

SHOULD I HAVE TRUSTED HIM MORE?

Some personal experiences of the Acts of the Holy Spirit as related by John Gates

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PREFACE

It gives me great pleasure to write the preface to this book for my dear friend, and fellow servant of the Lord Jesus, John Gates. I have known John and his good wife Esmé, for many years, and have found them to be genuine and true Christians. I can testify that the stories and events recorded in this book are true. They are a selection from many more remarkable acts of the Holy Spirit that John has experienced.

John has asked me to include the following incidents, which were not included in his first manuscript. They will give you a foretaste of the wonderful experiences that God has given to John and myself, which are recorded in this book.

Visions of Heaven and our Loved Ones There

Eighteen months before we were married, God told Pauline and myself, that when we were married we would have a child, and that he would take it home to Heaven. After we were married, Pauline became pregnant and had to have a Caesarean operation to deliver the baby, but, just as the Lord told us, our baby Dawn died after three days. I still remember well my tearful journey to the hospital to tell my wife that our baby had died, and the memory of my wife's distraught cry,

"Oh my baby, my baby," still brings tears to my eyes after 36 years. But the God of all comfort had an amazing revelation for us, to console us both in our grief.

About a month after the death of our baby Dawn, I lay awake in bed by the side of my wife, who was fast asleep. Suddenly, God took my wife to Heaven in vision, while she was asleep. It was not a mere dream; it was, like Daniel's vision in Dan7v2., *"a vision by night."*

Pauline saw our daughter Dawn running towards her, with arms outstretched to embrace her beloved mother. She was no longer a baby; she looked as if she was in her early twenties. Remember how the angel, who rolled the stone from Christ's tomb, looked like a young man. Mk.16v5. Eternal youthfulness is one of God's kingdom gifts to us.

I was wide-awake and watching this same event in vision, but I was seeing it from the side. It filled one entire wall of our bedroom. I watched my daughter Dawn running towards Pauline, her face was radiant with joy and happiness; you will never see a face as full of joy and happiness as this on earth. God's kingdom is full of joy; it is His gift to us.

I am often asked;

"Do they know us?" Paul gives us the answer in 1Cor.13v12.,

"I shall fully know, as I am fully known," the strengthened form of *"ginosko"* 1097, the full knowledge of intimate personal relationship.

When we get to Heaven and have this face-to-face communion with God; God joyously welcomes us and pours upon us His love, and vast amounts of knowledge about Heaven, to make us feel completely welcome and at ease in our heavenly home; and we go to and meet our families and loved ones. Gen.25v8. 35v29. 49v33. Numb.20v24. 27v13. 31v2. Judges.2v10. 2Kings.22v20. Yes! Our loved ones in Heaven know all about us, and have a real relationship with us, and have great and affectionate feelings of love for us.

As I watched the vision I saw a white square on the superb heavenly grass, beneath some magnificent trees, and God said to us both at the same time;

"You have had no picnics on earth, but I promise you one when you get into the kingdom."

As our child Dawn embraced Pauline, God took the vision away from me. I waited for a while, and then awakened Pauline and told her what we had seen and heard, what I did not know was that after my vision had ceased, Pauline's vision carried on, and Jesus appeared to her and told her things that would happen to us during the years ahead. Jesus told Pauline that I would be persecuted and ostracised by many ministers of the Gospel.

He also told Pauline about a charity that would be formed, and that I would have a part in it. This was formed in Liverpool about sixty miles away, some ten years later, and I was asked to be Trustee in it. A treasure chest was shown, and Jesus said that its contents were for the needy, and not for the greedy.

Jesus said to Pauline,

"I have given you a joint ministry with William," and to drive the point home, added;

"And I mean a joint ministry." Jesus then took Pauline into the future, and she saw our families and loved ones gathered around, and on, the picnic square.

Our daughters Dawn and Faith, and Faith's husband Jason, and their child Emma were there. A boy miscarriage that Pauline had was there too. Pauline's sister Brenda, and her mother and Granny Ellis were there. There too was my Mum and Dad, and Granny Wint and my uncles Jim and Joe. My brother Tom was there with a magnificent three-tiered crown on his head and his wife Dorothy also wore a lovely crown on her head. In the background were other members of our families.

After showing Pauline these things and telling her of other future events, which she needed to know to help her through trials, which would come in the future. Jesus told Pauline not to tell me any of the things that He had revealed to her. As the years have gone by, Jesus has revealed some of these events to me, and that is why I know of them, for Pauline has obeyed our Lord's command not to tell any of them to me. She tells me many more have yet to be revealed to me.

When I was preaching in the Elim Church at Annaghanoon, I told them how God had given Pauline and myself these visions of our daughter Dawn in Heaven. After the service three ladies came to me and told me how they had seen a bright golden light all around me when I was telling them about seeing Dawn in Heaven. There was no collusion or talk between these ladies; they sat at different places in the congregation. They did not know that the other ladies had seen the same vision as themselves. I asked them to write down what they had seen, which they did. God had confirmed the truth of my words to them in a remarkable way.

God saves my brother Tom's life, by stopping a petrol tank exploding

One Sunday morning as I sat in church, I had a vision of Dorothy, my Brother Tom's wife, standing by the gate, on the common path between her house and my parent's house. She was looking towards my parent's house and thinking,

"Tom is dead, and Mum and Dad are on holiday. What shall I do?" My Mum and Dad were on holiday that week, so I knew that Tom was doing something, at that very moment, which could kill him. I prayed earnestly for God to undertake for Tom and to save his life.

On that very Sunday morning, Tom was working in a quarry, and for some reason or other; they wanted to put another pipe into a 1,000-gallon petrol tank, which still had some petrol in it.

My Brother Tom told the men there, that he had the answer; he would put a tube from the exhaust of one of the big earth-moving vehicles into the petrol tank; rev up the engine, and blow all the oxygen out, and then cut a hole in the tank with a flame cutter. The rest of the men in the quarry did not think that this was a good idea, and quickly disappeared down the quarry, and went and hid behind piles of rubble and heavy timber.

As the engine was revved up, my brother proceeded to cut a hole in the petrol tank with the flame cutter. As he cut the hole he told me that he could see white-hot and red-hot metallic sparks bouncing across the top of the petrol. However, the large flame of the cutter, and these sparks, did not cause the petrol to ignite and explode. Tom put the pipe in the petrol tank and welded it in. When Tom got home I found out what he had been doing, and told him that God had stopped the petrol exploding and saved his life. God's great love had saved Tom from death, and God knew how He would use and bless his beautiful tenor voice to inspire and bless His children, and bring the lost to Jesus.

When Dad sold our garage to a petrol company, they decided to replace our 500-gallon petrol tank with 5,000-gallon tanks, and fill our small tank up with sand. As the tanker put the sand into the tank, the petrol inside was ignited by the static in the warm dried sand, and it exploded and blew a lot of sand out, and the poor man leaning over the tank was blown back. (I had a vision of this event about two to three days before it happened.) The poor man was off work for about six weeks, when he came back he showed me that he had lost his eyebrows, and that his glasses had been frosted by the sand blown out by the force of the explosion, the glasses saved his sight.

Tom's flame torch and hot metallic fragments were a much more definite certainty to ignite the petrol than the warm dried sand. However, God stepped in, and spared his life.

Dad became a Christian in the Edward Jefferies campaign in the Potteries, when around 18,000 people accepted Christ in about six weeks. Later on he backslid, and became an alcoholic; he drank about 20 pints of beer a night, plus rums and whiskies. Life for us was very hard. Once, while we were in bed, he turned all the gas taps of the cooker on, and then tried to terrify us further, by shooting a gun off outside the house. The house was filled with poisonous gas, but the bedroom felt as if it was full of angels, and a strong wind blowing through the open window, held the gas back. Shortly after this Dad beat me up and turned me out of home; I was still a schoolboy. God warned me of this event in vision about three weeks before it happened.

About 2 years after I was turned out of home, Dad got into one of his drunken rages, and turned my Mum and 14-year-old brother out of the house at 1.30 in the morning. They got a taxi to my Granny Wint's home, which was about 7 miles away in the village of Ipstones.

The following day was Sunday, and for dinner my Granny had a very small piece of beef, which was only enough for her and Uncle Jim. My brother watched in amazement as the small piece of beef did not appear to get less as my mother cut at it, until it well filled a dinner plate, and there was still a third of the piece of meat left over when she finished cutting.

God had multiplied the beef as He multiplied the loaves and fishes, in order to feed and encourage my loved ones. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Heb.13v8.

About a day after this, early in the evening, before he had time to get drunk, **God gave Dad a vision of the Abyss while he was driving his car, and audibly told him that he was going to Hell if he did not change his ways.** This terrified Dad, and he repented and sought out godly Pastor Roberts, who led him back to Jesus.

As it says in Heb.11v32., it would take too long, and would also be unwise, to speak of some of the many wonders that God has done. In this book John has written down some of these Divine interventions in his life, and other people's lives. The many wonderful stories and testimonies in this book, will, I am sure, inspire people to walk with God, and motivate Christians to try and win the lost, and bring them to a saving faith in Christ Jesus.

Bill Turner. July 12th. 2006.

INTRODUCTION. "WRITE THAT BOOK!"

Many times over the years I have thought that I should put down onto paper some of the outstanding things that God has done in my life, no sooner would I think like this, than my mind would suddenly be bombarded with all sorts of reasons why I shouldn't do such a thing. My thoughts would go something like this

"So you think that people will be interested in your stories do you? Do you think that you are going to make yourself important by doing this? Are you trying to promote yourself? Who do you think you are anyhow?"

Yet when I would tell some of my stories, people would say; "You should write these stories down in a book"

Over and over again, year after year, I would be told this by different people. Years later I would meet some of these same people, and they would say to me;

"Have you that book written yet." When I would answer; No! They would say;

"Well you had better get started to it, time is getting short."

At some meetings, someone would say to me;

"John, tell them the story about." and they would mention which story it was that they wanted me to tell. This was to demonstrate the point, which was being preached, by backing it up with something real that had happened.

One lady on every occasion that I would meet her would scold me for not writing my stories in a book, and she would continually say to me;

"God wants you to do it: I'm telling you: You had better get it done."

I would often think that maybe she was right and began to believe that I would start. As soon as I had these thoughts, then in would come the negative stuff, and I would get one or two added such as;

"Sure your teachers in school told you many times when you did your compositions that you had a lack of imagination. How could you ever write a book?"

At a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International dinner meeting on the 9th of September 2003 we had as our guest speaker a man from South Africa who is called Brian Colby. After the meeting was over I was standing talking to a friend of mine, and away over to my left Brian Colby was also standing. He had his back towards me, and speaking to several people. My eye caught a sudden movement, and when I looked, it was Brian; he had spun round very sharply from the waist up and was looking straight at me. As our eyes were now locked towards each other, he turned away from the people who he was speaking to, and without saying anything to them he came bounding over to me with large strides. When he got right up to me he slapped a hand upon my shoulder, and with the forefinger of his other hand he pointed it into my face and moving it up and down he said these words;

"Don't be taking to the grave with you the things that God has done in your life: but write them in a book!" I had met Brian Colby on another occasion, but to my knowledge I had not had any conversations with him then, and certainly did not on this particular night. To my mind there was no possible way that he could have known anything personal about me. I was introduced to him earlier all right, but it is my guess that at this time he would have forgotten my name completely, taking into consideration that he had met so many new people that night.

After this I had to take it seriously that God must have been telling me all along through these many other people the same thing, so I began to write, but all that I could do was to hand write, as I could not type. It was difficult to keep at it, work and other things that I was involved with during the evenings didn't give me much time, but when I could, I would try to keep working on it. My thoughts on the matter were that it could do no harm to write these things down anyhow, and maybe some day after I'm gone, someone will pick up my writings and perhaps get something from them that might be of some help. If God has told me to do it, then at least I have obeyed and done what I believe He has told me to do. If it has to go any further than that, then I suppose I will have to get it typed out, then get a ghost writer to do something with it, and after that, I suppose it will then have to go to a Publisher. But I have not been told to do any of that; anyway where would I get the cash to do all of this; so if God wants to put it into a book, then He will have to bring that about somehow. I'll just do what I think that He has told me to do, and if it has only been my imagination playing

tricks with me, then what harm has been done anyhow.

On the 19th of May 2004 I took several heart attacks which lasted right through the night; I knew that I was really ill, and thought many times that I was not going to live through it.

At one time during a pain free period, and for the only time that I was without a Doctor, I prayed like this;

"Dear God I don't mind at all if it is my time to go home to be with you and Jesus; You know that I have always looked forward to that day, but there is one thing that is puzzling me and that is this; Did you really tell me to write my book? If you did, I would love to be able to have the time to finish it please."

I recovered; so now I had no excuses, I had no work to go to, and I did not have to go to various meetings as such. I was required to do some walking every day and try to get myself stronger, but I had lots of time now to write.

I was not improving very much and took a set back with the result that eventually, on the 5th of November 2004, I had to have Open Heart Surgery. I was only home one week, when on Saturday morning the 20th of November at about 10.15 a.m., the telephone rang; Esmé came in to me to tell me that it was a call from two chaps belonging to CefaN, **[Christ for all Nations]**.

"Isn't that Reinhardt Bonnke's Organisation?" I asked. Esmé answered that it was, and that they wanted to come and pray with me, and would be here within an hour. I asked how they knew where we lived, and she answered that they said that they knew our address all right.

I replied;

"It's OK knowing our address but a completely different thing to find it; after all we live in the country: Is there someone coming with them from Belfast, who maybe knows where we live."

"I don't think so, they didn't say," was Esmé's reply. Then I asked what their names were. They had told her, but she didn't remember with the confusion of being startled by such a call.

"Why are these people coming to me? How do they even know that I exist? I'm only like a little fish swimming in the large ocean to these people. Why are they coming to my wee pokey home stuck out in the middle of nowhere? How do they know about me? Why me? I'm sure that they have plenty to be doing rather than coming to see me and to pray for me?"

I didn't give Esmé a chance to reply during this barrage of questioning.

Esmé then told me that during the time that I was in hospital an invitation had come for me and for some of our Group to attend at a Pastors Day with Christ for all Nations (CefaN), which was being held in Belfast. A few weeks later she received a follow up telephone call saying that they had not received any reply from me, and would like to know if anyone was intending to attend, so that they could make the necessary catering arrangements. Esmé apologised and explained that it was her fault that the letter had not been replied to due to me being in hospital, and that tomorrow I would be going through an emergency Open Heart Operation. I was prayed for over the telephone and Esmé was told that they would be continuing to keep me in their prayers.

Exactly one hour after the phone call at 10.15 a.m. on Saturday 20th of November, a car drove by the front of our bungalow and into my driveway without slowing down and as though the driver had been coming to my house for many years.

I immediately recognised the first chap to pass by my window, having seen him a few years before, at a planning meeting prior to Reinhard Bonnke coming to Belfast, and also from seeing him in Magazines. The other chap I had not seen before. We introduced ourselves to one another, one was called Bernard Jones, who is CefaN's Church Relations Manager, and the other man was called David Wright. Bernard told me about his recent illness while he was in Africa, and all the problems, which occurred in getting him home to receive medical treatment, and how the Lord had brought him through. These personal troubles have given him a greater burden to minister to those who are sick and needy. He especially has a burden for those who were in the ministry of Jesus knowing that they are often under severe attack, and this was his reason for coming to visit me.

I only run a little meeting in a very small hall, which is not much more than a shed; in fact one of my dear friends Barbara Hidlebaugh [Keys of the Kingdom Ministries, Inc.] from Warsaw, Indiana always calls it, "The Shed Church." We had joined with many others to try and support Reinhard's visit to Ireland and had given, what was really a small amount of finances towards it.

After some chat and tea, Bernard asked me to share some things about myself, so as my mind was full of some of the things that I had just been writing, [in the possible book], I began to share some of the stories. They seemed to like them, especially David who got quite excited at times, so after a few short ones I said that I had written a little book with more of these stories.

Bernard said;

"Oh great, where can we buy one of these books? Have you got any for sale?" So of course I then began to explain all that I have just told you. Bernard took out from his briefcase his Business Card, handed it to me, and asked me to please get the stories typed out and then to send it to him, and that he would get the Man who does all of Reinhard Bonnke's Ghost writing to do this for me, and that if I liked, that they would look at the possibility of publishing it for me. He told me that this man, [whose name I have forgotten], who does all of Reinhard's Ghost Writing, was Military trained to break codes in various languages, and was an expert in his field.

[Sadly, this process was started but never finished]

I asked how they found out where I lived so they explained that they had called into a Flower Shop in Portadown to buy a bunch of flowers for Esmé, and had asked them for directions to Whitesides Hill.

The lady then asked who it was that they were looking for, as they might know the person and be able to direct them to the house. When they told the Lady, she knew me very well, and was able to give them exact directions, which enabled them to drive straight into my driveway, like as I said, as if they had been doing it all their lives.

I woke in the middle of that night and the whole thing was so much in my mind that I couldn't get off to sleep again. Then I began to think that I may have only been dreaming the whole thing, so I got up and went to the living room to have a look to see if there were any flowers there; and of course there was!

I began to teach myself the workings of typing on a Computer, and from one finger at about one word in every thirty seconds I progressed to two fingers, one on each hand. I am now, I think at my limit, with three fingers on one hand and two on the other.

So why have I written this book? Well because God seems to have told me to do it, and because, if this is so, then it must be so that you, the reader, will be blessed and encouraged in your walk with Christ Jesus. **[I hope that you don't think that this is being presumptuous of me].**

Of course there is another probably more important reason, and this is that if you do not have a living relationship with Jesus right now, I pray that you might, through reading this book, seriously consider making this your main objective.

I would love to be able to say; That there are no rights to this book, that you may do whatever you like with it, either by giving it away, lending it, quoting from it, reproducing it, or whatever you feel like doing with it.

You may do this in my own version of the book but I would imagine that if it ever manages to get published, that the publisher may impose restrictions on this being done and therefore it would no longer be in my power to grant.

One thing that I do ask you to do; and that is to please enjoy it.

There are so many people that I ought to thank, that I would not know where to start, and therefore, I simply say to all those who encouraged me in any way; Thank you, and God Bless you.

John Gates. (February 24th. 2006)

PART ONE: SHOULD I HAVE TRUSTED HIM MORE?

It was a sunny day, that I do remember, but I had to ask my wife Esmé what the date was before I could tell this story, I never have been good at remembering dates.

I was carrying a little white Coffin into the Graveyard. I was able to carry it in my two hands. With me was my Minister from the Methodist Church and the Undertaker. Inside the little Coffin was my first-born child, a little boy. I had not been allowed to see him, but I had been told that he had been born perfect in every way and had ginger hair just like myself. My mind was all in a muddle at the time, why was I not allowed to have seen my own child, especially if he had been born perfect? The only conclusion that I could come up with was that the hospital must have done an autopsy upon the child without asking our permission.

I thought; *what difference would it make anyhow; there is no point in making a fuss.* We lowered the little infant into the grave and to be totally honest with you, I did not have any emotions, tears or feelings whatsoever. I do remember thinking at the time that if this was my wife, sister, mother, or father, it would still be the same. I thought *this might as well be a dog that I am burying today.* I did think that I should be having some sort of feelings, and wanted to, but I couldn't muster up any at all. I do remember thinking; *what have I become that I can't have any feelings for my own little son.*

Perhaps if I had seen him it might have been different, I don't know. Maybe I was in some sort of trance and numb of feelings. All I can say was that I just wanted to get this over as quickly as possible so that I could get back to normal, whatever normal might have been for me then.

Esmé had been kept in labour far too long and was in terrible pain. Those were the days when husbands were chased away and not like today, when fathers are encouraged to be at the birth of their children. Before they decided to do a caesarean operation on Esmé the child had died in his effort to be born. Esmé's life was almost gone as well through this ordeal. This was on June 9th. 1967. Today all sorts of claims would be made for neglect. How I would have felt at that time if Esmé had also died I do not know.

Why I had become like this is very simple to explain. Many years before this I had had a close and loving relationship with Jesus Christ, but had deliberately walked away from this loving relationship, not wanting to have anything more to do with Him. I was in a seriously bad, backslidden state. My only concern was **MYSELF**. I had become so hard-hearted that I didn't care about anyone. As long as I was OK, then everything was fine.

How this hardened heart was changed was quite dramatic. I shall never forget the horror of that night in June 1980 when I began to have severe chest pains. No matter what I did, I could not get any relief

from the crippling pain. *If only I could get some wind up I would be OK, I thought.* I was drinking Baking Soda by the cupfuls. It was running down the sides of my face as I tried to gulp it down quickly so as to ease the tremendous pain. I knew that something serious was wrong. I had been in this state for several hours now, but worse than the severe pain, was the fear of death. As I have just told you, I was in a very bad backslidden state, and knew that I needed to ask God's forgiveness and repent from my evil ways, but I could not do so. As I rolled about the floor, trying to get myself into a more comfortable position, I thought that this was my final minutes before death so I pulled myself up to the kitchen sink once more and tried to get some wind up. *If only I could be sick and get up some stuff, I would be OK.* I knew that I must ask God to forgive me, but inside my head there came this resounding voice that said, ***"So you're the great big tough fellow, are you? Well just look at you now, crawling to God on you're knees, now that you're in trouble. Some tough guy you are!"***

This struggle went on and on. I would fall down upon the floor gasping for breath, as I tried again and again to get control of myself so that I could think straight, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not. It felt like someone was tightening, bit by bit, more and more, a band of steel right round my chest. I couldn't breathe never mind speak. I wanted to yell out for help, but could not get any strength into my voice to do so. Once more I pulled myself up to the sink and looking out to the stars, through the kitchen window I managed to cry out some sort of prayer to God. I remember it like as if it were yesterday, I cried;

"God you can't kill me, I have work to do for you!" My wife, Esmé, eventually woke from sleep as I almost knocked over our grandfather clock, in the hall, causing it to make a horrible din with the weights banging against the side of the cabinet. It was about 2.30 a.m. I was rolling the floor not able to stand. Esmé somehow got me to bed and rang for the Doctor, but I was not able to lie still because of the pain. Some time later a Doctor arrived, and gave me an injection, immediately the pain left, it was wonderful.

The ambulance arrived and took me to hospital, I went feeling great, all the pain had now gone, and I felt as if I had been bluffing all the time. For the next three days I felt great. I felt like a person who was bluffing the whole thing. All sorts of tests were being carried out during this time. During an X-Ray I took the pain again and could not stay still to allow the X-Ray to be taken. Quickly I was rushed back to the ward, given an injection and told to be still, however, the pain refused to go and I asked for some help. I believe the nurses thought I was a poor sufferer and that I was not really bad at all, you see I was being monitored all the time with a battery operated thing which had stickers on my chest. The pain was so bad I went out to the fire escape steps, and there I rolled about this way and that, I was too embarrassed to let anyone see me in this state. This was why I went out to the fire escape steps. After some time I felt the need to be sick, so gasping puffing, sighing and staggering, holding on to the wall as I went I made my way to the toilet. I remember being sick, in the toilet cubicle, all over the floor, the next vague memory, is looking up at the toilet roll holder and reaching up for some paper to try and clean up the mess that I had made. I must have fallen. Next I remember looking at several people dressed in white standing round me, and then I remember nothing. I had taken a severe heart attack, and my heart had stopped. Some time later when I became aware of things, I didn't know how long this was, but imagine it was days rather than hours, I found that I did not have the energy to speak. I could only speak short sentences. I got home after about a week, but was soon back in the hospital again. Eventually I was told that two thirds of my heart was damaged.

SENT BY A VERY GOOD FRIEND

During this time I had begun to read the Bible again, all I seemed to see was that I could ask God for anything in Jesus' name and I would have it. Now this sounded pretty good to me, but I had a problem, I still was unable to talk to Jesus, or God, so how was I to ask. During this state of torment I had a visit by an evangelist, called Sam Workman, who began to talk to me about Jesus. He was a stranger to me so I stopped him to ask,

"Who are you sir, I have never met you before." He apologised, and introduced himself to me by saying that a very good friend of mine had sent him in to speak to me. He didn't tell me who the very good friend was, and I never thought of asking him.

I must have been one of his easiest converts ever, there on the side of the hospital bed with others around, I unashamedly wept and sobbed at thirty-eight years of age, my way to Jesus, asking and pleading for forgiveness for my sins.

Oh the joy that flooded over me, everything became brighter, fresher, and alive, and it was wonderful. I felt elated, exhilarated, free, and clean and lighter, it was so, so good, and words can't describe how I felt. I remember that day just like as if it was yesterday, it was the 26th of June 1980 at 3.15 p.m.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

I so much wanted others to have and share in this joyous feeling, and not too long after I got out of hospital I began to invite people to meetings in my home so that they might also know about this wonderful experience.

At that time my friend, Albert McNally and I, who were both Methodists; we had grown up in the same church and Boy's Brigade Company; had been attending some house fellowship meetings which were attached to the church.

One evening at one of these meetings I thought I heard Albert, who was sitting on the floor with his back against the door, praying in a strange language. I had heard that these gifts of the Holy Ghost had not passed

away with the disciples, contrary to what I had been told all my life, and I had been asking Father God in and thorough Jesus, that He might consider me and let me also have these same gifts just like the disciples had. I was pretty green and almost innocent about these things.

After the meeting when standing out in the street I asked Albert if he would lay hands upon me right then, and pray that I might receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. We stood under a streetlight and talked for about an hour or so.

Albert told me later, that I had frightened him when I had asked him in such an abrupt way. I had wanted him to lay hands on me right there outside in the street and under the streetlight. I was not thinking nor worrying about people being about, after all it was 11.00 p.m. and in a private housing development, who would even know.

Albert had only received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit a few weeks before while on holiday in Israel and was not too sure if he could do such a thing as to lay on hands so that others could receive. He very wisely did not put me off, but told me that I would receive O.K. and in a very short time, but not through his hands.

The very next day I was asked by one of the Methodist ministers and his wife if I would like to join with them by going to a meeting at the Renewal Centre at Rostrevor, Warrenpoint, Co Down.

This was a special meeting for Clergymen, but I was not aware of this. I agreed to go, so I went off with Sheila and Bert Montgomery to this meeting. When we arrived Bert and Sheila were soon caught up in meeting their old friends. I was feeling rather awkward and a bit left out of things, not deliberately I might add. Not wishing to be in the way, I walked to a bookstall at the back of the room. This was not because I wanted any books, but really, to be truthful, I wanted to escape.

You see I was soon very much aware that quite a lot of these Clergy were Roman Catholic Priests, and I, as a newly born again Protestant did not want to have anything at all to do with those boys.

I was thinking, while I was standing looking, but not really seeing any books, what am I doing here. I was planning my escape.

[I would slip over towards those men on my right, go round behind that group over there, and sneak out of the door. I could spend the day strolling about the village and return later, no one would even miss me, no one knows me anyhow except for Bert and Sheila, and they will understand when I tell them].

A clerical figure suddenly came along side me blocking my planned exit route, so I began to look at the books for the first time, although I had been standing there for about ten minutes, I had not really seen one book.

The clerical figure reached up to a book, took it out of the rack and turning to me smiling said;

"*This is a wonderful book of things pertaining to the Holy Spirit brother.*" I was so flabbergasted I could scarcely speak. He handed me the book smiling, I croaked in a shaken voice;

"*Thanks,*" as he turned and walked away.

You see I had just begun to think that I might get a book about the Holy Spirit and I could read it outside on a seat by the sea. How did he know I wondered? But to make matters much worse, he was a Roman Catholic Priest. I stood there in absolute shock, unable to move.

Someone clapped their hands to say;

"*Lets come into the room now to start the meeting,*" so in I went like a lamb to the slaughter, still in shock. By the way, I put that book back into the rack and to this day do not know what it was called.

Who do you think preached that day? Yes, it was my strange clerical friend who blocked my escape route. Did I listen? Yes, to every word. Was he good? He was great! Did I warm to him? You bet I did. Guess what he said after he had finished speaking? You have probably guessed already. He said,

"*There are two people here this afternoon who are seeking the Baptism in the Holy Ghost.*"

Well my old battered and damaged heart took off like a cat on a hot tin roof; I thought it was going to pop right out of my shirt. I couldn't move. He put a chair out for the seekers to sit on, and invited them to come forward. There were about sixty people present. To my relief and delight a lady came forward and sat in the chair, at least now I would know what to expect.

As hands were laid upon the lady the people began to sing very softly, which was wonderfully pleasant to the ear. As more and more joined in, the volume rose to a delightful height, but even more wonderful was the harmony and the different words everyone was singing.

They were all singing different songs in different languages yet there was no discord, only sweet harmony.

After some time, someone; I thought, began to read wonderful words from the Bible; I wondered where the reading was from; I knew the Bible pretty well and had not heard these words before. Then I thought it was from some new translation that I was not familiar with.

Later I was to learn that it was a Prophecy.

When the lady left the seat, I gingerly moved out to the seat. Similar singing and prophecies were spoken; I don't remember anything else except the immense warmth, love and peace that flooded through me. It was as if I was floating somehow. I felt light, inebriated in some strange way. For two days I felt like I was floating, and this peace that I felt, I could not fully understand it. I still today cannot fully explain it.

At salvation, I **thought** that I truly loved everyone. Now I **knew** that I loved everyone! I think that I was seeing people as Jesus saw them. Somehow I could understand why everyone had become as they were, and was able to have sympathy for them in whatever state they might have been in. Nothing could annoy me at all.

I wondered why I did not speak in tongues. I thought I should have done.

What happened then was quite amazing, immediately into my mind came the thoughts;

"*What do you expect, wasn't it a Roman Catholic Priest who laid hands on you. How could that be of God,*

You will have to repent, my boy, you have been bewitched, fooled, led astray"

Suddenly I realised the source of these thoughts, and loudly rebuked the devil.

Immediately, I began to speak in the gift of other tongues as the Spirit directed.

Peace returned and I began to rejoice in my heart. This happened as I was walking down past my church. No one was around at the time so I didn't get locked up.

WATER BAPTISM

I was having plenty of time to read and study the Scriptures while I was recovering from the heart attack. During this time I had no desire to watch television; in fact I couldn't watch it. Strangely this was my business; I had a T.V., Hi-Fi and Domestic Appliance Business. Now I had just found out that watching T.V. was such a stupid waste of time. All day and night I would read the Bible and pray. I couldn't set my Bible down. Even during the night, my wife Esme'' told me, I was still praying while I was sleeping; I cannot explain how I began to get the desire for water baptism by immersion. No one had spoken to me about this, I knew of course that I had been baptised in church as an infant, but this was not satisfying me. I could only read about believers' baptism. I noticed that Jesus when baptised came up out of the waters so I realised that he must therefore have been down in the waters.

[I would add here that I had been very much involved in some occult practices and believe that I needed this water baptism for my own benefit, as a cut off point, more than anything else. I am not saying that Jesus, at salvation does not do this when we become new creations in Christ, because then we are surely no more in condemnation. Water baptism is certainly not more important than Salvation through a personal knowledge of Jesus.]

(*However, in the Scriptures water baptism is directly linked with Salvation, repentance and faith in Jesus. Mt.3v6,16. 28v19. Mk.1v5,8-11. 16v16. Lk.3v21. 8v38. Jn.3v22,23,33,34. 4v1,2. Acts.2v38,41. 8v12-16,36-38. 10v47,48. 16v15-33. 19v2-5. Heb.6v1,2. 1Pet.3v21. *Note by Bill Turner.)

I tried churches everywhere to ask if they were having any baptismal services, some were, but I distinctly got the impression that if I were to be baptised by them in their church, they would expect me to join in membership with them. Eventually I was baptised by total emersion in an Apostolic Church with no strings attached, for which I was truly thankful.

HOUSE MEETINGS

Albert and I began to have house meetings in my home every second Monday. The church house meetings only met every two weeks, I couldn't wait for two weeks to have this type of free fellowship so I asked and invited my Methodist friends to my home on the free Monday. Some came, but we got the feeling that some had heard, that Albert and I had gone a bit over the top, probably thinking as I used to do, that the Tongues we were speaking were from the Devil.

After I began speaking in Tongues the Devil kept telling me that I was making it up. How do I know it was the Devil? **Very simply, he did not want me to be using my new gift, so he tried to stop me by putting doubts there.** He might be smart, in fact the most intelligent of all the angels God created, but when we have the Holy Ghost, and Jesus, we are more than conquerors; he becomes defeated by even the youngest of Christians. **If I was speaking a made-up load of nonsense would he not have been better to leave me alone by letting me make a fool of myself, by blabbering away? What good would it do me or anyone else? THE FACT THAT HE TRIED TO STOP ME, MAKES ME REALISE, THAT IT IS REAL, AND HE CAN'T STAND IT.**

The meetings grew and grew; we had to eventually have them every Monday. People were sitting up my hallway, in my kitchen. We had wooden forms around the walls, every item that we had in our house that could be sat upon was used, cushions, bed pillows, folded sleeping bags and so on, many just sat on the floor. What times we had. I have been in many, many meetings since then, and have yet to be in such a spiritual anointed presence of the living God as we were having during those meetings.

HOW WE JUDGE

One evening, at one of these meetings in my home, we were having the visit of a man called, Alex Scholfield. I had not heard of Alex Scholfield and had not been told anything about him. The house was full as usual. Some of my boys from the church Boys' Brigade Company had come; they were sitting on the floor.

[The Boys' Brigade is a Christian youth organisation for young men. I was the Captain of this company].

Alex had to stand in the middle of the floor, as there was no space for him anywhere else. He had to stay in the one place also, and was unable to move about, as I was later to find out, was what he liked to do.

The living room door was open as usual with people sitting outside in the hallway. Alex wore a very bright summery jacket with wide lapels going almost to the shoulders. It was definitely out of style and certainly out of season, winter was now in, and summer jackets had long since been put away in the closets.

I thought, *who does this "Flash Harry" think he is? Does he think he's a teenager dressed like this? I really did think that he was a bit of a nut case [a person who had mental problems].*

He preached excitedly and with great enthusiasm, everyone was enjoying what he was saying, and many were being blessed. After he preached, two or three people received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, and then he went around everyone laying his hands upon their heads and saying;

"May the book of Acts, chapter 29 take place in your life." I could hardly wait until everyone left so that I could look up Acts 29 to see what it was about. When I saw that the book of Acts ended at chapter 28 all my earlier thoughts about Alex were confirmed. He definitely was a nut case.

About a week later while I was praying and thinking I suddenly realised what Alex was saying that night. He was praying and prophesying that the book of Acts would continue in our lives that we should become chapter 29, 30, and 40, 50, and 60.

Later Alex became one of my dearest friends. What I did not know about Alex was that he had been on the mission field in the Philippines, and was living by faith. The jacket he wore that evening was the only one that he had, and was years old, broad lapels having once, many years before, been the style of the day.

MY BOYS BRIGADE BOYS

The young men of my Boys' Brigade Company were seeing a big, big change in me after I got back from my first heart attack. I wasn't drinking, cursing or smoking any more. We still did all the same things. I was still strict and expected only the best in all we did. I was very keen in gymnastics of all sorts, but now I encouraged them to do the vaults but in a different way. Same vaults, the same way, but my approach was different. I think that they might have thought that I was going soft. Camps were a big change. We canvas camped, which in Ireland can be quite an adventure in itself with the weather we get.

At the old camps I would get the boys around the campfire at nights and I would play the Ouija Board with them [an occult form of contacting spirits] we would tell ghost stories and often sing extremely crude songs. I was a hypnotist, so I would have them doing all sorts of crazy things. We would often be visited at these times by other campers from around us, which gave me greater scope to show off how good I was, and put on a good show. Many nights we never went to bed at all.

I had this crazy idea that if I was giving up one of my two-week holiday for these boys, I was at least entitled to one night off. So I would leave some senior boys in charge (seventeen or eighteen year olds) and along with my fellow adult staff members would go into town to get drunk, not coming home until the wee hours in the morning.

On one of these evenings we found three of my senior boys in a bar, who were by this stage very drunk. We were also in a reasonably happy state ourselves. Drinking by boys was forbidden of course, but these boys were not with me, they had come on holiday for two days by themselves. They were camping in the same field as we were, but we were not responsible for them. When we got outside the pub the air hit the boys and suddenly they were being sick and unable to walk.

The other leaders and I thought it would make sense to bring them down to the beach to sober them up. We were also worried that someone might see them who knew us, and thinking that they were with us, would blame us in getting them in this state. At least down on the beach no one would see us. We remained on the beach for about one hour when we decided we had better get the boys back to the campsite.

We left the beach and walked up onto the main street in Newcastle, Co Down, only to find that it was completely deserted. Away down at the bottom of both ends of the street, crowds of people were screaming and shouting. We had two boys not able to walk without having their arms around our necks and helped along. Dragging their feet we crossed the road and proceeded up the street to the Donard Car Park. I thought that there must be some bicycle race or a gala thing going around the town in a circuit. Not for one moment in our drunken states did any of us think that the town was deserted because of a bomb scare, and that the cheering crowds were telling us to get clear.

The car bomb was down a side street beside the Post Office, we had only just walked past it when it exploded. Glass came all around us, dust and smoke; after it cleared we were still staggering along with our ears ringing by the explosion.

I never go to Newcastle now without re-living that night, and think about God's protection. If we had been only a few feet behind we would have all been killed, of that there is no doubt. I looked at where we were when the Bomb went off a few days later and we were only feet from it. The blast must have gone out and across the Street and towards the sea.

I was always, I think, respected by my boys, we worked hard, played hard, and felt that we were the greatest that there was. No one could do, or did the things we did. Adventure was always our main thing.

THE BIG CHANGE

The adventure continued and so did the activities. Now campfire conversations were centred on Jesus, our singing changed to praise and worship, often we would sit and discuss about the things of God until daylight dawned.

How many times in the past we had done the very same thing, but conversing with the devil. Boys changed their ways; I didn't need to be as strict, because they didn't give as much trouble. One by one they were catching the bait as I fished among them.

One evening at a Bible Class study time, which lasted for about 30 minutes every week; the power of God

fell on us all. I remember I had a mustard seed stuck with cello tape unto an envelope. I had passed this around and asked if anyone could tell what it was. I then told them how Jesus had used such an example to illustrate the amount of faith required to see God move.

I don't remember any more of what I said that night, but it was almost like my days of hypnotism, except that this time I wasn't making any suggestions. As the Holy Spirit began to move upon us the boys were becoming like as if they were in a trance, with some of them sliding off the chairs. I remember seeing one young man who had got onto the floor and under the piano keys; every time he tried to get up he banged his head on the keyboard and bounced back unto the floor again. A number were speaking in other tongues and some were crying for salvation.

I met up with the boys two nights every week, one night was purely for games, physical activities and gymnastics; the other night was Bible Class for a half hour, and the remainder of that evening was spent working on various subjects to obtain badges as rewards for achievements. At these meetings over the next several weeks, my boys would bring one, two, three and up to five boys with them to our nights. These would have been boys who they had been talking to during school about Jesus, and who now through their witness wanted to receive Jesus into their lives also.

After a few times I told my boys that they did not need to bring these lads to me to receive Jesus into their lives, but to lead them to Jesus themselves. Eventually one complete class in their school became believers in Jesus through these boy's, the schoolteacher turned up to one of my house meetings to see where it was all coming from. He was a Christian himself, but was having difficulty in believing what was happening. Some of the boys would come to my home, but only the ones who had parents who were believers themselves, or who were overjoyed to see the change in their boys.

I will never forget one evening as I arrived at the church, it was raining, and I was struggling to open the lock on the gate. The difficulty was due to the boys crowding around me, excitedly shouting that they had had a unanimous decision that they did not want any games or activities that evening, but wanted instead to spend the whole night with Bible Class only.

Can you imagine that? They wanted three hours of Bible Class; **yet the adults of the church prayer meeting could barely stay for one hour.**

SHARED CAMP

I was having difficulty getting officers (Leaders) to come with me to camp one year, so I asked another Methodist company if we could join together. They agreed, so we set plans to camp together in the Isle of Man. The tents were to be mixed with boys from each company so that friendships could be developed between them. The Clergyman from the other company was coming so it was decided that between he and I, we would take the morning and evening prayer times.

About two weeks to go before camp, my friend, Albert asked me how many boys I would like to see saved at camp so that we could pray a prayer of agreement together. I thought of seven, this being the perfect number, so we asked in Jesus name, according to Matthew 18, verse 19, in a prayer of agreement that seven boys would give their lives to Jesus.

I told some people including a few of my boys; soon word was out that I had gone crazy or something. Some boys questioned me if I really believed that this would happen, and finished by saying;

"Boy John, you have great faith."

Well now, that was the worst thing I could hear, suddenly and subtly the attacks began.

"You and your big mouth." "You are going to destroy all those boys' faith." "Who do you think you are anyhow, asking God for such a thing" "Sure you know he will never force anyone to accept Jesus."

I got worried that I could be the reason to cause my boys to lose faith if this did not happen. One night unable to sleep, I asked my Father God in Heaven to please give me confirmation that it would be the case that seven boys would get saved at camp. I asked in Jesus' name, reminding Him that His son Jesus' words and reputation were also at stake here. I told Him that He knew it was not for selfish reasons that I needed to know, and that I did not mind making a fool of myself, but could not bear to think that because of my stupidity His kingdom would suffer, and Jesus' words would come to nothing. I asked that if this was not correct, that we could speak to Him and ask of Him, as Jesus said we could do; then every other promise and word recorded that Jesus spoke to us would be lies.

I asked that He guide me to open the written word, the Bible, to a page where I would read the words in this order, *it shall be*, and that it was to be found exactly where I opened, I was not going to turn page after page looking until I found such words. I finished by saying that I would doubt no more if this happened and that I would tell everyone of what was going to happen.

I opened by Bible, on the first page, and about five lines down; I read, **"It shall be."** Now I was unable to sleep with excitement, my head was buzzing, I wanted to sing and shout, but that would waken Esmé and my two boys. I began telling everyone.

When I told one of the senior ministers in our church my news, his rather harsh reply was;

"Who do you think you are?" "Do you think you are Moses?"

I had thought that he would have tried to encourage me; but no way did I expect this answer. I said,

"No Sir, I don't, but you will surely see it happen anyhow," and I walked away from him without another word.

I was to speak on the first night at camp. I thought that I would make the announcement of what I expected to happen. Well I am almost ashamed to write this, but do you know what happened. Yes, I began to doubt again. I made up a great plan of escape; I decided to write a message declaring what was to happen. I would put it in a sealed envelope, and during my talk I would explain that this was a message that was not to be opened until the last evening of our camp. My plan was; that I would get really dramatic, and with a drawing pin in my mouth along with the envelope, I would climb like a monkey up one of the marquee poles and stick it up at the roof on the pole. I thought; *I bet they have never seen anybody do that before, that will get their attention.*

My back up plan was that if it did not happen, then I could sneak in some night and take the message down; no one would suspect me doing this, would they? **Such Faith!** Somehow I never got around to this, so I decided that I would say nothing about the matter at all.

After I talked, I finished with a prayer. I often pray with my eyes open and looking up. **See, I don't read that we should bow our heads and close our eyes, but I read that;** *"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help"* and that **Jesus looked up to Heaven when he prayed.** I am not condemning those who do differently. I do both, but mostly I keep my eyes open or slightly open. On this occasion they were slightly open and looking up.

I must have got carried away in my prayer, for the next thing I hear myself saying is;

"Thank you Father for the seven boys you are going to draw to Jesus at this camp." I think I used the words, "get saved."

By the tail of my eye I could see the reaction and movement of hands going up to heads by my fellow officers and minister as they glanced at one another in disbelief. I don't blame them; I would probably have done the same myself. I could imagine them saying;

"Poor John, how is he going to get out of this one."

I have never tried to work out the odds for or against this happening. We had around 40 to 45 boys; about 18 were mine who were mostly all saved lads. My older boys did not come to this camp; they were not saved at that time. Some of the other boys from the other company I am sure would have been saved, so what percentage that left, I just don't know.

On the first night, three of my younger boys, who were sharing a tent with much older boys from the other company, waited until the bigger boys were asleep, then they got up upon their knees and with arms around each other they began to pray. They asked that they might be strengthened by God, through The Holy Spirit that they might be good witnesses to these boys in their tent. This was a bell tent, like the type used by the military years ago. They prayed in the dark, without any type of lights. When they had settled down in their sleeping bags to go to sleep, a voice spoke up and said;

"Do you boys really believe in that stuff," they had not been sleeping at all. Next morning my three boys from this tent came running to me to tell me that they had led two of these older boys to Jesus in their tent last night. **You see the practice from school had developed them into real soul winners.**

That day I was scoffed at by some of the 16, 17, and 18 year olds from the other company, sniggering and laughing they would shout at me;

"Hi, boy, you have two down, only five to go."

The next few days it would continue, *"When are you going to get your other five,"* as they sneered at me and laughed to one another.

As time went by these same boys asked me if I would do all the prayer times, they made me very aware that they did not like the ministers' style. They seemed genuine enough, but I was not sure what they were up to, I told them not to be silly because they knew that this could not happen anyhow.

It had come to the last day of camp, tomorrow at lunchtime we would be going home. Some nights the boys would leave the marquee so silently that I would be sure that tonight would be the night. I would tell them that I would be in such and such a place should anyone wish to speak to me, and I was confident that someone would come, but no one did. The next evening it would be the minister who would take the prayer time and then it would come back to my turn again on the following evening.

On this last evening it was to be my turn again. Camp turned out to be a very busy day, as is usually the case with young men. One is always glad to be home after a camp. I often would sleep 24 hours non-stop when I got home. I took some time to prepare what I was going to speak about that evening and leaving it on my camp bed, I then went into town to buy some present's to bring home for my youngest son Alan, and for Esmé. My other boy Conrad was at camp with me. It was after teatime when I went to town. I was to be back for about 10.00 p.m. to conduct the prayers.

After I had my purchases, I tried to get a bus back to camp, which was a journey of about 5 miles. I found that the next bus would take me back too late, so I looked around for a taxi, (there was not too many around in those days), the only taxis I could find were full ones. I decided not to waste anymore time looking as I had about one hour to spare, and thought that I should be able to walk it in time. Off I set on a journey, which was to be one of the most memorable times in my life. I can still say this, twenty odd years later.

The experience that I was about to have is in part not one that I would wish on anybody, and yet in other

parts it is one that I would love and wish that everybody could share and experience. I will do my best to explain, but know that I will never be able to illustrate or paint the scene into your mind anywhere close to what really happened.

As I journeyed along the country road I came under such an attack from Satan, still today when I recall the scene I can feel the effects. I got so low; I wanted to die right there and then. I could barely get one step past the other. Prayer would not come at all. I had every bit of fight drained out of me.

I yelled the name "*Jesus*" as loud as I could. It felt that this would be my last utterance before falling down dead. After I yelled "*Jesus*" I began to pray loudly in the gift of tongues. My mind was not capable of thinking any words; only the Holy Spirit could speak through me. I would be yelling in tongues. Tears streamed down my face making puddles at the bottom of my glasses. Water ran continuously out of my nostrils, my glasses so steamed up I could barely see. My heart ached like as if I was going to have another attack.

My lungs were in such pain that I had to gasp and fight for air. All the time I prayed in tongues. I became like a paralytic drunk, staggering off the footpath and onto the road, then back onto the footpath again.

A man was approaching me on a bicycle. I would need to control myself. I tried to stop the sobbing, tried to dry my tears so he would not see, tried to walk steady. I did manage a bit, but I will never forget his strange look as he rode past. What a mess I must have looked. Most of my journey back to camp was a struggle, sometimes I thought that I would not make it at all; sometimes I thought that I might drop down at the side of the road and be picked up dead by someone. Suddenly everything seemed to lift and I was able to shout at the top of my voice;

"Jesus. I know it shall be; should the boat be tying up at Belfast Harbour before it happens; I know it shall be."

I began to sing in tongues and in English, I was so elated, I laughed and cried tears of joy at the same time, my drunken state became worse. By now I was going to be late so I tried to run but I was staggering all over the place.

Slowly I returned to normal and was able to put a spring in my feet as I jogged along. I could see the marquee lit up and the chatter of the boys; it was time that I was there. I went to my camp bed to get my Bible and notes which I had left there after I had prepared them just before I went into town. Where had they gone? They were not there. I couldn't find my torch, so I rummaged about, feeling around under the camp bed and in my rucksack.

I had to give up looking, so I prayed quickly;

"God please help me, I really need your help now."

I simply told the boys what had happened along the road. I didn't go into every detail but I told them that I knew for sure that it would happen that the remaining five would get saved.

I can see their faces the Tillylamps, (a paraffin filled pressure lantern), were causing flickering shadows over them; all was so silent.

I prayed, and then said God Bless you Lads. Suddenly the silence changed to an almost roar as they broke loose from the marquee. I thought;

"Well it won't happen tonight that's for sure." They were so rowdy it seemed impossible.

I was alone on this one again. There was just no one that I could share with at this time, it was so very difficult. I knew that I was causing great difficulty for the other members of Staff; they didn't really want to even talk to me, it was too embarrassing for them.

What could they say to me anyhow, how could they help? They just did not know what to make of me. I am sure they felt sorry for me; I understood how they must have been feeling. They just found it so difficult to talk to me so the best way was to try and avoid me. They are really good men.

No one can give up their time like this for other people's children, and not be a really fine person.

It was just I. I was a problem to them and they did not know how to handle it. I felt sorry for them more times than I can remember, but how could I tell them so, it would only make things worse.

I decided to have a stroll across the field to the toilet, and then perhaps down the road a little to pray alone, and reflect on things. From behind me in the shadows two young men spoke to me and asked if they could speak to me, I said of course and began to bring them into my tent, which I was sharing with other staff.

Just as I began to enter the minister turned on his radio, which was playing very loudly so I came out again.

I picked up a spare lit Tillylamp so as to give me some light, and brought the two lads into the store tent, which is never a very tidy place, everything gets thrown into this tent. Just as we were making our way over to the store tent three more boys came up, asking if they also could speak to me. We went into the tent and sat down on whatever we could find.

I had just begun to speak when the Tillylamp began to splutter and spit, dimming down as it did so, I knew it was the devil, so under my breath I shouted;

"I rebuke you devil in Jesus name." The boys did not hear me do this of course.

Surprise, surprise, the lamp went right out, completely dead. I thought, oh no Jesus, and then it gave another splutter, cleared itself, and got brighter than before.

I began again; making sure that the lads knew exactly what this was all about. Just then the minister's head came in through the door. He needed a piece of string to tie up his kit bag, which he was packing for going home the next day. The astonished look upon his face seemed full of disbelief as he looked at the five boys. I said;

"Come in, please come in; these young men wish to give their lives to Jesus." I invited him to speak to the lads but he refused by saying;

"Oh no, you carry on."

I really wanted to give him his place. As the boys asked for forgiveness, and invited Jesus to come into their lives, they immediately began to cry. I did also, tears of joy. I think that the minister was crying more than us all put together.

BONUS

What do you know? Something else happened, which for a while I could not understand. First thing the next morning, one more young man came to me asking with tears in his eyes, if he too could become a Christian.

Eight young men! Why eight when I asked for seven? Well it's like this. Suppose you were going on holidays and you needed £7, or Euro, or Dollars; so you ask your father a few weeks before you go if he could help you by supplying you with it as you didn't know who else to ask. So your father agrees that he will give you what you need. Now do you keep worrying that he might not keep his word, and that when it comes to the time he won't give it you? Of course you don't. You know your Dad is good to his word and will surely give it to you.

How much more does our Father in Heaven wish to give to His children that which they ask for. Why should we doubt? Yet we do. It's a good job He knows our weaknesses and understands. So our father gives us the little envelope with the cash inside just before we go off. We say thanks Dad and off we go.

Surprise! Surprise! When we look inside we have got one extra. Our Father is a good Father!

CHURCH MISSION

The church had decided to have a mission. Albert and I had been wondering if it was going to be another effort with very little results so we decided to ask our Father in Heaven through and in the name of Jesus to send a visitation of the Holy Spirit.

We decided that we ought to do some Spiritual Warfare by claiming back from the religious organisations what they had controlled for years. What do I mean you ask? So I will explain.

When as a young man, and because of my work with the young people, I was elected to become a member of the Leaders Board of the church. (This is an organising body of people who are in membership in the church who make the decisions as to how their church should be run.)

I remember very well, hearing some very important men of our town and church, speaking and laughing in a corner of the room just before the start of one of these meetings, and saying;

"There has not been a Superintendent Minister come into this church that we haven't first picked in the Lodge meeting." What the Lodge meeting was, I do not know, but I presume that it was the Orangemen or Masons, one thing for sure, it was not the Prayer meeting.

You see Methodist ministers move from church to church every five to seven years in the old fashioned example set by John Wesley as he journeyed around from place to place on horseback.

Our church had to choose a new replacement minister that night, as the previous one was now due to move on. They did it like this. Usually the most influential one of the group would rise and propose their man, making a wonderful report on why we should have him. He would sit down while another member got up quickly and seconded the proposal, with more strong points on why their man should be chosen. He would sit down while the third man would back up the proposal and add his support to the man who seconded it.

Result - their man is in.

Does this really go on? Oh yes, I'm afraid so. Is this not why we have so much trouble here in Ireland?

Our method to cleanse the church was to walk around every part, praying as we went, binding and loosening as Jesus has told us to do. We prayed in the Spirit and prayed in English as we laid hands on every seat and over every pew; upstairs in the gallery, in the pulpit, and on the organ, asking that the one who sits here, stands here, and plays here, will receive a rich blessing. We went round again after the cleansing part, claiming the promise that everywhere we walked would be holy ground. We asked that God would send his Angels to be present, to stand guard over what we had just cleansed.

Were we crazy? Many would say yes, in fact some people who had found out what we had done, actually thought that we had gone mad.

The mission was going to be for five or six days. I don't remember exactly how long. This I do remember like it was yesterday, the minister asked Cecil Richardson, another Pentecostal Methodist, Albert and myself to stay out of the church and in another room to pray that God would move by the power of the Holy Spirit.

As we were praying I began to see clearly a scene in the church. Although many years have since gone, I can still see before me that scene. It was very strange, because it was as if my viewing position was right up above the many people who had come forward to the front rails.

I could see these people as if I was floating above their heads from the centre of the ceiling. They stretched from door to door around the communion rails. At the sides they were two deep but at the front they stood four and five deep. One lady stood out to me, she was right in the middle of the front row of people and she was wearing a cream coloured hat, yet there seemed to be like a space around her. The other people weren't

standing close to her somehow.

Was it imagination or was it a vision, I did not know, but I got excited at what I thought I was seeing, and I began to tell Cecil and Albert. They got excited when I told them, but at the same time I was thinking, what if it was my mind that was playing tricks with me?

I had not long to find out. The very next evening I watched as I, along with Cecil and Albert, made up part of that very scene, only this time I was looking from the crowd and not from above.

This was an altar call for those who wanted more of Jesus in their lives, through the power of The Holy Spirit. We were all filed out into a room behind the church alter, and there we stood in a great big circle. I looked for the lady in the cream hat but she was not to be seen. We stood and watched as ministers came in and out, back and forth, ten minutes, fifteen minutes.

Albert and I wanted to go round them all to pray and lay on hands that they might receive the Holy Spirit, but we yielded to the three ministers in recognition of their position of authority.

I kid you not readers. Eventually the ministers joined us, thanked us for waiting behind, pronounced the benediction, and everyone broke up to go home, looking bewildered.

Albert and I vowed that we would never let such a thing happen ever again. So far there has not been a similar situation.

ANGEL'S VISIT

I must tell you that during the sermon, and before this Alter scene took place, Albert and I who were sitting over to one side of the church began simultaneously to feel a gentle cool breeze.

The church was very warm and this breeze was most welcome. It came from the front of us and over to our left. I thought that a window must be open, but wondered why I had not felt this breeze before. I leaned over to Albert and whispered the question to him;

"Do you feel a gentle breeze?" He began to show an almost beyond control excitement as he replied;

"Yes I do! I thought it was my imagination."

We realised then that it was the presence of Angels around us, as the breeze intensified, and as it circulated all around us, we knew that something wonderful was going to happen. We kept whispering to each other, trying not to let our excitement be noticed by the congregation.

We prayed asking that Father God send them around the preacher. Well I am not kidding you, no sooner than we felt them leave us; the preacher seemed to take off into a different level.

We would become aware that they were around us again, because we could feel their presence building up and surrounding us. The preacher seemed to be struggling a bit with his words.

We pointed our fingers out towards the preacher, but down low so that no one else could see us, and asked God to send them to him once more.

I do not fully understand this; it was as if these angels were playing a game with us. For some time they came and went, and each time they went the preacher took off and up to a higher level. Could it be that God was showing us how simple it is for Him to send help in this amazing way when we call for help, and having the faith to believe?

As I now write, and having gained more knowledge and experience, I can tell you, it is by feeling the breeze and smelling their perfume, that this is exactly how one first becomes aware of the presence of angels. More of this later.

Who was the lady in the cream hat that stood out in the middle of this group?

On the very last night of the mission an appeal was made for anyone who wished to give themselves completely to Jesus by inviting Him to come into their lives to come forward to the front. A lady came forward wearing a cream hat, but this was not any ordinary lady.

She was the preacher's mother!

It is interesting that she was included in the group in the vision. **God is so good.**

REJECTED

It is sad to say that Albert and I began to find that everyone did not accept us. We were looked upon suspiciously, and people seemed to avoid wanting to talk to us.

This was not our imagination; this was real.

Some reports were going around that we had formed a cult that was meeting in my house; we also heard that some accused us of being demonic. You know, the old fear that Tongues are of the devil, because of the false teaching that the last genuine and real gift of Tongues passed away with the Apostles.

If these poor Methodist folk who were thinking like this, and treating us in this suspicious way only knew about their founders letter to Dr Conyers Middleton arguing against the error of this very belief, that tongues had passed away with the apostles. (See the letter of John Wesley to Dr Conyers Middleton).

Yes we were guilty of baptising people in adult believer's baptism, and still are, if this is anything to be guilty for. I think there is clear scriptural evidence to back up believer's baptism and nothing to give creditability to infant sprinkling, which was brought into the church by Saint Augustine and was not practised in the early church, prior to this.

THE HALL

What could be done, so many were coming to receive the blessings, as news travelled around about our meetings? People came from everywhere, and we were seeing all kinds of answers to prayer; when I think back I am still amazed at how God was taking and using us, just as we were.

We were still babes, yet we were seeing my God do miracles for us almost every week. How can we fit all these people into my small house week after week became the question?

We had asked for the use of a room in the church before, but were refused without any explanation, yet two of the clergy themselves had occasionally come to these meetings in my home. I recall a conversation on my doorstep with them both as they were leaving, when they said that they had never been in such a spiritually charged meeting in their lives.

One night while lying in my bed praying and telling God my problem, I began to think of this little broken down Gospel Hall right beside my house, and I felt that the Lord was saying to me to "Open the doors." As days went by I seemed to be thinking constantly about, "Opening the doors." Eventually I asked the Lord to tell me through His written word.

Now I knew that I would be able to read something about opening the gates, but to ask as I did, for these words, without any gaps, and for them to be on the first page that I would open to, was a bit much was it not? This is probably not a recommended way to ask for God to speak to us, but I was sincere and still somewhat innocent in my relationship with Jesus. Anyhow He gave to me those exact words on the second column of the first page that I opened to. I was so excited that I never took any notice of where I was reading from or from which translation I was reading. I have until this day, to my knowledge, not come across these three words together as I did on that evening.

Then of course there came the thundering thoughts bombarding my head;

"That's no way to be asking God to speak. You probably only think, that you read those words. Where are they from anyway?" So I tried to find the place where I had just read from, but could not. Again the bombardment came.

"See, I told you so, it's not there; you only imagined the whole thing." I dismissed from my mind the whole thing, and tried not to think anymore about the little hall.

About one week later I had asked three of the young chums of my eldest boy, Conrad, to come to my house for the day. They were all in the Boy's Brigade together and I was their Captain. As I was preparing my speciality meal for them, which they all liked; having had this from me many times at various canvas camps over the years, (It was Irish stew), I thought that I should tell Albert about my experience of a few evenings ago relating to the hall.

These thoughts had kept running through my mind, *ring Albert! Ring Albert!* In fact I kept thinking that I needed to tell him that he had to come over that day, *and that we should go into the hall, and have a look at it.* These thoughts sounded so stupid to me really, but they would not leave me. I remember saying aloud to myself;

"That's stupid, why would I be asking Albert to come over when I'm having the boys here. I won't be able to keep them active, and at the same time talk to Albert."

When I travelled into town to collect the three boys, (I live in the country), I found that they were very excited, they were all talking at the same time, not because they were coming to my house, but because, as they had prayed together that morning, they said that;

"God had spoken to them."

These boys were fine young Christians; soul winners in fact. These were the same boys who had been behind the revival that had been taking place in their school; they were about twelve years of age at this time. They said;

"God has showed us that we have to go into some wee shed or hut that is beside your house to pray, and that when we do Jesus will give to us, The Holy Spirit."

I could never tell you this story and be able to impress upon you the excitement and enthusiasm in their voices, as all three, jumping about, and up and down, and from side to side, tried to tell me at the same time.

Now I knew why I needed to tell Albert that he had to come over and go inside the hall, so I rang him as soon as I got home and told him that he had to come over.

Albert didn't know what to make of this request; in fact he thought that I had definitely lost all my marbles, (senses), so he went into the office of Tom Somerville in their school to ask him what he thought about my strange request. Tommy, as we called him, assured Albert that he ought to come over to me without delay, as he thought that God was behind it all.

I will try to describe the scene that day. It was raining very heavy, (nothing new in Ireland), so there was not going to be any outdoor activity with the boys, as I had originally planned. Everyone seemed to like my stew and very soon all the plates were clean and the pot was empty.

When Albert arrived, we went over to the hall to see if we could get in. The front door was bolted from inside so I had to climb over some obstacles to get access to the back door which I was able to open easily as it was practically falling off the hinges. The wooden floor had caved in, in the centre, there was a huge open area, which had at one time been a glass section in the roof, and the rain was pouring in through it. I edged my way around the side of the remaining parts of the floor to the front door and managed to get its very stiff and rusty hinges to open. We all edged our way around, forming a circle, not because we planned this, but only because of the gaping hole in the floor. Even where we stood water was dripping all over us as it poured

in through the large hole in the roof. Around the walls of the hall hung the old-fashioned gospel tracts still in their frames, but in a terrible condition, the old pulpit was leaning to one side, and forward as well, almost sliding into the hole in the floor. All the wood around the walls was rotten and full of woodworm holes.

When we began to pray, the presence of the Lord came down and the Holy Ghost descended, as Albert and I laid our hands on the boys. We were all crying, and were almost making as much dampness on the floor as the rain coming through the roof.

My son, Conrad cried his way to Jesus, he had not yet been saved, and one by one, the boys began speaking in the gift of tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Who can deny such a gift, who **dare** deny that such a gift as this is not for today?

