

PREFACE

The message of this book is simple. You already have God's grace. There is no way to earn it, and it cannot be gotten through the works of religion. God's grace is sufficient! (2 Corinthians 12:9)

This all-encompassing grace is inclusive for the healing of all illnesses: spiritual, mental and emotional.

We, as the beloved children of the Great I Am, have a divine right to appropriate and enforce the grace of God through the action of retaliation faith. We take back what God has freely given us and become who we truly are ... the righteousness of God in Christ!

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INTRODUCTION

In her eleventh hour...

Rev. Dr. Juliana Taylor was resurrected from her deathbed after she was diagnosed with terminal lupus and environmental illness. She had become allergic to all foods and all chemicals, and spent years living in total isolation.

She was unable to wear clothing or sleep on normal bedding material.

She was sixty pounds, despondent and suicidal, when she was told she would never recover. Faced with these facts, even doctors from renowned worldwide clinics (immune system specialists) knew that they were powerless and that their treatments had been ineffective.

It was from this place of utter victimization and despair that Juliana had a Damascus experience with the Lord. The “Great Physician” arrived with a revelation on His purpose and intent for her life!

Alone in her living room, Juliana received the revelation on healing that would begin her new faith walk. She was told that she would learn to appropriate her miracle healing via her authority in Christ.

She soon discovered the type of faith that would expedite miracle healing was the faith of “divine retaliation.”

We are invited on her journey as this empowering story unfolds and Rev. Juliana becomes the spiritual person that God intended her to be: the new creature in Christ, the eternal, immortal spirit complete in Him, with authority over her body, thoughts and emotions. *“If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, all things have become new.” (Corinthians 6:17)*

Picking up the “sword of the spirit,” she slays idol after idol, violently attacking her oppressions and deceptions. “*And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.*” (*Ephesians 6:17*)

The miracles that we read about in this testimony are evoked by the primal and simple spiritual action of divine retaliation.

This testimony reveals how a sick and dying woman steps out of utter helplessness, abandonment and isolation and is healed in an absolute and extraordinary surrender to God, only to find out that her surrender is a baby step and insufficient to maintain her healing. She is unable to hold on to her God-given miracle! A battle unfolds.

This battle is called the battle between the flesh and the spirit. “*For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh.*” (*Galatians 5:17*) This is the battle we are all in on this earth, without exception! “*For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.*” (*Philippians 3:3*)

We join Juliana as she takes back her proper identity in Christ. We become inspired as we are participants of a demonstration of spiritual regeneration that heals body, mind and soul. “*Not by the works of righteousness but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.*” (*Titus 3:5*)

We begin to clearly perceive that no more do we as Christians need to hang around passively waiting and begging to be healed. The Lord Jesus Christ has conquered the law of sin and death. “*And having spoiled principalities and powers he made a show of them openly triumphing over them in it.*” (*Colossians 2:15*)

This was a demonstration of total spiritual dominion! All power had been given unto Him in heaven and on earth!

Dr. Taylor instructs, “The curse of the law has been broken. The law has no power over you! The Cross of Christ was not suffered in vain.” *The old nature is faking its authority over you, she explains, and you can call its bluff!*

Your illnesses, pains and heartaches are the con job of the old nature itself. It simply does not belong to you! Your healing was provided for you at the Cross of Calvary. “*And you, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses.*” (Colossians 3:13)

Dr. Taylor feels that the authority and power in Christ is available to all; it is here to be taken. That may be the only way to apprehend it! “*The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force.*” (Matthew 11:12)

We as “retaliators in Christ” are separating ourselves from deceptions that would otherwise undermine our God-given inheritance and identity, our dominion that has already been fully and completely established for us on earth. “*But if ye are led of the spirit ye are not under the law.*” (Galatians 6:18)

If you are reading this book and you are a person of faith, there is not one reason on this earth that you cannot be healed. Healing is available to you now — today. By His stripes ye were healed.

A “retaliator” is simply an enforcer of the grace of God!

Many have been healed just by reading these revelations and testimonies. Many have been healed by applying the miracle-working power of enforcing grace in their own lives.

