



CALENDAR

OF

COURAGE

# Calendar of Courage

366 True Stories

—With strengthening scriptures—

By several contributing authors;  
Collected, selected, retold, or typed.  
All scriptures in the Authorised Version (KJV)  
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### **The Journey of this book—The courage to finish a project:**

Starting a project, and then completing it at last seem to be some of the hardest things to do—that is if it's a particularly good one that will cause change for the good for people on Earth. The making of this calendar was such, as well. "It's getting it completed that the enemy will fight the most" I heard the Lord say to me. And sure enough, once I got it well and started I was "snowed in" with all kinds of things to do. If I were to let "life" take its course, believe me, this book would absolutely never have been done. But knowing that it was important to Jesus that I finish this, I made sure that I kept striving to make time for it—mostly around five o'clock in the morning, if that was all I could afford timewise. Having a fulfilling project to work on that we know is right, is a wonderful thing. Yet, actually completing takes at least two things:

It takes first of all believing that it's God's 100% desire that you tackle the job. And secondly, that you hold on through all the hard times and never totally give up until the goal is reached; you just keep including it somehow in your life's to do list.

Jesus said He is the "beginning and the ending, the first and the last" (Revelation 1:8,11; 22:13). He was there at the start of Earth (John 1:3), and is going to see it through until its last days as we know it (Matthew 24:13,30). We are the work of God's hands, and He will complete His project. His world was off to a tough start, getting people to listen, believe and love Him back—as in the Garden of Eden when mankind fell into sin, and the resulting crimes and evil ways led to a very messed up world (Genesis 3).

God then chose to "reboot" and used a worldwide flood to wash all the old away, giving it a new start. Only eight people survived, and that was all that was needed (Genesis 6-10).

And the end of the world as we know it is going to be rather tough, as we are now seeing (Matthew 24; Luke 21). But Jesus isn't giving up. He has committed to doing what He set out to do. He will return and set things right again, and we—all humans that have set foot on Earth—will have learned many things through it.

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(Two years later: ) I am still fighting to get this “Calendar of Courage” done. But after re-reading the above, and realising the truth of the words the Lord told me--about how hard I would get fought to hinder me getting it completed, I am more determined than ever to finish it. Yet, just today as I was trying to do it, again something was working hard to stop me. But with a baby in my right arm, and hearing a sudden emotional outburst on my left, I stood here, focused my eyes on the book file and said with gritted teeth, “I am going to do this!” Using my left hand I did what I could to keep inching forward. And the fact that you are reading it now shows the victory must have come at a last—though it has taken years.

I hope these stories give you the courage to keep taking one step after the next to the goals you are called to reach, no matter who or what tries to block your way and call you off the path or hurt you and trouble you because of what you have set out to do for Jesus Christ. He finished what He came to Earth to do, and may we all, who follow Him, also be victorious.

**—Revelation 22:13—**

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

### **A Personal Word—A type of courage that is needed today:**

I so liked feeling I was being included and accepted by my childhood friends and playmates that I seldom, if ever, thought to stand out and up. If one child had an idea, I just heedlessly followed along. As long as plenty of us were doing it I felt “safe”.

I wouldn't have dared to do it if I was the only one. I would feel so alone in getting corrected for it. But I didn't have the courage to stand alone and not do it—things that if I actually thought about it, I knew I would regret doing. I didn't think past the peer pressure to the future consequences I would face. I just lived in the momentary experience of “joining in” with others.

I look back now and shake my head at how weak I was. It was so, well, childish I guess. I took those candies from strangers that our father warned us never to do; I cut some of my hair off though I knew my parents liked to have it styled the way they wished—and it stuck out oddly until it grew back; I helped make a big “mural” on the outside of the rented house wall that couldn't be fixed, when we discovered that the paint was chalky and fingernails could make a great media for “relief” style pictures.

The wishing to be part of a “group” can be a courage silencer. It's easy to do the right thing when everyone else says they want to do it as well. But when you are the “odd one out” standing up for what is best, that can take an extra dose of courage.

Now what gives me the will power to do nearly everything alone, it seems, is keeping my mind on what God wishes for. He is the Lord of my life, and in charge of my destiny. I want His will done here and now, as much as is possible.

I've chosen a new and special team to do things together with. No longer can I or should I look to peers to guide me. I have to only look straight up to Heaven, and refer to God's Word for counsel, and allow His angels to whisper to my heart what they would do in my situation. When I am filled with the Holy Spirit, that God promised to send to those who believe in His Son Jesus Christ, then I no longer care what others think or say—at least not care to the point that it changes my commitment to please the One I live my life for, and the One who will reward me when my job here on Earth is done.

Knowing of the angels and spiritual helpers, or as St. Paul says, “The cloud of witnesses” (Hebrews 12:1) who watch us and watch over us, gives me courage to do as they do—choosing to pleasing God and worshiping Him and doing their part to bring His Kingdom and power into our lives, in all the ways possible.

It takes courage to break away from the team efforts that lead us on the wrong path, and to instead stand out to do things differently. I never thought I could have grown into the character I now am, but with Jesus helping me, I can do what I thought was impossible. He gives me humility to do so, and His Spirit helps my pride to vanish day-by-day. Because of this, He can guide me away from tempting situations, and He gives me the voice to speak up for what I know is right for my family and my children. Because of the courage to do what the children and we most need, we enjoy a lot of smiles, peace, wise and healthy children, and plenty of miracles and loving care from our Heavenly Father who is all powerful.

**—Matthew 17:20—**

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain,  
Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

—1—

After a snowstorm, Ray couldn't make a phone call. The phone lines were down due to the storm. However, the moment he decided to step outside and shovel the front walk, the phone rang. It was his brother, and they chatted briefly. When Ray then opened the front door, he found a live electrical wire lying across the path. It had fallen during the moment he was on the phone.

Amazed at the timing, and how his brother's call had saved his life, he wanted to phone him back. However, the phone line didn't work, and remained that way all weekend. On Monday the telephone crew came. When Ray said he'd received one call, they replied "You couldn't have. No one in this area has had telephone service since Friday night. The lines were completely destroyed during the storm." Ray knew Who had temporarily repaired the wires to spare his life.

—Isaiah 59:1—

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.

—2—

Colonel Gracie was aboard the ship *The Titanic* on his way home. His wife was at home and couldn't sleep. She felt something was wrong and began to pray with all her heart for her husband. Finally she felt peace at 5:00 in the morning. During that time, *The Titanic* had its accident and was slowly starting to sink. After helping others get into life boats, not thinking of himself, Colonel Gracie then sank down deep in the icy water along with the ship. But not for long, as suddenly he came to the surface of the water and found himself near an overturned lifeboat. He and others nearby climbed in, happy to get out of the cold water. Soon after, at 5:00 in the morning another life boat came over and helped them all make it to the shore. That is the moment when his wife at home, with no idea what was happening, felt at peace that all was well, because she prayed.

—John 14:27—

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.  
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.



—3—

Mischelle Hileman was stranded in the Oregon wilderness, in subzero temperatures. How did she survive during the week she struggled for life and hoped to be rescued? She prayed for God's help, and He sent it in the form of angels. As darkness fell each night and the temperature dropped dangerously low, two angels appeared on either side of her giving light and emanating warmth. They never spoke and disappeared at daylight, but every night until her rescue these angelic beings of warm light were there to keep her company and sustain her life. "The best way to describe it was two golden bright lights, just in the shape of two people," Mischelle explained.

—Psalm 27:1—

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?  
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When in China as a missionary, the once famous cricket player C.T. Studd helped many to receive joy through knowing about Jesus Christ's love and forgiveness. However, it wasn't easy, and those believers faced resistance and persecution when they attempted to tell others about Jesus. C.T. Studd wrote of one such person:

*"He then said, 'I must go back again and preach this Gospel.' We strongly dissuaded him, but a short time afterwards he escaped and started preaching in the same place. Once more he was brought before the court. They sent him to prison. But the prison had small open windows and holes in the wall. Crowds collected, and he preached out of the windows and holes, till, finding he did more preaching inside the prison than out, they set him free, in despair of ever being able to move one so stubborn and so staunch."*

—John 14:1—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me (Jesus).

—5—

The rent was due for some missionaries' dwelling place and mission base. They received no salary, but worked fulltime for God, helping to bring healing to sad hearts and lives, and comfort to the needy. They wanted and needed to pay the rent on time, but had no idea how it would be covered, as funds were low. First thing in the morning they all met together for prayer. With bold faith they asked God to send them the rent money that morning.

About 10 minutes after they had gone to eat breakfast, a friend knocked on the door. He was all smiles and warmly greeting them, and then handed them a cheque. "God told me to give this to you," he said. The amount written on the cheque was exactly what they needed for the rent—and a bit more! How happy everyone was—both the giver and the receivers. Now they could carry on giving their time to help others.

—Philippians 1:6—

Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

—6—

In the 1960's, a team of Indonesian missionaries asked God to make their travel plans. One day, He told them that they were to cross a certain river. When they reached the river, they found it was deep, rushing, and flooded. It was dangerously impossible to ford it. "The Lord said for us to cross now, and we are supposed to do it. I'm going now!" one man said and stepped into the water. As he walked across, the water never reached past his knees. Those watching him knew it was actually 20-30 feet deep. "You better come now! God is in action now!" he called out. So the entire missionary team followed, making their way across the river by walking on the water one step at a time. Someone else thought he'd try it too—as it looked shallow as the missionaries crossed over, but just one foot in the water nearly drowned him, it was so deep.

—Deuteronomy 28:2—

And all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee,  
if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

—7—

Eric Liddell left his fame in Europe to be a missionary in China. Yet there, at times, he participated in races as well. One time a crowd begged him to run a second race, after he'd won the first one. They didn't know that the boat Eric was to take that day was about to leave. Eric trusted God to help him catch his boat, and chose to make the people happy by running the next race as well. He ran the race and won it, but afterwards needed to then stand and wait respectfully while the national anthem was sung. Finally, he could rush in a taxi to catch his boat. Eric ran out on the wharf, but the boat had already started to leave. However, just then God sent a wave to bring the boat back over to him. He threw his bags onboard and made a big leap. Eric made it safely onto the boat. God helped him in this way, after he had shown kindness and respect to the people of China.

—Romans 8:28—

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,  
to them who are the called according to his purpose.

—8—

A Christian missionary man was in danger as he struggled to ford across a waist-high river. He couldn't swim, and he saw some crocodiles making their way over to him. He knew he was on God's business and had God's protection. Remembering what God said in the Bible gave him faith and boldness over the creatures that were within 3 or 4 feet of him. As he stood there in the river he said, "Crocodiles, in the name of Jesus I command you to leave." The crocodiles came just a foot closer and then swish, they turned around and swam away. The people standing on the shore saw what happened, and what power Jesus Christ—and praying in His name—can have over the animals, said, "We have never seen anything like this. The crocodiles obeyed that man." Those who realised it was the power of Jesus chose to believe in Him.

—Romans 8:31—

If God be for us, who can be against us?

Anana Itap was preaching and teaching about Jesus in Nigeria. Some people were mocking him. He then declared that though it was the rainy season, that instead of the usual rain that fell each day, God would make it be dry weather for four days. And that is exactly what happened! In the places surrounding the village, the rain fell, but in that village no rain came for four days.

God wanted to show a sign to help these people understand that what Anana Itap was saying was true and should be respected and believed. Because of this miracle of the rain stopping, everyone in the village—all but one, that is—chose to believe in the God of all, Who listens to our prayers and has power over the Earth and can change the weather, supernaturally.

—Isaiah 51:12,13—

I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man ... and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth.

—10—

In 1900 when all foreigners and missionaries were forced to leave China, Rosalind and Jonathan Goforth, and their children had to suddenly leave by steamer to Canada. However, the clothes needed for the children had to be hand sewn (without a sewing machine) and completed in a few days. Rosalind prayed. Very soon after, some ladies came and offered to help. They worked hard, and nearly all was finished in time.

While on the steamer Rosalind tried to sew the clothes still needed for the baby—working very early in the morning or late at night. She felt exhausted, and prayed for the Lord to help her. Half an hour later, when they had stopped briefly in Japan, a big bundle was tossed onto the steamer for her. It was sent by a lady that Rosalind had never met. It was full of baby clothes and supplies; just perfectly what was needed!

—Numbers 23:19—

God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent:  
hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?



A survivor of the Civil war 1983 in Sri Lanka, writes:

“We were living in Colombo, the Capital City of Sri Lanka. My late husband was one of the Chief Project Engineers for the Victoria Hydro Power Project, working in the head office in Colombo (Western Province). The project was to build a dam on Mahaweli Ganga to create a hydro power station in a town near Kandy. As a Chief Project Engineer, he used to visit the project site, near Kandy (Central Province) and used to stay in official accommodation near the project site. I was allowed to accompany my late husband on every travel out of town.

“On Friday 21<sup>st</sup> July 1983 we travelled to Kandy by car and stayed at the official residence. We were the only occupants at this time, except for a caretaker. My husband was to visit the project site on Monday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of July 1983. We only had a pocket radio, no TVs, phones (landline or mobile). If he needed to communicate with the site office or the head office, he needed to go there in person.

“On Sunday, 23<sup>rd</sup> July 1983, the care taker came rushing in saying that there are properties being burnt and riots have started in Colombo and warned us not to make any noise or talk in our language. Us being Tamils, the Civil war was between the majority Sinhalese and the minority Tamils. The caretaker was Sinhalese Buddhist, he had every opportunity to betray us to the majority. God has used him to save us; safeguarded us through him. Both our mothers and siblings didn't know where we were or whether we were safe or not for nearly 10 days.

“My husband’s employers at the head office were very worried about our safety. During this time, our house in Colombo was looted and burnt but thank God we were unaware of this. By the Grace of God, the head office sent us a car with security to bring us to Colombo after 10 days, we were only meant to be there for the weekend. My husband’s boss received us at his office and said that we didn’t have a house to go to and that he was happy to put us up for the time being, until we found an accommodation or go to a refugee camp.

“My husband had an uncle living in Colombo and he was prepared to give us accommodation. His house was like a small refugee camp, having 20 of his relatives staying there. His uncle being an Agnostic, we didn’t have a Bible to read, but our prayers were heard. My husband used to live with this uncle before our marriage and he had an old suitcase that was left behind in his uncle’s place. We found an old Bible that was given to my husband for his confirmation!! – I still have this Bible.

“In short, God’s grace has saved us physically from perishing in July 1983, He saved us spiritually by giving us a Bible to read and pray together. This gave us strength to endure a very difficult period in our lives.”

**—Revelations 7:12—**

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

—12—

My mother is one of those “never say die” hearty folks. I’ve lost count of the times it seemed her life was on its last strand. It’s taken her a lot of courage to endure all kinds of medical procedures, operations, bravely bearing pain, and live on to tell the tale. If it weren’t for her fortitude to keep on going, for her children, her husband, and those who love and need her, she could have had ample opportunity to throw in the towel, saying it was all too much. No one would have blamed her. But she’s chosen to grab on to life with both hands, feet, heart and teeth and not let it go, no matter what it cost her. Now in my mid-forties, I can still enjoy the comfort of knowing I have parents—both of them, and still together, holding on to the Lord to keep them.

On October 29<sup>th</sup>, 2009 I was being prepared to go through with my third C-section delivery, and was starting to melt down. I greatly disliked the feeling of getting my body tampered with. My mother was with me, and because of all she had been through medically she could hold my hand and say with tears, “Look at me... I know what you are feeling.” It gave me the courage to endure what faced me. I know God has a great reward for my mother for doing the brave thing, and holding on, when to hold on to life meant more struggles and challenges would need to be faced. It’s love that gives the courage to do so. I think only a God-given love could be strong enough to do that.

—2 Corinthians 1:3,4—

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble.

—13—

At a university one day the professor intending to embarrass anyone that raised his or her hand, asked if any of the student's considered themselves to be Christians. There were around 200 students, and no one lifted a finger to proclaim their faith. However, there was one young man who bravely answered the challenge. He held up his hand and said, "Yes, I am a Christian."

After he was first made to stand in front of the class, the assaulting question was hurled by the professor, "How could you be so stupid to believe that God became a man and lived here on earth? That's ridiculous. Besides, I read the Bible and it didn't say a thing to me." Unflinching, with a wit and boldness that God's Spirit gives, the student replied, "Sir, the Bible is God's letter to Christians. If you didn't understand it, that's what you get for reading somebody else's mail!"

—Joshua 1:9—

Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage;  
be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

—14—

My husband and I decided—after much prayer—that for family reasons it would be best to move back to Australia. He hadn't lived there for about 30 years while doing missionary work overseas. We took the plunge. That was a very courageous move for him. He had no income, no savings, no house, no references from landlords to help us with renting, no job, and a family with three little children to support.

Friends made room for us in their houses for the first month while we tried to find a house. Then miracles all happened. A lovely little house was available, and we were accepted as tenants. A job opened up just a ten-minute walk away from home. Furniture was donated by friends to get us started on setting up. We have had all our needs met, and beyond. Now, eight years later, we are still happy and healthy and going stronger than ever. God truly takes care of His own.

—1 Samuel 12:22—

For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake:  
because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.

—15—

If we reach the end of our rope of hope, and feel no strength to hold on, is all really lost? One man needed to reach the bottom of a well, and selected the rope he was sure was the right length. He lowered himself down, but to his dismay, fear gripped him as he reached the end of the rope and still did not feel the ground beneath his feet. How much deeper the well went, he didn't know. Visions of falling far down into the darkness and smashing himself on the rocky bottom, put him in a state of near panic.

After holding on for as long as he could, at last his grip had to give way to gravity, and he fell—just three inches! When it seems you've reached the end, and there are no positive alternatives, no one else to turn to, you can let go and allow your whole being, your all, to fall onto the firm rock of Jesus. He'll put the support under you that you need, help you finish the task, and provide a way for you to reach the place of light and joy again.

—Matthew 21:22—

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

—16—

Dwight L. Moody said, on the topic of life's closure:

"Someday you will read in the papers that D.L. Moody of Northfield is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone higher, that is all--out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal, a body that sin cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body fashioned like His glorious body. I was born in the flesh in 1837; I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die; that which is born of the Spirit will live forever."

—John 10:28—

(Jesus said:) And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish,  
neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

—17—

During the great Plague in London, Lord Craven thought to move for awhile from the town to live in his country home. When packing up his carriage, he heard one of his servants, who knew not the Christian faith, say sincerely, "Since my Lord Craven leaves London for fear of the plague, his God must live in the country, I suppose."

When the noble man overheard these words, a new thought struck him. He had learned something in that moment, and said to himself, "My God is truly everywhere. He can keep me safe in town as well as in the country. Jesus, pardon my mistrust." Instead of leaving town, he remained in London and helped many sick ones who were alone and helpless. God preserved this man, and the plague did not harm him.

—Revelations 11:17—

We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come;  
because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.



—18—

While walking at the beach a very large dog suddenly left sitting with his owners and started running across the sand up to my youngest son and fiercely barking, nearly to the point of biting—for no apparent reason. There were several other people around. It was as if my boy was singled out for some unimaginable reason. He was up ahead several meters from me, and the one holding his hand was looking at the waves, and enjoying the scenery, sounds, and air, and was unaware of the danger the boy was suddenly in. I made a dash for it, running swiftly towards this large angry dog. I called on Jesus to help, and with authority that His Spirit gives I loudly and sternly rebuked him, and commanded that in Jesus' name he go back to his masters immediately. He did just that, thank God. They had not called him back, but the dog got the message loud and clear by God's Spirit, what he was meant to do. "He's never done this before; why has he behaved this way to this child all of a sudden?" they asked me, quite shaken. I told them they needed Jesus Christ to help control their dog; it was a spiritual thing that had come over him—the age-old conflict darkness always has against light. They listened. Then we carried on our walk, unafraid; we were under the Lord's protection.

—Psalms 9:10—

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Matthew C. Brush said:

"I was very sensitive to [criticism] in my early days. I was eager then to have all the employees in the organization think I was perfect. If they didn't, it worried me. I would try to please first one person who had been sounding off against me; but the very thing I did to patch it up with him would make someone else mad. Then when I tried to fix it up with this person, I would stir up a couple of other bumblebees. I finally discovered that the more I tried to pacify and to smooth over injured feelings in order to escape personal criticism, the more certain I was to increase my enemies. So finally I said to myself, 'If you get your head above the crowd, you're going to be criticized. So get used to the idea.' That helped me tremendously. From that time on I made it a rule to do the very best I could and then put up my old umbrella and let the rain of criticism drain off me instead of run down my neck."

—Deuteronomy 31:6—

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them:  
for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee.

—20—

God sent me an angel to help me, appearing in human form and vanishing when the task was completed. One day circumstances found me in a new city, in a place that wasn't safe for a young lady to go around alone. I didn't speak the language, I had no way to get around the city nor the sense of direction or knowledge to do so by public transportation, and I had to take care of timely paperwork for the first time on my own before leaving the country—getting it all done in 1 or 2 days. I had little money—just enough for the business at hand.

I stepped out on the sidewalk, feeling like I was Peter walking on the water to Jesus. It was a thrill being so totally at the mercy of God and committing myself to Him. I made my way to a bus stop, with just a card in hand of the place I needed to go. Then God sent an angel to conduct me. This man then took me to the right bus, paid the fare, travelled with me, located the hard-to-find building, waited until I was done getting the needed photos taken, then got me on the next right bus to make my way home. When walking towards the final connecting bus to board it I turned to where he was standing, and he had vanished. I was the Lord's child and dependent on Him to assist me.

—Psalms 91:11-12—

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.  
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

—21—

Many years ago a missionary family with six children were on their way further south, in South America. They were waiting for money which had been promised from overseas. Time dragged on and it still hadn't come. A new team that arrived in that small city wished to help this family financially. They needed \$200, which was about one third of the available funds of the newly arrived missionary team. However, when they prayed and asked the Lord what to do, they were reminded of the scriptures in the Bible that say to share and give, and God will then help you and give back to you. So they took the large family the needed funds. The next day in the mail, that new team unexpectedly got a check for \$4,000 from one of their relatives. God kept His word. This gift was used by them in their Christian and charitable efforts, helping many people.

—Psalms 144:15—

Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

—22—

Do you feel bound, as if you are held in an invisible prison? Echoes of, “No, this; and no that; nor the other; impossible; can’t do it now; it won’t work ever...” seem to answer back, as if bouncing off walls that surround you. But when God has a plan, wonderful things can happen. The prison walls of the abandoned Fort Alcan, in Canada, were discovered by miners and settlers to not be made of the iron they appeared to be. Rather the walls, painted to resemble imposing and impenetrable material, were in fact nothing more than wallboard made of clay and paper! They could have simply been tackled, and a way to freedom would have opened. No one ever tried it, however. They simply took things at face value. So, likewise, when it’s God’s will we can break out and do what seems insurmountable, and beyond our personal abilities or inclination; something that might go against the limits that we have thought our lives to have.

—John 15:7—

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

—23—

A grandmother's old unused grindstone came in handy one day. Sometimes it was a mystery just where food was going to come from—for her and her granddaughter. But she knew the Bible and trusted the Lord to provide. The Bible tells of one time when Jesus was being taunted by the tempter to satisfy His personal hunger by using His power from God to turn stones into bread. Jesus rebuked the evil one and said that it is primarily God's Word that gives life, not food alone.

On one morning, when the lady and little girl had nothing to eat, the table was set anyway, and then they prayed for God to supply the food. There was a knock just then at the door. A man wanted to buy an old grindstone! So he did, and with that money, food was purchased and set out for breakfast! God, in His special way, chose to turn "a stone into bread" for these ones that loved His Word.

—Luke 12:24—

Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn;  
and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

—24—

What made the foreman tell his team of men to wait before removing a tree they were commissioned to? These hardy workers noticed a robin's nest in it, with the mother sitting on her eggs, and something inside them was touched. I think somewhere at the bottom of the nest was the clue—the clue card to answer that question. This mother bird, in collecting bits and pieces to line her nest with had picked up a Sunday school card with the words on it, "We trust in the Lord our God." Indeed their Creator had kept an eye on them, for when the baby birds hatched and were being fed by their mother, still the workmen waited.

When the nest was empty, and the birds had all flown away, then and only then, was the instruction given to remove the tree, so that the road could be widened. It was then that the card was discovered in the nest. If the birds are cared for, and in their own way can trust in the God that made them, so can we, who Jesus said, are of much greater value to Him.

—Psalms 32:7—

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;  
thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

—25—

What does the word “believe” mean? In Greek it means to “drink in”. Perhaps each language and culture has a slightly different way of expressing the idea. John G. Paton was translating the Bible into a language that seemed to have no equivalent for that word. One day at last it came to him. As he was working, a native entered the room very tired and sat exhausted in one chair and rested his feet on another. The man expressed how good it felt to “lean his whole weight” on the chairs. That was it! Dr. Paton noted the word used for “lean his whole weight”. He knew then what to use as the word for “believe”. When we believe in Jesus, and trust Him with our life and all, we are putting our full weight on Him. We can trust Him to uphold us, take the weight off our shoulders, and give us peace in our soul.

—Psalms 33:21—

Our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.