Please, please, don't deny and criticise this gift, but seek God and ask Him for it instead. Paul tells us not to be ignorant concerning spiritual gifts, but to earnestly desire and pursue them, and manifest them decently and in order, in the more excellent way of love. 1Cor.12v1,31. 14v1,39,40. Paul thanked God that he spoke in tongues more than any of the Corinthians, and he commands us not to forbid speaking in tongues. 1Cor.14v18,39. Obey God's desire and command!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

I began to pray as I lay in bed, where I do most of my praying, at night, usually into the small hours of the morning, asking God some very important questions. It went like this:

"Father God, I am coming to you needing some answers and I am expecting you to answer because Jesus your Son, and also my brother, has said that this is the way that we ought to contact you. I have also read that without faith we can't please you. I believe because of Jesus' words, and I want to please you and have faith.

I now believe that you did tell me to open the doors of the little hall, but I have a great fear in doing this because that would make me like a Pastor and I really don't want to be a Pastor. Nevertheless Father, Moses did not want to do what You called him for either, yet he did it in the end, but Father You gave Moses two signs to prove that You were going to be with him. So Father I am going to ask You for some signs and I know that You have no favourites and that what You were willing to do for Moses, You will just be as willing to do for me.

See Father I really need to know for sure that it's not all in my mind, and that it is definitely You calling me. Now Father You know that I am going to Belfast later on today to buy some televisions, and I am asking You now to get someone to begin talking to me about a Pastor. I don't know how You are going to do this or where, but I know for sure that You are the God of impossibilities so I leave it in your hands. AMEN."

As I called into the various places in Belfast that I needed to go to that day I kept wondering who it would be that would speak to me about a Pastor. It was late into the afternoon when I called with W C who ran his business in a small terrace house in Silvia Street, off the Crumlin Road. W C purchased ex-rental televisions from various shops around Belfast, refurbished them and then sold them back into the trade.

The men who worked for W C were grand lads, a bit rough and ready, as we say in Ireland, definitely street wise, as I suppose one needed to be, living in Belfast. They had a problem of not being able to speak a full sentence without using several curse words, they always apologised to me for doing this, they knew I was a Christian; yet they would still be cursing in their apology. It had become a way of life to them. One cigarette would barely be finished when another would be lit up, my eyes used to sting in this smoky atmosphere. All around the walls would be glossy photographs of naked ladies in various poses. For all of this one could not help liking these men, and many fine conversations about various subjects could be had, especially my pet subject, **the things of God.**

As I sat upon a television, (wooden box type then) with my back to the wall I thought that they might bring up the conversation about a Pastor; but as time went by I began to lose hope, and as this was my last call in Belfast before going home, I really did not think that it was going to happen at all. I could easily have steered the conversation in this direction and possibly made it happen, but I was extremely careful not to even speak about anything God centred at all.

Just then in came Derek, [not his real name] he was quite the worse for drink. He apparently had been drinking most of the day. Derek was a painter by trade, but he also sold televisions from his house as a part time job; he would purchase some from Walter and other places. I had met Derek many times before in Walters. Derek sat down awkwardly and unsteadily beside me, also on an upturned television. He is a great talker and this day was no exception.

I thought that if there was any chance to hear about a Pastor, it had certainly gone now that Derek had arrived, because I felt that the conversation had no chance of getting changed to something else apart from Derek's escapades.

As Derek in his drunken state talked on and on, he said that he had spent well over eighty pounds on drink, quite a lot then, so I said to him;

"You couldn't have spent all that on yourself Derek," he replied;

*"Not at all, it was the hangers on, you know how it is when you have a pound or two in your pocket, you will always get the hangers on." "I'm an owl (old) fool," he continued, "Look at the state of me." Then he almost sobered up, he straightened himself up on the television, and turned his head toward me, looked me straight in the eye and said, "**You wouldn't think to look at me that my brother was a Pastor would you.**"*

I was flabbergasted and unable to answer, I was thankful that immediately the conversation went back to foolish talk.

I could scarcely drive home that evening as I turned this experience over and over in my mind.

"How could that possibly be God," I thought. "How could God use such a place, in such an atmosphere, and by a drunken man? Surely it can't be right. That old devil is trying to trap me into something. The whole thing is probably a trick of his."

On and on the torture continued, it continued for the rest of that night until I was lying in bed doing my usual praying, when I remembered that God had at one time to use a donkey to get a message through to Balaam.

"Surely God could use anything or anybody He liked", I thought.

All that week I tossed and turned in my mind. Yes He can! No He wouldn't! I was in a mess. On the same day, (Thursday), of the following week, I asked God to please do it again if it was of Him, so that I could be sure.

Again it was well into the afternoon and nothing had happened. I had not eaten anything and I took a fancy for some fruit so I stopped my van beside this grocery shop on the main Crumlin Road. I had just left Walters, which was just round the corner, and had thought that had been my last chance to hear from God, as nothing had happened up until now. I was going home now so I didn't want to eat too much as it would ruin my appetite for my tea later, so I just bought two Kiwi fruit, which I rather liked.

I had been in this shop quite often but did not know at that time, the people who owned it, neither had I ever spoken to them apart from asking for what I wanted, please, thank you and goodbye. As I was just outside the shop the man who owned it touched me on the elbow. He had come out after me. I was a bit confused thinking I had been given the wrong change or had left something behind me. He said;

"Excuse me sir, would you be a plasterer by any chance." I said;

"Oh no, I wouldn't have a clue about plastering." He said;

"I am sorry, it's just that I thought I had seen a little badge in your coat one time and I thought you were." Then it dawned on me what he really said, so I asked;

"Did you just ask me if I was a Pastor?" He said;

"Yes." I replied laughing loudly;

"I thought that you had asked me if I was a plasterer," we both laughed. The traffic going down the Crumlin Road was very noisy and it was easy to make such a mistake.

Shooting into my mind was the thought;

***"Well you are now, whether you want it or not."** So I replied;*

"Well, yes I am, sort of." He asked;

"Can I speak personally to you in your van?" I will call him Billy, his lovely wife, also worked with him in the shop; we talked for a long time as Billy poured out his problems to me.

Billy was my first convert as a Pastor!

Derek also became a Christian about one year later, though I was not involved with this.

GETTING THE HALL

As I now knew that God wanted me to "Open the doors," there began the problem in how to go about getting permission from the owners, you see I had said to the Lord that I wanted it for free, and that as long as He wanted us in it that we would never have to pay a penny towards rent. I had a great difficulty here as I had been having some huge arguments with the gentleman who owned the hall. I can't put down on paper the details of these arguments, but so as to give you some idea of the depth of these arguments I will tell a little, and let you read between the lines.

The bungalow that I live in was built by the owner of the hall, for his wife and he to retire into; it was on his ground, which is also beside his bungalow which has a farm attached. The idea of the owners was to sell their old bungalow, and the farm, and live in the bungalow that they had built, but instead they had sold it to me.

The man told me that my boundary was up to a hedge at the back of my house. After I had bought the bungalow and had been living in it for a long time I came home from work one night to find that he had moved the fence away from the hedge and down quite a bit into my garden.

I had a fair argument with the gentleman and moved the fence back to the hedge the next evening. A few days later the fence was back down my garden again, and not only that, but the hedge had also been pulled up by the roots.

I can't tell you anymore more about these incidents except that the sad thing was that we were both Christians. Eventually I did get the boundary problem sorted out to its original place but not before going to my solicitor and finding out for sure, that the hedge had indeed been my boundary.

Before I had the courage to call on the owner I received a telephone call from Bill, mentioned many times already, who lives in England. Bill has been a real blessing to me over and over throughout the years.

He said that he had had a word from the Lord for me; it was from 1 Chronicles 22 v5, which says in the Living Bible:

"Solomon my son is young and tender," David said "and the Temple of the Lord must be a marvellous structure, famous and glorious throughout the world; so I will begin the preparations for it now."** Bill continued by saying **"The Lord told me to tell you that the building is small enough to be acceptable to Him; now tell me, what is all this about."

Up until this time Bill did not know of my plans to open the doors and now for the first time I told him this story. We both felt it very interesting that God was saying **SMALL ENOUGH!** Bill said that he would be praying about my visit to the owner of the hall. I was very encouraged by all of this, especially the word, which said that God had "**begun the preparations.**"

I went to the owner's home the next evening; he was extremely friendly and invited me in. When I told him that I wanted to fix up the little Gospel Hall so that we could hold meetings in it, he shouted down the hallway to his wife very excitedly to tell her the news. I did not tell them any of the details of course, yet the response was quite marvellous. They shouted and praised God saying;

"We always have wanted God's work to begin again in that hall, this is wonderful. You take it and do what you want with it, and for as long as you want, and God Bless you."

I left with a very warm handshake.

Once more I began praying to God something like this: -

"Father thank You so much for making it so clear to me that all this is in your will and is in fact your plan. Thank You for letting me be part of it all and for putting up with my childish behaviour and ways, yet I can't be any other way, and if I tried to be different You would know it wasn't real. Father, I come to You again through the door into your presence that has been opened by Jesus to ask You for the provision to help me repair this little hall just as You did for Solomon's Temple." Amen.

I asked that every penny required would be provided and that we would never have to pay a penny in rent. (We have never had to, even though we have now new owners).

At this stage I told the people who gathered in my home for the Monday night meeting to go over to the hall and pray inside it right then, so I explained that the floor would collapse if we all went in at the same time. It was, thankfully, a dry night. I don't recall what time of year it was but I remember it like it was yesterday. Armed with a small torch I climbed over the obstacles at the back door so that I could open the front door. The folks came in about six at a time, my flashlight showing them where it was reasonably safe to walk; each group had a short prayer asking God's blessings.

A very warm and friendly gentleman had come to the meeting in our home that night. He lived in Canada, having emigrated many years before from our town. He was visiting his sister for a holiday. When he arrived the only seat left for him was behind the door.

The door of the living room had to be left open so that the other people in the hall and kitchen area could hear and be included in the meeting. With it being opened it meant that this seat was literally behind the door, which was where he really was sitting. This seat was always the last to be used because of this.

I asked him if he would like to share some thoughts with us or to tell us something about himself and his walk with Jesus. Previous to this I had not met this man, his name was Sam Megahey. Sam did share his testimony with us; he was very humble and unassuming, yet by what he told us he seemed to be quite well off financially. We enjoyed his sharing with us very much, and we also knew that he was blessed by being with us.

Sam was at one time very much involved with the early years of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

About three weeks after Sam had been with us I received a telephone call from his sister asking me to give her a call at her house. She had an envelope full of money for me from Sam; he had left enough money with her for us to be able to purchase the timber to repair the roof and floor of the hall.

OUR FIRST MEETING

Many times I had heard my friend, Bill Turner, speak about Smith Wigglesworth and the wonderful way in which God used him; many times I tried to purchase a book about him but could never find any.

The main Christian bookshop in Ireland, The Faith Mission, did not appear to know anything at all about him at that particular time. I asked Bill where I could get one of his books so he gave me a telephone number to ring. It was an English number and therefore as I was thinking that it was a bookshop telephone number I was not able to ring it for a few days because I had no opportunity to ring during the day.

When I did eventually ring, the gentleman asked how many books I would like to have. I enquired if he had a good number in stock, he said that he could give me as many as I wanted, so I thought quickly;

"he doesn't really mean that".

I asked for fifteen, knowing that if he could supply this amount, all the folk's would be wishing to have one and they would get sold quickly. I wanted to ask for more but didn't think that he would have them. He said;

"That's O.K! For fifteen, I will give you a special price." Now I am really wishing that I had asked for more. He then said, *"Who told you about my book brother."* I said rather flabbergasted;

"Your book! Is it your book?" He replied;

"Oh yes." I said,

"Then you must have known Smith Wigglesworth personally." He replied;

"Yes for many, many years until the day he dropped dead at my feet." This was Albert Hibbert in his own home that I was speaking to and not a bookshop. I plucked up the courage and asked;

"Would you consider coming over to Ireland to take a weeks meetings." His reply was;

"Of course, I will, when would you like me?" Arrangements were made for Albert's visit to us. We had one week of meetings, our first in the little hall, with Albert Hibbert, one of Smith Wigglesworth's friends.

WHERE IT MUST HAVE BEGAN

Two unmarried, Godly sisters, who had once lived on the site where I now live, had run the little Gospel Hall before us. I am quite sure that they must have soaked that little place with prayer, asking God to pour out His blessings upon it. Did they ever see the fulfilment of such prayers? How are we to know? Could it be that we have been the recipients of their beseeching prayers to God? Their old cottage was knocked down so that mine could be built. The hall had at one time been a very lovely place. It had wood panelling all around the walls, which went up halfway, and had at one time been lit with gaslight and heated by a potbelly stove.

The stove was gone when we took over the hall, but there were some fittings still there belonging to the gas light era, but they were minus the glass covers. I ran a heavy-duty cable from a plug in my home and linked together some fluorescent lights; we heated it with portable gas heaters. It was like this for a number of years.

There was no ceiling, just the old Belfast roof, no plaster on the walls, just the stone and bricks, but oh my, what meetings we had. The old hall was called "Riverside Gospel Hall," so we called ourselves, "Riverside Full Gospel Hall;" now we simply call ourselves "Riverside Christian Fellowship." We have had the walls and ceiling fixed recently and proper electric lights fitted with plugs and heaters installed.

The little hall is still going on, twenty odd years later. We have had many speakers from all around the world, men and women of God. We have also had many who were very questionable, in both manner and doctrine, but this has developed discernment. We have felt the presence of Angels on many occasions, even heard them sing and at the same time some people have actually seen them. You might be thinking that I am mad writing this, but one can't be mad when every person in the room heard and felt their presence at the same time. I am speaking of a gathering of around fifty people. One evening everyone present smelt the beautiful perfume of Jesus, and some said that they had seen Him, and agreeing together that He had been standing over to the same side.

These things are questionable, I know. Remember, I know about the power of suggestion but I can say that if you had been with us on these occasions you too would have felt His presence, and smelled the fragrance of His garments. Psalm.45v6-8.

I am reluctant to mention people who visited us over the years, for fear of leaving someone out by name who should be mentioned. We have had good times with large numbers of people coming, and we have had periods of drought when the meetings were very ordinary. There have also been meetings when we have had the most wonderful times in the presence of God when we have had only a few people present. The hardest times have been when those who have been greatly respected and loved by us have for some reason, decided to leave us, without giving the real truthful reason. But we press on through good and bad, knowing that Father still loves us, even if we have made many mistakes, which we no doubt have.

BUSINESS UPS AND DOWNS

My business, which was trading in Televisions, Hi-Fi, and Domestic Appliances, was going through a bad time just before I took my first heart attack in 1980. The following year I wasn't capable of being in the business too often, due to the reasons that I had taken two more heart attacks, which slowed me down considerably. My business had many good years when everything that I bought was sold before I had to pay for it. I was getting holidays here, there, and everywhere by hitting sales promotion targets. Many times I was taken on these trips even if I did not make the target; the reason being, that when they had me, they knew that all the clients would most likely be entertained free, by having me putting on a show of Hypnotism.

I remember once while waiting for a delayed flight in an Airport coming from Rome starting to put on a private show to pass the time with the other T.V. dealers and wives. How do you do such a thing in a public place such as an Airport? It seems impossible, yet it happened. I suppose it was only possible because there were so many of us there. Very soon a large crowd had gathered round including armed soldiers. Well why not when you were getting free entertainment like this.

I recall hypnotising a chap while up in the air in the aeroplane, which soon had the whole place involved in great fun for an hour or so. Can you imagine being in an aeroplane with a chap putting on a hypnotist show during the flight? I find it hard to believe myself, and I was the chap who was doing it. Without drink of course none of these things would have happened. Of course all this took place before I had taken my first heart attack, and had found Jesus again.

The street that my shop was in had an I.R.A. car bomb planted just a few yards from my shop. Of course all of my stock was destroyed. I can honestly say that I never got full compensation for this loss. I could not afford to pay someone to sort things out for me. I knew about some people who acquired all sorts of broken damaged goods and had them brought into their shops during the night. They then dumped these goods all around their shop as if they were part of their stock now damaged by the bomb. I am told that many fortunes were made this way in the early years. Once this would have been found to be the case I suppose the loss assessors were expecting everybody to be doing the same thing, as I'm sure that by this time they were aware of the scam that was going on. They would cut down the true value of everything, and would ask for invoices to prove the price that you were claiming. When you had no invoices, as they were mostly destroyed in the rubble, they would assume that you were trying to claim falsely.

During this time I was also robbed twice in the shop. It wasn't very secure because of the bombing and I

couldn't afford to get the shop made secure until the authorities paid out some cash so what could I do? I was in a mess. During this time I came home one evening to find that my home had been broken into as well. Jewellery belonging to Esmé was stolen, some goods and some cash; we didn't have that much mind you, but the worst was the mess they made. The house was turned upside down, it felt dirty, and our privacy had been invaded.

An interesting thing was that I had four hundred pounds belonging to the Gospel Hall in my Bible. It was not touched. **Do you want to buy a safe?**

NOT YET! NOT YET!

Many times I wanted to pack up the shop, sell my house and pay off what I owed, but then what would happen to the work in the little Gospel Hall? I went to a meeting to hear a good friend of mine who was a roving preacher; he would also visit us in our hall from time to time. We had worked with him in outreach many times, involving other fellowships, his name was Sandy Thompson. Sandy had a very lively style of preaching. He had lived in Israel for many years, during times when it was in great strife, and when one dared not go out at night. These were the times when streetlights were very rare; you were very fortunate if you happened to have one light at the corner of your street. Sandy was doing missionary work there; he had a wonderful insight into the Scriptures, and the Jewish-ness of Jesus, because of his experiences there. God also used him, with some of the most direct words of knowledge that I have heard. His words of knowledge had a great mixture. It was not;

"There is someone here with a sore back, pain in the leg, bad headache, trouble with a leg and so on." These, I am always suspicious of, especially when these words are only relating to sickness. One can't go wrong, can they, with words like these?

Sandy would say *"Where is the man who was sitting on your tractor today and you were praying such and such,"* then before the man would respond, probably because he was in shock, Sandy would continue pointing to the man, *"It's you sir, come up here."* There was always a great mixture of words of knowledge from Sandy, and why not? Surely God is as much interested with the problems of life just as much as He is with our sicknesses.

Many times I heard Sandy say, that the people who were most often taking the Lord's name in vain were the preachers, by adding the words, *"Thus sayeth the Lord,"* after their so called words of knowledge, to give creditability to what they had just said, when the Lord was saying nothing of the kind.

So I am at this meeting, and while Sandy was preaching he suddenly stopped and said;

"The Lord has been showing me someone over and over again, with a set of books before you. You are contemplating closing the books; who is this?" Then he would continue *"It must be important because the Lord is putting this before me over and over."*

I waited, thinking that he would call me out if it was for me, but this time he didn't. Again he asked who this person was, I was saying, under my breath of course;

*Lord if this word is for me You can give me **more clarity**, because after all it could be anyone closing books; it could be that young girl over there closing school books."*

Sandy had now finished preaching. He had called up several people to the front and was praying for them when he walked round them with his back to theirs and faced the congregation saying these words.

*"The person with these books is before me again. It must be very important. Usually when no one responds to my words of knowledge I don't get them again. I can give you **more clarity** on this. These books you are contemplating closing are business ledgers. You are thinking of closing the business ledgers but the Lord is saying **NOT YET, NOT YET.** I see the word in capital letters **NOT YET.**"* Sandy walked back to the people again and this time did not ask, *"Who is this person;"* I knew it was me.

The business continued to deteriorate. The council erected a barricade at one end of the street; it was meant to make things as difficult for the car bombers as possible but it also stopped the flow of through traffic. The street began to become very quiet, once it had been busy. I had not the same variety of goods as I used to be able to stock because I couldn't afford to have them, my prices were O.K. but people want to have variety when they are looking to purchase goods.

One morning I felt so heavy in spirit that I could scarcely get out of bed. I just did not want to go to my shop. It felt like going to school without having done any homework for about a month. I was having difficulty washing and shaving, I ought to have known sooner what it was, but somehow I was stupefied, and almost numb. I was lethargic, my arms and legs felt like lead. With great trouble I eventually got dressed; then suddenly I began to shout;

"It's you, you devil, who has got me like this; in Jesus' name I rebuke you. You have no right or no authority over me, get off of me, let go your hold. I am a child of the living God who has given me authority over you."

I continued like this for about half an hour; yelling at the top of my voice, stamping my feet and shaking my fist.

Right then the phone rang; it was just as I had finished my yelling and was now feeling great. It was Brother Bill Turner. He didn't start speaking to me as he may have done on most occasions; there was no;

"How are you keeping brother," to start the conversation. No, *"Hi brother, it's Bill."* He immediately began; *"My! Brother! That was great! That's the way to deal with those fellows. I saw them scampering up that*

hill at your house for their lives. I saw them before you sent them scampering, two huge fellows, they were. I'm in Liverpool with some ladies taking a meeting. As soon as I saw those fellows, I got the ladies to join with me to pray for you. They were saying that they were going to bankrupt you. I said, oh no you won't. As soon as we began to pray I saw you take off. That was wonderful, brother, well done."

I was used to Bill by now, many times he has rung me in the mornings telling me word for word what I had prayed the night before, and would finish by saying;

"Father has told me all about your prayer so that you can believe that the reason He has told me, is to let you realise and know, that this prayer is before Him as an everlasting memorial."

You can understand that when I tell some of these stories, some people will find them hard to believe, and yet you can understand why I would be angry at folk who would shun Bill because of these things. I know that they do so in ignorance, and don't really know and understand the man, so am I able to hold back my tongue. I will be telling more stories about Bill later.

DEATH, AND PRAYER OF AGREEMENT

Around this time a very good friend of mine was taken ill, he was the father of two of my boys in the Boys Brigade, who were twins. His name was Norris Blevins. Norris was deaf and had been so from a young man. He had this amazing ability to lip read; side view reading was usually no problem to him either. Of course he was able to speak, having had this ability before his deafness. I hadn't known him as a personal friend very long, but when I did get to know him I found that I could gel with him real good. He had a wonderful personality and sense of humour, he was very aware of things; by no means did his handicap dull his perception of things, yet there was a part of him that would show an almost childlike innocence.

Norris had bought a camper van and had asked my wife Esmé and I if we would join with them in a holiday to France. The party was made up of Ruth, his daughter, his two boys, David and Stephen, who could hardly be told apart, being twins; my eldest son Conrad and youngest Alan. The three older boys were 11 years old going close to 12. My youngest son Alan was 8, Maureen, Norris' wife, Esmé and I made up the party. We brought a small tent with us so that the boys could sleep outside at the campsites.

After being in France for about two days, Norris, who like the rest of us was having great difficulty in communicating, said to me quite innocently and seriously;

"I can't hear one word these people are saying." I laughed at the idea of his struggles to hear. For Norris to hear was to lip-read, but the shapes of their lips did not make any more sense to him than the words we were hearing.

During this holiday Norris was constantly telling me that he couldn't get his bowels to work properly, he was having a most difficult time, yet he remained jolly and bright. What a lovely brother he was, there was nothing in him that was showy or pushy; "no airs or graces," (as we say in Ireland), he was always the same. He had a deep love for Jesus, and desired that others would know this love of Jesus as he did. We had some real good conversations about the things of God. Maureen, his wife, who had been brought up in a Pentecostal background had a real fire in her belly for the things of God, and of course still does to this day, she was a tremendous help to Norris, who must have had great difficulties in his world of silence.

When we got home from holiday, Norris went for some tests. The report came back that Norris had cancer, what a blow this was, but surely God can heal. There is an old chorus, which says; "Every promise in The Book is mine, every chapter, every verse, every line." Well I used about every promise that there was, and so did Maureen and others, yet Norris continued to deteriorate. I asked God for a word, and got one; it was 2 Kings, Chapter 1, and Verse 4, which says;

"The Lord says that he will never leave the bed he is lying on; he will surely die." I put forth a very good argument, (remember Moses did this with God as he pleaded with God to change His mind about destroying all the children of Israel). I said to God;

"Surely this will make the words spoken by Jesus that tell us that we can ask You for anything in His name and You will do it, come to nothing." I used many other verses as well and finished by asking for another word.

The next word was Amos 8 v 10. These words jumped out;

"You will wear funeral clothes, bitter, bitter will be that day." Again I argued, asking for another word, but I did not get one. I pleaded with God to take me instead of Norris, if He wanted to have a life. I pleaded, wept, and begged, still believing that no matter how low Norris became, that he would still be healed; this would be to me an even greater miracle, as there could never be any doubts that God had done it. I said to God that if this miracle did not come to pass then all the promises that I was quoting amounted to nothing, and that I may as well take every Bible that I could lay my hands on and burn them, for it was all lies. I meant it, and God knew I meant it. People became extremely worried about me, including Maureen. They had all realised that Norris was going to die, but could not get it through to me, no matter how hard they tried.

On the Monday night meeting of the week that Norris died there was a message spoken in the gift of Tongues. My habit was to record such messages, believing that if we record men and women speaking how much more important it ought to be to record what God says. So I pushed down the record button of the recorder, which was always close at hand. (Somewhere in a box or drawer I still have this tape). I have some tapes with nothing else on them except Prophecy, and messages in Tongues with the interpretation. The interpretation of the message, this time was like this;

"My son, as your earthly Father has had in many times throughout life to say No, so I your heavenly Father must have to say No! But remember my ways are not as your ways."

I wept and trembled, as I fell down weak and shaking at the knees. Those who knew the situation gathered around me and ministered to me. I must add that the lady who gave the interpretation was a stranger, and could not have known the situation. It had to be so, because I, with my suspicious mind, would have not accepted it as from God.

Even today I am amazed at the mercy of God our Father that was shown to me on that evening. The same one, who spoke to Moses face to face, chose to speak to ME! How could I ever measure this great love that was shown? He knew only too well what I would have become. I suspect that I may well have become one of Satan's top men.

"It is not His will that any should perish."

A PHYSICALLY CROOKED CHRISTIAN

Somehow I knew the day Norris would die. I went a few days before to his home to cut the grass. I knew Norris would like to have the place nice and tidy for his funeral. I heard a banging on the window, which was rising above the noise of the lawn mower. Maureen was calling by waving her arm, signalling me to come in.

Bill Pyatt, from America, was visiting Norris to pray with him. Bill is the author of a wonderful book called "His Banqueting Table." Bill was over at this time in Ireland, with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, of which I am a member. Maureen got me a stool to sit on which was positioned right in front of Norris and Bill, who was sitting beside Norris. Bill spoke to me;

"As I looked at you cutting that grass the Lord revealed to me that you are a crooked Christian."

Everyone laughed, including Norris, his lip reading ability was absolutely amazing, he missed very little. Bill asked me to put my two arms straight out to my sides then to bring them in front of me with hands open. I did this twice and each time it was the same, **the middle finger on my right hand was about 1½" longer than the left.**

"Now," Bill said, "Just watch as God brings them together." I thought

"Oh yea!" "You'll not catch me with that one." After all, I knew all about mind over matter, and the power of suggestion, didn't I? Over 20 years doing Hypnosis, oh no, I'll not fall for that one. This guy is not going to play his games with me. You see, I was not sure about Bill, you know how it is with us Irish; it has to be the real thing or nothing. We have no time to waste with all this flashy stuff, and people with self-egos. Isn't it strange how much can flash into our minds in a very short time.

I closed my eyes tight. No way was I going to be talked into moving one muscle. I stiffened my two shoulders. Rigid they were.

"I'll show this guy up as a fake," I thought. Bill prayed very simply. Norris shouted in a much-weakened voice;

"Halleluiah!" Maureen said;

"Praise the Lord."

I opened my eyes and looked; both my fingers were the same length, and I had missed it.

I will never forget the look of amazed joy on Norris's face. A face that was now very jaundiced and emaciated had tears flowing from what now seemed to be extra large eyes, so much were they sunk into his head. His two arms were raised to heaven, which were not, much more than skin and bone. The smile, which now lit up his face with delight, seemed to have more teeth than it should. Arms were now stretched toward me, wanting to hug me in his rejoicing of seeing me receive this miracle.

Oh! How I wished that it could have been him receiving the miracle, but it was not to be.

The morning of the funeral was absolutely terrible. It was bitterly cold with rain coming down in torrents, bouncing off the road, I have not seen much worse.

Just before I left my house with my son, Conrad, (then 11 years old as I have said before), I took him by the hands and asked him if he would agree with me in prayer regarding the weather. Now it's no good asking someone to agree with you in prayer if they don't know what is on your mind. They in turn have to be able to be in absolute total agreement. I explained that, I as his father would not wish to have him soaked today at the funeral, I said that Norris would hate it also, telling him that Jesus said that if two on earth would agree in what they ask, that Father God who loves and wishes good for us much more than Norris as a father, or I as a father would bring what we asked to happen. I asked Conrad if he really believed this, he said he did, so we then asked Father in heaven to let the sun shine through on everyone during the funeral and that not one drop of rain would fall on anyone.

We drove to Norris's home in thunderous heavy rain; during the service in the home it poured down, bouncing off the road.

When it was time to leave the home, **the sun shone down**, we walked behind the coffin as it was being carried by several people including myself, **the sun shone down**.

Everyone then got into cars and we drove to the graveyard; no sooner were we in the cars, when down came the rain again, the closer we got to the graveyard the heavier the rain became, the sky darkened, lightning flashed, thunder roared, the car windscreen wipers were going at full speed, and still couldn't clear the vision.

We arrived at the graveyard, **out came the sun**. As my son and I entered the graveyard we met this chap that I knew, who said to us;

"Boy John, you don't know how lucky you are, if you had been here two minutes ago you would have been soaked to the skin. Such thunder and lightning, I never have seen worse." I just said;
"It's a bit more than luck," knowing that he would never understand and we didn't have time to explain.
As we continued on our way to the graveside, with my arm round Conrad, I said;
"We know that is much more than luck, don't we son," he answered;
"Yes Dad."

Standing around the grave the sun was shining down in streams, with ray on top of ray, its heat drying up the ground as the steam rose up. At that point I looked up to a sight that will never be forgotten. There was a round circle in the sky, just like a saucer, it was a clear space with the blue, blue sky appearing through it. Rays of sunshine beamed down, while all around this hole in the sky the remaining parts were as black as could be.

I put my hand on Conrad's shoulder and said;
"See what God has done for us son, look up, look up!"

A number of my B.B. boys were at this funeral.

Sadly I could not speak to them, nor share with them about what had just happened.

I had been forbidden to have any communications with them by the clergy, one of whom was in attendance at the funeral. Why was this? I will explain.

THE CRUNCH CAME

One evening in my Boy's Brigade Bible Class, one of the remaining unsaved older boys came under deep conviction of sin. He wished to get saved, he said. As I began to talk to him, in front of, and with the other boys, he began to show some very ugly signs of something not quite normal. I asked him to call upon the name of Jesus. He retorted very gruffly;

"I can't say that name, I can't say that name."

Just then the outside door opened and in walked Albert. Albert was not in the habit of coming down to the church on B.B. nights. In fact, I don't remember another time when he did. We brought this young man into the church. I asked the other Staff members to bring the boys into the bigger hall to give them games and to keep them occupied.

Unfortunately boys being boys, and being nose by nature, realising that something strange was going on, wished to remain in the small room at the back of the church and listen through the door. I might add that Officers included, had apparently gathered round the door to hear what was going on.

Inside the church it became clear to Albert and myself that there was a demonic presence controlling this boy. I don't wish to go into details, but at times it was very violent and noisy as the boy stiffened and contorted. This was the first time that either Albert or myself had come into contact with possession.

I had the fear of this presence, when cast out, of going into one of the other boys who were unsaved. This was what I had been told could happen so along with Albert, we commanded these evil spirits go to Gehenna. Of course when you think of it that would be the end of these demons and they surely did not want to go there, so the struggle to let go was greater. It would have been much easier to have just got them out and forbid them to have entrance into any of my boys, it could have gone where it liked then. But to be sent to Gehenna, oh no, it simply did not want to go there. We did not know very much about any of this at that time, but of course we now know that it is not possible for evil spirits to simply pop into anybody whom they please.

There was a time when this was thought to be possible, which is why when someone sneezes we will usually say; "God Bless!" It was thought that whenever one sneezes that the heart would stop, the mouth would drop open, and in would pop a demon, but if someone shouted; "God Bless!" It was not possible for that to happen.

Oh the joy of seeing before our eyes the changed countenance of that young man, when after a final squeal those filthy things went out. He called out:

"Jesus, Jesus, and Jesus" over and over again. He said a prayer inviting Jesus into his life, and we also prayed that the Holy Spirit would fill him to overflowing, and so leave no room for any re-entry.

A few days later I received a phone call from one of the ministers asking me if I would come up and see him. I had my business in the same street as the church and manse, which was only 100 yards away, so I obliged there and then.

When I entered the room I found two other clergy also there. I was then told that some boys had had nightmares in the middle of the night. Doctors had to be called out and that some parents were going to sue the church, and also threatening to take matters to the newspapers.

I didn't have any problem with this at all, and said that they were only under severe conviction and that we could stop all this dead, right now. I said;

"This is great; think of the publicity Jesus will get." I said that these boys were only under conviction that all this could be sorted out in a few minutes. I asked for the names of these parents and boys so that I could go to visit them.

I was told not to be so stupid, and that the church could have nothing to do with such scandal with the

papers. They said that the only way to handle this problem, and to bring the threats of these parents to a stop, was to satisfy them. Their demand being, that I must have nothing more to do with these boys of the church. I said loudly;

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, don't you see that this is not me who you are against, it is the Holy Spirit." They were blaming me on other things such as causing the boys to speak in tongues. I warned them that they were in much danger, that this was a spiritual battle, and should only be dealt with spiritually. I protested by asking the question;

"How can I make anyone speak in the gift of other tongues?" And continued *"Surely only Jesus can do that?"*

My views were not accepted, and I was forbidden to go back to the church, or to have any contact whatsoever with the boys.

THE HINDERANCES TO GOD

Please believe me when I say that there is absolutely no malice or thoughts of any kind of revenge going on within me.

Some things, which I will be writing, might be taken as though I am full of bitterness and spite.

Think of it like this, and I'm not for one minute trying to compare myself to St. Paul; but how do you think that you would feel if you were one of the Churches that St. Paul was writing to in a strong way, as he often did. It would be all right to hear of him giving it hard and heavy to those other churches over on the other side, but a totally different matter if it applied to us.

It is my belief that there are things that need to be repented of, before God will, or can move. There are things that need to be repented of, things that need to be looked at and changed. We all know that without repentance there is no forgiveness. So what if there is some trouble as a result of disturbing things? The eventual outcome will be more than worth it.

No one likes to talk about their church in a detrimental way, yet I am sure there are many who take delight in hearing about churches other than their own being criticised for discreditable happenings. There is a kind of twisted love, which can often be used to overlook the Jesus way of how things ought to be done, and things are brushed under the carpet to keep the good image of a church or denomination. Of course when things are exposed it does not mean that all in that church are behaving in the same way, or indeed are holding the same views. Even the same church can and often be changed for the good when things are exposed. Why should we have to go on walking very softly over our old carpets so as not to disturb the pile of dust that has been added to, and added to, over the years? Surely it is about time that these old carpets were lifted up, given a good old fashioned beating, and a good vacuuming underneath, so that we can walk across them once again without having to be careful not to disturb the dust. Surely it is good to face up to problems and expose customs, traditions and ideas that are not the Jesus way, so that the work of the Holy Spirit can move and increase.

There is no point in inviting the Holy Spirit to come and move among us and to revive us, when things are not as they should be, or when men, women, preachers, teachers, ministers, will not give up control and let The Holy Spirit, have His way.

An old song comes to my mind, which says, "When will we ever learn. When will we ever learn"?

Please explain to me, someone; how it can be that if we say that we love to follow Jesus, want to please Him, to be in His company and get closer to Him, yet we can't follow His teachings by loving our neighbour as ourselves? How can we insist in having our way when we are told to;

"Do unto others, as we would have them do unto us?" Do we turn the other cheek? Go the extra mile? Is it any wonder that Jesus tells us that we have made the commandments of God to be of no effect because of our tradition? Matthew chapter 15 and verses 2 to 20. Yes some traditions are good, but only when we can line them up with the perfect love of Jesus.

We have to worship God in spirit and in truth, and ask:

"Lord what will You have me to do?" *John.4v23,24. Acts.9v6.*

AN AMAZING REPONSE

As I left the manse that day, you can guess, I was devastated. I had started this Boy's Brigade Company from nothing about 20 years before. The first night I had three boys, then six, nine, twelve, three extra coming each week. It continued to grow and grow.

Now twenty years later I was to go, forbidden to have any contact at all with the boys. These boys were the closest friends that I have ever had. Most of them were more than just my boys, they had become my brothers in Jesus. They would have got down on their knees and licked my boots if I had asked them to. I knew that they loved me, and better still, they also knew, that I knew, that they loved me. Of course they all knew that this same love was also shared from me to them. How will they take this news, I thought?

My head was buzzing, this must surely be a dream, a nightmare, it can't be true surely, but no, it was, for sure, all too real. As I said goodbye to the ministers, I patted them on their sides saying;

"God bless you." You see they were so upset themselves by what they had just done; it was impossible for them to even shake my hand. I felt devastated. My world had shattered.

"How much more trouble can I take," I thought.

I could hear footsteps running up the street, as my hand touched the gate of the manse there was a slap upon my back.

It was Albert; he said;
"Brother John, I have a message from the Lord for you." I said;
"Boy, I could surely be doing with a word from the Lord right now." As we walked up the street to my shop, Albert began to tell me his story.

Bill Turner had rang our friend the late Tom Somerville, who has been mentioned before, and will also be mentioned again, to tell Tom that he had seen me standing alone against three ministers.

"Two of them are wrong, and know that they are wrong," said Bill, and continued by saying; ***"that this was ministerial solidarity."***

Bill asked the Lord what He meant by this, and was told that it was like trade unionism; they have to be seen to stick together. The ones who knew that they were wrong had to back up their fellow clergyman, rather than go against him, and back me up in this obvious battle with Satan.

There were then some personal words for me from the Lord, just to let me know that God was with me, and was thinking about me.

The timing of this whole thing was so perfect. How could it be any other than God almighty?

When Tom got the message he rang Albert, who in turn came up to tell me in my shop.

Neither Tom nor Albert knew that Bill was seeing the situation in vision exactly as it was happening. How could any of them have known before hand about any of this? I only knew about it myself that morning as it was happening.

One moment I was so low that I wanted to die, the next, I was soaring through the heavens. If God be for us, WHO! Can be against us?

Albert had left me in my shop just about 10 minutes or so, when a lady friend of mine, Averil Richardson came into see me. She was rather distressed and nervous. Averil, who is now with Jesus, was the wife of Cecil who prayed with us during the night of the church mission. Averil said;

"Oh! John, I don't know how I am going to tell you this." She was shaking all over with nerves and crying. I put my arm around her shoulder and said;

"Don't be worrying, everything is going to be OK! What is the problem?" She replied;

"The Lord spoke to me this morning. He gave me these words; ""They are going to put you out of the Synagogue."" My reply of course was

"Oh! That is all right Averil, I already know. It just happened about half an hour ago." Averil shook and trembled all the more, as she said;

"Oh no!" I assured her that it was really O.K, and told her the story of Bill's vision. There is a spiritual realm that is real, which very few enter into it, yet it is there, and is available to us all. God has no favourites.

I only thank God for guiding and leading me to people who walk in this realm. Yes I did ask to be among the swimmers and divers, and not only to be in the paddling pool, I knew there was more to be had in the deep waters, and I also know that there is much, much more still available, many don't know, so therefore don't seek.

"Seek and you will find. Ask and it will be given unto you."

A VERY LATE VISIT

One evening at around 11.45pm one of the ministers came knocking at my door. When I opened the door to him I could see immediately that he was in a very distressed state. As I stood back and welcomed him in, he said that he hoped that it wasn't too late for him to call, explaining that he had driven past my house to see if the lights were still on.

He said that he was very much concerned about me, and could not settle until he came to see how I was doing.

As he sat down my reply to him left him in total shock, bringing him to tears. I said.

"I know how you have been feeling. You haven't slept one hour for the last three days and nights worrying about me. I am fine, now you must stop worrying about me; you must get over this problem and believe that God is in it all." His shocked reply to me, in a rather shaken voice was;

"How did you know that I had not slept for these last three days?"

I explained to him that my friend Bill Turner had been on the telephone to me and had told me that the Lord had several times shown him to Bill in vision, and said that he was a good man, and was not to be confronted over this issue. I was also able to tell him that God had no condemnation towards him, and that He understood how difficult this incident was for him to deal with. I could also tell him that The Lord said that He was well pleased with his kindness and concern towards me. We were able to pray together and embrace each other in brotherly love. He went home a much different person to the one that had arrived about one hour previously.

AN AMAZING MEETING

On the same Saturday morning; At the same time that Bill was getting the vision, and Averil was hearing from God about me; and while I was being put out of church; a man called Roy Collins was also being given a message from God.

Roy was in Wales with his wife Ann where he had been taking some meetings, he had just been dropped off at a bus station by the folks who he was staying with, so as to travel to his next place of meetings, which I

believe, was Nottingham. His friends had no sooner driven off, when Roy told Ann that the Lord had just spoken to him and told him that he was to go to Ireland; that he had a meeting to take there.

Ann was Roy's second wife and was much younger, I would guess, by about twenty years. Roy's first wife had died quite a few years before. Roy was in his seventies, but an extremely fresh man for his years.

Ann asked if Roy had been to Ireland before, he hadn't, so she then questioned;
"How will you know where you are to go to?"

Roy said that he did not know, but that he would wait at the bus station for a while to allow his friends who had just brought him to the bus station to get home. He would then ring them to see if they had a contact in Ireland to ring, and then he would take it from there.

When he rang his friends they looked up telephone numbers on the back of a magazine called, "Voice," which is a testimony booklet published by the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

The number they chose in Ireland was my friend, Tom Somerville's home; they explained what the story was about.

After Tom heard the story, he agreed to look after Roy and Ann, and arrangements were made for Tom to pick them up at the docks that evening.

I don't remember this date, but it was a Saturday morning. That Saturday evening, Tom and Jean collected Roy and Ann from the Docks and brought them to their home. They were very tired by now, so they retired to bed early. (Tom, you will remember was the person Bill rang with the vision that he had seen).

It was Lunch Time on Sunday before Tom and Jean really got down to finding out anything about Roy and Anne as they had slept late. Tom found Roy's story to be extraordinary, and knowing what had just happened to me it became very evident to Tom and Jean that the meeting Roy was to take was to be in my home on the Monday night.

Roy and Ann were itinerant preachers from New Zealand.

NO CHURCH TO GO TO

Meanwhile, my Sunday morning was very strange. I had no church to go to now and did not know where to go, so Esmé, my boys and myself had a time with Jesus at home in our living room.

The telephone rang at around 2.00 p.m. It was Tom asking if I could come over to his house, that he had two very interesting people that I had to meet, who were going to take my meeting next evening at my home. Roy had been asked during his lifetime to leave two churches by the clergy. His son, who was a Boy's Brigade Captain in New Zealand, had been put out of a church for teaching his boys about the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues and other Pentecostal things.

So here was a man from the other side of the world you may say, who was sent to take a meeting in Ireland. Roy thought that he was going to be speaking in a big hall or church, but instead it was a house meeting, just to encourage a younger brother who was going through a rough patch.

Now this is God! He sent one who knew only too well what I was going through having had the same problem himself twice. He left Ireland on Tuesday so that he could be in time for his arranged meeting on Wednesday night in Nottingham. He only took the one and only meeting in Ireland. The meeting that evening seemed to have more people attending than usual. This wasn't because they knew about what had happened to me. There had been no time to tell people. Many of the people on this evening were there for the first time and unknown to me.

God spoke personally to me that night through Roy and also through the gift of tongues and interpretation. There came a message spoken in the gift of other tongues followed by the interpretation. The lady who gave the interpretation of the tongue could not, or did not know the terrible trial that I had just gone through for as I have told you, it had only happened that weekend, yet she spoke right into the details of my situation. Of course as it was my practise then, I recorded it all.

The message was "**My son,**" not my children, my flock, my lambs or anything like that. What a mind-blowing shock it was to me on that night. Just to think that once again, Almighty God had chosen to speak directly to me in such a way and cal me His son.

The prophecy was given, that in three years I would be asked back into fellowship.

As this meeting continued we had a wonderful, Acts Chapter Two, visitation of the Holy Ghost.

Most of us had never seen or even heard of such things still happening today, we scarcely understood what was going on, but one thing for sure; we knew that it was all of God. Most people were drunk in the Spirit, some crying, some laughing, singing, praying in English, singing in English new songs never heard before. Singing in tongues and praying in tongues. Everywhere Jesus was being worshipped, adored and praised. Bodies were lying all over the house, one had to step over them very carefully, and some were crawling back onto their chair only to fall off it again, as they appeared to be extremely drunk. I don't know what time it was when this meeting ended, but I do remember that some had to be carried between two people to their cars.

Drunk with the NEW WINE of The Holy Ghost!

TRIP TO ISRAEL

Some of the folk from the fellowship were making plans for a visit to Israel. They had asked Esmé and me if we would like to join with them. Of course we thanked them for asking us, but said;

"*Perhaps sometime, but not right now.*" They were not to know that on most weeks, after we had paid the shop rent and the wages to our one employee that we had scarcely anything left to put some bread on the

table. This was how it now was with us. Long gone were the days when we had no such problems. We had at one time thirteen workers, including part-timers, now it was a struggle to pay one.

One evening I received a phone call from, Tom Somerville, which went something like this.

"What about you and Esmé coming to Israel with us, would you not like to come with us."

"Yes I would but just not right now. Since I was a boy I have wanted to go to the Holy Lands," I replied. The questioning continued;

"Is it possible for you to get away from the shop so that you could go."

"It would not be a problem to close up shop during the time you are going. I'm not very busy, and July is usually quiet anyhow," was my reply. (The second and third weeks in July are almost like general holidays in Northern Ireland. This period is the main, so-called marching season).

"That is all I wanted to know," said Tom, *"Just to find out if you would like to go and if you could go; you are coming with us, there are two tickers already paid for you."* I have never known who it was that paid for this trip. It may have been a whip round from people in the fellowship, or it might have been only the people who were going on the trip.

Somehow I believe that it was Tom and Jean themselves who paid for it.

I have never said this before to anyone except Esmé. I can do this now only because Tom is now in the presence of Jesus. I never wanted to embarrass him by making my thoughts known to anyone. **Tom is having his reward now.**

All we had to do was to get some spending money. This was easier said than done, when one is having difficulty in putting bread on the table for our family to exist. We did manage however to gather up what we could, thinking that we had enough, though the poorest person there had probably twice as much cash as we had.

I will give you an instance how God does things, or uses situations sometimes, just to help His children. There was an election going on in Israel while we were there. It was 1983, the results of the election were going to be close, and things were a bit tense. They take elections very seriously in Israel, as you probably know.

Esmé was up very early, as is her usual practise; she is a morning person, and had gone down to a money exchange place to get some cash changed into Shekels. She got almost treble the usual rate that morning. The Shekel had been devalued over night due to the election problems. When she came back to tell everyone, they all dashed out to get in on the deal, but when they got there every bank and money exchange had closed up shop. So our Shekel became the only source of cash for the next few days.

We, who were by far the poorest there, were now the bankers. Practically everyone on the trip had needed to change their money but could not get anywhere opened to do it so they all had to borrow from us. When the exchanges opened up again everyone had to pay us back so this kept us going for quite a few extra days as our money had been tripled.

We were staying for most of the time in the home of Bert and Pam Singer, Messianic Jews, who live in Haifa, and then we moved to Jerusalem to St George's Hospice.

On the day that we went to the Garden Tomb, which is an area when excavated, revealed a garden and also a grave, which strangely, did not have any bones in it. The Garden Tomb is just below some rocks, which look like a skull. An English General called Gordon when looking out from his window noticed this skull like rocks and began to dig there. Someone later continued to dig and found this place, which many believe, including myself, to be the real burial place of Jesus. This area is known as Gordon's Calvary. My inquiring mind was getting the better of me as I began to think that it was possible that up there at the top of these rocks was the place of crucifixion. I got two young men of our group to give me a leg up so that I could go up and have a nosey (look) around. I had got as far as standing on the young men's shoulders and was endeavouring to get a good handgrip and toe hole so as to lever up a bit more when I almost vibrated inside with the roar that came from Bert. He yelled;

"Get down off there Jan," he seemed to have a problem saying John. *"Do you want shot dead?"* I couldn't really understand what all the fuss was about, so I asked what was the problem, Bert explained that up there was an Arab area, and he just walked off to speak to someone else. I thought,

"So what? How am I going to give any Arab a problem that would cause them to want to shoot me?"

I suppose living in Northern Ireland can cause one to be immune to such threats, as we have lived with this type of thing for most of our lives. I went everywhere and anywhere in Ireland without any fear, why be any different here? Surely God is in charge anyhow I thought.

I could not really understand what all the fuss was about.

Inquiring minded people are not easily put off. I think they are a bit stubborn, I certainly am. If I want to find out about something I am going to do it. It's no use someone just telling you something when you can find out for sure yourself.

Take Salvation for instance, someone just telling you about it is no good, you have to find out for yourself if it's really true, just hearing and doing nothing about it is no good, how will we ever know if it's real.

These type of people are to me like those who like to sit about in cafes drinking coffee, or lying around in the sun, who go looking at shops without having any intention to buy, without having any need of anything.

I am rather odd in this respect. On this holiday it was no different. While everyone else pursued these pleasures that I find to be a total bore and waste of time, I went on explorations alone. I like to be alone when I do this. I can allow my mind to wander, to go back in time, to see what it once was like, to imagine what it is

going to be in the future. My idea of shopping is that if you need something then go and get it. Usually the first, or definitely no more than the second pair of shoes that I try on does me; it's the same with clothes. Just the hassle of putting on and taking off loads of garments to probably end up with the first one, makes me go mental. I don't often go shopping with Esmé. I would honestly crack up if I were to do this often.

As I watch folk, mostly ladies, picking up, say a packet of mushrooms and inspecting them, looking over every single mushroom and then down it goes, they lift another, down it goes, after about six goes they probably go back to the very first one they lifted.

When I see them doing this with eggs, I almost explode, for goodness sake, an egg is an egg. Esmé is no different. We would definitely not be still married today if I had to go shopping with her every week. When I have gone shopping for food it has usually been for a Boy's Brigade Camp. Two boys and myself with a shopping list, and in a half hour later we are out with enough food to feed 25 boys for the next few days.

I have a reason for telling you this, which you will find out later. Yes, I usually clear off from shopping trips.

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

One day I went off on my own exploring, I counted the footsteps it took me to walk up the Shehem or Nablus Road from the main road opposite the Damascus Gate to the turn off on the right which leads to the small street, that leads up to the entrance to the Garden Tomb. I then came back down to the main road, which is called Sultan Suleiman, named after a great Arab warrior and leader, turning left from the main road and the Damascus Gate on my right. Continuing into the next street left, which is Salah Ed Din, which is opposite Herod's Gate, I began counting the same number of steps that I had taken before.

When I reached the same number I found on my left that there was a very large and high double gate, which was barred and locked and which led up a hill to a graveyard. This I took to be the hill known as Calvary and which led to the top of the rock known as the skull.

Now, more than anything, I wanted to go up there. I stood and looked up into the graveyard.

There was an Arab man sitting on a chair with a table in front of him, he was about 15 to 20 yards up the hill from me. There was some kind of building behind him, which looked like a place for toilets and possibly to make tea and have a wash. I motioned to him that I would like to speak to him. He just glared back and did not move, I waited, still he did not move. Why would he be so ignorant I thought? Then I took a look at myself. I was sandy haired, going bald, red skin, [not brown], a stupid sun hat, and camera around my neck, wearing sunglasses and shorts. Well I hardly wanted to pay my respects to great uncle Allie, did I? No wonder he ignored me. Off I went, very disappointed.

Next day, guess what? I'm back again; everyone else was as usual drinking coffee, sunning themselves, going back round the same shops that they looked at yesterday, just to see if they were still there, I think. They never ever bought anything so what else could they be doing?

I'm back because I thought that it might be that when I was there yesterday it had been a prayer time, and therefore the graveyard was closed and I was disrupting their prayers. Surely this must have been the reason for the man glaring at me and not coming down, no wonder he was angry as I was annoying and disturbing his Holy time. I was one hour earlier than yesterday so it should be O.K. today.

I arrived at the gate; I didn't have to count today. My dress was exactly the same as yesterday. The same man was there; well he looks the same, but they all do when they wear the shawl over their faces and heads. Maybe he is a different man, so I stood, looking through the bars, trying to put on a friendly innocent face, I made a tentative wave to him as he glared back.

This time I think he glared right through me to the other side of the street. I gingerly moved away.

"What is wrong with these people?" I thought.

Back to the Garden Tomb I went; just to check my bearings, to see for sure that this was the same graveyard. My conclusion, as I looked down to the Arab Bus Station from the Garden Tomb, was that the only way up to the top of the skull, was through the graveyard, which was indeed the same one. If only I could get an aerial viewpoint of this, I would know for sure, but that was not going to happen, so I would just have to find out the hard way. So I thought I'll try again tomorrow, and I did.

Still dressed the same way, different shirt perhaps, and possibly different shorts, but everything else was the same, except that I was most likely a bit more red in the face, caused by the sun.

This time I was not as brave, and was slightly embarrassed so I approached from the other side of the street. As I got level with the gates a very well dressed gentleman and younger man came out and were closing the gates behind them, they were dressed in suits with ties, and looked very smart. At least today the gates are not locked.

I staggered and dodged through the traffic and running after the gentleman said;

"Excuse me sir, do you speak English?"

"Yes I do," he said.

"I saw you just come out of the cemetery do you think it is possible for me to go in there?" I didn't want to call it a graveyard; cemetery is more proper, I thought.

He said in wonderful English;

"I don't see why not, as you have seen, we have just come out. There is no one there to say you can't, so I'm sure that it is O.K."

He was right, I had noticed, that the chair and table was there, but no man. I said;

"Thank you so much sir."

"*You are welcome,*" was his reply, and with a warm smile.

This was better, so here goes; I put my arm through the rails of the gate, and very easily I edged the bar across, not wanting to make any sound, and opened the gate. I entered and closed the gate behind me, bolted the bar, and off I went up the hill of the graveyard.

No one had seen me so far. I confess it did not feel good at all; the hairs on the back of my neck were having a dance with themselves. I was greatly relieved to be able to get over the top and out of sight. The graves had two headstones I noticed, and wondered why, (I later heard that they believe by doing this the devil will be confused by not knowing which end the head is at, and therefore will not know where the soul is at, so he won't be able to take it. I'm not too sure about this).

The ground was very rough up here, dried up soil, wind bushes, and clumps of long dried straw grass, not well kept or looked after. I went over to the edge of the hill, I could see remains of the old city wall, and further over the present wall. As I walked around I looked for signs of a possible crucifixion place, scraping my feet from side to side hoping to unearth some evidence.

Over to the top of the skull I went. There was that grave, with the rails around it that can be seen clearly when one looks up to the skull from below. No doubt this was, and is the place, I thought it was without doubt outside the city walls; as the old hymn says;

"There is a green hill far away outside the City walls."

The signs here show that there has not been a blade of grass for thousands of years around here. Then I remembered that David when a shepherd boy had killed bears and lions. This land of Israel must have been a most beautiful place when the evening and morning dew and rains fell daily; when God's blessing was fully upon it. There would be grass and vegetation, pools of water, animals of all kind would abound; now they have moved up north to where they can survive.

I tried to imagine what this scene would have been like on that terrible yet wonderful day, which has given us such freedom. What a wonder it all is. The earth darkened, the people mocking, the soldiers, the crosses. I wondered were there more than three crosses, knowing that the Romans had been doing crucifixions for some time. In my mind I could hear through the darkness Mary's wailing cry, weakened now by hours of anguish and grief, as those around tried to bring her comfort. I stayed for what must have been an hour at least.

Then I could take no more. I had to get down. Was this the real place? I knew not, but I had to get down.

As I came down one of the Arab Grave attendants spotted me, he began to yell, I don't know if it was me who he was yelling at or if he was calling out for someone else. I continued to walk at the same steady pace. Two more Arabs came running to the man. They are all shouting and yelling; looking at me in such a vicious way, and with their fists waving in the air. They came up the hill towards me, approaching from my right; they are now about 30 yards away and coming fast.

Should I run for it? I'm a fast runner, but I might have a problem getting the gate opened.

What if it's locked? No I'll just continue to walk, stay calm, after all what have I done?

A horrible thought came to my mind just then which sent a cold shiver of fear right through me; it was this;

"These people are fanatical; no one knows or has any idea where I am." (I had not told anyone about these escapades for fear that Bert would find out and stop me). *"They could chop me up in pieces and would have the means right here to get rid of the bits of me, so that no one would ever know."* I don't know why, but a terrible fear came upon me. *"What a good place to die,"* I thought, trying to help matters, but still the fear rose.

I had faced death before without fear, why not now I do not know. They were beside me now, one behind and one to each side. I grabbed my camera strap tightly getting ready to swing when the first blow fell. Fists were shaken in my face, spits followed; still I calmly walked towards the gate.

"If I get down close to the gate people would see if anything was done to me. If I get down there I will be safe." They were tugging and pushing a bit; *"it was going to happen now."* They were shouting! Yelling! What are they saying, I don't know?

I began to speak in the gift of tongues; in a normal volume to begin with; then I got louder, and louder, until I was almost yelling as loud as them.

They stopped yelling. Did they understand what I was saying, or was it that they were trying to understand and couldn't? Was it because of my yelling and still calm walk that they were in shock? Am I speaking to them in their own language? They became silent and had backed off from me.

What had happened, I have no way of telling. I made it to the gate, they were still right there beside me but silent. I was quietly now speaking in tongues; they seemed to be listening. I slid the bar across, opened the gate, got out, closed the gate, put my arm through the rails, (I felt dodgy doing this), and slid the bar across. All this time they remained silent, and strangely, made no attempt to help me in any way to close either the gate or bar. I walked up the street for a bit, and stood with my back leaning against the wall, and shook, and shook, for about 10 minutes or more.

THE GOLDEN GATE

On the last day of this holiday we had been told that the next day would be the date of the elections and that all the planes and air space would be used up by Jews flying in from near and far to vote. We were to fly out

the next morning, but everyone was telling us that the Jews would certainly get first choice of air space and that it would be very unlikely that we would get our flights on time. They were saying that after the Jewish people had done their voting they would get first preference on air space to enable them to fly back home again, and because of this, we might have to stay for a few extra days. I was quite worried by this, because Esmé and I had very little cash left and when we would get home there would be no wages waiting for us, as the shop had been closed. What little cash we had for the two of us would not even cover for one more night's board, yet arrangements were being made so that we could stay two or more nights.

I thought of sleeping out somewhere, after all Jesus had done this hadn't He? I had wanted to sleep out some night up in the Mount of Olives, but no one else thought this to be a very good idea; even the younger folk that were in our party.

Now I might be able to do this without causing any embarrassment, because everyone already knew that I had wanted to do it. Then I would think how could I do this, surely no one would let me, they would kick up such a fuss, even though I quite liked the idea of it?

They would lend us the money for sure to stay on, but then we would have the embarrassment of having to pay it back in dribs and drabs after we got home.

Now you can see how God had looked after us by increasing our money earlier.

That final day everyone went shopping in the old city streets; this time they really wanted to buy. Very soon I became frustrated but did not wish to appear unsociable so I stayed on until one of the ladies was choosing some material or it may have been a skirt, and was asking,

"What do you think of this?" Comments were made that went something like this.

"I think you suit that one better," only to have the reply,

"Well I like this one better."

My goodness, I thought, why did she ask in the first place for an opinion when she had her mind made up which one it was that she wanted?

This was only the first ten minutes; how can I stick this I thought? I had no reason or desire to be here, I was going to snap, I knew I had to get away, I would only say something that might ruin good relationships. All I had in my pocket was a few Shekels I might just about be able to buy an ice cream so what was I doing here anyhow? Esmé and I were not going to be buying anything, this was only hassle and torture for me, and we had got our few presents to bring home to our boys and parents anyhow.

I made my excuses, explaining how much shopping irritated me, and cleared off. Down I went to the Wailing Wall or Western Wall as it is called, this is heaven I thought. Free from those stuffy shopping streets, this is my pleasure, certainly not looking at shops. Observing these amazing people in their prayer shawls, black hats and coats, ringlets to the side, the father with his boy upon his shoulders as he danced around and around in celebration that his boy had become a man. He had managed to have his hearts desire answered which was to have his boy get his Barmitsva in Israel; it was worth all his years of scrimping and saving just for to have this moment. I knew that many Jewish fathers would save every penny so that their boy could have his Barmitsva in Jerusalem and they would travel for days just to do this one thing.

The shawl tassels were swinging around as the father spun this way then that way. The ladies were making that wonderful high-pitched noise of celebration and joy with their tongues and top lip and throwing handfuls of sweets all over the men as an offering of thanks.

I gathered some up myself. Well why not. Wouldn't you?

Then there was the old man dressed in traditional costume and blowing the ram's horn. I stood amongst them soaking up all this joy and excitement. I watched the row of men praying fervently, rocking back and forth as they faced the wall. I prayed;

"Father God, surely You can't be turning a blind eye to these men. Surely you can't blame them for not believing in Jesus, they are so much bound and steeped in the traditions of their fathers. Surely they don't know any better. Surely You must be listening to them, just as I know You are listening to me now because of your son Jesus, and through Him. How can You not be listening?" Tears were welling up in my eyes.

A very young boy came right past me, about 8 years old I would think, his beautiful black shinning and vibrant hair, huge brown eyes that ladies would die for, the little cap upon his head, shoes shinning that one could almost see themselves in. He was such a lovely little boy, I observed him as he went to the wall; he began to pray, to rock, to speak to God. I prayed again;

"Father how can You not be listening to that little boy, what else can he know if he has not been told, he might never know the truth about Jesus until He comes again."

The boy finished, tears now ran down my face, no one noticed, there was too much going on here for anyone to notice, and anyhow I didn't care. Just as the little boy got to my side; I mean right beside me, he could not have been closer; he stopped, and he shot up a little finger to the side of his face and said;

"Oh!" He turned back to the wall to tell his heavenly Abba something more; something which he had forgotten to tell before.

As tears now poured more profusely down my cheeks than before, the words came to me,
"For I have blinded their eyes and deafened their ears until the time of the Gentiles are fulfilled."
Lk.21v24. Rom.11v7,11,12,25. I knew it! How can they be guilty when Father God Himself has caused them not to be able to see or hear until a certain time, when He will remove the blindfolds and earplugs?

How good our God is!

My escape from shopping continued as I journeyed up to the Dome of the Rock, my object being to get down to the Golden Gate. Before, when I had tried, I had others with me and could not get down, but I

thought that I would have a better chance to succeed this time, being by myself.