Dr. Taylor now ministers in miracle-healing services worldwide; she has been commissioned to bring God’s people out of the law of sin and death (sin consciousness, condemnation and guilt) into a prophetic end-time movement of freedom and authority in the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

Out of religion and into the fullness, depth and authenticity of life in the spirit. This includes divine health!

She has noticed that the terms we use to enforce His grace are irrelevant to God. As long as we are “calling the bluff” of the con that is presenting evidence contrary to our divine health, authority and peace on this earth, we will have the victory. Whether you believe this “bluff” is of the carnal mind, ego, impostor, mortal mind, evil, generational principalities or devils, it really doesn’t matter — as long as we do not allow how we see it or name it to stop us from taking right action.

It is only when we are seduced into agreeing with our “oppressor” and deceived into embracing our inner child, loving our ego, or fixing our inner self, that we will not be healed.

Dr. Taylor continues to stand and enforce His word in her personal life and ministry, and believes that living large and radically alive in the spirit of Christ and in His freedom and authority is a great worship unto the Lord.

“The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath set me free from the law of sin and death.” (Romans 8:2)

Chapter 1

Not One More Powerless Day

I had become a tormented and tortured creature, living in utter isolation in a small, bare, natural wood cabin in the San Diego mountains.

I had no presentable clothing and no furniture, with the exception of a glass table that I slept on and an old wooden rocking chair upon which I sat.

When I looked in the mirror, I felt shame at my reflection. I did not recognize myself! Who was this creature peering back at me? This could not be me! How could this have happened?

I had once been an attractive woman, a model, a dancer and an actress. I had become a psychologist with the money earned from a successful acting career.

Whoever this impostor was, she was unidentifiable. I had no interest in her future. It was over. I had lost too many battles. There was no hope of regaining any strength. The war had been for my identity, and my identity had been overcome.

I would not give this impostor the last round. I would no longer submit to this master. There was no reason to! I had hit my personal bottom. I was as low as a human being could go and still be alive.

I hadn't always been this victimized.

Once I had been on higher ground. I had walked with God, the creator of Heaven and Earth. That loss was much more disturbing to me than my appearance, or even my lost health. I had lost my connection to God. That was the real issue. I couldn't hear my maker. The Spirit couldn't lead me. I was in darkness. I was dying in the wilderness.

I would not wither away and die a slow, tormented death. I would not wait around to be totally diminished. I decided to take action while I still had the ability to do so.

I looked directly into the impostor's eyes — eyes whose expression no longer belonged to me, eyes that were disconnected from my heart.

"I may be down," I heard myself say, "but I am not taking it anymore. I've had it. I refuse to live one more powerless day! Not one more powerless day!"

You Will Not Kill Me!

As I heard my own defiant words, a rage rose up from within me. My voice deepened, and I spoke from a very primal place! "You will not kill me. You will not! I will kill you!"

She was still staring at me, her hair white, wild and brittle. Once my hair had been lovely, long, blond and full. I touched her mane. It was coarse and dry. The hand that touched her hair was foreign to me. Lifeless, sagging skin hung from her arms. I saw pointed, bony ribs so pronounced they were still visible through her baggy attire of nontoxic rags.

My legs were wobbly and weak, like tiny, brittle sticks. They could no longer hold me up. I weighed sixty pounds. I had subsisted exclusively on organic white rose potatoes for over two years! I rotated purified waters that were sent to me from all over the country. None, however, were pure enough for me to avoid a reaction.

My home was bare. The floor was plain, unpainted wood. The windows were kept tightly sealed for fear that any trace of toxins or fumes

might enter. I could not venture outside of my home, and no one could enter.

I was thirty-five years old. My doctor told me that I would not make it to thirty-six. Seven years earlier, I had been diagnosed with lupus and environmental illness; both were deadly immune system dysfunctions. I began to experience the “universal reactor syndrome,” one of the many symptoms of the disease. A universal reactor is a person who is allergic to all foods, chemicals and fumes — a person allergic to life itself.