—26—

I wasn't particularly looking forward to having my 3<sup>rd</sup> C-section delivery. Recovery from the last one left vivid memories of acute pain to the unbearable level—mostly, I found out now, from the effects of what was given to take away the pain. Pain and physical discomfort in some form seemed to be a daily, or nightly occurrence in my life since starting on the path of childbearing, and in dealing with the health challenges of my children. I was weary and worn physically and emotionally at that stage in life and parenthood. Then came Heaven's break for me.

To the great surprise of the doctor, after only one day in the hospital following the surgical delivery, I was able to be released and return to home—because I simply had no pain at all! The baby and I were in perfect health, and with bodies functioning as they should. I continued to heal very rapidly, and before too long I resumed fulltime care of all three of my children, day and night. They were happy to be all together receiving the motherly care needed.

—1Thessalonians 5:16,18—

Rejoice evermore. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

—27—

George Matheson heard that he was going blind. As a result, his fiancé ended their engagement. He turned to Jesus Christ for comfort, and wrote:

"O love that will not let me go! I rest my weary soul on Thee." And, "O joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee: I trace the rainbow through the rain."

He also said,

"There are times when things look very dark to me—so dark that I have to wait even for hope. A long-deferred fulfillment carries its own pain, but to wait for hope, to see no glimmer of a prospect and yet refuse to despair; to have nothing but night before the casement and yet to keep the casement open for possible stars; to have a vacant place in my heart and yet to allow that place to be filled by no inferior presence—that is the grandest patience in the universe."

—Psalms 27:14—

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

—28—

Disaster struck Galveston, Texas, when a hurricane brought terrible and destructive flooding. Something big needed to be done. George W. Boschke was the engineer who then built a gigantic sea wall to protect the city from future floods. He did his best to make it in such a way that it would stand through the fiercest of weather and water conditions.

One day, some greatly disturbing news reached him. A telegram was handed to him stating that the Galveston sea wall had been washed away by a second furious hurricane. He read the message, yet was unperturbed. Mr. Boschke said, “This telegram is a black lie. I built that wall to stand,” and smiling he continued about his work, not allowing rumors to upset him. And he was right, as he found out later. Although there had been a hurricane as severe as the one that flooded the city before, Mr. Boschke’s sea wall had not been moved.

—Psalms 18:2—

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust;  
my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

My 3-year-old boy was on his bike, and hadn't gotten used to using the brakes yet—or didn't think he needed them just then. He was suddenly headed straight down the short, sloped driveway that led to the road. I couldn't reach out to help him as I was holding the stroller with the baby in it. I couldn't let it roll on down too. A van was rapidly approaching and passing our driveway. The timing of it all was supernatural. My boy did roll right out onto the road, in the exact place where the van drove. Miraculously, the van passed right in front of him, a fraction of a second before the bike touched the road. Bike first it would have been the end; but van first, we were safe. I could secure the stroller by then and pull the boy quickly off the road.

Every day of motherhood is one of courage and challenging situations. Little lives depend on us stepping up to meet what comes at us. And when we don't quite have enough arms to meet every emergency, it's always wonderful to see the answers to our prayers played out before our very eyes, as God sends His timely and miraculous help.

—Psalms 23:6—

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

—30—

I was always painfully shy all my growing up years. When I was a young adult it still gripped me, even with people I knew. One time I heard that the manager of a Christian organization would soon be visiting. I had heard him speaking before, in a group, and always admired his deep love for the Lord, and the wise things he said. I could really use some encouragement at that time in my life. I was of course way too shy to ask for an individual time like that; and with such a busy and important man as he. But when I woke one morning, the Lord brought to my mind Psalm 84:11. Through it, the Lord was saying that if what I was requesting was a good thing for me, God would work it out.

I confided in the secretary working out the meetings. She knew me and some of my struggles and thought it was a great idea. She then arranged it all for me. Just getting myself to ask for what I felt I needed spiritually and emotionally, took great courage. But because I had God's Word encouraging me, I was able to do it. The time spent communicating, and communing with the Lord together with this man of God had a great impact on me. It gave me wings to carry on serving the Lord, and continued to help break the bands of crippling shyness. Today one could never tell from the way I am now, what I used to be like. God's Word and obedience to it, empowers us and changes us.

—Psalms 84:11—

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory:  
no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

—31—

When Bishop Bashford was on one of his Episcopal tours in China, he was in need of a place to sleep. Being unable to stay in the hotel, left him the only remaining option to sleep outside under a tree. He had been warned of the danger of doing so, for troublesome folks with evil intent were often on the prowl at night in that area. As Bishop Bashford attempted to get rest, he found himself instead very wakeful, trying to be alert, aware and watchful should any danger be approaching. At last he was reminded of the words King David wrote in the book of Psalms, how God is awake all the time and watching over us. He then said to the Lord, "There is no use both of us being awake," and peacefully went to sleep, and indeed was safe all night.

—2 Samuel 22:31—

As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all them that trust in him.

—32—

Eugene and Sandy Thomas were missionaries in Africa, and were returning from Bangui to their Bible students—by motorboat. When they were about 150 miles from their destination, all of a sudden their outboard motor burned out and was completely unusable. The hot sun was overwhelming, and there was no one who could help. Sandy led in a prayer for a miracle.

Eugene had looked at the completely burned out motor and knew it was impossible for it to ever work again, but after prayer he decided to give it a try. He pulled the rope on the motor, and to their happy relief and amazement it started! They were able to get all the way to their destination on that God-powered motor. “This motor is burned out. You couldn’t have used this boat,” some said while inspecting it when Eugene and Sandy had safely returned home. But indeed they had used that very boat!

—Ephesians 5:20—

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

—33—

In 1997, in Papua New Guinea, there was a severe drought. The lack of rain could be noticed in that the rivers were so dry that someone could just walk across the riverbeds. A lady named Donna Arukua travelled with her team to a village that was far from the nearest river. The well there only had a little water in it, and that was getting lower every day. By the time this lady arrived there was just mud at the bottom of the well, and it was dry by the evening.

The villagers asked the leader of the team, prophet Kindiwa, to pray for water. The next morning, a woman needing water for her family, looked in the well and discovered a wonderful surprise! The well was full of clear water, filled right up to the top. It was not muddy or murky, like it usually was. The only time this well water was clear before, was during the rainy season, yet it hadn't rained for months.

—1 John 3:22—

And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments,  
and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.



—34—

Fog and clouds and drizzling rain had prevented Captain Crosby from checking his ship's position with a quadrant. Captain Crosby prayed for the Lord to make the sun shine in a clear blue sky, with all clouds rolled away, at 12 o'clock midday. This was the only way he could check their ship's position with the quadrant. At 11 o'clock in the morning it was still very drizzly and cloudy, Captain Crosby prayed again.

At ten minutes to 12:00 the weather was the same, but he waited on the Lord for a few more minutes. Right at 12 o'clock the mist rolled away as if by an invisible hand pushing it, and the sun shone clearly from a blue sky! Captain Crosby was so amazed! In awe, using the sun he checked their position and found that they were still on course. Then as soon as he finished, the clouds rolled back again, and the drizzling rain resumed, as it had been doing all day.

—Psalms 40:1—

I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

—35—

A factory owner chose to receive Jesus as his Saviour and read the Bible, and since then he has seen the Lord do many special miracles for him. His factory is located in an industrial area that has about 150 different factories. When a big cyclone hit bringing much damage and loss, this particular area was deeply flooded. Only four factories were spared from the water and storm damage, and this man's factory was one of them. It was located six feet above sea level, and the water reached five-and-a-half feet above sea level and then stopped rising! He knew who had saved them, and told his workers it was because he had prayed to Jesus that his factory was spared, and that they should thank Him! This man then brought all the food he could from his own home and gave it away to others in the area who were in great need because of the storm.

—Psalms 55:22—

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

—36—

For a year, every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, some Italian Christian volunteer workers went to pick up food donated by a Catholic food centre. One Wednesday morning, after praying, a team member felt strongly that the food pick-up should be done in the morning instead—for no apparent reason. Thankfully, they followed this protective leading of God, and everything went well. In the late afternoon, however, they received a phone call from the food centre. The lady in charge of the centre said that a huge, heavy elevator that was being used to repair the building came crashing to the ground. When? At 4 o'clock that afternoon. This occurred right in the place where they always parked—and they would have been there on that very day, had they not been willing to make the God-prompted change in their routine.

—Psalms 94:22—

But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.

—37—

A team in the Galapagos islands were working on building a church. They had to first of all prepare the foundation for the building. They needed sand to mix the concrete for this foundation. However, they found out that there was no sand on this island. The other option was to grind up the igneous (volcanic) rock with a machine, to use that in place of sand. But at that time the rock grinders were not functioning. What could they do? Well, they could keep digging out the place for the foundation for the building, and trust that God would supply what they needed. God blessed their faith and gave them the sand! As they were digging they suddenly found sand in the ground. It was a sand mine! Every time they dug out a shovel full of sand, more sand filled the place. God had provided what they needed to do the job. God owns the world and can supply us with anything that is needed, as we do our best to work hard in our service for Him.

—Habakkuk 3:18—

I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

—38—

Eric Liddell was a Scottish man, born in China to his missionary parents. As a young man in Scotland he had great skill in running and winning races. More than liking to run, Eric loved Jesus each day, and especially on Sunday. He told people he would not compete in races on that day. One time an important race was held on Sunday, and people thought for sure Eric would participate. However, Eric kept his promise, and spent time with the Lord instead of racing. God blessed him for this, by doing a miracle for him.

The next race he entered he ended up having to run in the hardest lane. Then, just several strides into the race Eric was knocked to the ground, while the other runners ran far ahead of him. It might have seemed impossible for him to win the race, yet he got up again and kept running. With God's help, he miraculously ran even harder and faster than ever. He then passed up all the other runners and won the race! He was six yards ahead of anyone else when he crossed the finish line!

—Deuteronomy 33:25—

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

—39—

Some children lived near a forest. In the spring, the flowers were blooming. They liked to pick the flowers. One day they walked into the forest to pick flowers. But the children went too far. They didn't know how to get back home. What should they do? The older sister remembered what their mother had told them, "If you ever need help, just ask Jesus and He will help you!" So the children knelt down and prayed for Jesus to help them find their way home.

After they had prayed, a little bird hopped down on the ground nearby. One of the boys wanted to hold it and reached out to pick it up. The bird seemed so friendly. But the bird kept hopping forward! The children began to follow it. It was a fun game. After a while, the children looked up and saw they were out of the forest. They could see their house! Jesus had sent the bird to lead them home.

—Joshua 1:5—

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

—40—

An African chief, from the southern part of Africa was beginning to get the idea that the prayers of Christians can have a good effect, and that God answered their prayers. The area he was living in was suffering from a drought and desperately needed rain. This chief decided to ask the missionaries to pray for rain. The missionaries prayed that God would not only send the needed rain right then, but that it would convince those living there, as well as the chief, that what they had been teaching them about Jesus was true. That very night there came such a strong downpour of rain that the roads became rivers of water. The chief was then convinced that there was truth in the words of the missionaries, and the God they served was real and powerful, and was the true God. He then respected the message they came to give.

—Psalms 20:6—

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;  
he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

—41—

A mother and her children in a time of civil unrest and danger, had to flee and travel quickly from Czechoslovakia to Berlin, Germany. There were thousands of other refugees all walking and travelling. There wasn't much water, and they were often hungry and thirsty. At night they would have to sleep out in the open. One night when it was raining heavily, thankfully just then they came to a railway station, and found shelter there. The baby was crying, however, and was in need of food. The mother did not have anything to give her baby, but God knew their need and would help.

Suddenly a kind woman appeared nearby and came towards them saying, "This little baby is hungry, that is why she won't sleep." Then within 20 minutes she came back with a bottle of warm milk and gave it to the mother for her baby. This woman was never seen again—could she have been an angel in the night? Then when this family reached the border, by some wonderful miracle, someone special was there.

The father of this family had been searching diligently for them, and they hadn't heard from each other in a long while. Then at that time and on that day, he was right there at the border and spotted his family. It was a joyful reunion, and they could then travel together. With the daddy's clever help it was a bit easier, and they made it safely to where they were to live, in Germany. The Lord kept each one of them through that difficult time.

—Psalms 23:1—

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.



A doctor was determined to find out why mothers were getting ill and dying, after giving birth to babies in his hospital. He knew it wasn't right, and that something needed to change. People had forgotten, or were never taught the tips for good health and hygiene that the Bible teaches. The people working at the hospital would not wash their hands, especially after touching other ill patients, or those that had passed away. Finally this doctor realised this was the cause of the trouble and told people so. "You need to wash your hands and be clean before going to help mothers deliver their babies," he let them know.

When this advice was followed, it saved so many lives. However, many people thought it was a crazy idea, that just washing their hands was the solution to better health. They wouldn't let him work in that hospital anymore, and eventually he was forced to stay in a place for those mentally ill. But this doctor never recanted what he knew was true and right. He had strong conviction on what he believed, and told as many people as he could. He wanted to save lives, and didn't care what people said about him. Thankfully, now, people follow this good advice and wash their hands. Now the babies can have their mothers, healthy and well, to care for them.

—Psalms 119:114—

Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word.

Years ago a Chinese woman found the joy of her life, and came to know Jesus as her saviour. She learned what she could from the Bible and was happy in her faith. She lived in a nice big house with her parents. Then trouble hit. Being a Christian was punished; as well as being educated or being wealthy at all. The house was taken from them, and she was brought to trial for her Christian faith. Many people looked on in the large stadium, while she stood there and was humiliated in different ways, while those judging her tried to get her to deny Jesus and promise to turn away from God. But she wouldn't. "I love Jesus, and will serve him for the rest of my life," she declared. So she was sentenced to a life-long job of sewer-gutter cleaning, using a rake to clean out the filth. And this she did, holding her love for Jesus, and His love for her of more value than her reputation or comfort. Thirty years later some brave Christian visitors found out about her and met her. She was smiling and radiant. God had given her grace and joy, in even the hard circumstances. All she wanted was to be able to have and hold and read a Bible once again. God answered her prayer, and someone visiting had some Bibles. However, they would be in big trouble if they gave any of them away to the Chinese. But with skill, a solution was found. Portions of each of the Bibles were removed, and sewn together, so as to create one full Bible for the woman. When these people brought the Bible, along with some clothes and money for the poor woman, she was overjoyed. She didn't care about the money or the clothes, just about God's Word that she could at last read again. She said, "Go back to your country and tell them the answer is found in this book—God's Word." All the answers to all of our problems, all the solutions to our most trying situations, is found in the book of books, the Bible.

—Psalms 145:19—

[The Lord] will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

Scientist Mark Armitage was hired as a microscopist, to manage CSUN's electron and confocal microscope suite in 2010. Then in 2012 an amazing discovery was made under his microscope—one that cost him his job. He had gone to a dinosaur dig in Montana, and he unearthed the largest triceratops horn ever found there. The fossil was carefully inspected by Mark Armitage and found to contain unfossilized, undecayed tissue. This dinosaur wasn't very old at all, to still contain soft tissue. He wasn't the first one to find such evidence of a young earth, within the remains of dinosaurs. It was an astounding—and scary—find to many who had been convinced that the Earth had merely evolved over millions of years. This discovery brings us back to the truth of a young and created Earth, just as the Bible tells us is the case. Those wishing to suppress all scientific findings that expose the error-filled teachings (as an attempt to push God out of the picture as the designer and Creator of the world) did what many others have done and fired the scientist. But he knew what he had seen under his microscope, and would not hide the truth, even if it cost him his place at the company. After bravely fighting a long law suit, for a couple of years, for the rights of scientists to be able to say the facts they discover, the company decided to settle it out of court and pay Armitage a sum of money to leave peacefully, and stop pursuing the matter. They feared the cost of fighting it in court, and feared losing the case. Armitage agreed; glad to be able to move on and use his time elsewhere. He held firm in his convictions, stated the truth, even though it cost him so much time and life disruption. For the proper progress of genuine scientific discovery, he knew it was worth the fight.

—Joshua 21:45—

There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken.

As part of the enforced learning program of a school in Eastern Germany many years ago, the communist teacher made the children stand and say, "There is no God." One brave eight-year-old girl from a Christian home refused to do so. She knew this would dishonor the true God she loved and worshiped, and who was caring for her family during these difficult times. Even though the teacher threatened her with punishment if she didn't do it, she had courage and refused to chant what she knew to be a blatant lie. Punishment came. The teacher demanded that the girl go home and write out fifty times, "There is no God" and give the paper to the teacher the next day. Tired and tearfully, with aching fingers the little girl sat that night and wrote out, line after line, until reaching fifty times: "Es gibt doch ein Gott"--"There is a God!"

When she turned her paper in the next day, of course the teacher was very angry and yelled out, mercilessly: "When you go home write five hundred times, 'There is no God,' or else!" and if not, then worse punishment would be given. Of course that wasn't a realistic request—there wasn't enough time in an evening to do so; the girl needed rest and food, time with her family, and time to help her mother. Besides, she knew it was terribly wrong and would have very negative consequences if she were to declare that horrible statement—as she could see the bad results in the country and children around her, from such teachings. Disturbed by this situation, the family prayed that night for God to help them.

The next day, the father and the little girl went to the superintendent of the school and told him what had happened. He couldn't imagine sending his daughter into a teacher that was abusive and using their position to enforce wrong ideas on children, and punishing them if they didn't fall in line.

However, a sobering situation had occurred, "Don't worry," he said to the little girl. "Your teacher died last night in a motorcycle accident. The matter is settled. You can go to your class." She was no longer in trouble, though sad that the teacher hadn't turned to God before it was too late. But her heart was thankful that she hadn't given in to the pressure to go against what she knew was right, and she hoped that the poor victims of communism's faith-destroying tactics would also stand up for the truth, even in the face of threats and trouble.

**—1 John 4:4—**

Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them:  
because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.

A lady in the Philippines had reached the end of her rope. Single, with a four-year-old daughter, and more bills and financial pressure than she could cope with, didn't wish to live another day. Wonderfully, when at her lowest, some missionaries came by and visited her. The timing was perfect. "Could you adopt my daughter? ... I just can't go on another day..." she asked, opening up to them what depths of despair she was in. The Christian missionaries were able to encourage her and help her find what she really needed—to let Jesus speak to her, and take care of her problems.

Rather than giving up, the lady chose the courageous step and carried on, with the daily encouragement of her Christian friends. As she stopped listening to the voice of despair and its deadly ideas, she spoke with and listened to God. Sometime later the Christian friends just happened to see her at a mall. Her life was vastly different. She was now a happy and well-off lady. People had given her support, and then she was able to start up a good business. She was glad she didn't give up, but learned to change the channels of what and who she was listening to. She found out that listening instead to God's voice, and His promises in the Bible; as well as benefiting from the prayers of others, had changed everything for good—for her and her daughter.

—Isaiah 40:31—

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

—47—

It can be shocking and terrifying to suddenly find out, from one day to the next, that your child has become seriously ill and has only a day or two to live. Some, rather than turning to the Lord in humble desperation, vent anger at the only One Who can help in such an impossible situation. One father, after lashing out all his feelings in some sort of prayer, received such love back in return from the Lord who heard and cared.

As Mr. Stevenson drove to the hospital to see his six-year-old son, for what could be the last time, wonderfully and completely unexpectedly he felt the understanding and very real presence of God. He found out, from that moment alone with God in the car, what God really was like—or more like an invitation to get to know Him. When Mr. Stevenson reached his son’s hospital bed, he laid his hands on the boy’s kidneys that had completely shut down with serious infection. “God, please heal him, or take him—whatever you do I will trust is best. I have peace. But please do it now.”

Almost as soon as his prayer was uttered, there was a visible sign of the kidneys functioning again. By the next morning, the x-rays showed no signs of infection or marks or anything wrong whatsoever with his kidneys—nor any signs that something had even been wrong. The doctors and nurses were so puzzled, and had to finally realise that a sudden and instant miracle had taken place. God was real and was to be trusted, no matter what happened.

—Psalms 31:23—

O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful.

A small plane flown by Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, parents of two young children, had gone missing. They were said to be stranded somewhere between Custer, South Dakota, and Salt Lake City. The many flying rescue missions that had been sent out, had given up trying to find them. It was freezing cold, there was much snow, and there was little hope this couple did or would yet survive. George, a student pilot couldn't get them out of his mind. He prayed, "Dear God, if they're still alive, send someone to them so they will be able to get back to their family." That night George had a vivid dream, three times, of just where they were awaiting a rescue. The dream showed Painter's Basin and Gilbert Peak. Was he to be the one to answer the prayers? When morning came he knew what he was meant to do. He took off in a small plane and flew to the area the dream indicated. It was a dangerous and unwise thing to do, but the voice in his heart told him to "go". The wind was frightening him, and without seeing any sign of the plane, he was about to turn back. Just then he saw it—just like in the dream. A red plane, and two people were waving for help. After indicating to the survivors that he saw them—with wigwagging of his wings—he headed back and phoned the Civil Air Patrol. Within an hour he was helping to guide an air team to drop food and supplies to the Dykes. George, along with the hiking rescue parties, then travelled on foot through snow drifts and fierce wind for 24 hours to reach the stranded couple, at 12,000 feet, on a ridge near Gilbert Peak. The couple had survived for those days without food or warm enough clothing, and the altitude prevented a fire being started for warmth. "It's like a dream come true!" Mrs. Dykes said, amid the hugs of gratitude to their rescuers. "Yes," replied George. Indeed it was.

—Psalms 34:9—

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.



The pains in my husband’s chest and heart seemed to reach a peak one night while away from home, sleeping on a foldout couch of relatives. What was it? Why had this been going on, in some way or another, for a couple of years? Doctors had no answers. Was it a heart attack, this time? A real one? It seemed one of the triggers was the weight of condemnation that laid heavily on his heart for troubles in the past resulting in consequences beyond his control. Yet still he blamed himself. He knew all the scriptures in the Bible on God’s forgiveness, but for some reason just couldn’t let go of it. Something or someone was holding him in torment. As I laid my hands on his chest I could nearly feel the presence of the “accuser of the saints” as God’s enemy is called. He was plaguing my husband with these feelings of unnecessary remorse, resulting in terrible physical pains. I’d had enough of this nonsense. I had tried to encourage changes in healthy living, and he was doing his best to improve things with diet and exercise and all. But what was harming him from the unseen realm, we needed the help of Jesus Christ, Who not only heals, but forgives all, and defeats the spiritual enemy every time. I commanded, repeatedly, aloud in prayer that this condemnation would leave, immediately, and have no part on my dear one’s heart. I rebuked the evil force trying to hold him captive against God’s will. I was not going to put up with this treatment. And it happened! At wonderful, long last! At that moment my husband had this wonderful experience of feeling Jesus so near and forgiving him for all, and lifting the weight that had been on his heart. A heavenly sensation came over him, and all pain stopped. It vanished completely, as he rested in peace for the rest of the night.

—Psalms 147:3—

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Donald Shaffer, volunteer scuba diver, received a call one night summoning his help in a rescue mission. Just above Swallow Falls, in the Backbone Mountain area of western Maryland, a boy had been scooped up by the raging current and swept over the falls into a whirlpool forty feet (over 13 metres) deep. The search the day before had so far been unsuccessful, however with a team of divers, perhaps the boy could be found. Mr. Shaffer and his volunteer team reached the falls by sun up. The situation looked daunting and dangerous. The falls were over 3 meters high and about 30 meters across cascading down into the river, and near the middle of the stream was a whirlpool, sucking and twirling around. Not something you want to get caught in.

None of the men felt very brave, nor knew exactly what to do or where to start. But pushing their misgivings aside and donning courage they began attempting to swim under the falls. After many tries, Mr. Shaffer made it through to stand on a rock, but the rope locked on a rock, and he had to let it go. He was under the falls now with no way of easily getting out—and the team members having no idea what had happened to him as the empty rope now dangled. Then came the wonderful sight—the boy was there, alive and at peace, resting on a rock. Perhaps he had been swept up there by the whirlpool, or perhaps God had just safely placed him there. He was cold and wet, and it was dark, but he was fine.

This boy loved Jesus and knew how to pray. When he met his rescuer, Mr. Shaffer, knowing that they both seemed trapped in the situation said:

“We're going to ask God to get us out.” The boy immediately did so, and said a prayer.

Getting out was going to be a challenge, especially, as the boy had no air tank, and the only way to get out with all the diving equipment was to swim right through the full force of the falls, and out to the river—and hope to miss the whirlpool. But with supernatural strength that Mr. Shaffer felt, and the amazing peace that the boy felt, the mission was successful.

It wasn't long before the cheers of the team of rescuers was heard, as they saw the boy surfacing, followed by Mr. Shaffer. They missed the whirlpool by inches! The boy (Richard Bouchard), and Mr. Shaffer came out of the water knowing that God heard their plea and gave them the courage to find their way out.

**—Proverbs 3:5—**

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

—51—

A friend of mine took a journey to the small town of Zermatt, Switzerland, years ago and wrote, “If you go to the local art gallery between 5-6 p.m., there you should be able to meet a mountain guide named, Ulrich Inderbinen who has just turned 103. He no longer climbs, his last ascent was at 95 when he climbed a mountain of over 4,000 meters. He proved how adventurous he is when he took up ski racing when he was in his 80s.”