As I drew near to the steps that lead down to the Golden Gate, an Arab appeared as if from nowhere, and without saying a word he just stopped in front of me and stared me in the face, looking at me threateningly. I looked harshly back at him; at least enough to let him know that I detest ignorance and ignorant people. I turned; walked a few steps; and turned again to go in the direction that led down the steps; sharply he was in front of me again; still without speaking, and with a much more stern and threatening look upon his face. Very quickly two more men who came around me also joined him. No one spoke.

"Why do they behave like this, I suppose they don't know why themselves", I thought. So I turned and left the area, forgiving them as I went on my way, thinking that in their ignorance they knew no better.

You will have realised by now that I can indeed be very stubborn, and will not be put off something easily. I had set off on this day with the purpose in mind that I would go to the Golden Gate, and to the Golden Gate I would go, by hook or by crook.

This leads me to my very favourite story. I never will tire of telling it, and I will always relive the event, as if it were happening again to day. I can never tell it without emotion, joy and amazement of God's great love for us all.

THE GREAT LITTLE SALESMAN

Leaving Mount Moriah; the Temple Mount; or the Dome of the Rock; depending on what you want to call it, I journeyed down and passed by Robinson's Arch and out through the Dung Gate continuing on to the main Haphel Road, which runs along the Kidron Valley and leads to the Jericho Road. On the right lies the Jewish Cemeteries, Absalom's Pillar, and further along the Church of All Nations, and the Garden of Gethsemane, all of which are upon the Mount of Olives.

As I journeyed along, I began to pray in tongues. I rounded the corner of the City Wall on my left, on top of which is the Dome of the Rock, and journeyed along that straight part of road on which the Golden Gate is. I was met by this young boy of about 11 years old who began to try to sell me some old coins and old oil lamps. I asked him where he got these from, so he explained excitedly, and by putting his full enthusiasm and energy into his sales pitch he explained to me that he would dig all around this area some days after he got home from school and find them there. He pointed to the area around the Tombs of Zechariah and the Tombs of Absalom and Jehoshaphat, telling me that at one time this would have been a very busy place because of the Temple, which once stood up there, pointing.

He was quite right; Josephus tells us that during the time of Jesus, all around that area and right up into the Mount of Olives that it was covered with booths of dealers selling doves, pigeons, goats, and sheep. Dealers were changing money from one area to their area; the poor people then had to change this money again into the Temple currency. Josephus tells us that cousins, brothers, uncles and other family members of the High Priests ran all these businesses. In other words it seems that you could not have a business anywhere around here unless you were in the know, so to speak; you would have had to have a Priest in the family. The top positions of business were of course right in the Temple area itself. Is it any wonder why Jesus overturned the tables of these corrupt people? He called them thieves and robbers. What else could the poor people do, where else could they purchase these things? For they could only be bought in the Temple currency. What a racket!

This young boy was not to know that I knew anything about all of this. It was so interesting to hear his enthusiastic explanation of history. I did not say that I knew any of this. He continued to try and impress me by his friendliness so that I might buy from him. His cute little dimples showing at the sides of his mouth when he smiled, which seemed to be all the time. I remember thinking that if I had this little boy back home in Portadown as a salesman in my shop; I would be on a winner. When he smiled his eyes lit up to match his face, his teeth looked as if they had been bleached white. He was an extremely handsome young man who would break many a young lady's heart; but it was this charm that oozed from the boy that was most appealing. I was wishing that I had enough cash so as to reward him, by purchasing even some small article from his goods. Not that I really wanted them, but just because of his effort and friendliness. He was such a charming lovely boy. I had never met such a young man as this before and I had been working with boys and young men all my life. Was he Jewish? Was he Arab? I did not know, nor did I care, but suspected that he must be an Arab. He was just a sweet and very well mannered boy. I asked him:

"What has been the very best week's business that you have ever had?" He did not seem to understand, so I put it another way. *"What is the highest amount of money that you have ever earned in one week?"*

"Eight dollar," he replied, not pronouncing the s.

"Eight dollars, is that good?" I questioned.

"Oh yes!" was the reply. I explained to the boy that I would really love to purchase some of his goods and would do so except that I had no money, and demonstrating to him that I was telling him the truth, I showed him my few coins, and pulled my pockets inside out. He had a great laugh at that, I'm sure he thought that I was crazy and had probably never seen anyone pulling their pockets inside out before.

Even though he now knew that he was not going to get a sale from me he still continued his warm and friendly chat as before. He was a right proper little gentleman I can tell you.

I thought of the story where not too far up the road Peter and John met a lame man from birth, who was asking for money. Had they had money they would have given him some I'm sure, but they hadn't any. Compassion must have risen in their hearts towards this man, as it was doing in me now towards this boy.

They wanted to give him something just as I did now. So Peter said;

"Silver and Gold have I none; but such as I have, give I to thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk," and he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. I told the boy;

"There is something that I would like to do for you if you would let me, and that is to pray for you." He said;

"O.K!" So I began to pray, I cannot remember it all, except that great power came upon me as I did so, and I know for sure that the boy felt it too. Placing my right hand upon his head I prayed something like this, but I'm sure it was much better on the day whenever the anointing of the Holy Spirit was upon me:

"Father God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, so as to prove to this young man that Yeshua (Jesus) is the Messiah of the Jews and your son. To prove to this young man that he too can speak to You just the same as Father Abraham did, but through Yeshua; and in your name, Jesus I ask our Father that You will give to him this day a real blessing upon his business to prove that this is true. Please do this to show this young man beyond all doubt, Amen." I left him, and continued on my journey.

I must tell you that this is a very busy road; Cars, Lorries and Buses are continually going in both directions. It is also a very noisy and dusty road, certainly not a nice quiet, private place to do business with God.

So once again, here I am entering an Arab cemetery, this time there are no gates, no obstacles, but wait, what is this? Out of nowhere, young men were heading towards me at great speed upon mountain bikes; the path through the cemetery is only wide enough for one person. As they drew near they were yelling to one another. I had to jump off the track and into some very rough areas around the graves. After 3 or 4 attacks, I got the picture; I should not be here; this was their territory and they were going to protect it. Continuing on regardless of them, I questioned in my mind why it was that the Jewish people allowed one to come and join with them even into some of their most holy places, yet the Arabs behaved in such a way. I knew that the Muslims had bricked up the Golden Gate, so that the Jewish Messiah could not enter through here as it is predicted that He will do. Then it dawned upon me that this was the reason why the Muslims had also made this place into a graveyard because the Jews are not permitted to walk over desecrated ground. How little do they know of Jesus and His resurrection power when they think that this will keep Him out?

As I stood with my back to the bricked up Golden Gate I gazed up to the Mount of Olives. In my mind I could see it much greener than now; with many, many, more olive trees, the buildings were all gone, over there was the quiet grove like garden area that Jesus had laid down his troubled head and slept; a stone for his pillow. His dreams were full of events; people and places where he would go the next day would have come before Him; as he awakened still the pictures of what lay ahead were fixed clearly in his mind and just as His Father had instructed and shown Him during the night. As He awoke the instruction would continue as He now began to see in vision his dreams of the night before becoming confirmed.

Do you think I'm mad suggesting this? What does this mean then?

"MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING, O LORD; IN THE MORNING WILL I DIRECT MY PRAYER UNTO THEE AND LOOK UP." Ps.5v3.

This would be His early morning communication with Father, and Father would communicate with him back.

"THE LORD HATH GIVEN ME THE TONGUE OF THE LEARNED, THAT I SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SPEAK A WORD IN SEASON TO HIM THAT IS WEARY: HE WAKENETH MORNING BY MORNING, HE WAKENETH MINE EAR TO HEAR AS THE LEARNED. THE LORD GOD HAS OPENED MINE EAR, AND I WAS NOT REBELLIOUS, NEITHER TURNED AWAY MY BACK." Isaiah.50v4,5.

This is exactly how God the Father would have revealed Nathanael to Jesus before He met him, as it is recorded in John.1v47,48.

"JESUS SAW NATHANAEL COMING TO HIM AND SAITH OF HIM, "BEHOLD AN ISRAELITE INDEED IN WHOM IS NO GUILE!" NATHANAEL SAITH UNTO HIM, "WHENCE KNOWEST THOU ME?" JESUS ANSWERED AND SAITH UNTO HIM, "BEFORE THAT PHILIP CALLED THEE, WHEN THOU WAS UNDER THE FIG TREE, I SAW THEE."

I could see clearly in my mind that terrible night, when all alone, and in great heartbreaking anguish that none of us could ever know; when His very brow sweated great drops of blood.

The soldiers came, approaching from bush to bush, silently they came, so as to have the surprise attack; Judas up ahead. That sickening kiss on the cheek. The mighty swoosh of power that came as Angels knocked down to the ground all the Priesthood and followers, and all of the **600 plus soldiers**, everyone of them at least six feet tall, falling on their backs so as to prove and fulfil the Prophecy that Jesus would go; *"as a lamb to the slaughter."* Isaiah.53v7.

THEY COULD NOT HAVE TAKEN HIM, IF GOD THE FATHER HAD NOT PERMITTED IT. John.18v6.

(The word for "band" (of men) in John.18v3. in Greek is "SPEIRA", which means a military cohort of 600 men. Verse 12 says that these men also were accompanied by the Captain and Officers of the Chief Priests. The word Captain in Greek is "CHILIARCHOS", which means he was in charge in total of 1,000 men. Six of these would have made up a legion.)

My mind continued to take in the scenes that once happened, and I thought of the ones that are going to happen here again.

(It is amazing how we can allow our imagination to create scenes, that can actually be seen in the mind).

I watched Jesus giving his last instruction, just before He departed up to Heaven and then reaching out His hands to His now eleven disciples as he blessed them. Then He began to rise before their eyes, up into the sky and out of their vision into heaven.

Suddenly there appeared two men (Angels) dressed in white and explaining;
"As you see him go up one day he will in the same way return." Acts.1v9 to 12.

I could then see Him returning to this very spot; the sky above opened more and more revealing all around the heavenly choirs of Angels and Saints. As far as could be seen, they covered the sky. Turning to each side they could be seen, right above my head they could be seen and although I couldn't see behind me I knew that they were there also and covering the whole face of the earth.

The brightness became so wonderful, so great, yet it was easy to the eyes. The sun could no longer be seen; this great brightness was so bright that it seemed that the sun had disappeared out of sight. Is.24v23. No shadows could be seen upon the ground the brightness was all around and not coming from one spot.

The singing! Oh the singing! Continuous notes and chords, harmony that is indescribable, part on top of part, like several different anthems being sung at one time yet blending in the sweetest, purest melody.

Jesus was coming slowly down amidst all this splendour. As His feet touch the Mount of Olives a tremendous loud crack could be heard above the thunderous sound as the very mountain before me begins to crack in two.

Water pours out, slowly at first; then in great rushing torrents it came, making a tremendous roar, as this life giving refreshing water cleansed the once sewer pit of the Kidron Valley continuing along into the Dead Sea and on to the Mediterranean Sea. (Zechariah.14v4-8).

For about an hour I stood there, my back to the bricked up gate. During this time no one came near me. I experienced such wonderful peace. It was strange but I could no longer hear the traffic below me, it could be seen, could be heard, but I was neither seeing nor hearing them. It was as if the whole scene was still there before me, it was right there now. How can I explain? I simply can't.

As I began to become aware again of my surroundings I wondered:

"Did I just have a vision?" My journey back out of the graveyard or cemetery was uneventful, no one appeared at all. I crossed the road to the footpath on the other side, running and dodging between the vehicles on my way to return to the group.

I can't fully explain how I was feeling, it was as though I had just received electric shocks all over me, of course I have never received electric shocks all over to know exactly how that would feel, but this is how I felt. I was all tingly, and feeling like jelly, like having just awoke from a long, long, sleep. I was not fully awake, not fully in control.

ANSWERED PRAYER

It was then that I heard a noise through the traffic noises, it was coming from the little boy salesman, he was running towards me, his arms waving from side to side. He was calling to me. I could not hear what it was that he was saying. Was he in trouble? No, he seems to be smiling. Arms still waving, his knees coming up and down before him like pistons of an engine, what was he saying? Now I could hear better, faintly at first,

"Guess how much I sold?" Guess how much I sold?" Guess how much I sold?" He was coming closer. I shouted back;

"I don't know, how much did you sell?" Now he was quite close.

"Forty Dollar! Forty Dollar! Look! Look!" and as he came close he fanned it out before me. What a joy to see that face.

(I have had to stop writing just then. It always affects me like this when I get into this story and relive it again. I have just shuddered and cried, praising God for His goodness.)

God answered my prayer so soon; for me personally I believe, just as much as He did it to prove beyond a shadow of doubt to this lively young man that Yeshua is The Messiah, the Saviour, just as much for him, as He is for the Jews and all mankind.

I asked him what had happened. He told me that a short time after I had left him a car had pulled over to him and stopped to see what it was that he had for sale. He naturally tried to sell them his goods. They were American he said. When they looked at his goods, they offered to buy the lot for forty dollars. His best week ever had been eight dollars you remember.

Inside one hour he gets forty. I said to him;

"Now you believe in Jesus, don't you?"

"Yes! Yes!" was the reply. I prayed again that God's blessing, protection and guidance would be upon him.

As I walked away I thought, as I remembered that he was now financially richer than I was that the God who looked after that boy will surely look after me with my few shekels.

He had forty dollars, I still had my few shekels but who do you think was the richest man in the whole of Israel that day?

ME OF COURSE! - Anyone want to go shopping? - **DEFINITELY NOT ME!**

We got home the next day all right, and without seeing any signs of panic at all at the airport.

STRIKES

Some of the darkest days in Northern Ireland occurred during the so called, Workers Council Strikes. No one had any choice but to do as the mob rule directed. Looting businesses, commandeering cars, Lorries, Vans, anything that moved was taken burned and turned over on its side. Petrol stations were run by the mob; electricity was as well, though many would not agree with me. I am not political at all, never have been, and never will be, but sadly here in Northern Ireland, politics is always backed by religion. You know the stuff;

"God is on our side." What shameful blasphemy to say that God would want to burn people out of their homes and cause disasters for hospitals and people alike by cutting off their electricity and by holding the country to ransom. What is this religion based upon? One thing for sure it is not the Jesus way.

How some of the clergy can twist the teachings of Jesus which tell us clearly that we must love our enemies, bless those who curse us, do good to those who despitefully use us. Do unto others, as we would have them do unto us. Turn the cheek, go the extra mile, and on and on we can go with the teaching of Jesus. How can they expect to have the peace and the blessings of Jesus with such behaviour? There can surely be only one conclusion to all of this:

Religious - **Yes!** Christian - **No!**

DARK DAYS, "STRIKE OR ELSE!"

Well do I remember before I had my first heart attack and during a time when I was in a backslidden condition that I refused to close my shop or to fly the Union Flag because the mob said so. I have no problem flying my countries flag, but I will not fly it for the wrong reasons, like being intimidated to do it for wrong reasons. I love, like most do, what the Union Jack stands for, and this was not what it stands for. They thought it was though and that was Okay for them, in their opinion this was the way, but I thought differently. Who has the right to force anyone to believe what they do; this way will never succeed. Can you image God forcing everybody, even if he could, to follow all the laws and teachings of Jesus? Even if we knew them to be right and good for us we still would not want to have them forced upon us and against our own will. This is why we have a free choice.

I had these iron grills around the windows of my shop, as everyone had. Business people would take them off every morning and replace them every evening again. Every day during these strikes I would go to work and just stand there, the grills staying on and the door being closed of course. Occasionally the phone would ring, no not a customer, but some nice person threatening me with my life if I didn't get out. When I refused they reminded me where I lived, as if I had forgotten, and then they told me what would happen to my wife and kids if I didn't obey them. A very nice phone call indeed. I don't think! Several times each day this would happen. It would continue at home, often right through to the very early hours of the morning, and sometimes they would keep it up all night.

One day about six men came outside my windows, carrying a sign on top of a pole; I confess I never read it. I wouldn't even look at it. They rattled my iron grills by shaking them violently; and shaking their fists at me as well. The sad thing was this, that one or two of them carried under their arms their Bibles. One day I took it upon myself to ring around the homes of some of the shop owners who were taking no chances and staying at home. I then rang others who like me had closed themselves inside and who were in constant contact with the Police.

A meeting was arranged for us all to meet in the town centre in front of the church and the Police were informed that we would be doing this. The Police rang me at home about one hour before our meeting to inform me that there was going to be a counter meeting against us and for to stop us from having ours. They said that already the strike supporters had their lorry and amplification up and running at the place where we were to meet, somehow our plans had been leaked out. The police arranged for us to meet in the town's Central Markets and that they would have the side door opened. It was within most people's interest including the Police to try and bring this lawless strike to an end so they were giving as much help and support as they could. There was not time to ring around everyone again, so I rang a few and asked that they look for as many shopkeepers that they could see to tell them where we were meeting instead. When I arrived down town, a huge crowd had gathered filling the town centre; I walked in and out through them, looking for traders to tell them where we were meeting. I got pushed and shoved around a few times. It was a bit scary.

One woman grabbed me by my coat lapels and pushing me against the wall, and with anger in her voice she yelled;

"John Gates, I will never buy another penny's worth from you as long as I live."

As she did this the crowd around cheered for her, and booed for me.

The clergyman who was up on this lorry began this meeting by asking the hundreds of people in the centre of the town to bow their heads in prayer. So naturally I stopped walking around and stood there as a sign of respect to God while awaiting his prayer, but I did not bow my head, instead I looked about me, the minister prayed in a crying sort of way with a pleading and trembling voice that was full of pleadings. This was the way the prayer went:

"Oh Almighty Father God please help your people here in Ulster in our great time of trial and tribulation." It was a real tearjerker; mind you, I am sure he was very sincere and meant every word of it.

After the prayer was said, a list of jobs that were being permitted to be done was read out. Bread men will be allowed to work between the hours of? And to the hours of? Doctors, Nurses, Fireman and so on went the list. When it ended he finished by yelling at the top of his voice and with his fist in the air;

"As for any of the rest of them; you know what to do with them!" He was really telling these people to burn us out of our businesses. We had our meeting as planned. The shops all opened again and things died down. The strike had ended.

ANGELIC PROTECTION

Some years later another of these strikes was called. It was to be for one day only and the day would be a Saturday. On the Friday night before the strike I took my wife Esmé's hands in mine and prayed a prayer of agreement as we stood in the centre of the shop floor. We knew that there was going to be the usual looting and smashing, and that our street was going to be one of the places where the mobs would congregate. I had said to Esmé that as children of God we were entitled to our Father's protection. My prayer went something like this;

"Dear Father God we are coming to You through and in the name of Jesus asking for your heavenly protection around our shop. We ask You Father to place an Angel on guard there; and there; and there. Amen."

As I said, there; and there; and there, I placed my hand out and pointed to those places.

Saturday was just as we had expected it to be, the crowds went mad, and our town made headline news throughout the world. My friends in Israel told us later that it made it onto their news. I went to church on the following Sunday morning, I am now back attending a Methodist church, occasionally mind you, not the one that I was put of, but the main Methodist church in town. A lady, Mrs Pepper, came and sat beside me. She said to me;

"Would you not need to go down to your shop and put some wood over your broken windows."

"It can't be my shop that has broken windows," I replied.

"Oh yes it is, sure I'm just after walking past it. I'm surprised that the Police haven't been in touch with you about it." I was shattered.

"There is no God," I thought. *"It's all psychosomatic."* *"It's all in the mind! Emotion, that's what it is."* *"What a fool I have been."* On and on the torture went. I could not wait to get out of the church.

My shop is only 50 yards up the same street, but I never even went near it to have a look. I was angry, beaten, destroyed, I couldn't care about anything anymore and I just didn't want to know. All I wanted was to be left alone. I told Esmé what I had been told when I got home. I don't remember one word of what she said back to me. I was incapable of listening to anyone. I couldn't eat my dinner, not even one bite. I just sat and moped like a child. At around 3.00 p.m. I eventually got up from where I had been sitting since coming home, and in sheer rage and anger, I gathered up some nails, wood, hammer, and throwing them into my car off I went.

The town was a mess. All the street barriers were closed. The only way into town was past the Police check at the Police Station. I had to zigzag up the town and past all the obstacles that had been strewn about the street. Shop alarm systems were ringing all over the place, everywhere was smashed up. I came round to the street where my shop was. The street was full of debris and broken glass, the shops to the right of me had broken windows and to the left broken windows. Alarms were ringing.

I could see one of my shop window grills lying in the middle of the road. It was bent and curved as if a heavy vehicle had run over it. Another one of my grills was pulled off and was lying against the wall. These grills had been bolted on with heavy bolts and would not have been easily pulled off. I arrived outside my shop and looked at the scene.

Not one window was as much as even scratched.

I stumbled into my shop; stumbled, because I was incapable of walking. I fell upon my knees when inside the shop, with my face upon the floor, and sobbed shook and trembled, my body breaking with shame and guilt for doubting.

"Father I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please forgive me! How could I have ever doubted You after all the things that You have done for me. Can You forgive me? Will You forgive me?" Of course He had forgiven me even before I got out the first word, **but I couldn't, forgive myself.**

ALL IS REVEALED

Some weeks later I was out at the front of my shop brushing up the dirt on the pavement. A friend, Charlie Mahood, was coming down the street on his bicycle, he saw me, and so he came over. He told me that he had been in a particular Loyalist Estate and had met two men who had asked him if he knew me. Charlie said he did. Then they inquired,

"What goes on in that place?" Charlie told them what I worked at in the shop. *"O.K. we know all of that, but there is something strange going on in that place."*

"What do you mean," asked Charlie.

"That place is full of Spirits or Angels or something," was their answer. When Charlie had told me this, I then told him about my prayer of agreement with Esmé, asking God for His Angelic protection.

A few days later a very nice gentleman came into the shop. I was upstairs and was not aware of this part at all, so I have asked Esmé to give her story here as I may add or take away something and wish only to give a truthful account of this encounter. God does not require or need me to add on bits to make things seem to be more exciting. He is better than I could ever be anyhow, so it's over to Esmé.

"This gentleman came into the shop. There was no one else with me at the time. John was upstairs in the workshop along with one of our Engineers. The gentleman was very pleasant and spoke to me about how wonderful it was that we had all these recording machines which we can use to see some of God's men and women, instead of some of the rubbish that we have coming through our aerials. I said that it sure was. He then said to me that we had wonderful protection around our shop to which I replied;

"*Oh yes, we have indeed! I take it that you are speaking about our twenty four hour protection?"* He said;
"*I am of course. It's the very best there is. There is no possible better kind."*

"A lady came in to the shop and I began to deal with her as the gentleman had said that he was only having a look around; after a while, and as I was still dealing with the lady, the gentleman made his way over to the door, and said to me as he was going out;"

"*I'll call in some other day, and have another chat with you Sister. Goodbye for now"*

He had gone out the door whenever he put his head back in and said; "*By the way did you know that it all came out in the Courts?"*

I was not sure what it was that he was saying so I said; "*I beg your pardon?"*

"*It all came out the Courts about the guys seeing the Angels and running for their lives. Bye! Bye!"* and off he went."

End of narrative from Esmé.

A NEW WEDDING SUIT

The picture is often painted that once we become a Christian that everything will be great. If things go badly, then like Job's three "*friends*," people think that there must be some terrible sin in that person's life, or else some terrible curse is hanging over them. They say that we should all have plenty of money, have great jobs, drive great cars, never be sick, and certainly prosper in all that we do.

Well I want to tell you this teaching is all "Balderdash" (false nonsense).

It's easy to give you evidence to back up my strong words. In the Old Testament we find that this was exactly what was being said about Job, and we know that all the accusations against him were nonsense. Jesus also personally experienced sicknesses and grief. Is.53v3-5,10.

Are we to suggest by this Scripture that He only took sick with this sickness while He was on the cross and never knew any other sickness during His lifetime up until then? This is what I have been brought up to believe, but whenever you think of it, this cannot make any sense whatsoever. If He came in the flesh, then He must have had the usual childhood problems in growing up. He must have had the bump on the forehead, the cut knee, the splinter in His hand from the Carpenters shop, must have cried, ran to Mary for comfort, was bullied and tormented by play mates, and even despised because they couldn't rile Him.

I found as a young boy that the way to deal with bullies was to give them a good bashing, and then they would leave you alone. But if you didn't, then you were in for a torturous time from them. Can you really imagine that Jesus was never bullied, or that he never had any of the Childhood sicknesses such as Chickenpox, Measles, Mumps, Tonsillitis, Colds, Fevers, and so on? I think it would be ridiculous to believe that this was the case. One good point worth remembering was one that I remember Brother Bill saying which this was;

If Satan was able to say to God, that Job was only Holy because He was cocooned so that he could not get at him to tempt and test Him with sicknesses and other disastrous things, can you imagine how he would use this by accusing God that this was also the case with Jesus.

You never really allowed me to get at Him the way You did with Job. If only You had let me get the hold upon Him like You allowed me to do on Job He would not have been so holy, He would have failed.

We must understand that Jesus had to be the complete sacrifice, overcoming all that the Devil threw at Him? The Bible states that He was made exactly like us, and tempted and tried in every way like us, in order to be a perfect High Priest and Saviour. Heb.2v17,18. 4v12-16.

So he must have had the most horrendous trials and tests.

As for His wealth, well we know that He had none at all. Some Prosperity Preachers would say differently because they say that He wore a very expensive coat. I know a man who wears a very expensive ring that was given to him by a precious brother of his who wanted him to have it, but the man himself is very poor by most standards.

{ Those who say Jesus was financially rich should note 2Cor.8v9.

"For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sake He became poor, so that you through His poverty might become rich." In 2Cor.8v9., "poor," is the noun "ptocheuo," 4433, to be as poor as a beggar, it describes total abject poverty and beggary. (It is derived from the adjective "ptochos" 4434; to be a beggar. "Ptochos" describes an utterly destitute beggar, who only survives by receiving alms, in Lk.16v20,22., it is used of Lazarus and translated "beggar." See also Mt.5v3., for the adjective "ptochos" 4434.)

In 2Cor.8v9., "poverty" is the noun "ptocheia" 4432; which speaks of "penniless destitution." It is

used in 2Cor8v2., of the destitute saints in Judea, and in Rev.2v9., of the destitute saints in Smyrna.

Jesus fully partook of the stress and trials of a life of poverty. Those who say and preach that Jesus was rich, refute and deny the totally sacrificial nature of our Lord's life and ministry, and proclaim a lie.}

It is blasphemy to say that Jesus endured trials because He had some Ancestral curse upon Him, or that He had some terrible sin in His life. Ah; you say, but Jesus was sick because He took our sicknesses upon himself, and by His stripes we are healed.

I believe that this is the absolute truth.

There are many Scriptures that tell us that sometimes our troubles are designed to produce sympathy and understanding in us for those who are in trouble. The fact that Jesus suffered so terribly, in so many ways, during His life, means that He is able to have compassion, sympathy and total understanding for us, because He has suffered the same; and even worse trials and temptations than we have.

Some Scriptures for you to look up that prove this are: James.1v2-4; 2Cor.3v7; and 4v 8-11; Heb.2v17,18. 4v12-16. 12v7-11; 1Pet.4v12,13. 5v6,7.

God's blessings are greater than just material blessings. Yes he can bless this way too, and often does, but what a great responsibility comes from being blessed in this way.

If the person is not using these blessings in the right way, the consequences are frightening. James.1v10,11. 2v5-7. 5v1-6. Rev.2v9. 3v17-19.

If you have been able to continue reading this far, you will have observed that some of my blessings have been priceless. Had I had lots of everything, my whole personality would be entirely different from what it is now.

No, the fact is, that not all Christians get it easy according to worldly standards, yet they still can be, and are, blessed beyond all measure.

WEDDING SUIT

Things at my shop had not been improving. We just about existed financially. I still owed people money. It was driving me mad. I kept thinking that things would turn again, and all would come good.

A very close friend of mine was getting married, he was much, much younger than me, but would confide in me as if I were his father. He was one of the young men that had tried to lift me up onto the top of the skull from the Garden Tomb in Israel. I think that I helped him choose his wife. He was lonely and on the "look out" as we say here in Ireland. I told him to make out a list of all the things the he wanted in a wife, and that we would pray in agreement over it. He had some crazy things on this list including that she must be able to make good Pavlov's. The lady, who became his wife, fulfilled all the details that he had put on the list. As the wedding drew near, Esmé said to me one day that my old suit was very scruffy and that I would really need a new one for the wedding.

"I know," was my reply, "but we can't afford to do that can we." As we discussed how to get me spruced up for the wedding, it was decided that we would get my old suit dry-cleaned, we would then buy a new shirt and tie and that should be fine, so the suit went into the cleaners about one week before the wedding.

About one day later a gentleman was standing outside the shop waiting for us to arrive. When Esmé arrived down to open up he asked her if I was also coming soon. As Esmé continued to open up the shop she explained that I was not with her, that she had come in the car and that I would be coming in the van in about fifteen minutes time. He said;

"That's a pity; I wanted to talk to him. Will you tell him that Daddy (pointing to Heaven) has told me that John has to go to (and mentioning a certain shop) and get himself a new suit because he needs a new one, and I have to pay for it?"

Esmé burst out into tears, and was quite incapable of saying a word, she opened the door of the shop and he followed her in.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Esmé explained about the wedding and our conversation of not being able to afford a new suit and how we were getting the old one cleaned. He went on;

"Well there you are now; and sure how was I to know anything about you going to a wedding, but Daddy knows all about our needs even before we ask for them. Now let me tell you this, you must never tell who I am, if you tell this story, I will loose all my rewards, so I don't want anyone to ever know about me. Now you tell John. It's between us and Daddy and no one else. I'm not interested in getting any rewards down here; I'll just wait for them up there." (Pointing up) "Tell John to go to such and such a shop), naming it, I'm away now, I'll call in later to check how things are going,"

Esmé could barely tell me what had happened, however, through tears, I eventually got the story. I asked if he had paid money into the drapers shop.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"How can I do this?" I asked, and continued. "How can I go into such and such shop, try on one or two suits, pick one and say, I will have this one please but I have no money to pay for it, but don't worry, there will be this man who will come in and pay for it? Unfortunately I can't tell you this man's name because I am not

allowed to, I know him quite well and he is O.K., I can guarantee to you that he will come in to pay you alright."

Much later, near our shop closing time, the man came in to see me to ask if I had gone to the drapers shop. I told him that I didn't like to, as I was a bit embarrassed. I never expected his reply.

"But if you don't go you are going to rob me out of my rewards, and I want my rewards. Daddy told me that YOU NEEDED A NEW SUIT AND THAT I HAD TO PAY FOR IT, SO I HAVE TO DO IT. What is worse you are going to diddle me out of my rewards and I need my rewards."

I asked if I had to go to the shop that he mentioned, he said no, that I could go where I liked for it. I told him that I did not wish to rob him of his rewards and that I would go.

"Good," he said and continued; *"Now remember you have never to mention my name. Get yourself a shirt, tie and socks to match as well. I'll call in to see you tomorrow, goodbye for now."*

The next morning the first thing I did was to go to a shop that I was more comfortable with, I got out on trial three suits so as to let Esmé have her say on the one that I chose. One was chosen, but the trousers would need some alterations done to the leg length. As I was wondering how I would approach things from here on, the man arrived. He took me outside to his car, which was parked just outside my shop door; he got in and told me to get in beside him. Then he proceeded to count out into my hands the amount we thought that everything would cost. As he left me he said;

"I'll see you tomorrow again to make sure that everything is alright and that you have enough money." He continued laughingly, *"Mind you, if you have any cash left over I'll have it; goodbye for now, and God Bless."*

Back to the drapers shop I went and told the dealer which suit that I had picked, asking for a shirt and tie to match. When all was chosen I asked if he could shorten the legs of the trousers for me. He asked when I needed the suit. I said tomorrow, for I was going to a wedding first thing in the morning.

"That soon," he said, and continued to explain that the lady who did all his alterations was ill and would not be working for the rest of this week. It was now about 11.00 a.m. on Tuesday, the same time tomorrow I would be at the wedding. I told him not to worry that if he could not do it then he could not do it. I told him that I had got my old suit dry-cleaned and that it would do all right. I then paid him for everything. He gave me a good reduction on the prices and did not charge for the intended alterations to the trousers. All was wrapped up except for the trousers of course. He then said;

"I have another older lady who does some small jobs for me when I am stuck, I'll get her to do the trousers and bring them round to your shop tonight, before you close up."

Right on the dot of 5.30 p.m. the time for closing up shop, the trousers were delivered. The man who bought the suit had come in earlier and had got his change, much to his surprise; I believe that he was expecting that he might have had to be giving me some more cash.

The next morning, I was off to the wedding wearing my new suit, shirt, socks and tie, my gifts from Daddy.

TAKING YOU BACK TO WHEN I WAS TOLD TO LEAVE THE BOYS BRIGADE

Three years were drawing to a close since I had been put out of church.

I had been wondering about the Prophecy that in three years, I would be asked back. Church for me, for most of the recent times had been just where God led me; I had no roots as such. I found it most difficult to attend the Methodist churches even though I wanted to fit in again and be accepted. Even to this day there would be many people who hold me at arms length; they would treat me with great suspicion. I understand of course, and am sure that I too would treat someone who had been put of church with great suspicion; wouldn't you?

As we say here in Ireland;

"There's no smoke without fire." Come to think of it, I don't know anybody locally who has been put out of a church, but I'm sure that if I did know someone, and was not aware of what the problem was, I would be very suspicious.

I had some wonderful times when attending my places of worship during those lonely days. Often it would just be God and I while out walking over the fields. Of course I had my Monday night fellowship group.

My sons suffered though, especially my eldest boy, Conrad. I don't think he has ever come to terms with what was done at that time. Can you imagine what it must have been like, being with the other boys, and hearing lies being told by clergy about your Daddy? It must have been a most difficult time for him as he tried to be normal and fit in.

The boys had been told that the B.B. was closed, that I had left of my own free will and that I no longer wished to take them to camp. The B.B. boys requested to talk with me, one boy rang my home to see if it could be arranged, but I was forbidden to have any contact with them. I no longer had any keys to the church premises, but that would not be a safe place to meet them anyhow even if I did have. The Boys' Brigade had an Old Boy's Club Rooms, which had snooker rooms and band rooms, so I arranged to meet them there. They began by scolding me for not standing up to the church, and asked why I had left them, and why was it that I did not want to take them to camp. It was a very difficult time for me, some boys were crying. I tell you the truth, I personally hold no grudge; I have fully forgiven all that was done. What kind of person would I have become had I been holding grudges all of these years? One thing for sure, and that would be, if I were still holding anything against the church, there would be no way I would have ever gone back near them. I could fully understand what was going on, but my 11 year-old boy, who I'm sure idolised his Dad, must have been hurt beyond knowing. If there are any scars that I may be still carrying, it is this one. I know that he has still got a tender heart towards God. He is now a young father himself, yet I can see this mixed up battle going on within him, when I would talk about God things to him. It's not that he doesn't want to know, but I can still see

some apprehension, and this hurts me. I often wonder if some of the other boys from that time have also been damaged.

WAITING TO BE ASKED BACK AGAIN

The time arrived when I was in the month of the 3rd. year, and wondering how it could ever happen that I would be asked back into The Boys' Brigade.

One evening someone knocked on my door, and when I opened it, there stood this smiling faced clergyman, his eyes had a sparkle to them, and one could see that behind these eyes there was a very kind and good person. I had not met this man before, and had never to my knowledge seen him before either. He introduced himself as the Superintendent Methodist Minister, and explained that he would like to have a chat with me if it was possible. Immediately I knew what he was here for, and also that he could not know in any possible way, that I could know. I invited him in; he was the Rev. Cecil Newell.

The poor man; if only he knew what would be lying ahead of him, I'm quite sure that he would not have been at my door that night.

He said to me, as he was coming in through the door, that he felt as if he were like Peter who had been sent to Cornelius, and he continued laughingly, that he would just love that as Cornelius was expecting Peter to come, so would I be expecting him to come to me.

PROPHETIC OR WHAT? When I told him that I had been expecting a visit from a Methodist Minister at any time right now, his eyes almost popped right out of his head. He told me, after sitting down, that the church was having a difficult time getting someone to take over the job of being Captain of The Boys' Brigade Company, and that everybody who he had approached would say sorry, and immediately suggested that he should ask me. He said that not once but every time this had happened when he had asked, and that this was the reason why he felt that he had been sent to me. He continued by saying that he was aware that there had been some trouble for me in a previous B.B. Company, but hoped that that could be put in the past.

Now came my turn to tell him that three years previously after I had been put out of the church and B.B. that in this very room in which we sat, and on that very same weekend, Almighty God our Father spoke personally to me through the Gift of Tongues and Interpretation calling me Son, had told me that I would be asked back in three years time. Poor Cecil; the amazed flabbergasted look upon his face was a sight to behold. He did not have any problems about this. His very gentle and lovely wife was a Pentecostal Methodist who spoke in Tongues in her personal prayer life, and he thought it to be a wonderful gift from God.

So I had been asked back and my answer was, "Yes." Many people have asked me why I ever went back. "Why did you not go to a Pentecostal Church" they would say, "surely that is where you belong?"

I have one or two reasons why I went back, or wanted to go back. One is that I know that I must not only show love, but also have love, I must hold no bitterness or no resentment; otherwise, I would become a very dull useless Christian. I must forgive completely, and realise, and understand, how difficult things appear to be to people who don't really understand what is going on. If they do understand then it is they who have a problem. Another is that I, like many other people, love our own fold; we yearn and wish for our own folk; people; and family to know and realise what it is that they are missing in Jesus. Another more important reason was that; **GOD HAD TOLD ME THREE YEARS BEFORE THAT IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS.**

This is the real reason why I am writing this book, because I believe that God has told me to write it. I'm not doing it or speaking about sensitive things, to get back at them, or to damage or to hurt anyone, but I do wish to expose the shambles of things that often go on within churches under the name of Christ, so that they may be addressed and dealt with, so that it will never happen again.

I wish desperately to be able to open the eyes of people into the reality of a Spiritual realm, which when entered into, is both exciting and rewarding beyond one's wildest dreams.

TROUBLE AHEAD

When my name was put forth to the Leaders Meeting of the church there was much stiff opposition. My own elderly Mother was a leader, and at that meeting; she had to be assisted out by some people there, because she was not able to stay and listen to the criticism of me. A vote was eventually taken and I was elected. I was now officially back. It was not easy. I did not know who was for me, or who was against me.

It soon became clear that the B.B. Staff who did not make any outward show about their personal relationship with Jesus were for me, and the others who made a very obvious show of their relationship with Jesus were against me. I think that I was like an enemy to them. **Very strange indeed!**

One of these Officers kept a dossier of what I said, when I said it, date and time, which was used against me at a meeting called by them with the Superintendent Minister so as to have me removed.

This opposition came to a head one evening when I was speaking to the boys on the topic of Religions. I mentioned various religions and I included that in my opinion there were some very religious organisations, that they as boys may be very aware of, and that indeed their fathers might be in such organisations as members.

I said that although these organisations were very religious, it did not necessarily make them Christian. In

fact, I said, that in my opinion they were far removed from the teaching of Jesus. I concluded that if they should at any time in the future be asked to become a member of such organisations, that they should have the courage to say no, and refuse to join.

I then mentioned Masonry, The Orange Order and the Black Order.

A HORRIBLE MEETING

About four or five days later a relation of mine, who I will not name, was driving down one side of the town and he spotted me walking up the other side. He was yelling at me through his car window to wait where I was, because he wanted to speak to me. I waited while he drove down his side and back up to where I was. He had connections with members of the Orange Order although not a member himself.

He warned me by telling me that;

"They had it in for me." He explained that they were cramming their bullets up their guns as fast as they could, (not literally). I thanked him for the warning and told him that I was not worrying in the slightest about those fellows.

The next evening I was asked to come to the manse for 8.00 p.m.; to my surprise when I entered the room it was already full of these respectable men from the town and church, they were all sitting on chairs and right around the room, some even being in front of the fireplace. The inquisition began by one gentleman making the most nauseating, patronising and flowery speech about how wonderful a chap that I was. He told how he had known me all my life since I was a boy and he had a high regard for me, BUT he concluded

"John has got himself tied up and involved with this thing that has come in from America in the 1970's." Now I knew what it was that he was referring to, but I pretended not to, so I interrupted him by saying,

"Excuse me Mr ...but I think that you have got your dates terribly badly mixed up. The thing as you call it that I have got mixed up in did not come from America, but it came from an Upper Room somewhere in Jerusalem, and it was around 2000 years ago."

What he was really referring to was the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International of which I was a member. Demos Sharkarian the founder of F.G.M.B.F. was a personal friend of Pope John the 23rd. What this man did not know, and probably did not want to know, was that Pope John the 23rd was a Born Again Pentecostal, whose prayer upon his election was,

"Oh God, let your church have a new Pentecost," it was he who started the new openness throughout the Catholic Church, beginning with the Second Vatican Council.

Had this man made any effort to try and find out some truth about the FGBMFI. He might have got a surprise. He would have found out that Pope John's press secretary was very much an Evangelical and had been brought over to Ireland by The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International to speak at Dinner Meetings in the North and South. Fred Ladenius was his name. Fred was very much, born again, and was also a man who was wonderfully filled with The Holy Spirits anointing. Of course to any Orange or Black Man who didn't know the facts, the very thought that Protestant people would have anything at all to do with anybody associated with The Pope, would be a most diabolical thing.

Without knowledge, truth cannot be found. The truth was that all over Ireland many Catholic Priests, Nuns, and Parishioners flocked to hear what this man, who was a personal friend of The Pope, had to say. At every meeting many of these same people were being born again and baptised in The Holy Ghost. All over Ireland, hundreds of Catholic people were finding out for the first time that they could have a personal relationship with Jesus. Hallelujah!

These men in this meeting were saying that I had no right to be telling my boys that they should never join their religious organisations. My reply was that if they felt that they had every right to be able to approach my boys to ask them to join their Junior Lodges, then I had as much equal rights to tell them not to join. The big difference was that I would be giving them good reasons why not to join, but they on the other hand would not be able to divulge any of their reasons or secrets to let the boys know why they should join in the first place, and wouldn't be told until they had become sworn in members.

On every point they made, I was able to make them seem so stupid by the answers that I was able to give. This however irritated and angered them all the more. At one point, one of them who sat right in the corner of the room leaned forward and onto the edge his chair and began to spit out such venom towards me that was quite horrible.

"It's not going to look to well for you my boy, when all the Orange Men and Black Men in Portadown hear what you are saying about them! Were you ever in the Masons?" I very calmly replied, addressing the gentleman by his Christian name,

"-----, I can honestly and truthfully say that I am not in the least bit worried or concerned about what these people think or say about me, I am only concerned about what God thinks about me. And yes, I once was a Mason."

Early the next morning I received a telephone call from Bill in England who began right away by saying:

"Brother John, the Lord has shown you to me in that horrible meeting last night with those terribly ignorant men, and that little man in the corner who was threatening you with the Paramilitaries." He continued; *"Let me*

tell you brother, the Lord will not allow one of His children to be threatened in this way. That little man is going to take sick, **and he may die!**"

I told Bill that he hadn't threatened me with the Paramilitaries, but Bill thought that this was in his mind, and that this was the reason why God had shown the whole thing to him.

Three weeks later I found out that this man was in Hospital, and was very dangerously ill and apparently not expected to live. When I heard this news from a friend who I had met in the street, a cold shiver ran all through my body. My first thoughts were;

"Can this be for real? Does God really do these things? Has He done this just because of me?" As I gathered myself together I asked my friend what had happened to this man. He told me that the Hospital didn't really know and said;

"You know how it is with these things. When they don't know what it is, they call it a virus. It's supposed to be some strange virus." My mind was in turmoil. I could not think straight. I prayed;

"Please God, this is all too much for me to handle, I can hardly believe that this has happened to this man because of me. Lord, if it is because of me will you please lift this punishment off him. Lord, I could never be free from the guilt of it all. I would always think that I may have goaded him into attacking me in the way that he did. Lord, will you please, please lift this sickness off him for my sake. Lord, I am not to know whether this sickness is because of me or not, but I will always carry the guilt that it was anyhow, so please dear Lord, for my sake will you please do as I ask."

A short time later this man got better, his recovery happened almost as quickly as he took sick in the first place. Apparently the Hospital never found out what was really wrong with him, but the main thing was that he was home again.

Interestingly, the day before the call into the Manse, a friend in the Lord said to me;

"I have a word from the Lord for you brother; it is Exodus.14v14." I like the way that The Living Bible puts it;

"The Lord will fight for you, and you won't need to lift a finger!" This friend could not have had any idea about this meeting that was going to be held on the following day, neither did I until I walked into the room.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Some people may find it hard and difficult to understand this kind of judgemental ministry, thinking that how could a loving and kind God wish to do such a thing on anyone. I admit that it caused me some trouble at the time.

Throughout the Old Testament we read some accounts of how God told the Hebrew people to deal with others in what seems to be to us, a most horribly ruthless manner. Yet we can see that it was because of His great love for those Hebrew people, who He had decided to try to keep perfect and protected in every way, so that He could put His blessings upon them. Even the animals at times were to be destroyed and only that which could pass through fire could be taken. My guess is that they were full of all sorts of diseases, including the animals, and that this was the reason.

There are many such stories of this kind. One more from the Old Testament that I would like to mention can be found in the book of Numbers, Chapter 16, and it is about the sons of Korah. God, it seems, was greatly displeased by the behaviour of these people. You can read in verse 30 that it was because they had provoked the Lord. Who was it that opened up the earth and sucked every last one, including their goods, into the pit of the earth? Was it Moses who did it? No indeed, it was God Himself.

In the book of Acts, Chapter 5 in the New Testament we read the account of Ananias and his wife Sapphira being struck dead by God because they had lied to the Holy Ghost. (See verse 3.) Do you think that God has changed in some way? Could it be that He no longer is in the business of protecting His beloved? I hope not, in fact I know that it is so, God still looks after us.

Does this mean that we ought never to have any problems or sicknesses?

No not at all; but those who put their trust completely in Him have the assurance that He will deliver us out of, and from, all our troubles.

MORE TROUBLE

On another occasion the minister asked me by telephone if I would be free to call round to the Manse on the next evening for 8pm, to have a chat with some men who wanted to have a further go at me again.

I refused by telling the Minister that I would never ever again go to any such meetings behind closed doors and in secret. I said that those who have a problem with me knew where I lived and that they were very welcome to come personally to me and speak to me one to one, face to face about their grievances. I said also that if they then wished any further talks with me regarding my behaviour then I was quite willing and only too happy to go before the whole congregation of the church.

The minister was very quick to let me know that he was 100% behind me, and that at no time was he ever against me and that he totally agreed with this way of handling things. I never heard another thing about this. I never found out what it was all about, but I never had one slight bit of trouble from them ever again. Their bullying tactics against me in the strength of their numbers was finished.

LAY WITNESS TEAM

Things were not all bad within church activities. There were many very good friends who supported me throughout all these troubled times. I was asked to be on a team of ordinary people who went on Church Renewal Weekends to other Churches; these churches would invite them to come to them and conduct several meetings. These meetings would begin on Friday evenings and conclude on the Sunday morning. We would share about the things that God had done in our lives at coffee mornings, house meetings and church meetings. I had not been asked to be on one of these weekends before, and did not really know if I would be asked to participate or not, and that if I was, what would be expected of me. These teams of people are made up of various members from the churches within Methodism. One week before going, I decided that I would seek God for something real from Him so as to be equipped to bring His blessings to these people. I decided that I would go on a fast, by having only water to drink. Each evening I would be seeking God to tell me something. What it was that I was expecting Him to tell me I did not know. My prayer would be;

"Dear Father, it's no use in me going at all to this church thinking that I am going to bring your blessings without You giving me something real and alive for them. I can tell them my testimony, but I believe that there is much more that You have for them that will bring comfort and blessings beyond anything that they could be expecting. Please Father God will You see fit to use me in some way to be able to bring this comfort from You?" Of course I would as always ask in, and through, the person, and name of Jesus!

Nothing came. Absolutely nothing! On the Thursday night I decided to end my fast thinking that it would not be very nice, or well mannered to be going to someone's home to stay when they may have been busy preparing some special treats for me to eat. I could just imagine some poor lady thinking about what sort of person that she was going to have coming into her house. I could see her worrying about how she was going to handle this stranger in her home. How horrible it would be for her to find some sort of strange hermit that only wanted to pray, and not communicate or eat anything. No it definitely would not do, so I broke the fast, took some soup for supper, went to bed and was soon fast asleep. At 2a.m., I awoke with the need to go to the toilet, which was a very rare thing for me to have to do.

When I got back into bed I could not sleep. My mind was thinking this and that. I was imagining all sorts of things about this weekend that I was going to on the next afternoon. At 3a.m., I began to think that these thoughts that were running through my head over and over might be from God so I began to pray, asking God to direct me. I sat up in the bed and looked for something to write upon on my bedside cabinet. I found an FGBMFI invitation card, which had a blank back to it, and began to write as the things once more came into my mind. It was a stiff card so I did not need anything to lean upon.

I will tell you of only three of these thoughts that I had coming over and over to me. The first was a very pretty young faired young girl with red rosy cheeks. She looked to be about 17 years old and she was limping with a sore right hipbone. God was going to heal her and give her a great blessing.

The second was a man who had very hard and calloused hands, caused by very hard work. He looked to be like a farmer. He was rather shy and almost backward, but in fact he was an extremely clever man and a great scholar in the Scriptures. His whole face seemed to light up when he would have quiet conversations with people about the things of God. He thought that he was of no use to God, as he had never had the confidence to ever speak to people about God publicly. The devil was constantly telling him that he was no good. God on the other hand was telling me that He was tremendously well pleased with him, and his witness far outshined all the efforts that many great preachers were making, and that his prayers were always acceptable to Him. I knew that I would know him when the opportunity would come to shake his hand, because I would feel the rough and hardened skin.

The third that I will tell you about was very strange because I wrote down a name; it was the name of a very beautiful and attractive young lady in her early twenties. I won't go into all the details as that would take too long, and would not add anything of significance to the story. I knew that she had just gone through a very painful breaking up of her engagement with her fiancée. I could see her with a blinker on. (Just like a horse would have) There to her side was this lovely man who loved her, who had always loved her, but she could never see him because of these blinkers, yet God seemed to be telling me that this man was His perfect choice for her. I knew other things about her fiancé that cannot be put down on paper except that he had been two timing, and sometimes three timing her, yet everyone in the church thought that he was great for her.

After I had written down all these thoughts and the others I became tired and almost at once fell fast asleep. My breakfast was a cup of tea only and lunch was also something light. Around 3p.m., I set off from my shop to travel to the town where the church was, and to meet up with the other members who were making up the team.

The F.G.B.M.F.I. Invitation Card was placed in the top pocket of my jacket just in case I happened to see any of these people. At this time I still was not sure about anything that had happened on the previous night. After the first and opening meeting we all went to the church hall for to have some tea. I had not seen anyone who looked like any of those that I had written about on my card and was beginning to think that it must have been my imagination.

It was then that I noticed the young pretty girl who was coming round with the tray of sandwiches. I couldn't take my eyes off her for unbelief, was it her? No it couldn't be. But as she got closer to me and was now right in front of me offering me one of her sandwiches I could see clearly that it was indeed her. My heart leaped within me and a shiver ran all over me and down my back.

It was God after all who was showing me those things! Now the problem was; how am I ever going to get the opportunity to tell her. I was sitting, not alone, but I may as well have been alone, as everyone around me knew each other, and were chatting away, but there was no one at all making any attempt to make any sort of conversation with me at all.

You know how it is with these things? How can one blame them, they are all shy.

I was not feeling very comfortable here at all, in fact at that moment I just wanted out of there. I disposed of my cup and made my way out, just as I was going down the corridor to the door there I spotted the young girl standing in the porch way. Now would be my chance I thought, as I am going to be going right past her. She was alone. I think that she had come to the door for a breath of fresh air. I plucked up the courage and said to her;

"Excuse me, but I believe that you have a very painful right hip joint?" she replied to me with one word, *"No"* and looked at me rather strangely. I said that I was sorry, and that, I must have got it wrong. She turned to go back to her tea duties while I made a rather hasty retreat to escape through the door.

Outside things were not much better except for the wonderful fresh air. I went off for a walk to be completely alone and away from everyone as I tried to get my now very troubled and disturbed mind sorted out. Did I see her? Was she the same girl that I had seen? Obviously it must not be. She must be just someone who looks like her? You know how it is with these young girls; they can change their whole appearances as quick as a flash. I might only have thought that I had seen her, I probably wasn't even seeing anyone in the first place. These young girls all look alike anyhow. The mind can play all sorts of tricks, well at least there has been no harm done except that that wee girl thinks that I am mad.

I stayed outside. I was wondering why I was here in the first place. By this stage of the weekend I was getting the impression that there were those on the team who were not too happy with me being with them. I was definitely not getting any feelings at all that I was part of them or accepted by them at all. Right now I wanted to get into my car and drive home but how could I do that. I would just have to stick it out to the end. I was sure that my reputation had somehow got to their ears, and I was now causing them a real problem.

I have to admit that I was having some real difficulties with some of those who were in charge of the team. I could see some things and attitudes that were very off-putting. Some give the impression that they knew much better than anyone else, their haughtiness and mannerisms would almost make one sick. Why it is that no one else can see this? I thought. Maybe they did, but just went along with it. Anyhow I held myself back; friendship for me has to be more than words, and it has to be felt, only then is it genuine. I knew that I did not fit in. It all seemed to be like a show that was being put on, nothing seemed genuine; it seemed like a power struggle was going on, and I for one was not going to be any part of it. I was very disturbed, and now there was this let down. I had been letting my mind fool me. Could it be that my mind is fooling me now with all these nasty thoughts?

At this stage the people began to come out of the church hall to go home. One of the people from the church told me to follow a particular car and that the driver of it would lead me to the house where I would be staying. So the lady who was having me must not have been at the church that first evening.

I had now got myself behind the car that I was to follow, which seemed to be waiting for someone, when out of the hall came the young girl, she spotted me and came over to me. I had the window down and when she came over she asked if she could speak to me. I explained that it would be a pleasure; the only problem was that I was just about to go as soon as the car in front of me moved off, because I had to follow it. She said;

"That's OK. That's our car. Can I come with you?" I said that of course she could, and off she went to tell her parents that she was going to go with me. Returning to me she immediately began speaking;

"Do you know when you asked me if I had a sore hip and I said no. Well I do have a sore hip, it's just that I have had it for a few days now and have got used to it. But it's still quite sore."

She took no time for introductions; she simply got straight down to business. Oh how I love the exuberance of youth, there is no beating around the bush. I told her my name and asked what hers was. (I have forgotten it a long time ago.) Then I asked her how she had got her sore hip. She replied;

"Well I was playing hockey at school on an all weather pitch and I got knocked over very hard, and it's been sore ever since."

I explained to her that I understood how treacherous all weather pitches can be, because as a B.B. Captain I had many times played on them myself.

Soon we were at the home where I was to stay. The people in front had to continue on for a few more miles, but the young girl did not seem to be in any hurry to get out. I said to her that she would probably have to go now, and that we could probably continue our conversation tomorrow sometime. But she was having nothing to do with that suggestion. No way! She was not going to wait all the rest of this night; and dear knows when she would get another chance to be asking me HOW I KNEW. Her reply to me was;

"It's OK! I have told my Mummy that I wanted to talk with you. They will wait. How did you know that I had a sore hip?"

Explaining to her how God had shown her to me on the previous evening, and at the same time I took out the card with her description on the top so as to let her read for herself. I covered over the other names, which was easily done, because hers was the top name, and I allowed her to read for herself what I had written. Her immediate reaction was;

"I'm not 17, I'm only 15, but everyone takes me for 17." I said;

"Well you see, I'm no different from anybody else, I thought you were 17 also, you certainly look like a 17"

year old to me."

This young lady then asked me many quick fire questions such as;

"Do you believe in speaking in tongues? Do you believe in baptism? Do you speak in tongues? Have you been baptised? Do you believe in miracles?"

On and on she went. She was wonderful. I answered some questions that were bothering her and explained to her about the baptism in The Holy Ghost. We finished by holding hands and asking God to heal and remove the pain from her hip.

She then left to get into her own car. I did not see her again on that weekend.

It was late into the second day and I had not yet come into contact with the Gentleman I had seen in the vision. I had been looking for him of course, but somehow all these men had high complexions, all being farmers, and I was having trouble picking him out.

Up until now I had not seen the very pretty Lady either, and was beginning to doubt once again; thinking that I may have used powers of suggestion to the young girl without realising it, and causing her to react in the way she did.

There would be no way that one could miss the Lady because she was one who would stand out in a crowd, and because I had not seen her, it made me really believe that the whole thing was in my imagination.

At the end of that evening I was shaking hands with this man who was a bit like the man that I had seen but it was only when I took his hand and saw his smile did I realise that it was him.

I had still been having feelings that I was not fully accepted. There were those, who I thought did have some respect for me, but did not wish to make it known to others. There were others who by this time became quite friendly towards me, and did not seem to care one way or the other. I still found it most difficult to pray when in the group prayer time.

Religious type prayers always give me a problem. I can never understand why it is that we should change our way of talking, just because we are talking to God, surely He hears our every thought, and even our moaning are prayers at times.

If we have to pray in a special way does that mean that we are to start thinking in a special way also? Do you get my point? I hope that you do. No my way is to be just what I am. We can't fool God one bit, so why try, let us simply be ourselves. He knows us completely, with our warts and all.

One thing became very evident to me; and that was, that very few of the team fully believed in the gifts of the Spirit as I did. For instance I could not tell any of them about the things that I am now writing, they would all think that I ought to be locked up and the key thrown away.

I had thought before coming on this weekend that the introduction of The Holy Spirit to the churches was the main purpose of the Lay Witness Movement.

Had I known, as I now knew, I would not have been there at all. I found that although they would talk about The Holy Spirit as though they knew Him, they did not have much of a clue about how He works at all. He was invited all right, but they were still going to be in control and certainly not Him.

I don't know what happened but on the Sunday morning just before the last service without any warning I was asked to give my testimony.

Was it that they kept me to the end deliberately because they thought that I might have something worth while to say, or was it because I had to be given some part to play in the weekend, and so as to save face, they thought that I ought to be given it now?

I tell you all of this to show to you how it is, that even when there are doubts with people feeling untrusting and suspicious towards one another, God can and still does move. But how much more could we have, if we were to move together in sweetness preferring one another. Are we not told what will happen when we dwell in unity?

On that final Sunday several people gave their hearts to Jesus. Not because of me, I must add very quickly. I believe that it was simply through the mercy of God reaching to people who were searching and crying out to Him for help.

After this service we had a final meal together in the hall and then broke up for to go home. I did not see the Lady at all which was very confusing and disappointing, but I must confess that I was very glad to be going home. Was it all a Spiritual battle I thought on the way home in the car? That would make a lot of sense, would it not? Many times these kinds of battles have to be fought alone.

You will have gathered by now that I detest anything that is put on or false. Like people who pretend to themselves and others that they are very much in the anointing of God, simply because they make a lot of noise, or can speak in a nice way. Have you ever seen these types of people who have always to be noticed, they will be up on their feet when no one else is, waving their hands or dancing around, when it is not inspired by God at all. On the other hand how beautiful it is when we see someone doing this when it is done totally unto God and not for show. I think that nothing happens to us by chance when we put God in the centre.

The main reason why I became a hardened backslider was because of religious people. They really got to me big style. Everywhere I looked I saw them, so I simply decided that I didn't want anything more to do with them and walked away. The sad thing was; that by doing this; I had also walked away from God. Why could I not realise that all of this false pretence which I was seeing was not from God, and had nothing to do with Him? Why did I allow myself to become such a hardened person again so that I had no

thoughts of compassion for anyone, even for my own child? Heavy drinking and smoking, doing my own thing regardless of others became my way of living. Sadly, though I could not see it, I was not really living at all. I was in a prison and completely bound, totally blinded, and incapable of seeing anything that was good. How true it is as Peter writes in 2Peter 2v20-21.,

"It would be better for a man not to have known the love of Jesus than to have known it and turn away from it."

To have come from where I have been makes one become super sensitive to falseness. There is of course a falseness that many people are in, but are in it in innocence and through no fault of their own. I have a lot of time for these people, but not for the ones who pretend by making others think that they know better, when really they know nothing.

**Could it be that you are a hurting person who has been damaged like I have been?
Please I beg of you, let it go. Hand it over to Jesus.**

However, there is nothing wrong with being on your guard from such people. It is my personal belief that God takes these hurts and moulds us into a person who He is able to trust, and to use. **Let go! And Let Jesus!**

MESSAGE DELIVERED TO THE LADY, AT LAST

About two Months after this Lay Witness weekend I happened to be in the same part of the country where we had been in on that weekend, so I decided that I would do a bit of a detour and call into the Manse to see how things had been going since we had last been there. I was invited in and soon a cup of tea was provided, as we chatted, suddenly the name of the Lady came into my mind again. Of course the name of this Lady had long since disappeared from my mind, just as it has done now, although I can still see her today just as clearly as I did on that evening in my bedroom. How strange this was, to be able to remember her name like this again. I have told you before of my difficulty in remembering people's names, it has always been a problem for me, I don't know why this should be, but it is. So I asked;

"Have you a lady in your church by the name of," and mentioned her name.

"Do you know her?" was the reply from the minister's wife.

"How am I going to handle this I thought?" I told my story to them about this lady just the same way that I have done to you. The minister's wife was spellbound by my story, she said;

"I have been in Methodist Manses all my life and I never knew that God did things like this." She was the daughter of a Methodist Minister.

What apparently had happened was that this poor Lady, who was so heart broken and upset about the break up of her engagement; which had only recently happened; could not come to this weekend and put on a smiling face as though everything was fine, knowing that everyone knew about her problem. It was just too much for her to handle. Even at this time as I was telling this story to the Minister and his wife, the poor Lady was still in pain.

The conclusion of this was that when the Lady was told this entire story, she believed immediately, knowing for sure that if God could tell a complete stranger all about her heartache, He could surely be trusted with the rest.

She removed her imaginary blinkers and for the first time became aware of this beautiful fellow who had loved her and had worshipped the very ground that she walked on. One who would be tender, loving, protective, and in every way possible be a wonderful lover, provider, friend and companion. Today, she is very happily married to his very chap, who was God's choice for her from the very beginning

Since the Lord is directing our steps, why try to understand everything that happens along the way? Prov.20v24. Have you ever thought at times that God may have been speaking to you like this, but you have never been sure, and therefore have kept it to yourself for fear of giving someone wrong advice? If you are, may I say that I believe that you are, therefore, the very type of person that God will use to deliver His instruction for others, simply because He can trust you?

