

Doors to Joy

*Setting the Captive
Free - Emotionally*

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Earlier in 2017 Wow!

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Earlier in 2017 Wow!

Earlier 2017 – Please, if this speaks to you, put YOUR name in where mine is. This isn't just for me, this is for those that need it as well.

I asked the Lord where are the blockages? He said my great grandmother, my Dad's side. Moggie's mother*.

From the book "Operating in the Courts of Heaven" I tackled blockages. The Lord told me to read Deuteronomy 22-28. I repented for myself and my bloodline going back to Adam and Eve for every item mentioned in chapters 22-27 and whatever the Lord brought to mind. I then prayed release of all the promises in Dec. 28.

I remembered a dream I had in August 2016 about there being three holes in the foundation of a dark, poor house I was in. I took it to mean there was a hole in my foundation to the 3rd generation back. I pictured this hole after I had asked for release of all the promises in De. 28.

*great grandmother Dad's side is third generation back. LOL light bulb!

I asked the Lord about those holes. I looked down and it seemed they were still there. God said, 'wait, look'. The bottom most one filled up from the bottom up with concrete and the hole was filled. I kept looking. The next one was filled up from the bottom up with concrete and the top was as smooth as a baby's bottom.

The last one I couldn't quite see. The Lord told me to praise Him.

I did. He told me to take communion, I did. He told me to bow before Him. I did. He placed a cloak, a mantle on me. it was light blue, [my last liked color, strange] with white fur trim, He fastened it together with a brooch. A brooch like I've never seen. There was one middle precious stone in a square shape with rounded corners, with ceramic and other precious stones around it. It was so real I reached up to touch it. I laughed because there were many, many pockets in the mantle. The Lord knows I like pockets, but to hide them in a cloak? *How fun!*

I still couldn't see anything. I asked Him to show me the last hole.

OH! OH! It's NOT THERE! There are workman building a new house on the new foundation! That lovely smell of cut wood is in the air. The framing is up, new, sturdy wood, 2x4s straight and true. The concrete floor is as smooth as anything. It must have been a master concrete layer, yes, it was God.

The old dark house is gone, the torn, thin, dark blue carpeting, the walls, the whole house is gone.

God said to go stand next to the moringa tree. As I went outside, there's a ginormous thai basil plant, God said to stand near it. I did. It's to release newness of life and stops confusion He said.

Moringa releases love as it gets to the heart of spiritual issues. Moringa does a deep work. But it's clothed in love. [it's quite amazing really]

So Father, is there any doors? God said, 'yes, there will be. How big would you like the house'? Me, 'big and full of light'. God laughed and said, 'yes, I know you like light. It will be

big and light, lots of shelves for all your things. And there will be lots of doors, some with glass, some oak, some carved oak, some will have screen doors’.

Father, do you want to give me a particular gift? *laughing*, “Why yes, I believe I already have, laughter.” Me, ‘anything else Father? Like being prosperous in my business? Like money? Like telling me for certain what is my destiny’?

God, “hmmm. I have already made you prosperous, I said so in my Word, all you have to do is speak it into existence. Come into agreement with me Janine, you already know my promises are in the ‘atmosphere’, come into agreement. Speak it, own it, have it.”

Me, ‘seriously? It’s as simple as that’?

God, “it’s as simple as that.”

Well, I’ve been doing that, and it hasn’t happened, so now what?

“Spray, cleanse the air around you. Bind the demons and they will flee, have faith in my Word. Have faith in me that I will accomplish it.”

Don’t I have faith in you now??

“Yes, but not enough, in a different way. Come my child, take my hand. Remember, you yourself said you would stop being fearful and you would follow me and fly with me.”

‘Yes, yes I did.’

“Take my hand, let us soar, reaching new heights in this,

YOUR life. In the here and now.”

‘Yes God, I can see how fear still grips me.’

Placing my hand in His I said, ‘don’t let go!’

God, “aw my child, I will never ever let you go. Not ever. No matter how much you squirm, struggle or rail at me, I will never let you go. You see, you are my daughter, my child, you gave your heart to me and SO MANY times you have said, ‘don’t let me take back what I’m giving You’.

‘Yes, Lord, I still mean it.’

“I will never let you go Nini. How could I? How could I forget you? That would be like forgetting how to breathe, and how could I not love you? That would be like telling my heart to stop beating. No baby girl, I will not let you go, I will not lose you, I will not forget you, I will not neglect you, I will not lie to you, nor hammer your hands, nor spit on you. I am not a man to lie or to treat you like that. I will never, ever, let go of your hand. No matter where you go, no matter what you do, no matter if you think you are turning your back on me, I will never, ever let go of your hand. You, my beloved Janine, are mine. Your name is written in my book.

I have your life mapped out before me. You are precious to me. So very precious to me. I know you fear things my daughter, I know you are working on it. No matter how far you walk with me or not, I will never let go of your hand. I have your back. I have your front. Be careful whom you listen too, don’t listen to those that say I don’t have your back. Of COURSE I have my children’s backs!”