One story was told how a certain young German climber at first refused to climb with him, saying, “I’m not going up with that old man, I’ll end up having to carry him.” However, a day later, the same man staggered down the mountain again, claiming that Ulrich’s hiking speed had worn him out. Ulrich was said to have joked: “Perhaps you should get an older guide next time.”

Ulrich Inderbinen gave the following thoughts, “[When we were young] my 2 brothers, 6 sisters, and I prayed, walked, and worked. It was a hard life. We were very poor; the whole village was poor. But it was a good, simple life. Everyone knew everyone else. I have no idea how I got to be 100 years of age, but I no longer know any stress. For sure I have no fear of death. I have lived a full and happy life. My only fear is to slip on the ice outside. Why should I be afraid? When I look over the obituary there is no one from my high school class written there. I have been a mountain guide for 70 years. My walking pace is slow. It is great to climb mountains. On the mountain, people become better. You are closer to the Lord and paradise.”

—Proverbs 3:6—

In all thy ways acknowledge [the Lord], and he shall direct thy paths.

Joe and Sandy set out for a lovely day sailing—until everything went wrong. Their centreboard was damaged in the sand they ran into; they lost their anchor when it wasn't secured and the line slipped with it all the way in the water. When stormy wind hit them and they put down the sails, a fitting was knocked loose and they lost the halyard that was needed to raise it later. Wild waves and wind drove them. Rowing was of no avail. There was a way to set up the sail again, but calm water was needed to do it. Parched in the sun and thirsty, and very seasick as they were jostled about, Sandy was reminded of a story—when Jesus calmed the waves. The two of them then prayed to Jesus for help. The God who could calm the sea then, could do so again now. The trust in their dog's eyes, because he was with his masters, gave them the courage to trust in God, who was with them as well. Within five minutes the waves and wind had ceased, and the sail could be set up. "We're ready for an east wind now, Lord," they requested, and then it came. All that night Joe sat up piloting the boat and on it sailed, with the east wind God had sent. Then it stopped. Sandy and Joe were exhausted, very thirsty, and didn't know what to do next. Praying for the miracle of assistance to be complete, they looked up and saw a cross, a white cross, coming to them over the water. As it neared they could see it was a yacht! This vessel had set its course on sophisticated electronic navigation equipment, yet for some reason there was an eighteen-mile alteration—just what was needed to meet up with a desperate and praying Sandy and Joe. The vacationing family in the yacht welcomed the two aboard and offered refreshments. God had answered their prayers in inexplicable ways, kept them safe, and provided for them.

—Psalms 145:14—

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

“What am I going to do when I need to change busses at the station?” the problem loomed over me. There was no one to turn to for help. I was travelling alone in a country that wasn’t the safest. Taking all I owned in the world—a suitcase and a few other pieces of luggage—I was travelling from one city to another. However, I’d need to change buses, get tickets and all. I didn’t speak much of the language, so that didn’t help. Plus the added risks that could make me a target for trouble: being a female and a foreigner. I prayed so much. How was I to lug everything off of the first bus, on my own, without losing sight of any of the bags, make my way to the right ticket place, and find the right bus in the terminal, and load everything up again. But God had me covered.

As soon as I barely tried to leave the first bus, a team of men that seemed to be working there, without being summoned, offered to take my bags and buy the needed ticket and load them for me on the next bus. Perhaps the only word I had to utter was the name of the city I needed to go to, and a thank you at the end. They did not ask for any extra pay or trouble me in the least. My head was nearly spinning by the unbelievably fast and easy happening that I had been dreading and praying about. I was touched by the Lord’s loving care. I couldn’t make anything happen, but my Heavenly Father could. He watched over his little, helpless daughter who was doing her best to reach others with the messages of Salvation, and relieve for the needy.

—Jeremiah 20:13—

Sing unto the LORD, praise ye the LORD: for he hath delivered the soul of the poor from the hand of evildoers.

Eight-year-old Pamela, and her seven-year-old sister, April, were stranded in a burning building. People were frantic on the street as the girls looked out of a window on the fourth story. The fire trucks would be there soon, but not soon enough. The fire was hot, and the smoke was thick. Mr. Rivera was ill, and still grieving over the losses in his life, while trying to make a living in the troubled area of Brooklyn. When he heard about the fire down the road, and saw the terrible danger the girls were in, suddenly he knew what he was to do. “Jump!” he called out to the girls, “I’ll catch you!” That of course would be nearly impossible. He wasn’t a big guy, and the fall of even one of the children on him at that height, would crush him for sure—that is if through the blinding smoke they could even fall and land in his arms. The impact the girls would feel could harm them for sure. But it was either that, or the flames would take them within moments. “Jump!” he urged, as God lead him to do. And so, one at a time they found the courage to make the leap, down to the man who was assuring them it would be fine. And it was! To the shock of all the onlookers, each girl landed into his arms, one by one, barrelling down a bit on the pavement, but getting up unharmed in the least. It was an enormous step of courage. When thinking about how impossible it was, Mr. Rivera recalled the verse: “The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.” (Deuteronomy 33:27) It was God’s arms, working through him, that caught those girls. Things seemed to get better for him after that. His health problems cleared up and he was able to work steadily. His faith in a caring God helped to wipe away the past, and give him peace through the problems he saw in the city around him. He said, “I just try to do my best because I know that God will uphold me. He cares.”

—Psalms 145:16—

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Mrs. King and her husband were at the mercy of escaped convicts. Their home was taken over for the night. Fear, anger, and hatred had gripped her. She tried to remember Bible passages, but was struggling to do so. Ordered to bed, the couple did so, with men seriously watching their every move. Before going to sleep, Mrs. King, got the thought to pray aloud. Pouring out her thoughts and needs to the Lord helped to lift the burden. "Pray for these men," came the urge. "I gave my life for men like these," Jesus whispered to her. So she prayed for her captors, "Father," her sobbing voice sounded, "bless these men, bless their folks, and help them to see that You love them and will forgive them." Then like a blanket of warmth covering her, she felt God's love and compassion for these tough men. The next day, through a series of events, the men were caught and imprisoned again. Mrs. King wrote to one of them, who had seemed the coldest and most criminal-minded. She copied down some of her favourite Scripture verses and mailed them to him in prison.

A few days later, a letter came from him: "Mrs. King, you'll never know how much your prayer meant to me that night we forced our way into your home. I was reared in a Christlike home, and you and Mr. King reminded me of my own parents. I went in the wrong direction when I started putting myself before God. Thank you for seeing some good in me--so many people see only the bad in others. You'll never know how much your prayer meant."

—Deuteronomy 31:8—

The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee,  
he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.



—56—

A proverb in the Bible says, "Go to the ant ... consider her ways, and be wise." (Proverbs 6:6) Tammerlane did just that, and the sight gave him the courage he needed. He related an anecdote from his life to his friends. "I once was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top! This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

—Psalms 5:12—

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

—57—

An elderly Christian believer lay dying. His time to reach the gates of paradise was soon. He had read and studied the Bible much in his lifetime and the words therein gave him the courage and peace he needed. But now, as his mind was muddled with illness and age, he was struggling to remember God's Words and he began to feel very distressed. His pastor, by his bedside was there to encourage him. "Oh, Pastor," the elderly man said, "for years I have relied upon the promises of God, but now in the hour of death I can't remember a single one to comfort me." The preacher said, "My brother, do you think that GOD will forget any of His promises?" Ah, a wonderful thought. That was just what he needed to remember. The man smiled, relaxed and said with joy, "No, no! He won't! Praise the Lord, now I can fall asleep in Jesus and trust Him to remember them all and bring me safely to Heaven." Peace washed over him as he rested, and soon he rested in peace.

—Psalms 4:8—

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

—58—

Just preaching, or speaking the truth about Jesus to a group of people can take a whole lot of courage—especially if you were living in John Wesley's day. One time when he was preaching in Falmouth, England a frenzied mob stormed the building. Mr. Wesley went out and fearlessly confronted the mob, saying, "Here I am. Which one of you has anything to say against me?" The boldness and quiet courage he displayed impressed the angry uninvited mob, and they moved aside to make way for Mr. Wesley to quietly walk through into the street, where he continued preaching. The crowd there became greatly interested in what he had to say, that even the very leaders of the mob gathered around him and shouted, "Not a man shall touch him; let him speak!" Of that event, Mr. Wesley wrote in his journal, "I never saw before the hand of God so plainly shown as here."

—Psalms 29:4—

The voice of the LORD is powerful; the voice of the LORD is full of majesty.

—59—

Sammy, 10 years old, was swimming in a shallow swimming pool with his friend. He got the idea to dive in, head first, without realising how dangerous it would be. He was about four feet tall, and the pool was four feet deep! Into the water he splashed, yet something stopped him from hitting the bottom—a force from God sent to protect him. He was upheld by this mysterious and invisible force, until he reached his hands out and touched the bottom of the pool, where his head nearly had crashed. When he safely got up and out of the water he said to his friend, “Did you see that?” She had. Unharmred, and realising the Lord’s care and intervention, sparing him from serious injury, they happily went on swimming—safely. Sammy said he’d never forget the feeling of being stopped in mid-movement, and then being released as soon as God knew it was safe.

—Psalms 34:18—

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

—60—

In June of 2017, I wanted to complete a story book I was writing. I wanted to have it finished in time for one of my children's birthdays. I didn't have much time to spend on it, and his birthday was just in a few days. The book was to have 12 chapters, and I had completed writing four chapters over the past nine years. I hadn't spent much time on it, but it was taking a long time to finish writing it. I prayed and asked the Lord for a miracle. I wanted to finish it in one day. I didn't have more time to spare. Then I got typing, and that's mostly what I did that day, and some in the night too. I stopped to cook or do the other things I needed to for the children. When it had been just a bit over 24 hours—hardly more than a full day—since the time I had chosen to sit and finish the book, the remaining eight chapters had all been typed!

—2 Samuel 7:28—

O Lord God, thou art that God, and thy words be true, and thou hast promised this goodness unto thy servant.

—61—

When Peter and his family were living in South America, they found the protective power of Jesus there for them, instantaneously; in response to their desperate prayer. At that time they lived in a high-rise apartment building, in Chile with their two small children. With the stroller they began to make their way down the wide stone stairs of the building. Then to their shock and dismay, the one-year-old they thought had been securely strapped in, suddenly tumbled out forwards, falling headlong down the very hard marble stairs. Peter and his wife's first reaction was to give a desperate call for help to Jesus in prayer. Immediately, it was as though their little one started to fall in slow motion, and did a slow summersault. She landed in the upright position, sitting on the bottom step. It was wonderful how the Lord protected their toddler from all harm.

—2 Samuel 22:7—

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God:  
and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears.

—62—

Daniella and her travelling team needed to take a bus to Romania. It was to leave around midnight. They arrived at the bus stop in time—or where it used to be. She was surprised to see that the Euroline bus stop that had the bus they needed to take to their destination had been moved somewhere else! Daniella and her team had no idea where they were to go and no one around seemed to know either.

When there was only five minutes left until check-in time, they were really desperate for the Lord to help. All of a sudden, a car stopped and the lady driving it asked them what the problem was. Wonderfully she knew where the new place was and offered to lead them there! So at nearly 1:00 at night, this helpful stranger led them with her car down several short cuts, right to where they needed to go. To their relief, they arrived at the new bus stop just in time. What an angel she must have been—in some form or another, there to help right when it was most needed.

—2 Samuel 22:33—

God is my strength and power: and he maketh my way perfect.

The deadline for the phone bill was getting closer. It was especially high that month, and Dina didn't have the funds to cover it. She and her family prayed for the Lord to cover the expense. They didn't have a way to raise or get the needed money. They were fulltime missionary volunteers, reaching out to the needy in Amsterdam, and bringing the good news of Jesus' gift of salvation to the spiritually hungry. They knew if they were doing what God had called them to do, He would keep His Word and supply what they needed.

Early one morning as Dina walked downstairs she noticed something unexpected. On the mat beside the door lay an envelope. The door had a mail slot in it, so the mailman, when delivering letters would push it through and it would show up on the floor inside the house. "That's funny," Dina thought. "It's too early for the mailman." Still more curious was the fact that there was no sender's name or address on it, and not even a note was inside. The only thing that the envelope contained was a lot of money—and not just any amount. It contained the exact amount needed to pay the phone bill.

—2 Chronicles 20:20—

Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper.



—64—

A man who is a believer in the power of the Lord to heal, anything, was one day offering hot drinks to those in need. Suddenly the hot water spilled on someone there, and right away their arm started to look quite burned. This man knew it was not God's will for someone to be getting hurt like that. It was the enemy causing trouble to his Christian efforts. He rebuked the enemy and the burn and commanded it to be gone, in the power of Jesus. To the wonderful amazement of those there, the burned skin immediately changed to being normal and healthy and no longer burned.

—2 Samuel 22:19—

They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

A nine-year-old girl named Sutherland, living at Platteville, Colorado, had special protection one night. She was helping her father to bring the calves home. The calves were in the woods and it was cold. They needed to round them up and bring them back. She was told to follow the calves home, while her father kept looking for the rest of them. However, the calves misled her, and very soon she realized that she was lost. It was getting to be winter time and was cold. But cold wasn't the only trouble. There were wolves there, too, that everyone dreaded. The Lord gave this girl peace and calmness in her heart, gave her strength, and kept her warm enough through the night as she kept on her uncertain way.

The next day, Sunday at 10 AM, she reached the house of John Beebe, near a place called Evans, having travelled constantly for eighteen hours, a distance of at least 25 miles. All night as she walked, the wolves growled around her and kept close to her, but no harm came to her; and neither was she frightened. God had given her faith. She remembered what her mother said, that the Lord would always take care of her, if she was good. So she asked the Lord to take care of her, and she knew God wouldn't let her be harmed. Many people had been looking all over for her, and she was then found at the house of John Beebe, and was returned to her parents. They found that she was healthy and had been safe, and was at peace. God had looked after their girl through that night.

—2 Samuel 22:20—

[The Lord] brought me forth also into a large place: he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

—66—

A missionary family ran out of gas while driving to their destination, and would have been stranded in the central African wilderness, far from any villages or means of survival. They had no spare fuel for their vehicle. Cars can only run on what they are meant to. If you try to pour something else into the car's fuel tank it will ruin the car. What could they do? The only liquid they had was a big container of water, but what good would that do? Well, if Jesus can turn the water into wine, perhaps He could turn the water into fuel for the car. The driver prayed desperately for a miracle to happen and for God to make the car work, after he poured the water into the car's fuel tank. By faith he went to start up the engine, and to his and his family's joy and relief the car started, and kept on driving well until they reached the next village.

—Psalms 16:1—

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

—67—

In the late 1700's in the country of Wales, lived a woman called Mary Jones. She loved God's Word and worked hard saving money for many years so that she could at last get a Bible of her own. She knew what it was like to wish for a Bible, as she was too poor to afford one and even if she did have the money for one, there were very few Bibles around in her language. At last, after many years, she was able to get a Bible of her own. She read it daily and committed many parts to memory. She also wanted to do all that she could to help others to be able to get a Bible, and to support new Bibles getting printed. So, she had a way to raise a bit of money to donate to the newly set up Bible Society. She kept bees! The money from selling the honey she would use for her family, but the money from the sale of the wax she would donate to help others get Bibles.

Was she afraid of the bees stinging her? It didn't seem so, in fact it seemed the bees liked her very much. When she would go out to collect the honey, people noticed something interesting happening. Whenever she approached the hives, she was welcomed by the bees enthusiastically. The air would be thick with buzzing swarms, and they would land on her by the hundreds, covering her from head to foot. The bees would be walking all over her, but never attempting to sting her, or showing anything but friendliness. Perhaps they understood that they were helping to support God's work, and were helping provide the means for Bibles to get to those who needed them.

—Isaiah 25:1—

O LORD, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name;  
for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.

—68—

Tornados are strong and destructive, but the Lord can keep you safe through them, or make them go away from you. One time something wonderful happened for a God-trusting mother and her child. They were in a van when a tornado struck where they were. This mother was praying for the Lord's protection for her child and herself. Strangely, the tornado pulled the van up into the air and suspended it above the telephone wires! Imagine feeling like you were in an airplane while in your van! The Lord kept them safe up there and no harm came to them, while down on the ground there was destruction from the strong wind. The van then was then set back down on the ground safely, in an upright position. Jesus had answered their prayers and kept them safe through the storm. Angels must have been holding them and caring for them. They were kept safely in the air, and were safe from the troubles they might have had if they were on the ground at that time.

—Job 23:10—

He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

A man imprisoned for his faith in Christ, saw his daughter for the last time. He only had one day left to live. She had been secretly let in by a sympathetic Roman prison guard that night, on what was to be his last night. When she left, this guard couldn't get his puzzled eyes off of this Christian prisoner. What was it that gave him the peace he had, and almost a sense of happiness?

“Why do you gaze at me?” the man asked the guard. “Because you do not seem worried, yet you are to die tomorrow, and tonight you saw your daughter for the last time.” He did not understand, until the man explained. “Oh, but you are wrong. I shall see my daughter again. My daughter is a Christian. She will soon follow me. Christians never see one another for the last time. They meet in Heaven, there to live forever. Now do you understand why I am happy, and why I am able to die for my Christian faith?”

—2 Samuel 22:4—

I will call on the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

A friend of mine woke one night at three o'clock in the morning, and as she gazed out the window at the stars, something unusual and special happened. She was in need of Heavenly cheer. In the stillness she poured out her heart to the Lord, and then wished to see something special. Here is what she wrote:

"I looked up and right then I saw this bright streak come down in the sky. Only it wasn't really across the sky and it wasn't way out there, it was right above our roof and looked as if it was going to touch down on the roof, it was so close. It was big and bright white. It wasn't a shooting star as it was just too close. It looked like a ball of white light, but it was streaking, or it had a long tail on it.--Like a flash of light in a way. I found myself praying for the Lord to show me more. And I saw more--five in total! As I prayed, I remembered the Bible verse, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear Him.' It came to me this is part of the guardian angels' forcefield around us or something. I knew the Lord was trying to comfort my heart and encourage me. I went to bed and drifted off to sleep feeling so warm and comforted."

—Psalms 11:7—

For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

—71—

A coalminer's foot slipped and he fell into the abyss one day as he descended the shaft. That would have been the end had not someone taken his usual, lighter weight safety belt, so he was compelled to wear a heavy one. As it was bulky and uncomfortable he never used it. He always felt confident that nothing would happen to him, and the lighter one would do—somewhat like his confidence that he was fine without the Saviour. But that all changed as he dangled by the strong belt that was anchored to the wooden framework of the shaft. Chards of coal rained on him, cutting his head, face and body. No one was able to hear his cries, due to the din of the machinery. At last his partner turned off the machines to check on him, saw what happened, and helped him up. Later, when telling of his experience to his family he said:

“My whole life passed before my eyes as I hung in the darkness. I felt your prayers holding me tight; and that was when I decided to receive Jesus as my Saviour.” And he thanked God that he didn't have that old, weaker belt, what he used to depend on. God knew what he needed, and saved him, in more ways than one.

—Psalms 25:10—

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.



When long term pain, restricted movement, and ill functioning bodies are transformed inexplicably, it's like a breath of long-awaited Heavenly air. Here are two such accounts from people who have experienced the saying that "Healing is a touch of Heaven."

When a young man, Andrew used to ride a motorbike, and had an accident. Thankfully his life was spared, and 25 years later he was living life as a fulltime Christian missionary in Eastern Europe. Yet, the pain and lack of movement in his neck was always a part of his life. He couldn't move his head to the left, and pains became more frequent as the years went on. But that was to change when a group of children decided to pray for his healing, several times each day. Then the miracle occurred. All pain related to this injury, left his body, and he gained full movement. He was completely healed!

Seven-year-old Dominic suffered seriously from asthma, requiring long term treatment. After the parents requested prayer from other believers, for the healing of their son, he then had no further asthma attacks, and the doctor agreed he no longer needed treatment. The boy had full health!

—Psalms 27:5—

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:  
in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

—73—

I took a trip to China, to secretly bring Bibles. We tied up at the dock and I got all the Bible carriers to put the Bibles in bags. We were coming up the ladder to the outside door. I put my hand on the door to open it and it was bolted shut! It was locked from the outside, and we couldn't open the door. So I said, "Let's pray that God will transport these guys, whoever is on the other side of that door and locked it, and put them somewhere else in China—to Beijing or Shanghai, or whatever." And just then the bolt came up and opened. I threw the door open and stepped out on the deck, and there was nobody there! Not one person was there. And I don't know if God transported them or put them in Beijing or Shanghai, or if He sent an angel to open the door. I don't know what God did, but God did it.

—Psalms 28:8—

The Lord is their strength.

—74—

And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum. And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew.

So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. (John 6:16-21)

—Psalms 31:5—

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

—75—

Curt and Milton were alive, though barely. As he was being swept over the raging rapids, Curt managed to grab an empty gasoline can as a life preserver. He also managed to snag the rope of the canoe and a small duffel bag as they went careening by. Milton was sucked into a whirlpool. Under water, without even light filtering through. Milton knew he was going to die. In his final moments of consciousness, he cried out to the Lord. The next thing he remembers, he was back on the surface. Wet, exhausted, but grateful to be alive, the missionaries found a mound of relatively dry land. (Later: ) Milton said, “I learned the Lord still loved and could use me.”

—Psalms 31:7—

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble;  
thou hast known my soul in adversities.

—76—

“Pull over at the next gas station!” The firm voice came to the driver’s mind. He argued mentally with the instruction God was suddenly giving, saying how tired he was, and how he didn’t need gas anyway. However, the voice was insistent; he must do it, no matter how he felt. Thankfully, the driver turned at the very next opportunity and not a second too late. What he heard and saw as soon as he stepped out of his VW van at the gas station, showed the utter importance of following what God said to do.

A twelve-car smash-up happened, right at the place, right at the time he would have been driving. There was screeching, metal crushing, flames, and terrible injury and life loss. The driver describes the feeling and his thoughts: “I stood mouth agape, my senses reeling under the impact of what had happened. As the numbness gradually subsided, I was struck by a thought that sent shock waves through my system so strong that they caused me to jump off the ground. “If I had not stopped, I would be right in the middle of that carnage!”

—Psalms 31:24—

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

Stanley's father on his way back home from the small village nearby and decided to cut through the forest in a place that was new to him. He reasoned that it was still close enough to his usual route so it would be fine. After about 15 minutes of riding, he realized he was actually lost and it was getting dark, which meant he couldn't rely on landmarks. At that point, after uttering a prayer for guidance, he relaxed the reins and yelled: "Princess... home!!"

That was all Princess needed to hear. She took off with the speed of an arrow and darted through the forest, dodging trees right and left! Stanley's Father was laying as low as he could without falling off in order to avoid being hit by a branch, in fact praying he could hold on long enough to arrive home safely as Princess was going at such a speed. And that he did, with his beloved horse panting heavily and he heaving the biggest sigh of relief ever! There would have been no telling what could have meant spending the night in the forest with wild animals lurking about and the near freezing temperatures. But what can be told for sure, is God's faithfulness to His children, the power prayer has to change things

—Psalms 32:8—

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

—78—

A policeman was diagnosed with incurable cancer and was told he only had six months left to live. At that time, the man had already been forced to leave his job and was being sedated because of extreme pain. Friends of his asked a Christian couple to pray for his healing. They did so, and the Lord answered!

When the man went for his next check-up, his doctor told him that “something very unusual” had happened. Then, six months later, rather than his life coming to an end as was predicted, this policeman instead returned to his work with the police force. Everyone that knew him, knew it was a miracle!

—Exodus 14:14—

The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.

—79—

Miguel was working late in the office and missed the bus that he and his co-worker Pablo would have taken home. Pablo missed it as well, as he had returned to get his Bible that had been forgotten. Just then they heard the terrible, disturbing sound of tires screeching, followed by a loud crash. They were shocked to find out what accident had just happened: The brakes had failed on a freight truck loaded with iron as the truck started down a steep hill. The driver lost control and it crashed into the very bus that the two of them usually rode! It was a serious accident, causing loss of life and many injuries. When Maria, Miguel's wife heard later how his life was spared that day, she knew her daily prayers for his safekeeping were heard. And Pablo couldn't help but be thankful that valuing his Bible, though it made him miss the bus, saved his life; as God's Word does. —Even in practical ways, such as that day.

—Psalms 6:9—

The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.



While doing some shopping, a man noticed an older man who seemed to be in pain. When he asked the man about it, he said, “Yes, all over my body. It is arthritis in my joints.” His name was Al Hajj and he was a Muslim and he allowed the man who’d asked to pray a prayer of blessing for him in Jesus’ name. After the first blessing, he said he felt the same, no different. He then asked whether he could pray again to take away his pain. Again, he agreed and the man commanded the pain, infirmity and arthritis to leave in Isa's (Arabic for Jesus) name and for wholeness and salaam (peace) to come. The Muslim man was then able to lift his arms and he said that he felt a lot, lot better and thanked me. Glory to the wonder-working Son of God who loves those in Islam with all His heart!

—Jeremiah 29:12—

Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.

Nearly two months after giving birth to her ninth child, a woman was rushed to the hospital. The tumour she had been scheduled to have removed had suddenly erupted and she was hemorrhaging severely. Her husband called their fellow volunteer Christian workers, asking them to pray. While in the hectic operating room, an older, dark-skinned nurse was close at this woman's side, encouraging her. "Don't worry! The angels are all here waiting. Jesus is here waiting! The Lord is here with you. He loves you. I'm here with you, too, and I'll stay by your side always. You are going to sleep now, but I'm going to be right here."

