophecy that came true in ways you could never have imagined. Remembering becomes the fuel for the fire of the supernatural. What we remember comes alive again in our hearts and opens doors to new miracles.

The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, as John writes in Revelation 19:10. Every time you testify about what God did, you prophesy about what He wants to do again. You literally open heaven above a situation and plug into the same dimension in which the original miracle took place. When you speak about healing, space is created for new healing. When you speak about provision, you build up faith and provision is released. When you speak about dreams and visions, dreams arise in the hearts of your listeners.

We must not remain silent about what God does, for the psalmist warns us: "They did not remember His power and how He rescued them from their enemies" (Psalm 78:42 NLT). And because they forgot, they turned around on the day of battle. Not because they did not know God, but because they did not remember Him in their difficult moments.

Imagine a generation growing up with miracles as their normal experience, where children witness God's power as if it were the

most natural thing in the world, where praise and worship are self-evident, where dreams, visions, and healings are commonplace, not because they are extraordinary, but because they are ordinary. Such a culture begins with parents, leaders, and believers who testify, who remember, who refuse to be silent about what God is doing in their lives.

Do we still talk about God's miracles at home? Are testimonies still shared at our table that make our children long for more of God? Do we still write down what God has done? Malachi describes how God listens attentively to those who speak about Him: "And the LORD listened and heard... A scroll of remembrance was written in His presence " (Malachi 3:16)

The apostle Paul wrote to Timothy: "I remind you to fan into flame the gift of God..." (2 Timothy 1:6) But how do you awaken a gift that lies dormant? By remembering. By thinking back to the moment of touch, the word of knowledge that was so poignant, the inner confirmation that you couldn't ignore. When we remember, we reactivate what was once ignited. We reopen, as it were, the gate to heaven that was opened during that first experience.

Psalm 78:4 says it so beautifully: "We will tell the next generation the praiseworthy deeds of the LORD, His power and the wonders He has done. " Don't just tell your children the stories of great men and women of God such as Smith Wigglesworth, Kathryn Kuhlman, or John G. Lake. Tell them your story too. Let them hear your tears, your breakthroughs, your encounters with the living God, so that they become hungry for God, not for religion, but for a living relationship

With every testimony we share, we set up memorial stones. When Joshua led the people through the Jordan, stones were piled up as a tangible reminder: "These stones are to be a memorial to the people of Israel forever." (Joshua 4:7) . Jacob also set up a stone as a memorial to his encounter with God and named that place Bethel house of God (Genesis 28:17-19). What are your memorial stones? What is your Bethel? Which places, which moments in your life are so steeped in God's presence that you always think back to them when you need His strength?

The spiritual world responds powerfully to memory. When you speak about dreams, dreams are born in the hearts of your listeners. When you speak about healing, healing is set in motion. You release something prophetic through your testimony.

We don't have to wait for miracles, they should follow us, as Jesus said in Mark 16:17-20. This happens through a threefold cord: **remember** what God did in your life and in the lives of others, **believe** that He wants to do it again because He doesn't change, and **persevere** in speaking, expecting, and acting from that faith. "My righteous one will live by faith..." says the writer of Hebrews (10:38). That is why this book exists. That is why these stories exist. That is why we invite you to remember, believe, and persevere. Let testimonies shape your lifestyle. Let remembrance be the fuel that keeps your faith alive. And let God perform miracles again, because you dare to believe that He is still the same today as He was yesterday.

Invited to the Table

The smell of freshly crushed garlic mingled with the aroma of reducing red wine as I maneuvered between the steaming pans in the kitchen where I had reigned supreme for years.

Sweat beaded on my forehead in the intense heat, but I didn't care, this was my world, my passion, my everything. When I close my eyes, I can still hear the laughter of satisfied guests feasting on creations I had poured my heart and soul into.

My life revolved entirely around cooking at that time. At home, the walls were lined with over two thousand cookbooks, each of which I had thoroughly studied. When I couldn't sleep at night, my thoughts didn't wander to worries or dreams, but to new recipes, refined techniques, and unexpected flavor combinations that I wanted to try the next day. Cooking wasn't a profession, it was an obsession, a calling that demanded all my time and attention.