You are not likely to be going around saying that every thought that comes into your mind is;

"The Lord has told me" this, that, and the other thing, nor would you be saying: *"Thus saith the Lord,"* when the Lord is saying nothing of the sort.

Begin by writing down notes of the things that you think God is telling you, and keep watch to see if they come to pass, and as you see things develop you will soon gain confidence to know that it wasn't your imagination after all.

YOUTH MISSION

The church decided to have a Youth Mission Weekend; one of the young men who was in the leadership team came to me to ask if I would join with him in a prayer of agreement. He had been coming to my home on a regular basis to chat about the things of God. He was keen to know all that I knew on this subject, it was clear that he was meaning real business with God, and it was a joy for me to have had a part in his early beginnings.

How my relationship with Clifford began was rather strange. One morning I was sitting to the extreme right hand side of the Methodist Church, to which I belonged, and to be honest, things were dour. I looked around me; it seemed as if everyone was at a Wake. [A grieving party for the dead.] I began to pray, and for a time I

was away off on my own with God. I prayed;

"Lord, what is going on here this morning spiritually? Is anyone receiving anything from you? Please show me Lord." As I looked around to see, suddenly I could see everyone sitting there with Dummies in their mouths and they were sucking like mad. It looked to me to be like the way little Maggie in the Simpson's sucked on hers. I blinked a few times, the Dummies were still there, I blinked again several times, the Dummies remained for a short time, and then everything went back to normal just like it had never happened. I prayed again not really understanding what was going on. Was I beginning to loose my senses? My prayer went;

"Lord, is there anyone here who is searching for you in a real way that I might be able to help?" I looked around again, one young man looked as if a spotlight was shining down upon him; he was Clifford Grimason. As I continued to look around I saw another young man who was also under a spotlight; he was Nigel Woods. It was time to pray again,

"Lord, I'm not too sure about all of this stuff that's going round in my mind, am I really seeing what I think I am? If I am, I'm asking you to confirm it all please. After we get out of church I am going to stand at one of the pillars, and I'm asking you to get those two young men together, and for them to come over to me together, and start talking to me. Now Lord, if this happens I can be pretty sure that you will have sent them, as they are nowhere near each other right now, but this is no problem for you to bring this about if you truly want to bless them."

I stood beside a pillar to wait, I didn't dare to look around; soon there they were, and both together. Would they come over to me? Over they came and started to chat. I wasted no time and went straight in and asked the question,

"If I collected both of you some night, would you be willing to come with me to a Tent Meeting in Millisle?" They looked at one another as if to see how each other felt about this, and in unison answered,

YES!" I explained to them that it was not going to be anything like any meeting that they had ever been to before;

"You will not be bored I'll tell you that," I said. So a night was arranged that suited us all to attend this meeting. We were going to Millisle in County Down to a tent meeting being held there by Walker Gorman and Sandy Thompson. [This is the same Sandy, previously mentioned]

I had asked the young men and to pray two prayers each night and morning until the night we went. The prayers were that Father God would protect them from anything that was not of Him; and that He would open them up to receive everything that He had for them. They agreed that these were good and safe prayers, and that they would pray these every day until we went.

I had felt that they may have been warned about the dangers of Spiritual things, especially the Gift of Tongues and therefore if they knew that this was going to be a Pentecostal Meeting they might refuse to come.

The sad thing is that many have taught that all the Gifts of the Spirit had gone away with the Apostles, and that Tongues is of the devil. This was the strong view being held by most Church members at this time. So these Prayers were a protection against such teaching, and at the same time they opened up these young men to receive from God their rightful inheritance of the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. I knew for sure that if they prayed these prayers, Father God would answer.

The thought that I would be bringing home two very different young men in the next few days was very exciting for me. Nigel brought his girlfriend, (Now his wife), Merlene with him, there were three now, so off we went. When time came for Ministry, Merlene, Nigel, and Clifford went forward along with others to receive. Very soon all three were lying on their backs on the grass and sawdust floor under the Anointing of The Holy Ghost and speaking with the gift of other Tongues. Jesus said in Luke's Gospel, Chapter 11 and Verses 11 to 13, these words.

"If a son shall ask for bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask for an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

I pondered about the Dummy's after I got home from Church that day, and thought that God was showing that although the people were hungry and sucking like mad, all they were getting that morning was milk. Then I felt the Lord say to me, that they were not even getting milk this particular morning. In the vision there were no bottles to hold any milk, but only Dummy's.

As I have said, Clifford had heard some of my stories about prayers of agreement and wished to have such an experience himself, so he came to me asking if I would stand with him in some prayers of agreement. I told him to write out a list of all the things that he would like to see happen on that weekend, and then we would pray them through in agreement. What a list it was. I can't remember them all, but they went something like this;

That there would be many conversions; Hallelujahs to be shouted around the Church; Dancing in the Church; Healings; Baptisms in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of Speaking in Tongues; I think that there was more, but as I have said my memory doesn't recall any others right now, but these were the main ones.

Once again, as before with Albert; Clifford and I went all round the Church praying, binding, loosening and taking authority in Jesus' name. This time we went around all the rooms attached to the Church, knowing that they were all going to be used during that weekend. In one particular room we both experienced a very special presence of the Holy Spirit and knew that this room was going to play a wonderful prominent part on this weekend.

After we had gone all round the Church, we then walked around the outside of the buildings, praying in the Spirit and taking authority there just as we had done inside. We finished up by asking Father God in and through the name of Jesus to please position Angels all around the inside and outside of the Church to keep it holy, pure and protected, just as He did with the Temple.

There was one room in the Church, although I wish not to mention much about it for fear of offending someone, but I feel that it is very important that I must tell at least some part. We both felt a distinct coldness and hard resistance to what we were doing, which took a considerable time of prayer and spiritual warfare. Without going into details we were enabled to gain the victory, and as quickly as one could say, peace and warmth permeated the room.

Finally we got down to looking over Clifford's Prayer list; this was the first time that I had seen or had any idea of what was on this list; what a shock I got.

"Did Clifford not realise that this was a Methodist Church," I asked myself. Anyhow we did get down to a Prayer of agreement and without any doubt at all in our hearts, knew that all that we had asked for would be done according to the words of Jesus in Matthew.18v19., which says;

"That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Saint John gives us his tried and tested knowledge of these words to be true when he writes in; 1John.5v14,15.,

"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

In this type of praying there is no room for doubts, and there shouldn't be any if we know that it is in our Father's will. That weekend, everything in detail happened, including the greatest miracle of all, when as far as we could estimate, fifteen young people gave their lives to Jesus.

WHERE SHALL I GO LORD?

One day I was in Belfast on some business. It was lunch time and the place that I had wanted to go to was closed for their lunch break, so I just wandered around looking for something, but not knowing what. I began to pray something like this as I walked;

"Jesus I ought not to be wandering around here like a lost sheep. Your word says that we should hear your voice and know your voice, so I am asking you to guide me; where should I go? You are my Shepherd and I am one of your sheep, so I should be able to hear your voice, and know your voice. I'm just not listening, so I'm going to stand over against this wall and wait until I hear from you where I ought to go. Should I go back the way I came? Should I keep going straight on in the direction that I was going? Should I cross over the road?"

I felt a warm glow about going across the road, so over I went and once more stood and pretended to be looking into a shop window.

"Have I to go left or to the right," I asked. I got a warm glow about going left, so off I went to the left. Each time I came to a junction I would do the same thing, and go with the glow.

Eventually I arrived at a place that was up one story high, it was a roof top area with shops at one side and an area where one could sit outside upon seats and look over the shoppers below. The approach to this place was up an Escalator. This Escalator was covered over but was outside on the sidewalk. As I looked at the shops all around me I could see very clearly and quickly that there was nothing at all up here to interest me.

I could see a record shop; there were several ladies' clothing shops, a lady's hairdressers shop and so on.

"Well! I thought; so much for my believing that I was hearing from God. Oh my, doesn't the mind play some strange tricks?" This place was a dead end, so as there was only one way down, I turned round to go back down. It was then that I heard my name being loudly called out;

"John! John!" As I tried to locate the direction in which the sound was coming from, I could see this hand waving over the top of the head's of the people. *"John! John! Over here! Over here!"* It was Cecil Richardson.

Cecil had been standing outside a lady's clothing shop while Averill; his wife was inside looking for an outfit to wear. (Both mentioned before) We went over to one of the seats and sat down. It was a beautiful sunny fresh day, in early spring. Cecil told me that the reason why he was in Belfast was because he had not been able to sleep the night before.

He was a self-employed baker, his son Mark also worked with him, they had a very good and busy shop. This meant of course a very early start in work every morning, and one person down made things rather difficult for the one left to keep things going. It would have to be something rather troublesome to letting each other down like this.

Cecil began to tell me the reasons why he was not able to get to sleep, or go to work that day. He was a Methodist, like me; he was a Lay Preacher; a Class Leader, and a member of the Leaders Board.

During a heated argument at the Leaders Board meeting on the previous evening regarding the use and gifts of the Holy Spirit, and especially, the Gift of Speaking in Tongues.

It was suggested by one member, and he proposed that every member of their Church who spoke in tongues should be removed from office. (I have underlined the word their, as this is exactly what this particular gentleman was trying to make this Church become.

Certainly this Church would not be Christ's Church; it would be theirs, or at least, those who thought like this.

I must add that this may have been the majority view of many people at that particular time, due to the

lack of understanding, knowledge, and personal experience, but I gladly report that it would not be the belief of many to day.

Cecil at that time had, sadly, not received any backing, and could only stand to his feet and say;

"Sir, I am one of these, as you describe them, so called Tongue Talking Methodists, so are you saying that you are wishing to have me removed?"

The poor man; is it any wonder that he couldn't sleep that night or go to work that day?

But I ask you; could there be anything better than to have someone to be able to talk to who had had the same problem that he was having, and could understand exactly what he was suffering?

(Isn't this exactly what had happened to me a few years before when Roy Collins from New Zealand turned up on my doorstep?)

We had a long chat on that seat, and after some time we both knew that this gentleman had said these things in ignorance, and therefore, he would not be held accountable to God for it.

Did I hear from God that day? Was it coincidence? Could it be that Jesus my Shepherd was directing me, and leading me? If you think; yes, it was Jesus, then my friends, please realise that this is how simple it is to hear His voice. What he will do for others, He will do for you.

Why not try to listen for His voice today yourself, if you have not done so before?

JEHOVAH JIREH: THE LORD WHO SEES AND PROVIDES

My business problems were getting no better. Again and again I wanted to sell my home to clear myself out of the mess of debt.

Bill Turner had been with us for our meetings again and was leaving Portadown to go by train to Larne. Bill likes travelling by train as he usually gets an opportunity to speak to someone about Jesus. I was going to Belfast that day and would have gladly brought Bill on to Larne, but he preferred to go by train. He never wishes to give anyone trouble, and would always insist on getting his own way in situations like this, even though the persons driving him around would like to bring him to his next destination. However, usually afterwards we would get a report of some extraordinary occurrence during these train journeys and be glad that he insisted to travel by train.

The train to Larne branches off in a different direction at Lisburn so I was leaving him off there rather than another station. I got right on to the platform with Bill and helped him get all his baggage onto the train. He had come to a window on one of the doors and was speaking to me through it, and was leaning out of the train with his elbows resting upon the window ledge.

As the train began to leave the station and was picking up speed, Bill was waving one arm and was shouting;

"Good bye brother, good bye, and thanks for everything." Suddenly both his arms were out of the train, he was leaning out almost to the waist, and he was shouting at the top of his voice which was echoing right down the platform, I'm sure he was not aware of just how loud his voice was sounding. He was yelling;

"O brother I can see a large cheque! You are going to get a large cheque! A large cheque! Hallelujah! A large cheque! Bye! - Bye!" Can you imagine such a scene? I hope you can. The worst was yet to come, for as I turned around to leave the Station platform about one hundred pairs of eyes were looking at me in the strangest of ways. I had not been aware of all these people gathering in for the next train. Many times one says;

"Oh I wish that a hole would appear in the ground so that I could jump into it and escape." Well for the first time in my life I can honestly say that I wished that this could really have happened to me. How glad I was that this was not Portadown Station as there would be the possibility that a number of the people there might know me.

These words, shouted out of that train that day, by this crazy man, were fulfilled in detail, in just a few months. How I wish that I could go into details and tell you this story, but just like the other gentleman whom you have read about earlier, who bought me the Wedding Outfit, you can understand why I can't.

Behind this lies the most wonderful story imaginable, but all that I can tell you is that a few months after this train story, a gentleman took all my bills and paid them off, plus he gave me a considerably large cheque as well.

BABY CHRISTIAN. RE-CAP

After my heart attack in 1980 and having this new excitement in my life with Jesus, I think that I may have been making too free, I'm not sure. What I do know, is that my newfound freedom in Jesus was wonderful, so it is very possible that I was overdoing things a little. However three weeks after this first heart attack I was once more back in Hospital. All that I could think off was that God must have something for me to do, and that this was the reason why I was going back in. Yes it was true that I was not feeling too good, but after all, had I not asked God for healing, and surely He was going to look after that, so what else could it be? So I asked God to please let me be used to touch as many lives as possible, and to give me the strength to be able do this; and that I would not fail in my attempt to do this. I knew that with His help I could not fail.

WARNING! The most dangerous Christians are the Baby ones. The system has not told them yet that they can't do things. They have not been told yet that they need training. They have not been programmed: So guess what? They just get on with it: What happens? God takes them just as they

are, and in their innocence and exuberance. He sees to it, and guides them through.

On the first night in Hospital the men were sitting around looking at Television, it was about 9.30p.m., and the Nurses were doing their rounds with the Drugs, taking temperatures, blood pressures, and so on. I think the term is; doing their Ob's. There was only one T.V. in each Ward in those days, and not like today when every bed has their own personal television, so the men used to assemble around the Booth where it was. This happened to be the Booth that I had been put into that evening upon arrival. It was not a problem at all to me, although I could see that it might have been a problem to someone who wanted to have a bit of peace. The guy's made like a kind of barricade with their Stools and Chairs at the opening of the Booth, and it could become a bit noisy at times.

One man was still in his bed, which was over in the corner, and as the very pretty Nurse was attempting to stretch over him to get at his arm, her skirt had risen quite high up her thighs, exposing her legs more than she was aware of. The first that I was made aware of this was when the chap who was sitting next to me on a stool, took his elbow and gave me such a dig with it that he almost knocked me off the stool and on to the floor. As he did this, he said to me;

"Take a look at that!" As I looked at this very beautiful sight for any man, I realised for the first time what it meant by the Scripture that tells us, that we *"Become New Creations"* when we take Jesus into our lives. All that I could do was to say that she was very beautiful, as indeed she was.

Before! Well I would be embarrassed to tell you, so you can imagine yourself how my mind would have been going. Truthfully, there was absolutely no lust whatsoever in my mind towards this extremely beautiful young Nurse. In fact I wanted to come to her aid and help her in dealing with the sexual remarks that were being made towards her. She took it all in her stride and handled the guy's in a most wonderful way.

It was then that I knew that she was a Sister of mine in Jesus. Jesus could be seen very clearly shining out through her, and it was evident that He was helping her in a most nasty situation. In a matter of minutes and in a most delightful way she had all these men behaving like Mice.

If I had got involved in this situation I would have made a mess of things, and a lot of enemies with these guy's as well. How would I have been able to get anywhere close to them after bawling them out for being, what I would have been myself, only a few days before; the only difference might be, that I may have been much worse than them.

The guy's of course were pretty fired up by this experience. Remarks began to be passed around again after the young Lass had gone round the corner;

"Wow, wasn't that something" "I wouldn't mind that hopping into bed beside me to night, I can tell you."

(I remember thinking that this might not have been the best kind of therapy for Guy's with bad hearts.) Having been sparked up, these guys were going to take a while to come down again. Dirty jokes began to be told. This used to be one of my strong points when I was with a group of men, I had quite a collection of top quality ones in my memory bank, and they were still there.

These jokes were tame compared to mine. Why mine would have them rolling about the floor in laughter by now. Next thing is I find myself laughing at these jokes. Well they were funny after all. Maybe they were not as good as mine, but funny none the less. What can I do? I can't be a stick in the mud, a fuddy duddy, nor a religious narrow-minded goody, goody. I'll just have to blend in as best as I can.

Next thing I find that I am itching to show off and impress them with one or two of my best ones. Theirs were getting better, it was difficult not to laugh, some were getting very funny indeed, but still not as good as mine. Again, I wanted to impress them that I was one of the Lad's, and was almost bursting with the desire to show them how good I was.

The battle within me was getting worse, there was only one thing that I could do, before I got caught deeper into this, and that was to escape, so I got up from where I sat and walked away, up along the corridor I went and passed by the other Booths. Where could I go? Where was there to go in a Hospital?

Then I remembered that some friends of mine had been staying at nights in a Family Waiting Room as their Father was in the Hospital with serious heart trouble so I went looking for them. Eventually I found them in one of these rooms and joined with them in a Prayer time for their Father.

Most of them were Pentecostal Believers but not all of them. After a short time one of the sons came in and declared that he had had a word from God that his Father was not going to die, but live. The family asked what the word was that he had received from God, so he told them that it was Hosea.6v1,2..

"What does it say," was the next question, so he said that he couldn't remember it all.

"Look it up in a Bible" he said, but no one had a Bible with them.

"That's no problem" I said, *"I'll go and get mine."* So off I went back to my Ward again to get my Bible. As I went, I thought that these were my people now, and that I no longer belonged to the Lad's that I had left earlier. When I arrived back to my Booth to where my bed was, I had to step over the row of seats. It was not too bad as the space that I had left was still there so I did not have to ask anyone to move.

I went over to my locker and took out my Bible from it, making sure that none of the men could see me, by keeping my back to them. The words came thundering into my ear;

"So you're the great fellow who is going to convert the World, and you're ashamed to let these men see you with your Bible?"

I have to admit that I have a problem with people who walk around with Bibles under their arms to this day. I think it stems from having had very bad experiences from such people.

I have probably been "Bible Thumped" all my life, and I was not willing to be classed as one of them.

Realising where the attack was coming from, as I knew only too well that my motives were pure, I simply put the Bible up my Dressing Gown and under my arm and off I went back to my friends. Hosea was one of the Minor Prophet's, I knew that, and He would be towards the end of the prophet's but not being too sure exactly where to look, I thought it would be better to let one of the family look it up. One of the boys looked it up and began to read;

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight."
[The Living Bible]

Most of the family, but not all, went ecstatic with delight, they clapped and cheered; I thought that at any moment they might start doing Cart Wheels and Flip Flops up and down the floor. Are they crazy? I thought. I was glad that some of the family seemed to be taken back just as I was with all this madness.

Do they think that you can just take a Scripture verse or two out of the Bible, and say that God told you, and claim it as your own?

Up until this time I had never met any of these crazy Pentecostals and did not know their ways. That night I stayed with them and rejoiced with them until they decided that there was no longer any point in waiting around for news from the Hospital Staff, when they had heard from God.

The interesting thing was that on that night their Father had been taking one heart arrest after another, the Doctors were trying to fit a Pace Maker in various places to keep him alive. From memory I think that he arrested 21 times during that evening and night, I do know that no one had ever been recorded with as many arrests as he had taken up until that time. When we departed company and I began my walk back the Ward, I took a look at my watch; it was 1.30 a.m. in the morning. Most of the lights were out except for ones for security. How good I felt as I pushed my way through the swinging doors to my Ward, definitely these were my kind of people, no more did I wish to be in any other kind of company.

As I made my way along the corridor I was humming some Spiritual Song, Everywhere was very quiet and peaceful, I thought. Soon my peace was abruptly shattered. I could see one of the Nurses looking at me in a rather strange way; she was speaking to someone and looking over to her left hand side as she did so. I recognised her as being the Nurse from earlier in the evening, and was quite looking forward to telling her about my wonderful time with these Christians; I was sure that she was a Christian herself, and would understand and be interested to hear my news.

How wrong could I have been? Suddenly another Nurse appeared and the two of them came bounding down towards me with such jowls on their faces that I almost wanted to turn around and run. As they drew near they began to speak to me in a very harsh tone, it seemed to me that if it were not night time, with most people sleeping, these two very charming Nurses would not be so charming at all. I'm absolutely sure that they would be using voices that would have a much more raised volume, and with the tone at its highest level. To be honest, their attitude took me by great surprise. What all this fuss was about I could not say. It was as if I had done something terribly wrong.

"Where have you been? We have been looking everywhere for you." They took me by my both arms, and as they marched me back to my bed, they continued to scold me like I was a very badly behaved child. *"Do you not realise that you are a very sick man? Only a few weeks ago we were picking you up from the floor. Where were you anyhow, we searched the place for you. If anything had happened to you how could we have done anything for you?"*

It was only then that I realised that I had indeed done wrong, but all this time they had scarcely took a space to breathe, never mind giving me a chance to defend myself or to tell them where I was. We had now arrived at my bed, they took off my Dressing Gown and put me into the bed, one of them went off leaving me with the one from earlier in the night. I thought that now was my opportunity to be able to put the record straight and at least gain some favour with them again, so I said;

"Nurse, will you please give me at least a chance to tell you where I was tonight? Will you please sit down there beside the bed and listen to me?" She sat down on the stool beside the bed and I sat up on the side of the bed to face her.

I thought that it would be completely safe to tell her about all the details of where I had been and that she would believe me; after all she was a Christian, and would understand. So straight away without any explanation at all, I said.

"Well Nurse, to tell you the truth, I was at a Prayer Meeting tonight."

Well: Suddenly she shot up from that stool; made some sort of remark that I could not make out, and began to storm away from me as fast as she could go.

What have I done now I thought to myself? My, these Nurses are mighty touchy tonight.

The poor girl attempted to rush away from me, probably thinking that I was the greatest conman that she had met in a long time, and probably also thinking that I was mocking her.

After all, how or where could there be a Prayer Meeting in a Hospital at that time of the morning?

As she turned round sharply and rather hurriedly in her haste to get away from me; she knocked the side of her leg on a lever that was sticking out a little bit on the corner of the end of my bed which slowed her down a little.

Just as she started off again, a most amazing thing happened. The man in the bed beside me took a Nightmare of some kind. As he did so, he yelled out something like;

"Herby! You'll sink the Bloody Boat" and at the same time he dove forwards out of his bed leaving his feet still tangled in the bedclothes. His arms were making motions on the floor like someone trying to swim the front crawl to safety. The timing of this dive could not have been more perfect because he had just flung himself right in front of the Nurses passageway stopping her hasty retreat from me. (There had been no earlier signs that this man was in an unsettled sleep.) This noise brought the other Nurse down right away to see what was going on, and of course the funny side of all this could only but bring smiles to their faces; they put the chap back into bed as he appeared to still fast asleep.

Once again I could see my chance to make another attempt to put things right between these lassies and me, so I asked them if they would please come and sit down with me for a few minutes to let me explain to them.

Both of them came and sat down on the stool beside the bed and I sat up on the side of the bed facing them. The chap in the other bed had seemed to be none the worse for his ordeal, and appeared to be still fast asleep.

I began much better this time, and told them that I was extremely sorry for causing them so much worry and trouble. I then said that I thought that they were both Christians. One replied immediately to me, but she was rather sharp in her tone;

"How did you know that?" So I explained that I could see it in their faces. One replied, but was once again sharp in her tone;

"Well! Praise God for that."

I told them my story of how I had repented of my sin's three weeks before, down the corridor from where we were in a little side room. I told them how I had to get away earlier that night. I explained to them that I was terrified of falling into sinfulness again; that I had once been a terribly bad backslider.

Once again a strange and startling thing happened to me that night. Suddenly I turned round pointing to the chap in the next bed, and at the same time said to the Nurses;

"If you want to know what it is like to be in a terribly bad backslidden state, just ask this chap here. He can tell you all that you would need to know about being backslidden."

The poor man had risen from his bed and was sitting up on the side of his bed looking at the back of my head, but facing the Nurses, and as I turned round pointing towards him I found that my finger was pointing directly between his eyes.

At no time was I aware of him having moved at all in his bed. I never heard a thing, and was as greatly surprised by my actions, as he must have been. After a short time the lassies left me to go about their duties. We were now friends.

The chap beside me was back down in his bed and appeared to be sleeping, so I too got myself into a comfortable position and contemplated about the things that had happened since I had come into the Hospital earlier in the evening. The chap beside me was the same chap who had almost knocked me off the stool earlier in the evening. I had never seen him before that night. Sam, as I will now call him, began speaking to me from out of the darkened light and still lying in his bed.

"Do you know me?"

"No," I answered, and continued; "To-night is the first time that I have met you." He rose from his bed and continued;

"Who told you about me then?"

"No one told me anything at all about you." I replied; now getting up from my bed also. We sat facing each other.

"Somebody must have told you my name; did they?"

I tried to see his name from the board at the back of his bed where patient's names are written, but in the darkened light I could not make it out.

"What makes you think that anyone told me your name? Anyhow if I knew your name, what would that tell me?" I could not understand his line of questioning. He went on;

"What made you say what you did about me?"

"I really don't know" I replied, "I'm as surprised as you are. You know that I only came in here tonight."

"Are you sure that you have never met me before?" He asked.

"Yes I am definitely sure that I have never met you before tonight. But tell me: Is it true what I said?"

"Yes! Yes! It's true, but who told you? That's what I want to know." My answer this time broke him to tears and loud sobs.

"All that I can tell you is that it must have been Jesus, for no one else told me."

Sam's crying was so loud that I had to bring him into the Gent's toilet so as not to waken all the rest of the patients. In fact I can recall that I had almost to carry him into the toilets, he was so shaken by the whole experience that he could not walk by himself.

I don't know how long we talked that night. It was daylight before we went to bed, I do know that Sam's story was a very sad affair. I am not at liberty to tell it other than to tell you that he had been in full time ministry. He told me that the blank pages in his Bible were completely filled up with the names, addresses and telephone numbers of people whom he had led to faith in Jesus. Sam left the Hospital that next evening.

I am delighted to tell you that eventually Sam once again found peace with God.

Strangely, although I was up most of this evening, I had no ill effects at all with my health. I do remember that when I did eventually get to bed I could not sleep, as my mind was in such a hyped up state.

Yes God can and does use Baby Christians! So what are you waiting for?

[N.B. A BACKSLIDER is a person who once loved and served Jesus, and then turned away from Him.]

NOT OVER YET

After Sam left the Hospital my awareness of the others began to come to the surface, so I began to pray asking if there was someone else to whom I could be used to bring them into a relationship with Jesus

"Who is it to be Lord?" I would ask... Then I would look around to try and see whom it might be.

Please understand that this was not that I was having a Big Head about myself, nor being presumptuous. I personally can't stand being in the company of such types of people who are opinionated about themselves, and I try as best as I possibly can to avoid them. I can never understand the people who crave for the attention of others. Always trying to impress folk by going out of their way to try and let everyone see how wonderfully good they are, by showing how much they are doing for God.

To be totally honest with you, although I have been asked and told time and time again to write a book, it is for these very reasons that I have avoided doing so. I fear that the approval of man may change my personality. I fear the possibility that people may try to set me up on some sort of pedestal should this book prove to be popular. The only reason why I have written this book is because I truly believe that God Himself has told me to do so. Even as I write these few words I fear that it might influence someone to think of me as being someone special, and it almost makes me want to stop writing. I am a very ordinary person, who has had some very extraordinary things happen to me, by and through a miraculous and wonder working God.

The most important thing is that this same God wants to use you too. If this book stirs you up to put into practise some of these things and see them coming to pass, then, and only then, will it be worthwhile.

All this time in Hospital you have to remember I am a baby Christian. Only three weeks old in fact. But I am bursting with a desire to be used by God. I was not going around trying to make it happen, but I was most willing to be used by God, if God desired to do so. This is how babes are, is it not? They don't have any preconceived ideas as to how things should happen, they just trust, and just believe.

As you can imagine, I was still pretty much fired up with the events of the previous day, and I'm also hearing good news about Mr Black; the man who had had all the heart arrests.

It was then that my attention was drawn towards Billy. He had been in a bed opposite me on the night before. It is only now, 24 years later as I write, that I begin to realise that he may have been aware of some of the things that had happened on that previous night. He was a fine figure of a man for his age, which as far as I can remember was 64 years old. Of course, Billy knew that he was in good shape and he would strut around a bit, breathing in, and pushing out his chest. As we would say here in Ireland;

"He fancied himself a bit." One might also say; *"Why not,"* when he was in such good order.

Billy seemed to attach himself to me. I'm one for wandering about the Wards while I'm in Hospital; stopping here and there for a chat, and seeing where the conversation leads. Of course I have a reason for doing this, and that is that all the time I'm asking Father God;

"Is it this one, or is it that one?"

Every place I went, Billy seemed to be following me. We have a saying here in Ireland which is; He was following me around like a Lap Dog. I have never seen a Lap Dog, but strangely, I know what the saying means. Billy was a good talker and he was also extremely interesting to listen to. We got on well together. At shaving time in the Toilets, we would be together, and as the day progressed we would be together.

Billy had been a bread man during the time when bread men drove their vans from door to door and street to street, as well as calling with various small shops around the country. It was a difficult and hard job, having to be out in all sorts of weather. Having to get all your bread sold every day, you couldn't simply decide that you were not feeling in tip top condition, and so you would take off and have an early day. You had to go on regardless of how you felt, how else were you going to get all your bread sold. Your customers were depending on you coming; you couldn't let them down, especially the ones in the country districts, who were without transport of their own. Bread men have good stories to tell, and Billy's were good. It became one of those friendships; when you could say that you really liked the person, and you knew that the person also liked you. At times Billy would really irritate me, he had attitudes that I could not stand. I could see some of my own old nasty ways in Billy, the things that I would have been up to a few weeks ago, and I didn't like seeing it, as it reminded me of the old me, and it was not nice to see myself in this way.

Somehow I was able to understand Billy and have some compassion for him. For instance I could clearly see that he was a hurting man and that all his tough image was only a front, but because he had lived this image for so long that it had almost destroyed him. Here was a hard man, a bitter man, a no nonsense man, no one was going to push him around, he would let you know exactly what he thought of you, with no holds barred. Yet below this hard, tough surface there was an extremely caring and kind person. Eventually I was able to steer the conversations around to the things of God. Billy had been a backslider for over 21 years, he had been a member of the Apostolic Church, and his story, with the reasons of how he had become backslidden, was a very sad tale.

Some renowned preacher was coming to Belfast, and Billy thought that it would be a great idea if he could get some of his fellow bread men to go along with him to hear this man of God, so he planned and organised a private bus company to bring the men to and from the meeting. Billy believed that some of these men might give their lives into the control of Jesus as result of this meeting. A date was arranged and a time set to leave,

there was one stipulation however, and that was that the bus driver said that he would be leaving Belfast no later than 10.30.p.m. and if anyone was late he would still be moving off at that time regardless. Billy assured him that there was no problem at all with these arrangements, as they were all bread men, and had to start work very early in the mornings. Eventually they set off for the meeting, along with some wives and friends as invited guests, and also to fill the bus, making it cheaper for everyone by having the bus full.

The meeting was running on longer than Billy thought it would do. Billy was getting anxious, they would have to leave soon or else the bus would be leaving without them all, as he glanced from time to time at his watch and wondered what he should do. He became relieved just then, because the Preacher had now stopped preaching and was beginning to make his appeal for people to repent of their sins and come forward to the front of the hall to receive salvation. Nobody was responding to the Preachers pleadings so he kept on, and on, and on, all the time becoming more and more emotionally fired up. Billy, once again looking at his watch, could see that there was only one thing that he could possibly do, and that was to send the message around by hand signals and whispers that they would have to slip out as quietly as possible from the meeting.

The Preachers heart must have almost jumped out of his body as he watched all these people getting up out of their seats and coming into the isles of the building. Never in his wildest dreams could he have believed for such a response as this, how many there were he could not say; excitedly he watched the scene as one by one these people filed out of their seats. But what was this? They were going the wrong way. It was up to the front that they should be coming to. They were disrupting the meeting at a most sensitive time; he couldn't let them get away with this, so he yelled out at them from the platform.

"What do you people think you are doing? You are disrupting the presence of God in our midst! In my entire ministry I have never seen worse. You will never be forgiven for chasing away the Holy Spirit." On and on he went, while Billy and his friends tried as best as they could to slip quietly out and to ignore this barrage of abuse being fired at them. Billy stopped in the isle to respond to the Preacher by explaining to him that they had a bus to catch and that it would not wait for them. He continued to say that it was not they who were disrupting the meeting, but that it was he who was guilty. The Preacher continued his attack by rebuking, scolding, and yelling that they should have waited until after the appeal regardless of the bus, saying that they could have waited and got the next one. Billy tried to explain, over the noise of the increasingly angry congregation of people, that it was not Belfast where they lived, but Lurgan;

"Do you want us to walk the twenty miles home?" he asked.

Turning once again to leave the meeting place, and with his head hanging down in disbelief, Billy suddenly felt this tremendously hard and wicked blow of someone's fist slamming into the side of his face. Billy who was not one to stand by idly and let someone abuse him like this, turned to the man who had inflicted the blow and in amazing speed, had landed a counter punch that Muhammad Ally would have been proud of. All Billy's friends had of course continued to leave the building while Billy had stood there alone, trying to explain their situation, so he had no one to come to his aid. As a brawl was now in full swing, Billy was quickly surrounded by some men holding him back from further attacks, while others held back the other gentleman from an all out battle. Billy was rudely manhandled, pushed, and dragged out of the building.

From that day Billy had turned his back on God.

I wonder how many others had their faith destroyed that night by a Preacher who, no doubt, was trying to stir up emotions in people so as to get results, and continue to make a name for himself, as being a speaker of renown. Twenty one years had gone past since that day; meanwhile Billy had continued to smoulder in his hurting state bringing about bitterness, resentment and a complete change of personality and character.

Another man took my attention. He was in a little room by himself and did not look like a well man. I would go into his room from time to time to have a chat. He had had open-heart surgery a few weeks before and had been allowed home as he had been getting on well and feeling fine. This is one of the strange things with people who have heart problems; they feel good and usually look real good too; they are not in much pain, unless they do something strenuous; they don't feel sick either; yet they are often very, very, ill people, indeed. Joe was just like this. The new valves, which had been fitted, were doing a great job for him. He had not been feeling this good for many a long time. One day while at home he tried to lift something too heavy and felt a slight twinge as if some muscle had stretched a little bit. A few hours later Joe Boyd was admitted back into Hospital, he had done some damage to one of the new valves that had only recently been fitted. Internal bleeding was the problem. Another operation was going to be required to save Joe's life, but he was much too frail to go through with such another operation right now. The only thing that could be done was to try and build up Joe's strength and then do the operation.

All sorts of high protein foods were being given to him, including a special brew of Guinness Stout, which was given free to Hospitals in Ireland by Guinness, until, I believe, some religious group of people stopped it.

Billy would come in with me to visit Joe from time to time. We were free to walk about, it was good therapy for those who were fit and well enough to do this.

What a shock it would be, when on occasions, after a good nights sleep, you would find the bed empty of a person with whom you had been talking to on the previous evening. During the night they would have died. I remember on one occasion, there was a chap lying in the bed opposite me who had just been washed and shaved by one of the nurses, he was obviously feeling good, because as he lay back upon his head- rest, which was piled up with pillows, and with his hands behind his head, he began to sing at the top of his voice a local song. The song began;

"In Banbridge Town in the County Down." The man gave a grunt, his arms dropped down, his head rolled

over, and just as quickly as that, he was dead. Quick as a flash Hospital staff came to him, they pulled round the curtain but it got tangled up with the machinery that they had brought, this kept the curtains open towards me, so I was able to lie in my bed and watch all that was going on. The Doctors and Nurses were so involved with the patient that they were not aware of this. No matter what they did they could not bring this poor man back again.

Why am I telling you this? Well my reason is to impress upon you the mind set of people in these wards during those days. Death was a thing that was on most people's minds, especially when news got around that someone had just died, or had died during the night.

[I must say however, so as not to scare anyone; things have greatly improved since those days. Very rarely do events like these happen to day, as the advancement in medicines has so greatly improved.]

One afternoon there was a gentleman who died; He had some rare disease, and the door of his room was always kept closed. I knew his wife quite well and she had told me that his body was slowly dying, but that his mind was as alert as ever. She had also said that at this stage most of his body had in fact already died. How terrible this must have been for this poor man, and also for his wife, having to watch this slow torturous death. My heart used to ache for her, at times she would have to leave the room when her husband required some attention from the Hospital Staff, and she would often come and sit with me during this time.

Daily, student Doctors and Nurses would be brought to his room to be taught something about this terrible disease. They would have to put on plastic gowns, gloves, shoe covers, and also wear masks. They would go into the room about three at a time and stay for about fifteen minutes each time.

This part of my story is very difficult for me to tell. It is certainly not to degrade the poor man in any way, in fact it only points to us all, and shows just how fickle and unimportant we are, even when we might think that we are great, or important.

After his death and when his body had been removed the doors to his room were kept open. Soon a very unpleasant odour began to drift around our booth and along to the other booths. Billy and I took it upon ourselves to open up a few windows to allow some fresh air into the ward. After a short time we were being scolded by one of the Staff Nurses, asking who it was that gave us permission to do this;

"Do you people not realise that there are some older people here in this ward that need to be respected and considered before you do such a thing?" she barked. We tried to explain that we only did it to dispel the terrible smell. She only barked back at us, *"Don't be ridiculous! There is no smell whatsoever"* and after finishing closing all the windows she stormed off, while Billy shouted after her,

"Excuse me Nurse, but there is."

I went after the nurse and told her that no matter what she said, she only had to come down to our area for a short while and she would know for sure herself. She only looked at me, with a look that said; **GO AWAY**, so I did just that.

About one hour later a man came into our ward, he was dressed in what looked like a white space suit, his boots and headgear looked exactly like an astronaut's. He had a lot of machinery with him, which he brought into the room with him. When inside, he closed the door and began to fumigate the whole room, taking about an hour to complete the job. After he came out he used wide, thick tape to seal all round the doors, top and bottom, onto the floor, and all around the door posts. He then put a notice on the door, which was dated and signed, saying; **"DO NOT OPEN FOR 48 HOURS."**

Billy, in the meantime had found out who the people were who had complained to the Nurses about us. I was not aware of this; Billy had not told me, but in his mind he was planning to get his revenge on the culprits. It was strange, but when Billy would go into these moods his personality would change. Although I could see this change, and would not like what I was seeing, on this occasion I was not made aware of what it was, which was causing this change. At these times when he really annoyed me, I would let him know by saying to him;

"You really think you're great, don't you? You really fancy yourself. You're strutting about there with your chest stuck out. Who do you think that you are impressing anyhow, by trying to show how tough you are? You don't impress me, that's for sure. I'm the only person here now, so whose benefit is it for? I think you're pathetic when you get on like this. Why don't you act your age and be yourself for a change?"

The strange thing is, he took it all, and never once said a word to me in retaliation, he would simply and quietly walk away with his head hung down, saying nothing at all. It used to make me feel bad when I attacked him like this, and I would think that I had blown any more chances to be able to witness to him. A few minutes later I would go to him and say;

"Billy I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you. I had no right to treat you like that. It's really none of my business how you behave." Billy would reply,

"Don't worry, that's all right."

This made me feel worse, of course. I would have preferred it if he had given me some sort of retaliation. Of course what I didn't know was that these attacks were hitting home like body blows under the belt, and that my immediate apologies were making things worse for him as he had now no reason to attack me back. By my action I had destroyed all his plans.

That evening, at around 9 pm He said to me,

"Why don't you go down to that wee room at the bottom? There's one of your kind of fellows in there now. He came in earlier in the day when you were away having some tests done. You might not have seen him."

This was the little room that I had been in three weeks before when I had given my life to Jesus, but I

didn't know what Billy was talking about. I had heard some hymn singing a little earlier, but thought that it was a radio playing. Billy continued.

"He's singing hymns, you could join him; come on, I'll go with you."

What I didn't know until much later was that Billy had found out earlier that it was these gentlemen who had complained about us opening the windows. His plan was to get us started singing hymns, thinking that this would cause some reaction from the rest of the patients in the ward, and that protests would follow, resulting in these men being scolded like we had been earlier in the day. I could not quite understand this plan because he was there also. Probably his plan was to get the singing started and then he would clear off. There were two men in the room.

When I had been in this room earlier I was alone in it and was surprised to see two men. The Hospital was very full so that must have been the reason.

One of the men was an Elim Pastor who had spent most of his life as a Missionary and who should have been retired many years before. He said to me one day,

"You know young brother; you never retire when you are in God's service." John McEnnis was his name, he was still Preaching and Pastoring in a Church in Armagh, and he was over seventy years of age, what an impression he made on me as a young Christian.

The other gentleman was an elderly Anglican who had a wonderful trained Bass voice having sung in various choirs throughout his life, his name was Mr Meredith. He had been the Proprietor of a grocers shop in Tandragee. We introduced ourselves to one another, and of course Billy had to listen once again to my Testimony of how I had got saved in this very room three weeks before.

Did we sing or what? I tell you, it was beautiful. Billy, who turned out to have a pretty good voice himself and John McEnnis took the melody. Mr Meredith took the Bass and I took the Tenor, having sung in choirs for many years myself.

I am one of these people who has a natural ear for music, if I hear a discord it goes through me like a knife, I can hear all the parts in my head and can also sing them all. I guess that you could say that I was musical. I do come from a very musical family, yet the only thing that I can play is a harmonica. The reason why I tell you this is to try and impress upon you the fact that if I tell you that our singing was good, then you would believe me that it was good. We sang all the good old songs, that sadly one would scarcely hear now days; How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear; What a friend we have in Jesus; The old rugged Cross; When I survey the wondrous Cross Abide with me; When we all get to Heaven, and so on.

The acoustics were wonderful. It sounded as if there were dozens of voices singing. Now as I write many years later, and am much wiser and aware of spiritual things, I begin to realise that this might have been true. It would be no problem to God at all to send a few Angels down to accompany us. I have personally heard this happen so many times since to know this is a fact.

As these beautiful melodies drifted down through the corridors of the Hospital, one could feel the effects it must have been having, as the wonderful words resounded from booth to booth and from cubicle to cubicle. We must have sung for two hours or more. I do remember that we went on until well past Midnight, and not one complaint was made.

At times I glanced at Billy and thought that on one or two occasions there may have been tears in his eyes. I'm sure that he was beginning to enjoy it all, just as much as we were. One thing for sure, he could not have stayed there all that time without being affected.

Next morning everyone was telling us how beautiful our singing had been. Nurses and patients congratulated us alike, with comments such as;

"That was lovely singing you boys did last night; I could have listened to your singing all night long; when are you boys making a record." **Billy's plan had backfired big style.**

That morning I asked God if he could arrange it for men to be moved around so that Billy and I would be left alone in our Booth. We had been having some good conversations at night. I asked for this so that there wouldn't be any annoyance caused to other men when we talked over to each other while lying in bed that night. This would mean that I could get down to some real conversation about the things of God without him sliding away when things got a bit serious for him. I told God that this would be wonderful because he would not be able to run away and I would have a captive audience. The day seemed to be very ordinary until, in the afternoon the Nursing staff started to move beds around. The two other men in our Booth were allowed to go home leaving two empty newly made up beds.

"Surely you won't allow any new people to come into these beds?" I prayed. The day passed, evening came, and still the beds were empty.

"God, you are wonderful, thank you so much for bringing this about," was my prayer that night.

We had settled down to bed, all had gone exactly to plan, and I was wondering how I could steer this conversation around to the things of God. Just then, Billy spoke out in the semi darkness shattering all my dreams.

"I'm very, very tired to night and am in no mood for talking, so I'll be getting the head down and going to sleep. Why don't you go down there to that wee man Joe Boyd and have a chat with him to night? I think he could be doing with some company."

Well what could I do? There was no way that I could force Billy to talk. One thing that I felt sure of, and that was that Billy was running scared. Then the thought entered my mind, that although God had brought about all the things that I had asked for, He could and would never force Billy or anyone else, to do anything that they did not want to do, so much was the freedom that He has given us all.

In the silence I thought that maybe after all this could be God's back up plan. He has known all along that this

was going to happen, yet in His wonderful love for me, and not wanting to weaken my faith, He brought about everything that I had asked for in detail.

I began to pray;

"Father God, this is too wonderful to think that You have had another plan all along. Father, I don't want to mess it up, and I'm not even sure if all these thoughts are right, and I don't know what to ask You to do for me to let me know if they are right. Father, please forgive me for asking You these things, but if You really want me to go and talk to Joe, will You have him sitting up on the edge of his bed? If I have not to talk to him, will You have him lying down? Now Father, I'll wait for a few minutes to give You time to send some Angels to either get Joe up or to put him down. AMEN."

All this time there was not a movement or sound from Billy, so either he was genuinely very tired, or else he was doing a good bluffing job.

When I went into Joe's room, he was sitting up on his bed. He was not feeling too good. I asked him if he would like me to get a Nurse for him, but he said that he was not that bad and would be all right in a moment or so. I asked him if he worried about dying when he was in some of his painful bouts. He said that, indeed, he did worry when he was in pain. I then asked if he knew where he would be going if he died. I asked;

"Do you think you would be going to Heaven or do you think that you would be going to Hell?" Joe's reply was;

"Well I would like to think that I would be going to Heaven."

"You can know for sure Joe, didn't you know that?" I asked.

"How could you ever know that?" he asked; so I began to tell him. He looked at me blankly as though he had never heard any of what I was telling him, so I asked him.

"Don't you know about Jesus, Joe?" His answer to me left me stunned.

"Didn't they kill that wee man or something?" he asked. Joe was a 65-year-old Presbyterian from Northern Ireland and he didn't even know this.

He was one the loveliest, open, sincere, honest and gentlest men that it has ever been my delight to know. One could see that he had once been a very handsome man.

As he explained to me the pressures of being a farmer's son with all the chores that had to be done, my heart went out to him. He said;

"Sure, by the time I got all my bits and pieces done, it was time to get cleaned up and go into town to see if I could get myself a woman; I never had the time to go to Church to hear anything."

"Would you like me to tell you something about Jesus and how you could know for sure that you would go to Heaven when you die?" I asked. His reply was;

"I would just love that."

After I told him, very simply and quickly about the devil and his plan, and how God our Father had to send Jesus to die on the cross so that He could break the curse and set us free, Joe said to me.

"Son, you are telling me things that I have never heard in my life affore."

[He used this old word, not heard now, that means; **before**.] Joe continued, by asking,

"My, I would just love to meet that wee man Jesus: Could you get that wee man Jesus to come to me tonight?"

(I had to stop typing just then for a bit, just to have a little sob. I was overcome, as I recalled this scene.)

Joe's Pyjama Top was lying open and unbuttoned, his chest showing the scar of his recent heart operation, every rib could be counted, his face was gaunt and showing the signs of a very sick man. One thing stood out to me though, and that was his lovely beseeching eyes, they looked as though he were of a young child pleading for food or something. It was the kind of look that would have melted the hardest heart.

Now, a very strange thing happened to me just then: I became brain dead as to how to go any further in pointing Joe to a place where he could find Jesus. I had been brought up knowing the way, and normally would have no problem in doing so, but God had other plans.

I told Joe that there was a Pastor who was in the Ward and that I would bring him in to see him first thing in the morning. I put my hands upon Joe's head and asked Jesus that He would give Joe a peaceful and pain free night, and that He would give him a good night's sleep, keeping him safe until the next morning. Joe got himself up into his bed, I helped him with his bedclothes, we said good night to each other, and I left the room.

When morning came, Billy's bed in front of me was empty. I gathered up my things to go to the Bathroom to wash and shave. Billy was there by himself and he asked me how I had got on last night with Joe. I knew by this question that he must have been awake last night after all, otherwise he would not be asking me this question; did I go to Joe's room last night? Suddenly I found myself in an instant rage with Billy. I said;

"Look Billy, why pretend that you are interested when you are not. If you were really interested in Joe Boyd you would have been with me last night."

"That wee man was pleading with me last night to help him find peace with Jesus, and I couldn't do it. You could have done it, you know the Scriptures inside out and much better than me, this would have been no problem for you; Shame on you! God has a work for you to do and you are refusing to do it."

Billy had just finished washing himself, and without a word, he left the Bathroom. Once again I began to be so sorry for the way that I had treated him, and wondered what had got into me to cause me to treat him in such a horrible way.

After I finished washing myself I went in search of the little Pastor, John McEnnis and told him my story. Wasting no time at all he very sharply and willingly came with me to go to Joe's room.

On the way past my own Booth area; there sitting alone and looking rather sad for himself, was Billy. I spoke over to him and said,

"Billy! We are going down to see Joe. Would you like to come with us?"

"Yes, I would," he said, so up he got from his bed and followed us. Joe was lying in his bed, and as we gathered around him I introduced him to Pastor McEnnis. Joe told us that he had had the best sleep last night than he had done for ages, which was very pleasing to hear.

Pastor McEnnis told Joe to imagine his heart as being like a house that had a door that was closed, and that he, Joe, was the only person who could open the door of this house to invite, and let Jesus in. He told Joe that he had to do something first, and that was to have this house cleaned up, just like anyone would do before they would invite someone into their house to come and live in it. He told Joe that what he had to do was to ask Jesus to forgive him for all the sins and wrong things that he had ever done in his life, and then he was to open up the door of his heart and ask Jesus to come in to live there, and to stay there forever.

"Do you understand all this Joe," Pastor John asked.

Joe said that he did, and so the Pastor led him in a simple prayer, which Joe repeated. **Tears filled Joe's eyes, and soon ran profusely down his cheeks; his face began to shine and glow as the Miracle of New Birth took place before our eyes.**

Later on that day, Billy was sitting on the side of his bed while I was also sitting on the opposite side of the room on mine.

One thing we were not aware of was that the Pastor had been told that he could go home, so he had been off to the Telephone to get someone to collect him. On his way back from the Telephone he stopped at the end of our Booth, we had our backs to him and were facing out of the windows.

I don't remember what I was doing at the time, and I was not in the least aware of what Billy was doing when the Pastor began to speak to us. He said;

"I'm getting home gentlemen but I just want to leave you with a word from the Lord," and he began to quote these words from Romans, Chapter 8 and Verses 38 and 39.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

As soon as he said this, he was off in a flash to get his bag packed for going home.

Opposite me I became aware of Billy's body shaking all over. One of his hands was up to his head, and he was stooped over with his head almost to his knee's. Very quickly I made my way over to him, not being aware of what the problem was. His shoulders were heaving up and down. A snuffling sound was coming from him. I shouted to him;

"Billy! Are you all right?"

He weakly lifted up his head towards me; his face was covered with tears and water ran profusely from his nose.

I am now sitting beside him. He was saying in a much shaken voice;

"I knew the," SOB, SOB, *"answer was in there!"* SOB, SOB. *"I knew it! I knew it!"*

By now Billy's sobs were very loud, and he was having great difficulty in getting the words out. *"Look!"* he said, *"Look, at---what---I---was---reading."*

On his knee was a Gideon Bible, which he had taken from his locker and had been reading it.

IT WAS OPENED AT ROMANS, CHAPTER 8, and he had been reading the very same words as the Pastor was quoting them. *"See!--it was there"* SOB! SOB! *"all the-----time.-----I can't---get---away from it. NOTHING!----- can separate me! --- I'm --- sorry Jesus! - I'm sorry."*

This scene, will, like many others, be indelibly fixed in my mind until the day I die, or until Jesus calls me home. There was a most distinct puddle upon the floor at our feet, which was made from Billy's crying with tears of Repentance, and mine also, but with tears of joy.

Suddenly, there, standing right beside us was a Nurse. She had obviously come to see what our problem was. She shouted;

"Are you boys all right!" Billy was incapable of replying to her, he was in such a state, so I tried. I turned round to her and said, with tears running down my cheeks, the bottom of my glasses full of water, causing an almost magnification effect, and of course they were also steamed up;

"It's OK nurse.---- We are just happy in the Lord."

She gave a big shrug of her shoulders and said;

"HUH! - Every-body to their own thing." And off she walked.

The thing that I find interesting about this story is that it should have been no trouble for me to lead Joe in a sinner's prayer. **But if we look at all the events as they happened, a plan can be seen that is way beyond anything that we could ever have brought about.** It seems that Billy needed to be in that room that morning. All my abuse to him was obviously chipping away at the shell, and the Pastor came along and brought the whole thing to its final destination. I think that I sowed, Joe watered and Pastor John reaped. **GOD'S WAYS ARE JUST WONDERFUL...**

Two days after the night when I was down very late in the room with my friends, who were praying for their Father, Jonnie Black. He was outside in the wards and sitting up beside his bed reading his newspaper.

On the third day, he was walking about the corridors just as though nothing had ever been wrong with him.

Had they heard from God that night through the Scriptures? What did it say?

"After two days will He revive us: in the third day He will raise us up?" Hosea.6v2.

Billy asked me if I would go to the telephone with him to tell his wife Belle about his news. Belle had been praying and believing for Billy's return to faith in Jesus all these years. Billy said that if he told her, she would think that he was mocking, and not believe one word. When I did tell her she could scarcely believe me either. Only when I told her that I was a Christian myself, and would never dare joke about things as serious as this, did she believe me.

Pastor John McEnnis died a short time after this story, on September 14th 1980. Billy and I attended together at his Funeral Service. He had written in his Bible this little poem, which I have also written in mine since those early days of my walk with Jesus.

"When I am dying, how glad I shall be, that the lamp of my life, was burnt out for Thee!"

Billy is now with Jesus also, the quality of his life during the last ten or so years was one of witness and victory in Jesus.

I got home from the Hospital the next day myself and on the following day I rang the Hospital to inquire how Joe Boyd was doing. The Hospital told me that Joe had taken a turn for the worse, and they were left with no alternative but to send him by Ambulance to The Royal Victoria Hospital in Belfast to see if they could perform an emergency operation on him, even though they knew that Joe would be probably be too weak to undergo another operation in his state of health.

He died in the Ambulance while he was on the way to The Royal Victoria Hospital.

YOU CAN'T SWIM IN A PADDLING POOL

I used to think in my early days as a Christian that it was important to get to know the mighty men of God. I remember reading a book about a man who lived towards the latter years of the Apostles. I think that the book might have been called something like;

"The fragments of the letters of Papias." Anyhow the writer said that he had heard, this story, and that story, about the Lord Jesus, and had wanted to find out, first hand, for himself if these things were true, so he sought out John, and he sought out Andrew, James, John; so as to ask them himself. I am probably not using the correct names.

As usual when I go to look for books such as this, I find out that I must have loaned them to someone, and have never had them returned. Anyhow I am only using this as an illustration to show how I felt as a young Christian. If I had lived at those times, I would have been the same.

Albert Hibbert, who I have already mentioned as being one of the friends of Smith Wigglesworth, was another amazing man of God who played a great part in my early days as I yearned to be with those who knew, by experience, the things of God. Albert himself as a young child received a miraculous healing from God through the ministry of Wigglesworth. He was extremely ill as a child and was expected to die. Albert's Father had been a life-long friend of Smith Wigglesworth, and had asked if he could come and pray for his son, and of course he did. After they had prayed together for Albert they sat down to have some tea and chat. Something began to happen to Albert, as he lay there, covered over with some blankets. During their conversation, Albert's head, which was twice the size as it should normally be, began to shrink back to normal. It was Easter time and Albert had a chocolate Easter egg sitting on the sideboard that no one thought that he would ever eat. The first that everyone knew of Albert's healing was when they heard him say, as he began to rise from his sick bed, was;

"Can I have my Easter egg now?" Albert, like all young children had wanted to eat his egg but was too sick to do so. His parents had told him that he could have it when he got better.

When Walter Cowell was a young man, he also knew Smith Wigglesworth; as a Missionary in later years he had the joy of driving around the amazing man of God, William Marion Branham for three weeks. Walter, a simple, unassuming, wonderful man of God, was a Missionary in Brazil, working totally by faith and without any financial backing, was chosen by Branham himself to be his driver.

I must tell you at least one story about Walter that was told to me in front of a glowing fire on a cold and icy night in the home of Bessie and Walter, when they lived in Winchester, England. His two lovely Daughters Faith and Joy were also there, I will never forget that night as I listened spellbound to the stories which eventually I managed to drag out of him.

I will be telling you about the reason why I happened to be in the home of the Cowell's in a later part of this book, when I focus on some stories about my friend Bill Turner and the extraordinary relationship that I have had with him over the years.

Walter and Bessie have a married son also, called Peter who was working with Brother Andrew for the suffering Church worldwide.

Walter, as a young man, was working in a Weaving Factory when he heard the call of Jesus for him to go to Jamaica as a Missionary, so after a time in Bible College, off he went, without much financial backing, but with lots of faith.

His little Church which he founded in Kingston is still standing and going strong, some of the present elders were the first converts to Jesus through Walter's ministry to them. He loved to play his little Banjo and sing; in

the evenings he used to sit on his doorstep playing and singing choruses. Soon he would have a band of little children around him; he would teach them to sing these choruses, and also tell them stories about Jesus. He would then ask them to sing and tell these stories to their parents when they got home, and ask their parents to bring them and come along themselves to the little meeting house. Some of these very first children are those who I am speaking about who are the present Elders.

To get stories from Walter was like trying to get blood from a stone. This was only because he did not wish to take any glory or bring attention to himself, wishing only to give all the credit and attention to Jesus. However when I got around to squeezing out some stories, Bessie would begin at first and then very soon Walter would get into it, and tell it in such a way that I felt that I was right there with him.

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, of which I am a member myself, had decided to have a three week Campaign in Kingston and to invite along as their special speaker William Marrion Branham who at that time had an outstanding Prophetic word of Knowledge and Healing Ministry which could still probably be described as a ministry the like of which has not been seen since.

[My understanding, for what it is worth, of William Branham, is that in his latter years he began to move into a Teaching Ministry which God had never called him into, and he began to preach strange doctrines. At the time of Walters's story this was not the case.]

The FGBMFI men gathered up all the various Church Leaders to make plans for this Campaign as they wished to build up the body of Christ by sending those whose lives would be touched back into their own Churches, which is still their objective to this day, and the reason why I love being a member. Walter of course was one of those invited to attend these planning meetings, not that anyone was going to take any heed to anything that he might have to say, as he was only a little drop in the ocean as far as all the other Church Leaders were concerned, most of whom had very large Churches with some very wealthy members. Soon the day for Billy Branham to arrive drew near, someone was sent to pick him up from the Airport, while all the others gathered together in the Foyer of the Hotel to make up a greeting party for him.

[I must add here that this part of this story was told to me by Bessie, and not by Walter.]

Walter was with the men, but was away from them and sitting on a window ledge trying to keep himself cool in the breeze from the opened window. Bessie was sitting on a chair, along with the Ladies, who were over to one side, but she was much closer to the men than Walter was.

Suddenly there arose a commotion among the men; it soon became a very agitated and angry discussion with some voices being raised much more than they ought to be. It was not hard for Bessie to hear quite clearly what it was that they were arguing about. It went something like this;

"Well the reason why I never had this discussed at any of our meetings was because I had always assumed that I was going to be the person myself who would Chauffeur Mr Branham about" Another would say;

"I don't know how you took it upon yourself to assume to have that privilege, after all it was I who invited him in the first place and took it for granted that I would be having that responsibility"

One after the other these important men put forth their case as to how and why they thought that they ought to be the one to drive Brother Branham about. Walter had not moved from where he was sitting and although he had now become aware of what was going on he dared not get involved, after all it was nothing to do with him.

Branham seemed to suddenly arrive and almost caught them by surprise so engrossed were they in their arguments. At once all the faces lost their frowns, and smiles began to appear as everyone began to crowd around and fuss over the little man of God. As introductions continued and hand shakes were being exchanged all round, someone said above the noise;

"Brother Branham we were just discussing who would be the person who would drive you around during your time with us. We seemed to have missed this detail during our planning."

Bessie looked over to her beloved Walter who was still sitting on the windowsill; no one had even thought him important enough to have him introduced to Brother Branham. As she looked, her heart ached with pain by the way in which her dear husband was being treated, she felt in her aching heart that her man was most likely to be thought of as being far better than all of these other men in the eyes of Jesus.

Branham spoke up and said;

"Don't worry; I will seek the Lord about this and let you know who it is to be"

A few more handshakes later, and as Branham was going up a few steps up the stairs, for to go to his room, he stopped, and turning around from his higher and advantaged place said;

"Who is the little English Missionary? The Lord says that I am to have the little English Missionary drive me about."

Most of these men did not even know who Walter was, but Bessie did, and more importantly Jesus did! Most of these FGBMFI men were property owners, some owning Sugar Beet Refineries, and Sugar Beet Plantations, and they all belonged to the most prominent Churches, and drove fancy American Cadillac's. Walter lived in a little shack of a place compared to these men; his Church was not much more than a large shed, and he drove an old Ford Car, which had bald tyres. (Unthreaded)

Now! Walter would talk; and he would tell me some stories of those wonderful days, which he had with this man of God.

"Night after night Brother Jonnie,"

He always called me Jonnie, although no one else did, but I knew that it was a term of endearment towards me and so I therefore loved it. *"After leaving Brother Branham off at his Hotel I could scarcely drive my car around the corner. I would have to pull up to the side, and there I would fall over the steering wheel and just weep, and weep, because of the overpowering presence which emanated from this man of God."* He would go on; *"Often I would forget that I had to go back to the Auditorium to collect Bessie and Faith to bring them home. Sometimes I could not move for what seemed like hours. Often when I would collect Brother Branham from the Hotel to bring him to the Auditorium for the nights meeting, and would go forward to greet him with a handshake, I would stagger back and go off balance just as I reached him, because of the power of God which always seemed to be all around him. Night after night he would get up and pronounce the most awkward names of people, and call out their addresses in the local dialect, just as if he had been living there all his life, and saying it just as if he was a Jamaican, which I couldn't do after living there for years. The Holy Spirit revealed night after night the most intimate things about people, lots of times, not for themselves, but for loved ones at home, yet he would know."*

How could it be possible that one could be in Walter's company and not be affected in a great and wonderful way, when Jesus looks upon him like this? Walter was the gentlest, charming and beautiful man that I have ever met; He was almost too humble in some ways. How I cherish the memories of times spent with him as I drove him about to meetings during a period of a few months when he stayed here in Ireland. The walks and talks that we had at some of the beauty spots in Ireland are all still vividly in my mind. After he was home again we would often chat to one another by phone and it would always be the same, neither of us would want to be the first to set the phone down. We would say Goodbye and God Bless over and over, then I would hear him say;

"I love you Brother Jonnie" and I would reply;

"And I love you too Brother Walter" Sometimes we would repeat this several times to one another. My treasured memory that I have of him, is seeing him with tears in his eyes and saying to me

"I couldn't love you more brother Jonnie if you were my very own son"

Walter is now at home with Jesus, and so is Bessie, but I think sometimes that he left with me part of himself, so much an impression did he make upon my life. I still miss him very much. Being with him was to me like being with Jesus. I will never forget him.