This nurse kept looking into the woman's eyes and petting her face, head, and hands, encouraging her. She was quoting Bible verses to the woman, such as, "The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them," (Psalm 34:7). She kept whispering that verse as the woman went under anaesthesia, and it gave her peace and courage. Four hours later when she woke, she asked for that special nurse. No one knew who she was talking about. No one of that description worked there; and certainly had not been in the operating room, those who had been there confirmed. Surely the angel of the Lord was with her, by her side.

—Psalms 23:4—

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:  
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

—82—

Jessie was a man who had given his life to Jesus. Though he had a disturbing and uncomfortable skin condition, day and night, he didn't let it stop his work for God. One day, after returning from a missionary road trip, the Lord told him He was soon taking him home to Heaven. Jessie trusted it was true and so brought his savings and donated what little he had to some other Christian missionaries. Then as he went to sleep that night, he woke in the arms of Jesus and the angels. But he was yet to be seen again. Six years later Jessie made a surprised visit one night to someone who had known him. As she was lying in bed ready to sleep, she said she saw "the most beautiful thing". Someone Heavenly started to appear in front of her. She recognised it was Jessie. He had a beaming smile and a shining new spiritual body. She saw that Jessie was now healthy and happy and very handsome. He was glowing with radiance and Heavenly vigour. She said, "He looked the same; I recognized him as much more handsome, happy, glowing and glorious! He smiled at me knowingly, reassuringly, it was amazing!"

—James 5:15—

The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;  
and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

A team of eight Christian missionaries had been granted a very cheap connecting flight on a cargo plane, to their destination of Bogota, Colombia. Due to the first plane leaving very late, they barely made it to the cargo plane in time. Most of the team went ahead to the plane, to make sure it didn't take off yet, while two members of the team struggled the 1 km walk with a wagon load of luggage, in the pouring rain. As they were within sight of the plane they were to board they saw it was ready to go, with its lights and 4 propellers already going strong. Would it leave without them, when they were just 200 meters away from their goal? On they ran, while some of the bags started to fall off the speeding wagon. Then, out of nowhere appeared people to help them, picking up the luggage from the runway and throwing them into the waiting plane. They had made it! For the next 6 hours they safely flew in the roaring plane, with cotton in their ears to dampen the sound, strapped down with suitcase belts, and landed 300 km from Bogota. How to make it the last leg of the journey? The pilot suddenly told them that there would be an unscheduled continuation of the cargo flight to Bogota, and they were welcome to stay on until then. How wonderful! They praised God!

—1 Peter 1:25—

The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

A man in China was sent to prison for his religious beliefs. He had four children, ages four, eight, ten, and twelve. His wife had to walk the streets wearing a dunce cap. The children were treated badly because their father was a "bad element." The problem was they had no livelihood, no food. In the back of their little home was a small pond. No one had ever fished there before. The children first made a net and they caught enough fish to feed the family. The supply began to multiply. As time went on, they got enough fish, not only for their own needs, but enough to trade for the other necessities of life. Thirteen years later, the father returned from prison. There were no fish in the little pond from that day on. They were no longer needed.

—Revelation 2:17—

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

An elderly homeless woman and her family were camped near a roadway. Perhaps they felt forgotten, with no one to help. Yet there is a Someone Who sees and cares and can intervene, when human help falls short. When driving along that road, some friends' car suddenly stopped working for some unknown reason. While two went to get help, one passenger stayed by the car and, while looking over the railing of the overpass they had just come over, noticed that homeless family. Then they saw a sudden medical emergency occurring to the elderly woman. She stopped being able to breathe, and her helpless family was frantically trying to help her. The family was screaming, "She's dying!" The passenger, no doctor or medical facilitator, and now without a working vehicle, wondered what to do. She does the only thing she can for the woman that is a hair breadth away from death. The onlooker called out to Jesus in desperation, asking Him to bring life and health to the woman, and to please do so immediately. As soon as her heartfelt and sincere prayer was finished, the elderly woman began to breathe normally again, regained colour, and was well. Her family wept tears of joy. There was a God who knew their plight and would be there in an instant, if they would just call.

—Psalms 28:7—

The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped:  
therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

—86—

John Paton was a missionary in the New Hebrides Islands. One night hostile natives surrounded the mission station, intent on burning out the Patons. They were attempting to end their mission work with ending the lives of these believers in the true God. Paton and his wife prayed during that terror filled night, that God would deliver them. Daylight came, and no harm had befallen them. All their attackers had left them alone. A year later, the chief of the tribe was converted to Christ. Paton then asked the chief, "What kept you from burning down the house with us in it?" The question the chief asked in return surprised Paton, and a sense of wonder at the Lord's miraculous ability to protect His children came to his heart. "Who were all those men with you there?" the chief asked, and explained why he was afraid to attack. "I saw hundreds of big men in shining garments with drawn swords circling the mission station." Paton knew no such men were with him. They would have to have been part of the "Lord's Hosts", Christ's angelic guards.

—2 Corinthians 5:7—

For we walk by faith, not by sight.

Laurita arrived home after visiting a friend, and had only been there for a few moments when she remembered she needed to buy bread. Laurita grabbed the car keys and was about to leave the house when the phone suddenly rang. Meanwhile, her friend who was still at home also received an unexpected call at that instant. “Hello?” answered Laurita, picking up the phone; “Hello” her friend said, also picking up the ringing phone. Puzzled, the two friends chatted for a moment, long enough to find out that neither of them had called each other; yet both had answered a phone call from each other.

However, while the friends were briefly chatting, assuring one another that everything was fine, suddenly a loud disturbance of a terrible car accident happened right outside of Laurita’s house. A drunk driver had careened into pedestrians and sideswiped her car —the one she would have been sitting in, or walking beside at the moment the accident occurred. How did both their phones ring at the same time and connect them together, with neither one having called each other? And at the right moment that save Laurita’s life? Something miraculous happened.

—Psalms 145:1,2—

I will extol thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.  
Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.



When Paul and Ruth were visiting a long-time friend in Mexico, they found him quite distraught. The man's wife had just been robbed of her credit cards, papers, and cash. They prayed together that this couple would be able to overcome the trauma, and that the robber wouldn't use the credit cards. The Lord who answers prayer and knows all that goes on in each person's life, had something even better for them than they had hoped for. He answered beyond their request! A week later, when Paul and Ruth talked again with their friend he told them that only two days after their visit and prayer they received an envelope in the mail which contained all the credit cards and papers! There was a note included which was signed, "From a repentant robber." There also was a drawing of three crosses, and the cross on the right was circled. This reflected his knowledge of the conversation that Jesus had with the two thieves on either side of Him while they were dying together, each on a cross. To the repentant thief, asking to be a part of the Kingdom of God, Jesus said: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23:43) Jesus' words still change hearts today.

—2 Corinthians 3:17—

Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

Only farmers, who have laboured in the heat and the cold to produce the needed crops to support their families, know just what it means to lose it all in a day. Such as was the case many years ago when an unusually fine crop of grain was demolished due to a large storm of hail and wind. The farmer had his anchor of courage on the "Rock of Ages", the God who can bring anyone through the hardest of times, and still provide for them when all other earthly sources fail and all hope is removed. We are not told just how this family pulled through, but we know they did, for when the farmer's son was grown, and possessed his own strong faith in the Lord, he told of that memorable day. After the storm had passed, he sat with his father on the porch. Before their eyes was the ruin of what used to be a beautiful field of wheat. The boy's eyes were filled with tears when he looked to his father, expecting words of despair. Yet all that emerged from that hearty, weatherworn soul was a song declaring faith and courage: "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." The boy, in adulthood said, "That was the greatest sermon I ever heard." He saw the faith and courage of his father put into practice. No theoretical words of advice could teach in the way that a living example did. It fortified him to weather the storms in his own life.

—Psalms 31:7—

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble;  
thou hast known my soul in adversities.

There are some things that are contagious—like laughter and smiles; and also like despair and fear. Some things should be passed on to others, but some should be stopped before they ever get out the door. Here is a great way one man helped to extinguish fear and replace it with a sense of amusement. While flying aboard a large plane, a man was sitting next to a nine-year-old boy. An extremely strong wind and rainstorm began tossing the plane violently. This was the boy's first experience in the air. He felt very uneasy and didn't know what to make of it. He looked over and asked the man beside him, "Are you afraid?" The man wisely chose a reaction to the unnerving turbulence that would benefit the both of them and replied, "No, this is real fun!" The fear and tension left the boy's face immediately. He was introduced to a new point of view; a different side to the situation. And sure enough, they had fun! They could laugh, they could smile while being—as it then appeared—humorously tossed and bumped about. I bet, down on the ground the boy would have payed to have a simulated ride of that kind. Life has lots of "rides". Perhaps if we see the amusing and intriguing side more, we'd give place less to fear, stress, tension, and overly-seriousness that tends to take the wind of fun out of things; things that could instead leave us breathless, with a sense of wonder.

—2 Corinthians 1:2—

Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

—91—

Paul Wose Mokake was about to begin an evangelism meeting in Nguti. Thirty minutes before it was to start, a heavy storm dispersed the crowds. He and some others went to the meeting spot anyway, as they knew God would clear the rain. As they approached the place, the rain moved away from the area where the meeting was to take place. People returned to the place, as it was no longer raining there, and the meeting was carried out without disturbance.

—Psalms 31:24—

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

Florence Nightingale, known as a brave and courageous soul, who faced opposition and heart-rending situations, and held up courageously, inspiring many others to give their best for the betterment of others, gave a few glimpses into the secret of her steadfastness to her mission. She wrote in her diary, on her 30th birthday: "I am thirty years of age, the age at which Christ began His mission. Now no more childish things, no more vain things. Now, Lord, let me think only of Thy Will."

Near the end of her heroic life she was asked for her life's secret, and she replied, "Well, I can only give one explanation. That is, I have kept nothing back from God." Our Lord has great plans for us. We just have to keep saying yes, each tiresome, challenging, wearying and humbling day. We can't see the full view of the beautiful plan until we get to the end. We just have this moment. Do now whatever small, difficult, large, selfless, or debasing tasks He puts before you or calls you to do. Never say no. Keep asking Him for His guidance. At the end of days, the picture will emerge and you'll be glad to hear His words saying: "Well done" and see all the good results that you could never have engineered if it had all been left up to you.

—1 Corinthians 10:13—

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able;  
but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

Sometimes fleeing to safety, when danger is closing in on you, is the wise thing. Yet other times, the kinder and braver way is to cast aside your thoughts of self-preservation so that you can be there for your loved ones. With the encouragement of God to do so, and His promises of safe keeping, you will all make it through to tell the tale. Such was the case in Sanyuan, China, when the Christian missionaries there were strongly advised by the British to leave. Thinking it was best, they made preparations to do so.

There was a robber band, a thousand strong, just 12 miles away, marching towards their city. Carts had arrived to escort them away the next morning. But something caused them to reconsider—the well-being of those who were trusting that the missionaries would be there for them, to be as family to them, to teach them, to care for them. It would be dishonouring God to leave, when God was more than able to protect them all. The team called for a prayer meeting and asked the Lord what to do. The decision was reached that they would all stay and trust in God’s protection. The carts were sent away, and they awaited what was to come next. Suddenly a terrific downpour of rain hit, such as had not been known for years, scattering the robbers and making the roads impassable!

—Psalms 33:20—

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

Orville Mitchell, Sr. was on his knees in desperate, heartfelt prayer. It was the middle of the night and a dramatic and terrible dream had woken him. In his dream he was driving, and his car had struck a child. After taking time then to ask earnestly, with all his heart, for God to never let that thing happen, he felt peace and returned to bed.

The answer to prayer came the following day. He says: “Around noon the next day, five of us were in a car. I was at the wheel, and we were moving down Worth Street at around 25 miles per hour. Suddenly an urge to immediately stop came upon me with no apparent reason, and this we did quite abruptly. When the other four passengers picked themselves off the dashboard and the back of the front seat, and all five of us tried to figure out why this abrupt stop was necessary, we were amazed to see a child dressed only in a diaper emerge between parked automobiles and waddle out into the street immediately in front of us. God had intervened because I had prayed!”

—Psalms 34:4—

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

—95—

Mamita was a brave and hard-working older woman. With two of her grown children and a couple of mules, she travelled through the jungle in Ecuador until she found the land she chose to make her farm. She built a simple hut of straw and wood to live in. Her adult children returned to their own homes and she began to farm. She planted, rice, beans, corn, coffee, and every type of fruit native to the area. When she had reaped about a hundred pounds of rice, she put the sack of it on her shoulder and started walking towards a small town to get the rice cleaned. Mamita had to walk across a huge river to get to the town, but it had always been at a low level and she had crossed it easily before. However, on that day the river was very deep and flowing fast. When she reached the middle of the river, she realized that she couldn't make it across safely. She cried out to God to help her. Suddenly there appeared a light-skinned, young teen boy, who ran to her and carried her and the sack of rice to the other side. When he had set her down, Mamita turned to thank him, but he had disappeared. When she reached the small town where she would get the rice cleaned, she asked everyone if they knew of such a boy. Those at the small town knew everyone who lived around there, yet no one knew anything about him. They'd never seen or heard about him before. Mamita thanked God for sending an angel to save her and help her cross the river.

—Psalms 34:7—

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.



The mother of a dear friend of mine wrote what happened one day when their family was just getting started in their mission work in a new city. They had many needs, such as a house and funds to help them get on their feet. She said: “[While my husband was taking care of business] I had the baby in my arms, two hanging onto my skirt and the oldest [my friend] was pushing the stroller full of bags and bottles, and boy, was I struggling down that busy crowded city street! We could not do it in our own strength, so finally we just pulled over to pray. When we opened our eyes, there were two very old ladies, foreigners--they sure weren't from there as the they were very white with white hair, in their 80's at least, and we could not understand a word they said! But they were leaning way over into our circle to hear our prayer! They had the slowest most tranquil spirit in the midst of all that city confusion, and finally one said in broken English, ‘You are like a beautiful garden, full of beautiful flowers!’ And she slipped a very large donation into one of the children's hands, gave us a most angelic smile and pattered down the street! All of us still believe these ‘foreigners’ were from Heaven--Angels!”

—Psalms 145:4,5

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.  
I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

—97—

Years ago a young man began a small cheese business in Chicago. He failed. He was deeply in debt. "You didn't take God into your business. You have not worked with Him," said a friend to J.L. Kraft who was in debt after his small cheese business was on the verge of being a total failure. Mr. Kraft thought about it, and made the best business decision. "If God wants to run the cheese business, He can do it, and I'll work for Him and with Him!" He made God the senior partner in his business from that moment on. What was the result? His cheese business grew and prospered and became well known—the Kraft Cheese Company! It's not only courage that we need in order to tackle big tasks, and our refusal to give up, we also need help from Above—God's advice to guide us; and most of all a willing heart and obedient hands that do whatever God's voice of guidance says to do. In the book of Joshua, it says of those who follow what God has said to do, and who read His written words: "Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." (Joshua 1:8)

—Lamentations 3:57—

Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not.

During a voyage to India, a man sat one dark evening in his cabin, feeling very unwell. Suddenly he heard that someone was right then even worse off than him. “Man overboard!” was the cry that was heard. He sprung to his feet, wondering how he might be able to help the situation. There were people running all over the deck, and he thought it wouldn’t be much help to go up there, in fact he might just be in the way. Then he got a thought. He unhooked his lamp and held it near the top of the cabin, close to the window. Perhaps the light shining out on the sea might help the man overboard to be seen better by those trying to rescue him. In just half a minute he heard the joyful sound of: “It’s alright; he’s safe!” The next day he found out that his little light, shining out his cabin window, shone at just the right time and place and was the only thing that helped the man to be seen and to get rescued. Without it, the man overboard wouldn’t have been found. But the light showed them where he was, and a rope was thrown down for the man to be pulled back on to the ship.

—Psalms 34:17—

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

—99—

"A school of dolphins guided three men to safety yesterday after their yacht capsized," reported the Johannesburg Star. Two of the men had been flung into the sea when the tiller arm snapped, and the third had clung to the boat. Floundering in rough waters about a half mile offshore, one man reported that "the dolphins surrounded me and my friends as I tried to right the boat and steer back to shore... As soon as we were all safely ashore, they disappeared."

—Psalms 37:23—

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

—100—

Dr. Lambie, medical missionary, formerly of Abyssinia, had this reflection: “While crossing the dangerous stream of life, the Enemy constantly seeks to overthrow us and rush us down to ruin. We need the ballast of burden-bearing, a load of affliction, to keep us from being swept off our feet.” This was an application he drew from his experiences of fording many swift and bridgeless streams. If one is too light-footed, they are at risk of being swept away and hurled against hidden rocks.

From the natives Dr. Lambie learned the safest way to make a crossing. Select a stone to carry—the heavier the better—and lift it to one’s shoulder. The added weight, acting as “ballast” would help his feet rest more firmly and securely on the streambed. It was much harder for the rushing water to make him lose his balance. So he learned to be likewise grateful for the difficulties and struggles that needed to be bravely carried along his life. Though they seemed to make the going harder, these helped to keep his steps in life firmly going in the right direction, with deeper faith.

—Psalms 37:24—

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

—101—

Mike and Tracy were having their third child. Soon to be born was a boy they'd already named Coltyn. It was both an exciting and challenging time, but was soon to get even more so. During the birth of this baby, after Tracy received an epidural for the pain, she suddenly lost consciousness and went into full cardiac arrest. Her heart stopped, and she was lifelessly lying there. The doctors could do nothing to revive her, and so quickly performed a C-section to deliver the baby.

When Coltyn was born he too appeared limp, with no breath, and seemingly lifeless. Mike looked at the situation, and it was too traumatic for feelings. He felt numb looking at half his family lying there, dead. However, things that seem to be, don't need to be. Sometimes they might just be a condition that will jumpstart us into greater gratitude and appreciation for what we have; they may make us cherish life so much more to the point that we thrive in ways we wouldn't have, had our dear ones not appeared to have left us. Wonderfully, like a light switch of power from Above being turned on, to Mike's astonishment, Tracy's pulse returned, and then the baby started to breathe. What a joy; what a relief. A double gift!

—Psalms 34:19—

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

—102—

A pastor shared the following story: One of his parishioners, Joel, was in the hospital, dying. While praying about his next visit to Joel, the pastor suddenly remembered a cassette tape we had given him -- a collection of comforting Bible verses set to music, entitled "Fear Not!" He took the tape to Joel, who liked it so much that he asked his nurses to play it over and over again. "The words of those songs brought him back to life!" the pastor exclaimed! By the time we heard this, Joel was out of the hospital, back to work, and telling everyone about how the Lord raised him from his deathbed.

—2 Corinthians 15:58—

Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,  
forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

India Times website shares:

“8th August 2015 would've been a day where a young girl's dream would've been shattered. Swathi, accompanied by her mother Thangaponnu, would've returned back home devastated, and heartbroken. It would've been just that, had it not been for a miracle.” What was a shepherd to do, when lost with her daughter in Anna University in Chennai? That was the place where they were to go for Swathi's counseling session in B.Sc Agriculture but were unaware that the venue had actually changed from Chennai to Coimbatore. If she missed this session, it wouldn't matter how brilliant Swathi was in academics, and how hard she worked to get a score of 1017 out of a possible 1200. However, the day was saved. Were they angels or just well-timed morning walkers with a caring and generous heart? We don't know. But what happened next surprised the two women.

“One of the walkers offered to help by putting them on the next possible flight to Coimbatore. The others, in the meanwhile asked their friends/contacts to inform the registrar about the case. By 7:50 a.m. they agreed to look into the case. These guys also arranged for a car that would transport them to the venue.” She got a fair counseling, and was enrolled in a B.Sc. Bio-Technology course in TNAU, due to the timely assistance.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.



While going through the pain of a divorce, with the unbearable thought of being separated from his daughters, Dean battled with hopelessness and despair. The will to live was fast fading. Yet he came through. He tells how.

"I was working on a drill rig as a derrickman and seriously thought of taking my life as I looked down the high 128-foot derrick I worked in. My family and I have strong beliefs in Jesus, but it was hard not to contemplate ending things. In the worst thunderstorm I'd ever seen, I climbed the derrick to take my position to pull pipe out of the hole we were drilling. Lightning flashed all around me, thunder boomed. I cried to God to take me. If I couldn't have my family, I didn't want to live... but I couldn't take my own life. God spared me. I don't know how I survived that night, but I did. A couple of weeks later, I bought a small Bible and travelled to the Peace River Hills, where my family has lived for so long. I sat down on top of one of the green hills and started to read. I had such a warm feeling enter into me as the sun parted through the clouds and shone on me. It was raining all around me, but I was dry and warm in my small spot on top of that hill. I now have moved on to a better life, have met the girl of my dreams and the love of my life, and we have a wonderful family together along with my two daughters. Thank you, Lord Jesus and the angels you sent that day to touch my soul!"

Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein... Let them give glory unto the LORD, and declare his praise in the islands.

—105—

Li De Xian was arrested by the PBS in China, for preaching the Gospel in a meeting. What surprised the officials was the power it seemed that Li had over the group of 600 believers, when he asked them to pray for him, as he was being taken away. They all immediately fell to their knees in prayer. The Communists were envious of that kind of power. They didn't understand that it was because of their love and respect for Jesus, and belief in His constant attention to their prayers. Some of the brave believers offered themselves to be taken, rather than Li. But the PBS officials would take none else. Li could not get his captors to declare any crime, any reason why he had been taken. They simply wanted Li to sign a paper stating that he had done wrong. When Li was placed with 12 other prisoners he took the opportunity to tell them about the God of love that he served, and introduced them to Jesus Christ. His lack of fear and his boldness won the admiration of his cellmates, and they listened to what he had to say. When Li was released later on, he and the other believers rejoiced for this chance to share Jesus with the Communist authorities and others. For a Christian on duty, surroundings and circumstances can be flexible, and the goal still can be reached.

—Psalms 37:5—

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

—106—

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. ... And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. ... And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. ... And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, And rose up, and thrust him [Jesus] out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he passing through the midst of them went his way. (Luke 4:16, 20-21, 24, 28-30)

—Galatians 6:9—

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not..

—107—

A woman attempting to remedy their marriage planned a trip to Bermuda. However things were starting off rocky, and the whole thing was nearly called off, including their continued union. The last straw happened when they went to board the connecting flight, only to find that due to flight delays the gate was closed and the plane was on its way to taking off—without them. And that’s when the miracle showed up. She says:

“My husband said, ‘That’s it.’ He started to walk out of the area and – I just knew – out of the marriage. I was truly devastated. As my husband was walking away, the attendant saw on the counter (and I swear it had not been there when we checked in) a packet. She was obviously upset that it was still there. It turned out to be the landing papers packet that the pilot must have on board to land in a different country. She quickly called the plane to return. The plane had been on the runway ready to start powering up the engines. It returned to the gate for the papers and they allowed us (and others) to get on. Our time in Bermuda was wonderful and we resolved to work on our problems. Our marriage has gone through more rough times, but we both have never forgotten that incident in the airport when I felt as if my world had collapsed and was given a miracle that helped us keep a marriage and a family together.”

—2 Timothy 2:13—

If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself.

—108—

The large park near some temples, in Dehli India, had an eerie feeling. Deepika and her friend had to cross this area in the dark, to catch their train. They didn't know the way through and were scared. It was a dangerous and fear-gripping place, as it was not only dark physically, but spiritually as well. Deepika recalls, "We took a deep breath, and chose a path on the park and started walking without knowing where this path would take us. It was 8:30 p.m., and not only was the park completely deserted, it was pitch dark. We were so scared. We had started praying when suddenly a miracle happened. A thin man, somewhere in his 40s started walking in front of us. We were just blindly following him, not knowing where it would lead us to. We were scared at first, not knowing who he was, but noticed he would stop when we stopped. Once we started walking, he would do the same. He didn't look back even once in the entire time that we followed him. He just kept walking, and we followed him. The man eventually led us to the entrance of the park. 'There is the Kalkaji metro station, you can go now', he said and disappeared. We reached home safely that night thanks to our angel."

—Psalm 46:8a—

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.

—109—

The ground trembled beneath us, and I realised in a split second that the mother bear was coming toward us. Another deafening roar and she was outside the tent, so close that I could smell her breath. It was like rotting garbage. The wall of the tent bulged as the bear pushed against it. And then as Tim and I (Kim) clung to each other in terror, I found myself saying some words out loud. "No evil shall befall you." I didn't know why I said them, but even then I knew they came from Psalms. "No evil shall befall you," I kept repeating as the bear began circling the tent. "No evil shall befall you." It was as though I were drawing a protective circle around us. Then an amazing thing happened. A breeze began to blow. It rustled the few leaves hanging on the tips of the trees. Bushes whispered and the forest wood creaked. The mother bear, who had been roaring furiously, paused for a moment. With the breeze blowing our scent away from her, she stopped in her tracks. For a few moments she was silent. Then she barged off into the brush.