And God? Yes, He was there too, somewhere on the margins of my days. I walked with Him, went to church, prayed regularly. But to be honest, my real passion, the heartbeat of my existence, lay in those boiling pans and that perfect plate of food. God was in the back seat of my life, while the kitchen was firmly in control.

Until I went to China.

There I was, suddenly lost among faces I couldn't read and words I didn't understand, with my backpack full of forbidden Bibles. In one moment, all my craftsmanship, all my knowledge, all my self-confidence had vanished. No familiar ingredients, no tried-and-tested recipes, no kitchen utensils I could rely on blindly. All that remained was my complete dependence on God, whom I had previously served more out of duty than passion.

In that strange environment, the Holy Spirit took control and I became, as it were, a puppet in His capable hands. I felt Him moving me through streets where I shouldn't have been, past inspectors who should have stopped me, through situations that seemed impossible. "Make us invisible," we had prayed at a customs checkpoint, and miraculously, I walked past agents with suitcases full of Bibles who literally did not seem to see me, as if I were surrounded by a divine shield that hid me from their gaze.

What do you do with experiences like that when you finally come home and find yourself surrounded by your familiar cookbooks? How do you move forward when your heart suddenly hungers for something much deeper than the perfect sauce or the most refined dessert? That first taste of God's supernatural power was like an appetizer that whetted my appetite for a feast I could barely imagine.

After China, I fell into a deep hole, not of despair, but of longing. A hunger that no culinary masterpiece could satisfy. My passion shifted, slowly but surely, from preparing food for the body to nourishment for the soul. My motivation was no longer to prepare the perfect meal, but to share the perfect love I had found in Jesus.

The kitchen did not lose its appeal, but took on a new meaning as a metaphor for what God can do in lives.

This book does not contain recipes for sophisticated fish dishes or spectacular desserts that will impress your guests. Instead, I share the keys that I myself have had to discover through trial and error, through nights of prayer and days of wonder, through moments of doubt and hours of amazement at what God can do when we give Him space. These are keys that can also open doors for you to a deeper, richer life with God.

The experiences I have gained in more than forty years of ministry have taught me that faith does not consist of theories but of practice. Just as you only truly understand a recipe once you have prepared it yourself, with all the mistakes and discoveries that go with it, you only truly get to know God by walking with Him, by taking steps in faith, by trusting where you cannot see.

Between these pages you will find stories that may seem unbelievable: locations for digging wells in desert areas that appeared after we prayed for them, prison doors that opened without us having the right papers, money that suddenly appeared on the table in a completely sealed house, hostility that turned into deep friendship. These things did not happen because I am special or have special gifts, but because God is special and loves to give breakthroughs to people who dare to trust Him.

If you have ever longed for more of God, if your heart has ever hungered for a deeper taste of His presence in your daily life, then I invite you to take a seat at this table. Let yourself be nourished by

the lessons He has taught me. Taste the rich menu He has prepared for me over the years, and see for yourself how you too can live from His wonderful provision.

Because whatever you are looking for or need in your life, God has already prepared the meal at His table. And He invites you to join Him.

Marlen May 2025

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PART I: THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH

1. The Turnaround



"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, says the LORD. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts.ó

Isaiah 55:8-9



My hands trembled as I picked up the suitcase and walked toward the Chinese check-in counter. Under the bright fluorescent lights, I felt sweat running down my back, not from the heat, but from pure tension. That suitcase contained enough Bibles to fill a small library. If they discovered them, we would be detained, interrogated, and perhaps even deported.

The inspector in front of me was small and wiry, with sharp eyes that took in every movement. He gestured for me to put my luggage on the scale. My heart was pounding so hard that I was afraid he might hear it. Three months earlier, I had been standing among my stoves in the Netherlands, busy perfecting a new sauce. How had I ended up here?

"Lord," I prayed silently as I walked toward the scale, "You must intervene now."