[Have you ever thought that God could never use you because you are not very important and have not reached any great heights, going by worldly standards? People may look at you like this and that would probably be the normal reaction towards very ordinary people, but this is not the case with God, is it. You are the very kind of person who He is looking for, so begin to believe, and begin to step out. 1Cor.1v26-31.]

Then there was that wonderful woman of God, Agnes Hancock who by her simple faith could remove mountains. Crippled by Parkinson's disease she crawled along the streets to a meeting where she believed that when she was prayed for she would be healed. When she got to the meeting, she crawled in, and shouted;

"Stop the singing! God has told me that I will be healed when you anoint me with oil and pray."

They sat her in a chair, holding on to her, otherwise she would have fallen out if it. After they anointed her and prayed, her body began to stop shaking, and for the first time in years she was able to sit in a chair unaided. As she sat there, her body began to fill out and fatten as the dead weakened muscles began forming once again on her body. Inside ten minutes her body had put on three stones and twelve pounds, (or fifty four pounds). Is there evidence of this, you might ask? Yes there is! The Hospital people had weighed Agnes earlier that morning, and she was able to get the records of them the next day, when she went there herself to be re-weighed, in order to prove her healing. She needed to have proof of this so that she could keep her children, because the health authorities were going to take them off her that day, believing that she was not in any fit state of health to look after them. Agnes carried these records around with her for the Doubting Thomases. There are also people still alive today who witnessed this remarkable healing.

It has been my joy and privilege to have known these people, to have sat with them, ate with them, slept in some of their homes, had them stay in my home, drove them about, and to have talked as a friend to them has been an outstanding blessing to me. It hasn't stopped; still to day I meet such people. People who don't know where the next Dollar, Pound, or Euro is coming from; and don't worry about it either; people who depend and trust God for everything, travelling around from pillar to post, often not knowing where they will be sleeping that night. Men and women of faith who have only one thing in their minds, and that is to strengthen the family of God by trying to impart something wonderful; to make an impact on people so that they begin to know the truth beyond any doubt, **that, with Jesus all things are possible.**

I hope that you are getting this message:

Don't be without Jesus; BUT; **with Jesus! You with Him, and He with you!** This is how it ought to be for us all.

A VERY BIG MAN WITH A LITTLE BOYS VOICE

The Messianic Jews who I have already mentioned have a wonderful story of a miracle of a friend of theirs, which in some way may answer this question. Bert and Pam were at a meeting with this friend of theirs during

one of their trips back home to America. Towards the end of the meeting the preacher asked for those who would like to receive the laying on of hands for healing to come forward to the front. Their friend got up to go forward and had to pass by Pam by side stepping out of the pews. Pam being curious, and not realising that their friend was ill, quietly asked him,

"Are you ill?" to which he replied, looking down at himself, and making a motion with his hands, down his body,

"Do you call this well?" and onwards on his journey he went. You see this friend of theirs was born a dwarf. He was prayed for; there were no visible signs that anything had happened. Bert and Pam returned to Haifa, Israel, but on their way they stopped off at various places on preaching engagements, some probably here in Ireland.

Some time later when they arrived home they received in their P.O. Box a letter from their friend who was telling them that he had started to grow. Six Months later Bert and Pam were back in America once again, taking meetings and visiting family. They made arrangements to meet up with their friend for a meal in a Restaurant. When they first set eyes on him they could scarcely believe what they were seeing. Their friend had had to have many changes of clothing since the last time they had seen him, **for now he was Six feet two inches tall** and looking very much the tough guy. Of course this miracle was the main talking point for a considerable time before they got onto other things. Just before they departed company their friend said to them, [and Pam acts the words that he spoke, **in a very squeaky voice**]

"I don't know why the Lord did not complete my healing? Perhaps it is because no one would ever believe me that I was once a dwarf." Bert and Pam had photographs of before and after to prove the story.

MY BOYS BRIGADE LADS GO TO ISRAEL

I had this desire to bring my Boys' Brigade boys to Israel for their Annual Camp, but this was going to require a lot of cash to be able to make this happen. We agreed to work hard together to gather up funds, so all sorts of odd jobs were taken on, we held a series of Jumble Sales, applied for grants, washed cars and so on. We booked Youth Hostels in various areas of Israel to suit our planned places to visit. We hired two Mini Buses to be collected at the Air Port and set the date of departure. The cost to the boys was £185 and around £500 for the adults for 15 nights, all-inclusive. On one planned trip we travelled from the very top of Israel, right on the border of Lebanon, at a little village called Metulla, and continued on our journey south arriving in Elat on the same day. In one day, we swam in the Mediterranean Sea, the Sea of Galilee, the Dead Sea (well I suppose we really floated here), and finally the Red Sea. Pretty good adventures for young men wouldn't you say.

The evening before we left on this journey we had been sitting and lying around outside on the balcony of our Youth Hostel in Rosh-ha-niqra, when we were entertained by what was a full-scale war going on. We watched while dozens of Helicopters hovered about overhead. (This in its own is not anything new to any of us living in Northern Ireland) These Helicopters suddenly all put on their very powerful search lights, lighting the place up like daytime. Red flame things seemed to hang all over the place in the sky. (We later found out that these were heat sink things that would draw any missiles towards them rather than the planes, which we could now also hear overhead) We thought that it was only practise manoeuvres, yet we could hear the sounds of war in the not too far distance.

We left very early on the next morning to go on our adventurous journey, because we would have been put in Air Raid Shelters for the next two days if we had stayed there. We did all the adventurous things, like visiting Masada; and walking up Hezekiah's Tunnel with candles as light. The boys soon blew these candles out, so as to make it even more exciting, so we had to continue on in complete darkness. At times the water was up to our chins, sometimes to our waists, and at others only to our knees. The ceiling would get so low that you had to bend yourself at the knees and at the same time hold your head to the side so as to be able to breath as the water level was high at that point and up to our chins. At other places the walls would get very wide so that both sides could not be touched at the same time. This tunnel runs from the Gihon Spring, which was outside the city walls and ends at the Siloam Pool, inside the City. **It stretches for 1,750 feet long**, and was carved out about 2,700 years ago. When we came out of this tunnel we were stoned by some Palestinian youths. On another occasion we were also stoned, we were moved from a picnic by the Israeli Army, and on another rescued by the army from a nasty situation in the West Bank.

At no time did I preach to the boys, but I did tell them about the places as we went to them, of course. Up on the top of Mount Carmel for instance I told them of an ancient writer who had recorded; that large holes were dug beneath the heathen alters with funnels going to these holes from various directions. These funnels ran underground of course and for some distance away so as not to be detected. Someone would light a fire, as the False Prophets of Baal would begin to do their calling out. After he lit the fire he would make his escape and give the signal for all the other deceivers to open up the funnels so as to suddenly whip up a huge flame causing all the people to believe that Baal had done it. As Elijah had challenged these priests to build these altars, and for them to get their God Baal to light them, they would not have had time to get all their deceiving plan set up. Of course we are not sure if Elijah knew about this or not, but most likely he didn't, but would be told by God to do it this way because He, God, knew. The interesting thing being made clear to us by knowing this story is why Elijah had all the water poured over his altar. No one could therefore accuse him of having been up to their tricks by saying,

"Sure you could light your fire, because you knew in advance that you were going to challenge us, and had some of your mates down underneath setting things up."

So the sacrifice and trenches underneath would be so saturated with water that no one could doubt, even those who knew about the scam the false prophets engineered. From up there I would tell them of a battle that

is going to be fought there in the plain of Jezreel at the end of days.

THE GARDEN TOMB

On the day that I took them to the Garden Tomb, the approach down the Nablus Road was more noisy than usual; all the street traders seemed to be yelling at the same time, the atmosphere was very tense. The Imam was calling the people to prayers through the loud speakers from the top of the Minarets. As soon as we entered the Garden Tomb an immediate peace could be felt. I called the boys over to me and asked them to gather around, and then I began to put a suggestion to them for their judgement. My question was,

"I want you to imagine that before we started on our journey down that Nablus Road, that I had taken each one of you and had totally plugged up your ears, so that it would not have been possible for you to have heard any sounds at all, so that your mind could not be influenced by what you had heard. I also want you to imagine that I had a total blindfolded over your eyes, so that it would have seemed as though you were in the darkest pit, so that your mind could not have been affected by what you saw. Now my questions to you are; do you suppose that you would have sensed something very different out side there, compared to what you are now feeling here?"

To the last man they all said that without any doubt they would have felt very uneasy, as if the hairs were standing up on backs of their necks. They also said that in here they felt warm and comfortable. Then I suggested to them,

"Could the reason do you think, be because that outside there it is demonically controlled, and that inside here it may be controlled by Angels?"

THE HOLY SPIRIT MOVES IN THE PIT

We visited the house of Caiaphas one day. All around here there are many open pits, carved out of the rocks. These once were Roman Jail's. At the bottom of the house of Caiaphas there is one such pit. The original entrance to this pit was through a round hole carved out of the top of the rock, and naturally this would have been the only way out, but now they have made a staircase down into it. Criminals who have been sentenced to death would have simply been thrown, or dropped down through this hole. It wouldn't matter if they got seriously injured or not. When the prisoners were brought up again, ropes would have been used to pull them up. Standing at the bottom of this pit and looking up towards the hole, I imagine, would be about 10 Feet high. Quite a drop for a man who had recently been scourged with the Roman 39 lashes permitted by Jewish law. At the top of this pit there is a place where such scourging took place. Two carved out bowl shaped indentions are clearly visible which would have contained Vinegar in one, and Salt water in the other.

The whips or, the Scourge, was a Roman implement designed and used to obtain confessions and secrets from its victims. It was made with a handle and had coming from this around twelve leather strands, each strand had several bits of bone and metal imbedded into them. These leather parts would have been soaked in one of these pools of Vinegar or Salt Water so as to make them more pliable, and also to cause each strand to adhere to the body, so that when it would be pulled away, it would pull pieces of flesh off with it. It has been calculated that if the 39 lashes had been applied to Jesus, and supposing that there were 12 strands to each blow, this would make a total of 468 stripes. After going through this torturous treatment is it any wonder that many died from this alone, and almost everyone passed out with the pain. After each blow the stripes would be sponged with sponges attached to poles and soaked either in the Vinegar or Salt Water, so as to stop the Victim from bleeding to death.

In the centre of this pit there stands a Lectern, and upon it is a Bible opened at Psalm 88. Could this be a Prophetic Psalm referring to Jesus? Verse 4 says;

*"**Lam** counted with them that go down into the pit: **Lam** as a man that hath no strength."*

Do these **Lam's** speak of the same **Lam**, who spoke to Moses, or the same **Lam**, who is also the Alpha and the Omega? Read this Psalm and think of it as referring to Jesus. Look at Verse 15.

"I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up."

Do you think that Jesus was kept on his feet, being questioned all night long by Roman and Jewish Officials? **I don't**. I think that they would have been in their beds having good nights sleep. Matthew.27v1, says;

"When the morning was come." Mark.15v1., says;

"And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation." Luke.22v66., says;

"And as soon as it was day."

It is my belief that Jesus was kept in Prison, for at least part of the night, until they found out what to do with Him. I think that He may have had some time speaking to Barabbas and the two other Malefactors or Thieves during this time in the Pit. Anyhow to get back to my story, I went down into this pit and as I read this Psalm, I began to think of these things that I have just tried to tell you about.

After a short time I became overpowered by a wonderful presence of the Holy Spirit. His presence brought me to tears that soon became uncontrollable. As I stood there alone I began to tremble and cry out to God in the gift of other tongues. Suddenly I became aware that I was no longer alone. I looked to see who it was who seemed to have suddenly joined me. It was some of my boys. Had they been there for some time? I did not know. One thing was obvious, however, and that was that they also knew and felt that they were in the

awesome presence of God. Each of them was crying just like me; I had not spoken a single word to them. I did explain to them later, however, when I was able to gather myself together again.

[Here are some thoughts for you to ponder over that may help you in some way to believe that it might have been possible for Jesus to have been in that pit for part of the night before His Crucifixion. The Talmud says;

"Criminal processes can neither commence nor terminate, but during the course of the day" (Sanhed C 1vs) If a person was condemned the sentence could not be given until the next day. No judgement could be executed, either on the eve of the Sabbath, or on the eve of any festival. I can't imagine that important people would be up all night for one man. It also seems unlikely to me that this Talmud law would have been broken.

WATER BAPTISMS

Some of the adults in the party had requested to have water baptism in the river Jordan. Their viewpoint was the same as mine, that when they had been christened as a child they did not know anything about it, and that to them it was simply their parents dedicating them to God. Now they wanted, Believers Baptism, by total immersion according to the Scriptures. We went to the traditional site at the river Jordan, called, Yardena, which as you might know, is not the original site, which has been under Arab jurisdiction for many years. It was a very moving time for everyone; we were very fortunate to have the site to ourselves. In fact we were totally undisturbed until we had completely finished, and only then did others gather to the site. As each person came down the Concrete walkway with the railings to hold on to, they each gave a short Testimony of how much Jesus meant to them. After the Adults had been Baptised I asked if there was any one else who would like to be Baptised, I said that perhaps they might like to make this their time for committing their lives to Jesus for the first time, and that now was probably the best time to do it. Several boys responded, and one by one with great sobs of repentance they asked for forgiveness from Jesus and were baptised. Was this not exactly what John the Baptist said that they should do; Repent and be baptised. **Believer's baptism!**

WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE

One evening while in Eliat we planned a trip into the wilderness for a Barbecue. I had a contact there with a beautiful brother called Herby Geer who ran a Christian Youth Hostel there called "The Shelter."

Herby was our guide and had given us all a very strict warning not to wander off on our own. He told us of an Israeli soldier who had died in this same wilderness just the week before. People, even trained soldiers with maps and compasses, get lost all the time here. This was the same wilderness that Moses had brought the Children of Israel through from their Exodus from Egypt whose border was only a short distance away from us. Herby continued to tell us that this wilderness was also the home of many Mountain Lions who did all their hunting at night. Darkness fell very quickly, as it does in that part of the world, the fire was still not ready for cooking, so as we waited, the boys made their own enjoyment by playing around with a Rugby Ball. When we did eventually get down to the cooking, which Herby did, the only light that we had was Moon and Star Light. This made it very difficult to know what condition the sausages were in, which unfortunately turned out to be very well done. We gathered around the fire and after we had eaten our burnt sausages and burgers, Herby played his Guitar and together we joined in singing choruses. I had asked Herby to tell us his Testimony and the story how he had come to the Shelter in Eliat. After he had finished we began to sing again.

I wanted to be alone to pray, so I slipped into the shadows and strolled off into the darkness. I walked for quite a bit, but not so far that I couldn't still hear in the background the singing, and the odd crack from the fire in the distance.

I came to a large flat open area with a high hill up to one side, and as I stood there I tried to let my mind imagine Moses standing up there on the hill, and speaking to the vast crowd of people down here. The area was big enough I think for such a gathering of people and it was, I thought, a most likely place. As I began to pray I could imagine the whole scene of people there before me. Then I thought that I could hear someone coming towards me but as I didn't want to be disturbed I began to move away from the open spaces and into a more bushy area knowing that it would be no problem in following the sound of the singing back to the fire. I lengthened my pace and then quickened it as well, getting into thicker bushes;

"Surely no one had seen me, surely no one would follow me out here," then I remembered Herby's warning about Mountain Lions. *"If no one had seen me, and no one was following me, then what was this sound that was always behind me?"*

I stopped dead in my tracks and turned round to face whatever it was. At least I would have a much better chance of defending myself if I was facing whatever it was that was obviously following me. I could yell loudly and flop my arms, and make it seem as if I was attacking rather than let it have the surprise on me. The greatest form of defence is always attack. I'm sure whatever it is it will take fright and run. Then I saw the movement, just against the horizon of the sky. A shadow like figure, it was gone again, but surely it was too big to be a Mountain Lion? Then I heard a voice, I recognised this voice, it was Clive, and it had been him all the time that was following me.

Clive was one of my older boys; in fact, he was a young 18-year-old man. In a very broken voice he said to me;

"John, can I talk to you? I can't stick it any more. I've got to go for it. I've got to go for it."

He was now crying and trembling all over. Clive was one of my favourite lads; we had a special bond together. In fact, years later, on his wedding day, I told him that it would not be possible for me to love him any more than if he was my own son, and it was true.

Here he was, coming after me for help, and I was doing my very best to avoid him. What a heel I felt just then. Clive was a big lad, head and shoulders taller than me, he had been with me in the B.B. since 11 years old, and we knew each other inside out. He was very distressed right now, in a pitiful condition I would say. I just put my arms around him and he did the same with me. We both cried together, hugging and crying some more, and then hugged and cried some more again. In the stillness and darkness of this wilderness where Moses walked, we talked about Christ, and then Clive committed his life to Him. As we walked back towards the fire, with arms around each other's shoulders, I encouraged Clive to immediately tell others what he had just done. I told him that I did not mean that he should stand up in front of everybody and tell them all at the same time but that he should go round his mates one by one, in his own time, and tell them this way. I told him that if he wished to tell everyone at the same time that that would be also O.K. but would probably be harder to do. I saw him go round his mates through the shadows of the fire.

Most of these boys, and young men, came home from Israel born again, and Baptised in the Holy Ghost with the evidence of speaking in the gifts of other tongues.

BUSINESS IS STILL BAD

I was still struggling to exist in business. I had gone mostly into Re-Conditioned televisions and video recorders. They were cheaper to buy and also more profitable. One day I had a visit from the V.A.T. (*Value Added Tax*) inspector who was claiming that I owed a huge amount of money, which was based upon the assumption of the amount of business that I had been doing over the previous years. I was being expected to pay on all the stolen goods as well. My financial state was so bad that there was no way that I could pay someone to sort this out or to fight for me. This Inspector was the most nasty, arrogant, and ignorant man that I think that I have ever met. He accused me of owning a fancy Villa in the south of Spain or some other place. I said to him that any child from off the street could come into my shop, take one look, and know that there was no possible way that I could owe this money. His reply to me was;

"Well that may be so, but that's for you to prove."

Esmé and I were at a meeting one night, which was being conducted by Sandy Thompson, (*previously mentioned*), when Sandy pointed over to where we were sitting and said;

"There is somebody sitting over here who is being blackmailed. This is very strange. This is Legal Blackmail. I don't understand this, but you are being legally blackmailed. How this can be I do not know. It's Legalised Blackmail."

It was only as we were driving home that Esmé said to me that she thought that this word of knowledge was for us. Anyhow I won't go into all the boring details, except that they kept putting up the amount that I was supposed to owe them by what they called Compound Interest.

One day the V.A.T. man arrived along with two Police Men, they took the shop keys off me and evacuated the chap who was doing my repair work, and put out Esmé and me from the shop and onto the street with only our coats. I had been declared Bankrupt!

As I drove home, I sang and praised God that the pressure was finally over. How does something like this happen? Well I was very ill for two years. During this time I had taken three heart attacks. Some members of staff had allegedly been helping themselves to some cash, I was later told this, by a member of staff. How true this is I would not know. How can something like this be proved, how can a finger be pointed at anyone without absolute proof. Even to talk about this could throw suspicion on innocent people and make it out to be that I was bringing slander upon them. There was an I.R.A. Car Bomb planted just a few Yards from my shop. I was robbed three times and at the same time robbed at my home. This is how things like this can happen. As a Christian though it was a terrible blow. I was now a criminal with a criminal record, how could I witness again with such a cloud of shame hanging over me?

As I have mentioned a few times in this book already, that many people have been saying to me for years to write this book, but how could I, with such a cloud upon me? Surely the only thought in people's minds would be how can a man write a book about the things of God when he owes money to people? However, God wonderfully undertook over my debts. Blessed be His Name.

NO JOB. NO MONEY

Here I was, fifty years old, a total failure and a mess. Spiritually I was surely finished; at least as far as being a witness goes, I was finished.

Esmé was very, very, low at this time, she felt suicidal many times. I on the other hand was in great form spiritually. In one sense I was also at the lowest point ever, spiritually speaking; but only because I felt finished as far as being of any value or use to God ever again.

(A TERRIBLE PLACE TO BE IN.)

My personal relationship with God was probably one of the highest at the same time, even though things were so black. I couldn't wait to see how God was going to help. After all I was one of his children.

We had run out of heating oil, our electricity was cut off, and the telephone was disconnected. A fire was

the only form of cooking, and candles were our lights. We could get no help from any government source. As we were both self-employed persons, we were told that we were not entitled to anything. My van was lifted one day, by the bailiffs I suppose. We only had an old car, not worth anything or else it would have been taken as well, at this time the Road Tax had expired on it, and therefore it was not legal to have it on the roads. How could we go anywhere to try and see if there might be some government help, how were we to try and look for jobs? We couldn't even telephone around to do this either. One thing for sure, and that was that we were not going to tell anybody about our problem. God knew, and that was enough.

Food had almost been totally exhausted. All this time I was excited and would try to impress upon Esmé that things will soon begin to happen, that God was going to deliver us, just like He did for Daniel in the lion's den. At no time had I gone down spiritually except for the witnessing part.

Two men came one day to measure up our house. They went all around with their Tape Measure taking notes as they went. Every day we waited to see if we were going to be put out of our home. Still I was excited to see how God was going to work things out. I knew that they couldn't simply put us out of our home without having some other place to put us into, as we had two young boys, and I also knew that they would have to do all the moving and such for us, as we had no means to help ourselves. At this time of course all our spare cash was gone, not that we had much to begin with, but at this stage we had not a penny to our name.

We needed jobs very soon, now we couldn't even get a bus into town as we didn't have the fare, we could have walked I suppose but that would have taken about, one to one and a half hours.

GOD MOVES

Have you ever noticed how it is with God? He seems to let us come almost to breaking point before He moves either Himself, or upon others, to prompt them to do what He asks.

Look at the Children of Israel. Mountains were on each side, a sea was right in front of them, and an Egyptian Army was coming thundering down upon them in their Chariot's. Well there is no doubt about it, I was in that same situation, there was no way out for me, none at all, so there was only one thing that could happen, **God would come, or send someone to our rescue, AND SOON!**

One morning there was an envelope lying inside our hallway at the front door beside the Letter Box. It had no name written on it. When we opened it, there was a sum of money. A day or so later, a similar thing would happen again. This time it might have our name written on it, and inside there would be a note simply saying, "From the Lord." Another time it happened again, it might have a note inside saying, "God Bless." This would continue day after day. Sometimes the amount of cash could be as much as £200 or £50, £100, £20, £60 and so on. We were receiving more money each week than we had been bringing home to live on for years.

One-day two dear old age pensioner friends of mine came to visit me, they had heard, and were very worried about me. They asked if they could pray with me; and they did, but as they were leaving they gave me a £20 note saying;

"God bless you". I didn't want to take it but I had to so that they could receive the blessing.

At that particular time I most likely had more cash than they had themselves. Saint Paul tells us in Acts.20v35., that Jesus said that;

"It was more blessed to give than to receive." It was very difficult for me to receive from these dear folk, but you can see that I had no option, I wanted them to be blessed so much, and I'm sure God did just that. I wrote down on a piece of paper the exact record of all these amounts and happenings, and later looked for it to give a true record, but I could not find it. If anything I am not telling everything, I am refraining from adding bits on, so you can understand it when I say, it was a totally amazing time.

One day an Oil Tanker drove up to our house, and the driver began to unroll his feeding tubes out towards my Empty Tank; so upon seeing this and not wanting him to be filling me up by mistake and getting himself into trouble, I ran out and explained to him that this was the wrong address that he had come to. He looked at his docket and he said;

"Is your name Gates?" to which I replied that it was, but that I had a Cousin who lived up the same lane but at the other end who was also called Gates, and that the oil must be for him. He looked at his docket again and said;

"This is for number 73, are you number 73?" I told him that I was, but that I definitely didn't order any oil, then I told him that if he put this oil into my tank that he would be in trouble because I could not pay for it as I had just recently been declared Bankrupt. He said;

"But this oil is already paid for," as once again he checked his docket. I asked him who it was that paid for it, and again he looked at his docket and said;

"I don't know. It doesn't say here on the docket. Oh, it says here; Customer may be surprised!" So eventually the poor man was able to deliver his oil and get on his way. To this day, I don't know who it was that filled my Oil Tank.

Another day a long-standing friend and brother in Christ rang me. I had now got my telephone and electricity back on. He said;

"John, how are you off for wheels?" I explained that I wasn't. He then said, *"I thought that this would happen. I have a wee car that I want to lend to you. It's taxed for six months and is in good order. You should be able to get your insurance transferred over from your previous vehicle. Can you get over to me to collect it?"*

I thanked him and said that I would be able to get someone to bring me to his place of employment. He worked in the Motor Car Industry. I asked him if he would give me some kind of payment card so that I could make the payments for it as soon as I started to work again, and explained to him, (as if he didn't already know), that as a Bankrupt person, I would not be able to get any credit. I told him that Esmé had just started working that very week in a bakery. He said;

"I'm not selling you this car. I'm only lending it to you until I get something a bit better for you, then we can talk about those things."

It was a great wee car, I would have been quite happy with it. Of course all this time I was trying desperately to get work, but at 50 years old no one seemed to want me. A few months passed when he rang me again, asking if I could come to his place so that he could change over the cars, as he had now got one that was much better and more suitable for me. Once again I asked that he would give me a payment card. He replied;

"I'll see you later and we'll talk about that. Goodbye for now." When I got to the Garage another long-standing friend and brother in Christ dealt with me. I asked to see the other brother, explaining that he was to get me some sort of a payment arrangement. This brother said that the other chap was busy and that he would see me again to discuss whatever it was that I was talking about. He brought me to the other car and handed me the keys. As I got in I looked around the dashboard to see if there was any payment card left there for me, and as I did this, once again I mentioned that I thought that there might have been a card left there for me. This chap handed me the cars Tax Book, and said to me;

"Brother John. Whose name is in that Tax Book?" I looked and there was my name and address neatly typed out in it. I said;

"Well, it's mine."

"That's right. And do you know what that means?" he asked, and continued to answer my strange, speechless, look. *"That means that this is your car, so how can you be trying to make payments for it? It's a small gift from the two of us, now away you go, and God bless you."* And off he walked, leaving me standing there in a stunned and numbed state, with my own car.

VISIONS AT CAMP

Summer was coming and the Annual Boys' Brigade camp was coming up again, and there was a shortage of cash in our home once again.

(I suppose you are thinking about all the money coming through the door? Well that did not keep going on. It was only for a season. God doesn't want us to be spongers you know. As His children, He will definitely look after us, but all children must grow up and begin to fend for themselves. Otherwise, how are we to grow.)?

How could I let the boy's down by not going? If I didn't go, then the other Staff might not want to go either, as it would mean extra pressure on them. I couldn't tell them that I had a problem in being able to pay my fare.

(Contrary to what some people might think, voluntary youth workers are not paid, and when they go away with children, they are not only giving up their holiday time for other peoples children, but it is costing them as well. Many times I was not able to take my wife and two boys on a personal holiday simply because I had used up all the spare cash that we had. It was not too bad for my boys as they came with me, but Esmé was on many, many, occasions, left at home by herself and went nowhere)

We had planned to go to the Alton Towers theme park in England, and Camp in Trentham Gardens in Stoke on Trent. We planned to go by Mini Bus and cars, and take the Ferry over from Larne to Stranrare on the Night Rider, which was the cheapest passage. The cost was around £80 I believe. Now I guess that some of the boys would be bringing £80 or more just for spending, but my problem was getting the £80 to be able to go. My youngest boy Alan was going with me also, so the cash had to be supplied for him as well, plus some pocket money for spending. He was a very good young man with his spending habits. He never cared at all about having the latest Designer Labels as many young people did in those days, and he was not a young man for wanting to spend money foolishly, so he had been saving up money that he had got from Grand Parents, Uncles, and Aunts. Never- the- less it was not fair to have him use all his own money like this, and we certainly did not want him to be deprived through no fault of his own. So we needed the cash for his fare, plus at least some pocket money, which he could add to if he wished from his savings.

Personally I wasn't worried about having spending money, I could easily get by without any, but I had asked my friend Bill Turner and his wife Pauline who live in the Stoke on Trent area to come along to our Camp on Sunday and talk to the boys. My fear has always been of taking them to some Church unknown to us that might bore the life out of the boys and put them off the things of God for life.

As their leader in charge it was my responsibility to make sure that some Christian instruction was given on Sunday. This added to my problem, because I felt that I could not be asking Bill and Pauline to be travelling to us and not be able to have a love gift of cash for them. As I knew how they lived, it was possible that they might be having the problem in getting the spare cash for petrol to get to us. I didn't wish to be putting any extra burdens upon them, so I thought that the amount of £50 would be about right. Now all this was going to require some serious praying.

The date for going to camp was only two weeks away, and I hadn't even got 50 Pence in my pocket, never mind £50. I should have been able to have brought the problem of the cash gift for Bill to the other members of staff, but I knew that there would be some opposition to this suggestion and thought that it would be better not to say anything about it at all, and trust God to supply instead.

Esmé and I had managed to gather up the required funds for Alan so at least that was taken care of. Now

it was only myself, so I began to pray earnestly for £130. Four days before going to Camp an envelope arrived through the door. It had no name and no note inside, but it contained £150. I had not only got my £80 for the cost of the Camp and the £50 for Bill, but I had £20 spending money as well. Isn't God good? How he prompts someone to do things like this is amazing.

I get this picture of God speaking into someone's mind, asking them to do something, but they don't do it, they refuse by making excuses, yet the feeling that that they ought to do it is so strong. We all know that God will never force anyone to do anything, so He has now to go and choose someone else to do the kind deed. Of course as He knew all along that the first person was going to refuse, but wanted desperately to give them a chance to receive His wonderful blessing that only comes when we obey. He wants to bless so much; He tries to prompt, over and over again, only to have His heart saddened because once again, He could not give the blessing that He had planned. Now He goes to an old faithful to do the thing. This old faithful one is always happy, always cheerful, smiling, and radiant, because they are always obedient to God's voice, and therefore always in His blessing.

Bill and Pauline arrived as planned and spoke to the boys. It was no doubt much better than going to Church. Here we were, sitting outside in the fresh air and sunshine, and enjoying the wonderful creation of God all around us. No one had to worry if they weren't dressed in a proper posh way to be accepted. Here no one was going to go, TUT! TUT! Look at him or her the way they are dressed on the Lord's Day. Here every one knew that God accepted them just as they were, every one could relax in His presence, and not be under any condemnation from anyone, least of all God.
DON'T WE READ THAT THERE IS NO CONDEMNATION IN CHRIST JESUS.

After the service, while the boys were running about burning up energy and having fun, Bill, Pauline and five members of Staff were sitting around a table, chatting together, and having a cup of tea and biscuits. Bill suddenly looked towards Pauline and said to her;

"O Ducky, I see that you are seeing a Steam Train." [Everybody in Stoke on Trent calls each other Ducky]. Pauline replied;

"Yes! Bill, the wheels are spinning."

"O my, so they are. Look at the sparks," said Bill.

"Do you see the steam Bill?" asks Pauline,

"Oh I certainly do. It's going, PUFF! PUFF! The wheels are spinning and it's going nowhere," replied Bill, and then continued, "Oh it's away again, look at it go Ducky."

"But it has stopped suddenly Bill," said Pauline.

At this stage the other members of Staff were looking at one another with raised eyebrows and bemused looks upon their faces, not being able to understand one bit of what was going on.

"O there it goes, puffing and steaming again, with the wheels spinning and sparking," said Pauline.

"O my Ducky, just look at those sparks," said Bill.

"Oh there it goes again Bill. It's away again!" Pauline excitedly said.

"So it has, but it has stopped again. Oh my!" said Bill.

The Staff members were looking very strangely at one another as they watched and listened to these two very odd people. This went on for one more time, and then the train finally stopped, the steam died down, and the wheels remained still. Bill then looked upwards, and then looking to me he said;

"This vision is for you Brother John. The Lord has told me that it is for you."

"What does it mean Bill?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I don't know brother," was his reply, so I looked to Pauline and asked her if she could tell me the interpretation to the vision, but she was not able to tell us the meaning of it either. I jokingly said to them;

"Well a fat lot of good you two are as a Prophet and Prophetess when you can't tell the meaning to your visions."

Everyone laughed, the Staff members, never having experienced any thing like ever before; [who has?], were still looking at one another with their minds made up that these two people were totally mad.

Just before Bill left that day, he went over to one of the members of staff who was standing over to one side alone and gave to him an answer to a very disturbing problem that he had. No one else knew about this problem, he had kept it to himself. I only found out about his problem that day myself, when he told me himself later on, through many tears. As he realised that God loved him so much, that God had told Bill about it, so that Bill could tell him, just blew his mind. He knew for sure that Bill was hearing from God, because he was so sure of himself that no one else could know about his problem. To see the relief and glow upon this young mans face, when he told me himself later, it couldn't have been any better reward for me. I remember thinking that the £50 given to Bill, which God Himself provided was a great investment. Bill of course did not want to take the money from me, I had to fight with him to get him to take it, and he only did so, when I insisted by telling him that God had provided it.

THE STEAM TRAIN REVEALED

When I came home from camp I was immediately into job hunting. I had enrolled myself into a government ran scheme called, The Job Club. The purpose behind the job club was to help people get back into employment. All the daily newspapers, and weekly newspapers from around the surrounding districts, were provided every morning. We had the use of free telephones, writing materials, and postage stamps. All

assistance that was possible was given to us; bus and petrol allowance was made available to us on a weekly basis. Professional help was given to enable us to write and set out our C.V.s; and how to conduct ourselves at interviews. We would have mock interviews with some professional business people from around the district who came in voluntarily to conduct them so as to give us a more realistic interview. Afterwards we would be told all the things that we did wrong, such as how we sat, spoke, our mannerisms and in general how we conducted ourselves.

One thing that we were told to do, was to make out a list of all the jobs that we would prefer to do, by putting the most preferred at the top and continuing on down. The idea being that we would try to search out for these jobs as a priority, but at the same time apply for any other job that we thought that we might be able to do. I thought hard about this. I no longer wished to be dealing with the public, as I had been used to doing. I thought that I would like to be doing something with my hands, I was always good with my hands, fixing things and making things seemed to be good to me, so I put down on my list at the top, being my first choice preference for a job as, **A HANDY MAN**. My second choice was a **DRIVER**. I rather liked the idea of doing van deliveries or something like that. It would be away from the public eye and be in the wide-open country, there would be no pressure, yes! That would be good. These were the only two that I put down as being something that I felt that I would like to be doing. We were encouraged to try and get as many interviews as possible, because this would build up our confidence for later on, when we would be at an interview for a job that we really wanted. Another thought being continually drummed into our heads was, that it was much easier to get a job, when one is already in employment, as this shows to any possible employer our willingness to work.

One week I had applied for an average of five jobs each day, I would think that in total it might have been around twenty-seven. All this time I had not even received one reply to any of these applications. Often I would tell myself that I would never work again. Who wanted a fifty-year-old failure? I would think of the shame of being a bankrupt, and for the first time, my confidence was gone, shattered and destroyed. It got so bad that I didn't want to be seen walking down the street. I was well known in town, in some ways, I had been a public figure. Now look at me. Going for interviews terrified me. I was used to interviewing people myself; at one time I had thirteen people working for me, including part time workers. What a come down, I felt like a wee boy crawling on my knees, saying;

"Please sir, will you give me a job," and all the time knowing that there was no chance; and he wouldn't!

Then it dawned upon me, that **I was the Steam Train** trying desperately to get going, but no matter how hard I puffed and steamed with my wheels spinning, I was still remaining exactly where I was. Now, suddenly, I realised that I was going to get a job, but it would not last for long. Then I would get another, in a very short time of waiting, but it wouldn't last long either. Finally I would get the job that God had been planning for me all along. I could see that all this tough time was in fact also a time of learning to have patience and trust in my Father in Heaven. The train was going to a particular destination, but it had to stop once, [first job], twice, [second job], then it reached the final destination, [third job]

THE JOBS COME

Soon after this revelation came to me, I found employment. It was a seasonal job that was to last for six months only; it was in a food preparation and canning factory. Sure enough, just six months later, I was unemployed, and once again job hunting, the steam was puffing, and the wheels were sending sparks into the air.

My second job was as a bread salesman and it was a permanent job, but I detested it. The hours were horrendous. I could never get finished in good time; it was work and sleep. Up at five in the morning, pack your lorry; head off and get finished at around six in the evening; go home for a few hours; then back to the bakery for about one hour to pack into your lorry some bread that was ready at that time, so as to make things a bit easier in the morning. On a number of occasions when I had just about got my lorry packed up and ready to go, the foreman would come and tell me that someone had not turned in, and that he wanted me to switch lorries because I knew this other persons run, and he didn't have anyone else available that he could use who knew it. So I would have to start from scratch with a completely empty van while another chap hopped into my full lorry and drove off. There was no argument that I could make, these were the terms of my employment, and they could move me from van to van, and lorry to lorry. I never had a vehicle of my own, so that I could have at least earned some bonuses, making my wages, possibly, worth the long hours that I was putting in. The frustrating thing was, that no sooner had I got a little bit used to a particular run, and picking up speed than I was changed again to another one. To be a chatty, friendly sort of bread man was not profitable. If for example one had sixty customers to call with every day, and were to chat for one or two extra minutes to each person, it would extend the hours of employment by one to two hours each day. My main problem with this job was that I did not have any time to be with my B.B. lads, or to go to any meetings.

I applied for a third job just to get away from what to me was Hell. I simply could not handle all the pressure and had to get away. Strangely, when I got another job and handed in my notice, I was suddenly offered much higher wages, and all sorts of bonuses, plus easier workloads.

The job that I applied for was in a factory, making electrical storage heaters. The lady who interviewed me for the job could not understand why I was applying for this job, because it was only a seasonal one, and only likely to last for six months. She thought that it would be much better for me to stay in full time employment

rather than go to a temporary one with her company. Well! I could hardly start to tell her about this crazy man and woman, who had told me that I was a Steam Train, and that the third job that I would get, would be a permanent one; could I? So instead I told her that although I was getting on a bit, I could still keep up with the best of them, and that I thought, that they would be so happy with my work, that they would offer to keep me on in their employment full time. She tried to explain that this could not happen, because they had a very happy contented work force to which they were committed, and although I very well might be the best worker in the area, they could not let one of their employees go, just to give me a job. I told Carole, (the lady who interviewed me, and who is now a friend of mine,) that I absolutely hated the job that I was doing and that I would do anything to get away from it even if it was only for six months. I really wanted to tell her that if she would give me a job it would be my third stop and that I would be staying with them in full time employment no matter what she thought.

Two weeks later I had a new job building Electrical Storage Heaters. It was working on an assembly line, making a part for the heater, fitting it to the heater, and then sending it on to the next person to do their bit. Every two minutes and the same procedure started all over again. It's amazing how quickly one can get used to this type of work. It soon becomes like the way one starts off learning to ride a bicycle, or to drive a car, you think that you will never be able to do it, or to keep up with every one else, and of course there was an added problem, that if you kept the line back by being too slow, then you would be responsible for everyone else losing their production bonus. Then it becomes like second nature, you don't even have to think what it is that you are doing, it becomes like being on automatic pilot, you can chat away to those on either side of you and in front of you as well.

One day a Supervisor came to me and said;

"I'm told that you know Belfast well. Is that right?" I said that I did, so he then asked me if I had a clean driving licence to which I replied that I had, so he asked me if I would be willing to go to Belfast and collect some goods that they were urgently requiring. A few minutes later I was off to Belfast in the company car.

About one hour later I was back again and had the goods left off at the stores and was returning to my job when I was spotted by the Supervisor who spoke rather crossly to me. He said, looking at his watch;

"Are you never away yet? We need those goods urgently; you should have been away ages ago. The assembly lines will have to stop if we don't have those parts right away."

When I explained that I was just back, he questioned me by saying that I couldn't be back because the man who they sent to the same place a few days earlier took three hours to do the same job.

"Are you sure that you went to the right place? Did you get, (and he mentioned the goods by name)," to which I replied that I had indeed, and that they were safely and soundly in the stores. I told him;

"To be fair to the person who you sent before, he may not have known exactly where to go to and had to drive around looking for the place, but I was able to drive straight to the doors, the goods were waiting for me, so I had simply to drive off immediately straight home." He just smiled and said;

"That's good," and off he walked. A few days later and I was sent off again to another place. One day, it happened three times, it became a regular thing every week that I was dispatched to some place in Ireland. Each time this happened it caused a problem having to get someone to take my place in the assembly line, so I was moved to another job that was not on the assembly line that was easier for me to come and go to, and I still got my full bonus without a count of what I did.

At this stage all the other temporary workers who had started at the same time as me were gone and I was still there. I was sent for to come to one of the offices and was asked if I minded this running around from place to place. I assured them that it was no problem whatsoever to me.

They explained to me that the gentleman who normally did this kind of work was off sick, but would probably be back in about six months, and asked me if I would be willing to continue doing this job until then. About six months went by and once again I was brought to one of the offices and was told that the gentleman might not be back at all, but in the meantime there were some other duties that this man also did and that they found that they needed now to get them done, would I be willing to have a go at them? Of course I said that I would. These jobs were looking after the boilers and doing a variety of other things such as, painting, plumbing, carpentry, tiling, carpet tiling and really anything that needed done in relation to general maintenance.

The gentleman never came back; I was made a permanent worker. My job description given to me by the firm was;

HANDYMAN-DRIVER

Some days I could be collecting VIPs. And in the same day fixing some blocked toilets. I had my own workshop and just got on with whatever needed doing, no one bothered me and no one put any pressure on me. I was told to do some jobs urgently, or it might be, whenever I had the time to do them. I worked for all the departments of the factory and although I had really one department who I was responsible to, it nevertheless was a much varied and interesting job. Any time I was required to drive to a long destination, which could be to any part of Ireland, I was given notice in good time and was usually asked if it suited me to go. As for the Handy Man jobs I was usually left to decide in what order that I should do them. Many times I was not given any list of jobs which required to be done, but just used common sense and just got on with repairing things that I saw needed doing. My immediate bosses very rarely knew what I was doing, but left things up to me within reason. It was great company to work for and it was a joy for me to work for them. The firm was part of the Glen Dimplex Group, which is the largest heating manufacturer in the world.

YESTERDAYS MANNA

It can be very good sometimes to think back and remember things from the past; on the other hand it can turn out to be not so good. We usually try to recall the good things, and seem to have the ability to shut into some closet of our minds the bad and not so nice things. We will lock this closet, and then throw away the key, but this is never the proper answer to our problem, because it will keep stirring up over and over again, no matter how hard we try to keep the closet closed. The proper way of course is to face up to it no matter how hard it may be. Sooner or later we all have to do a bit of, Spring Cleaning, so to speak, and deal with the clutter. As I try to bring this book to a close I am wondering if there are any things locked away in the closets of my mind that might be good for me to open up, but more importantly that by doing so it might be a blessing to you the reader as well.

ALWAYS TEST THE PROPHECY

For three years over and over again I have been asked by a dear African brother to go to Nigeria to visit him. I wondered why he wanted me to go there and kept putting him off by saying that I would have to hear from God to see if it was His will for me to go. (*Now I know that this kind of reply can often be a cop out, but I really did mean it.*) In some ways I really wanted to go, but I was never sure if it was the adventurous side of me coming to the fore, and if this was the reason then it would have disastrous results, and I didn't want that to happen. To be honest I never really got down to seriously asking God in any kind of beseeching and serious way. The absolute truth was that I had got to a place where I seldom asked or sought God's direction for anything. I suppose one could probably say in truth that I was backslidden. I was just ticking over in my Christian walk, so to speak. I had my moments when it would be good, but more often it would be back to being a lethargic sort of Christian. Neither hot or cold would be a good description, which is a very bad and dangerous place for anybody to be in.

Ebutie Obiabo had been trained by his grandfather to take over from him, his role, as the Chief Witch Doctor, but Jesus had other plans. Once Ebutie saw the great life of Jesus, he grabbed on to Him for dear life and was saved and delivered in an instant from Satan's demonic power that had possessed him for so long. Eventually I told Ebutie that I would go this summer (2004) and would confirm it by making the travelling arrangements with him when he next came to visit us at our Fellowship Meeting, which was to be on March the 29th. 2004. I was to go for three weeks during my holidays from work. This would mean that Esme'' would not get any holidays that year, and as we usually went on holidays with my sister and brother-in-law, it meant that I was going to mess up all their holidays as well. If my sister and brother-in-law decided to go somewhere, they would probably ask Esme'' to go with them. Esme'' might then say that she would rather not go without me and this could cause offence, as she would only be asked out of concern by my sister and brother-in-law, but Esme'' on the other hand, would not want to go out of concern for them by being like a gooseberry. Everyone might think that I was being very selfish and not caring about anyone, but only doing what I wanted to do. What a predicament to be in, what was I to do? I really needed to hear from God so I got down to some real business with Him by seeking His direction.

A few weeks before Ebutie's visit to us we had another guest speaker coming to us. Before the meeting began that night, I told this person about my problem and desire to hear from God about His direction to go to Africa. This person travels to Africa a lot and knew Ebutie. I also shared these problems that I have just shared with you in relation to the others holidays. The meeting began and during the time of praise and worship to God I felt my knee being squeezed and the person came close to me so that I could hear, they said into my ear;

"I want you to know that this is not speaking, but that this is, "THUS SAITH THE LORD." You must go to Africa because there are things that you do not believe in right now that you most surely will believe in after you have been there. These things the Lord wants to show you."

Now immediately I did not feel good about this word, and I wanted to ask?

"What is this that you are talking about; Things that I don't now believe in?" But I said nothing, it was neither the time nor the place, there would be no point in disturbing the meeting by my questioning this word in public. I knew that this person thought that I didn't believe in demon possession. I most certainly did. I had been used in casting them out of people on a few occasions, but this was nothing to be proud off, any baby Christian could do the same thing.

The thing that I would not believe in was the teaching, which was being preached all around, that Christians could be demon possessed; my challenge being to those who teach this is for them to show me some Scriptural evidence to prove it to be so; because I can give plenty to say that it is not possible. If God's word says that it cannot be so, then that is final; end of argument! Nowhere does it indicate that Christians can be demon possessed. Should a Christian yield to the temptations of the devil such as Saul did or Judas and allow possession to take place then they can no longer be known as Christians. The Holy Spirit and Satan cannot share the same place. Even though I did not really believe this word I told Esmé about it.

Another thing that put me off was the fact that this person knew about me desiring to hear from God about this, had it not been known beforehand, and this word had been given, then it would have been different. The

strange thing is that this person has a great reputation for hearing from God and for giving very accurate words of knowledge to people. I myself can vouch for this to be true, as I have been amazed at some of the revelations that I have heard coming forth for some friends of my own who were strangers to this person.

What I did not know was that Esmé had all along been having very strong feelings that I ought not to be going to Africa, but did not want to be saying anything to me in case that I would think that she did not want me to be going because it would be ruining her chance of having a holiday. What a mess we were in, Esmé didn't want to be appearing to be selfish and I didn't want to be appearing to be selfish, and really all the time neither of us were being selfish at all. All of that night Esmé had trouble sleeping. Going through her head was the thought that she ought not to allow me to go to Africa.

"John must not go to Africa. Don't let John go to Africa" were the words that kept echoing through her head all night. Eventually she prayed;

"Lord, how am I going to stop John from going to Africa? If I say this to John he will only think that I don't want him to go because of my own personal reasons, he will never believe that I am hearing from you. If you don't want him to be going you are going to have to get someone else to tell him."

The very next morning at 7.15am the telephone rang. I had just finished washing and shaving and was in the process of getting dressed for work which started at 8 a.m. Esmé answered the call, it was Bill. I could hear her say, in a rather shaky voice;

"O thank you Jesus" and then, "I was getting that all night Bill. Don't let John go, don't let John go," her next words were, "I'll get him for you Bill. I'm so glad Bill. He wouldn't have believed me." Esmé then called me to the phone. I sat down beside the phone and began talking to Bill while Esmé dressed me for work. She held out my trousers as I climbed into them, put on my socks and shoes, buttoned my shirt and so on. Bill said that during the night and again this morning, the Lord had spoken to him and said to him;

"John must not go to Africa," he said that he saw me, in vision, the way I would be on returning home from Africa should I go. He said that I would be bent over with my head almost between my knees and looking like a very old and ill man, fit for nothing only the grave. He told me that if I went that I would not be able to get home when I would want to, that I would be on the go from early morning until late at night taking meetings and praying with people; and that I would not get proper rest, and that the journey to get there and back was going to be extremely long and arduous. I replied to Bill that surely if the Lord was behind this intended trip that He would provide and protect? Bill said;

"Brother have I ever been wrong before when the Lord has given me visions like this for you?"

"No Bill, definitely not." I said, and continued; "There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that this is from God, but what I am trying to say is, that if God was telling me to go, then none of these things would happen." **God was obviously showing Bill, for He knew the state of my health, which at that time I was not aware of myself.**

The person who said to me, "**Thus saith the Lord, you must go to Africa,**" had really spoken their own thoughts and ideas, and definitely not God's at all. On the other hand Bills words of knowledge had not been contaminated by any previous knowledge; what God revealed to him was real and true.

Always test the prophecy, no matter who the person is that gives it to you.

SOME SCRIPTURAL PROOFS THAT CHRISTIANS CANNOT BE DEMON POSSESSED.

I hope that these few verses of Scripture, will inform all Christians who they are in Christ Jesus, and will knock on the head the idea that Christians can be demon possessed.

See 2Cor.5v17, 6v14-18, Light and darkness cannot mix: Jesus and the devil have no harmony: We are the Temple of God, Who dwells in us. How can the devil be there also?

See Col.1v12-14,20-22, We have been translated out of Satan's kingdom into God's kingdom. Because of the blood of His cross, things in earth and even in Heaven are reconciled.

N.B. "We are new creations in Christ." 2Cor.5v17,18.

"Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new. v18 Now all things are of God, who has reconciled us to Himself through Jesus Christ, and has given us the ministry of reconciliation." (NKJ) Heb.2v17,18. Mental Tortures are removed. We have peace with God, and access to God through faith in Jesus. Rom.5v1,2. We are unblameable in God's sight, God having nothing against us! See also Heb.2v14. 1Pet.2v9. Eph.5v8. Acts.26v18.

Those who teach that Christians can be demon possessed need to study Col.2v8-15., very diligently. Paul warns us not to believe those who spoil our faith through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ.

"WE ARE COMPLETE IN HIM who is the head of ALL PRINCIPALITY AND POWER". That He, JESUS, has BLOTTED OUT ALL THAT WAS AGAINST US, NAILING IT TO THE CROSS. He, JESUS, has SPOILED ALL THE PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS, TRIUMPHING OVER THEM! BEWARE! THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN POSSESSION ATTACKS THE TRUTH OF THIS TRIUMPH AND VICTORY.

THE GRAVE DANGER OF MISTAKING PHYSICAL ILLNESS FOR DEMON POSSESSION.

I recently came across a book, which had been my mothers, and which was passed on to me after her death.

This book was very good, and well worth reading until it came to a part, where the person telling the story comes into contact with people who claimed to have a deliverance ministry. The person, who wrote the book, is a Christian, who has been water baptised with believer's baptism, and is also baptised in the Holy Spirit, with the evidence of speaking with tongues. Unfortunately this person has many deep-rooted problems, due to events, which had taken place in childhood.

The people asked her if she was a Christian, because they only did deliverance with Christians, because any other kind was extremely dangerous.

The saddest thing of all was that they would not give any help to those who were really oppressed by demonic possession, and in desperate need. How ridiculously stupid this is! They did not want to know about real demon possession at all, but thought that it was all right to play about and put suggestions into troubled people's minds, who really only needed good caring counselling based on absolute love for them. How easily this person could have been helped by applying the words of the Holy Spirit, who is the Author of all Scripture, and the words of Jesus, God's own Son.

I well remember in the early days of our meetings in the Little Hall, when people of a much longer experience in the things of the Holy Spirit arrived one evening, bringing with them a young lady, who was looking wretched and worn out. She suffered from Epilepsy, and they had kept her in one of their homes for a week without any medication, and all this time they had been yelling at her to try and cast out a demon, which they wrongly supposed possessed her.

When they failed to improve her physical condition; they assumed that if they were to bring her to a meeting where the anointing of the Holy Spirit was, that the power of concentrated prayer would get rid of the demons.

Prior to this I had been having considerable doubts as to the validity of some of the, "*Thus saith the Lord,*" messages, and other things being done and said in the Name of Jesus, and I had been asking daily for a correct discernment of these things, in order to protect the people from believing and accepting things that were false, as being true.

These people got the lady to sit down, and then began their deliverance procedures with her. They yelled and shouted, and most of those in the meeting joined in, thinking that these people were right in what they were doing. The poor lady was demented, the more she protested, the louder they got. They held up Bibles in front of her, and pushed them against to her nose. They made the sign of the cross, shook her, and got louder and more brazen in their dealings with this lady, while all the time she became more and more distressed.

I left the hall and went over to my house, and began walking round in circles in my living room, praying earnestly and asking God to show me what was going on. I very soon knew, so I went back into the hall, and taking the leading man roughly by his arm, I shouted over the top of all the other voices, who were still yelling at the lady. Looking directly at the man I said;

"Will you get this poor lady home, and get some of her medicine into her! She has no demons in her, if she was my daughter, and I saw the condition, which you people have got her into, I would knock your head off your shoulders without any hesitation."

They immediately stopped, the lady quietened down, and they left, never to return again, probably thinking that I did not know the first thing about demon possession. Many other people, who previously had been regular attendees at our meetings, also never returned after these events, either thinking that I had grieved the Holy Spirit, or something of that nature. Like the badly informed people in some societies, these Christians considered this girl to be possessed by evil spirits.

However, her condition was really due to the random and uncontrolled waves of electrical discharges within her brain, which medication helps to control.

I am not a stranger to dealing with Satan and his powers of darkness. On one occasion, when I had just received relief from the Lord, after battling through the pressure of a severe spiritual attack, the telephone rang, it was Bill, he had seen the situation while in England. He said to me;

"You are extremely privileged brother, because that time it was Satan himself who was attacking you, and you dealt with him just like you did with those other fellows."

Every Christian, from the moment they give their life to Jesus, becomes a target for demons to attack. However, I want you to fully grasp the wonderful truth that God's children are guarded by their Almighty Heavenly Father, and they are the apple of His eye, and woe betide any demon that attacks God's beloved children.

1Pet.1v5. Ps.17v8. Zech.2v8. Don't you see that the Scriptures teach that even baby Christians can send demons packing? I was always told as a young Christian that if I draw near to God and resist the Devil, he would flee from me, and this is absolutely true.

James.4v7,8. 1Pet.5v8,9. So many times poor suffering people are made to feel dirty by the suggestion that they are harbouring and infested with demons. When the truth is that all they often need is wise medical help, and to be given the knowledge of how to deal with the problems associated with the destructive memories that they may have.

In 1Thes.5v14., Paul exhorts us;

"Dear brothers,-----comfort and encourage the faint-hearted, the dispirited, the disheartened, and the downcast; uphold and take tender care of those who are weak, and be patient with everyone." This is the duty of every church member. People need a sympathetic person to bring them healing from hurtful past memories, not a microscopic examination of their lives, or a false exorcism.

If we want demons to manifest themselves they will certainly oblige us. The manifestations of demon power through Ouija boards, and in spiritualist meetings, etc., should warn us that Satan will oblige us with spiritual manifestations if we go lusting after unscriptural signs and wonders. Satan turned the staffs of Jannes and Jambres into snakes, and did may other lying wonders and Antichrist will do even more remarkable things through Satan's power, and will deceive the ignorant and unwary. Exod.7v22. 8v7,18. Deut.18v1,2. Mt.24v24. 2Tim.3v8. Rev.13v11-15. 18v23. 19v20. 21v8.

Satan's deceptions are not confined to the world; he is very active in the Church as well.

His Demons have a field day, when they deceive Christians into believing that they have a ministry and commission to cast demons out of Christians. They will certainly get some manifestations from demons, which are outside of Christians, to convince them that their ministry and claims are genuine. These people cannot discern between strong external demonic energising, which mimic possession, and actual demon possession. The discerning of spirits is needed to discern when a person is actually demon possessed. Some common sense and medical knowledge are also needed in order to realise that a neurological pathology is nearly always the cause of the manifested behaviour of mental illness in the vast majority of these persons. In the western world genuine demon possession is very, very rare.

The tragic outcome of this doctrine of Christian possession, is that Christians are made to feel that they have no security in salvation in Jesus at all, because they feel that there might be some evil being lingering in a dark corner somewhere in them, that will require some folk who claim that they have this special kind of gifting, or anointing, to get rid of it. This teaching denies that the blood of Jesus has ransomed us and translated us out of the kingdom of Satan into God's kingdom.

Acts.26v18. Heb.2v14. Jn.12v31,32. 2Cor.4v3-7. Eph.4v18. 5v8. 1Pet.2v9,10. 1Jn.2v8. 3v8,9. The battle is with evil angels outside of us, not with demons on the inside of us. Eph.2v1-5. 6v10-19. We are washed in, redeemed through, and protected by the precious blood of Jesus. Acts.20v28. 1Cor.6v9-11. Titus.3v3-8. 1Pet.1v18-20. 1Jn.1v7. Rev.1v5. 5v9. 7v13-17.12v10-12.

The teaching that Christians can be possessed by demons, repudiates and denies the efficacy of the atoning blood of Jesus, and the indwelling protecting power of the Holy Spirit, and that Jesus has made us more than conquerors through Him. We are totally safe if we follow the Word of God to the very letter.

In Mt.4v23,24., demoniacs and epileptics, are differentiated from one another. In Mt.4v24., "*seleniazomenous*" 4583, has the literal root meaning of "*moon struck, or lunatic,*" from "*selene*" 4582, "*the moon.*" However, many translators translate it as, "*epileptic.*" Lunatic suggests the idea of people being demented; whereas "*epileptic*" better conveys the true meaning of the Greek word, because epileptic seizures supposedly followed the phases of the moon.

In Mt.17v15., ("*seleniazetai*" 4583, *again literally "moon struck,"*) shows that demon possession can give symptoms similar to epilepsy caused by problems in the brain; we need to live close to God to know what is physical and what is demonic.

These exorcists make the unwarranted assumption that Jesus did not do a complete work, but that it would need someone else, who has this false ministry of exorcism. I can find no mention of this in the Word of God that these people are needed to finish Christ's redeeming work; it is in my opinion that they are adding to the Word of God, and also taking away from it. In Rev.22v18,19., God strongly forbids this, with terrible warnings as to the consequences of doing this.

I could go on and on with this subject, but the bottom line is that since this practice is not lining up with the Word of God, then it must surely be wrong.

With this in mind, I have asked Bill Turner to do an Appendix at the end of this book, giving Scriptural backing to all that I have said. I am totally confident that those who minister in this horrible way cannot obtain Scriptural support to back what they are doing, so I suggest that they get Delivered from Deliverance.

SOME MORE OF YESTERDAYS MANNA, AND GOING BACK TO MY FEAR OF DEATH

Around the 14th of May 2004 I wrote in a Monthly letter, for which I am responsible, a story of yesterdays Manna, which I think, should bless you. I will explain first what this letter is about. I have told you that I am a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International; our Group organises and holds a Dinner Meeting every Month inviting people to come along for a meal followed by someone telling their story of how God has directed them in their lives. The letter, which I write, is to remind people of the date and also to let them know who the next speaker is.

Before I could type myself I used to write this letter by hand and then give it to my friend Ian Cranston who typed it out on his computer, photocopied them, and then posted them out to all those who requested to be on our mailing list. Ian typed this particular letter on the 20th of May 2004. You are I'm sure, wondering why I am giving you all these boring details of dates, but as I go on you will see the reason.

Two very good friends of mine had only recently died, Tom Somerville, (already spoken of), and Jackie Gilliland. Through their deaths a locked closet in my mind was opened as I thought of the times when I believed that my time had come for me to breathe my last. I recalled the night that I took the severe chest pains that led to my first heart attack in 1980. It was about 11pm when the pain began. I was watching T.V. while lying back on my armchair, which was pulled up close to the fire. The fire was in the dying stages, so I

had my feet almost on the hearth to keep warm. I was drinking whiskey mixed with orange.

When I think of it now it seems terrible: I had no white lemonade left, having used it all up before. I didn't like water with whiskey so I had to make do with orange. Of course I was also smoking at that time one cigarette after another. This behaviour had become a habit of mine that was becoming increasingly more often. Many late nights I would drive around for miles just to find a cigarette vending machine that was working. This was a rare thing to be able to find in those days as they were all being vandalised. My reason for this was because I would have only three or four cigarettes left and even though it might be 1am in the morning I might panic because I could run out. Shops and Petrol Service Stations did not stay open late in those days as law and order was almost gone. One can always find excuses for such crazy actions. It helps one to sleep; helps one to relax, settles ones mind and so on, never stopping to think seriously of the absolute craziness of it all.

The pain felt like as if someone had a steel band strapped around my chest and was tightening it with a turnkey. I drank Bicarbonate of Soda in Huge doses to see if this would get rid of the terrible wind and gases, which had gathered, thinking that if I could only get a good old-fashioned Burp that relief would come. At times I thought that my lungs or chest were going to burst open so great was the pain. My neck, jaws and arms felt as though they were in a muscular cramp. After about three hours of this severe pain I began to realise that something was seriously wrong. At times the pain did subside, but only to return again with a vengeance. I would fall down upon the floor and roll around trying to bring ease by getting into some better position. If only I could get this thing that was stuck in the middle of my chest moved up, even a little bit I would be OK. Try as I might, it became very clear that this thing was not going to move and I could not breath properly now. I could only stand and walk a few steps before falling down again and rolling back and forth on the floor desperately trying to bring ease. By now I began to realise that I was facing death.

Tremendous fear gripped me. O the fear! I was terrified! Nerves now began to go completely. I sweated hot and cold at the same time. My body began to shake and convulse from head to toe as I contemplated dying. I had to beg God for forgiveness. I pulled myself up at the kitchen sink once again, hoping to be able to be sick and vomit this horrible thing up. I held on to the sink while shaking and trembling, the fear now was almost worse than the pain. I looked out of the window and tried to pray. **I had to make peace with God.** Right then into my mind came such a barrage of thoughts.

"So you're going to cry out are you? Do you think that God will hear you? Where is the tough guy now that you thought you were? Just look at you now, crying like a baby! You're only a sissy! Crawling there to God, now that you are in a bit of trouble!"

Yes I was crying now that's true. This was something that I had not done for a long, long time. The terror and fear continued to consume my body; I had no control now over my thoughts, or even movements. Some force had taken control. What I wanted to do, what I needed to do, I could not. TRY AS I MIGHT I COULD NOT SAY HELP! FORGIVE ME! OR SORRY! I wanted desperately to do this, oh so desperately, but it was impossible for me to do it.