—Psalms 147:1—

Praise ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

—110—

A woman entered the hospital in 1994 for surgery to remove a large tumour. She explains how the Lord sent an angel to be there with her during her very painful recovery with additional complications, and give her the best healing medicine of all—reading God’s Word aloud to her. After all, the scripture says, “He sent His Word and healed them.” (Psa.107:20) And it has been proven, by others, to have a great affect. Here is the story from Baby: "I awoke in the middle of the night. According to the wall clock, it was 2:45. I heard someone speaking and realized someone was at my bedside. It was a young woman with short brown hair and wearing a white hospital staff uniform. She was sitting and reading aloud from the Bible. I said to her, 'Am I alright? Why are you here with me?' She stopped reading but didn't turn to look at me. She simply said, 'I was sent here to make sure you'd be alright. You are going to be fine. Now you should get some rest and go back to sleep.' She began to read again and I drifted off back to sleep. The next day, I was having my check up with my doctor and I explained to him what happened during the night before. He looked puzzled and checked my post-surgery reports and notes. He told me that no nurses or doctors were stationed to sit with me the night before. I questioned all of the nurses who cared for me; each said the same, that no nurses or doctors had visited my room that night for anything except to check my vitals. To this day, I believe that I was visited by my guardian angel that night. She was sent to comfort me and assure me that I would be okay."

—Lamentations 3:24—

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

—111—

An Egyptian I'll call Rahmad likes to go to remote villages to preach the Gospel. At 70, he has his own simple way of speaking directly to people's hearts, and whole families get saved. In 2000, he was in a village on the banks of the Nile, where twelve men and seven women accepted Christ. But "on the way home some bearded men approached me, obviously religious fanatics. I was suspicious and wanted to avoid them, but they had already started throwing stones at me. I was unprotected and saw my end coming. But as the first stones hit my body I was surprised that they didn't hurt. Then I saw why: they were turning into dust as they hit me! I thanked God out loud, and my attackers realized that a miracle was happening before their very eyes--so they fled, afraid."

—Psalm 46:8b—

The Lord loveth the righteous: the Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow.



—112—

It can happen so quickly, and so very unexpectedly too. You can be busy about your life's activities, and suddenly it seems the plug has been pulled and your presence on Earth is about to vanish, in an instant. Yet, there are those times, and they happen daily and frequently all over the world, when someone is at that point, but miraculous and Divine intervention saves their life. Morgan Lake was driving on the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. Swimming in her car was not on her day's schedule—at least not that she was aware of. But when Morgan stopped at the toll plaza and a large tractor trailer sped towards her, she was knocked off the bridge and into the cold water. That would have been the end, as the car began filling with water, and she couldn't escape. With the trauma of the moment and the car in an awkward position she was unable to get her seatbelt off. Right then, the loving helping hands of one of those unseen guardians were felt in a physical way. Morgan felt a hand push her back against her seat, and relax her. In this position she was able to unfasten her seatbelt. Wonderfully she was not incapacitated or injured in some way, and could then escape from the car before it sunk.

—Psalms 148:12,13—

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the LORD:  
for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

—113—

Some say that married who love each other people live longer than lonely singles or those wishing to keep their life to themselves, without the daily giving and grace that it takes to live with a husband or wife. Here is one story where being married really did, in quite a literal way actually extend the life of a husband. Donnie worked in an antique shop. He was helping some customers when one surprised him by showing himself to be armed and threatened to take his life. When Donnie threw up his arms, the wedding band on his finger deflected what was on its way to his head. He was spared and alive. Of course, it's not usually the piece of gold or metal worn as a symbol of a loving bond together with your mate that brings you out of many of life's dangers, but it is the love held in your heart that comes out through the words you speak, through your hands to help, and through your eyes that look to see where the need is. A loving deed and love-filled word today can extend the joy in someone's heart and give them the courage to keep on keeping on; and keep doing so, while sharing a life with you.

—Psalms 50:15—

Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

—114—

Sometimes the best cure for our own troubles is to go out and find someone else or somewhere that needs help. Greg Thomas did that, and found that as he struggled to do some good for others, his own health improved. He had been diagnosed with inoperable cancer, and his family was told to start funeral preparations. He chose, rather than to lie around and give up, he would give to God whatever remaining time He had. He would spend time talking with the Lord and praying, building up a relationship with His Heavenly Father, who knew all about his needs. While praying in an old run-down church building, besides getting things right in his heart with Jesus, he chose to also do something active that could benefit others. I think he realised that the most important thing to build, for a healthy life, is one's friendship with Jesus, and reading God's Words in the Bible. Perhaps if this building appeared more inspiring —instead of as deserted and uncared for as many people's prayer life was—people would want to step away for a time from their busy lives and build up their spiritual health. He decided that with whatever time he had left to live, and as much as his weak body could muster, he would fix up the place the best he could. Then the miracle happened! The more he worked for the good of others' spiritual health, the more his own physical health improved. And wonderfully, when the church was restored, his cancer was gone!

—Psalms 52:9—

I will praise thee for ever, because thou hast done it: and I will wait on thy name; for it is good before thy saints.

—115—

Vesna Vulovic boarded a flight from Stockholm to Belgrade. However, it was the wrong plane she had been directed to, due to the fact that there was another passenger with her name. What happens when a mistake by others puts you on the wrong flight, and then something goes terribly wrong and you find yourself falling from the air, all the way down the 33,000 feet—without a parachute? The plane she was on exploded, and sadly all passengers perished. But what of Vesna? She still got a flight, and a landing, though I'm sure she wished she had had wings. But God saw to it that those helpers that He sends with wings aided her as she fell and landed on the ground—alive! Though she had very serious injuries, she survived and is regarded as a national hero in the former Yugoslavia. Miracles happen. When you are in God's hands, and loved ones are praying for you, the seemingly impossible can become possible. Nothing is impossible with God's help. You never need to fear—only ask, believing that He can do it.

—Isaiah 48:17—

Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer... I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit,  
which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.

—116—

It's always better to err on the side of speaking too much gratitude, than to assume things are not in your favour, due to the appearance of a situation. Sometimes it's just because our experience and limited knowledge hasn't given us the proper view. Something that seems to be wrong might actually be the best for us—if we could see the future outcome. Such was the experience of a certain missionary woman who was compelled, due to situations beyond her ability to alter, to eat nothing but oatmeal and canned milk for a month. She was ill in her stomach before this time, and all during the month, funds had not come in for her. She was unable to afford anything else. She survived and had at least that food, and wonderfully her illness was cured after that time of difficulty.

She told of this woeful time to a group of listeners. Sitting in the crowd was a doctor who spoke to her afterwards. When hearing of the type of digestive malfunction she had and was cured from, the doctor said, "If your check had arrived, you would not be here talking to me today, because of that illness. The diet we always prescribe for that trouble is a 30-day oatmeal diet." She was amazed and felt a sense of wonder at the mercy and grace and care of the Lord.

—Matthew 6:31,32—

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

—117—

There was in that town a great man that had long lain sick, and was given up by the physicians; and some Friends in the town desired me to go to see him. I went up to him in his chamber, and spoke the Word of life to him, and was moved to pray by him; and the Lord was entreated, and restored him to health. But when I was come down stairs, into a lower room, and was speaking to the servants, and to some people that were there, a serving-man of his came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier in his hand, and set it just to my side. I looked steadfastly on him, and said, "Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw." The bystanders were much troubled, and he went away in a rage and full of wrath. But when the news of it came to his master, he turned him out of his service. Thus the Lord's power preserved me and raised up the weak man, who afterwards was very loving to Friends; and when I came to that town again both he and his wife came to see me. --By George Fox, 1600's

—Psalms 55:17—

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

—118—

But he [Elijah] himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O LORD, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. And the angel of the LORD came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God. (1 Kings 19:4-8)

—Psalms 118:24—

This is the day which the LORD hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

—119—

A rain miracle happened one special day—in Uganda. A man called Peterson Sozi was giving the invitation to those he was speaking with, to receive Jesus as their Saviour. Right as he was in the middle of calling those who wanted to believe in Jesus to come forward, all of a sudden a torrential downpour of rain began to fall. He prayed, “Lord, stop the rain!” The rain stopped immediately, and everyone clapped and cheered! God had done it. What a boost of faith it must have given to those there who were just then choosing to trust in Jesus.

—Psalms 59:16—

I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning:  
for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.



—120—

Many times [in Indonesia] we must walk at night; or we have to travel through the dark jungle. It is very difficult. We have no maps to find our way. But God just told us to pray for light. He gave the children of Israel light, so why wouldn't He give it to us too? The Bible never changes. The light God gave us after we prayed would be like the landing of an airplane. When the light would go left, we would go left, and when it would move to the right, we would go right. As it went forward, we would go forward. Finally we would find the village, church, or home where God wanted us to minister. The Lord many times led us through the darkness of the jungle this way. We wouldn't know the way, but we just followed the light. When we would follow the light, we would always come to the exact place where the Lord wanted us to go.

—Psalms 59:17—

Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy.

—121—

A Chinese Christian man was asked to give money that would be used for sacrifices to idols, in order to protect his house from fire. He refused, saying that he trusted in the living God, not idols. When the ceremony finished, a fire started right on the street where this man lived. Over 120 houses were burned. As the flames approached his house his neighbours tried to convince him to escape, but he refused. In front of everyone the man prayed to God to show that He alone was the Lord of Hosts and could send angels to rescue him from the fire coming ever closer. The fire came closer and closer, until there was only one house between the flames and his own house. Suddenly the wind changed, and the fire did not come any closer to the man's house. He and his house were saved, by the only One who could.

—Psalms 56:11—

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

—122—

Sometimes when a travelling team of native Christian missionaries in Indonesia travelled in the daytime, the weather was too hot and sunny. It was very uncomfortable to walk and travel in the intense heat. The team prayed and God put a cloud above them as they walked. God's miracle cloud gave shade to them. Wherever they went on their journey, to the left or to the right or straight ahead, a special cloud just above them moved so that its shadow was always over them.

—Psalms 61:4—

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

—123—

Indians crept toward the strange tent. As they peered under the flap, they forgot all about their plan to end the missionary's life. In the centre of the tent, the man was on his knees. As he prayed, a large rattlesnake slithered into the tent and prepared to strike. But it did not. Instead, it lowered its head and glided out of the tent as silently as it had come. A long time later David Brainerd, the man in the tent, learned why the Indians at that village received him with such honour. He had not expected them to be so receptive to his witness. The reason they changed was the report brought back by their braves of the miraculous thing they had seen. The Indians looked upon David Brainerd as a messenger from the Great Spirit, which he was indeed, having travelled to preach the Word of God to the Native Americans. In all good work God protects His workers.

—Psalms 61:3—

Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

—124—

An African once told a story of God's miraculous protection on Easter Sunday at the Ibuga Church of Western Tanzania. The Ibuga Christians met outdoors because their church was not big enough to hold the 800 people who attended the services. As they sang and praised the Lord, they had no idea of what was happening in their village. Just as they started the service a lioness came out of the jungle. Normally lions only kill to eat, but this lioness was crazed. She dashed from house to house, killing three goats, a cow, and then a woman and her child! As people panicked, the lioness ran off toward the Ibuga Church meeting. All the villagers said that now the 'Mungu Mwena' (God is good) people will get it, because the lioness was headed directly for them. The congregation suddenly saw the lioness only a few yards away, growling furiously! The people were terrified!

The preacher shouted, "Folks, don't be afraid! The God who saved Daniel from the lions is here. The Risen Christ of Easter is here." With a God-given faith and authority he turned to the lioness and said, "You lion, I curse you in the name of Jesus Christ!" Then the most amazing thing happened. Even though there was no rain at all, a bolt of lightning struck the lioness and she fell down dead. The preacher ran and jumped on the body of the lioness to continue preaching! Seventeen people were immediately saved, and the whole community agreed with the policemen who said as they carried the carcass to the police station, "The God of these 'Mungu Mwena' people surely is a God of miracles!"

—Isaiah 47:4—

As for our redeemer, the Lord of hosts is his name.

—125—

Years ago a Ugandan man was working as an electrician for the city's main electricity power station. A huge amount of electricity flowed through those lines that he worked on. You have to know exactly what you are doing when you work with main's electricity, one small mistake can be fatal. That day, a switch was left on by mistake, and as a result, he was electrocuted. The mains electricity coursed through his body. He should have died, but he didn't. This near brush with death changed his whole perspective on life. It made him think about what really matters. This Ugandan man said, "You know, since my accident, I try not to make a move unless I hear from God."

—Psalms 111:1—

Praise ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD with my whole heart,  
in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

A pastor had gone up to the mountains to preach to a little Native American Indian village on Sunday. It was a long hard drive up the rough mountain roads in his car, but he made it! After the morning service, he ate lunch with a very sweet Indian family and their lovely daughter. Right before the evening service was about to start he phoned home in order to tell his wife that he had arrived safely. To his shock, his wife said that their son had come down with a very high fever and was limply lying on the couch as if unconscious! She asked, “Don’t you think you should come home?” But the pastor said: “Honey, I’m here on the Lord’s work, and about to have an evening service. I don’t think it’s the Lord’s will to forsake this work. I’m on the wall like Nehemiah, and I don’t think it’s God’s will for me to come down! I think it’s the Enemy trying to defeat God’s work! I’m going to pray desperately for him over the phone. You lay hands on him too and we’ll pray. We’ll just trust the Lord and believe that no matter what happens, God wants me to take care of His work, and the Lord will take care of our son!” So they prayed together over the phone. What a test of faith! It was very important to preach at this little church, as the Indians of this village were neglected and most white people didn’t care about them. If the pastor had left, they might have felt that his child’s health was more important than witnessing to the whole tribe of Indians! After the meeting the pastor phoned back home, and his wife happily gave him the news that their son’s fever had broken! He was sitting up and smiling and feeling much better! The Lord had healed him! It was a testimony to the Indians too, that God had healed the pastor’s son. When the pastor finally arrived home after midnight, the boy was sleeping peacefully, his fever completely gone.

—Psalms 62:8—

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

J. C. Penney might have become the owner of a grocery store instead of the owner of a dry goods chain and one of America's leading merchandisers, if it had not been for a crooked businessman. As a teenager, Jim worked at a grocery store in Hamilton, Missouri. He enjoyed the work and wanted to make it his career. One night he proudly told his family about his 'foxy' employer over the dinner table. The grocer had a habit of mixing low quality coffee with good quality coffee so that he could increase his profits. Jim laughed as he told his family the story. Jim's father didn't see what was so funny. "Tell me, son. If your boss found someone trying to sell him something inferior for the price of the best item, do you think he would say that they were being foxy and laugh about it?" Jim realized how disappointed his father was. "I guess not. I didn't think about that." Jim's father told his son to go to the grocery store the very next day and tell the man that he would not work for him anymore. While there were not many jobs available in Hamilton, Mr Penney would rather have his son be unemployed than working for a crook. That was how close J.C. Penney came to becoming a grocer.

—Psalms 71:16a—

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.



Gerald Heffington worked at a gas station in a rough part of a small town in Kentucky. One night as he was closing up in order to go home, a young man in a dark blue Cadillac drove up. The young man seemed very nervous and seemed to be talking, even though there was no one else with him in the car. Gerald still went and asked the young man if he needed any help, all the while praying for protection. The young man gave him one hundred dollars and demanded fifty cents worth of gas. Gerald was sure that something was wrong, but he did as the man asked. Just as Gerald was about to put the nozzle back, the young man sped his car out of the station. Puzzled, Gerald was left holding the hundred-dollar bill.

Two nights later, the same young man drove into the station. Gerald figured he'd come back for his change, and walked up to the car. "Where are the two guys?" the young man asked nervously. "Which guys?" Gerald asked. "The ones who were working here two nights ago," the young man said. "I was armed and planning to steal all the money from the gas station and harm you and your wife. But just as I was about to get out of the car I saw two huge guys at least seven feet tall. The names on their uniform tags said Clyde and Brutus. They told me, 'We know who you are and what you are planning to do!'"

The young man explained how apparently Clyde and Brutus added their own touch of warning of what would happen to him if he dared to continue with his plans. He would regret not heeding them. The young man got out of there fast. The young man added, while talking to Gerald, "Keep the change, and tell those guys I'm never coming back again!" The car sped out of the station.

Gerald stared in amazement after him. Gerald had been the only employee two nights ago, and he certainly did not know a Clyde or a Brutus. But he had certainly prayed for God to protect him on that night. Gerald had never thought before that angels could be named Clyde or Brutus, and he looked forward to meeting them again one day.

**—Psalms 71:16b—**

I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

(Part 1) Li was a twelve-year-old girl who lived in China during the 1950's. Her father, a Christian pastor, had been arrested by the Communist government and sent to work in an iron ore mine in the north-east of China. His wife and five children, including Li, decided to join him in order to visit and in the hope he would be released. They built a rickety house out of old boards near the camp. After several months of enduring hard labour, poor food, and freezing temperatures, the pastor went to be with the Lord. His family was devastated and wondered how they would survive. They had sold everything they owned in order to pay for the train tickets for the entire family. The pastor's wife decided to try to find a job, but Li said, "No Mother. You cannot leave. The baby and the younger children need you here. I am the oldest. I will go and find work." Li went to the Director of the prison camp and said, "My father was sent here because of his love for Jesus Christ. That was his only crime. He was a good man who loved Jesus and other people. Now that he is gone, we have no food, no money and no place to live. Is there any work I could do here at the camp?" The Director remembered her father. Giving in to the compassion in his heart, the man said, "There is something you could do, but it is boring and pays very little." She took the job right away. The director took her to the mine where over 3,000 prisoners worked. He said, "Do you see that red button? Your job will be to stand by it all day and if someone tells you to press it, do so immediately. That is the alarm button, which sets off a siren deep underground. If the miners hear it, they must get out as fast as they can. Never press the button by accident, only when you are told to."

—Psalms 119:90—

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

—130—

(Part 2) Li stood by the red emergency warning button day after day, week after week. She and her family were very happy when she finally received her first salary, even though it was only a few dollars. One day Li was standing at her post as usual when she heard a voice saying, 'Press the red button.' She turned around, but no one was there. A few moments later she heard the voice again saying, 'Press the button.' When the voice came a third time, she realized it must be the Lord speaking to her. She pressed the button, even though she did not understand why. All 3,000 miners scrambled to get out of the mine, while the Director charged up to where Li was, demanding to know why she had pressed the button. No sooner had all the prisoners gotten safely out than there was a large earthquake in the whole area, which completely destroyed the mine! It was destroyed so completely that it was never rebuilt. There was a profound silence as everyone looked at the little girl who had pressed the button. The Director finally asked her, "Comrade Li...how did you know to press the red button?" Li answered boldly, "The Lord Jesus Christ told me to press the red button. He told me three times before I obeyed. Jesus is the only way that you can know the true and living God. He loves you, and showed you His love today by saving your lives! You must turn from your sins and give your lives to Him!" All 3,000 prisoners and the Director asked God for forgiveness, and prayed to receive Jesus in their hearts.

—Isaiah 35:4—

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:  
behold, your God will come ... he will come and save you.

—131—

A Christian missionary was preaching outdoors in a very isolated community in Central British Columbia, Canada. Suddenly the service was disrupted by a cowboy who spurred his horse right towards the missionary, clearly intending to break up the meeting. The preacher quickly sent up a prayer for protection. “Lord,” the man prayed, “I know You are able to protect me, if it is Your will.” The horse galloped forward and then reared up on its hind legs, as if it had just run into an invisible wall. The angry cowboy spurred the horse forward three times, but each time the horse refused to leap at the missionary. The missionary calmly ended the sermon and thanked God for His protection.

—Psalms 118:19,21—

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:  
I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

—132—

Two missionaries in Malaysia had to walk to a distant village in order to pick up some money that was sent to a bank for them. Night fell before they could make it home. They prayed for protection and lay down to sleep on a hill. Several weeks later a man came to the mission station for medical treatment. As he was being treated he stared intently at the missionary doctor.

“I have seen you before,” the man said.

“I don’t think so,” the missionary replied.

“But we have met before!” the man exclaimed. “Several weeks ago you and another missionary withdrew some money from the bank. My friends and I saw you then and followed you into the jungle, intending to rob you. But we were unable to get close to you because of the soldiers guarding you the whole night.”

“Soldiers!” The missionary was very surprised. “It was just the two of us that night.”

“But there were soldiers!” The bandit insisted. “There were sixteen of them standing around you with swords drawn. We were filled with fear and ran for our lives!”

—Psalms 73:26—

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

—133—

A Chinese Christian named Ting, along with some friends came to a raging river. The river was very deep and anyone who stepped in would be washed away. But they needed to cross the river in order to continue their journey! What could they do? Ting told the others, “Our God is a mighty God. He can open a way for us through the river!” He then prayed simply for God to hold back the waters. After the short prayer, Ting stepped into the river. To his friends’ amazement, they saw that the water level was going down! Before long, they were all able to cross safely to the other side. God divided the Jordan River for God’s people and His prophets to cross, and He still can make a way through water for His followers.

—Psalms 86:7—

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

—134—

It was February 1931, and a Chinese district was suffering a famine. There was still another month until harvest time, but people needed food right then. The Christians in the area decided to organise a prayer meeting each afternoon. On the fourth day of prayer, a dark cloud appeared over the district, and it rained heavily. It was not ordinary rain at all, but little black seeds. There were so many that they could be shovelled up. The seeds proved to be edible and there was enough to last until the harvest. Later it was discovered that the storm had come from Mongolia, where it had destroyed the storehouses in which this grain was stored. The grain was carried over 1500 miles to drop on the district that so desperately needed it.

—Psalms 91:1—

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.



—135—

One morning a man was desperately praying for God to send him ten dollars so that he could pay for a car license. The next Sunday he was scheduled to preach at the local prison, but he had no car with which to get there. He prayed and told God that if it was His will to preach at the prison, than God would have to provide. As the man was praying, his wife was vacuuming the carpet downstairs. She switched off the vacuum cleaner and shouted, “Honey, are you praying for ten dollars?”

The man answered, “Yes.”

“Well, you can quit praying,” his wife called back. “Somebody just shoved ten dollars through the letter slot in our door.”

—Psalms 91:14—

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:  
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

—136—

A businessman was on his way home after a long train journey. He was hurrying along, anxious to get home to his wife and children. As he walked he saw a group of men on the banks of the Genessee River that ran through his hometown of Rochester, New York State. The men seemed very excited about something. “What’s going on?” the businessman shouted.

“There’s a boy in the river!” they yelled back.

“Why don’t you save him?” the businessman asked, but then took action himself. Immediately he put down his briefcase and threw off his coat. Jumping into the stream, he grabbed the boy and with much difficulty swam back to the shore. As he wiped the boy’s dripping, wet face the man cried, “It is my son!” In jumping into the river to help a stranger, he had in fact rescued his own child.

—Psalms 91:15—

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

—137—

A man who was in charge over a train that ran between Cairo and Haifa made it a habit to always pray for the safety of the passengers and the trip. On one journey the train suddenly stopped, for no reason at all. The engineer and the train staff all vainly tried to figure out what had caused the train to stop. As the morning approached, two workmen came running up the railway with the news that a rainstorm had made a hole large enough to swallow up the whole train. If they had continued the train would have been wrecked. The passengers were relieved at their good happenstance. But the driver gave his witness and told them about the prayer he always said before the trip. When the track was repaired, the train started with no problems.

—Psalms 91:16—

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

—138—

A poor widow struggled to provide food for her two children. One stormy night, she discovered that she did not have any food for the next day's breakfast. She prayed with her children before bed, but did not tell them of the situation. The next morning, she again prayed that God would supply their needs. She asked the children to go down to the beach before breakfast, and get some clean sand for the living room floor. In those days before woollen carpets, many poorer New England families were used to strewing sand on the floor. After the children left, the mother again knelt to pray. Afterwards she set the table, even though they still had no food. Suddenly the children burst into the house. They had forgotten the sand, but brought back a large fish which they had found washed up by the tide after the storm. It had been in a small hollow of water and they had caught it together. Gratefully their mother thanked God for His goodness, and prepared the fish for the family's breakfast.

—Psalms 145:3—

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

—139—

Debbie experienced something wonderful. Before receiving Jesus as her Saviour, Lord, and healer, she sadly had been a captive of heroin addiction for more than 10 years, and then contracted the supposedly incurable disease of hepatitis C. Her doctors couldn't promise that she would live from one day to the next. Yet, after praying to receive Jesus as her Saviour—and someone praying specifically for her healing as well, some astounding events took place. Her body began to change. In just one month after giving her life to Jesus and receiving prayer for healing it was written of her: "Her blood has normalized to the point that her doctors have discontinued her medication. When I first met her, she couldn't make it through a short conversation without nodding off a few times. Now she's a picture of energy! She gets up at 5:45 each morning, takes her little girl to school, makes it through the entire day without a nap, and does many other things that were impossible for her before."

—Psalms 33:18—

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy.

—140—

William Hacquist, a missionary in the Evangelical Alliance Mission, used to tell a story of God's miraculous help. He and a group of others had been travelling for six days and had come to a crossroad where they had to choose whether to travel by land or river. Because there was a drought, the Han River was dry. Their escort refused to travel any other way than on land. The missionaries prayed, and felt led by the Lord to hire two river boats. So they bought food and loaded all the luggage. Still there was no water. They prayed once more, and as the afternoon rolled in, rain began pouring from the sky. It was like a cloudburst. Soon the river filled with water, and the boats were able to start their journey. Much later the missionaries learned why God had showed them to travel by river. The mountain pass they had been planning to go through was full of bandits and thieves. The missionaries had travelled through the only safe route.