It all started when I was seventeen. That was in 1980, and I was sitting in a large hall where hundreds of young people had gathered

for a mission conference. The speaker, a man with graying hair and kind eyes asked a question that pierced me to the core: "Who wants to give themselves into missions"

Hands went up around me. Not many, but enough to make me realize that this was not a game. This was about lives at stake, about people who had never heard of Jesus. As I sat there, I felt something I couldn't ignore. An inner voice whispered that I too should raise my hand.

But I wasn't a hero. I was just a boy who loved cooking and dreamed of owning his own restaurant. What did I know about missionary work? What could I do for people on the other side of the world?

Yet I knew, deep down, that you don't need a reason to go. You need a very good reason not to go. After all, every believer has a missionary calling.

Not everyone has to pack their bags and leave for foreign countries right away, but we are all called.

That evening, alone in my room, I prayed: "Lord, I want to be available."

Eleven long years passed. The years that followed were strange. That calling remained dormant somewhere in the background while I threw myself into my studies, my work in the kitchen, my growing passion for culinary perfection.

God was there, somewhere on the margins of my days. I walked with Him, went to church, prayed regularly. But honestly, my real

passion, the heartbeat of my existence, lay with those boiling pots and that perfect plate of food.

My life revolved entirely around cooking. At home, the walls were lined with over two thousand cookbooks, each of which I had pored over. When I couldn't sleep at night, my thoughts didn't wander to worries or dreams, but to new recipes, refined techniques, and unexpected flavor combinations that I wanted to try the next day. Cooking wasn't a profession, it was an obsession.

God was in the back seat of my life, while the kitchen was firmly in control.

Until, in 1991, I attended an information evening about the persecuted church. I had read about it and it piqued my interest. They showed a film, "Bamboo in the Winter," a poignant story about Christians in China who were persecuted for their faith.

What I saw touched me deeply. Many did not have a Bible. Some had only a few pages. They memorized them and then exchanged them with others like precious treasures. People went to prison, were tortured, lost their families, simply because they believed in the same Jesus I knew.

I couldn't hold back my tears. It was as if God was speaking directly to my heart: "Do you see how precious My Word is to them? Do you see how much they are willing to give for it?"

At the end of the evening, I knew I had no choice. This had not been just any movie night. This was a heavenly calling that I could no longer ignore.

But when I told my family what I was planning to do, no one reacted as I had hoped. My friends and colleagues didn't understand.

They thought the whole idea of smuggling was strange and dangerous. "It's not right, it's wrong," I was told.

My family also found the idea very scary and were very concerned. "Why are you doing this to yourself?" my mother asked worriedly. "You have a good life here, don't you?"

I didn't have easy answers to their questions. How do you explain that you have to do something because God asks you to, even if you don't fully understand it yourself?

Despite all the resistance, I signed up with an organization that smuggled Bibles into China. Not with secret suitcases full of weapons, but with suitcases filled with the Word of Life. In the summer of 1991, we flew to Hong Kong where we received training: how to act if we were caught, how to transport the Bibles, and who we would be in contact with. The trip would last four weeks.

But what I remember most about that first trip to China was how I was led by the Holy Spirit like a puppet in His capable hands. Every step was right. Every encounter was in His time.

Every obstacle was miraculously resolved. I walked, as it were, in a supernatural stream of grace, truly understanding for the first time what it means to be led. Not just believing with your head, but walking with your whole being in obedience to Him.

And now I was standing here, at that Chinese check-in counter, with my heart trying to jump out of my chest.

The little inspector gestured impatiently. I put the suitcase on the scale and tried to look as if it were the most normal thing in the world. As if it contained only clothes and toiletries, no literature that could get me into trouble. We were very overweight because of all those Bibles, but we didn't have the money to pay for them.

"Lord," I prayed again, "intervene, make it possible for us to continue without paying."

And then God did something I could never have imagined.

The inspector saw how easily I had picked up that heavy suitcase and came out from behind his desk to help. He probably thought I was a weak foreigner who needed some assistance. He reached out his hands to take my suitcase.

The moment he tried to lift the suitcase, something amazing happened. The unexpected weight of all those Bibles made him lose his balance completely. He fell forward, over the suitcase, and ended up on the floor in a tangle of arms and legs.