THE HORROR! OH THE HORROR! OF DEATH WITHOUT JESUS.

We might think that we will leave off getting ourselves right with God until the last minute.

LET ME TELL YOU, at this stage you will be so hardened that even though you want to and desperately need to, YOU CAN'T! Please believe me. It is simply not worth the risk.

DO IT NOW! MAKE PEACE NOW!

I fell down again, rolling about some more. Pain! Fear! Breathlessness! Weak and trembling, I pulled myself up once more determined to make one more last attempt. I looked up to the stars and the best that I could do was;

"God, you can't kill me or let me die. I have work to do for you!" I was 38 years old. I fell down again. No words like sorry, help, or forgive could come. I rolled and crawled, trying to get up upon my feet. I got myself into the hallway and stumbled heavily into the Grandfather Clock causing the weights to bang against the sides of the clock and the gongs, and making a loud din as I almost knocked the whole thing over. This woke up Esmé and she immediately rang for a Doctor. Esmé had managed somehow to get me into bed the Doctor seemed to take no time at all to get to our home and as soon as he saw me he immediately gave me an injection which gave me instant relief from pain. It was beautiful, whatever it was. Instantly I was Okay. When the Ambulance came I wanted to walk out to it as I felt so good, but they wouldn't let me of course. It was now 3 a.m.

You have already read about my first time in Hospital and the continuation of this story.

I only tell this so as to let you know how my mind was going prior to writing the FGBMFI letter, which I will now quote. Take note of the date when Ian printed it out.

A LETTER. 20/5/04

"Dearest Friends, Brothers and Sisters,

Please excuse me for writing some personal thoughts, which have been with me very much these past few weeks. I hope they bless you, and then there won't be any excusing required! These thoughts have been brought about by the recent deaths of some personal friends. We think that we have freedom don't we? Compared to many countries we certainly do. But yet we are not in freedom, even those of us who are in fellowship with God the Father, Jesus and the Holy Spirit are not really in freedom.

You may think that I am talking nonsense, but please read on. Tomorrow we will HAVE to do this or that, go here or there, meet this person or that. Next day it will be no different, there will be, I MUST go, do, or meet so and so. Day after day it goes on, always the same. Some things we would really love and wish to do, people we would love to visit, or write to even, but time robs us. We might have a yearning to go someplace, just to see it, but we can't afford to, even if we can, we will HAVE to book the journey, HAVE to take time off work, plan the event. You can add more and more as you think. The MUSTS; NEED TO'S; and HAVE TO'S, go on and on. The, I WOULD LOVE TO; WISH TO; DESIRE TO, seem also to go on and on.

When I sat on the edge of my bed many years ago in the throws of a second heart attack and after having laid my hands on my then small boys, asking Father God to look after them, knowing that He would do a much greater job than ever I could do, and then to my wife Esme', committing them all into His hands, I waited to die. I had been told that another heart attack would kill me because so much damage had been done before. As I twisted and turned, gasping for every breath; I began to think of the most wonderful journey ahead of me. Excitement came upon me as I thought about the great adventure on which I was soon to embark upon, and as I looked forward to this, I could scarcely tell which was the worst, the excitement, or was it the pain, I do not know. I was so made up, that when death did not come, I was bitterly disappointed. I took the heart attack Okay, but death did not come. I wondered why not, when I was so much looking forward to it, and was ready and wishing for it, until I realised that God must still have some things for me to endeavour to do for Him yet. So I press on as best as I can, with His help of course.

What I am trying to say is that it is only when we get to Heaven that we will be truly free. No more HAVE TO'S. Should we desire to visit someone, let's say in Australia, instantly we will be there. Every person we meet will be someone who we will want to meet, and will want to be with. We will love everyone with pure passion, and will see only loveliness in everyone. There will be no tomorrow, because there is no night there, time does not exist as we know it, so there will be no pressure of having to do such and such today. Everything that we do will be because it is our hearts desire to do it, and not because we have to do it.

Once when Joshua asked God, time stood still, (Joshua.10v12-14.) on another occasion time went back for King Hezekiah. 2Kings.20v9-11. We read in John.6v21., that after Jesus came into the boat, after being seen walking on the water towards the Disciples, all those who were in the boat were transported by God to the side of the lake. In Luke.4v28., a large crowd of angry people took Jesus up to the edge of a cliff to throw Him over, but He walked through them and away, as though they could not see Him. I believe that time stood still for everyone; they became froze on the spot except for Jesus. You know the stories of Elijah seemingly being transported from place to place, and of course Philip the Evangelist also, so why not in Heaven. It is one of the spiritual things that we can look forward to. It might be hard to accept, yet in the occult world people can suddenly be somewhere else under satanic power, how much more is it possible with God's power? Don't you see it? In Heaven we will be truly totally free! Do you want to go? There is a way, but only one way, and through no other. It is through the one who said.

"I AM the way, the Truth and the Life." The one who also says that, *"I AM the Alpha and the Omega"* the First and the Last. His name is Jesus. If you haven't yet asked Jesus to come into your life and change you, why not do it now, and be ready for Heavens adventure."

I ended this letter by giving the details of our Dinner Meeting.

I don't know any better way than this to explain what it means to be saved or to have Salvation. One time there was the horror and fear of dying and then the excitement and joy of the thought of dying and tremendous disappointment that it did not happen. Oh don't delay in accepting Jesus for;

"Behold NOW is the accepted time." For those in Christ Jesus death has lost its sting.

On the early hours of the 19th of May 1904 this letter had not yet been typed. I had written it as I have said around the 14th.of May; Ian typed it out on the 20th of May, and of course was not aware that anything had happened to me.

Once more I had taken a heart attack; well really it was a series of heart attacks. On the few days before this I had not been feeling well. From 11pm on Tuesday the 18th of May I began having pain, but not as severe as the other times. Like all those years ago I thought that it would pass, but it didn't. At 5am on Wednesday morning the 19th.of May, I got dressed and got Esmé to bring me to the Hospital.

With my past record I jumped the queue and was soon being attended to. Three times I was injected; spray was applied under my tongue twice and a little tablet was placed under my top lip. The pain did not go away at any time; it was not severe, but uncomfortable, and at times quite sharp. One more time I thought that I was going to leave this world and go to a place, which Paul tells us is by far, far better than being here.

But had I not a book to write? So I asked God during the only time that I was left alone, if it was so that He had told me to write a book, and if He had, was He not going to give me time to finish it. At the same time I told Him that I was sorry that I had not got it finished, and that I didn't really want to take to the grave with me the things that He had done for me, and not pass them on. I asked;

"Please give me a chance to finish it Father" You see I had started to write it a few Months before but had not been making much headway with it.

About 8am I was given a Clot Buster Drug through a drip and was put on Oxygen. At exactly ten minutes past eight the pain began to lift. The drug had done the job. I had taken heart attack number five. I was told later that it was a multiple heart attack, or attacks, it was apparently a series of small ones one after the other.

After getting home, for a while I was not able to concentrate to write any of my book, even though I wanted to, I just could not make the effort. As you can imagine I was now more determined than ever to get it finished quickly, especially as I believed that God had asked me to do it. One day I told my boys and their wives about the prophetic word that was given to me by and through Brian Colby and they laughingly said to me that I should make sure to leave the last chapter for many years to come before finishing it.

Strangely, during those first heart attacks in the early eighties I was told that I needed to have a triple bypass operation. When final tests were done it seemed that I no longer needed such an operation. Will God once more put His healing hand upon me? I have also recently developed, according to Hospital x-rays, a considerable amount of Arthritis in my spine, and in both of my hips, so right now I'm in a bit of a mess. The word of God asks the question;

"Is there anything too hard for me?" The answer is of course, surely not for isn't He, *"The God of all flesh?"*

Right now, as I write I am on sick benefits, and have plenty of time to be able to write my book. To be honest, I don't know how it would have been possible to do this, and be at work at the same time. Only you, the reader of this book can be the judge whether God did tell me to write it, or if I have been absolutely wrong.

[Can't you also see that if I had gone to Africa on the strength of the first word given to me, and disobeyed the second correct one, how things would have worked out?]

HIS SUPERNATURAL POWER HAS NOT CHANGED

Throughout these stories you will have noticed that I have mentioned Bill Turner a lot. Anyone who has been helped and encouraged as much as I have by someone would do the same. You have read these accounts and will read some more, and you cannot deny that he has been a wonderful friend and tower of strength and support to myself and my family over the years. This relationship has not been without its troubles. Many, many times Christian friends have shunned me due to this relationship. I find it a very sad thing that Christian folk can believe, and even speak about the supernatural power of the devil, but have great difficulty in accepting that people of God can be supernaturally used. I hope that these stories will help the unbelievers to become believers. John Wesley once said that;

"Those who excuse away the supernatural gifts of God do so in ignorance as they themselves have not received." God our Father is not likely to give to anybody anything that they don't believe in. How, for instance, can anyone receive salvation if they don't believe for it, or in Jesus as Saviour? Everything is centred around believing and in having faith.

It is possible that you might be asking the question that if God cared so much for me, why then did He allow me to have all these heart attacks in the first place? Well there are many Scriptures that can answer this question. St. James tells us that if we are getting it rough, to be happy because it strengthens us.

St. Paul in 2Corinthians.3v7., says that we get strengthened in trials, so that we will then be able to have compassion, love and understanding for others when they are in trouble. He also says in Hebrews.12v7-11., that Father God may chastise us from time to time.

First Peter.1v6,7., tells us that trials are to test and strengthen us.

In 1Peter.4v12,13., it says that trials are to make us partners with Christ.

HOSPITAL ONCE AGAIN

As I write this part of the book it is the 26th September 2004. I am back once more in Hospital and am checking over these stories; adding bits in and taking bits out. During the past three Months I have been writing almost continuously every day. I have been taking walks and trying to build up the heart muscle. Some days have been good and some not so good regarding the exercise bit. The times spent recalling these stories have been wonderful, and my times of prayer even more wonderful.

One morning as I was praying, just after this hospital visit, I was asking God that I might be used that day while on my walk to be able to bring a blessing to someone who needed one from Him.

My sister Rowena and my brother in law Norman were great, for every day they would bring me in their car to some nice places to do our walks, and trying to get me built up again.

I asked that God would direct our paths and conversation so that there would be no effort on my part but that it would come about purely by His leading. I added that I did not in anyway wish to play even a small part in trying to bring this conversation about with this person, and finished by asking that I would dearly love that Rowena and Norman would be witnesses to this, so that they would also be blessed.

We went for a walk that day around the lakes at Craigavon, it was a very pleasant day and we sat down on a summer seat.

A lady who knew Rowena and Norman came walking by, but stopped when she saw that she knew them. I moved to the arm of the seat so as to give her room to sit down. Soon she began to tell us of some problems that she was having, so right there I put my arm around her shoulder and began to pray for her with Rowena and Norman joining in and also reaching out their hands upon her. A few more minutes and she told us some more worries and problems so we prayed again. When she got up to leave she said;

"I feel wonderful. You know I think that the Lord just led me to meet you people here today. That was great!" As she said this I was thinking.

"You better believe it. I prayed for this, this morning!"

When the lady left, I told Rowena and Norman how I had prayed that morning. Their eyes filled up with tears.

It's as easy as this to bring a blessing to someone. All we have to do is ask to be His servants. We have all heard the saying, that He has no hands but our hands. This is true of course, and the wonderful thing is that it is no effort, and should never be an effort on our part.

I thought that I was getting on well with my recovery but there were times when I would have some chest pain and shortness of breath. Sometimes I would be so ill that I felt that if I were to take another step that I would drop down dead. I continued to deteriorate and one day I simply couldn't do anything except take very slow steps, so that was how I came to be in Hospital once again. Apparently I had taken another slight heart attack.

As I sit at the side of the Hospital bed I have been trying to bring this book to a conclusion. It is causing a lot of interest; nurses and visitors have been passing remarks about all my sheets of paper and the fact that I am always writing. They would inevitably ask;

"What are you writing?" So of course I tell them that I am writing a book.

"Are you a writer," one asked me one day, to which I replied that this was the first. Curiosity is an amazing thing because everyone; and I mean, everyone, asked me the same question.

"What's it about?" So I tell them that it's about the things that God has done in my life. Of course you know what's going to come next don't you? And it does;

"What kind of things?" So I begin to tell them some of the stories. One nurse got called away while I was telling her one of the stories; she said that she would come back later to hear the rest of it. I thought that she was only saying this out of politeness, but she did come back about two hours later to hear the finish, and said that it was very interesting. Some people were not so direct they would begin by asking;

"What's the title of your book?" I would say of course that I did not have one yet, so they would continue,

"Is it going to be a novel or a love story?" To this I replied that it was not a novel, but that it might be called a love story. The next question came before I had time to properly answer.

"Is it going to be very romantic?" Then I told her the real reason for the story. She of course asked the same question as all the others.

"What kind of things?" My reply to her was that if she had time to sit for a while, that I would tell her one or two. She did not take me up on my offer and quickly cleared off. The old saying is true; **"You can't win them all."**

CAN'T SEE FOR LOOKING

There is no doubt about it; hospital can be a most wonderful place to get to talk to people about the things of God. Mind you I'm not talking about the hard type of approach that pushes it up people's noses. I've had my fill of those kinds of persons over the years. No, for me it has to come about naturally, and it always does when we ask God to direct things. So here I am once again looking around for another good hospital story. Some good things had already been happening but I was getting the feeling that there was a real good story on the horizon. I won't be trying to bring it about, I know by now that if I did, I would make a total mess of my attempt. Somehow I knew that God was going to bring some things about and I of course was only too willing to be used by Him, if He so wished to do so. Nothing was going to happen by chance that was for sure, but that didn't mean that I was not to look around for signs. Sometimes the signs can be there and the person can be right in front of you but you are too busy looking around so that you don't even see them until it is almost too late.

One such time in the 1980's this very thing happened to me, but there was a kind of reason that might excuse me just a little. School days for me were certainly not the best days, or the happiest days of my life. The teachers kept telling us that this was so, but not for me I'm afraid. I can scarcely remember one day of my life that I didn't go to school in some kind of dread. Sports days were great, I was good at that. Scrapping wasn't bad either; I didn't mind that so much. We used to get one afternoon in the week doing woodwork; I was usually the best of the class at that. As for the rest, I suppose it was OK for the intelligent and fast learners, but not for someone like me who was a slow learner. I have been told many hundreds of times by teachers who would look at me with hate and anger in their eyes and yelling at me, ***"You're stupid!"*** or it might have been, ***"You stupid ass!"***

Not a very nice thing to be told in such a manner when you are doing your very best, it does leave a huge scar, I can tell you, because you believe it to be true, and I suppose it was. It was strange but all the things that I was good at didn't seem to matter, you weren't noticed if you hadn't an academic mind. One thing this did for me that was more important than anything else, but I didn't fully realise it then, it made me have a greater love for the things of God. Even then I knew that He was not going to yell at me in front of people if I didn't get things right the first time.

Hugh was in the bed beside me, he reminded me of my old Principal Head Master; he looked like him, and even wore the same half moon shaped glasses that one had to look over the top off to see.

This Head Master gave me six of the best on each hand many times but the worst was for being late one freezing morning. I was held back that morning by hundreds of pigs that were being brought from the Goods Yard of the Railway Station down the street and on their way to Denny's Pork Factory to be slaughtered. How was I to get through all these squeaking animals when they kept coming and coming against me? Did he believe my excuse? I don't even think that he listened to my shaking voice, or took any notice of my terrified look. I swear to you he used to jump up in the air so as to get more power into each blow. If he detected that you moved your hand to soften the blow he would give you an extra one to make up for it. My! His aim was always perfect; he could bring that cane down on the very tips of your fingers time and time again on the very same spot. On this particular morning my fingers were already aching with pain, because I had been out in the frosty morning for so long.

I avoided Hugh. I didn't even want to look at him. I found out that he was a schoolteacher to boot. Well can you blame me for not wanting to have anything to do with him? What could I ever have in common with this man? Surely he wouldn't even take me under his notice anyway, so why bother with him. Hugh had breathing problems. He would often needed to have oxygen, and every day physiotherapists would come and give his lungs a good slapping, which seemed to help him. He never seemed to want to talk to anybody in our ward of four beds, and this suited me real fine. After three days of wondering who it could be that God wished me to talk to and looking around for to try and get some signs I found myself, without really wanting to, mind you, beginning to have some compassion towards Hugh. I would go to the Kitchen and get him some fresh iced water when his looked like it needed to be replaced. I began to make some small conversation with him and soon found out that he was not as bad as he looked, in fact I was beginning to like him and wanted to talk to him. Still I was looking around for the person. Who could this person be? Was it this lady? Or perhaps it was that gentleman?

One evening Hugh asked me what my trouble was that had me in hospital, when I told him he said;
"Thank God -I'm not as bad as that. - All that is wrong with me - is my breathing - I was out doing some work in the garden - when it came on me suddenly - I just couldn't breath properly."

Hugh was only able to tell me this in short bursts, pausing between each short sentence. At this stage he had stopped all visitors, including his wife, from coming in to see him. She used to come to the corner of the ward and gingerly peep in to see him. I could see her clearly as I was on the outside bed, so I used to go to her and give her a report on how he had been doing. Before he stopped all visitors he used to get a lot from Clergy, and from Sisters of the Roman Catholic Church. I got the feeling that one of these Sisters was a relation of his, but he had barred them all from seeing him. One day he told me that he could not handle visitors as they always expected him to answer their questions one after another and they exhausted him so much that he had banned them all until such a time when he was a bit better, he then added;

"But I like - talking to you, - you don't - expect me - to answer - you back quickly - the way - they do"
He went on to say that he knew that I didn't mind when he didn't want to talk, and knew that I wouldn't be offended, and because of this there was no pressure on him to talk and that he could feel comfortable with me.

One night Hugh had a very bad time with his breathing, the Doctors and Nurses were with him most of the night, thumping his lungs and giving him oxygen. He would cough like I have never heard anyone do before, while all the time I could hear him desperately gasping for some air. The curtains were pulled around him of course but that doesn't stop the sound. I really thought that he was going to die that night he was so bad. All that I could do was to pray for him, that God would spare his life. He seemed to settle down although I can't really remember much about that; I must have fallen into a deep sleep even with the noise. The next morning Hugh said to me.

"I had - a really bad - night last - night." I pretended not to know anything about it all and asked;

"Did you Hugh?" to which he replied;

"I sure had, and - I thought - I was going to die." By this stage you can see that Hugh and I had become very good friends, and that I had now got a tremendous love and compassion for him. These things are felt aren't they? We didn't need to say much we both knew that there was something there between us. Hugh was in his seventies while I was in my thirty-eighth year, but we were mates now.

That same morning the Doctors were doing their rounds and discussing with the patients their problems. When it came to Hugh's time and they pulled the curtains around him, one of the Doctors immediately began by asking Hugh, quite loudly, if he knew what it was that was wrong with him to which Hugh replied in his slow manner, that all that was wrong with him was that his breathing was difficult. The Doctor, without further ado immediately replied;

"Well Hugh, I'm sorry to tell you that you have Cancer in your lungs and it is in a very advanced stage there is nothing that we can do for you, except keep you as comfortable as we can. We don't expect you to live more than a week. We are sorry to be the bearers of such bad news Hugh." Hugh made some sort of answer, but I could not make it out. I was in a cold sweat for the poor man. I could just imagine what it must be like to be given news like this. That was it.

They pulled the curtains back and came to me next. I can't remember anything that was said to me, I was still in so much shock for Hugh. After they left, all that I could think of was, what I would say to Hugh. How can I help him? How will he react to what I say?

Now and only now did it dawn upon me that the person that I had still been looking for was this poor man who was right beside me all the time? I managed to get a quick;

"Oh God help!" prayer before Hugh began to speak to me.

"I got - very - bad news - just then" Rightly or wrongly I don't know which, but once again I pretended to not know a thing of his bad news, so I replied;

"Did you Hugh?" He then told me all that they had said to him. Without thinking I said to him; "Well Hugh there is one good thing in all of this that I can see." He surely must have thought that I was completely mad in the head, but he didn't show any reaction at all but quietly asked:

"What - can that be?" So I began to tell him that I could see the goodness, mercy and love of God, as He had given him this time to ask for forgiveness through Jesus for any wrong things that he may have done in his life. He said very solemnly and without any effort of speech;

"That's right, you are right!" I asked him if he would like me to pull the curtains around him to give him some peace and privacy so that he could make his peace with God, and added that I would make sure that no one would interrupt him, but that when he was ready that he could give me a call. He said;

"I would love that"

I drew the curtains round him and he asked me if I would get him his Rosary Beads from out of his locker for him. When I gave them to him I said that his Rosary Beads could certainly bring him some comfort and peace, but that he really needed Jesus right now. He didn't seem to hear me and asked me to get also from his locker, a little photograph of Padre Pio.

He wanted to know if I knew anything about Padre Pio to which I replied that I did, which might have been a surprise for him, knowing that I was a Protestant. We talked about the wonderful ministry that God had given Padre Pio, and then I again explained that he needed to be asking Jesus himself for forgiveness, that He was the only way to God, that no matter how wonderful and Holy Padre Pio may have been, that he couldn't forgive him for his sins.

I told him to pray the prayer that he had done many times but to change it a little and I quoted to him;

"Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy, and please forgive me for my sins and take them away" I kept it very simple, but was assured that he knew exactly what he needed to do, and so I left him alone with God. No one came to disturb him and after about fifteen minutes or so, he gave me a call that everything was all right.

I swear to you dear readers, Hugh was a different man to the one that I had left a few minutes before. His face and whole countenance was entirely different, there was a wonderful look of perfect peace upon him and he was smiling, which was the first time that I had seen him do so.

The Prince of Peace had come to Hugh and had forgiven him!

Hugh died the next day. I have often thought and asked myself the question. Could it be that this old Protestant ministered to Hugh the last rites of the Church?

Mind you I'm not really sure what the ministry of the last rites of the Church is. I somehow think that it is the anointing with oil according to James Chapter 5, which is for the healing of the sick, but in this case the important thing was that Hugh went to Jesus with his sins forgiven, but better still, that he knew that they were forgiven.

BY THE WAY I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED A PROTESTANT, IN FACT I DON'T WANT TO BE ONE EITHER, BUT I DO WANT TO BE KNOWN AS ONE WHO IS CALLED A CHRISTIAN, AND A CHILD OF GOD.

NOT OVER YET

I thought that I had this book finished, but when one begins to believe God for more adventures with Him, especially in Hospital, and when one begins to feel the stirring and God's wind beginning to blow; then one knows that something is going to happen, and happen it did!

This time in Hospital one of the tests that I was given was a dye test called an Angiogram. It is something like a tubular steel wire that is inserted down at the groin and goes up into the main heart area; dye is then shot up this wire and into the heart arteries. I was not able to see this part but was able to watch the wire going into the heart area on the TV. Monitor, and see the dye going through. You are told just before this dye is shot up to hold your breath while they take an x-ray of it while it is circulating around inside. Before one goes for this procedure one is told that it is not without risks, and that it may be possible that one could either take a stroke or heart attack that could kill them, and are then asked to sign a disclaimer form giving one's consent.

At one stage during this procedure I felt very bad, and did think that I might die, but this feeling soon went away. It may have been, mind over matter, or it might have been caused by the dye taking up the total space that was left to let the blood flow through, I was not to know. Everyone has different feelings during this test depending on how their condition is in the first place, but it is the only way for the Doctors to find out, so it is very necessary.

My condition, as the Consultant who did the test told me later, was very bad, he said that I would be kept in Hospital while they tried getting me a place on the emergency waiting list for heart surgery in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Belfast. So now I knew that my condition was bad, but how bad is bad? How was I to know? I was given loads of new tablets some were to get my blood as thin as possible and others were to get my blood pressure down, while some were slow reacting to keep Angina pain away. At times I did feel very bad, especially after going to the toilet and back to my bed, on other occasions the simple effort of getting into

bed required me to get oxygen and spray under my tongue. For most of the time I felt fine as long as I sat by my bedside, or slowly walked around to the other patients, and took a rest every so often. If I made any effort at all I had chest pains, still with all of this I was not really aware of just how ill I was, but later I was to find out.

TIMES OF WITNESS

I was to stay in Craigavon Hospital for six weeks in this sedated state awaiting my Emergency operation in the Royal Hospital. Since all of this is now behind me, I have said many times to people that I would gladly go through it all again just to get the opportunities that I had to speak about God. Many times I said, what I thought was a very simple thing, yet it had nurses leaving me with tears in their eyes.

When one is a long time patient in Hospital there becomes a bond with nurses, you become a friend to them, and they take a greater interest in you. They would sit down beside me and show me some sympathy for the long wait that I was having, and would ask if I was not bored, I would answer that I wasn't because the Scriptures tell us in 1Thes.5v18., that;

"In everything we are to give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you," and though I wasn't sure why I was in this condition, I had to believe that it was for a reason and that I ought not to grumble. I meant every word of this statement and still do.

On a few occasions when they asked, with a surprised look upon their faces, what exactly what I meant by making such a statement, I was able to answer that for me to die was only gain, so why should I worry or be concerned. On two occasions nurses, who had sat beside me on my bed, had to make a very quick departure from me, when this very same subject came up. I suppose this reaction was because they knew the state of my health, while I did not fully know, except that once again getting about had to be done almost in slow motion.

[I was not meaning that God had put this sickness upon me for a reason, but that He had allowed it to happen for a very good reason, or else it was as a result of my own disobedience].

What I mean by this is better answered by a statement made by Smith Wigglesworth at one time which was something like this;

"There's no use in asking for God to keep you from getting the cold and then going out in the rain and sleet without wearing a coat." I do not believe that any earthly Father would do such a terrible thing as to put sickness upon any of his children, so why should I believe that my Heavenly Father, whose love is far greater than any earthly father, do such a thing. If I thought that this was His will, then with my kind of condition I ought to go out and run a Marathon to help Him do His will a bit faster. I only add this as by way of explanation, not wishing to give the wrong message as one can often do by not fully explaining.

Of course not only did these Nurses know that my condition was very bad, as I found out later all the other patients also knew, so a statement like this would have made an impact. How was I to know that during this time in Hospital I was like a person walking on thin ice, and probably nearer to death than I will ever be again until it finally happens one day. Of course if I had known just how bad I was, I would still have said the same thing anyhow. The other thing is this, of course, which is very important and must be mentioned, and that is that when we are at our weakest, then God has a much better chance of using us for His glory. All the patients were coming to me and asking me to come and pray for them.

On one occasion I went to just have a little chat with some ladies who were all in their beds. I sat down upon a chair and began to chat; soon the conversation came around to their fear of what was ahead of them. I would simply say for them to cast their burdens upon Jesus and that He would see them through, no sooner had I said this than all four of them began to cry, so I would get up and go around each of them individually and laying my hands upon them I would pray the peace of Jesus upon them. Of course from then on every time I went past their area of four beds to go to the toilet, which I had to do, they would shout out to me;

"Are you not coming in to see us? Come on in and talk to us." Sometimes it was hard to get past them to be able to go to any other ward. I didn't wish them to think that I didn't want to go to them so I would have to sit down and tell them that there were some other people who I felt that I ought to go and speak to also, and this seemed to please them. At times some of them would get home and new ones would arrive but the ones who were still there would tell the new ones about me and the whole thing would start all over again. Of course this was also happening with the men in my own area and others also.

One evening a friend of mine from a long time back came in; he was much younger than me, I knew that he would be anxious about himself, so I went to visit him. He was in bed and in a poor state, the Hospital had not yet been able to find out exactly what was wrong with him, but as he had some symptoms of heart trouble he was sent to the Heart Ward.

This friend had once been a preacher of the Gospel, but had fallen into a backslidden state, which is a very difficult and bad place to be. As I sat there at the side of his bed he asked me how long ago that it was from when I had first come into Hospital with my first heart attack, so I told him. He replied that he remembered that time very well. I then told him about my coming back to Jesus from being a backslider during that time; and continued to say;

"To this day I have never found out who the very good friend was who sent Sammy Workman in to talk to me on that occasion, but I have always had the sneaky feeling that it was you." [And calling him by his name] *"Would I be right?"* He nodded his head and lowered it down, not wishing to be making any eye contact. I left

him then, as I did not wish to be brow beating him and causing him to feel any worse that he was feeling right then, but for to return on another day, which I did.

On the next two or three occasions he did not want to talk, he wasn't feeling too good and there would have been no point in trying. The next thing I knew was that he had gone home, all the tests having shown nothing abnormal. A few days later and he came back in again and so I resumed my talks with him.

He asked me as most people had been doing, was I not bored by the long wait for my operation to which I replied by telling him that I was writing a little book, and was finding it easy to get the time in, but that it was a bit difficult to keep my concentration fully upon it with all the things that were going on around me. He asked me the same question as every body else was doing;

"What is the book about?" So I told him. He then wanted to know what kind of stories were in the book, so I told him the story, which I have already told about the man who I call Sam who dove out of bed.

My friend was laughing at times but as the story continued it began to fit right into his own life, almost exactly to the same detail of himself, I could see that he was getting things a bit tough. After this story I left him to contemplate upon it and told him that I would come back on another day.

I don't think that encounters like this are by chance do you?

I have a reason for telling you these personal and sometimes boring details, so please bear with me. One week before going for the heart operation, I was sent to the Royal Hospital in Belfast by Ambulance and accompanied by a nurse to keep an eye on me during the journey. I had to have an interview with the Surgeon who was to perform the operation.

The Hospital requested that some of my family members were also present for this Interview, so my son Alan and my wife Esmé attended. Mr Sidhu, the Surgeon, who was to perform my operation, an extremely nice man told us straight and without any holes barred of my condition, which was not good news at all. I liked him very much and felt that my life was in good hands with him. He told us that if I did not have this operation that I would without doubt take another heart attack and would certainly die. If I didn't die right then it would only be a very short time until I did. He explained that my arteries were in a very bad condition and that it was going to require several by-passes on each of my three main arteries and also possibly the fourth, but it didn't look like the fourth could be done as it seemed as if that part of my heart was already completely dead. This was going to require a by-pass at least three times on each of my arteries, being nine in all; it was going to be a very complicated procedure, but he had done this kind of operation before quite successfully, and that he had no doubt that he could do the same for me.

Looking at me in a very concerned and surprised way he asked me why it was that I had taken all these heart attacks since 1980 yet had only now been offered a By-Pass Operation. I thought that he was going to tell me something like I shouldn't be alive at all but he didn't.

I should have told him that I believed that God had something to do with it, but the best that I could say was that all I could imagine was that I had made some miraculous recoveries. His reply to this was;

"You certainly must have." He went on to explain that the heart muscle is not like any other muscles in the body, which when damaged, will recover, but that heart muscle will become what they in the medical world call, Dead Tissue, which never heals or recovers, and that I had quite a lot of dead tissue to deal with. When he asked me if there were any questions that I would like to ask, I was so dumbfounded that I could not think of a single thing to ask.

As I travelled back in the Ambulance to the hospital in Portadown I began to think of lots of questions that I would have liked to have asked him. For instance, when I took my first heart attack they told me then that two thirds of my heart was damaged and that if I took another at that time that it would kill me. Of course I had always thought that all this damaged heart muscle had healed and recovered, and probably had only a scar just like any cut would have.

But did this mean that all these years had gone by, and I had taken several smaller heart attacks on what he seemed to be suggesting was only one third of a heart? What could be left working if this was the case? How was I still alive? Mr Sidhu had also explained to me that this next week was going to be a very critical week because they would have to take me off all the blood thinning medication so that when they gave me blood transfusions it would blend into my now thickened blood instead of thinned down stuff. Of course this meant that over the next week I would have to be monitored very carefully, as there was the likelihood of this now thickened blood not being able to get through my now seriously blocked arteries.

Back in my own home town Hospital once again things continued to happen. The nurses were coming around with their Medicines and were at the end of our area with their trolley, they began to question me as to how I had got on at the Royal Hospital with my interview with the Surgeon who was going to be doing my operation. They asked who it was who was going to perform my operation, so I told them that it was a Mr Sidhu, they said;

"Sid, who?" So I replied;

"Sidhu" One of the men repeated the nurses question;

"Sid who?"

"You have got it wrong" I said, *"It's a Mr Sidhu"* Once again the question came to me, but this time in unison;

"A Mr Sid who?"

"NO" I said, *"His name is Mr Sidhu"* and I spelt it out for them; *"S-I-D-H-U"* The place erupted with laughter at the stupidity of it all. One of the nurses then said to me;

"Are you sure that it is not a Mr -----" and mentioned some name, to which I replied that it wasn't that name. They repeated the question a few times by giving me a list of other Surgeons names that they knew, because they were sure that I had got this name wrong. I explained that the person who was supposed to do my operation was a Mr Graham, but he was going to be on holiday, and that I thought that this Mr Sidhu was his understudy.

One of the men in a bed in front of me then spoke up and said;

"There's no way I would be letting any understudy open up my chest and poke about with my heart, I would be looking for the top man or else nobody." I laughed at this and said;

"Well I don't look at it like you do. I think that even if I should be the very first person that this man has ever operated upon, that he will be so careful and meticulous for the fear of making a mistake on his very first job, that he will be as good as, if not better, than the top man. Anyhow," I continued, *"It is my belief that no matter whose hand will be upon that knife, there will be another's hand on top of it and that will be the hand of Jesus."*

As you can imagine this was the beginning of another conversation between the nurses and the other men which for the men lasted into the wee hours of the night.

WHAT IS HE?

No one knew how to handle me in some ways and it was funny to see their strange reactions at times. You see I had never told any of them that I was attached to any Church as such.

This can cause a lot of trouble for people here in Ireland, no one really feels comfortable when they don't know what you are. ***Which side of the fence you are on? Or with what foot do you kick with? Meaning; what religion are you?***

Sometimes I had Roman Catholic Priests come in to visit me. I would have a Baptist Minister, a few Methodist Ministers, a Presbyterian Minister, a Church of Ireland Anglican Minister, and several Ladies who did Church Visitations, which included three Roman Catholic Nuns.

Over the six weeks these people would come in to see me on several occasions.

A very funny thing happened one day with one of the Priests who used to come in visiting, but never to me of course. He always had his little book of names and always was in such a hurry to get round to all of his flock that he scarcely took anyone under his notice; it was as if he was on automatic flight. One day he seemed to become very confused as he inspected the list of names of all the people who he had to visit; when for the first time he looked at my name above my bed; mind you he didn't look at me at all, but just at my name. His eyes dropped down to his little book again and then back up to my name above my bed. His problem was of course that he was thinking that somehow someone had missed putting my name down on the Hospital Registrar for visitation.

What I think was confusing him was that I had a far removed cousin of mine who was a Roman Catholic Priest and who was also called John Gates.

John had also visited me one day, he had another Priest with him, who I also knew very well, and we probably caused a lot of confusion and wonderment because we had hugged each other in the middle of the floor to everyone's total amazement.

The poor Priest looked at me, and coming over he very timidly said to me;

"Would you be one of ours?" There could be no way that he could have been prepared to hear my answer to him because I said:

"Father to tell you the truth, I'm a bit of everybody's." He gave me a strange look and walked off very promptly and probably thinking to himself that I was one ignorant person. But I really did mean it, if he had wished to give me a blessing, or whatever he was doing, I would have received it from him.

One week later, and on the day before my operation, I was brought back to the Royal hospital and put into a lovely little private room. In the afternoon time Mr Sidhu came in to visit me to explain to me what the procedure would be in the morning. He asked if there were any question that I would like to ask him. I asked him if it was possible that heart muscle could recover. He assured me that it was not possible.

I then explained to him the dye test that was done on me in 1981 and asked how accurate that this test was then. He knew about this test, none of the nurses had even heard of this test, which of course was over twenty years ago, and he explained that at that time it was very accurate at telling how much damage had been done to the heart but was not as good as they now had, in that it did not show up too well the damaged arteries. I then asked;

"Does this mean that since 1980 I have been living on one third of a heart?" His reply was;

"That's exactly what it means." I asked;

"But Mr Sidhu I have had three more heart attacks since then on that third of a heart and this one being a multiple one, what am I living on?" His reply was;

"That's exactly why you need this operation, and have it right away"

That night the male nurse who was attending me asked me who it was who was doing my operation, and when I told him who it was, he said;

"Oh its Push is it? That's good. He's a great chap." I asked why he called him Push and he told me that Mr Sidhu was a Professor who did most of the training and only did the intricate and complicated heart surgeries, and that this was the Nick Name that they had given to him.

You see! I didn't get a second in command; I got one of the top men, if not the very top man, after all. Isn't God good?

The next morning, November the 5th., I had a triple; triple By-Pass Operation, which meant that they had to do three bypasses on each of the three main arteries, nine in total. The fourth one as Mr Sidhu had thought was of no use in doing as that part of my heart was already dead. A few days later when I was up and walking about I noticed a large Notice Board, which had all the Patients names on it, and who it was that did their operation.

Mine was only person's name that had Mr Sidhu beside it!

There is a Scripture that I must quote here for fear of giving you a wrong impression about myself. It is from St. Paul in 2Cor.12v9., which says;

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

You see stories like these have absolutely nothing to do with any of us, other than us being available to allow the Holy Spirit to work through us. There are so many more of these stories which kept on happening every day and often all day, during my time in hospital, but one can't go into them all in detail.

I have chosen those, which I think, will be the most useful to others, and concentrated upon them. There was not a day that went past when I didn't see men and women weep openly as God touched their sickly hearts. People with heart trouble are very susceptible and open to the love of Christ; death is constantly upon their minds, and I do suppose that the things which I was saying to them must have become more real as they all knew that I was much too ill to even go home, and so they accepted things from me more than they would have done if I had been in tip top condition. I also think that when they saw how I was with so much sickness, it made them feel that their problems were small in comparison to mine and so they were able to stop worrying about themselves.

On two occasions the Hospital Porter wheeled Patients down to me who were being allowed to go home, but they would not go before saying goodbye to me and shaking my hand, they would say;

"I just could not go home without thanking you for all your help and to wish you all the best for your operation. I will be thinking about you and praying for you. Goodbye and God bless you." Both of us would have tears in our eyes, and all that we could do was to hug one another. Of course these things did not go unnoticed.

Often I would just sit there in my chair in my corner and have a little silent weep, thanking God for all His goodness towards me and to others. I tell you this next bit in humble gratefulness.

I know that there were dozens of prayers being said and Candles being lit for me by many Roman Catholic people in many Chapels on that day when I had my operation because so many told me that they would be doing this. I never went around Hospital picking out all the Protestants to speak to, I never knew who any of them were, they were all God's Children as far as I was concerned, some older than others, some more ill than others, **but all with the same need, and that was Jesus.**

WHAT, AND WHERE, IS GOD'S CHURCH?

I have this very old friend who is 93 years old at the time of writing this which is January 2006; I can tell you that it was only a few weeks ago that I was driving him around here in Ireland. He is an Itinerant Pentecostal Preacher with no Denominational tags called Arthur Burt.

The title, Pentecostal, ought to mean the experience of Pentecost rather than being known as a Denomination, which this name can often imply in these days. On one occasion Arthur was asked in a rather quizzical manner by someone who wanted to have him placed under some kind of label, thinking, as people do after having this knowledge that they would then be able to place him in some kind of way, as to what he believed as a Christian.

"What Church do you belong to Brother?" Arthur looking at him with an even more quizzical look upon his face, answered him.

"Is there another?" It is time we stopped looking at each other in a judgemental way by the labels, which we might have, and begin to try and see each other with the eyes of Jesus, and therefore know how He would look upon each of us. Only in this way can we ever find love for one another, and we all know that love never fails.

I end this part of the book with the question, which is the title of the book;

"SHOULD I HAVE TRUSTED HIM MORE?" Did I really have to go through all of this sickness, and if so, why? Knowing that Jesus can, and could have sorted all of my problems out with a simple touch.

Whatever you may think about this, all that I can say is, that if I had been given the choice of going on an easier way, I would have rejected it, if by that choice people's lives would not have been touched by Jesus.

I can say for sure that if the experiencing and telling of my trials and difficulties has been a blessing to God's people, going through these troubles has been worthwhile, and I would gladly go through them all again. Of course there is also the excitement of wondering how God is going to heal me from where I am now, so that I can continue to tell people more about His great love for them.

See 2Cor.1v3-7. v3 *"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,* v4 *who comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any*

trouble, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God. v5 For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also abounds through Christ. v6 Now if we are afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effective for enduring the same sufferings which we also suffer. Or if we are comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. v7 And our hope for you is steadfast, because we know that as you are partakers of the sufferings, so also you will partake of the consolation.” NKJV

PART TWO. BILL TURNER. “A TEACHER WITH A PROPHETIC VOICE”

A well-known and well-trusted prophet prophesied the above about Bill in a public meeting. He had never met Bill before, and proceeded to accurately describe some past events of Bill’s life. He finished his prophecy with the words that Bill was;

“A teacher with a prophetic voice.” In the second part of this book, I try to recall some of the outstanding things that I have personally witnessed through the ministry of my dear friend and Brother, Bill Turner.

This book is written only to be a blessing to God’s Children, which I believe we all are, however not all of us have fully accepted this fact, and have not fully come into the warmth, and fullness, and blessings of life within His family. There are many people who are members of a family, yet they never are in contact with that family, neither are they aware of the things that are going on in that family either, and how sad it is that this is so. I wish to introduce you to some of the things that are taking place in the Family of God, to which you belong, so that you might find out about and experience the things you are missing, by not being in contact with all God’s family.

No part of this book has been exaggerated, added to, or made up from an over active mind. I told you at the beginning that my teachers always said that I had a lack of imagination. God does not require me to be making Him seem greater than He is by adding bits in. He is God ALMIGHTY is He not? Why would He be requiring me to do something that might bring condemnation upon myself and lose His blessings by doing such daft things? This would be a much too great a risk for me to take; I’m not interested in trying to possibly gain some popularity or something like that by making things seem greater than they really are. All that I have already written, and am about to write, is absolute truth and can be verified by many of my friends.

I can understand why there may be those who would find some things difficult to believe, sometimes when I look back I can scarcely believe myself that they really happened, but then there are the results to prove that they really did happen. God is beyond our wildest dreams. I have already told you of the times of my Hypnotism days, of over twenty years, mind over matter, tricks of the mind, power of suggestion and so on. I tell you, if there is anyone who is suspicious it is me. No one is going to make a strong suggestion over, and over, a few times to try and prove something to me, it will have to be real, solid, sound, and be proved beyond doubt before I will accept it.

To make it clearer what I am trying say I will quote a Scripture from the book of Job.13v7-10.

“Must you go on ‘speaking for God’ when he never once has said the things that you are putting in his mouth? Does God want your help if you are going to twist the truth for him? Be careful that he doesn’t find out what you are doing! Or do you think you can fool God as well as men? No, you will be in serious trouble with him if you use lies to try to help him out.”

The Living Bible.

IS BILL A PROPHET, OR A MISLED PERSON?

My first remembrance of Bill Turner was in a house meeting in the home of Tom and Jean Somerville. It was also the first time that I had been in their home. Bill was speaking and teaching from the book of Daniel Chapter 9. I remember his chirpy way, and can hear his laughter, just like as if it was yesterday as he said while looking around;

“Who has the woolliest head here? Oh it’s you Madam; let me have a look to see if you have got all of this; oh you have, that’s good, now I know that everyone else has got it.”

I think that the woolliest head there must have been me, because I really struggled to take on board all that he was saying. He had this chart pinned up on the wall which displayed the figure of a giant beast of a man and he was explaining all the history of what lay behind the gold, silver, brass and so on right down to feet of iron and clay, well I think I began to lose the plot when it came down to these ten toes. I revived again for a time when it came to the period of 490 years, getting cut off at 483 years when the anointed one would come thus leaving 7 years to come later so as to complete the 490 years. At the end of these last 7 years Jesus will come back to earth again to reign for 1,000 years. But when would these last 7 years begin again?

Well for a new reborn Christian that knew very little, I can tell you that by now my mind was in an absolute muddle. In all my younger years in church I had never heard about this beast figure of a man, never mind all these years of sevens and weeks of sevens, I don’t think that I was much interested in this beast of a man before either. The room was full with people and it was getting warmer and stuffier by the minute, the oxygen level was beginning to get very thin, all of this plus these years and so on, was causing my now acutely muddled and woolly mind to wish for some beautiful, and wonderful sleep. I can well remember wishing that someone would open an outside door or a window so as to let in some fresh air. No sooner had I thought this

when Bill said rather excitedly;

"Oh my! We have visitor friends." As he said this he looked over to the already open door, which led to the hallway, and continued; *"Please do come in child of God, you are most welcome."*

I remember then, feeling as though someone had indeed opened an outside door, because the whole air changed to a wonderful freshness. I thought that Tom and Jean had some of their grandchildren staying with them and that they had just come in from outside causing this beautiful freshness of what seemed to be a complete and immediate refreshment of the air. My thought was that Bill must have been seeing this child, who is still behind the door and out of my vision. He was smiling, as we say here in Ireland like a basket of chips, [from ear to ear], his face was absolutely glowing, and he was also making gestures with his eyes and hands as though he was seeing this child walk across the room. As his eyes followed this invisible child, he continued talking and said;

"Thank you so much for joining with us, please do have a seat" and he pointed to the only remaining empty seat.

I glanced around to see if it could have possible for anyone to have opened a window but it was not possible. All that I knew was that my dead fuzzy mind was now on full alert, and all thought of sleep was gone also. I felt as if I had just got up out of bed after having the most wonderful nights sleep. Bill continued to look at this empty chair and smiling to it as if he were seeing someone sitting there. He said;

"We are so privileged to have this Angel join with us who has just come from the very presence of God; don't you feel the heaviness having lifted?" I remember people looking at Bill with a look that seemingly showed that they had no feelings of any change having taken place at all, while I wanted to shout;

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Then I thought that they are just like me, a bit embarrassed and possibly too shy, not wishing to bring any kind of attention to themselves. For me the rest of that meeting continued to have that freshness there. I truly believed that an Angel had come, and could not help wondering how many others did also, but like me did not say. HOW DID HE KNOW?

A short time after this, Bill began to come to my house to speak at the meetings, before we had moved into the little hall. I was not familiar with men like Bill, who travelled from place to place without any financial backing and only trusting God to supply their needs through the people to whom they visit. When I discovered this I began putting away some cash each week so that I would be able to give him a love gift the next time that he came to visit us. Some weeks I would miss putting anything away to one side for him whenever I would be a bit short of cash, but I would try to double it up on the following week. I was putting this away in my bedside cabinet underneath some things and in between pages of a book, so that neither Esmé nor any of the children would know about it or find it.

The week before Bill was to come I told the people that I was going to make a little box and put it at the doorway on the way out so that if they wished, they could put something into it for him. I also explained to them the way he lived and suggested to them I thought this is the way that all preachers should be, as it was the way that Jesus had told the Disciples to go. I said it was my opinion that in this way these roving preachers could say whatever God was giving them to say, and if the people didn't like what they heard, it wouldn't matter too much to the preacher if they did not have them back, because they were used to God providing, and if one door shut then another would open. I made a little cardboard box for the next week and put a slot on the top of the flap, which could be opened. Before the people arrived on the night of the meeting I took out from my bedside cabinet the money that I had been putting away, rolled it up and put it into the box and left it beside the door.

That evening as Bill was leaving and about to go out the doorway, I emptied the contents into his pocket, I remember his smile and look of surprise, and I suppose this was because he did not get any offering on the previous visit. He said;

"Are you sure that you can afford this Brother" I explained that it was from all the folk.

The next evening, after I had come home from work, Bill rang to thank me for the love gift. As I had no idea whatsoever what was in the box I said;

"I hope that the folk were generous to you Bill" He replied;

"No Brother it's not the money from the other folk that I am talking about, it's your own personal gift that I am talking about" I was shocked, because not even my wife knew about this money, and I was completely taken off guard. Then I thought that he might have taken me up wrong last night, and was thinking that all the money was from me so I said;

"What do you mean Bill?"

His reply staggered me; he said that when he looked at what was given to him and saw the rolled up amount he knew that it had come from one person, so he asked the Lord who it was that had given him this amount. He said;

"The Lord showed you to me Brother, putting an amount of cash away every week into the second drawer down in your bedroom cabinet." As you might guess, I was speechless. He continued; *"The only reason why Jesus let me see this Brother was so as to be able to tell you that this is the way that He wishes people to give to him, by not letting their right hand know what their left hand is doing."*

My only reason for telling you this is purely to let you know this principle, and how much it pleases God. It is a story, which can give the wrong impression, and one that I tell reluctantly, I would hate the wrong impression to be given. Please believe me, I tell this story not to impress you one bit about anything of me, but only to impress upon you the importance of this Scriptural method of giving, which Jesus himself has told us, and for your blessing in the future as you put it into practice.

I don't see much sense in trying to impress people by allowing them to know how good we are by how much we give, and in the same way I can't understand whenever people are mean in their giving. As a matter of fact it shows up clearly upon the faces of those who are tight in their giving, this is a fact, I can see it all the time, so how much can God see these things. You want to know how I know. Well it is simple, we are told that the Lord loves the cheerful giver and when you are loved like that, you will always have a smile upon your face. A cheerful giver will always be cheerful! So now you think to yourself that I am saying that God does not love you because you don't give too well. No I am not saying that, He does of course love you, but when you are pleasing Him it will always show up in your face, you will always feel contented within yourself, and another important thing, you will always be in plenty. I don't know how it works, but I do know that it does. Try it and see for yourself.

BILL'S FIRST STAY IN OUR HOME

The first time that Bill came to stay in our home Esmé began to get herself into a state of worry, as women do whenever someone comes to stay for the first time. She was in the Kitchen doing some ironing while I was in our little front room putting some varnish on to our mahogany bay window. We have those little small windows of about six inches by eight inches, which make up the overall window. They are a plague to do, as it takes for ages. I have a reason for telling you this because this story took a long time to develop, I must have been at that window for at least three hours.

Esmé came into me and asked my opinion about some meals that she proposed to make for Bill over the next few days that he would be staying with us. I told her that I thought her choice was excellent and that that was the end of it. How wrong I was. Not many more than fifteen minutes later she was back again with another different menu, to which I replied that this was also fine, but that it didn't make much difference which she choose. Again she left quite happy. Or so I thought.

I don't think that it could have been any more than ten minutes, when in again she came with a third set of menus.

"I was just thinking that it might be better to have for lunch [such and such] and then perhaps for tea I would make [such and such] and then for Sunday's lunch I could do [such and such] and [such and such] for tea, that will only leave Monday to worry about. What do you think? Do you think that, that would be all right?" Well of course it was all right so I told her so and added;

"Esmé you must remember that Bill is only human like ourselves, don't be making a fuss, we don't eat too badly after all, so he will just go along with our normal diet and eat whatever is sat down in front of him." I thought that this would settle the matter, but no sooner had I got back into the flow of concentrating in getting my window finished when in she came again with yet another set of menus. This coming and going went on for a few more times until she said;

"Oh I wish that Tom and Jean were here and then I could ring them up and find out what it is that he likes." I very calmly got down from the two steps up on my stepladder, set down my pot of varnish and then placed my brush across the pot, turned round to her and said;

"Esmé will you please wise up! If Tom and Jean were here, and not away on holidays, Bill would be staying with them, and not with us wouldn't he, so there would be no need to be ringing them would there?" Well I thought that this was a good bit of sensible reasoning, don't you? Well Esmé didn't think so; her reaction was like someone ready for war.

"You're not much help! Are you!?" And with tears in her eyes she turned away in self-pity and hurt. I didn't make things much better I'm afraid, because I shouted after her;

"What do you mean I'm not much help? I've been trying to help you all night but you won't listen will you?"

Isn't it strange; what begins as a night full of calmness, peace, love, friendship, and achievement, can so suddenly turn to one that could almost end in divorce, and as far as achieving anything goes, well at this stage, if the window never got finished I would not have cared. It was now about ten thirty in the evening; I was still working at my window but now in silence, when the telephone rang. Esmé answered it and I could hear her say;

"Hold on Bill and I'll get John for you" but then there was silence until I heard Esmé say rather timidly and with a shaking voice; *"All right Bill. Thank you. Yes that's all right. Goodbye. God bless."* Esmé came into me and related to me the conversation. He had said to her;

"No Sister it's not John that I want to speak to, it's you. While I've been taking this meeting down here in Dublin, the Lord has been letting me hear what you have been thinking, and He let me see how you have been running around the house worrying yourself sick about what you're going to feed me on, when I come to stay with you tomorrow. I could scarcely concentrate on what I was preaching about at times. I may be a Prophet of the Lord, but I'm just an ordinary human being like everyone else, and nothing special; and I like the simple things in life, like bread and jam, scrambled eggs and toast. Jesus has allowed me to know this because He knows that you will not sleep one wink tonight if I did not talk with you and tell you this. He has told me to tell you that your Heavenly Father does not want you to have a night without sleep because of me. Now stop worrying."

I never liked hearing Bill call himself a Prophet. I always thought that this was up to other people to judge if this was so or not, and that he ought not to have such a conceited opinion of himself. All that I can say now

is, I have never met anyone quite like this before, and just like you must be thinking now, I wondered what to make of all of this strange stuff.

You will have to make up your own mind just as I have had to do, as you read on.

Over the many past years I have become so used to these strange ways that now I accept them as being normal. There are too many stories to tell, and there are so many that I and others have forgotten. Only last night a friend of mine began to recall a wonderful story which happened one evening that I had completely forgotten about. He had been there in our little hall on the night when it happened, and it had made such an impression upon him at that time. I must write about it now while it is still fresh in my mind.

STRANGE DRESS STYLE

One evening after having preached Bill, had asked for those who would like him to pray for them to come forward to the front. One of these people was a young lady who was rather brightly dressed with what one might say was in a fashion all of her own. As Bill was praying for her he said that his little wife Pauline was having a vision of her and was being told details of her problems and difficulties, which he began to tell her. Some of the more personal things he whispered to her but the lady looked rather puzzled and rather suspicious as to the genuineness of all of this, which caused others to also wonder if this was true. I decided to settle this problem, and so I suggested to Bill that he and the young lady should come over to my house and that we would ring Pauline there and let her tell the young lady herself. Now this would have been a terribly dangerous thing to be doing if the whole thing turned out to be untrue. The whole meeting was going to find out that it was all false, and therefore think that all who belonged to our fellowship were the same, and very soon we would find that the news would go all around the country that we were a bunch of fakers.

It was certainly a big risk and a big challenge, but Bill readily agreed and said;

"That's a great idea Brother." So all three of us went over to my house, and Bill rang Pauline. She took a long time to answer and when she eventually did Bill began to ask her to speak to this young lady and tell her all that she had seen in her vision. Pauline replied that she had not been having a vision, but that she had been sleeping. Bill then asked her if she had been dreaming while sleeping. She had.

"Well then Ducky I want you to tell this young lady what it was that you have been dreaming about, for it is the same thing that I have been seeing here." Pauline asked Bill if this lady was dressed in such a way and began to tell exactly how the young lady was dressed. Pauline had thought that her style of dress was very strange, and that her dream was only something daft, but when the young lady took the phone it was nothing short of a miracle to see the change take place in her before our eyes, as she listened to exactly what she had been told in the hall just a few minutes ago. Of course when we returned back to the hall the lady herself told everyone the story, and all could see the tremendous difference it made to her as she now realised that Daddy in Heaven loved her after all, otherwise how could this have happened?

KNOWING PRAYERS

Have you ever heard of anyone being told word for word their prayers in detail by someone else on the next day? You have read about this in the Scriptures, but have you ever thought that these things might still happen today? Well I can tell you that they do because time after time this has happened to me with Bill. He has said on one or two occasions;

"You know brother the Lord only tells me this so as to let you know that this prayer is before him as an everlasting memorial." In other words, these particular prayers will have an everlasting effect because they will be all answered. It's because they will all be answered that the results will be for everlasting. Did you ever think that some of your prayers were having such an effect? Well they are, so keep praying. Do you think that this kind of thinking is being boastful? I think that some of you may do, so I will have to explain some more. Say for instance that because of your prayers, which might have gone on for years for someone, are eventually answered, and that that person becomes a solid born again hot potato Christian, can you then see that that person will go on to bring others to Christ during their lifetime, and so on and on it goes for everlasting.

KNOWING THEIR THOUGHTS

This is of course one of the Spiritual gifts with which Jesus operated, I would think, every day of his life, but certainly it must be agreed, happened constantly during His years of public ministry. He knew their thoughts, perceived what they were thinking. He knew in detail the things about Nathanael before He even saw him in the flesh. It is strange because He did not know about everything, but only that which His Father God in Heaven desired to show Him. For instance He did not seem to know about the very sick lady who had touched Him in such a way that healing virtue flowed from Him towards her.

I only mention these few bits of evidence so as to begin telling you about some more things which will show to you that these Spiritual gifts are also still around today. Many people can't accept that this is so, and would think that these things are wrong, yet many of the same people would accept that people who practice Séances, Palm Reading and other such things (which God condemns) can have this ability. Remember that the Pharaoh's occultists could make their staffs turn into snakes, just like Moses could, but Moses' snake ate the other snakes up.

A PECULIARLY LED MEETING

Once I took Bill to a house meeting which was held in the home of dear friends of mine called Danny and Margaret McGlade. These were Catholic people who had come into a life changing experience with Jesus and who had gathered in friends and neighbours so as to try and encourage them also, to accept Jesus as their Lord and Saviour by inviting Him to take control of their lives. Danny and Margaret are true Missionaries among, and to their own people, and still are to this day. Soon the house became packed full, so I went out into the hallway to leave my seat for someone else who would receive more benefit from being inside the room.

As Bill was speaking I began to think and hope that he would not get too heavy in a theological way and so I began to pray;

"Oh Lord it would be really good if Bill were to tell them about his courting Days." I would hear a chuckle from him and then he would tell them this story. After he had finished telling this and go down some other way I could feel that he was beginning to lose them so I would pray;

"Dear Lord get him to tell them about [such and such]" Once again there came the same chuckle, and then he would tell them that particular story. This same pattern went on for the whole meeting. It was amazing. Of course no one knew about this except Bill and myself. Later whenever we were together he said to me;

"Wasn't that interesting Brother how the Lord used you to get through to me the things that I ought to speak about, because you knew what would be more suitable for them."

Why the Lord didn't just tell Bill Himself is a mystery, except for the reason that He may have wished for it to happen this way for my benefit.

AN ANGEL JOINS US

Not every meeting that I have taken Bill to has been successful and productive as that one was. Many people would have serious problems with his ways and often controversial subjects. This would often stir up the religious persons who had their set ideas and traditional opinions as to how God should work, which were most often totally wrong. Most preachers would stay off such subjects but not Bill, he welcomes debate and argument. He would usually say before he would begin to preach;

"Anyone is welcome to interrupt me, disagree with me, challenge me, or add to what I am saying. Please feel free."

Once I took Bill to a meeting in a home which was especially planned so that ministry could be given to two very poor people, a husband and wife, who were in desperate need due to a most terrible tragedy. The meeting was a real sad affair, it became hard and argumentative; some visitors to the home, who were there at the meeting, seemed to have a strong dislike of Bill and expressed hostility towards him right from the start, and would accept nothing that Bill had to say. There were two other friends there along with Bill and myself and we tried to bring some of our own thoughts in, to try and calm things down and to help these folk see the truth, but they had their minds made up, and that was that, they were not going to listen or try to even give some thought to anyone else's point of view. Sadly we had to leave with this bitterness still behind us; but even more sadly; the two precious people who we had been there for in the first place, to try to bring some help and relief to them from their hurting minds and spirits, were not now in any frame of mind to be able to receive anything at all either from us, or the Lord. As a matter of fact I think that they were most likely in a worse state than they were before we arrived, because of the conflict and opposition to Bill.

Our driver on that night was Alan; Bill sat in the front of the car with him, Albert McNally and I sat in the back. As we journeyed home we could still feel the dreadful heaviness with us that had been in the meeting. After we had gone a few miles the whole atmosphere suddenly changed, it was felt by us all at exactly the same moment. Bill said;

"Oh my! Do you feel that?" I said;

"Have you opened a window Alan?" Alan said;

"No!" Albert said immediately; *"You must have turned the heater off or something then?"* Once again Alan said;

"No, I haven't touched anything. What is this?"

[I want you to understand that this conversation took place in quick succession]

Bill then spoke;

"No Brothers an Angel has just joined with us. Look there he is. Don't you see him? He's right beside us travelling along with us just outside the car. Isn't he wonderful?" None of us could see a thing, no matter how hard we looked, but for sure, and without any doubt whatsoever, we felt his presence as he chased away the depression, which had suddenly left us.

SLOW DOWN

I was taking Bill to the house of a lovely lady called Ann Herron who lived in Newcastle, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, for a meeting. This is where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea. [You may have heard of the beautiful song with this title.] It is a very beautiful and picturesque place.

I had brought along with me two young teenagers called Judith Johnston and Gordon Jackson who are now both in work for Jesus. They were both in some kind of missionary work. Judith married one of the young men from my Boys' Brigade Company, who I have mentioned previously, but not named, and to my knowledge

both are working in Brazil.

Gordon was also one of my young men from those Boys' Brigade days. They sat in the back of the car and, of course, were very excited to be coming with me because of Bill. Both of them had very acute and active minds, and had a wonderful relationship with God, which was far beyond many adults who had been Christians for many years.

These young people were dynamite, they were fired up, Tongue Talking, hot Pentecostal devil destroyers, who could tackle the best of them, and did so many times. Both of them had question after question for Bill and of course he simply loves this, and was in his glory, as the saying goes.

I was driving quite fast which I am prone to do, and as we were behind for time, I might have been driving a little harder than usual. This particular road is very twisty and I was concentrating mainly on my driving, while at the same time tuning in to the conversation, but not joining in myself.

Suddenly Bill's arm shot out and he slapped me very hard and roughly on my chest and shouted;

"Slow down Brother! Slow down! There is sudden danger ahead." I applied the brakes and continued to drive on at about half the speed that I had been doing.

"What is it Bill?"

"I'm not sure Brother" was his reply and he continued with the conversation. It was obvious that He was really enjoying himself with these young people. At times it was as if he was not really aware of anything else except these young people. He always gets on so well with young people, but especially with those who have enquiring minds like this pair had. I knew that he was delighted to be having the opportunity to be putting seed into good vessels like these, and that he knew that they were going to produce some good fruit in the future. If I could see this and know this, then he surely must have also known it.

After a little while and not seeing anything which looked like sudden danger, I asked Bill;

"What did you see ahead Bill? Is it going to be road block with a fallen tree or the I.R.A. or the Loyalists doing something, or a Police Check?" Again he replied as before;

"I'm not sure Brother, the Lord just warned me of sudden danger ahead" and once again continued with the conversation.

After about fifteen minutes of slow driving and waiting for someone or something to come jumping out from somewhere onto the road and my eyes straining to try and be more alert than usual, Bill spoke up and said;

"Oh I'm sorry Brother, I should have told you. That danger has passed" so I went back to driving fast again, which for me is much easier.