—Psalms 103:4—

[Bless the Lord] Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;  
who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

—141—

A preacher during the pioneer days of America was working in a remote settlement. A gang of horse thieves and bandits were continually trying to stop the preacher from witnessing and ministering to the people. The preacher refused to stop witnessing, and the leader of the thieves vowed to 'get him.' One afternoon the preacher was called to speak to the man who had been hurt by a falling tree. In order to get to the lumber camp the preacher had to pass through a rough mountain area. The preacher was very afraid, but after desperately praying, the Lord gave him peace and he was able to travel safely.

The next day the bandit leader was injured and the preacher was summoned. The leader confessed that the previous night he had been waiting in the mountains, hoping to end the preacher's life. Then he asked, "Who were those men with you?" Baffled, the preacher responded that he had been alone.

"No you weren't!" The bandit leader insisted. "Two men rode on either side of you, and I never saw such horses as they rode. Who were they?"

The preacher never doubted that God had sent him supernatural protection and deliverance that night.

—Psalms 103:5—

[The Lord] satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

—142—

A Christian worker once visited a very poor home. Under a rickety table, he saw a dusty Bible. As he left, he told the family, “There is a treasure in this house that could make you all rich!” The family was excited and searched the whole house. They wondered what the treasure could be. Gold? Jewels? They found nothing. One day the mother picked up the old Bible. As she leafed through the pages her eyes fell upon the words, “Thy testimonies are better to me than thousands of gold and silver!”

“Could this be the treasure we were told of?” She wondered. The whole family began reading the Bible, and their lives were transformed. Love, joy and peace soon filled their hearts and home. When the Christian worker returned to visit, the thankful family told him, “We have found the treasure, and in reading it and receiving it into our hearts, we have also found the Saviour!”

—Psalms 107:19—

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.



—143—

In the days of the Japanese occupation of Taiwan the Japanese policeman who had absolute power said that within three days everyone in a certain Taiwanese village had to come to the police station and swear that they would not be Christians, or they would be arrested and punished. They would meet a watery end in the river. The Christians met at midnight to pray and decide what to do. Some said, “We’ll have to give it up. We can’t be Christians now. Not if we want to keep our lives.” Then a young boy arose. “But don’t you remember that Jesus said not to be afraid of those who can only kill the body, but to be afraid of Him who kill can body and soul? If we should die, it will only be our bodies-our souls will go to be with Jesus.” All the Christians said, “That’s true.” When the vote was taken, every hand was raised--no one would deny their faith in Jesus. The next day the policeman laughed cruelly and said, “Tomorrow it will be all over for you.” Now the policeman liked to fish, and waded out into the river. A branch or loose tree in the water’s current struck his leg and broke it. While the people were praying, a man rushed in and said, “The policeman who was going to arrest you tomorrow has been drowned in the river.”

—Psalms 107:20—

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

—144—

A young African Christian child fell sick. The missionary doctor who was caring for him wished he had some ice to put on the boy's forehead to lower the fever, but knew that such a thing was impossible in Africa. The child's mother didn't seem to think so. "Let's pray and ask God to supply some ice," she said. "Nothing is impossible with God." She reminded the missionary of his sermons about God's mighty power. The missionary realised he should have more faith, and the two knelt down and prayed for the Lord to supply some ice. The missionary prayed in a very general way, merely praying simply for the child's recovery. But the mother said plainly, "Lord, if my son needs ice in order to get better, I believe that You can send it." As soon as they finished praying, they looked outside to see hailstones falling from the sky! Running outside, the two collected as many as they could. The hailstorm was local, and did not harm any of the village crops. The African child soon got well again, and the missionary learned to never put limits on God's power.

—Psalms 116:1—

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

—145—

During the early pioneer days in the United States, a young family living in Virginia went to visit their nearest neighbours on Sunday. The neighbours lived nearly eight miles away. The family had only one horse, which the wife and children rode while the man walked beside them leading the horse. While they were on their way home they were caught in a fierce storm. Lightning flashed every few seconds. Rain poured, thunder rumbled, and the poor man had a hard time trying to lead the horse along the narrow forest path. The horse stopped suddenly. As the man tried to get the horse to move lightning flashed once more, revealing a large cougar crouched on the branch of the tree right above them. The cougar prepared to leap upon the horse, and the woman cried out to God for help. Just then lightning struck the tree that the cougar was on, tearing it down and taking the cougar with it. The family was able to continue in safety to their log cabin.

—Psalms 116:2—

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

—146—

A woman named Marquita Bishop and her young daughter were forced to leave their home, due to the political instability in their country of Indonesia. They travelled a long way before they arrived at the home of a Dutchman, who kindly allowed them to stay in a small hut on his plantation. Every few days he would bring them food and other supplies. After a while this man was no longer able to help them. Marquita and her daughter were allowed to live in the hut, but had no food. Starving, the two refugees decided to dig in the back garden, to see if they could find some roots or plants to eat.

Marquita decided to pray. Looking up, she prayed desperately, “God, please send us some food. We are starving. Please, we want it now!” Then she and her daughter sat back and waited. A huge bird flew overhead, carrying a large chicken in its beak. As it flew over the house it dropped the chicken, which fell on the ground in front of them. They cooked the chicken and ate it, saving their lives. Telling the story many years later, Marquita would say, “Of course there are miracles, and of course there is a God!”

—Isaiah 26:4—

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the LORD JEHOVAH is everlasting strength.

—147—

A Christian widow, knowing that Napoleon’s army would be passing the next day through the area was worried that her house would be disturbed. The soldiers often took supplies and food from the farms and villages they passed by. As her family was quite poor, having needed food taken away would be very difficult for them. That night after supper she prayed, “Oh God, build a wall around our home and protect us.” As her children went to bed they asked each other, “What did Mother mean when she asked God to build a wall around our home?” The next morning they found that a heavy snow storm had come in the night and blown huge snowdrifts all around the property. The army marched on, never knowing of the existence of the little cottage. The mother and her children thanked God for His protection.

—Psalms 118:1—

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

—148—

In 1921, several British men became lost in the Sinai Desert during a sandstorm. They waited for rescue, but after several days they had run out of water. Desperately they decided to try to dig a well. One of the men remembered the story in the Bible in which Moses struck a rock and brought forth water for the children of Israel. He told his friends that they were in the same Sinai Desert that Moses was in, and there was a large rock nearby. Why not trust in God just like Moses did and try to find water? The thirsty men immediately began to swing at the rock with a small pick axe they had. At the first stroke, water began flowing out of the rock. A miracle! The rock was actually soft limestone that covered a hidden spring. The men were able to drink the clean, sweet water until they were finally rescued, proving that an Old Testament miracle could happen even in the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

—Psalms 143:8a—

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust.

—149—

A Christian missionary drove along a narrow Mexican highway. In the back of the Volkswagen van, four other volunteer workers were asleep. His son Shawn was also beginning to doze off. Knowing how dangerous the roads were, the missionary was anxious to reach their destination before nightfall. Suddenly a burst of thunder broke the stifling silence, and it began pouring rain. In one second the van was spinning out of control, and straight into the path of a truck. The missionary was terrified, but felt a strong urge to thank God for His goodness. “Thank you,” He whispered. Instantly he felt no fear. In the split second before collision, the van abruptly swung off the road, into a field, and back onto the road, where the missionary was finally able to regain control of the vehicle. The storm passed, and the missionary continued driving as if nothing had happened. Looking into the back seat to see how the others were, he was amazed to find them all still sleeping peacefully.

—Psalms 143:8b—

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

—150—

A man called Gerald had attended Sunday School as a child, but had drifted away from the Lord as an adult. One day he sailed out in his yacht. The yacht's motor stopped working, so Gerald decided to swim back to shore and leave the yacht in the water. But as he swam back, the strong current began pulling him away from the shore. Finally he was so far out into the sea that he realised it was impossible for him to make it back to the beach. Suddenly Gerald remembered a Bible verse that he had often heard in his childhood: 'Call unto Me and I will answer you.' (Jer.33:3) He cried out to God, and the next moment Gerald was right next to his yacht. The Lord had saved him!

—Psalms 119:89—

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.



—151—

A missionary in Mongolia named James Gilmour was once asked to treat a group of wounded men. He wasn't a doctor, but since he knew some first aid, he did the best he could to treat the injuries of the men. However, the third man in the group had a badly broken thigh bone. Mr Gilmour had no idea how to treat this injury. He prayed to God for help. While he didn't know how God would answer him, he was sure that help would be supplied. Just then, several beggars knocked on Mr Gilmour's door asking for money. While Mr Gilmour was very concerned about his patient, he still felt compassion for the poor beggars. He gave them a small gift, and a short witness. As they left Mr Gilmour suddenly noticed that one of the tired, half-starved beggars was so thin he looked like a skeleton. Mr Gilmour realized that God had just sent him a walking lesson in anatomy! He asked the beggar if it would be alright to examine him. Mr Gilmour carefully traced the femur bone with his fingers, and was able to set his patient's broken leg.

—Psalms 73:23—

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

—152—

Two elderly sisters living in India had a large balcony and often liked to sit out and watch the people passing by on the street. One day as their Christian neighbours were preparing to leave for the day, the two sisters ran up and excitedly asked, “Which one of you was sleeping out on the porch last night?” They were surprised and assured the ladies that no one had slept out on the porch. They all slept inside and locked the door. “But someone was sleeping outside!” The women insisted. “We couldn’t sleep last night, so we stepped out on the balcony at 2 a.m. for a little fresh air. And while we sat there looking at the neighborhood, a robber climbed over the gate and began cutting through your porch wire to get inside! Suddenly a man got up from where he had been sleeping on your porch and chased the thief away! After the robber fled, the man lay back down to sleep.” The Christian missionaries all praised God for His miraculous protection.

—Matthew 5:3—

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

—153—

A young couple planned to become missionaries, but had no funds with which to travel to their chosen mission field. They prayed and committed the situation to God. The night the husband had a dream in which an angel told him that his mother was going to win the lottery! A week later the man went to visit his mother and told her about their financial need, as well as the dream. She listened and promised that if the dream came true she would give her son the money so that he and his wife could go to the mission field. After several days the mother phoned the couple, telling them: “God has given you the money. I won the lottery as you predicted!” She gave the couple about \$4,430 and started to witness to all her friends about the miracle that God had done.

—Psalms 121:5—

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

—154—

Dorothea Dix was twenty-nine. She was a frail school teacher who became very sick and was sent to England for rest. In the hospital she read through the New Testament several times, asking herself, “What would Christ have me do?” The answer came when she returned home and she was asked to teach Bible classes to the female prisoners in a Massachusetts jail. She was shocked to discover how they were treated. She gathered as much evidence as she could and went before the Massachusetts legislature and exposed to them all the terrible treatment these prisoners were receiving. Finding similar conditions in other states, she prodded legislatures into building hospitals and voting reforms. She travelled through Canada, Scotland, England, and Italy calling for action to improve conditions in jails and hospitals. When Dorothea Dix finally died at the age of eighty-five, a hospital superintendent said of her, “The most useful and distinguished woman America had yet produced has died.”

—Romans 12:20-21—

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: ...  
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

—155—

Sirena tells this story: “I was on the way to the university. I was in a trolley bus. A strange young man with blond hair and who had no colour in his irises—his eyes filled only with light—sat directly opposite me. I couldn’t ignore him no matter how hard I tried. I thought he was really weird and I was scared of him as he didn’t look like a normal human being. He kept smiling and staring at me. Two stops before I was supposed to get off, he got up and held my hand. When he touched me I was warm all over. I felt the same way later when I received prayer for healing. I can’t explain why I went with him, but I followed him. As soon as the trolley bus left, he let my hand go. I turned away and he was gone. In a few minutes I heard people screaming and the ambulances coming. I found out later that the trolley bus was cut in two and had a short circuit and some were injured. I might have been among the injured if I had not gotten off early.”

—Psalms 121:8—

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

—156—

A woman named Vicki was suffering from an asthma attack in the middle of the night. She got out of bed to open her window for some fresh air, and saw a strange man kneeling on her lawn. She decided to try to scare him off and as she opened the window to call to him, she saw it was actually a tall angel, kneeling in prayer. Amazed, Vicki watched him for a few moments before she felt like she was intruding on something special and private. She closed the window and headed back to bed. She was pleased and amazed at the idea of having an angel in her garden. Then the angel spoke to her. He told her not to judge people, because only God could do that. The angel also told Vicki that life on Earth was just a tiny droplet in the ocean of eternity. She should try to become as close to God as possible, since God is the source of all love and light. Vicki listened, feeling an incredible sense of love and peace. She fell asleep knowing she had glimpsed Heaven. It took several weeks to realise the full effect of the encounter. People who knew Vicki well commented that all her anger was gone, and she was a much gentler, kinder person.

—Psalms 124:8—

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

—157—

A Christian missionary sleeping in a tiny hut in Africa awoke suddenly in the night. She felt a strong sense that something was wrong, but couldn't figure out what it was. She woke up her husband, and they talked for a few minutes. Looking next to the bed, she saw a giant cobra raising its head. Her husband quickly took action and got rid of the cobra.

One day as a friend of the missionaries was sweeping the floor of her home in a Canadian town, she felt the sudden need to pray for them. She prayed and God brought peace to her heart. She then knew that God had answered her prayers for her missionary friends. Later that year when the missionaries visited her, they told her about the incident with the cobra. After comparing the date and time of the two experiences, they all realised that at the same time as the missionaries were in danger, their friend had felt the burden to pray for them.

—Proverbs 3:26—

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

—158—

The preacher Thomas Bradbury never missed his daily time of prayer. One evening as he went upstairs for prayer, he forgot to lock his door. Some men saw this and one man decided to enter the house in order to steal from it. As the man crept upstairs, he heard Mr Bradbury praying that God would protect his house from thieves. The man was shocked, and immediately left the house. He was so affected by what had happened that he later confessed the incident to Mr Bradbury and even helped the preacher in the ministry.

—Psalms 128:1-2—

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.  
For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.



—159—

I'll never forget one night that I ran with the suitcases a long distance and I thought that we were going to get separated, one of us on the train and one of us left behind because I'd gone back to get the luggage. I thought the train was about to pull out, and I'd prayed that the Lord would stop the train until I got on it, but my faith wasn't apparently as strong as it should have been that God was going to do it but He did. He stopped the train and it didn't leave, and we sat there on the train after I got on huffing and puffing and gasping for breath thinking the train was due to pull out, and they're very punctual, they leave right on the button, right on the point almost without fail. I'll never forget how we sat there waiting and waiting and waiting for the train to leave and it went on and on past the time it was supposed to leave. I sat there and sat there wondering why in the world the train wouldn't go after it was already way late, and here I'd been afraid it was going to pull out without me, and all of a sudden it came to me, "Well you prayed for Me to stop the train, and you haven't prayed that it would go again!" I said, "OK, Lord, I'm on it, forgive me. OK, Lord let it go now," and right away the train started!

—Psalms 34:8—

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

—160—

Charles Wesley was conducting a meeting in Ireland when several people who wanted to stop his witnessing began trying to assault him. Wesley was forced to hide in a nearby farmhouse. Jane Moore, a kind hearted farmer's wife hid the evangelist in the milk house. Just then, the mob rushed up to the house. Afraid that they would find Wesley, Mrs. Moore hurried to the milk house. "Quickly," she said, "Climb through the rear window, and hide under the hedge." He clambered through the window and hid under the hedge near a little brook. As he waited for the Irishmen to stop searching for him and leave, Wesley pulled out a pencil and paper from his pocket and wrote out the words to the immortal hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

—Psalms 138:8—

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever.

—161—

Martin Luther was a man who boldly believed in the power of prayer, as long as he was in the centre of God's will. In 1540 his good friend and assistant Frederick Myconius grew ill and was not expected to live for very long. He weakly wrote out a goodbye letter to Luther. When Luther received the letter, he sent back this reply: "I command thee in the name of God, to live because I still have need of thee in the work of reforming the church...The Lord will never let me hear of thy passing, but will permit thee to survive me. For this I am praying, this is my will, and may my will be done, because I seek only to glorify the name of God." While to us this may sound very bold, Luther had the faith that God would heal Myconius in order to continue serving God in the great work of the Reformation. After Myconius received Luther's letter, he completely recovered. Myconius lived for six more years and outlived Luther by two months.

—Psalms 86:12—

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

—162—

Ray and Pam were organizing a Christian youth camp in England during a hot summer in the 1960s. Everyone was having lunch near the car park one day when Pam saw a tractor wildly careening toward them, evidently out of control. Pam prayed desperately for the young man driving it to regain control of the vehicle, before it hit the camp. The tractor then swerved and disappeared off a cliff. Ray and some others went to see what had happened. When he returned Pam asked, “What happened to the tractor driver?”

“There was no one in the tractor,” Ray said. “We looked everywhere, but then word came from a nearby house. The tractor driver had left the engine running while he went to shut the gate, and he couldn’t get back to the tractor in time. No one was in the tractor.” They discovered the tractor had landed on an empty car. A mother of a large family had been sitting in the car, but she had gotten out and walked into the park. As she wondered why she had done so, the tractor came over the cliff and fell onto her car. No one was in the tractor and no one in the park was hurt. Who, Pam wondered, could have been the young man they had seen driving the tractor so brilliantly to the one place where its fall could be stopped by only one car, and ensure no one was injured?

—Psalms 139:14—

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:  
marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

I spent a bit of time in Haiti, shortly after the earthquake, in order to minister to the many needy and destitute people there. One day I noticed a young girl. She was very small, petite and very pretty, and she was very pregnant. Jesus said, “You have to talk to her.” I was kind of going back and forth because my translator had already left for the day and I was really tired. I asked a nurse who was American, but Haitian by origin, and so spoke Creole, if she could help translate for me, and we started talking a bit.

I was asking the young girl a bit about her life and I started telling her, “I do believe that something good can come from all this, if you have hope, and I know Jesus can take care of you.” She broke down and started crying. She said, “Can you really tell me that anything good can come from this? You can’t tell me that there is anything I can have hope in.”

She explained that she was 16 years old and 8 months pregnant. Her whole family had been killed, including her husband who was just 17. She said, “For the last month I’ve slept on the streets. Some days I eat, some days I don’t. I don’t even know if I’ll be able to keep the baby. What am I going to do? How can you tell me there is hope?” I excused myself and tried to see if I could find her some tangible help.

I asked the doctors, “Do we have any more food? Do we have any more medicine? Is there something we can give this girl?” We didn’t have anything left and I said, “Jesus, I can’t tell her anything,” and at that moment I didn’t have faith that the Lord could do something for her.

Then Jesus told me very clearly, “You don’t need to have faith to do the impossible. You just need to have faith in Me, and then I’ll do the impossible. Go back and tell her that I’m going to bring someone into her life that will take care of her and take care of the baby and she’s going to have everything she needs.” I went back and told the girl what Jesus told me. The girl kind of calmed down and I said a prayer for her.

The nurse who had been translating for me excused herself and said, “I’ll be back.” Just then a doctor walked up to me. He said, “I’m leaving for the States in a couple of days and I wanted to give you something.” He gave a whole box full of baby clothes, medicine, and food. He also gave a cash donation. He said, “The Lord told me that you would know who this is for.” I said, “Yes, I do.” I gave these gifts to the young girl and she started crying and saying, “Thank You, Jesus. Thank You.”

Then the nurse came back and said, “Some of my family live here in Haiti and they’re doctors. I just told them the girl’s situation and they’ll adopt this girl and they’ll take care of her. When she needs to have her baby they’ll go to the clinic and they’ll do everything and treat her as their own daughter.”

This girl was overwhelmed, crying and hugging everyone and saying, “Thank You Jesus.” I was crying, too, and thanking Jesus. In literally 20 minutes an absolutely impossible situation had become completely solved. Jesus had gone above and beyond in doing it.

**—Psalms 145:20—**

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

—164—

Billy Bray was a converted Welsh miner who lived during the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He was on fire for God and became an evangelist. He accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour after reading one of John Bunyan's books, and religion to him was not just a duty or a privilege, it was his whole life. Billy preached, raised money to build churches, helped raise orphans, and visited the sick. He even witnessed to the doctor on his deathbed. The doctor said, "Well, Billy, I'm afraid you haven't much longer to live." Billy instantly shouted, "Glory to God! I shall soon be in Heaven!" Then he added, "When I get up there, shall I give them your compliments, Doctor, and tell them you are coming too?"

—Proverbs 1:33—

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

—165—

[God had called Robert to preach, but one major hinderance—illiteracy. He couldn't read a single word. He was a busy farmer with a family to feed, and couldn't simply go to school. He writes: ] One day, fed up with the daily inner torment that this caused me, I decided to will myself to read. I grabbed my Bible and stomped into the woods behind our house. I sank down under a pine tree and opened my Bible. The mass of black letters all seemed a jumble. None of those little marks printed on the page had any meaning to me. I tried so hard to make them out that my head began to hurt and my stomach knotted up. Tears welled up in my eyes, and I slammed the Book shut and let the tears come. Inside there was a deep ache, and it came out in great moans. "Lord," I sobbed, "You know my misery. You *know* I'm trying to serve You. I want to do what You want me to do, but I don't know how. I need to read Your Word, but I can't. Dear God, help me!" For hours I sat there, crying and begging for help from Above. At last a peaceful feeling settled over me. I didn't know what it meant, but I felt better, as if Someone had put a hand on my shoulder and said, "You'll be all right now." That night, I was listening as Nell read the Bible to me. She stumbled on a word, and without thinking I leaned over to look at the page. "That's `impoverished,'" I said. She picked up reading where she'd left off until another word stopped her. Almost fearfully, I took the Bible from her and ran my eyes over the page. "I can read, Nell," I cried. "I CAN READ!" I flipped page after page and every sentence made sense. I even picked up a magazine and read the words on the cover. "It's got to be God's work," I whispered. "Only God could do this for me." I stayed up late that night, searching the Scriptures with my own eyes.

—Psalms 145:9—

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.



—166—

John Wesley was travelling to his next meeting when the carriage he was travelling in got stuck in the mud. The delay was especially disturbing because Wesley was eager to preach at the next town. While his helpers tried to get the carriage out, a Christian man walked by. Wesley talked for a few moments with him. Wesley soon learned that the man was very troubled because he could not pay his rent due to crops failing. “Soon the landlord will turn us out, and I don’t know where to go with my wife and children.” The man said. “How much do you owe?” Wesley asked. After hearing the amount needed he said, “Well, I believe I can help you. The Lord must have wanted me to meet you.” Taking the money from his wallet, Wesley handed it to the man and said, “Here, go and be happy!” Then turning to his helpers, Wesley exclaimed, “Now I see why our carriage got stuck in the mud. It was so that we might help that needy family.”

—Psalms 113:3—

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the LORD'S name is to be praised.

—167—

Captain Johnson was serving as an army chaplain in the South Pacific. While he and his crew were returning from a mission, the plane ran out of gasoline. The pilot managed to land the plane on a nearby island, but without gasoline they had no way to return to their home base. The staff sergeant said to Johnson, “Captain, you have been telling us for months about the need to pray and trust God to answer in times of trouble. Now is your chance to prove what you have been preaching. We are out of gas and the base is several hundred miles away.” Johnson prayed desperately for the rest of the day. When night fell, everyone went to sleep. During the night the staff sergeant woke up and decided to take a walk on the beach. There he found, washed up on the beach, a metal float containing 50 barrels of gasoline. Waking up the others, they rolled the barrels onto the beach and within a few hours were safely at the home base.

—Proverbs 3:21,23—

Keep sound wisdom and discretion: ...Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

—168—

Within a week after my conversion, I passed by a window of a picture store in St. Louis, and saw hanging there an engraving of a painting of Daniel in the den of lions. The prophet, with his hands behind him, and the lions circling about him, is looking up and answering the king's question. The one thing I was in mortal fear of, in those days, was that I might go back to my sins. I was a drunken lawyer in St. Louis when I was converted, with no power over an appetite for strong drink, and I was so afraid of a barroom or a hotel or a club that when I saw I was coming to one I would cross the street. I was in torment day and night. No one had told me anything about the keeping power of Jesus Christ. I stood before that picture, and a great hope and faith came into my heart, and I said, "Why, these lions are all about ME--my old habits and sins--but the God that shut the lions' mouths for Daniel can shut them for me." I learned that my God was able. He had saved me, and He was able to deliver me from the lions. Oh, what a rest it was!

—Proverbs 3:24—

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

—169—

A man once dreamed that he was walking along a beach with Jesus. In the sky flashed scenes from the man's life, and for every scene he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand, one for him and for Jesus. When the last scene of his life flashed in front of him, the man looked back at the footprints. He observed that at times along the path of his life during his lowest and saddest moments, there was only one set of footprints. This really bothered the man and he asked Jesus about it. "Lord, You said that once I decided to follow You, You'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most difficult moments in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed You most You would leave me." Jesus replied, "My son, My precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

—Psalms 145:8—

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

—170—

This story is said to have happened in Russia during the early days after the Communist Revolution when they were persecuting Christians so badly. They sent a group of 40 Christians out on the ice of a frozen lake, naked, to die because they wouldn't deny their faith. The guards told them that if any of them wanted to save themselves, all they had to do was run back to the guards and renounce their faith. They all froze and dropped one by one, until finally the last man couldn't take it. He saw all the others dying and he was left alone, and he turned coward and ran toward the guards screaming that he'd deny his faith. But suddenly one of the soldiers said, "Here, take my gun, put on my uniform! I'm going out there to die in your place! I was standing here watching and as each Christian dropped I saw a crown placed on his head! But just as the hand was coming down from Heaven to place a crown on your head, you ran. So here, take my uniform, my gun! I want to take your place! I want that crown!" And he went out on the ice and died for Christ! "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Revelation 2:10)

—Proverbs 14:26—

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge.