Suddenly, there was commotion everywhere. Other inspectors rushed to help their colleague. Travelers turned around to see what was happening. In all the commotion, our luggage was forgotten and eventually put on the conveyor belt. Before we knew it, we were walking through to the gate without paying for the enormous excess weight, all our Bibles safely with us.



"The angel of the LORD encamps around those who fear Him, and He delivers them."

Psalm 34:8 (NIV)



I looked at my teammates. In their eyes, I saw the same bewilderment I felt.

"Did God really just do that?" one of them whispered.

I didn't know. All I knew was that we had gotten through it in a way I couldn't explain. That was just the beginning.

A few days later, at another airport in China, it happened again. This time we had even more luggage with us because we had picked up extra equipment that needed to be transported. And this time security had been tightened because there had been problems with other groups that day.

We were standing in line for baggage screening, and I felt my stomach churn. Security guards were walking around everywhere, keeping a watchful eye. If they caught us, it would be over.

As we waited, I suddenly had an impression so strong that I couldn't doubt it. I had to grab all the suitcases and just start walking. Trusting that God would do the rest.

It wasn't a logical thought. It was insane. But the impression was so clear that I couldn't ignore it.

At the same time, one of my teammates was trying to put on her backpack. Because of all the Bibles in it, it was much heavier than she had expected. The weight pulled her backward, and she fell on her back like a turtle that can't get up.

All the Chinese guards and inspectors rushed to her to help her. Everyone was busy with that one situation. In the chaos, I grabbed all the other suitcases and bags and just walked through the checkpoint.

It was as if I were invisible. As if God had placed a cloak over me that hid me from their gaze. I was carrying more luggage than I had ever carried before, but it felt light, as if invisible hands were helping me.

Only when I was safely on the other side did it dawn on me what had happened. My hands were shaking with tension, but also with amazement. This was not normal. This was not something you could explain with luck or coincidence.



"For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways; they will lift you up in their hands, so that you will not strike your foot against a stone."

Psalm 91:11-12



Later that day, one of my teammates said to me, "Do you realize how much you just carried? That was over two hundred pounds I hadn't noticed at all. In those moments, everything felt light. As if I were being carried by angels, as if I were receiving supernatural strength when I needed it.



"But those who hope on the LORD shall renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint."

Isaiah 40:31



In China, I also learned for the first time what it meant to be completely dependent on God for the most ordinary things.

At home in my kitchen, I knew exactly what ingredients I needed and where to find them. Here, I couldn't even order what I wanted to eat.

For a whole week, we just pointed at Chinese menus, with no idea what we would get. It could be anything, things you might rather not think about. We ate things that were strange to all of us, such as jellyfish, chicken feet, bamboo rats, and dog meat. After six days, we were fed up.

"Lord," I prayed that night, "we would like to eat something we can enjoy. Something we can choose ourselves."

The next day we arrived at a hotel that offered extensive buffets for starters, main courses, and desserts. For the first time since arriving in China, we could choose what we wanted to eat. My chef's heart leapt with joy.

After a delicious meal, we walked to the counter to pay. I took out my wallet, but the Chinese man behind the counter shook his head vigorously.

"No, no, no," he kept saying.

We tried using gestures, showed them our money, but no one would take it. Even the manager came over, but he also refused our money.

In the end, we just left. No one stopped us. We had enjoyed a delicious meal and were able to leave without paying. I didn't understand how that was possible. But it had happened.



"For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added to you." Matthew 6:32-33 (NKJV)



One of those days we had to deliver Bibles. Everything had to be done with wisdom, guided by the Holy Spirit. We took a taxi and gave the driver a note with the name of the hotel where we thought we had an appointment written in Chinese characters.

From the moment we got in, I prayed softly in tongues. The Holy Spirit had already put me on edge. We drove through the busy,

chaotic traffic of an immense city, where everything swarmed and sounded like a symphony of honking horns. Bicycles, scooters, cars, all at once, everywhere. It seemed as if traffic rules were more suggestions than laws.

After a long drive, we arrived at the hotel. It seemed fine to me; I couldn't read the signs on the building, but it seemed to match what we had on the note. What I didn't know at the time was that this wasn't the hotel where we had the appointment. We had ended up in a completely different place.