For me, the most devastating part of it all was that I was allergic to people. It was impossible for me to be around other human beings! Everyone wore something that was toxic to me. With some it was perfume, deodorants, scented soaps, or hair spray. Others used dry cleaning fluids and fabric softeners. Even toothpastes and mouthwashes were intolerable; the slightest scent of any of it made me violently ill.

I had become so sensitive after my last medical treatment that I could not stand to be around anyone or anything that contained the slightest trace of chemicals or additives.

My problem with scented chemicals on bodies and clothing was just the beginning of my estrangement from the human race. My isolation was more personal than attire, much deeper in origin, much more complex. I reacted to the energy of people! I could feel their pain, their grief, their burdens, their bad days and concerns. I could not sit next to people without picking up their heartaches or deepest personal conflicts. I felt and reacted to their every emotion, every spirit, every thought — to any and all stimuli, whether they belonged to me or not.

I could no longer deal with this psychic interference; it was too bizarre. My rawness disconnected me from humanity. This was not a lifestyle I wanted to continue. I did not want to live another day without connection, companionship or hope.

Been There, Done That

I had been resourceful in my attempts to recover my health. I tried all the international and local clinics, all the doctors, dentists, and Indian chiefs (I say this literally), including acupuncturists, healers, homeopaths, psychiatrists, psychologists, hypnotists and new age ministers. I had examined my feelings, released anger on the Gestalt chair and shared anonymously at twelve-step meetings. I no longer had codependency problems — I had no relationships. Not one source of human comfort.

I was willing to die just on the chance of fellowship in an afterlife. I still had faith in eternal life, but I had no faith to perpetuate the nightmare that had become my daily existence.

I wasn't anorexic. I didn't stop eating because I didn't like food. I was just afraid of the mental and physical reactions the food would bring. The reactions were so horrendous, so debilitating. I just could not recover from them anymore. There was nothing that would help me — no pain relief, no medication that could stop the reactions. I would go from anaphylactic shock to torturous muscle spasms — followed by chills and shaking, migraines, itching, head swellings and vomiting. After the disabling vomiting, there would be days of depression. The reactions were impossible for me to cope with any longer. They had totally traumatized me. They were so powerful that they intimidated me from eating any food, depriving me of any nutritional life force. I was actually starving. One by one I had relinquished foods that I reacted to on the prescribed allergy "elimination diet," until finally, there were no foods left; just my organic potatoes....

The allergic reactions were not just daytime attacks. They would also awaken me in the middle of the night, shaking me from my core to my extremities.

I would start off my attempt at sleep on my glass table, sans bedding materials, blankets and pillows. These normal comforts were usually made from synthetic materials. There was always something I was allergic to in the fabrics — the glue, the stitching, the dyes. Rounds of torment disturbed my sleep throughout the night. The first interruption of my sleep occurred on my antique, chemical-free glass table that had become my bed. After a couple of hours, I would be awakened by a shaking sensation deep in my core. It was as if I were vibrating! I would then move to my next location and hopefully pick up an undisturbed forty-five minutes of sleep on an old Salvation Army cot — one that had done its due diligence. It had been properly aired out for months; a precious hand-me-down from another environmentally ill insomniac.

Round three would take me to my faithful old wooden rocking chair, which was my only other piece of furniture. It was not good for my neck, but forty-five minutes of peace was worth neck pain. Every action had its own hostile punishment. I was looking forward to uninterrupted peace.

My decision was final. It was over. I had no place to go. I did not have anyone or anywhere to turn. I wanted out! My only concern was that I not suffer in dying. I constructed a plan.

I collected every pill I had saved over the years. I had enough saved to kill a sixty-pound person. I figured that the pills would take about fifteen minutes to render me unconscious....

Something Primal

I felt confident and totally at peace with my decision to die — the kind of peace one feels when moving in a right direction. Then, strangely enough, I began to feel hungry! My stomach was empty and hollow; it wanted food! Usually my hunger was repressed by terror, but because I knew the threat of the allergic reactions would soon be over, I had the luxury of opening up to something natural and physical — food! For years I had

forgotten I was starving! It didn't make any difference now. My reaction to this meal would be my last.