—171—

Olga Kristensen spent forty years in China as a volunteer worker. One night, she and her co-workers learned that bandits would be approaching the town where their centre was located. As they prayed for protection, Ms. Kristensen received the verse: “When you lie down, you will not be afraid; yes, you will lie down and your sleep will be sweet. Do not be afraid of sudden terror, nor of trouble from the wicked when it comes; for the Lord will be your confidence, and will keep your foot from being caught (Proverbs 3:24-26).” She shared this verse with the others, and they all settled down to bed. The next morning, much of their town had been damaged, but no one had even so much as knocked on the door of the mission centre.

—Psalms 140:13—

Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto thy name: the upright shall dwell in thy presence.

—172—

The famous preacher Charles Spurgeon lived in England during the 19<sup>th</sup> century, at the same time as George Mueller, the thief-turned-Christian who founded and ran five orphanages. Charles Spurgeon also supported an orphanage, and once worked very hard to collect 300 pounds in donations for it. The night after he'd collected the last of the needed money, Spurgeon heard God say, "Give those 300 pounds to George Mueller."

"But, Lord," Spurgeon protested. "I need that money for my dear orphans in London." Again he felt the Lord telling him to give the money to Mueller. So Spurgeon finally agreed, and went to sleep. The next morning he headed to George Mueller's house and found him praying. "George, God told me to give you these 300 pounds." Spurgeon said.

"Praise God!" Mueller exclaimed. "I have just been praying for that exact amount!" When Spurgeon returned to London, he found a letter on his desk, containing 300 guineas (one guinea was worth one pound and one shilling). Spurgeon cried for joy, "The Lord has returned my 300 pounds, and with 300 shillings interest!"

—Proverbs 18:10—

The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

—173—

Richard and Margaret Hillis were volunteers living in a small village in China. The Japanese were occupying China, and the couple prayed daily for the Lord's protection. Richard became ill and had to travel to the hospital. Soon after he left, all the villagers were advised to evacuate in order to escape the approaching Japanese army. Margaret knew she could not evacuate with Johnny and Margaret Anne, their two little children. So she decided to stay put. But she prayed desperately for God's protection. Margaret worried about food for the children. An old woman suddenly appeared with a bucket of steaming goat's milk, and someone else brought a basket of eggs. Throughout the day Margaret prayed for the Lord's protection and read Scriptures. The next morning she awoke to find all the villagers returning to their homes. The local colonel knocked on her door. For some reason, he said, the Japanese had withdrawn their troops. The danger had passed and the village was safe. Margaret was encouraged. Her faith in God had been stronger than the fear of the enemy, and God had not let her down.

—Isaiah 12:2—

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid:  
for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.



—174—

When you are higher up in the mountains, it takes longer to boil water, as the air pressure is less. We were camping at over 1,000 feet elevation. The wind was blowing and the flame on the stove wasn't working right. It would blow flames all over the pot, so it had to be turned on real low. It was dark, windy, and there were lots of mosquitoes around. I prayed for a miracle for the water to boil fast and for the camping stove's flame to work right—not to blow out, and not to get too big. After a minute of doing other things around our camp, to my dismay I saw that the flame had blown out. I decided to try turning on the other burner, to see if it would work better there, and placed the pot of cool water on it. The flame seemed to work better, and I prayed for a miracle for the water to boil extra fast, so my husband could have tea when he came back to the camp, and so I wouldn't have to stand out there for so long. Then just half a minute later the steam was pouring out of the hole in the lid of the pot. The water was completely boiling—not just simmering. It was boiling full-blast, so soon after I had prayed. The tea was made right away, and when my husband and son returned he was so happy for something to relax with after his long day of driving us on our trip.

—Isaiah 25:1,4

O Lord, thou art my God; For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress,  
a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

—175—

Charles Lindberg was an American pilot who became famous for his solo flight across the Atlantic from New York to Paris in 1927. The flight took thirty-three and a half hours. In his later years he wrote:

“In my youth, science was more important to me than either man or God. I worshipped science. Its advance had surpassed man's wildest dreams. It took many years for me to discover that science, with all its brilliance, lights only a middle chapter of Creation. I saw the aircraft I love ruining the civilization I expected it to save. Now I understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls. For when the actions of a people are undergirded by spiritual truths, there is safety. When spiritual truths are rejected, it is only a matter of time before civilization will collapse. We must understand spiritual truths and apply them to our modern life. We must draw strength from the almost forgotten virtues of simplicity, humility, contemplation and prayer. It requires a dedication beyond science, beyond self, but the rewards are great and it is our only hope.”

—Psalms 138:7a—

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.

—176—

The Scottish doctor Sir James Simpson discovered that the liquid chloroform could be used as an anaesthetic during operations. Hundreds of people could now endure difficult operations without pain. The discovery of chloroform was considered to be one of the most significant discoveries of modern medicine. One day as he was lecturing at the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Simpson was asked by one of the students, “What do you consider to be the most valuable discovery of your lifetime?” His students all expected Dr. Simpson to refer to chloroform. They were surprised to hear the doctor say instead, “My most valuable discovery was when I discovered myself a sinner and that Jesus Christ was my Saviour.”

—Psalms 138:7b—

Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

—177—

A Christian family living in Sri Lanka took their young children one weekend by canoe to a small coral island not far from the beach. They spent the day on the island looking at all the exotic fish in the water and having fun. In the evening they made their way back to the main shore. The waves were now choppy and the canoe was swaying, so the family struggled to get the children into the little canoe. Suddenly a swimmer appeared and held the boat steady while the family all climbed on. With a kindly smile, the swimmer helped push the canoe into the water. After paddling for a bit the father decided to turn around to see if the swimmer was still there, only to see no trace of anyone in the water! The only way to return to the beach was the same way the family in their canoe was going, and though the family waited for nearly half an hour, the swimmer never set foot on the beach. They then realised that the swimmer must have been an angel, sent to help the family in their time of need.

—Isaiah 25:8—

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces.

—178—

A young girl who was travelling met a Buddhist lama on the road. He stopped her and asked, “Child, I think you are a Christian. Is it because your father is a Christian that you have become a Christian too?” She replied, “No, a Christian Sadhu came to our house and preached. I thought about it again and again. From my own experience I knew that Christ was the Savior. That is why I became a Christian.” The lama was furious. He arranged for her to be arrested and put in prison. After a few days he went to see the girl. He was amazed to find her singing, and praying quietly afterwards. The girl prayed, “God, I thank Thee that I have received the privilege of suffering for Thee. Lord, have mercy on this man. Open the eyes of his heart to see the light.” When he heard this sincere prayer, the lama broke down and cried. The girl was released, and the lama accepted Christ as his Savior, telling everyone of the girl’s wonderful courage.

—Isaiah 30:15—

Thus saith the Lord God ... In returning and rest shall ye be saved;  
in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.

—179—

The young son of a government official in Northeast India fell terminally ill. A Hindu pharmacist, realizing that the child was beyond medical help, advised the man, “Try the Christian God, Jesus Christ. I once heard that he raised a man called Lazarus, who had already been dead for three days!” As the official arrived home, he heard people crying, and he realised that his son must have passed away. He went into the child’s room and placed his hands on the chest of his son. He prayed, “Jesus, I do not know who You are, but I have just heard that You raised Lazarus from the dead after three days. If You raise my son up, I promise You, even though I do not know who You are, my family and I will worship You.” Immediately the boy’s eyes opened and he came back to life.

—Psalms 37:7—

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

—180—

Mrs. Mereet hosted a weekly prayer meeting in her front room. Many people were blessed by God's presence there and many were converted. One evening the prayer meeting finished much later than expected, so Mrs. Mereet went straight to bed when it was over. As she came downstairs the next morning, she saw a light shining from under the front room door. Immediately she thought that she must have left the light on. She pushed open the door and was amazed. In front of the fireplace stood an angel in shining white robes. He smiled at her and disappeared. Mrs. Mereet could only say, "Thank you Jesus!" She was eighty-five years old at the time, but her prayer meetings continued to be blessed until she went to be with the Lord four years later.

—Psalms 37:11—

The meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

—181—

While visiting his mother in the United States, a Christian missionary borrowed her car to visit some friends and supporters. On the way home, he needed to change from one freeway to another. There was no proper entry ramp, and it was a very dangerous place, as well as usually requiring a long wait. As the missionary slowed his car, he was glad to see that there were only two vehicles ahead of him. As he began to enter the freeway, he heard a voice saying, “Wait! Don’t go!” Surprised, he took his foot off the gas pedal. In the next second he saw why he had been told to stop. A large wave of traffic that he hadn’t seen previously, appeared on the highway, desperately braking to try to avoid the two vehicles that had entered before the missionary. There was a big car crash that he missed because he waited and obeyed the Lord’s nudge.

—Isaiah 32:22—

For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us.



—182—

Wanting to be alone, a man named Francis slipped into a cathedral in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He sat down, thinking how gloomy and dark the cathedral looked in the late afternoon. After a while a caretaker approached him. Francis got up to leave, but instead the caretaker urged him to stay. “Don’t go until the lights come on!” the caretaker said. Francis waited. The church became darker, the stained glass windows were ugly and he desperately wanted to leave. Suddenly the street lights came on and the whole scene was changed! Francis thought he had never seen such beautiful colouring as he saw right then in the stained glass windows of the cathedral! The light shone through those windows and gave them a Heavenly beauty. Later, he reflected on the incident and thought about the many times he’d felt sad, and how quickly he’d felt better when the joy of the Lord and His light flooded Francis’ soul. He had learned a secret from the old caretaker: “Don’t go until the lights come on!”

—Psalms 136:1—

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

—183—

A mission centre learned that there would be a typhoon heading toward their area. Everyone gathered in the main building for safety. They had desperate prayer for protection and waited to see what would happen. Just as the winds were getting stronger, they started to die down. The missionaries waited for the rest of the storm to come, but the next two hours were as calm as could be. Turning on the radio, they found that the storm had been heading for their area, and then had just veered off to sea. There was still some slight damage, but nowhere as much as should have been had the typhoon hit them in full force.

—Psalms 103:8—

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

—184—

The Swedish singer Jenny Lind had a surprisingly short career, retiring after only five years. She appeared sometimes in the next few years for charities, but otherwise lived a quiet life. Once as she sat on the beach reading her Bible, an admirer of her voice asked, “How is it Madam, that you abandoned the stage at the height of your success?”

Jenny Lind gave this answer: “When every day it made me think less of this,” and she laid her hand on her open Bible, “what else could I do?” It was this knowledge of Jesus’ love and the Bible that led her to abandon what the world calls valuable—riches, honour, and popularity.

—Isaiah 40:8—

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

—185—

King Henry of Bavaria once grew so tired of court life that he decided to become a monk instead. He went to Prior Richard, the head of the monastery. The monk told the king all the strict rules of the order that he would need to follow. King Henry listened eagerly and said how pleased he was at the idea of such a simple life. The Prior then insisted that obedience was the first step to becoming a saint. The King promised to obey everything that Prior Richard told him to do. “Then go back to your throne and do the duty that God has assigned you,” the Prior said.

King Henry went back to his castle and took up his scepter, and for the rest of his life his people said, “King Henry has learned to govern by learning to obey.”

—Isaiah 40:29—

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

These words were found in the diary of the famous missionary David Livingstone. They were written on the day Stanley left after failing to persuade the aging missionary to return home.

“People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt we owe to our God be called a sacrifice? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own best reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather, it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink, but let this be only for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which was made by Him who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself to us.”

"MY JESUS, MY LORD, MY LIFE, MY ALL, I AGAIN DEDICATE MY WHOLE SELF TO THEE."

—Psalms 121:1-2—

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

—187—

I was lost in a poor neighbourhood. Hearing a car pass, I turned, and in the flash of light, saw three men lurking behind me, trying to keep out of sight in the shadows. Trembling with fright, I did what I always do when in need of help. I bowed my head and asked Jesus to rescue me. When I finished praying and looked up, a fourth man was striding toward me in the dark! "Dear Lord, I'm surrounded!" I was so scared! It took me a few seconds to realise that even in the blackness of the night I could clearly see the fourth man. He was dressed in an immaculate work shirt and blue jeans, and he carried a lunch box. His face was stern but beautiful. I ran up to him. "I'm lost and some men are following me!" I said in desperation. "I took a walk from the bus depot--I'm so scared!"

"Come," he said. "I'll take you to safety." He was strong and made me feel safe. "I...I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come along. I prayed for help just before you came." A smile touched his mouth and eyes. We were nearing the depot. "You are safe now." His voice was resonant, deep.

"Thank you so much!" I said fervently. He nodded. "Good-bye, Euphie." As I went into the lobby, it hit me. Euphie! Had he really used my first name?! I whirled around and burst out onto the sidewalk to look for him--but he had vanished!

—John 14:18—

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

—188—

A young missionary couple were spending their first winter in an isolated Cree Indian village, in Canada. A small child in the village became seriously ill. There were no doctors or clinics out in the frozen wilderness that could help the child. Some friends of the child's parents suggested they ask the new missionary to pray for the child. The father refused, but eventually agreed to give it a try. The missionary prayed for the child to get well, and the next day the child completely recovered. The father was converted, went to Bible school and became the pastor of the church in the village.

—Psalms 119:2—

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

—189—

A Communist Party leader in Honduras named Kiki was a mean and harsh man. He was a strong political leader and wealthy landowner. He was also an atheist and hated everyone. However he was also very ill, and though he had gone to many doctors none of them were able to figure out what was wrong with Kiki. His wife saw on TV a telecast about a series of meetings that some Christian missionaries were holding, and she urged Kiki to attend. Kiki went to the meetings, along with his team of bodyguards. Each night he was in terrible pain. On the fourth night, his pain suddenly disappeared! He stood up and shouted, “Something has happened to me! Something wonderful!” That night Kiki and his entire family received Jesus in their hearts. A few nights later they also received the Holy Spirit.

—Isaiah 41:17—

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst,  
I the Lord will hear them, I ... will not forsake them.



—190—

Ann Cannady was sick with cancer. She had little hope for recovery. The weeks before her surgery was scheduled, she and her husband Gary prayed for healing. Three days before the operation, they answered the doorbell to find a black man standing on the porch. The man introduced himself as Thomas, and told Ann that her cancer was gone. He said that God had sent him. He held up his hand, and Ann felt a white light enveloping her body. After Thomas had left, Ann phoned her doctor and told him to cancel the surgery. The doctor was sceptical about her healing, and decided to run some tests. All the tests confirmed the same thing; Ann was completely healed. The doctor admitted he'd witnessed a 'medical miracle.'

—Psalms 125:2—

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,  
so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

—191—

Barbara and Paul Burak's nine-year-old son, Paul Junior, was rushed to the hospital with encephalitis, a very serious inflammation of the brain. He was in critical condition. The Burak's church started a prayer chain for Paul Junior. Both his parents were confident that God could heal their son. Paul Junior was in a coma for four days and was semi-comatose for fifteen more days. Finally a scan showed that he was stable, but would be severely brain-damaged. Both Barbara and Paul Senior refused to accept this diagnosis. They believed that God would overcome the impossible. From the moment that his parents took such an unwavering stand of faith, Paul Junior began to recover. He told everyone that Jesus had healed him. A child neurologist confirmed that Paul Junior had completely recovered, and he became an 'A' grade student in school ever since.

—Psalms 118:6—

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

—192—

A woman was nearly home when her car stalled in the deep water on the exit ramp. The heavy rains in Houston had nearly washed out the road. After waiting for nearly an hour, she decided to wade down the road to get to her home. She carried her three-year-old daughter Christy on her back. The current was very strong, and the wind blew the woman's umbrella out of her hands. She struggled to stay on her feet as the water got deeper. As she prayed that the Lord would help her get Christy to safety, she thought of the angel cards she had collected as a child. The cards showed blond angels with white wings and porcelain skin. How she needed one of those angels now! Suddenly a tall, dark skinned man lifted Christy off the woman's back and set both of them on higher ground. The woman turned around to thank their helper, but there was no one to be seen. So much for white wings and porcelain skin!

—Isaiah 43:1—

Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

—193—

And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the LORD, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.

(2 Kings 2:19-22)

—Isaiah 49:10—

They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them:  
for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them.

—194—

A nurse named Joyce was looking after her husband, who was very sick with heart and breathing problems. Though his doctor was not optimistic, Joyce clung to a promise God had given her that her husband would recover completely. One night, she sat by her husband's bedside, having made him as comfortable as possible. Due to his illness, he had to sleep sitting up, propped by pillows. Suddenly Joyce was surrounded by angels. There were so many that she could not count them all. The chief one came and told Joyce to rest; they would look after her sick husband. Joyce awoke the next morning to find the angels leaving. The chief one said, "Hurry up, we have to go. All is well." Joyce sat up to see her husband sleeping peacefully. He continued to recover well. The doctor was amazed at Joyce's husband's recovery. Medically he believed it was impossible. Joyce then told him about the angels' visit.

—Isaiah 45:22—

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.

—195—

A business man named William Niehous who was living in Venezuela was forcibly taken away from his home by people who were trying to put pressure on the government to change its policies. He was kept as a captive for three and a half years in the jungle. While he was kept in captivity he had lots of time to think about his life. He'd become so busy with his work that he hadn't spent much time with his family, or read the Bible and had fellowship with other believers. He had many questions and struggled to believe that he would be rescued.

One day he saw an ant trying to carry a crumb of bread. Though the crumb was much larger than the ant, with bravery and determination the ant finally carried the crumb back to its colony. Mr Niehous realized that if the ant could persevere and have the God given ability to bear its burden, then so could he. He felt a new sense of courage to endure his seemingly hopeless situation.

Shortly afterwards he was rescued by police. The very next day he was on a plane to the United States, where his family was waiting to greet him. Mr Niehous reflected on how those months in the jungle had changed his life and priorities forever. He was a better man for it, having had his faith strengthened that with God, you can go through anything and come out stronger.

—Isaiah 43:3—

I am the Lord thy God, ... thy Saviour.

An engineer named Jim Mascaro often prayed that God would bring receptive people across his path as he rode the bus to and from work. One day as Jim travelled home he sat alone and prayed for the Lord seat the right person beside him. Soon a man sat down next to him and began reading the sports section of the newspaper. Jim tried to tell him about Jesus, but the man did not seem interested. Jim prayed silently for a way to get through to the man when the Holy Spirit said, “Just tell him, ‘Bob, I love you so much that I gave My Son for you.’”

“Is your name Bob?” Jim asked. The man’s mouth fell open. “How do you know?”

“God told me.” Jim said. “He also wants you to know that He loves you so much that He sent His Son, Jesus to die for you.” Jim had just enough time to share John 3:16 with the man before he arrived at his stop. As Jim got off the bus he saw this man still sitting with a shocked expression. Jim knew that the one word of knowledge had made an impression on that man’s heart.

—Psalms 118:5—

I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me.

—197—

The Italian Enrico Caruso was one of the most famous singers of all time. (February 25, 1873 – August 2, 1921) His favorite saying was, “Bisogna soffrire per essere grandi.” It means, “To be great, it is necessary to suffer.” Caruso’s early life was full of difficulties. His family was very poor. He bought his first pair of shoes when he was eighteen, with the money he earned from singing at a resort. In his first publicity photograph he wore a bed sheet, draped like a toga, because his only shirt was being washed at the time.

—Isaiah 43:2—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;  
and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:  
when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned;  
neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.



—198—

Nigeria, like many third world countries, is tribal and has literally dozens of tribal languages. When I travel to even a nearby province in Nigeria, I may require an interpreter. During a particular crusade, my interpreter made a serious blunder that I did not discover until much later. At the end of a morning session, I announced, "If you know anyone who is deaf, bring them with you tonight." Without hesitating or questioning my words, the interpreter repeated, "If you know anyone who is dead, bring them with you tonight." Two people had died in town the previous day, and the bodies were still unburied. That night, four men carried the dead bodies on stretchers to the platform. Puzzled by this, I conferred with my interpreter and discovered the mistake. Even though I had not asked for the dead to be brought, I called on the Lord to show His power. Both men were raised back to life.

—Psalms 118:8—

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

—199—

A Christian college student named Donna was worried about her next door neighbour Susan. Susan had been having very painful headaches, and they were so bad that Susan had scheduled a CAT scan at the local hospital. One afternoon as Susan was again sick, Donna felt the Holy Spirit telling her to pray for Susan. Donna witnessed to Susan and prayed for her. Nothing happened, and Donna returned to her room discouraged and slightly embarrassed. Half an hour later Susan came to see her. “Guess what? The pain is gone now!” she exclaimed. The CAT scan later that week also came back showing all was well. Susan couldn’t deny that she had experienced a miracle of God’s power.

—Psalms 118:9—

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

—200—

John Wesley was riding along a country road when it dawned on him that he had not suffered any persecution for his faith in over three days. Could he have sinned, and was out of God's will? Alarmed, John Wesley got off his horse and kneeled down to pray. He began praying that God would show him if there was any fault or wrongdoing in his life. A rough man passing by heard Wesley praying. He looked over and recognized Wesley. "I'll fix that preacher," the man thought and tossed a brick at Wesley. The brick fell harmlessly on the grass next to Wesley, who jumped up happily exclaiming, "Thank God, it's all right. I still have His presence."

—Isaiah 50:7—

For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded:  
therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.

—201—

The bus driver for a Sunday School named James Hassel fell into a swimming pool. None of the other children or adult church members knew that James could not swim. When the children came outside they saw James was at the bottom of the pool. Adults came and pulled him out. The rescue squad was called. When an ambulance finally arrived and James was rescued, he was blue and full of water. The Christians began to pray, and one of the dads laid his hands on James. Others joined in. After several minutes, James revived and was brought back to life! The paramedics were amazed and could only admit that there had been a miracle. James wasn't a Christian when this happened, but accepted Jesus Christ as his saviour the very same day.

—Psalms 94:14—

For the Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance.

—202—

Once a person forgot his bag on the bus he was riding in. The bag contained several thousand dollars that was the budget of his mission centre, and the young missionary was desperate to retrieve the bag after discovering its loss. He imagined what hardships his carelessness would cause, and prayed for God to forgive him. Phoning the bus company, he was relieved to find that the bag had been found and saved for him with all the money still there.

—Psalms 32:10—

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

—203—

God seemed to say to William Wilberforce, "I want you to free all the slaves in the British Empire!" Humanly speaking, Wilberforce could not do it. He was a cripple, and a hunchback. His body was so twisted that a writer of that day said he looked like a human corkscrew. The majority of the leaders did not want the British Empire to stop the slave trade. Wilberforce believed that nothing was impossible with God. He believed he could do all things in Christ's strength. On the day of his funeral, when his worn-out body was put beneath the flagstones of Westminster Abbey, the British Parliament passed a law that every slave who lived beneath the British flag be freed.

—1 Thessalonians 5:24—

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

—204—

The poetess Myra Brooks Welch is perhaps best known for her masterpiece, “The Touch of the Master’s Hand.” She was confined to a wheelchair, and often said, “And I thank God for this.” Can you imagine being thankful for a wheelchair? But it was her disability that led her to discover her previously unknown talent for poetry. Rather than becoming bitter, she chose a better way, and a wonderful ministry opened new doors of blessings for her.

—Psalms 103:14—

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

—205—

While a father was talking with his adult son who was visiting from abroad, the son told this story: “As I drove onto the ramp of a highway, I stopped to let two trailers pass. I was rather troubled, and questioning the Lord about different things in my life. Suddenly the two trailers crashed into each other and there was a tremendous car crash. Debris was flying everywhere. I tried to help, but the flames were too hot. I realized that if I had been in a hurry, I too would have been caught in the accident. This incident put all my problems in perspective. I began to count my blessings, thanking God for His protection.”

—Psalms 103:17—

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,  
and his righteousness unto children's children.



—206—

A woman on holiday lost the key to her hotel room. If the key were not found, she would have to pay not only for the new key but a locksmith to make it. She prayed to be able to find it and realized that she had taken it swimming with her. She claimed the Bible verse Matthew 16:19, *"I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven."* After searching for several hours, she finally discovered the key among some rocks, where it had been swept by the tide far from where she had been swimming. It was a complete miracle that the key had been found!

—Isaiah 58:9—

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.

—207—

It was the year 1815. Napoleon had just escaped from the Island of Elba, where he was a prisoner in exile. As soon as he landed in France, Napoleon quickly regrouped an army and so the war in Europe continued. The city of Basel in Switzerland was surrounded by Napoleon's French army. A group of Christians in the city made the promise that they would start a school for training missionaries if God would save the city.