Still, I felt no anxiety. No panic. Just a quiet conviction to keep praying.

I stepped into the elevator. Our appointment was on the second floor, so I pressed the button with the number "2." But the elevator shot up and only stopped at the top floor. Without me wanting it to, without me pressing the button.

The doors opened and there he was. Our contact person. A friendly and humble, small, older man. What immediately struck me was how small he was. In fact, all the Chinese were much smaller than us. When we were waiting in line earlier, it was very noticeable because we were towering over them, even though I'm not that tall myself.

I was completely surprised. But even more surprising was what he said.

With tears in his eyes, he told us that there had just been a raid at the hotel where we had originally agreed to meet. The police had

stormed in, looking for people like us. But he had prayed. He had asked the Lord to guide us, to bring us to him in a supernatural way, to a safe place.

And there we were. In the wrong hotel. On the wrong floor. But exactly in the right place, at the right time.

It wasn't our planning that brought us here. It wasn't our logic or knowledge of Chinese characters. It was purely the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the prayer of a brother who believed that God could even use traffic, taxi drivers, and elevators to guide His children.

What seems like coincidence to people is a supernatural strategy for God. What seemed like a mistake was actually protection. What seemed like chaos was divine order.

We were able to deliver the Bibles safely and on time. And we knew that this was not just another delivery. This was a sacred encounter. A miracle of guidance and providence, deeply hidden in the everydayness of a taxi, an elevator and the wrong hotel.



"The heart of a man plans his way, but the LORD establishes his steps."

Proverbs 16:9 (ESV)



Later that week, I visited Hong Kong, where I followed in the footsteps of Jackie Pullinger. This woman was only 22 years old when she boarded a ship, obeying the whisper of God's voice. She

only knew she had to go, without a clear destination. In the middle of the sea, she had a dream in which she saw Hong Kong. That was where her mission would begin.

I had the privilege of attending a service where Jackie spoke. Although I did not meet her personally, her message touched me deeply. She talked about her work in what had once been the Walled City.

I walked through the streets of what had once been the Walled City, a place known as one of the most dangerous, lawless areas in Asia. A place where Triad gangs ruled, where drugs, violence, and crime reigned. A place that, from a human perspective, seemed lost.

But God had a plan. And Jackie Pullinger was willing to give up everything to follow that plan. Not with a big budget or a detailed strategic plan, but with the power of the Holy Spirit and a deep-rooted love for people.

I visited a shelter and a church community that had grown out of Jackie's work. Former addicts, former gang members, people who had once lived in complete darkness were now working in small businesses they had built themselves. A T-shirt printing business, for example, set up to generate income and restore self-esteem.

What strength. What grace.

I became silent inside. How much I could still learn from this woman of faith. From her simplicity. Her obedience. Her radical surrender. She was not seeking her own safety or comfort, but God's will.

And because of that, God's power was able to manifest itself in a supernatural way through her life.

Those four weeks in China and Hong Kong had completely changed me. But the greatest miracle was what happened inside me.

Somewhere during those weeks in China, something began to change in my heart. The passion I had always felt for cooking, the motivation that drew me to the kitchen every day, began to point in a different direction.

I noticed that in the morning, my first thought was no longer about new recipes. Instead, I thought, "Lord, what do You want to do today? How can we reach people?"

One evening, lying in that Chinese hotel, I prayed, "Lord, what is happening to me? I feel myself changing."

And then a thought came to me that was so clear that I knew it didn't come from me: "I am giving you a new hunger. A hunger for more of Me."

There in China, I experienced for the first time what it meant to be led by the Holy Spirit. At home, I decided for myself which direction to go, what to do, how to organize my day. Here I was led like a puppet in God's capable hand.

We walked through streets where we, as foreigners, were not supposed to be. We ended up in places where we were not actually allowed to go. And every time, we were protected, guided, and provided for.

It was as if invisible strings were attached to my arms and legs, and God was guiding me through a choreography He had planned long in advance.