[In those days there was still much terrorist activity in Northern Ireland and anything was possible]

THE SUDDEN DANGER REVEALED

Two weeks later I was going to Winchester, England, in my Ford Transit Van to collect Faith Cowell who is the daughter of Walter who I have previously mentioned with great affection in the earlier part of this book.

Faith was coming to Ireland to work in a large house, which was run as a Christian Retreat called Ballywillwill House, which was in County Down. This house was owned by my Brother-in-Law, Norman Doran's brother and wife, Wilson and Shirley. They were requiring some help with the cleaning, cooking, and administration of the daily activities of the house.

So as to keep down the expense of this journey as low as possible for Faith, I was also bringing all of her personal belongings, some furniture, and had planned to travel by Night Ferry from Larne and over to Stranraer in Scotland and then drive to Winchester, which you know is right down at the bottom of England.

Arriving in Scotland in the very early hours of the morning was great, because all the bulk of the traffic was not on the roads, apart from Freight Lorries. I made excellent time and only had to stop once for refuelling and for some refreshment, the whole journey going smoothly and without incident. The plan was that whenever I arrived we would load up the van, I would stay the night, and then early in the next morning Faith and I would begin our journey up England into Scotland, and over to Ireland on the following nights sailing.

The home was a very ordinary house, in a very ordinary row of houses, in a very ordinary estate, but with the most extraordinary people that I have ever met. The presence of God could be felt in every room, which all had an open Bible sitting somewhere about it. Lots of lovely friends from their church came to say goodbye to Faith, and all day this continued. It was to be that evening, when sitting around their fire late into the night listening to Walter and Bessie tell their stories, which left the most indelible memory in my brain.

When morning came we found that there had been a heavy snowfall, there was also a very bad fog with ice as well, even down as far south as Winchester; however, it was nowhere near as bad as we were later to encounter. Walter walked all around the van asking God to put His Angels around us on our journey. He went up to the front of the van and put his two hands upon it and prayed some more just before Faith and I took off. We were already sitting in the van and had it warmed up and ready to move off. Soon we were moving away, but almost a bit reluctantly and hesitatingly, amidst many goodbyes, God Blessing's and waving of hands, until we were out of sight. Even with the heater of the van on at full blast we still felt the cold, so we had to keep our overcoats on.

Traffic on the Motorway was travelling bumper to bumper and going much slower than normal, but much too fast for the conditions outside. As we looked from side to side we could see that huge piles of snowdrifts

had been piled up as well as the stuff that the Motorway people had also put on top. The fog was also very bad bringing our vision down to about two cars in front. We got into the centre reservation and were travelling at around 55 miles per hour.

We had just passed the turn off from the Motorway towards Stoke on Trent to where Bill lives. Faith and I began to pray for him and ask God to send to himself, Pauline, and his daughter, who is also called Faith, His blessings. As Faith was holding both her hands out towards the City and waving them about I was driving with one hand upon the steering wheel and doing the same thing. [Not a very good idea!] After this bout of prayer I began to tell Faith about some of the crazy ways of this strange man, and the story of my journey down to Newcastle in County Down. As I told Faith this story, for some reason I also did the actions, raising my voice, and slapping myself on the chest just as Bill had done. When it came to the part where Bill shouted to me to **Slow down Brother! Slow down! There is danger ahead**, I looking into my mirror, and moved into the inside lane, and was now travelling at a much slower rate of speed. After finishing the story I moved back out into the much faster flowing centre lane of traffic. No sooner than I had done this when the vehicle in front slammed on it's brakes, I immediately did the same and was waiting for the bang when I slammed into the back of this vehicle. It is strange how quickly that things can flash into your mind because I distinctly remember thinking that when we collided, that all of Faiths things which were packed to the roof, furniture and all, would come forward and into our backs slamming us into the windscreen. My van did not have a separate cab; it was for this reason that the heater was not doing much for us, because all the heat was going right through to the back. We stopped with about five inches clearance from the vehicle in front and waited for the one behind to come slamming into the back of us, but it also managed to stop only inches from us.

During the time that we sat there in the van we listened to at least two ninety minute tapes, it was very cold, due to the heater not being as efficient as it was while we were moving. Soon Ambulances were coming down the other side of the Motorway with their sirens blasting and after a while they came up the hard shoulder on our side. They did not seem to go very far before they stopped, so my curiosity got the better of me and I got out of the van to have a look. All that I could see was as far as two cars in front, the third one being a blur. More and more Ambulances came and went then heavy lifting machines, cranes, and fire brigade engines. When we eventually got moving again we had to filter over to the third outside lane and past the scene of the accident. Vehicles were still piled up all over the place.

Many people had lost their lives that day, I think that it was fifteen, and many more were seriously injured I'm sure. Had God not have miraculously brought the whole previous incident with Bill into my mind again, and caused me to go through the very motions and actions that had taken place two weeks before, and slowed down as I did, there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind, that both Faith and I would have been right in the middle of this pile of vehicles and possibly dead.

The Vision was not for the journey on the Newcastle road in County Down, but for the journey on the road to Newcastle – under - Lyme. This was the very next turn off on the Motorway.

Had not Walter stood in front of the van and prayed the protection of God's Angels around us, we may not have got stopped in time without a collision.

BILL'S COURTING DAYS

Soon after Bill began courting Pauline it became obvious to both of them that their attraction to one another was taking a serious turn and the possibility of marriage was looming on the horizon. Pauline had to be sure that this was God's plan for them both. She knew that God had called her to nursing and she loved it, and desired to continue in it, and she wanted to know that it was in God's plan. She also realised that Bill had the call of God upon him in a remarkable way, and her fear was that she could stand in the way of God's plan for Bill. She had to know for sure so she devised a plan of action like none other, and asked God to reveal the answers of this plan to Bill. Then and only then would she know for sure that they were to be a couple, truly joined together by God. Pauline asked God for several very specific seemingly impossible signs, a very demanding list indeed.

Pauline asked God to tell Bill to meet her off the bus at Leek without her telling Bill that she was going to Leek. Pauline continued praying with the following list to Jesus;

"Lord, I want Bill to come along today wearing a certain jacket, and his scarf that he only wears when he goes to funerals. And Lord, his shoes have not to be polished; they have to be in the usual scruffy state as they always are." Then Pauline asked for something, which was even more difficult, as she looked in a Samuel's Jewellers shop window in Hanley.

"Lord, I want you to tell Bill that I want him to come with an Eternity Ring exactly like that one in the Jewellers window here. Not an Engagement Ring, but an Eternity Ring, because if we are to be together it must be for Eternity. And Lord, it has to fit perfectly, or our relationship is off."

When the Lord revealed this to Bill, and with him not having too much cash he went into Woolworth's thinking that he would be able to pick up an Eternity Ring there at a reasonable price. He would say when describing this story;

"Being the Silly Billy that I am, I decided to go into Woolworth's to buy the ring." Of course he is right to be calling himself a Silly Billy, when he goes into Woolworth's to buy an Eternity Ring, everybody knows that the only rings that you are likely to buy in Woolworth's are Curtain Rings.

The assistant at Woolworth's directed Him to Armstrong's, the Jewellers, about fifty yards down the street. When Bill asked the assistant for an eternity ring, the assistant advised him to get a nine carat gold ring as they lasted the best; she then brought out three shields, with dozens of rings on each of them. This was indeed, somewhat of a challenge and puzzle, for Bill had to choose the right ring, or his relationship with Pauline was finished. Which one would he pick? Which one could he afford? What size was he to take? Bill began to pick up one ring after another, and was earnestly asking God for His guidance, suddenly he felt a wonderful glow come over him when he touched a particular ring. He told the Jeweller's assistant that he would have this one and asked the price, which was very important. It was all right, he could afford this one. God had said;

"*This is the ring.*" However, it had not just to be the right ring, it had also got to be the exact fit for her finger, Bill prayed to the Lord and took one of the three rings that was presented to Him and paid for it.

Bill then went to a Newsagent to get the Nursing Mirror magazine, which Pauline had also put on her list.

(When I first heard this story I thought that a Nursing Mirror must have been some kind of small mirror that was made especially for nurses to put in front of someone who had just died, so as to discern if there was any steam coming from their breath, and to therefore be able to know for sure that death had taken place. However, I was later to find out that a Nursing Mirror is in fact a Nurses News Magazine, which is only brought into stock by Newsagents on special order, and is not something that would be normally be available. Of course this made things worse, because if a Newsagent, did have one in stock, they were not going to sell it to just anybody, but only to the person who had ordered it in the first place, and who's name was down on their list. Nurses did not normally come in for their Magazine very promptly and it might be weeks before they would eventually get round to coming into the Newsagents to collect it, so this added to the difficulty.)

The Newsagent took out a bundle of left over Magazines of various kinds, and there, low and behold, was an old Nursing Mirror, that some nurse had ordered, but had never come in to collect. Now Bill was all set to go to the bus station to meet his beloved from the bus she was on.

Bill met Pauline and took her to his car and when she sat down in it he presented the ring to her and asked her to try it on. Her face looked a little surprised and shocked, for here was Bill wearing the jacket she had requested, and the scruffy unpolished shoes, and he was wearing his scarf that he wore at funerals. Bill gave Pauline the Nursing Mirror that she had requested. Then Bill took the ring very gently out of his pocket and slipped it on to Pauline's finger. Bill said that he thought that it was a bit tight; knowing that if it was the wrong fit, their relationship was finished. Pauline protested;

"*No it is not; it's perfect.*" A trip back to the Jewellers proved that she was right; it was the exact fit for her finger. God had remarkably answered Pauline's prayer and list exactly to the very last detail. I'm sure that Pauline's heart must have been beating like a Lambeg Drum, [A large Drum used by Orange Men in Ireland], and Bill knew beyond any doubt that God had sealed their relationship together.

I indeed, should think so. Don't you?

You would have thought that this would have been enough for most young ladies, but not for Pauline, she had to make absolutely sure that God was in her relationship with Bill. As Pauline went on her rounds on her bike, as a District Nurse, she wrote down the numbers, which were written on the posts of over ten streetlamps; and the names of several houses, and streets. This was over a wide area. Then she began to pray earnestly to Jesus, explaining to Him her desperate need to know His will for herself and Bill. She asked Jesus to tell Bill to come along these streets and make a list of all these numbers and names in exactly the same order.

Pauline was a relief nurse and so she covered a large part of Stoke-on-Trent, a quite considerably sized city. Bill did not know from day to day where Pauline was working so this was an impossible task without God's help. However, God directed Bill down the Streets, which Pauline had gone down, and told him to put down all the numbers and names that Pauline had requested.

Later, when they looked at each of their pieces of paper; both had the identical numbers and names in exactly the same order. A truly remarkable miracle!

Did this completely satisfy Pauline? Oh No! A short time later she requested God to do the same thing again, and He graciously did so, and as before provided over a dozen identical numbers and names.

Are there any of you young lady readers, who are looking for this way to choose a husband?

I guess not!

Why did Pauline need so many confirmations that their relationship was of God? A major reason was that Pauline's mother had been badly hurt, and turned away from Christian things, by the ill treatment and bad life of a Pastor from the same denomination that Bill was in.

It took quite a while for Mrs Hill to realise that Bill was a good, moral, and caring Christian, and quite different from the Pastor who had treated her so badly.

Mrs Hill, started a new relationship with God after she died in the accident department at the hospital, (the heart monitor showed that she was truly dead); then God sent her back, and raised her from the dead. The doctor, who treated her there was completely overwhelmed by this miracle, and wrote in the notes that Mrs Hill had died and there was no medical reason why she had come back to life.

Incidentally, before Pauline was married her name, of course, was Hill; this is why Bill affectionately calls her

"Little Hilly."

A GOOD IDEA! BUT LET US ASK GOD TO TELL BILL

One Sunday evening, several folk were meeting in my home for a prayer time. We had been discussing the age-old problem of praying for the healing of the sick, and why it was that we were not seeing the results that we thought we ought to be seeing. Bill was coming to us in two weeks time; someone suggested that we should ask him to speak on this subject during one of his nights with us. Everyone else also thought that this was a great idea, so I was asked to tell him our request.

I thought a bit differently however; my thought was that we wouldn't ask Bill at all, but we would ask our Father God through Jesus, to tell Bill that we would like him to speak on this subject. This way we would know for sure that God wanted us to know, and it would also strengthen our faith if it happened by knowing that God had heard us, and wished us to know, this would mean that He would want us to put into action what we had been told. So we all joined in prayer by asking God to tell Bill our request.

A few days later Bill rang me, and during the conversation he asked me if there was any subject that we would like him to speak on. I told him that there was. His reply was;

"O good! What is it Brother?"

"I'm afraid that I can't tell you Bill. If we are to hear you preach and teach on this subject, God will have to tell you Himself," I said:

"My! Brother. You are really going to make me seek the Lord aren't you" he replied.

"I suppose we are Bill, but we are not intentionally wishing to put you under any pressure. This way we will know for sure that God wants us to know about this subject." Bill then asked;

"Do you do this with all the rest of your speakers who come to you Brother?"

"No Bill, only you," I replied.

Bill was coming to us for three meetings altogether, which were to be held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights. Both Saturday night's meeting and Sunday night's meetings had gone by and no mention was made at all about our requested subject. On Monday night while we were singing unto the Lord, Bill was sitting in one corner of the hall writing. Just as we were ready to hand the meeting over to him to speak he got up and went out. This was nothing strange to us, Bill would often do this just when we wanted him to get up and speak. Many times I have thought and would say to God; "Lord; why does Bill do this whenever he knows that it is time for him to speak? I have never got any answers to this question yet mind you. All that we could do was for us all to sing for a while longer until he returned.

[Notice that I said; sing for a while longer, because most times at this stage, the anointing had gone, and when we tried to get back into the flow, it was simply not there, we were only singing. Really, to be honest, we were just filling in time until Bill returned. If we had prayed it would have been the same.]

He was away for about ten minutes before he returned to us. If we had any bad feelings towards him for leaving us in such a state as he did, they were quickly dispersed, because as he entered he was waving a piece of paper in his hand and saying;

"Look! I've got my sermon for tonight. It's just hot off the Press." Chuckling to himself he crossed by us, and went over to the corner where he had been sitting. He produced another piece of paper and said; *"Look! it's in duplicate."*

He had been getting a list of Scriptures while he sat in the corner and was writing them down. Then the Lord told him to go over to my house and ring Pauline, because He had given her the Sermon which he was to preach that night. As Pauline began to quote to him her list of Scriptures to preach from, he recognised that they seemed to be the same ones as he had been writing down while in our hall a few minutes before.

Whenever the two pieces of paper were checked against each other, they were exactly the same, and in the same order.

[The earlier Lamppost training has been bearing some fruit I would say.]

So what were these Scriptures about? What do you think? Well of course they were all about how to pray for the healing of the sick. What else could they be about?

It is easy to understand why people can't accept these things? But yet, most folk would have no problem in believing in Mental Telepathy, or some satanic means of communication.

Ebutie Obiabo from Nigeria, who I have previously mentioned, and who wished me to go to visit him, told me that when he was a Witch Doctor, he was able to do this all the time. He was able to carry out full conversations to some of his people over distance by demonic power.

Now I know that you are wondering about what the Scriptures were, and why, it is that I have not told them to you. Well I will tell you, about those that I can remember, and Bill will fill in those that I forgot. The list is not exhaustive, but they will be enough to show you how to pray.

1. God had a covenant relationship with Israel to be their healer

We read in Exod.15v26. *"If you diligently heed the voice of the LORD your God and do what is right in His sight, give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes, I will put none of the diseases on you which I have brought on the Egyptians. For I am the LORD who heals you."* (NKJ) *"I am Jehovah that healeth thee."*

(ASV) "I, the LORD, am your healer." (NAS) "I am the LORD, your healer." (RSV)
This healing was conditional upon people living a good life; note the conditional "If."

2. Under the New Covenant things were different; Jesus healed all that came to Him for healing

He healed even the sinful and totally unworthy, as an act of Divine mercy and grace. Mt.12v15. People had only to touch Jesus and they were healed. Mark.6v55,56. 3v1-12. N.B. v10. Mk.5v27-34. Lk.6v19.

Jesus even touched and healed one of His enemies. Lk.22v51.

The apostles carried on Christ's healing ministry with mercy gifts of healing for all that came to them. Acts.5v15,16.

God manifested mighty miracles through Paul in his evangelistic efforts in order to win people to Jesus, and compel them to accept the Gospel. Rom.15v18-21.

3. Everybody who was healed, either under the Old Covenant, or the New Covenant, was healed because of the perfect life and atoning death of Jesus

Mt.8v16,17. In Is.53v5., "stripes" is "chaburah," a bruise, singular; and "stripes" in 1Pet.2v24., is "molops" 3468, which again is singular, a bruise, and literally means, "by whose bruise ye were healed;" as Vine says, it is "not referring to Christ's scourging."

It speaks of, and describes, the fearful emotional bruising that Jesus experienced all His life, as well as in His atoning death. See Ps.69v19-21.

The Hebrew reads, "Full of heaviness and distressingly sick."

The verbal abuse made Him physically ill. See Mt.26v31,37,38,56. 27v29,39. Mk.14v32-39. 15v15-31. Lk.23v7-12. Heb.12v1-3.

The life-long bruising of Jesus, and His bruising atoning death, brings us physical as well as spiritual healing.

4. God instituted physical healing for the Church

See 1Kings.18v41-46., with James 5v13-18. We are told to pray determinedly and persistently in faith until the cloud appears and God answers. Our faith is based on Christ's atonement, Mt.8v16,17., and we invoke it, and call upon the power of the Name of Jesus. Acts.3v6-16. Lk.10v17-22. Mk.11v21-26. Mt.10v7,8. 11v28-30.

See Luke.18v1-8. Jesus said we must pray and not faint. In other words, don't doubt, don't loose heart, don't give in, don't lose faith, if the first prayer seems to fail, or the second or third or fourth or sixth and so on.

Elders have the responsibility to pray through for the sick until they are healed. Elders should have a proven ministry to the sick. Check out Luke.18v5. The widow repeatedly came and pestered the Judge for justice.

We must keep coming to God in persistent prayer

Don't give up in prayer no matter what the signs might be. Now look at verse 7. Here it says that some of God's very elect cry day and night unto him, yet he bears long with them. In other words, sometimes He doesn't answer right away.

Why? Could it be to give us some muscles, and build up our faith?

Note well Luke.11v1-8 As we start reading from verse 1, we see it begins with the request;

"Teach us to pray **LIKE YOU DO**, as John taught his followers." Can you imagine what it must have been like to hear Jesus pray, the whole atmosphere must have been charged with divine power all around them. They would have never heard prayer like this before, and they surely wanted to know how to do it, because every time Jesus prayed, they were seeing the things happen that He asked God for. Sometimes when Jesus prayed it would almost break Him into pieces.

We are told about this when He was in the Garden of Gethsemane, just before His Crucifixion. His brow brought forth great drops of blood, but I'm sure He must have prayed like this before, and on many occasions.

I'm preaching aren't I? I'm not really supposed to be doing this in this book. I'm sorry, please forgive me, but just for one more moment I must continue.

Look at Luke.11v8, please

This man bangs and thumps upon this door until he receives what he came for: "*Importunate Prayer.*" What is it?

It is doing it boldly, and with shameless persistence, impudence, boldness and forwardness; in other words it is almost like being cheeky, **with the assurance that you will eventually receive what it is that you are asking for.** You must continue reading this Chapter down to Verse 13.

And here I end this sermon.

It is interesting that the Disciples asked Jesus to show them how to pray; it is almost like our prayer when we asked our Father to show us how to pray for the sick. Did Jesus show and tell his Disciples how to pray whenever they asked Him? Does Father God tell us how to pray whenever we ask Him?? I think for sure that He does.

Now that you also know, are you going to do it? Is this not what Jesus has told us to do?

I'm sorry if that was a bit heavy. Some will like this kind of book, other will prefer the stories only; it is the stories that I have been told to tell, so I had better get on with it.

A QUICK DASH

Bill came into my shop one day; someone had brought him into town to let him do some shopping. He had his bag of sermons with him, as he usually had.

Now just in case you are thinking that this bag was like some kind of handbag, which he carried everywhere with him, then let me put your mind at ease. This bag was like a Doctor's bag in size and shape and made from leather. Come to think of it, this bag could be well described as a Doctor's bag, and more, because if you were to look inside, you would find that it contained more than sermons. You would find, medicines, vitamin pills, (of various types), possibly one or two drinks, (but definitely at least one), screwdrivers, (various kinds and sizes), a sewing kit with needles, possible a spanner or two, sweeties, (but these were mostly for the kids, who would very often be adult kids!), various books, his sermons and of course his Bible.

Let me tell you about Bill and his bag in a sentence of three words. **THEY WERE INSEPARABLE.** When driving Bill around, even on long journeys of perhaps fifty miles, or sometimes more, he would have this bag sat upon his knees. His other bags would be put into the boot (trunk) of the car, but not this one. It was a rare thing to see him anywhere without it, I think that he had a permanent tilt to the one side due to the weight of this bag and to keep him balanced.

So here he is in my shop along with his bag and chatting away when suddenly he put down his bag in the middle of my shop floor and said in a raised voice;

"Look after my bag! I must dash!" and off he went running out of the door. Esmé shouted after him;

"What's this Bill, are you are letting us have your bag." His only comment was to smile and say;

"Yes," and without stopping to make any further comment he went running down the street like a young fellow. It was about forty five minutes before he returned back and of course he had a story to tell us didn't he? He had gone down to The Faith Mission Book Shop, which was at that time in a different location to where it is today. (I add this only for those who live in the area). He said that the Lord had told him to go quickly down to this shop and waste no time.

What he didn't know was that just as he was entering the shop there was a gentleman, who was already there, who was deciding to go out of the shop.

This other gentleman was Alex Scholfield.

(Alex was the man who you will remember Prophesied over us all to continue writing the Book of Acts in our lives).

When Alex saw Bill he thought that he knew him so he lingered about for a bit longer, so as to get a better look; he pretended that he was still looking at the books. Meanwhile Bill was also pretending to be looking at the books and at the same time asking;

"God what did you tell me to come down here so urgently for?" Alex had by now manoeuvred himself over so that he was now standing right beside Bill and straining his eyes sideways to get a better look. He had not seen Bill for many years and was not sure if it was him or not. Alex suddenly spoke;

"It's Bill; is it?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bill, still not recognising who it was who had spoken. Then he continued;

"Alex! It's so good to see you again." It was then that God revealed to Bill that it was for Alex that God had told him to run down to the shop, and so he told Alex the story, and there, right there in the shop, he laid hands upon Alex and prayed for him.

A Hymn came to Bill's mind and he sang this over Alex as well.

[All that I can remember about this Hymn was that it was one of encouragement and to keep going. I don't remember its title. I do remember when Bill recalled the story to me that he also sang this Hymn to me as well].

The other people in the shop were looking on and I'm sure were thinking that these men were crazy. The power of the anointing of God began to flow, and Alex began to waver around as the Lord began to give words of knowledge to Bill about the situation which Alex was in, at that time; words that were strongly encouraging him that God had not finished with him yet, but instead there were yet many days ahead of ministry. Alex then laid hand upon Bill and prayed for him also, and they both began to sing and rejoice right there in the shop as the Holy Spirit came upon them.

What Bill did not know was that Alex was at the lowest point in his life right then, and had been crying out to God in a silent prayer;

"Jesus I need help, please send me help," and had begun to make his way out of the shop when he spotted Bill coming in.

The problem in telling stories, are, that when I begin to tell one; it usually leads on to another one, which needs to be told. This is exactly what is happening right now, so I will direct my focus from Bill for a while and divert my focus towards Alex for a bit so as to be able to give you a fuller picture why it was that God sent Bill out in such a way. If it was as important as this to God, then this story must be worth telling.

WHY SHOULD A MAN OF GOD BE AT HIS LOWEST POINT?

Alex was a man who fasted more than any person that I have every known, and it showed. Now I don't mean that it showed because he got thinner and stayed that way. He did of course get thinner whenever the Lord directed him to do a fast, which on many occasions would last for forty days and nights without food of any kind, and with just taking water only; it showed by the anointing. During these long fasts he would want to be in as much continuous prayer as he could. I remember him telling me that he fasted at one time and it lasted for longer than he had expected or intended it to do.

[You see he would not break his fast until he had gained the victory over whatever the situation was he was praying for at that time].

This time it ran right through the Christmas period, and while all the family were enjoying the Ham and Turkey he was up in his closet with a glass of water seeking the Lord. You can imagine what this must have been like for Marie and the children, having Christmas without their father being with them.

I don't know the details fully, of what it really was that brought Alex to one of the lowest times in his life, which was when Bill ran down to see him, and if I did it would not be my story to tell. I'm only telling you what Alex told me himself during the times when I would visit him in his lonely and very cold flat. You see he and Marie had split apart. Alex of course would have blamed himself totally for this collapse, and can you blame him for coming to this conclusion?

Now that he was alone he found he couldn't exist without Marie and the children.

Many times he would cry bitterly before me about his situation and how he had caused it all. He was a destroyed man, no longer of any use to man or God, and he knew it. No one wanted him to come to their meeting. He no longer received any phone calls; he had become a very lonely man with most of his friends deserting him. There was never the slightest suggestion in all his conversations with me during this time, of him holding anything against anyone. He took all the blame totally upon himself.

I had been with Alex just two weeks before this incident with Bill and himself, and was completely aware of the situation, so you can guess my rejoicing whenever I heard this story from Bill. I was so completely overjoyed for Alex that I could have cried for joy on the spot.

Alex told me later, before he knew what I knew, and it was this;

"Brother Bill Turner came running into the shop panting, I thought that I recognised him and we got talking. Brother Bill put his hand upon my head right there in the shop and prophesied over me;

"THE LORD SAYS; BY NO MEANS FINISHED IS YOUR JOINT MINISTRY FOR ME YET!"

About one month after Bill met Alex, I took him to a meeting in Belfast. The speakers were to be a husband and wife team from America called, [if I can spell it right] The Slagels; they sang, and preached The Word, but also had an outstanding ministry with Words of Knowledge.

A word was given something like this;

*"There is a man here who has been mightily used of the Lord; a man who has been on the Mission Field; A man **who thinks that all is finished**; I can see a very thick wall built up, which seems to be impossible to get over, but this wall will crumble, bit by bit, and brick by brick it will crumble, and a passage will be made." There was a pause and then he continued; "Will you come forward Brother; I would like to pray for you?"*

Isn't it wonderful how the Lord repeated to Alex these words first through Bill who said;

"By no means finished" and then through the Slagels who said;

"Who thinks that all is finished."

I will never forget watching that lonely figure of Alex limping forward to the front for prayer. I don't know why he had a limp, but he did. Mostly it could not be noticed, but it could be seen when he walked a long way. I never thought of asking him about this limp; I suppose it was of no importance really.

Very soon this Prophetic word was fulfilled in its fullness; Alex and Marie were ministering together again.

About three years after being together in ministry, Alex and Marie spoke together at a meeting in our little Hall. The next day they were returning to the Philippines as Missionaries.

This meeting was to be their last one together, because after a few days back in the Philippines Alex passed away to be with the Lord. His work on earth was done and his old earthly shell was led down in a country where his heart lay.

A PRACTICAL PROPHET

Whenever Bill stayed in the homes of people he would always be on the lookout to see if there might be some repair job that he could do for them. He had made this special Trolley out of heavy stainless steel Tubular Steel, which had heavy-duty small industrial wheels on it. The top part of the handle could slide down into the base part so that it would take up less room when not in use. It was designed a bit like the handle on our modern suitcases.

I always thought that it was a work of art and many times told him that he should patent it. I think now that the suitcase manufacturers stole it from him. Upon this trolley he would first place on the bottom, his suitcase that was full, not of just his clothes, but also a selection of his study books. On top of this would go his normal minimal and much smaller suitcase, and then on top of this He would put his Sermon Bag with all its bits and pieces.

One day when I collected him from the Railway Station, I thought that this Trolley, as I wheeled it to my car, was much heavier than usual, so I asked him, but not before I tried to lift it into my car. I thought that my armpits had come right out of their sockets.

"Bill! What have you got in here?" I asked. It was full of heavy metal brackets that he had welded together at home and brought with him for to do a job in somebody's roof space. Bill had measured it up during his previous visit and was going to bolt them into the roof space, in between his preaching engagements, and during his stay with them this time.

Tom and Jean Summerville had a very high Poplar tree that badly needed to be taken down, but it was difficult to do this, because of the power lines on both sides of it, and the parked caravan in front of it. It would have been an easy job to cut the tree up while it was lying on the ground, but it was not possible to fell this tree in one piece in the normal way because of the power lines and caravan. Bill propped a ladder against the Poplar tree, and then went up as far as he could go with a hand held bow saw; he used this to cut through the top of the tree. When Bill had almost cut through the tree at the top, Valerie Davidson helped Bill to pull over the top of the tree with a steel rope that she had provided and had attached the bottom end to her husband Norman's tractor. Then Bill did another cut at the bottom part of the tree and felled that also. He cut the tree down while Tom and Jean were out at work; he had not told them of his intentions of doing this so they were not even aware that he was going to do it. When Tom and Jean came home it was on the ground and cut up.

Valerie and her husband Norman had also helped Bill to cut off a very dangerous branch, which went across the road, and belonged to another huge tree on Tom's property; again by using their tractor to keep the strain in the right direction on the dangerous branch with the steel rope attached to the tractor until it was cut down.

One occasion while staying with me, he noticed that I had a badly blocked drain gully at the back of my house. It had been giving me some trouble for years and was costing me a lot of time and expense, by having to rod it, and to put various drain cleaning chemicals into it.

At five a.m. one morning I was awaked by the sound of Thud, Thud, Thud. I could almost feel the house vibrate throughout with each Thud. Immediately I was up, and looking through the window to see where the noise was coming from, and who was making it. There I saw Bill with his sleeves rolled up and banging away with a pickaxe at my tar macadam drive at the back of our bungalow. Of course I quickly got dressed into old clothes and joined him.

Bill told me that he had awakened from sleep very early and during a time of prayer the Lord showed to him what and where my problem was. Between us we dug a trench towards a gully inspection manhole and fitted a new gully pipe into it from my blocked drain. We filled it all up again with concrete and stones, bought a few bags of D.I.Y. Tar Macadam and finished the whole thing off with my garden roller. I have never had a problem with this gully since which is more that twenty years now. Bill was getting close to sixty years of age at this time.

A very interesting revelation was shown to Bill during the time we were digging this trench. He was in the trench up to his knees and using the pickaxe. I was also in the trench and shovelling out all the loose stuff as he was breaking it up. He stopped, and looking up he began to say:

"Really! I never knew that. That's most interesting." Then he went back to banging the ground and made no attempt to tell me what this was all about. I waited for a bit thinking that he would tell me whenever he had loosened up enough to let me then do my bit of shovelling. He had to stop to let me do this, so it was a matter of waiting for each other all the time. But he said nothing at all. So I had to ask didn't I?

"Well Bill, what was all that about?"

"What's that Brother?" he replied. It was as though he didn't know what I was talking about, which was a bit annoying. I really wanted to say;

"Well what do you think I mean?" But I couldn't really do that, could I? After all how could I get cross with somebody who was up to their knees in mud and muck with the sweat dripping from their forehead, and doing it for me? Instead I very politely said; "God was telling you something a few minutes ago. I hear you say that it was very interesting; are you allowed to tell me about it?"

"Oh yes; that's right." It was as though he had almost put it out of his mind again, as if he was so used to be getting messages like this. "He just told me that the Protestant Clergy here in Ireland have as much control over their people, and often more, than the Catholic Priests have over theirs."

I thought that he would have known this, but he didn't.

I DON'T LIKE THIS LORD

One of the early visits to our home and while Bill was staying with us, there was a night when he did not have a meeting to take. I was out, probably at the Boy's Brigade. Esmé was ironing in the kitchen, Bill was in the lounge listening to some music and doing some study. The Lord began letting Bill know thoughts and prayers, which went something, like this;

"Dear Lord, please let Bill enjoy his stay with us in our house. Let him enjoy the food I make for him and let him sleep well and be refreshed."

Suddenly Bill came into the kitchen and was saying;

"Thank you dear Sister for those kind prayers." Esmé now being in total shock could only reply with the

standard reply.

"What do you mean Bill?"

"Well Sister," replied Bill, *"I just heard you pray,"* and he went over all her prayer. After a bit of a chuckle he went back into his studying. This happened a few times and Esmé began to think and say to herself I really don't like this. It's a bit like mental telepathy or something.

In came Bill;

"You don't like this happening Maam", [meaning Madam but he never did say it its fullest way]. Again he laughed and chuckled but never in a nasty way I must add. It was just like a bit of innocent fun, Esmé was enjoying it also but only to a certain extent and only because she was not sure if this was right or not.

This time after Bill had gone back into the other room again, she began to pray;

"Please Lord, I don't like this and I'm asking you not to allow it to happen any more." A few minutes later and Bill was back again and saying;

*"That was most interesting Sister, I heard you say distinctly to Jesus that you did not like this and for Him to not let it happen again. Now I have been trying very hard, and I was able to hear noises, but it was as if they were all being scrambled up and coded in some kind of way, and Jesus told me that I was to come into you to tell you this, so as to let you know first of all that **this is a gift from Him, and not something that I can do just when I feel like it.***

*He wants me also to tell you, and this is the most important part, and probably the reason why this all happened in the first place, which is to let you know that you can trust Him implicitly and that is why I can no longer hear anything that you are thinking, **and won't be able to, until you allow it again yourself.**"*

I used to be really annoyed and disturbed by this gift of the Holy Spirit until I began to realise that God knows every minute detail of my thoughts, and I should not be annoyed, embarrassed, or disturbed by God's revelation of my thoughts. If I don't get troubled by God knowing, why then should I be getting annoyed by an ordinary man knowing my thoughts?

You see I have begun to realise that our Father in Heaven, who knows all about us, understands us completely, and although He may not like what He hears and sees us do, He is totally forgiving.

As soon as He hears our faintest cry of remorse and sadness, because of what we have just done, and ask for forgiveness, not only does He forgive, but he also forgets. So as to leave no doubt about this, I must stress that one needs to be really sorry and repent. A won't do it again attitude, although most of us know full well that we will won't do, but if we genuinely mean it, then we are forgiven and the sheet is wiped clean once again. **How wonderful He is!**

Knowing this, I prayed earnestly and sincerely to my Father God in Heaven through Jesus, to allow Bill to have access to any or all of my thoughts, as He wished Bill to hear. I added that I wanted this gift to be opened up completely, because if I needed to be rebuked, or corrected, at any time I wanted Him to do it, and therefore gave my total permission and approval.

Do you know something, God took me at my word and I can truthfully say that it has always, and only been for my good. Has Bill scolded me at any time you might ask?

THE ANSWER IS NO! NOT EVEN IN THE SLIGHTEST.

I knew this of course, didn't I, when I prayed in the first instance? How did I know this you ask? Well, from the beginning it was, and is still my sole intention, to walk not after the flesh, but after the things of the Spirit, knowing that if I do so that; **THERE IS NO CONDEMNATION** as long as my intention is to be in Christ Jesus. [Rom.5v1. My interpretation]

This does not mean that I have never done anything wrong, far from it, but the point is, when we truly repent, He forgives. He knows when we are doing our very best and understands our weaknesses, **He reaches down to give us as much encouragement and help as He can give, and not to condemn us for not being better and good enough.** None of us will ever be good enough that's for sure.

BILOCATION!

You may have thought what cheek I have calling Bill an ordinary man, but that is exactly how I think of him. Some of my friends think that I put him on a pedestal, as though he were like some kind of Saint. I know that they think this. Some of them probably don't realise that I know what they think; I can see it in their faces and by how they react whenever I would talk sometimes about him. There is certainly no special ability on my part to see this.

I often am a bit naughty whenever I see this kind of reaction, so I will keep on telling some more of Bill stories just for the badness of it. There you are now, I have confessed to you all, that at times I am full of badness. Esmé would say;

"All the time!"

What I do recognise in Bill, however it is that this very ordinary man has a closeness, which is closer than most, to a most wonderful and extraordinary God, who has seen, that here is a man who can be trusted with some of His gifts.

Others who might have these same gifts would be out there trying to make a big name for themselves, but not Bill.

At this time of writing he very seldom leaves his home, yet there are people ringing him from all over the world to speak to him, and often, either he or Pauline, will have been told about their problem, often long before the call comes through. These same things could just as simply happen to you.

Often I have seen Bill be a bit naughty in the very same way that I have just described to you. There would be some difference though, because it would not only be me seeing people's rejection of him, and feeling it.

Now it would be against Bill himself, and Father would be telling him some of their thoughts as well as allowing him to be feeling it. I can see the naughtiness in his face as he begins to really put the "cat amongst the pigeons" [*stirs things up a bit*] and tells of his bi-location incident, which usually really rocks the boat good and proper.

During Bill's school days he had this friend who I will call G.P.

Many years went by and they had not seen one another. One day Bill had taken his elderly Mother down town into Leek to do some shopping, as he usually did every Thursday morning.

After leaving his Mother off at the LowCost Supermarket with her little shopping trolley he dashed off down Derby Street to another shop to do another errand. He was in a hurry so that he would be back in time to collect his Mum, not wanting her to be standing outside waiting for him. As he sped along the footpath he thought that he had just passed a man who looked very like his old school friend G.P. Bill stopped and turned round to have another look, only to see the man also turn round to have another look at him. Bill asked;

"Is it G.P.?" to which came the reply:

"Is it Bill?" They had a quick chat about old times, before G.P. told Bill that he had not been doing so well, and was, indeed, very poorly with his heart. Doctors had performed two bypass surgeries on his heart, which had not been successful, and he even found it difficult to walk more than twenty or thirty yards.

After they had walked some thirty yards up the street, Bill said to G.P.,

"Step over here with me into the doorway of this shop for a moment, and I will pray for you." So they went into the shop doorway of Densems, the male clothiers, where Bill prayed for G.P.

Bill recalls that G.P. was wearing a woollen type pullover, which had bumpy bits on it, and he distinctly remembers feeling this under his hand. As he prayed Bill could feel the power of God in a wonderful way, and asked G.P. if he could also feel it; G.P., was obviously amazed, and with wide-open eyes, nodded his head.

Bill then excused himself, and explained that he needed to go to the LowCost shop opposite, and collect his Mother; they bade each other farewell and both went off in different directions.

A week later, on the next Thursday, A. P., who was G.P.'s friend, and Bill's brother Tom, were working in Tom's mother's garage. Bill told them how he had prayed for G.P. in Densems in Leek.

A.P. shook his head from side to side and said;

"No Bill, G. is definite, you prayed for him in the doorway of Greenwoods in Hastings."

Both A.P. and Tom told Bill that they had been talking to G.P. on the phone, and G.P. said that after Bill prayed for him in the shop door of Greenwoods in Hastings, he went right up the steep hill to his home; a hill which he could not previously even walk down before, because his heart condition was so bad.

G.P. had definitely not been in Leek, and Bill had definitely not been in Hastings, so God enabled them both to be in two places at the same time without them even being aware that it had happened. The distance between Leek and Hastings is 380 Kilometres.

Bi-location is something, which happened many times in Scripture. It seems to have happened to Elijah quite a lot of times.

Paul experienced it. 1Cor.5v1-5. Col.2v5. We also read of Philip being transported, and of Jesus, who, when He had just got into a boat with the Disciples, immediately transported them all, including the boat, from the middle of the lake to the shore.

This was a regular thing with Saint Francis. Most of the stories in the Scriptures are one-way journeys, but in this case it happened to both G.P. and Bill. Bill thought that that this double bilocation was quite unique and very special, **but the Lord Jesus told Bill, that he was by no means unique;**

"For every Christian who prays in love ministers directly to the person they are praying for." The Holy Spirit overcomes our human limitations and allows the love dominated Christian to overcome the constraints of time and space. 1Cor.12v31.

Every Christian can, and does, move in this realm when we operate and pray in love.

We are ordinary people, but with an extraordinary God!

Protestant people are most likely to disbelieve these things, because they have been taught, and brought up to believe, that God's Miraculous Powers do not operate anymore today.

If one never expects to see the miraculous things of God, then it is most likely that they won't see them. This is possibly not the best story to start telling in a meeting where some opposition can be detected is it? But this is Bill.

BEING LED BY THE SPIRIT; "WASTE SOME TIME, BROTHER"

I was taking Bill to Belfast one day; while we were still in Portadown he said to me;

"We must waste some time Brother. Can you drive round the block again?"

"What is this for Bill?" I asked. He replied;

"The Lord has just told me to waste some time, I'm not sure what it is for." So I drove round the block again. When we got back to the place when he first asked me to go around again, he said;

"Can you pull over there Brother and stop for a while?" pointed to an empty space at the side of the pavement. We chatted for a while about what it could mean and then he said; "It's O.K to go now Brother." So off we went.

We had only got round the corner of the next street when we both saw Martella McAlpine walking along and facing us. It was obvious that this was the reason why we had this strange delay. There was plenty of space to park here, so I pulled over and stopped right beside her, to have a chat with her. We chatted for about fifteen minutes or so before beginning, for the second time, our journey to Belfast. As we travelled we were aware of the lightness in our spirits that Martella had brought to us. We had wished to bless and encourage her, but instead Martella had blessed us. She was the picture of an earthly angel that day, as indeed she was most days, so beautiful, and pretty, and vibrant, and bubbling with vitality. Her natural loveliness and personality was enhanced beyond words that I am capable of describing.

She was absolutely glowing with the glory and presence of God. Many times I would think of her on that day and how she looked, and realise why it was that Moses had to put a veil over his face because the skin of his face shone so much. Exod.34v30-33.

Both Bill and I had tears in our eyes as we drove on and thought about her and discussed together this encounter, so great was the effect that she had upon us. Many years have since passed by since that day, yet Bill and I still talk about it from time to time.

Martella had, had Leukaemia and was in the advanced stages with it only being able to be out of bed for a few hours each day. Bill had been asked to visit her and pray for her, which he did.

The next day Martella got up and cleaned the whole house from top to bottom. [A three-story house.] The following day she went on a shopping trip to Belfast. A few days later she invited a huge crowd of people to her home for a celebration meal. Possibly fifty people. Martella cooked the meal for us all. It was my first time to eat Chile con carne; I thought that it was delicious! We had a wonderful time of praise and thanks to God for Martella's miracle.

As days went into weeks we watched her yellowed and jaundiced skin begin to turn pink once again and weight returning to her body. One evening in our meeting she lifted up both her hands for to show us her bright scarlet nail varnished fingernails. She explained that the Devil had been giving her a very bad time earlier on in that morning by telling her that she was not healed at all. He was saying;

*"Just take a look at your cuticles. **You're not healed!**"* So she just as quickly said back to him;

"So you think you are going to tempt me like that do you? Putting doubts into my mind? Well I'll show you!" What a delight to see her in the meetings. I can see her twirl and dance around the floor as she rejoiced and thanked God for what He had done. I can tell you this for sure.

There was never one slight bit of flesh in operation whenever Martella danced before the Lord. There was no show or pretence with her; no look at me, attitude, this was pure rejoicing and thankfulness. This body that was once almost dead to any kind of movement was alive again! This was a dance of victory! It was pure delight to watch her. All around people would be brought to tears as they watched her dance in the Spirit like this.

Whenever she would go for her check ups she was not required to have any blood transfusions and this was continuing to be the case.

Sadly that day that Bill and I met Martella in the street was to be the last day that we would see her again. She had been continuing to improve, but on one of her check up appointments they thought that they should give her a small blood boost. A friend who does hospital visitations regularly was speaking to her on her last night alive on earth. He said that she had her Bible opened and was reading it to the other three ladies and speaking to them from it.

She got her blood transfusion and was later found lying back upon her bed with her bible opened and both hands holding it as it lay upon her chest. Jesus had taken her home to be with Himself.

How did this happen? Why did this happen? These are the only questions that one can ask in cases like this, and of course there is another important one as well. Why did Jesus allow this to happen? We found out how it happened. The hospital had made a disastrous mistake, by giving her the wrong blood. Is there an answer to the other whys? Yes! There is!

TOO GOOD FOR THIS EARTH

On the day of Martella's Funeral, Bill was back in Ireland and was in Belfast, so my friend Albert and I went down to Belfast to collect him for the Funeral. As we journeyed along we got to thinking that God might raise Martella from the dead. We thought and discussed, that if there was ever anyone who would be willing to leave the beauty of Heaven and come back it would be her. We knew how much she loved people and thought that with this great love for people she would sacrifice being in Heaven, just to be able to bring a wonderful blessing to God's people. We arrived very early at the Church and spoke to the Minister and to Hector, Martella's husband; they were putting out into the pews the order of the service.

The Coffin was sitting in front of the Altar and Bill, Albert and I gathered round it and began to pray earnestly that God would send Martella's spirit back into her body for the entire world to see His great love for us all. At the smallest sound being made from Hector and the Minister we would think that it was Martella, so sure were we that God would do the miracle for us all.

About half an hour had passed; Albert and I had become aware that the Church was now quite full with people. We lifted Bills Sermon Bag and took our seats, but Bill did not follow.

I went into a pew first, Albert came in next and we put Bills Bag on the end of the pew to keep this place for him.

Bill was standing right in the front and centre of the Church facing the Coffin and the Altar. He had his two

hands out slightly and by his sides, his face was lifted upwards to heaven. He was not moving a muscle. After what seemed a long time, it was beginning to look as though Bill was not going to come down to his seat at all before the service began. Albert and I began to get a bit anxious and wondered and discussed if we should go up to him and bring him back; when he turned and with his head down and looking very strange he came and sat with us taking his bag upon his knees. The service began by singing a Hymn and during the prayer, which followed Bill got up and silently left the Church altogether. I whispered to Albert was he all right, Albert said he had whispered something to him about going outside.

"You know what he's like," he said.

Indeed we both did. We can remember times when he got up and went out of Churches before. On one occasion when we came out ourselves we could not find him. We waited and waited, everyone else had now gone home, the next thing we would see is Bill coming out of a Brethren Church, which was right in front of the one where we had been in the first place, and he was having a great conversation with one of the elders of that Church.

After the funeral service we met Bill outside in the porch way. He could scarcely tell us what he had seen. With tears in his eyes, he told us that he was allowed to see into Heaven and there he saw Martella standing before God's Throne, and the glory of God was shining down upon her in glorious rays of light. Her two arms were stretching up in adoration to Jesus and God the Father in a spirit of worship never seen on earth.

She was dressed in a white flowing robe. Bill said that when he asked Jesus if He would allow her spirit to come back, that Jesus replied, and calling him by his full name said;

"William, she is far too good for this world." Bill said;

"But surely Lord the folks of Portadown need good people like Martella. They need to see a miracle like this." Jesus replied;

"Surely you are not asking me to send her back from this William." Bill was then given a fuller look into Heaven and replied,

"No Lord, I'm sorry. I'm only there in vision and I don't want to leave." He turned to us and said *"Brothers wasn't she so beautiful while here on earth? But my, oh my, if you could only have seen her now. What a joy to behold!"*

I HAVE SEEN YOU IN THE FLESH AT LAST

As I have said before, one story leads into another, and another amazing thing was about to happen in just a few short minutes, but to tell it I have once again to take you back a few years.

Before I tell it I feel the urge to impress upon you that these stories are as accurate as I can remember them and in every case I have asked permission to use them and as to their accuracy. The wording may be slightly different but they are as accurate as I can recall.

I can assure you that these events took place exactly how I am describing them to you.

I feel a bit like what I think the Beloved Apostle John must have felt like when he was writing as is recorded in 1John.1v1.

"I have heard and seen with my own eyes these things." He must have thought that no one would believe him, or that there would be those who would have great doubts as to the truth of his writings. I think that I have said this before in a previous part of this book, but I will say it again anyway, and that is this; what would it benefit me to be telling lies, or to be adding bits in here and there, just for to make these stories sound more exciting?

I fear, far, far, too much the wrath of God, to be using His Name, and to be writing about the things that I am claiming He has done, and adding my own bits in. I most certainly would be taking His wonderful Name in vain, if it was all made up stuff and not from Him at all.

I treasure His blessings more than anything else this old world can give. Please believe me these are true accounts; I am certainly not looking for anything other than His Blessing. It is as simple as this: When I have His Blessings, I already have everything! **Amen and Amen!**

For this story I am not permitted to go into too much detail so as to protect the identity of this person. Tom Somerville, Albert and I have known about a Prophetic word which was given to Bill one day while he was in Tom's house and looking at a photograph of many people. This alone would cause any identification to be slightly difficult due to the size of each figure, even for those who would know everyone in the photograph. Bill picked out a particular person and said that God had shown this person to him many times, and that God was going to use this person in a mighty way during the last days. There were also some other things, which cannot be told right now, but were give for a sign for us, which we would see coming to pass before the final vision began to happen.

It was a beautifully bright and sunny day when we came out of the Church from Martella's Funeral Service, and as we were walking along the country road towards our car we were passing by a queue of stationary cars, which we took to be full of people who had been to the service, and as we walked we were chatting. There was no other traffic coming in the opposite direction and we were able to walk three abreast.

I was the closest to the row of stationary cars; Bill was in the middle, with Albert being next to the hedge. [We drive on the left in Ireland]

Suddenly Bill stopped, stepped back, and went over to this car as quick as a flash. The driver of the car was the person I have just mentioned from the photograph, and she had the car window fully down due to the nice sunny day. Bill set his bag down in the middle of the road, and putting his hand through the window said;

"Oh dear Sister ----- , I'm so glad to meet you at last. Oh what a joy it is to meet someone who loves the Lord Jesus as much as you do." Albert and I continued to walk on, not wishing to make the obvious shock and embarrassment worse for this person. I suppose we were slightly embarrassed ourselves, as we both knew this person well. We could still hear Bill as he continued;

"My! It is a pleasure and joy to meet you at last in the flesh; I have so often seen you in vision." The only glance that I got of this person was right at the beginning and the look of shock was something quite amazing.

They had never before set eyes upon one another before this day.

All the first parts of this prophetic word have been fulfilled; we are anxiously waiting for the next part to be fulfilled. The strange thing is that I could have run my hand along this cars roof, and yet I did not see this person, who I know very well, and neither did Albert see this person.

Another strange thing is that this person has never made the slightest attempt to talk to any of us about this incident, yet there have been many occasions when it would have been possible. Tom is now gone to be with the Lord, and I almost was away myself. It will have to be Albert and myself, I guess we are waiting for the right moment and prompting from the Lord for to speak to her.

About two years ago at the time of writing I had spoken to this Sister and we have agreed to meet together so that I can talk to her about some of these things that are on my mind.

I have been trying to get this book finished first as it is something that I feel that I have been told distinctly to do and feel that it has been delayed too many times before, with other things becoming a priority. Other things such as speaking to this lady I have not been told to do, so they will have to wait until this task is fulfilled first, but I do believe that the final part will be fulfilled before this book ever gets published, if ever it gets published, but certainly within one year from now.

AGAIN GOD SAID: "WASTE SOME TIME WILLIAM," IN ORDER TO HELP SOME NUNS

Bill told us how on a preaching trip to Kirkby in Liverpool; he had called into a service station for a break. As he was about to start off again, God said to him,

"Waste some time William." After about 20 minutes he knew it was time to drive on again. Bill turned off the Motorway on to the East Lancs Road to Liverpool, and drove down it for several miles until he stopped at some traffic lights. In his rear mirror he could see clouds of steam coming from the vehicle just behind him.

It was a car full of Nun's. Bill got out and told them to drive to the other side of the lights and pull in, which they did. He lifted up the bonnet of their car, and saw that the fan belt was broken. The car was a Morris 1,100, however, Bill carried in his car a new fan belt for his Minni car in case his fan belt broke. The Minni fan belt was slightly smaller than the one for the Morris 1,100, but it would fit perfectly, once it was on. Bill fitted the fan belt and topped their car it up with water, from a one-gallon container he always carried with him.

As he was working on the Nun's car, a Minni bus with more Nun's from the same Convent of St. Vincent's School for the Blind drew up behind them. Their engine too was boiling, because a water hose had come loose. Bill refitted the hose and tightened it up, and topped the water up from his water can.

Both lots of Nun's would have been in great difficulty if God had not used Bill to help them. It could have been very expensive and certainly very time consuming for garages to come to them and repair their vehicles, for it was Saturday afternoon, and most garages were shut from work.

God saw the problem these Nun's had before they even knew they had it; and told Bill to waste some time; and God arranged it so that they met within ten feet of each another at the traffic lights, so that Bill could help them, free of any cost or charge.

These Nun's do a wonderful work in educating the blind, and some students attain an amazing level of scholastic achievement. One can only admire the work these dedicated Christian Nun's do.

Your Heavenly Father knows all about your problems, even before they arrive; He cares for you, and can deliver you from all your troubles, no matter how trying they may be. Ps.34v6,17-22.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING AT A SERVICE STATION

One evening when driving home very late from a meeting Bill wanted to buy some chocolate so as I needed some fuel for the car I pulled into a petrol Filling Station. While I was filling my car Bill went on into the shop. When I had filled my car with £10.00 worth of fuel I stopped because I realised that Bill was going to pay for whatever the amount was that it came to. I thought that I would get it filled up fully tomorrow and hurried into the shop so as to get the petrol paid for before Bill got round to it.

He was already at the pay desk part of the counter and looking towards me with a grin upon his face from ear to ear. I said from the shop door;

"You haven't. Have you?" He said

"I'm afraid so Brother: Wasn't that interesting?" as he continued to chuckle away at the idea of it all. I said;

"I knew that you would do that Bill. That's why I stopped." He said;

"I know Brother; I heard you, and was hoping that you would put in more." The little lady at the pay counter was looking at the two of us in bewilderment.

She must have been ready to push the Panic Button for help. She must have been thinking how could this man have heard him when he was outside? She was alone in the shop and there were no other customers either, so there could have been no doubt whatsoever that she had heard everything; we had been talking loudly one to another from the doorway to counter until I came up beside them.

As we turned to leave the shop Bill was looking at his change. He said to the young lady.

"Maam, [meaning Madam] *I think that you have diddled yourself. I think that you have given me too much change, will you check it please?*" Holding out his hand full of change towards her to let her check it, he continued, *"It wouldn't do for me to be diddling you would it, especially after coming from preaching?"*

"Are you a preacher then?" she asked.

"Yes Maam," was his reply and he continued "Are you a Christian Maam?" The young lady dropped her head at this question and replied.

"No, I'm not" Bill lifted up his head slightly as though to listen to someone and went;

"Humm." After a silent period of about thirty seconds the only sound being him going "Humm, Humm," he looked to me and said;

"Fancy this Brother. This young lady is telling me that she is not a Christian, when the Lord is showing me how well she prays to Him every night and every morning. And on her knees as well."

He then looked to the young lady who by now had many tears in her eyes and continued;

"Don't let anyone tell you that you are not a Christian, when you love Jesus like you do. Just because you won't conform to other people's ideas, does not give them any right to condemn you, or cause you to believe that you are not a Christian." The girl was now weeping, sobbing, and trembling as she tried desperately to control herself.

"That's all right Maam. Don't cry. They are not worth it to be quite candid. Now tell me what it is all about."

The young lady told us that she had belonged to a group who had gone into heavy shepherding, and they had turned against her because she was not in full agreement with some of their ways. Bill stretched over the counter and put his hand upon her head and prayed the peace of God upon her. He said to her;

"You just keep being the sweet person and fine Christian that you are Maam. God Bless You!"

The young lady's face was now glowing.

God had sent someone to comfort her in her time of need, and she now knew that God loved her after all!

It would be interesting to know how she had been praying that morning, that afternoon, that evening, or maybe even just before we came into the shop?

God had a little meeting just for her that night, and had it planned all along from when she first began to pray, and possibly even before then. No one came in to interrupt us either. Come to think of it, the previous meeting might not have been as good as this.

This in fact was most likely the real meeting, which we went to that evening.

Isn't it wonderful to know, if He is concerned about the Sparrows, He must be concerned about you just like this also. THIS IS OUR GOD!

I truly hope that you are seeing the importance of how the Holy Spirit wishes to be involved in our lives if we will let Him, and that my thoughts are a blessing to you. I also truly hope that those who have had no desire to have anything to do with God's Spiritual Gifts will see the beauty of these Gifts, when they are used correctly, and begin to develop a desire and hunger to receive them.

MAN IN CANOE

One Sunday morning while at breakfast in my home, with Bill sitting opposite me, he did his usual;

"Humm" and looking upwards at the same time. I said;

"Well Bill. What is He showing you this time?" I wasn't being disrespectful in any way by this remark. I do strongly believe that God loves a bit of humour, and I was simply trying to show some myself. Bill said;

"Well Brother I have just seen this man in a canoe. He is paddling for all his might just to keep it afloat. The river is in full flow with rough rapids all around. His wife is in the Canoe with him and his two children. He is desperately trying to steer the canoe to the safety of the banks but the flow is much too strong for him. All he can do is to keep it going straight, but straight ahead there is a waterfall, which he goes down but does not sink. After a short time the waters become calm and peaceful."

"Who are these people Bill? Do you know them?" I asked. No Brother I'm afraid I have never seen them before.

As we continued eating our breakfast, I asked;

"Has the Lord shown you where we are to go to worship this morning?" I had already asked him on Saturday night and he had said that he didn't know where he should go just yet, and still he did not know. I mentioned a few places, but nothing seemed to click.

Eventually we headed to a little Pentecostal Church in Lurgan where he was usually very warmly welcomed by the Pastor, and often asked to share or join with him in ministry. Often it would be really wonderful and I usually liked going there with Bill.

When we arrived Bill went to the toilet, bag and all, I waited at the door waiting for him. What I was hearing brought me almost to despair for I was listening to some man, who I could not see through the glass doors, who was telling God all the things in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

I thought; this man must have forgot who it was who inspired these Scriptures and he is trying to remind Him.

It went; [and please, I'm not mocking]

"It says in your word [such and such] and in another place it says [such and such] also in [such and such] a place it also tells us" As I stood there, all that I could think was that this is going to be a really bad meeting. I

could not see the usual Pastor.

Just then I was noticed and someone came to ask me in, I explained that I was waiting for Bill Turner who was in the toilet and we would slip into the back.

Bill arrived from the toilet from down the corridor and said;

"You're right Brother. The Lord doesn't want us to go in there and suffer for an hour and a half. Come on, let's go!" God was tuning him to my thoughts while he was in the toilet, and telling him as well. I was relieved, I can tell you.

Now where would we go? I suggested the Presbyterian Church, as there were a lot of young folk coming to our meetings who belonged there, and thought that it might encourage them to see Bill there. Bill thought that this would be O.K. so off we headed. We were going to be a bit late but it should be O.K.

It was then that I remembered that a friend of Bill's, Keith Gerner had started a fellowship in Craigavon and so I mentioned this to Bill.

"That's where we are to go Brother. How far away is Craigavon? Can we get to it in time?" I explained that it was not far and we could be there in about five minutes, so off we went to go to our third Church that morning.

Keith was not likely to be there himself but that didn't matter. Keith and Bill had been friends for many years and had travelled all around Ireland on occasions. Keith has travelled round the world preaching on several occasions, and everywhere he goes he will ring Bill up about some of the people he is dealing with and their situations. Usually Bill, and often Pauline, will know all about the details before Keith rings. They always complement one another. Bill always speaks well of Keith and tells us that the Lord has told him many times that Keith's teaching ministry is greater than most of the best known preachers that we see on our TV's. Keith on the other hand never ceases to speak about Bill and thanks God for his Ministry, which often enhances his own ministry, even from the other side of the world.

I did a U turn in the middle of the town, being Sunday and not having much traffic about helped, and off we went. When we arrived they were praying so we slipped in silently to the back of the little room where they met. We got seated one on each side of the walkway. Bill reached over to me and whispered into my ear;

"Brother, there is the man and woman that I saw in your house this morning." Once again I can't go into the details about this but can tell you that it was incredibly accurate in detail. God brought us here and there, until eventually we were at the place where He wanted us to be in the first place.

How can anyone not want to worship such a God as this?

CALL YOURSELF A CHRISTIAN

On another Sunday, while at breakfast with us sitting in the same positions as before, Bill went

"Humm" again and looking up just the same time as he always does. I didn't have to ask any questions this time as he began to give me a running commentary of the vision as he was seeing it. He said;

"I've just seen Dave, [not real name], out over the fields, he has a shotgun with him and his little dog. The little dog is presenting to him a rabbit with his little tail wagging; Dave must have shot a rabbit. Dave puts the rabbit into his bag and off he goes. He's having a wonderful time praising God for His marvellous creation, for the air in his lungs, the beautiful heavens, the blue sky and the powdery clouds making such a beautiful contrast, for his health and strength to enable him to enjoy it all, for all His goodness to him and especially for Jesus."

*Now I see him beginning to slump over a bit as he begins to hear the accuser bombarding his thoughts. First it's his head, and then his shoulders, bit by bit he is getting more slumped over. His head is very low now and his shoulders are stooped over causing his back to become arched. The spring has gone out of his step and he is now walking slowly and lifelessly. I can hear that old Devil, as he has been saying, and making a horrible noise as he says it, it's like someone snorting down through their nose; **'Humph! YOU call yourself a Christian? Humph! A fine example YOU are! Humph! And YOU an elder in the Church! Humph! And YOU'RE a Sunday school teacher as well! Humph! Shame on YOU! Humph! And YOU'RE killing little innocent animals as well! Humph! And all this on the Lords day! Humph! YOU should be at YOUR place of worship! Humph! YOU'RE no Christian! YOU'RE a hypocrite'**"*

I have deliberately enhanced the accuser's words, which he will have used many times to you in the past, and will also do in the future. When you hear the accusing **YOU**, and **YOU'RES**, it is not coming from your own mind or thoughts, if it were, you would be thinking in the first person, I, I must, I have to. This is someone else speaking into your mind, and it is definitely not God, Jesus, or the Holy Spirit, because with them here is no condemnation, only encouragement.

Bill changed from speaking to me about this vision and began to pray;

"Thank you Jesus for letting me see this. We can't have this. I'll ring him later." Then he spoke to me again.

"You see Brother, the Lord also let me see how greatly He appreciated Dave's worship to Him while he was over the fields, and was showing me that Dave could not have had this kind of freedom to praise Him and worship Him like this if he had been in Church this morning. The Lord was wishing he could go over the fields every Sunday because he was able to worship without being hindered and distracted."

Whenever we came home from church, which was about three in the afternoon, Bill rang Dave and sure enough he had been over the fields with his little dog that morning. I could almost hear Dave myself, even though I was sitting a good distance away from the phone, as he rejoiced to think that God loved him so much for to show Bill how depressed he had become over such a very small thing. Something that he had been enjoying so much and more importantly he was in the presence of God while doing it. Duty can often be a burden upon us all. It's back to the must do, have to do, expected to do, way of thinking, isn't it? We always want others to think well of us, and do the expected things, even when sometimes it can be extremely bad for us.