‘Are there any blockages God?’

“Just fear.”

‘*Just*. Forgive me Father, help me to overcome the fears of not really hearing your voice, of getting too far ‘out there’ in all this stuff you have me doing and not being able to get back. Forgive me for praying a thing to death, instead of stepping out, that’s one of the fears too. I’m so sorry Lord.’

“I know you are honey, you are doing better.”

‘Help me Lord.’

“I am, I will, always.”

Little voice, ‘I love you Daddy.’

“I love you too baby girl.”

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The Cork Road

PRE-foreword.

This is a story given to me by Jesus. He has asked me to consider sharing every tiny detail with strangers, so they can be healed and know they are not alone. It's been a struggle to do so. I don't *have* too, but how do I turn him down when he's done so much for me? Besides, it's my calling, to help others, to heal. I have been set apart to be a pioneer and do uncommon things.

This story is for me. It has lessons in it for me. You may also get lessons from it, different from what I get, maybe the same. It starts out not as a story, but as me going to 'the table' to talk with Jesus. You will understand as you read further along on this page. It becomes a story. The story itself is called The Cork Road. It may jump around, it may not follow all details, but see, it's not a story for you, it's for me. So I can be healed of things and so I can learn things.

Some of the lessons come *from* the story, some are brought up later when I re-read it. Some lessons are *in* the story itself. The story goes to the middle of age 8 so far.

I apologize beforehand if something is wrong. Like not spelling out a number under 10, or some thought is jumbled, or I cap words for emphasis instead of italicize them. It's a large 'work' and I never thought I would be 'publishing' it. When Jesus, as my Daddy, speaks, it's in quotes. " ." When it's me speaking, there are no quotes.

Foreword:

Each person, each human being is made up of all the parts of our lives. We are born babies and we grow. Every day, a child has things happen to them. Good and bad. If we do not have parents or caregivers, that are healed themselves – then we learn things that are not right. We learn things like anger and sarcasm.

We learn how to be a human being by those that are around us or over us. There is a significant portion of the world's population, especially those in the USA, that did not have great role models. While no one is perfect, the parent we may have had, might have had issues they never dealt with, or perhaps they just weren't around or didn't care to operate as a parent.

It is one of the goals of Jesus to heal spiritually, emotionally, and physically, all of the ages that make up a person. Jesus wants us every BIT whole.

Jesus wants each one of us to sit with him so he can give us a story. He will heal each one of our parts. If they are wounded he will heal, if we need teaching, he will teach, if we need love, he will love on us. Whatever it is we need, we can get it from Jesus. Some times, he even gives us other people and other avenues to get us healed.

One of those avenues for me, was inner healing and deliverance counselors. I have seen these types of counselors and Holy Spirit has done some deep and awesome work in and with me.

Holy Spirit heals our wounded parts, and then he gets the demons off of the little one – no longer a wounded part – and gets them out of us. It is a work done through Holy Spirit.

When things happen to us, it creates a wounded part. That

wounded part separates itself from the identity of the core person, however it is still a *part* of the person. What happens is that part that was hurt, in whatever way, isolates itself from the core personality. It's like that wounded part is a person. They have feelings, usually negative ones, they can think, they can act out. They have emotions. Usually negative, angry emotions, because whatever happened to them, was a negative thing.

When the part is wounded and breaks off a person, they stay at the age at which they broke off. They never grow up. They never get older. They remain at the age they were when they became wounded.

They broke off the person at x age, in order to deal with the trauma. It doesn't happen to everyone, but it does happen to a *lot* of people.

What they do is help the core personality, [that's me, or you], in the best way they know how. However, they have extreme tunnel vision. All they know is the trauma and the resulting negative feelings and thoughts that they got from that trauma. They usually don't trust people. They act out when they are hurt or when the core person is hurt, or they perceive the person is hurt. Because of these wounded parts, sometimes it's terribly difficult for the person to grow up emotionally and mentally.

When they are not healed, they remain a wounded part. Some people call them alternative personalities, aka alters. But when I first started going to my Inner Healing and Deliverance couple, they called them wounded parts. I AM **SO** GLAD they did. If they had called them alters, I would have been out of there in a hurry. That would have meant to me, I was crazy. Demon possessed. There is no truth to that, as I am and was then, a born again Christian, but our minds

play tricks on us. Rather, the demon that is attached to that wounded part wreaks havoc in our thoughts. It can make us think things that are not real and are not truth when we don't know how to think differently.

Some call them 'fragments'. For me, the most accurate and the most revealing, is calling them wounded parts. There is no one that wants to be called a 'fragment'. To me, a 'fragment' isn't a full person and the wounded part is a full person. These wounded parts are VERY real. They are a part of us. They don't want to be called a fragment or an alternate personality. They want to be loved and treated with respect.