That dependence, that total surrender to God's guidance, was the most beautiful thing I had ever experienced. It was as if I was truly living for the first time in my life.

The flight back to the Netherlands felt like a transition between two different existences. I looked out the window at the clouds and thought about everything we had experienced. It seemed almost unreal.

But deep down, I knew that nothing would ever be the same again.

When I got home, I found myself standing among my cookbooks again. They were still there, all those recipes and techniques I had collected over the years. But they felt different.

Smaller. More limited.

As if I had been cooking with a handful of ingredients for years, and now suddenly discovered a whole new kitchen full of possibilities I had never known.

I fell into a kind of hole after China. Not out of disappointment, but out of longing. An inexpressible hunger for more of what I had tasted there.

That first taste of God's supernatural power was like an appetizer that had whetted my spiritual taste buds for a feast that I could barely comprehend.

I wanted more of that guidance. More of that provision. More of that intimacy with God in which He took me by the hand like a good Father.

My passion for cooking did not disappear, but it took on a completely different meaning. Just as I had collected recipes in the past, I now began to collect spiritual principles.

But where cooking had given me fulfillment, walking with God gave me life.

I understood that God had not called me to throw away my talents, but to use them for His kingdom. Just as I had previously prepared food that nourished people physically, I now wanted to prepare food that would nourish people spiritually.

China had shown me that the Christian faith was not meant to be a Sunday activity. It was meant to be a daily adventure in which you are constantly dependent on a living God who still performs miracles.

I was touched, broken, shaped. My heart's desire was put into words: "Jesus, You are my passion. I just want more of You. More fire. More power. More of Your heart."

When I returned from that first trip, I knew I never wanted to go back to just believing. I had tasted supernatural life, being led by the Spirit, walking in obedience, and witnessing miracles, conversions, and supernatural provision. This was what I was made for.

When I arrived home, I looked in the mirror and saw the same man who had left a few weeks earlier. But I knew that everything had

changed inside. The cook was still there, but he had a new Chef. The passion was still there, but it had taken on a new direction.

My passion had changed direction, from cooking to a passion for Jesus.



"For whoever wants to save their life will lose it, but whoever loses their life for me will find it."

Matthew 16:25



In China, I had lost my old life and found my new one. That hunger that had been born there would take me to places I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams.

What happens when a passionate chef fully surrenders his life to God?

Marien Wegeling discovered that walking with Jesus Christ encompasses a far greater life purpose than perfecting recipes. His passion gradually shifted from preparing food for the body to bringing nourishment to the soul. His goal was no longer to create the perfect meal, but to share the perfect love he had found in Jesus.

In *At Father's Table*, he openly shares more than forty years of witnessing modern-day Biblical miracles. From prisons in Curaçao and the Dominican Republic to mountain villages in Nepal, from the slums of India to the streets of Belgium—everywhere he goes, he sees how God speaks, heals, and sets people free.

This book tells the story of an ordinary man experiencing extraordinary things by listening to God's voice and acting upon it. Through these stories, you will discover:

- How to recognize God's voice in your daily life
- How to live a supernatural life
- Why testimonies are key to new breakthroughs
- How miracles can become part of your life

“God does not ask if you are good enough. He asks if you are available.”

With practical keys, Biblical foundations, and stories that ignite your faith, this book invites you to discover that living like Jesus is God's intention for every believer. Because at the Father's table, there is always more.

About the Author

Marien Wegeling is a missionary, speaker, and trainer passionate about helping people walk closely with Jesus Christ and live a supernatural life. After a successful career as a chef, a life-changing mission trip to China in 1991 marked a turning point that forever redefined his purpose. What began as a step of obedience grew into more than thirty years of full-time ministry across the nations. Marien served for many years in Curaçao and has ministered in countries around the world, witnessing countless miracles, healings, and deliverances. His life is marked by a deep conviction that God still speaks, moves, and transforms lives today. From the Netherlands, he continues to equip and activate believers to hear God's voice, step into their calling, and live according to the principles of God's Kingdom, empowered by the Holy Spirit. With a practical and faith-filled approach, Marien inspires others to move beyond theory and experience the reality of walking with God in everyday life.