Isn't it interesting that often the very best meetings can be held in a petrol filling station, or over the fields with a gun and your dog, over the kitchen sink, at the office desk, or even in prison? Look at what happened to Paul and Silas when they were bound in Stocks in Jail. Acts.16v25-34.

TURN HERE, TURN THERE

A very dear friend and brother of mine, Reggie Hylands, is one of the most loving and gentlest of gentlemen that one could wish to meet. Reggie comes to the meetings in our hall, and is a builder by trade. His sons also work in the Company. They buy a field somewhere and develop it by building houses on it. Whenever one development is finished they need to have another property ready to move into immediately. It can often take a lot of time to get all of this done.

Planning permission must be sought firstly from the Building Regulators, then there is water, sewerage, and electricity to be organised, and all in good time. Often this planning can take a few years to come about, before the first sod is cut.

Bill was once again with us. We had some people who wished to be baptised by total immersion so we planned to have this while Bill was with us. We went to the local Swimming Baths and they allowed us to use the small tank.

This usually gathers a good amount of spectators from the other swimmers. After this Baptismal service we were going back to our hall for a time of Celebration.

On that day Reggie had asked Bill if he would pray about the possibility of the purchase of a particular field, which was just opposite to where they were building at the present time.

Of course this would be ideal if they managed to get this field, as it would mean they would not have to move machinery a long way. Bill said immediately to Reggie;

"There is very bad foundation there Brother," Reggie replied to Bill;

"No Bill It's OK." But Bill was insisting;

"I'm afraid it's not Brother. The streambed there will give you terrible problems. It has in time past extended about thirty yards into the field." Bill continued, *"I can see big problems. You are going to have to dig foundations to at least eight feet down. It's very soft ground."*

I see another site with big trees, you will be able to build your houses round most of these trees and it will be very beautiful." Reggie said that there were some trees but not a lot and asked Bill if he would come along with him the next day to have a look at it and then to another site that he had also been looking at.

The next day Reggie collected Bill and brought him to the sites. At the first site; they went over to one side of the field in the car, avoiding the muck for fear of getting bogged down.

For this reason they did not get out of the car, but because of this they could not see the entire field from where they were sitting without getting out. Bill said

"I see there are a lot of trees around it Brother."

"No not really Bill" said Reggie, and continued *"I'll drive you round to the other side where you can get a better look at it Bill."*

On the way round they passed the present site where Reggie was building the houses. Bill had a look at them and said;

"Well Reggie there is one thing for sure. You don't build Rabbit Hutches do you?" As they neared the T junction of the road, Reggie was turning to the left, which was the way they had to go to bring Bill to see the few trees that Reggie thought that Bill had been seeing in vision which were on the other side of the field, but Bill said firmly;

"Turn Right Brother!" Reggie replied;

"But it's round this corner to the left Bill"

"Oh no Reggie. It's to the right!" insisted Bill. Reggie did not know what to make of this. After all, he lived here, and he also knew that Bill had never been anywhere near Donacloney before; but not wanting to argue, he turned to the right as Bill had suggested and thinking to himself;

"He will soon see who is right." Reggie was convinced that they were going in the wrong direction, and was driving slowly expecting to be soon turning round again. Bill said to him;

"Keep on going Brother!" After another few hundred yards or so Reggie slowed down again, still expecting to have to turn as they were now a long way from the site. Again Bill said;

"No keep going Brother!" Again, after Reggie began to slow once more Bill again said; *"Keep going!"* and then said; *"Turn up here Brother; there is a site for sale up here."*

They were now about four miles from the first site. There were a lot of trees here, that's for sure. Reggie knew this place, it had an avenue up to a private house; and at the bottom it had a Gate Lodge. Reggie drove up the avenue for a bit, but did not like the idea of going up any further and once again slowed down. Bill again

said;

"Keep going Brother. There is a woman here who has a lot to say about this place."

They could now see the big house, Reggie, once again not wanting to be forward, stopped about thirty yards away from the house. Just then the Lady of the house appeared with a gardening trowel in her hands and some flowers.

Reggie knew the Lady; he had fixed her chimney at one time. Bill began to get out of the car and said to Reggie;

"That's the Lady," and getting right out of the car he started walking towards her and saying; *"Good morning Maam, my name is Bill Turner, I am a preacher and I'm a friend of Reggie's."* She said;

"Oh hello Reggie, it's you, I didn't recognise you there." Bill continued to approach closer to the Lady. He was wearing a black polo neck tee shirt, which he often wore. Over this he wore a grey overcoat. He said to the woman;

"The Lord has shown me that you have a building site for sale Maam, and you have to let Reggie have it." She replied;

"Yes I have a site; I don't know who will get it; but there is one thing for sure, whoever does get it, they won't be building rabbit hutches on it" Both Bill and Reggie began to laugh at this remark, and they explained how Bill had said this very thing earlier to Reggie, when he had seen the lovely houses that Reggie had built, and commended him for their excellent quality and style. They talked for a bit more and then left.

Reggie eventually got the three and a half acre site and built seventeen lovely bungalows on it. Later he built a new house for this Lady on another part of this land, and she sold the big house. Her husband had sadly died and the big house was too much for her.

What about the first site then? Well Reggie had four exploratory holes dug on the site, and the engineer's report, which came back; stated that the stream bed there had extended at one time well into the field, and it was very poor for building on, and it would have meant putting in very deep foundations. Reggie would also have had to build a bridge over the stream to enable them to gain access to the proposed site. The whole project was scrapped as it was not going to be a profitable exercise. Once again the Prophet was right.

JEHOVAH JIREH! MY PROVIDER

I have only met one preacher who many times has refused to accept the offering being given to them, and that is Bill Turner. Many times I have seen him give away; by his standards, quite substantial sums of money.

I myself have been one of those who he has given to many times. I have taken him to hundreds of meetings and have on many occasions seen him absolutely refuse to take any money from the people. He would say;

"Oh! No! I can't have that. The Lord is showing me that you are trying to gather up some money to do this or that."

I remember bringing him on one occasion to a meeting in a Convent when he said;

"Thank you so much, I do appreciate your love and kindness, but you must keep this for the bus trip that you have been planning for the old folk." The look upon the little Sisters face said it all.

It was impossible to refuse taking money at times from him, yet you knew that he didn't have any himself. Often on occasions, when I had thought that I had got away without having to take something from him and he had now gone home, the next day I would find some cash hidden somewhere in my car or under some books in the house. There would always be money under the telephone for the phone calls that he had made. It was almost impossible to get one up on him; he seemed to be always one step ahead of you.

On one occasion he wanted me to take him to this particular Christian Book Shop in Belfast. He said that the Lord had told him that he would be able to get a very good second hand book there, which he had been wanting for fifteen years. I couldn't park there although there was room; but it was a No Parking Area, so I told him that I might not be there when he came out because the Traffic Warden could be about, but to wait as I would only drive round the Block and back again. He said he wouldn't be long.

After waiting for quite a while, the Traffic Warden appeared so I went round the Block and back again. Three times I did this. I don't know how long he was in there. Whenever he did come out he had not only the one book that he had been told about, but three altogether, and smiling like an excited child. All three books were ones that he had been wanting, all were hard backed well bound expensive books, they were all second hand and in almost new condition, but he got them all for very little money.

I guess someone had cleared out a study room and had donated them to this shop for sale.

Well if God can tell you about a Nursing Mirror, He can certainly tell you about a treasured book.

SPIRITUAL FATHER

It is a strange thing but I had thought that I had lost all hardness towards those in the Catholic Faith after I had been baptised in the Holy Spirit through the laying on of hands by a Roman Catholic Priest. I never was a bitter person, and had never thought until that day that I had such feelings within me, and was shocked for a while to realise this.

I thought that I had dealt with it all, and that it was completely gone, until the first time that Bill asked me to take him to see this Nun in one of the Convents. This Sister called Bill her Spiritual Father and he liked to see her whenever he could. When we arrived at the Convent this Sister was off on leave to be with her parents at

home for a few days, but we were told that a message would be given to her on her arrival back at the Convent.

We were given some tea and treated most graciously. When we had finished the tea and had got up to leave, Bill asked the particular Nun who had been looking after us if she would allow him to pray for her. She replied that she would love to be prayed for.

As he laid his hands upon her head he began to receive Words of Knowledge about her. No one knew any of these things, which had been, and still were causing her a lot of heartache and pain; causing her to sometimes cry in her room late into the night, and also through the day as she carried out her duties, but all of course without letting anyone know.

The only person who knew these things about her was Jesus. She had never told anyone.

I can't tell the details, but it was wonderful to see that dear Sister receive release from the bondage that she was in. Jesus revealed from when she had first entered into this vocation, and about the difficult time she had with some of the older nuns. He saw her when she was far away from home on the Mission Field, and the continued times of trouble there. The Nun knew that the only way Bill could possibly have seen these things, was because Jesus had showed and revealed them to him, just because He loved her so very much and wanted her to know that he knew all about it and understood.

PLEASANT VISIT

A few days later after this occasion Bill was still with us, when into our little hall came the little Sister (a Nun), who we first went to meet. She had come back from her leave and found out where we were, and dropped in to see Bill. The whole place rose to their feet whenever she came in, and I think that everyone there gave her a big hug.

She had never been before to any meetings other than Catholic ones and did not know what to expect from what she thought was an all Protestant one. She was not aware that we were like a packet of Dolly Mixtures. [Jelly Gums in all sizes and colours]

We had a wonderful time with her as we allowed her to share about herself, and how God had touched her life through Bill; she gave us a wonderful explanation of how she uses the stages of the Crucifixion. She really brought with her and to us the love of God and I think that she felt it being returned to her as well.

THE WALLS ARE NOT THICK ENOUGH

All over the world there are people who will remember the terrible thing that was done one Sunday morning, when I.N.L.A., the Irish National Liberation Army, terrorists emptied their guns into the little wooden Pentecostal Church known as Mountain Lodge in Darkley, Keady, South Armagh.

Bill had been preaching there about two months before this happened, and as he arrived, the Lord spoke to him and told him to walk twice round the building, and to pray in tongues as he did so. As he did this he was wondering what this might be about; after having completed the first circuit, he went round again as the Lord directed him.

Now can you imagine what anyone would have thought when seeing this man, the visiting speaker, walking round the Church like this? There was an outside toilet at the back, so it could have been for this reason he was going round, but highly unlikely for the second time.

Well I'm sure those that seen him do this were by now coming to the conclusion that this man was a bit daft.

On the second circuit just as Bill got to the back side part of the Church, close to the toilets, he saw bullets coming through the wooden walls in slow motion and going over the field's right in front of him. He could have almost reached out and caught them he said. One after another he could see them coming through the walls; they were going so slow that he could notice that they were spinning as they went.

Whenever he came round to the doorway of the church, he mentioned to some of the men who were on Welcoming Duty at the Porch area;

"The Lord has just told me that the walls are not thick enough to stop the bullets that are coming!"

What these men thought of Bill no one will ever know. Especially after watching him walk round the Church twice.

However, one thing is for sure, they did not, or could not, have possibly known fully or understand even in a small way what it was that Bill was telling them. Bill at this time did not fully understand himself so how could they have known. They were probably not fully aware of the strange Prophetic visionary ministry that Bill had. If they had known him as I did, they might have thought more seriously about what it might possibly have been that he had told them.

Bill related this vision to Tom Somerville who in turn told some of the rest of us, but to be honest, no one thought much more about it, or even attempted to do anything about it.

Who was expecting that anyone would shoot into a Church? You might be asking;

"What could you have done anyway?" Well we could have done some serious praying for God to reveal something more to us. We could have prayed the protection of God's Angelic hosts around the building; we knew how to do this. You have read about some incidents of this already; but shame on us, we didn't do a thing.

I don't remember thinking about it at all. Some of us might well have, I might well have but put it just a quickly out of mind. Is it possible that we could have thought?

"Well it's not our problem; they have been told about it, so it's up to them to deal with it?"

I sincerely hope that none of these thoughts entered any of our heads. What I do know for sure; and it is this; Bill has lived with the guilt of being the one shown in advance about the thing, and the feeling that he did nothing about it. He thinks that he should have been more forceful when telling everyone. Bill feels that he ought to have sought God for more revelation and that if he had done this, he might have saved the lives of some godly men.

He feels responsible also for the years of suffering that others have had to go through from the wounds which they still carry, and the pain of those who have been without their loved ones all these years. What a burden to have carried alone, surely when the whole thing is looked at, one can see many who could be looked upon, as being somewhat responsible.

I can still imagine some of you thinking but surely it was going to happen anyhow, and not one thing could be done about it, so why torture yourselves? But you see the truth of the matter is that it could have been avoided. So I will have to back this up with God's own word won't I?

Have a look at the story of Moses pleading with God for Him not to wipe out all the Children of Israel because of their sinning. God had His mind made up that he was going to kill them all; but didn't; because of the pleadings of Moses on their behalf. Exod.32v7-14.

The King James Version says in verse 14:

"And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." Spiritual warfare is real; I could tell some good stories as examples, but they could not be written down in a book.

I think it was about two months later when the murders took place, the men who stood in the doorway that day and lost their lives, were most likely the very same men who Bill had warned weeks before.

Many Months later I myself took Bill back there to preach. He asked me to come round the back with him to show me exactly where he had seen the bullets coming through. He began pointing at the wooden building and was saying;

"They were coming from there Brother, and at just about this height, they went right by me and over in that direction over there and over the fields" As he pointed in the various directions I took a closer look at the building to see if there were any bullet holes to be seen.

Surely there must be some evidence? Well I didn't have to look very hard, for there at exactly the place where he had pointed, I could clearly see where the bullet holes had been. They were now filled in and painted over with wood stain.

That morning Brother Bill could scarcely preach. He was so full of remorse and taking all the guilt upon himself for letting them all down. As he spoke it could be clearly noticed that he was suffering badly, and struggling for the right words to say.

What could be the right words to say from someone who held so much responsibility and feeling so much guilt? Can you imagine the burden of such a responsibility as this?

The stories I have told you have mostly been of a brighter nature, but this is not always the case. A prophet's job is not always easy. What happens if you put the wrong interpretation to what has been given to you?

There is a tremendous responsibility; for this reason it is always wise to get confirmation. In 2 Cor.13v1., we read in the King James Version;

"In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established."

Does anyone want a Prophet's job?

TWO BOMBS AND SHOOTING OVER NARROW WATER AT WARRENPOINT

One time Bill described to us how he had been shown British Soldiers being ambushed by the I.R.A. and being killed in large numbers, right on the border and having been taken by surprise.

The I.R.A. had planted two bombs, they exploded one, and then, when the soldiers came to investigate, they let off the other bomb, which was hidden from them, and it killed in the teens of soldiers. There was also gunfire directed at the soldiers from the Irish republic across the water. Bill warned the authorities about this murderous "wipe-out attack" on the border about three weeks before it happened, but they failed to prevent it. The I.R.A. electronically set the two bombs off from the Irish Republic just across the water that divides the North from the South, a place known as Narrow Water at Warrenpoint.

This is a place where the sea comes into the Newry Canal. It divides the North from the South.

A trap was laid to draw soldiers to investigate, and to kill them. At this point there is a road right on the edge of the sea coming in, and over on the other side of the water, there is also a road along that side, anyone looking across from one side to the other would think that it is a wide river. Many years later Bill was driven down the road he had seen in the vision, and recognised it.

I CAN SEE IT BUBBLING AND CHURNING

Another event that everyone in the world will remember is the horrific disaster of an explosion at the Nuclear Reactor at Chernobyl in Russia. We have all seen the pictures of the results of that day.

I remember one evening watching a Documentary film about it on Television. The cameras had gone right down into the core of the Reactor, and found that the core had burnt down through the core base, and had come to rest on a layer of concrete under the core.

Bill had seen the Chernobyl disaster some two months before it actually took place. It was several years before cameras were able to go down into where it was now been shown from on the Television, but Bill had told these things to us years before.

Just as I was watching the programme the telephone rang, it was Bill.

"Put your T.V. on Brother, to Channel?? Chernobyl is on! It's exactly how I described it to you."

"I know Bill. I'm just watching it. It's amazing!" I replied.

"Did you see this? Did you see that? Bill had described the crack in the concrete beneath the core, and the danger of many tons of uranium burning their way through this concrete into the water table. God told Bill to pray that this crack would close, and to pray for the people of God to escape and be protected, and watched this happening in vision. I remember his description of seeing the crack closing in as he prayed. Now when someone tells you of things like this you ask yourself many questions such as;

"Why did God not just close the crack up Himself?" Then I would think;

"Why did God not bring the water out of the rock for the Children of Israel without Moses having to strike it?" "Why did He not simply open up the Red Sea without Moses having to stretch out his rod over it?" "Why didn't He simply do all the Miracles without having someone to cry out for them to happen?" I don't fully understand how it is that God works in this way, but I know that he does. I am simply telling you stories that I know to be true.

We will always have our, "Why" questions; but must realise that God wants us all to be involved. This world has been created for our pleasure, for us to enjoy ourselves in it, for us to make a difference.

There is a Chorus, which states that, God created all things for His pleasure. I am told that this comes from a wrong translation of Rev.4v11., "for thy pleasure", "dia to thelema sou," which should literally read;

"Because of thy will." God created all things for our pleasure; this makes more sense to me.

Whenever we think that there is so much beauty in Heaven, which cannot even be described by words, I cannot see how God could be looking upon earth with all its weeds, and decay, vileness and horribleness that man has made of it, and is still is making of it, and have pleasure and enjoyment in it.

What would be the point in someone giving a gift of a toy to a child to play with, but still continuing to play with it oneself?

On the other hand, one can receive great pleasure from just seeing that child getting enjoyment from it. I'm sure as it is with that toy, in the same way it must also be said, that God gets pleasure by seeing us receiving great enjoyment from His gifts to us.

Earth is for us to enjoy, for us to be in charge of. We all have a part to play. We all have our free wills, good and bad alike. God does not control us like some kind of great Puppeteer pulling the strings from Heaven.

Judas had a choice, contrary to what some people think. Yes the betrayal of Jesus had to happen, but the point is, if Judas had not done it, someone else would have.

It was written, not because God chose him, and he had no choice of his own, couldn't help it, and had to do it; **but because God knew that he would do it**, just as He knows right now the future of us all, and how we will end up. We all make our own destiny by how we behave here on earth.

God is not making anyone do things; that's the Devils work. He of course can't make us do anything either if we resist him, for then he has to flee.

God is not forcing me write this book. I'm doing it because I want to be obedient to what I believe He is asking me to do.

Right now if I wanted to, I could take my whole years work and throw it in the bin, but I don't want to.

You and I can change things by our prayers, our attitudes to others; by the things we do, by who we vote for in elections, by objecting to things that we know are wrong, instead of just letting them happen. It seems that we are not doing this as well as we should, or is it that things have been allowed to go so far, that there is nothing that any of us can do now.

The generations before us, by voting in the people who have taken control of the world, are going to bring it to a terrible destructive state just before Jesus comes back to earth. However, we can still pray God's protection for those we love, and for those who ask for it, and I'm sure for others around the world. It is for this reason why it is so important to be continuously praying in the Holy Spirit.

Most of us live in Countries where we have free speech. We are not being stopped telling others about the wonderful love of Jesus and of His power through the Holy Spirit, yet many don't ever do it. Surely we can change things by doing this alone? **LET'S GET GOING!**

AN EXAMPLE OF HOW WE CAN CHANGE EVENTS

This is a diversion I know, but there is one story that I am about to tell very briefly that might not be fully understood by everyone or indeed accepted by everyone.

One of the ways that I got some of my senior B.B. boys to pray was for God's protection upon innocent people. I couldn't use the entire Boys Brigade; these were a group of about six or seven. Things in Northern Ireland were very bad. Someone was being shot dead almost every week. Often it would be someone who just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I immediately think of my good friends Michael and Bridie McGoldrick's son, who was doing his Taxi run in order to educate himself at university and so have greater prospects to be able to provide a better future for

his young son.

We would pray that guns would jam; plans backfire, and so on. We had no favouritism; we were not biased and did not take any sides in the terrible conflict that was going on here at that time.

To us Loyalist and Republicans were both the same. Each week we would see our prayers of agreement answered. Now so far you will not have had any problems about what I have said, however this has only been the introduction to what I really want to say, which might cause some problems in some people's minds.

We would pray that God would cause the bombs of evil people to explode prematurely on them. We would pray something like this;

"Heavenly Father, only You know the hearts of people. Only You know who is totally evil, and who has got caught up in something that they can't get out of. Some are murdering and maiming others with delight in their hearts; others are doing it, not really wishing to be doing it, but have been brain washed in some way to think that they have to do it. Father only You can tell who is never going to change, and is never going to repent from their evil ways. Father our prayer is that You cause their very own bombs to take them out of this world so that they can never again cause innocent lives to be taken. That they can no longer go on gloating about how many they killed this time, and look forward to the next time when they will do it again. Father, why let them live to keep on doing this whenever You know now that there is no spiritual hope for them here on earth. Father do not let it happen to the ones that You know who will repent some day, just like the murderous Saint Paul, who was blinded by hatred and bitterness and yet repented. Open their eyes to see the evil and stupidity of what they are doing. Give them courage to get out of the organisation that they are in, no matter what the cost is. You might allow some to be injured in some way so that they won't be able to carry on doing what they are doing. Please Father do it. Send upon them the Holy Spirit to open their eyes, to soften their hearts, to show them Jesus, your wonderful Son, so that they might believe in Him and have everlasting life."

I hope that this kind of praying does not upset you too much. All that I can say is that we saw this happen almost as quickly as we prayed it.

(God told Israel to pray this way, we read in Deut.27v24-25.

"Cursed be he who slays his neighbour in secret. And all the people shall say, 'Amen'" And in v25

"Cursed be he who takes a bribe to slay an innocent person. And all the people shall say, 'Amen.'" (RSV)

In Gal.1v8,9., Paul prayed that preachers who perverted the Gospel should be accursed. See. Joshua.6v17. Is.65v20. Rom.2v1-11.)

BILL LOOSES HIS SIGHT

The last time that Bill was with us he was complaining that he had brought a wrong pair of glasses with him; he was having problems in reading. He was not as chirpy as he would have normally been, and was not looking very well. He seemed to be losing his direction at times when he preached.

A few Months later the news was not good, he had been to the hospital outpatients, and a CT Scan and a MRI Scan revealed that Bill had a brain tumour. This tumour had covered his Pituitary Gland and badly effected the production of Hydrocortisone and other hormones, causing problems with some of his other major organs. It also reached his optic chiasm, and almost completely removed Bill's sight. This meant that he could not even go out of the house and walk around safely, and he was nearly run over by several cars that he could not see coming. He had to use a white stick like the blind use.

The tumour was too big to operate upon up the nose, so the consultants thought of cutting a flap in the skull to remove it, but before they could do this; God removed it from the pituitary gland.

Bill asked a consultant if they had anything to do with it (as they had put drops in Bill's eyes), he said;

"No. It is an answer to prayer." A great deal of prayer went up to God from all over the country, for help in time of need for our dear Brother Bill; God heard from Heaven and answered all our prayers.

Bill has been tested and cleared by the hospital and his own optician to drive again, and is doing so. However, the dysfunction of the Pituitary gland has not been healed, and Bill is lacking in some hormones, Hydrocortisone, Thyroxin, etc. There is also some damage to other organs caused by the dysfunction of the Pituitary Gland.

Pauline says that this is to keep Bill at home to do his writing, and to be available for the many phone calls he has every day for help.

LONELY TIMES

Bill once told me of a time when the local Pastors and Ministers around the Potteries were not having very favourable feelings towards him. Out of the blue a mighty man of God wrote to Bill and said he wished to meet the man who had written the excellent book he had just read on, The Second Coming of Christ.

This was a modern true Apostle of God called William Burton, who founded 5,000 churches and brought hundreds of thousands to Jesus in cannibal country in the Congo.

Mr Burton stayed with Bill and Pauline in their home for two weeks. Soon the news got out that Willie Burton was in the district, and they were heard to be saying;

"And guess who he is staying with? He's staying with that Bill Turner!" My reason for throwing in this little story is to tell you that on every point of view on The Second Coming of Christ, that Bill held, and was being persecuted and shunned for; William Burton also believed, and stood alongside with Bill in agreement.

You see, we will always be vindicated; sooner or later, by our Heavenly Father; God will certainly do it, He cannot deny Himself.

Willie Burton had also suffered from ministerial pride and stupidity. He told Bill how he had gone to a service in another place, where a young man was on duty. This young man did not step down and give the pulpit to the great apostolic missionary, Willie Burton; but proceeded to give a sermon on suffering, to show off how well he could preach.

Willie Burton said the grey haired men in the congregation were far better qualified to speak on the subject of suffering than this inexperienced young man.

This was like having a visit from one of Christ's Apostles, and though knowing who they were; they did and would not allow them to speak.

What an insult! What foolishness, to deprive the people of God of one of the outstanding ministries in the whole World, all because of a conceited young man who was out to impress.

As I have said before I personally have seen the rejection towards Bill over the years. I have seen it in their faces, and watched their eyes roll in a mocking sort of way. When I think of it; there have been very few Clergy, who have genuinely accepted and welcomed Bill in total Brotherly love.

I have often had the same rejection, because of my relationship with him. People do not believe in a supernatural miraculous God anymore.

Where has He gone I wonder? Has He changed? If He has changed, then how is it possible that Jesus promised to bring us into the presence of our;

"How much more loving Heavenly Father."

If He refuses to be the same to us as He was to men and women of ages past, it does not make Him very fair, does it? Why would He do that? Surely that would be favouritism, would it not? This would mean that He doesn't love us to the same extent as He used to love others centuries ago. Could that be it?

NO! NO! NO! HE IS THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER. We just have to start believing it again!

What is your conclusion dear reader? Is this man who I have just told you about, a PROPHET OF GOD, OR A BADLY MISLED PERSON?

GOD'S PEOPLE USUALLY REJECTED THE PROPHETS THAT GOD SENT TO THEM.

ARE YOU GOING TO FOLLOW THEIR BAD EXAMPLE? 2Chron.36v15-17. Mt.23v37-39. Lk.19v41-44. 2Chron.20v20.

Bill Turners Web address is www.theseecretofeternallife.com. You will find that it also contains a great amount of other people's valuable, interesting and outstanding studies, some of which are very rare and unobtainable elsewhere. There is an audio Testimony by the famous missionary William Burton, and many audio sermons by Bill Turner. Many of these recorded sermons have been taken from meetings in the little Hall spoken about in this book. You will hear him refer to others and myself on occasions, as God revealed to him what people were thinking. You will remember how God used this gift to help direct a complete meeting at one time.

My prayer is that you will experience the voice of God speaking into your life. Amen!

CLOSING THOUGHTS AND APPEAL

TELL THIS, TELL THAT

As I have journeyed through my mind to the stories that I have written down, not wanting to take them to the grave with me, I want to record, that if this book never goes any further than my slowly typewritten words, it has been a blessing beyond measure for me to have done it.

I am a night person; I can do twice as much at night than I can do all day. Many times I have been going at three in the morning. Some days I started at 9am and did not finish until 2am the next morning. I have found that as I have thought deeply on some of these stories, that they have become more real to me as I was writing them, than they were, when they were happening.

At times, I have sobbed and sobbed, with tears rolling down my cheeks, with my chest heaving up and down in great joy and bewilderment at what God has done for me.

You see, at times, when some of these things were happening to me, I would be so caught up with it all, that I was often not fully aware of what was really happening. I would expect that this must be the case for us all. I think that it would be good for everybody to sit down and take stock of the things that have happened. I think that you would find that you would ask yourself a lot of questions such as. Why did I do this or that, or not do this or that? What was this urge that I got? Where did it come from? What made me think it? Why did I say that? How did I know? Who sent that person? And so on.

YOUR GARMENTS ARE PERFUMED WITH MYRRH, ALOES, AND CASSIA. Ps.45v8.

We read in Ps.45v8.,

"All Your garments are scented with myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, by which they have made You glad." (NKJ)

While I have been trying to put down on paper the feelings of emotion, affection, fear, and so on, it has caused me think deeper about some events, and has made them become more real to me. It is only now, twenty or thirty years later, that I have come to realise that I have been having visions and hearing from God for many years. Yes there have been times when I did know when it was happening.

On three occasions, while I was writing, something happened that I was not fully aware of what it was at the time. On each occasion it was the same thing.

I knew about it while it was happening but didn't fully realise what it was.

I smelled a beautiful perfume one of these evenings as I was writing. At first I thought that it was my new expensive after-shave lotion that someone had kindly bought for me at Christmas.

I never stopped to think how this could be so strong in the early hours of the morning, and not be smelled at all during the earlier part of the day. The first time I smelled this perfume was while I was trying to relate on paper, what was a very moving time in my life, and I had to stop writing. In fact at that time I could not have continued to write. So as to check what this smell was I rubbed my cheeks vigorously and smelt my hand. Nothing!

Come to think of it, It would be pretty good aftershave if it had lasted this long. How stupid can one get? Then I thought that it must be some new stuff that Esmé had used for her bath earlier in the night, when she took a bath before going to bed. I continued to write; the perfume remained and after a while I had either got used to it, or else it had faded away, but I was no longer aware of it.

The second time this happened Esmé had just had her bath about an hour before and had gone to bed, so I thought for sure that it must be some new bath salts she had got.

I did, however, notice that there was this certain stillness and a peacefulness filling the room and then I remembered that this same peacefulness was also there on the previous occasion.

The third time it happened was at 2 a.m. in the morning, and I was sure that any bath salt smells from Esmé's bath would have drifted down to me long before now.

Anyhow to prove my point I got up and walked down the hall sniffing like a hunting dog. Its not here! I went into the bathroom, still sniffing. Nothing here! I rubbed my cheeks again, but this time I wet my hand with spittle to see if I could bring the smell of my aftershave out somehow. There was a bit of a smell, but not what I was looking for!

I lifted down my aftershave lotion and had a squirt. It could be that, but I'm not sure! I went into the bedroom, Esmé was sleeping, I had one or two good sniffs and then I began to think that I had now gone altogether mad, because now I wasn't smelling anything except the new squirt of aftershave that I had put on my face.

I went back to the room where I was writing. [By the way, all this happened when I could only hand write]

As soon as I entered the room I was almost overpowered by the strong perfume that was there, and the peace was indescribable.

I went back to the bedroom, awoke Esmé to tell her, I thought that this was pretty good.

At 2 a.m. in the morning Esmé was not so impressed; but I was now aware that I had a visitor.

I should have known this earlier, for I have told you before how I had felt this same presence before many times whenever Angels have been present.

I sat down and began to talk to this visitor, for I was not sure yet, because of the strength of this perfume on this occasion, and also due to the peace that I felt, so I started first by asking,

"Jesus is it You? If it is You, I would dearly love to see You. Are You pleased with what I am writing?" "Are You the Holy Spirit coming to encourage me? Have You been sent here by Jesus?" "Could it be that you are my guardian Angel who has been with me all my life and it is only now that I am being made aware of your presence?"

There are those who would condemn me for speaking to an Angel, if indeed that was what I was doing, they would say;

"It's not Scriptural to be speaking to Angels." Well I don't take any notice of such people; didn't God send Angels to people throughout history? Didn't they often talk face to face? I continued;

"Whoever you are, I thank you for coming to me. I'm not worthy, but I know that the great love of God for me goes beyond my worthiness." "If You are the Holy Spirit, I truly thank You for leading me on in the things of God. Without You I would be struggling big style. I'm so, so sorry, for the many times when I have grieved You, and You have had to leave my presence. I know that You are timid and gentle like a dove and can't be in the presence of unholiness or sham. Yet You can be strong, mighty and aggressive when brought to anger" I still continued; "If you are an Angel. I want to thank you for the many, many times that you have protected me from when I was a child. If you are an Angel you must been sent here directly from the presence of Jesus because I'm sure that this perfume that I smell is from Him and is lingering on your garments. Whoever you are, I am truly thankful for this experience. Thank you so much."

You might be thinking that this is all crazy? On the other hand what if it's not being crazy? What was this presence, or what could it have been? Why was it only felt in the room where I was writing? What was this perfume? Where did it come from? Did God send me a messenger to encourage me? There is one thing for sure. This presence was from God, and was absolutely unforgettable.

I have many times been in the presence of The Evil One, and I can tell you I know the difference, so don't go suggesting in your minds that this is what was happening and I was being deluded.

If you have trouble believing, just think that I am crazy and give me the fools pardon, and leave it at that,

many people think that I am crazy anyhow, so another one or two will not make much difference, or trouble me too much.

A Brief Explanation of Christian Terminology Concerning Forgiveness and Salvation

Throughout this book there has been some Terminology used such as: Become a Christian; Get Saved, Be Converted, Be Born Again, or Receive Salvation.

One does not become a Christian by being born in a Christian Country, or in a Christian Family, or just by going to Church, and going through all the rituals such as Baptism, Confirmation and so on.

The only way to become a Christian is by repenting of our sins and receiving and accepting Jesus. There is no other way. The following terms are all in relation to this experience.

To be Saved. Means to be saved from sin, and from being condemned to Hell. Lk.13v1-9. Rev.21v1-8.

To be Converted. Means that we repent and turn away from past sinful things in ones life, and begin to live a new life in Jesus without sin. 2Cor.5v17-19.

To be Born Again. Means to have a Spiritual Birth. Jn.3v1-12. Eph.2v1-22. 1Jn.3v8,9. 5v18-21.

To Receive Salvation. Means to get saved, be converted, to become born again. Jn.1v12,13. Rev.22v17.

Jesus prayed a most wonderful prayer to his Father God in Heaven, which includes you. You will find it in John Chapter 17. He is asking that you become one with him, and through him to become one with His Father. This makes it possible for you to then know His Father, as your Father, Jesus becomes your Brother and we all join together in one family of God as Christians. How do you do this? Well I will tell you; it's so easy.

- 1. Acknowledge that Jesus is God's only begotten Son and that you need His help.**
- 2. Believe that He died on a cross to offer his life as a sacrifice for your sin, and through his precious shed blood you can have forgiveness of all your sins. John.1v29,36. 1Pet.1v18-20.**
- 3. Tell Jesus that you are sorry for all your sins and garbage, which is in your life, and ask Him to forgive you and to create in you a clean heart. Luke.4v45-47. Acts.26v19-20. Rev.7v13-17.**

Why not pray to Jesus now by putting into your own words the above simple steps.

There is no set religious prayer that needs to be said. God knows your hearts desire, and will hear your cry for help, and will answer in the twinkling of an eye. What could be simpler? After you have done this, tell someone! Then ask the Holy Spirit to guide you into the right fellowship with other believers. **My prayer is that this will indeed take place in your life. Amen!**

After you have done this you will find yourself experiencing New Testament Christianity; and you can start writing a few new Chapters into the Book of Acts!

APPENDIX: GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION OF HIS CHILDREN AND CREATION

1. God's restraint on evil in the World

Paul informs us in 2Thes.2v7., that God continually restrains the activities of the powers of darkness in the world, and His merciful goodness protects even the unbeliever from their malice.

We read in Amos.9v7., that God delivered the Philistines from Captor, and the Syrians from Kir. We also read in 2Kings.6v1., that God gave victory to Syria through Naaman.

God sends His rain on the just and the unjust, and is kind, good and merciful, even to the evil, unjust and ungrateful. Mt.5v45. Luke.6v35,36.

The inhabitants at Lystra had unclean lives and were idol worshippers, but Paul tells them that God had been very kind and good to them in spite of all their sin;

"The living God, did not neglect to leave some witness of Himself, in that He did you good and showed kindly acts, and gave you rains from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness."

Acts.14v14-17. God has winked at and ignored the former ages of man's disobedience, but now commands all men to repent. Acts.17v30.

God's ceaseless care and devoted love for His Creation fills the angels with continual amazement and worship. The Seraphim forever extol, praise and worship God for His incredible and continual caring dedicated holiness and love towards His creation. Is.6v1-5. Rev.4v8-11.

God restrains Satan until the last 3½ years of this age, the time known as;
"The Great Tribulation."

Even those days are shortened by God to protect mankind from Satan's plan to destroy the whole of

mankind. 2Thes.2v7. Rev.12v12. Dan.8v24. 12v1-7. Mt.24v21,22.

This explosion of evil and destruction is allowed, in order to show what Satan and his angels are like; and to show the justice and necessity of their eternal judgement, and confinement in everlasting chains of darkness, after the destruction of their bodies in the lake of fire. 2Pet.2v4,17. Jude.v13. Mt.25v41,46. Rev.19v20. 20v10. The horrific carnage on earth produced by this awful manifestation of evil, produces a shocked silence in all the inhabitants of the heavenly kingdom. Rev.8v1.

The happiness of the eternal "ages of ages" in the kingdom of God; depends on everyone in that kingdom, not only loving righteousness, but also hating evil with all their being. This manifestation of evil produces an eternal hatred of evil in the children of God; and permanently banishes it from the Creation.

2. God's restraint on Satan's activities against Old Testament saints

God has always given special protection for the children of God. God's saints rejoiced again and again over the wisdom, and protecting power and love of God; He is a sure refuge and shield from Satan and his demons.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" Deut.33v27.

"But Thou, O Lord art a shield for me; my glory and the lifter up of my head." Ps.3v3.

"Thou art my hiding place, thou shalt preserve me from trouble." Ps.32v1.

"Thou art my hiding place and my shield." Ps.119v14.

"He that dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Ps.91v1. These are but a few of many such Scriptures; let us rejoice in the reality of these exceeding great and precious promises, they

"are Yea, and Amen, in Christ." 2Pet.1v4. 2Cor.1v18-22.

At Bethel, the reality of God's total and dedicated caring love and protection was revealed to Jacob; he saw a continual stream of angels coming to minister to him, and returning for more directions from their Lord, for Jacob's well-being. Gen.28v11-19.

The Scriptures reveal that God's children have, not just one guardian angel, but multitudes of guardian angels. 2Kings.6v15-18.

Children also have many angels, which are devoted to their care. Mt.18v10.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge," was the joyful cry of the psalmist, and it is our joy too. Ps.46v7,11. Heb.1v14.

Satan bitterly complained to God about the hedge of divine love and power that protected Job, and *"ALL THAT HE HATH,"* from his malice. Job.1v10.

In 1Pet.1v4,5., we are assured that God guards and protects His New Testament children of God, in the same way as His great servant Job.

Don't allow the powers of darkness to harass us; they should be trembling in fear at what our Father will do to them.

Put on God's armour and resist the powers of darkness and they will flee from you. Jam.2v19. 4v7. Eph.6v10-20.

In Christ we are always sure of victory, for God has called us to triumph not defeat. 2Cor.2v14.

The powers of darkness know they are defeated and Hell awaits them. Mt.8v29. Lk.8v31. Rev.12v12.

3. New Testament sons of God are guarded by God and His Legal Decrees

God, as Judge, Creator, and Redeemer, has made and proclaimed His legal decrees, and has enforced them with His power and judgements. The powers of darkness tremble at His decrees. James.2v19.

Woe to those evil spirits, or men, who try to defy the decrees of the King of Heaven, or oppose His saints; many have tried, and as a result, are in chains of everlasting darkness. Dan.4v17-23. 2Pet.2v4. Jude.v6,13. These decrees are: -

a. The invincible legal covenant barrier of Christ's atoning blood

There is the legal covenant decree and defence of redemption through the blood of Christ.

Satan has no hold, or claim, on those who are redeemed through the blood of Christ; for the blood of the covenant includes protection as well as forgiveness.

The blood of the Passover lamb preserved Israel, how much more does the blood of Jesus protect the New Covenant children of God, as we read in Rev.12v11.,

"And they overcame him (Satan), by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony." Rev.12v11.

b. The legal barrier of identification with Christ's death in baptism

Baptism in water is God's way of accepting God's covenant. Our old life is buried with Jesus in baptism, and we rise to walk in newness of life, not in fear of demons, or of being possessed by them. Rom.6v3,4.

Our heavenly Father erects an invincible wall of protection around us, and cuts us off from former evil and occult connections. 1Pet.1v4,5.

c. The legal barrier of adoption as sons and the new birth

Christians have a God-protected Sonship.

The Father loves us like Jesus, and He wants the world to know it; and Jesus loves us as the Father loves Him. Jn.17v23. 15v9. 13v34.

Jesus said that His enemies committed blasphemy when they said that He was possessed by evil spirits. Mk.3v28-30.

Is it not blasphemy to say that God will break His covenant with us, and allow Christians, who are loved just like Jesus, to be possessed by demons?

God keeps His covenant, and He assures His children of His continual protecting presence.

N.B.1. In 1Pet.1v4,5., Peter assures us of God's complete and continuous protection

God has always given special protection to His children; believers in Jesus,

"are always kept, protected and guarded by the power of God through faith." The word for,

"are always kept" is *"phrouroumenous,"* the present passive participle of *"phroureo,"* a military term, Acts.9v24. 2Cor.v32., meaning, *"to guard or garrison,"* from *"phrouros,"* *"a sentinel."*

Vincent says,

"The present participle indicates something in progress, a continuous process of protection."

Peter assures us that the heirs of God's heavenly kingdom are guarded as securely as our heavenly inheritance. When Peter tells us in 1Pet.1v4., that our heavenly inheritance is **"reserved"** for us, he uses *"teteremenen,"* the perfect passive participle of *"tereo;"* which signifies, *"taking care of and keeping by guarding."*

Our Lord uses the same word, *"tereo,"* in Jn.17v11., when He prays and asks the Father to guard His disciples. He asks the Father,

"keep in Thy Name those whom Thou hast given me;" *"keep"* is *"tereson,"* the aorist active imperative of *"tereo."*

Again, in Jn.17v12., our Lord said,

"I kept them in Thy Name;" *"I kept,"* is *"eteroun,"* the imperfect active of *"tereo;"*

"I constantly kept and guarded them." Also in v12,

"Those whom thou gavest me I guarded;" *"guarded"* is *"ephulaza,"* the aorist active of *"phulasso;"* Christ was their *"phulax,"* their sentinel and guard, and He is still our sentinel and guard; He ever lives to protect us, and intercede for us. Heb.7v25.

Jesus said that no thieves or robbers could attack our heavenly inheritance; and He assures us that the heirs of the heavenly kingdom are as securely guarded by God as their heavenly inheritance. Mt.6v19-21. Col.1v5.

Jesus guarantees that no demonic thieves and robbers can harm the heirs of that kingdom; He promises, *"Nothing shall by any means hurt you."* Lk.10v19.

God cares more for the heirs of the kingdom of Heaven, than He does for the fabric of that kingdom. Heaven and earth may pass away, but His love for us will never pass away.

God's beloved children are assured of their heavenly Father's care and protection. In 1Pet.1v5., Peter assures us that Christians are protected and enveloped, *"en dunamei theou,"*

"IN the power of God." See Phil.4v7., where *"phrouresei,"* *"shall garrison,"* the future active indicative of *"phroureo,"* is used for the peace of God guarding our hearts.

The peace of God can guard our hearts in every situation, because the power of God envelops and preserves us.

N.B. 2. John assures us that Satan cannot grasp a born-again child of God

John writes in 1John.5v18.,

"We know that whoever is born of God does not sin; but he who has been born of God keeps himself, and the Wicked One does not touch him." "Does not touch him," is "hapto," which means to lay hold of or to grasp rather than a momentary touch, which is "thiggano".

John only uses *"hapto,"* here in 1Jn.5v18., and in Jn.20v17., where Jesus asks Mary to

"cease holding and clinging to me."

There was no prohibition against Mary touching or holding the Lord, for in Mt.28v9. the women took hold of our Lord's feet and worshipped Him. Mary was filled with joy at finding our Lord risen and alive, and did not want Him to go away; our Lord said that He could not stay because He had to ascend to the Father.

We can say with absolute certainty, that the Wicked One cannot possess a Christian.

This is God's sure promise to us, for in 1Jn.5v18., John said that the Wicked One cannot lay hold of, or grasp a child of God. In 1John.5v18., John states that truly regenerated Christians do not live an evil life, or keep on being dominated by continual sin.

John is not speaking of an act of sin, which would be indicated by the aorist tense; but the continuous life of sin, which is indicated by the linear present tense of *"hamartano,"* *"to sin."*

We have victory over sin through the new birth, and the law of the spirit of life in Christ frees us from the law of sin and death. Rom.8v1-3.

We are to keep ourselves in the love of God, and Christ's devoted and continuous intercession for us, is a glorious and wonderful fact. Jude.v21. James.1v27. Heb.4v12-16. 7v25. Ps.121v3,4.

N.B. 3. God's children are the apple of His eye

In Zech.2v8., the prophet says,

"He that touches you, touches the apple of His eye;" and Deut.32v9,10., tells us,

"The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is His inheritance;---He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye."

What was true of God's Old Covenant saints, is certainly true of God's New Covenant saints.

Demons believe in God and tremble, none of them would dare to hit God in the eye, and demons that attack Christians are in real danger.

Many demons are in the abyss because they tried to harm God's dear children.

4. The Holy Spirit is an abiding eternal protection for the Christian 1Pet.1v4,5.

The Holy Spirit has come

"to abide with us for ever," and as,

"He that is in you is greater than he that is in the world;"

It is impossible for Christians to be possessed by demons as long as they keep their faith in Jesus, and don't fall away from God. Jn.14v16. 1Jn.4v4. Lk.8v13. Mt.24v12,13. 2Thes.2v1-3. Heb.6v1-8. 10v26,27.

We are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise; the word for seal in Eph.1v13,14., is *"sphragizo,"* (see Eph.4v30. and 2Cor.1v22.).

In Paul's time a seal was used as both a sign of ownership and a guarantee.

God the Father puts His seal of ownership upon us and by the Holy Spirit's abiding presence, warns the powers of darkness that we belong to Him. Eph.1v13,14.

Indeed, evil spirits are in great danger when they try to attack God's children, for the Holy Spirit does not just passively protect us; He actively sends to Hades the demons that attack us.

His presence makes us quite immune to demon possession.

The Holy Spirit also protects Christians who have not been baptised in the Holy Spirit; for His protection is there, whether He is *"with us,"* or *"in us."* Jn.14v17.

We have a good Heavenly Father who protects and defends His children, and only gives them the Holy Spirit and good gifts. Lk.11v9-13.

God our Father guarantees that through the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit we cannot get serpents, scorpions or stones.

This protection springs from the *"much more"* love of God for us. In Jn.17v23.

Jesus tells us that the Father loves Christians just as He loves Him.

Our heavenly Father would no more allow a demon to enter His dearly beloved children, than He would allow a demon to enter His dearly beloved Son, our dear Lord Jesus.

The powers of darkness fear Christians who know their position and security in Christ; because God's presence with us makes us a very definite threat and danger to them.

In James.4v7., *"submit"* is the aorist passive imperative of *"hupotasso,"* a military term meaning, *"to place or range under;"* as we array ourselves under God and resist the Devil;

God is with us, and His awesome might causes Satan to flee. In verse 7., *"resist," "antistete,"* is the aorist active imperative of *"anthistemi," "to take a stand against,"* as we take a stand with God against Satan, Satan flees from us.

5. All Christians have legal protection and authority in the Name of Jesus

We have authority and dominion over demons in the name of Jesus.

In Luke.10v19., Jesus definitely states,

"Behold, I give unto you the authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over ALL the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

Jesus used a very strong triple negative when He said;

"Nothing you, in no way shall hurt".

It is difficult to adequately convey the strength of our Lord's words in English, unless we express it as;

"Not one thing, in no way, shall not hurt you," God assures us, that at the point of conflict with evil angels, God will protect us and there will be no hurt to us.

The seventy were not mature Christians, for in Lk.10v21. our Lord calls them *"none-speaking babes,"* or, *"little children" ("neepios").*

The revelation of this power and authority had been hidden from the wise and prudent and given to babes, because it was good in the eyes of our heavenly Father.

They were given authority over ALL the power of the enemy; and the powers of darkness were terrified at their coming.

The seventy returned with joyful surprise that demons were subject to them in the name of Jesus.

The demon that resisted the sons of Sceva, knew they had no authority to use the name of Jesus because they were not born-again Christians, and ripped their clothes off and caused them to flee. Acts.19v13-16.

How different from the promise to babes in Christ, that they can even cause Satan to flee in the name of Jesus. Lk.10v19. James.2v19. 4v5-7.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe." Prov.18v10.

Every knee must bow to the name of Jesus and recognise its authority; Phil.2v9-11. Rom.14v11,12., both quoted from Is.45v23.

In Mt.10v1. we see that God's amazing love gave full delegated authority, "*exousia*;" and power, "*dunamis*;" to the apostles, even though our Lord also describes them as "*little children*" in Mt.11v25,26..

These Christian babes had authority over all the power of the Devil in the name of the Lord Jesus. The source of this authority is the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, as John tells us in 1Jn.4v4.,
"He that is in us, is greater than he that is in the world."

Dare anyone suggest that a Christian is not proof against demon possession when we are protected by the Name and precious blood of Jesus, and God the Holy Spirit is within us?

BEWARE! THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN EXORCISM IS NOT OF GOD.

N.B. There is not one case of Christians being exorcised in the New Testament

Peter was not exorcised after his denial of Jesus, nor was the Corinthian man who committed incest, or the other Corinthians who were living bad lives. This so-called Christian exorcism results in defilement by demons, not deliverance from demons.

The truth is that Christians are not being exorcised; they are acting as mediums for demons that are outside of them.

The doctrine that Christians can be demon possessed and need exorcism is not of God. Some of these points will be repeated to drive home the truth that God always protects Christians, and that we, therefore, can not be possessed by demons.

1. It is a false teaching that denies vital New Testament truth

Jesus warns us to beware of false prophets who are wolves in sheep's clothing, and instructs us to test the doctrine of all preachers and prophets by their fruits and by the Scriptures. Mt.7v15-29. Acts.17v10-12. Is.8v20. The fruits of this false exorcism are clearly seen. It attacks and denies our heavenly Father's protecting love and power.

It limits and denies the cleansing, delivering and protecting power of Christ's precious blood.

It denies the Holy Spirit's cleansing and regenerative energies at the new birth, and His protective love and power after that new birth. Titus.3v5.

This is, indeed, evil fruit. This false exorcism actually gives place to the Devil in the name of deliverance; it denies the fact that the death of Christ has completely destroyed Satan's authority and power over Christians. Heb.2v14,15. Rev.12v9-11.

It is a striking fact that even though the heathen world was given over to gross immorality and occult practices and the other evil works of the flesh, only a small number were demon possessed, because of the protecting mercy and goodness of God, and His restraint on the powers of darkness. 2Thes.2v7. Lk.6v35

2. Christians who sinned and failed very badly did not become demon possessed

The New Testament has not one case of a Christian being exorcised, and has no teaching that they should be exorcised, not even if they had failed or sinned very badly.

a. Peter' denial

For hours Peter vehemently denied that he knew Jesus; he invoked the most terrible curses upon himself, and swore with the strongest and most sacred oaths, that he did not know Jesus. Lk.22v59.

The present tense in Mt.26v74. shows the continuous nature of his denial.

Our Lord warned Peter of this failure and assured him of His pardon and welcome after his repentance.

There was no suggestion of Peter being demon possessed, or of him needing exorcism. Lk.22v31-34,60-62.

God never allowed the curses that Peter put upon himself to come to pass. This shows how wrong a current false doctrine is, that Christians can curse themselves or others by careless talk.

God's children cannot be cursed, Num.23v23., our past is buried with Christ in baptism, and we rise to walk in newness of life. Rom.6v4.

A person's past, and the sins of the fathers, are cancelled when people repent and love God. Deut.5v9,10. Ez.18v1,2,19-21.

Christ's precious blood has broken Satan's power over us, and has redeemed us from the curse of the Law, and every curse. Gal.3v13,14.

b. The Corinthians

Paul never suggested that exorcism was necessary for the Corinthian Christians who were living such bad lives. 1Cor.5v1 to 6v20.

Paul said that they needed to repent and to subdue the old nature and he commended them for it when they did so. 2Cor.7v7-13.

Paul told them that the Lord had disciplined them by sickness and death for their bad living, so that they

might not be condemned with the world.

Paul encourages the Corinthians to follow the example of his own personal self-discipline of his body; he suggests self-discipline not exorcism. 1Cor.11v29-32. 9v24-27.

The worst case of sin in the Corinthian Church was the case of the man who committed incest with his father's wife.

Paul did not give a hint that this sinful man was possessed and needed exorcism: indeed,

Paul makes it clear that Satan had no rights over the man until the Church handed him over to Satan for the destruction of his body.

Even then Satan's activities were limited to physical sickness.

Repentance caused mercy to be shown and judgement to be withdrawn from this sinful man, and he was welcomed back into the fellowship of the Church. 2Cor.2v6-11. 7v7-12.

The cure for his sin was not exorcism, but discipline by spiritual power and exclusion from the Church fellowship. 1Cor.5v1-5. 2Cor.2v4-11. Jn.20v22,23.

If no exorcism was needed for the Corinthian Christians, then no exorcism is needed for any Christian.

3. These "exorcists" often confuse the works of the flesh with demon possession

Paul writes about conflict with evil spirits that are OUTSIDE of Christians; but NEVER mentions exorcism of Christians. Yet these "exorcists" concentrate their efforts on Christians. Eph.6v10-20.

They confuse the works of the flesh with demon possession and try to cast them out.

Paul warns us that the flesh continually opposes the spirit and can't be cast out; and he tells us that we can and must "crucify," "mortify," and "put off," these works of the flesh by walking in the Spirit. Gal.5v16-26. Col.3v5,8-14. Rom.8v1-4. 1Cor.9v24-27.

Repentance and sanctification is the divine cure for the carnal appetites, not exorcism, which brings despair and disillusionment.

When "exorcism" of the sins of the flesh fails, as it surely must, for you cannot cast out the flesh; people lose hope and suffer severe spiritual damage. It is a fact that many Christians, who have been supposedly "exorcised," have had suffered such serious psychological problems, that they have had to receive medical help.

This is a demonic parody of genuine New Testament exorcism.

4. This false exorcism is a total distortion of spiritual warfare and spiritual realities

This false exorcism fails to discern and recognise satanic energisings and fiery darts. Eph.2v1-3. 6v16.

God's armour is a complete protection for the Christian. Eph.6v10-20. 2Cor.10v4,5.

We have mighty spiritual weapons from God that fill demons with fear and terror. James.4v6,7.

We can quench all Satan's fiery darts with the shield of faith.

Paul clearly states in all his writings on spiritual warfare, that evil spirits can only attack Christians from outside their body and personality.

Paul does not give the slightest suggestion that demons can possess a Christian; he states that the conflict is with Satan's fiery darts from outside, not from possession within.

These, and many other Scriptures, totally destroy the credibility of the doctrine that Christians can be possessed by demons.

This false exorcism opens Christians to Satan's fiery darts; it has no basis in Scripture, and it hinders true spiritual growth, spiritual warfare and genuine revival.

5. God has ALWAYS protected His children, but Israel had forsaken God and lost His protection

The reason why people in Israel had become demon possessed, like the demon possessed man in the synagogue in Mk1v23., was because a large part of Israel had forsaken God and so our Lord called them,

"the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Mt.10v6.

Jesus said they were a wicked and adulterous generation, and were filled with the worst kind of evil ("*poneros*"). Mt.12v31-45. N.B. v34,39,45.

Most of Israel were not born-again, even on an Old Testament basis.

This is why both John Baptist and Christ preached the absolute necessity of repentance before remission of sins could take place. Mk.1v4,5,14,15. Mt.3v1-6. Lk.3v3-9. Rom.9v6.

Israel's apostasy from God was the reason why some Israelites had become demon possessed; and Christ warned the Jews that even worse possession and more horrific satanically inspired calamities awaited the nation as a result of the rejection of His ministry. Mt.12v43-45.

Christ's broken-hearted weeping, in Lk.19v41-44., shows that Israel's future anguish and suffering was not His desire or His doing, but a result of Satan's malice.

The nation had rejected the light that had been given to them through the Old Testament prophets and the Scriptures, and had filled up the measure of their fathers by their rejection of Christ's ministry.

Christ said that they were in danger of committing the unforgivable sin, when they ascribed the wonderful works of the Holy Spirit through Him, to the Devil. Mt.11v20-24. 12v31,32. 23v13-39. Mk.3v28-30.

Those who say that evil spirits can possess God's beloved children are also committing a very serious sin.

It is a Satan-inspired attack on our security in Christ. Jesus tells us that He loves us as the Father loves Him, and the Father loves us as He loves Him. Jn.15v9. 17v23. In 1Pet.1v4,5.,

Peter uses "*phrouroumenous*," the present passive participle of "*phroureo*," "*to guard*," to assure us that God's beloved children are ALWAYS GUARDED by God's continuous protective presence and power. Demons tremble and flee from the protecting presence of God with a Christian. Jam.2v19.

Resist Satan and his demons and they will FLEE from you. James.4v5-17. 2v19. You are the apple of God's eye; woe betide any demon who tries to attack you. Deut.32v10. Zech.2v8. Ps.17v8.

6. Why do some Christians act as if they are possessed, when they are not?

Because of the power of suggestion and submission to leadership. Christians often submit to, and co-operate with, someone who they recognise as a spiritual leader, and because they look upon their spiritual leader's authority and discernment as derived from God, they obey them without question.

They sacrifice their own beliefs, judgement and discernment with the words,
"He is a man of God, he must be right."

So they wriggle on the floor and vomit to order. Paul warns us;

"to scrutinise and test all things until you can approve them, retaining only what is good." 1Thes.5v21.

There is nothing good about these unscriptural exorcisms.

These false exorcists ask Christians to speak out the thoughts that demons put into their minds, and when they do so, it is looked upon as a proof of demon possession. Evil spirits must rejoice in the havoc they cause when Christians give them authority to act in this way.

Jesus had His mind filled with evil thoughts for 40 days by Satan in the wilderness, but **JESUS WOULD NOT ACCEPT OR REPEAT THE LIES THAT SATAN PUT INTO HIS MIND, AND NEITHER SHOULD WE.** Jesus answered and fought Satan with God's Word, and so must we. **WE SHOULD NOT ALLOW DEMONS TO PROGRAMME US WITH THEIR WORDS AND THOUGHTS;** for if we speak out the words and thoughts of demons, then we are defiled by those demons.

We must reject demonic thoughts and bring them captive to Christ. 2Cor.10v4,5.

N.B. This false exorcism causes Christians to act as mediums.

God forbids His children to act as mediums, yet this is exactly what this false exorcism does; it actually invites demons, which are OUTSIDE of Christians, to manifest their thoughts and blasphemies through Christians. Lev.19v31. 20v7,27. Deut.18v10-22. Is.8v18-20.

When Christians are asked the question,

"What is your name?" They are being TRAINED, to a give demonic response.

The result is defilement by demons: not deliverance from demons.

LET US BRIEFLY SUMMARIZE WHY EXORCISM OF CHRISTIANS IS NOT OF GOD.

WHY DO CHRISTIANS PRACTICE THIS UNSCRIPTURAL EXORCISM?

1. Because they desire to prove that they have a ministry and power from God.

2. Because some have a genuine desire to help people with their problems

They are deceived into thinking that exorcism of Christians is the answer.

Among those who believe in the exorcism of Christians, the amount they practice varies greatly.

Some, who practice this supposed exorcism of Christians, are good people with loving hearts and with genuine gifts and blessing from God in other areas of their ministries.

They definitely help people in other ways, in spite of their wrong emphasis on exorcism, because they are motivated by genuine love.

However, others are dominated by ignorance and pride, and are so obsessed with demons, that they practice the routine exorcism of all Christians.

However, whether it is practised rarely or regularly, this false exorcism often produces severe spiritual and psychological damage, and has resulted in people being hospitalised in mental institutions.

This heavy over-emphasis upon demons has become even more dangerous than the previous ignorance about the subject.

3. Because they imitate preachers that they respect

They do not test what they preach and practice by the Scriptures.

People think, as I did in my earlier years, that Christian leaders of long-standing and good character must be right, and we imitate them and accept their teaching.

I, thankfully, like my pastor, never believed that Christians could be demon possessed.

4. Because they desire to demonstrate God's power over Satan

They are deceived into thinking that this is the way to prove it.

They do not realise they are, in reality, opening the door to Satan.

5. Because they confuse the works of the flesh with demon possession

6. Because they confuse sickness and genuine soul travail with demon possession

WHY DO CHRISTIANS ACT AS IF THEY ARE POSSESSED WHEN THEY ARE NOT?

1. Because of undue respect for a preacher and submission to their power of suggestion
2. Because they are persuaded by unscriptural exposition that they need exorcism
3. Because they are wrongly persuaded that their works of the flesh are demon possession
4. Because they confuse their Holy Spirit inspired soul travails with demon possession
5. Because they lack the Scriptural truth and discernment to know this exorcism is not of God

THE DANGEROUS RESULTS OF BELIEF IN CHRISTIAN DEMON POSSESSION.

1. It breaks God's command that we should not act as mediums for demons
2. It replaces Christian certainties with total uncertainty
It creates fear where there should be joy at God's protective love.
It seriously worsens a sense of failure and domination by evil.
I have seen it produce severe mental and psychological damage to God's dear children.
3. It replaces the correct operation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit with unscriptural routines
4. It is a total distortion of spiritual warfare and spiritual realities
5. It fails to cure the real problems of Christians, such as carnality and the need for self-control
6. It makes Christians surrender their total security in Jesus

It denies our redemption through the blood of Jesus, and the indwelling presence and protection of the Holy Spirit.

CONCLUSION

We are a "new creation," and have been translated out of Satan's kingdom into God's kingdom. 2Cor.5v17,18. Col.1v12-14.

We have Christ in us. Col.1v27.

The Holy Spirit has come to abide with us FOR EVER. Jn.14v16,17.

WE ARE GOD'S TEMPLE;

GOD WILL NOT ALLOW DEMONS TO LIVE IN HIS TEMPLE. 1Cor.6v19,20. 2Cor.6v16.

Reject this false doctrine that Christians can be possessed by demons; for by it Satan is seeking to depress and damage your souls. Mt.12v25,26.

It is spiritually destructive, depressing, evil and unscriptural for Christians to sit in meetings, looking at each other to see what demons they have. What dreadful fellowship!

This replaces God's sweet Christian fellowship, with demonically inspired pain and fear.

Reject such evil theology.

Esteem other Christians as better than yourself, and look for Christ's image in them, not demons. 2Cor.3v18. Phil.2v1-3.

I am available and offer myself to speak to anyone, or to visit any Groups, Fellowships, or Churches, or to go to any place where some might think that I might be of use to them personally, or to others, as long as God gives me the strength, ability, and means and can be contacted at: -

W, John Gates,
73, Whitesides Hill,
Portadown,
Craigavon,
County Armagh.
Northern Ireland. BT62 3RJ.
Telephone:- +44 (0) 28 3884 1165
Email: - wjgates@btopenworld.com

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