When the wounded child becomes an adult, they have all these wounded parts inside them, usually acting out.

I'm going to use myself as an example. When I was small, my grandfather and some of his friends had their way with me. Each time this happened, it created a wounded part. As well, every time it happened a demon had a legal right to attach itself to that wounded part.

So, if I was molested at 3 p.m., then that would be one wounded part. If I was traumatized at 3:15, that would be another wounded part.

Some people have learned to hide them a lot better than other people. Some do this by being super controlling, never letting their emotions out. Hiding behind a veil of always knowing what to do, always being in control. Others think they are hiding these wounded parts by being the life of the party, by acting up, but they are really acting out and many people can see something must have happened to a person because they are so angry, so quick tempered, so _____ whatever, you fill in the blank. Others can't see that a

person needs help, all they see is a person they don't like for whatever reason.

For much of my life, my wounded parts were visible to everybody else but me. I thought I was just "that way", and I needed to learn how to cover it up, I needed to learn how to be different. I *knew* I was angry, but no matter *what* I did to try to change myself, it never worked for long. Someone I knew for several years said she prayed about me when we first met, asking the Lord about me/how I spoke and acted. The Lord told her I had no filters. Precisely. Made perfect sense to me when she told me a decade later.

When we have wounded parts, we hear things in our heads. We aren't good enough, we aren't smart enough, pretty enough, slim enough, we talk too much, we ask too many questions, we are this, that and the other thing. It usually gets reinforced by the 'care'givers we are around and by others. Why *not* just kill myself? It is a MISERABLE place to be.

So what I learned way back when I was going to a Christian psychologist, is that I needed new tapes in my head. But I had *no idea* how to get them there. I didn't know what to tell myself. Everything I heard wasn't good stuff. And besides, wasn't that a lie if you have to brainwash yourself? [now I know it to be called renewing your mind]

She gave me some ideas to put on the tapes. But not nearly enough. What I heard in my head was not good. My 'self talk' sucked. So I found different people that knew how to think about different things and I have been incorporating those things into my head, for years. Running new tapes. Example, 'everything will work out'. That's my latest one. I repeat it until it's remembered in my head and at some point, it will

be engraved there. I give myself a new tape to run in my head.

My earthly father taught me some, my biological mother taught me none. I had no one to teach me how to perceive myself and the world around me. That's a big deal. I was essentially given birth and then left to my own devices to learn anything. Anything meaningful about life and how to react and such. How to sit like a lady, how to speak, how to respond, how to -or if or when- to control my emotions. How to play the 'game' of life. How to speak doublespeak.

Sure I can track an animal, I can fish and clean that fish, shoot a gun and clean the gun and I'm a fabulous cook. But the finer points on how to be a lady, what to say, how to say it...eh.

That said, one thing is true the world over. What we don't know is "wrong" as children, we learn is wrong through body language and words. No matter the age.

My grandmother, with whom I lived sporadically in my young life, taught me some things. But it was all outward things. Like putting your things away. It was my grandmother that had the patience of God. I can point to whom I received that from!

Jesus is now teaching me, it's not so much about *un*learning, as about learning the right things and the right way.

When our wounded parts accept Jesus, they become 'little ones'. Jesus heals them. Either in the setting of being with the ministers/counselors, or being with him. I've had a lot of healing thru the ministers. But now, with this story, I'm with Jesus. He is my father *and* my mother.

I am a seer. I have always been a seer. All my life. I'm prophetic, bring joy, encouragement, consternation, challenge and inspiration.

So while reading a book, I learned we can have visions with Jesus, just sitting with him. I had always thought the visions I have, had to be initiated by Jesus. Prophetic visions are initiated by Jesus, however, personal healing ones, can be initiated by ourselves.

So I began. The Lord showed me that he had healing for me and all my little ones. He called them my 'little ones'. Big deal there, which I didn't discover til later in one of the lessons. That means they are no longer wounded. Some are still angry, scared even, but they are no longer wounded. They have all accepted Jesus as their Savior at this point in time. Jesus began to teach me. He began to take me on visions. He told me he wanted me to do this every day.

This was in December of 2017 that this started.

Jesus asked me if I wanted to hear a story. I said yes. Every day I spent hours with the Lord, in a vision, writing this story, learning these lessons.

When the Lord and I are talking, no matter the age, the vocabulary I have now, is used when necessary. Not always though. You will see this as you read, as the younger ones don't know the meaning of some words used.

When Jesus, as my Father is talking to *all the parts*, he uses my given name Janine. Otherwise he calls me terms of endearment or my childhood nickname.

He is my Daddy *and* my Mama. When I praise him, I call him

Lord. That encompasses both God and Jesus.

When the little ones do not know him as Daddy, they call him whatever they are comfortable with.

The story is very *raw and personal* in places.

I don't have comments open. If you want a facebook group to ask questions or comment, email me and I'll start one. Doorstojoy at gmail.com.

LET US BEGIN.