Nothing Past Fifteen Minutes

I remember deciding to eat. Why not? What was the worst thing that could happen to me? Another bad fifteen minutes? Nothing past fifteen minutes could ever debilitate me again.

I justified my fears of Hell by believing that I was in it.

The Last Supper

Jesus Christ Himself had a last supper when he decided to lay his life down. It was His choice. He was prophetically prepared. I enjoyed the last supper idea. I felt I was in good company.

I proceeded to order my last supper. I put on gloves to make the phone call. Everything had chemicals; everything was toxic on some level. I could feel the chemicals go through my skin.

I wore gloves to touch everything — to open an envelope, pay a bill. Without gloves, the glue and chemicals on all paper and materials would have seeped through my skin and into my bloodstream, creating more pain. Then there would be days of increased chemical sensitivities and unbearable chemical depression.

Carefully, I put on my 100% white cotton gloves to use the telephone. I dialed my 1950s round-faced rotary dial phone. It was the kind of phone you dialed manually, with big, metal circular holes for your fingers. There was a long waiting list for this type of phone. Many in the environmentally ill community would be grateful for such a find. It was simple, plain, big and black — an old table model sans the new (disturbing to some) touch-tone electronics.

I ordered my final meal. Even though making a phone call had potential harmful reactions, I knew that this would be my last call, and that encouraged me. I spoke to the restaurant employee, hoping to make my situation understood. I was embarrassed to have to explain in great detail how to leave the food I was ordering. I was aware that he probably thought I was insane.

I heard myself expressing ridiculous commands: “I will leave the money in a folder taped to the back door. I am here in the house, but I cannot open the door. Just leave the food outside on the step of the back door next to the garage. Don’t park the truck in front of my house or in the driveway. I cannot tolerate any car fumes near my door when I open it. Please wrap the food in a double bag so fumes do not get on my food. I have allergies to petroleum.”

Who was this creature ordering food like this? I wondered. Who was she?

I didn’t want to live this “impostor’s” life anymore!

This ordeal complete, I had survived the energy of another human being’s voice and I was still functioning. My progress had not been thwarted. All I had to do was wait for the meal to arrive. When it came, I would not open the door for an additional fifteen minutes. I was afraid to risk the reaction of human contact. The many risks associated with opening my door could ruin my plan.

The only foods I had been able to eat up until this “Last Supper feast” were organic potatoes — the ones my ex-fiancé Mark always left outside the back door. I would pick them up when no one was around. I would wait, of course, for the night air, wear three masks, quickly grab the bag and then run back in and slam the door shut.

I would make one last back-door pickup. I comforted my heart with that assurance.

This would be the first real meal I'd had in five years! Just the thought of eating a full dinner normally, carelessly, had my full attention.

I had to wait about forty minutes for the meal to arrive.

The Goodbye Tape

I had no one to say goodbye to. I was totally disconnected from the world. I had only Mark, who would drop off my organic white rose potatoes in the acceptable nontoxic manner. We could no longer interact; it was too painful for me. He was still available to me as a friend, as a potato dropper. He was living with another woman. Sometimes they would drop off the potatoes together. They both knew when I did not pick up my potatoes at the door that day that I intended to expedite my death. They did not try to stop me.

Mark couldn't stand to see the torture. He later shared with me that he knew exactly what I was about to do and he didn't blame me. He agreed with my decision. There was, after all, no other way. All my previously close friends had suggested at one point or another that I end my life. It was the general consensus — what they would do in my situation. After all, they thought, what is the purpose of living like that?

They Sensed My Decision

Mark totally understood. We used to be able to speak to each other through my screen door until I became too sensitive even for that. Mark got what was up when I didn't pick up the last potato shipment. He went home and cried all night in his new girlfriend Terri's arms.

As I waited for my last supper, I made a goodbye tape for him. I said goodbye to my last and only friend. I planned to leave my goodbye tape at our private hidden mailbox, outside the house near the garage door.