Miraculously, the city was saved and the French Army was forced to retreat. Soon an army of Russians and Hungarians arrived and attacked the French. Then a violent thunderstorm arose which bogged down the canon in the mud and the French general had no choice but to surrender. Since God had answered their prayers, the people of Basel kept their promise. They started the missionary school and sent out hundreds of missionaries to Africa and India. This mission is still in operation today.

—Isaiah 59:19—

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.

—208—

The scientist Joseph Plateau went blind after he made a mistake during an experiment. Despite his disability, he continued to study and make new discoveries. He wrote books on the nature of liquid surfaces by asking others to tell him what they observed during his experiments and then had someone else write his findings down. Many of his discoveries are still known and used today. He could have surrendered to condemnation, but instead chose to go on with life and continue his work.

—Isaiah 60:1—

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

—209—

Roy was a criminal, but he was converted in prison. He met Jesus Christ in prison. Christ said to him, "I will come and live in you and we will serve this sentence together," and they did. Several years later he was finally released from prison another prisoner handed him a letter. Roy read the letter, which said: "You know that when I came into this jail I did not believe in God. Then I heard that you were saved, and I decided to watch you. I watched you exercising, working in the shop, and at meals. Now I'm a Christian too, because I watched your example of what it means to be a Christian. The Saviour who saved you also saved me." Roy marvelled at what a powerful impact his simple testimony had on this prisoner, and thanked God for helping him never to backslide.

—Isaiah 60:2—

Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people:  
but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

—210—

When I was about five years old, my father backed our car out of the driveway and accidentally ran over me. My arm and leg were crushed. Thank God, both he and my mother believed in miracles. They held me in their arms and prayed, believing God could heal. In less than an hour, I was completely whole. I returned to playing and even went to church that night.

—Isaiah 65:24—

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

—211—

Hfen writes how she received two separate and remarkable warnings about a possible future incident toward which she was heading. They may have saved her life:

"At approximately four in the morning, my phone rang," writes Hfen. "It was my sister calling from across the country. Her voice trembled and she was near tears. She told me she had a vision of me being in a car accident. She didn't say whether or not I was killed in it, but the sound of her voice made me think she did believe this, but was afraid to tell me. She told me to pray and she said she would pray for me. She told me to be careful, to take another route to work -- anything I could do. I told her I believed her and would call our mother and ask her to pray with us.

"I left for work at the hospital, terrified but strengthened in the spirit. I went to talk to patients about some concerns. As I was leaving, a man sitting in a wheelchair near the door called to me. I went to him expecting that he had a complaint against the hospital. He told me God had given him a message that I would be in a car accident! He said someone not paying attention would hit me. I was so shocked I almost fainted. He said he would pray for me and that God loved me. I felt weak in the knees as I left the hospital. I drove like a little old lady as I observed every intersection, stop sign and stop light. When I got home, I called my mom and sister and told them I was fine."

—Amos 3:7—

Surely the Lord GOD will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.

—212—

"Everybody in the town used to go to the hill by the post office to sled in the winter," says Jackie. "I was sledding with my family and I went to the steep part. I closed my eyes and went down. I apparently hit someone going down and I was spinning out of control. I was heading for the metal guard rail. I didn't know what to do. I suddenly felt something push my chest down—my guardian angel. I came within less than a half inch of the rail but didn't hit it. I could have lost my nose."

—Psalms 91:4—

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:  
his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

**—213—**

You have to be pretty brave to jump out of a plane—but you also have to be blessed to survive the leap with a faulty parachute. Lareece Butler had God on her side in March, when she escaped a free fall of 3,000 feet with only a broken leg, a fractured pelvis, and a concussion. As Butler plummeted, the chute's ropes twisted around her. She later told reporters she had prayed, God save me, please; I have a son, but could recall nothing else until she woke up in the hospital, surrounded by her amazed and grateful family.

**—Jeremiah 1:8—**

Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.



—214—

A widow and her six children were stricken with a contagious illness. One morning at breakfast the minister's wife announced that she was going to take care of the stricken family. Her own family protested, but she only quoted a part of the 91st Psalm: "Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." And, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

"I believe that Psalm means just what it says," she told the others. "It is a clear call for me to go. God will take care of me." She went, and was in that home for five weeks. When they were practically well again she went back home. Neither she nor her family contracted the disease. Her kindly act did more to raise the spiritual level of that community than all the sermons her husband preached.

—Psalms 46:5—

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

—215—

Many years ago when I was passing out literature with my family two men approached me. Che ore sono?" (Italian for "What time is it?") one of the men asked. As I looked down at my watch, the other one quickly cut the strap of my bag, and they both started running away!" *Oh no!* I thought, knowing all of our passports were in my bag and it would be difficult to replace them. I impulsively ran after the robbers. It wasn't very wise and I could have been hurt, but the Lord had mercy on me. I should have shot up a quick prayer asking Jesus what to do before I went running after them. I ran as fast as I could, calling after them, "Stop, thief!" and soon caught up.

One of them ran a bit further away with my bag, and I grabbed the other one and told him, "Listen! You can have my money, but please I need my family's passports and my Bible. We are missionaries and tell others about Jesus. Please give us our passports and Bible." The man was shocked! He looked afraid, but right after I said the word 'Jesus,' the Lord must have miraculously touched his heart, 'cause he called the other guy back, and they gave them to me! Boy, was I ever so thankful. In the bag were also some traveller's checks. We were able to call and cancel them, so really in the end the only thing I lost was my bag. It encouraged my faith that the Lord was with me, and would take care of me no matter what.

—Jeremiah 1:19—

They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee;  
for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.

—216—

I was seven years old, and my biggest wish in the entire world was to own a dolly buggy, and not just *any* buggy. It had to be blue, with dark blue flowers on it, and I wanted white lace on the hood. Where I had gotten this dream buggy idea from I have no idea, but I knew what I wanted, and I told my mom about my heart's desire. She told me they couldn't afford a fancy dolly pram, but Jesus could supply it. It didn't take long for God to answer.

My grandmother visited just a few weeks later and she brought a gift unannounced. My mom's jaw dropped and my little girl heart burst with excitement as they came rolling in with my precise order, a brand-new, blue dolly buggy, with dark blue flowers, the hood trimmed with white lace. This God-tagged delivery was exactly what I wanted down to the tiniest detail. Mormor (grandmother on my mother's side) told us they'd passed by the toy shop and seen the buggy on an incredible sale, and they had thought of me and felt compelled to buy it. The amazing thing about it is that Mom never told anyone about my wish, besides sending up a prayer of her own. Jesus cares as much about a little girl's prayers as He does for any one of us today, and no detail of our prayers is left unattended to. It just proves how He goes to great lengths and delights in giving us our hearts' desires!

—Psalms 77:1—

I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

—217—

I have always been a dog person. I grew up with dogs, and even later in life when my wife and I served as missionaries, we felt a dog was a necessary addition to our household. So we got ourselves a puppy and a collar. Not just any collar, but the best one we could find. In fact, when I would take him on walks in the morning or explore the fields together at dusk, with his stainless steel collar complete with a gold-colored name tag, he often seemed better dressed than I was. Unfortunately, it seemed the dog was blissfully unaware of the fact that he wore an outstanding collar and wasn't interested in protecting his earthly possessions. He lost it in the ocean. He loved to growl and bark at the foam and throw himself into the waves that were five times as high as he was, only to swim back with a humongous dog smile as if to say, *I conquered the sea, boss. Did you see it?* But one day, his collar was gone. Although it was frustrating, there wasn't really anything we could do, and since there was no pet shop nearby, we tied a rope around his brown neck. Until three days later. That day I was walking along the beach to have quiet prayer time with God. There was no one on the beach, except an old fisherman, preparing his nets. When he saw me he waved, and when I got closer, he cast me a toothless grin. His piercing, blue eyes on his weather-wrinkled face studied me for a moment. "Is this yours?" He pulled something from his pocket and showed it to me. My mouth fell open. It was our dog's collar. "Yes, it is," I said, flabbergasted. "He lost it in the sea three days ago. Isn't God good! He can take care of even the most insignificant details in life."

—Jeremiah 32:27—

Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?

—218—

When I was 18 and living in London as a student in the early 1970s, I came to know Jesus in a personal way and our relationship began to develop. I used to go for long walks to parks on my own, and it felt like someone was walking by my side and talking with me as an old friend. Instead of feeling lonely, I felt recharged. Once, some friends from a political youth club invited me for a weekend convention in Liverpool. I was more a follower of the hippie culture than of politics at the time, but it was a chance to visit Liverpool, and the costs were pooled, so I decided to go along. The gathering was held in a big sports facility and included a number of speeches I've completely forgotten by now. On the last afternoon, I convinced a friend to go exploring with me. I can still remember the clear sky and beautiful spring weather. I had a great time, but as evening began to fall, I realized I had no idea what street my hostel was located on. The houses in the area all looked alike, and the rooms we had rented were part of someone's home, so there weren't any signs on the street. My friend started to get worried, but I didn't. Instead, I felt the same presence that would go with me on my walks to the parks in London, reassuring me that everything would be all right. We had walked about 12 blocks when a small voice spoke inside of me: Turn to the left now. We did, and soon I saw the rest of my friends I had travelled with standing outside the front door of the house we were staying at. The Bible says: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and that was certainly proven true for me at that moment.

—Psalms 68:19—

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

There was a girl named Etta, who wanted very much to go to college to prepare for Christian service. For two years she prayed for money to pay her tuition. The situation looked impossible. She came to me in tears and much discouraged. I asked her if she knew that it was God's will for her to go, and she answered that she was absolutely sure it was. "Then I would certainly not wait any longer," I said. "You've been asking God for the money for two years, but you have never shown by your actions that you really expect Him to provide it. If you really believed He was going to answer your prayer and give you the funds you need, what would you do?"

"I'd get my clothes ready, write the school that I was coming, and make necessary arrangements to wrap up my responsibilities here," Etta answered. "Then that is exactly what I would do if I were you. Stand on His promise and prepare, do as much as you can as if you had the money in your hand. If someone you trust were to promise you the money, you would believe them, but God Himself has already promised in His Word.

"I do! I'll *prove* it! I'm going home to pack my clothes and get ready. School opens in a very short time, and I'll have to hurry." Etta never wavered from that moment on. She went straight ahead with her preparations, positive that the Bank of Heaven would open its windows at just the right time. The day before she was supposed to leave, she phoned me to say that her clothing and other belongings were all ready to pack, but she had no suitcase. Over the phone we claimed the Scripture promise, "God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory." About an hour later a friend phoned me. She said she was cleaning house and found a number of things she didn't need any longer and wanted to get rid of, including a trunk. She wondered if I could use it. "You're filling an order from heaven," I said with a laugh, "only you have the wrong address. The Lord wants the trunk sent to Etta's home."

The next night a number of us went to the train station to see Etta off to college. “The money hasn’t come yet, so I haven’t been able to buy my ticket,” she whispered, “but I am not the least bit worried. I absolutely know the Lord has heard my prayer and I know that I have what I asked Him for.” Just then I heard the train whistle in the distance and saw the glow of the headlight. Time was running out. What could I say? Suddenly one of the people who had taken the collection came running up to us. “I was doing some work at the office when I remembered the money the others had given me to give to Etta,” he said. “And here is some more—a gift from my wife and me.”

“And here is more,” said another friend who had also just arrived to see Etta off. “All aboard!” called the conductor. “All aboard God’s promises!” I said to Etta. “It pays to believe, doesn’t it?”

“It’s wonderful,” she answered, “simply wonderful, what faith can do!”

—Psalms 46:10—

Be still, and know that I am God.

—220—

Being a mother myself, we found ourselves going through a tough period financially. My husband and I were both studying and neither of us had a steady income. Winter came around earlier than usual and this particular year it was extra cold, with knee-deep snow and harsh, cold winds. I had winter jackets, snow pants and boots saved for my girls but nothing for our son Max. As winter had come earlier than expected, we lacked the finances to buy new winter clothes and boots that month, and he only had his autumn jacket and tennies. I got desperate and told Jesus of my plight. “This won’t do, Lord. He’s Your kid and he really needs warm winter clothes, preferably a good snow suit that will last next year as well, and a good pair of winter boots. And we really need it now!” I told Jesus this and no one else, I figured He’d make good on His promise, “If you ask anything in My name, I will do it” (John 14:14). Sure enough, only three days passed and my dad calls from another city where he lives. He tells me he found great deals on a good brand of winter snow suits and boots for my youngest brother, and he added, “I want to buy the same for Max. I’ll ship them to you.” I told my dad then and there of how he was an answer to prayer! He had never done this before and never did it again! But I got just what I prayed for: a Didrikson snow suit with extendable arms and legs, made to last longer than one season, and a good pair of winter boots that kept my son warm and dry that winter. God really cares!

—Lamentations 3:22-23—

It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.  
They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.



—221—

"Never stop singing!" commanded Hildegard of Bingen, who had many reasons not to sing. From the time of her birth in 1098 in Germany's middle Rhine Valley, Hildegard was susceptible to illness. She was a spiritually sensitive child, and her physical weaknesses led her to nurture a rich interior life. Hildegard experienced her first vision at age three and began her spiritual quest in earnest at eight, when her parents offered her, their tenth child, to the church as a tithe. Her earliest spiritual experiences involved chanting the Psalms as part of the Benedictine daily prayer services.

This Benedictine nun lived 81 active, fulfilling years, in spite of regular optical migraines and the reality of living in a man's world. Hildegard founded two convents; organized the first public preaching tours ever conducted by a woman; authored nearly 400 bold letters to popes, emperors, abbesses, abbots, monks, nuns, and laypeople; worked as a healer, naturalist, botanist, dietary specialist, and exorcist; composed daring music; crafted poetry with staying power; wrote the first surviving sung morality play; and wrote three compelling theological works. Through singing, Hildegard expressed her gratitude for God, and her songs invite us to take up our own crosses and be thankful with her.

—Lamentations 3:25—

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.

Dr. Lorriane Day was critically ill with cancer and several other things all at once. She didn't have much time left to live—or so she and her husband thought. She tried everything she'd heard of to try and get well. One thing she knew not to do was to undergo chemo. As a doctor she knew that was a bad move, as it would weaken her immune system and make her unable to get well. Dr. Day and her husband made a brave and courageous decision. They both put themselves completely in the care of the Lord. They both stopped their jobs so they could focus on the desperate need at hand—her healing. They prayed for God to support and help them make it through. And He did!

During this time that they chose not to give up and give into what seemed to be a fatal illness, and gave God full control to lead them in the path of healing, then healing came at last and for good. Now in her 80's, still healthy and whole, with a beautiful face and clear thinking mind, Dr. Day keeps busy helping as many as she can to know the path of healing that God led her on—giving Him their heart through believing in Jesus; giving Him their time through taking daily time to lay down cares, pray, and read the Bible; giving Him their worries and fears and trusting Him to take care of everything and not giving in to stress, through giving God full say on their diet and sticking to the plan first given to the first humans on earth, in Genesis 1:29; giving Him their body and energy and using it in the way He wants them to, while doing what He knows is best for them, and what will improve the world around. It took the courageous leap of faith into God's arms, but she and her family were rewarded with their heart's desire—to have life and use it for the good of others in the way God wanted her to.

It hasn't been easy, and many don't like what she does and says—just as with anyone that really loves and follows God and shows others the way to living a long and happy life. But she is too grateful for what God has done for her to remain silent. As her way to give back to the one who gave her life back to her, she helps countless others to gain a deeper and more trusting relationship with Jesus and find healing for free, like God wants them to.

**—Psalms 66:8-9—**

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:  
Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

—223—

A young missionary family found that they could no longer extend their visa to stay in the country they were living in. They felt the Lord wanted them to move on, but the trip would be expensive and they did not have the necessary funds. They claimed the verse, 'Ask and ye shall receive'. That night they met a young Sikh from India. They felt led to tell the Sikh of their need and the man listened sympathetically. He then said that he would be receiving a large sum of money soon and told the missionaries to call his office the day before they needed to leave. When they finally called, the young Sikh went with the missionary family to the airline office and bought three tickets to the country of their choice. He then mysteriously disappeared.

—Joel 2:21—

Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things.

(Part 1) I've seen visions of my fine-looking guardian angel, several times before. He's tall and handsome, and even blonde, with a real fine face, and shines with a light that never shone on land or sea! It's always such a perfectly peaceful expression, beautifully calm, and serene, and confident, usually pleasant and smiling, never worried--and only one time did I ever see him looking fierce. I was a teenager, headed across the street for some dive in San Francisco, when suddenly, he was right there on the curb in front of me, challengingly confronting me, dressed in an old bum's clothes, and a slouch hat, but not budging an inch out of my way, and looking fiercely into my eyes, with eyes that glowed like fire, and he spoke in my mind, not with his mouth, but somehow with his eyes or his thoughts; but I heard him loud and clear, inside of my head, looking at me with great disgust, and saying, "And now, where are you going?"--Because he knew where I was headed, and was there to stop me, thank God, and stop me he did, because I wasn't three feet from him, face to face, and he nearly scared me out of my wits; so much so, that I nearly did a flip over backwards, and ran the other way across that busy street, dodging the cars; it's a wonder I didn't get killed; and I grabbed the first train home--I couldn't get there fast enough; I was so scared of him, I was afraid he was following me, and I kept looking back, because somehow I knew exactly what he was--an angel of God in disguise, and sent by the Lord, to turn me back from my evil way, Thank God! It worked! It sure did the trick, and I never forgot it!

And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered.

—225—

(Part 2) The next time I saw my guardian angel was much more pleasant, because I was trying hard to serve the Lord in evangelistic work, when my children were small, and I was driving this big 10-ton rig, truck and house trailer, creeping along a strange street, in a strange city, trying to find my way, after midnight on a dark and lonely night. I was lost, and trying to find a bridge that I knew was the highway, according to the map, but it wasn't a very big city, and nobody seemed to be on the streets that I could ask! Suddenly out of the shadows of an office building on my left, a fine-looking business man with an attaché case stepped toward the curb. I quickly rolled down my window and stopped, and he smiled pleasantly, and stretched out his left arm to the left and, pointing, said, "Yes, it's that way--the way you're going", waved, and I yelled thanks and he disappeared, and I drove on toward the bridge, which was, sure enough, just ahead of me! When suddenly, I was half frightened and half thrilled, when it dawned on me that I hadn't even asked him anything! He'd given me the answer to the question without my saying anything. He knew what was on my mind. And as I drove excitedly along, I began to realise there was something vaguely familiar about him--he was the same angel!

—Micah 7:7—

Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me.

My wife and I were riding the underground late one night (or the tube, the subway) in an almost empty car, when suddenly this very strange man sat down directly in front of us, face to face and knee to knee, eyeing us oddly. We had noticed him looking at us in the Station rather peculiarly several times before boarding, and had gotten some very unpleasant vibes from him. It was a few minutes past midnight and the train operator had quit for the night. While the foreman was trying to find another operator who would be willing to take the train on in, this very strange man was sitting eyeball to eyeball with us, leering at us tauntingly.

We sat glaring at each other, with our noses hardly two feet apart, on this nearly empty train in a deserted Station, awaiting we knew not what, for what seemed an eternity of time. It seemed he was trying to hypnotize me. To prove his powers, he startingly blurted out with, "You're a teacher, aren't you?"

If he hadn't looked so other-worldly, I might have thought he was some detective on my trail--but he had me quite convinced the Devil was certainly on my trail, which didn't make me feel any better! So a little surprised, I answered, "Why, yes I am. How did you know?" "I'm a psychologist", he laughed diabolically, sending the chills up our spines. We sat there nearly stunned in almost deafening silence.

I quickly shot a little telegram to the Lord for instructions in this very unusual situation, the like of which I'd never quite run up against before, and, of course, I got an immediate answer--but a very surprising one, at that!

My attention was immediately drawn to the hooked handle of my umbrella which I held in my hands, standing point down on the floor, directly between me and this devil--and it came to me that it was similar to a shepherd's crook, or staff, which was sometimes used in ages past as an exorcist's symbol--a rod of authority, symbolising the power of the Great Shepherd and His Staff, to resist and bind the Devil, and drive away evil.

Apparently when coupled with faith and the Name of Jesus, it had done the trick--for at this moment I was impressed to look him straight in the eye, raise the umbrella a couple inches from the floor, with both hands, then bring it down with a firm, sharp thud, between me and him, with a silent exorcist's prayer on my heart: "Resist the Enemy, and he will flee from you". With that look and prayer, and at the sound of the thud of my improvised shepherd's staff, our tormentor's grin faded. He grew pale, rose hastily from his seat, and dashed out of the car, as though the Hounds of Heaven were on his trail!

It worked!--Or at least God worked, and used this simple symbolic device to emphasize the point!--And we were thrilled at the silent power of God, even when no words are spoken aloud!

**—Micah 7:8—**

Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise;  
when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.



—227—

Murray Spangler, a department store janitor in Canton, Ohio, swept floors day after day, even though the dust made him wheeze and cough. Many men would have given up and quit. Instead, Spangler set out to find a better way to clean floors. "Why not eliminate the broom," he wondered, "... maybe there could be something that would suck up dust ... ?" Spangler's question led to a crude but workable vacuum cleaner, which he induced an old friend in the leather business to finance. The friend's name was H. W. Hoover. Ever heard of a "Hoover vacuum cleaner"? Many, many have. And that was the start, the seed sprouting of such a product. If something is causing you trouble, because you are doing it the standard way along with everyone else, perhaps it's to prod you to do something different, in a new way. You don't have to just succumb to ill effects but can rethink things, and possibly invent a totally brand-new way of doing things, that people all over will truly be grateful for. —Maybe you just need something that sucks, in a good way, rather than stirs up problems. If something bothers you and not those around you, it's probably a prod to get you to do something in a new way. Are you being singled out, and you seem to be the only one feeling a lack, a need, a wish for things to be different, to be better? Don't ignore it, or you may very well miss the reason for your being allowed to experience the unsettling situation; such as the dust in the air was for Mr. Spangler. Maybe that thing that troubles you is what is helping you to do what you actually are meant to do, and you just don't know it yet. Sometimes it takes a bit of discomfort to stir someone up enough to try to make things better, not just for themselves but primarily for others while they set out to make a change for the better.

—James 1:2-3—

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;  
Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of the Western cities in the United States. It was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for traveling, and that particular ride was perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in the whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and the fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward, asked sympathetically, "Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?" The lad looked up brightly, and replied, with a smile, "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it." What a beautiful thought it is that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and like the lonely little lad, not "mind it much" because our Heavenly Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end! Father will meet us at the end of the journey -- thank God!

—Psalms 62:1—

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation.

Hitchhiking. Here in South Africa, where crime and murder are high and still on the rise, it is a risky business. Both for the drivers and the hitchhikers. Still, hundreds of people here manage to catch a ride every day. The thumb sticking out into the road didn't stop many cars. On a busy highway, it's not exactly unusual for no one to stop for a lone hitchhiker. But finally, the protruding thumb brought a small car to a halt. A young lady rolled down her window, leaned over and asked, "Where are you headed?"

"Just the way yer goin'." was the reply.

"All right, hop in." The man hopped into the back seat, and they were off. The man said nothing, and the awkward silence hung heavy in the kind lady's car. Suddenly, she sensed something... something she couldn't quite place. She tensed, on edge, knowing that there were many stories of people having their kindness to hitchhikers taken advantage of. *Lord, help that not to happen to me*, she silently prayed. She was just trying to do a good deed. There was nobody else on the highway now. The monotone humming of the car was finally interrupted by the hitchhiker's voice: "Jesus is closer than you think."

The lady, surprised by his single sentence, turned to look at him. She looked and saw the back seat dead empty! Frightened, she veered to the side of the road, where she stopped. She looked again at the back seat. No one. *How? Doors locked, windows closed, and the sound of his voice still echoing in her ear. Could ... could it have been an angel?* she asked herself. There was someone there one second—someone she could see as well as hear—and the next second ... gone. After calming her quickened breath, she figured that she'd better tell the police. She didn't know what good it would do, but it kind of felt like the right thing for some reason. They'd probably never believe her, but she went ahead anyway.

At the police station, she told her story to the police chief, who listened to her politely. But instead of laughing, the chief said solemnly: “You know, lady, you’re the sixth person that’s told us the same story.”

I’m not advocating that you should allow random strangers into your car. What I am saying is that it’s always good to remember: Jesus is closer than you think.

—Psalms 62:2—

[God] is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

—230—

During a celebration of Jackie's birthday at school, she had an encounter with her guardian angel. She was running back to her friends at the playground during recess, when she was tripped. This playground had a lot of metal things and wood chips (not a good combination). She went flying and hit something about 1/4 of an inch under her eye. Jackie said of the special protection she received that day: " I felt something pull me back when I fell. The teachers said that they saw me sort of fly forward then fly back at the same time. As they hurried me to the nurse's office, I heard an unfamiliar voice keep telling me, 'Don't worry. I'm here. God doesn't want anything to happen to his baby.'"

—Zechariah 4:6—

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

—231—

When Henry Crowell was nine, his father died from tuberculosis, and when he was seventeen, Henry himself contracted the disease. He appeared to be dying as he attended D. L. Moody's campaign in Cleveland, Ohio. He listened carefully as Moody thundered: "The world has yet to see what God can do through a man fully dedicated to him." Crowell determined to be God's man. He thought: "To be sure, I would never preach like Moody. But I could make money and support the labours of men like Moody. I resolved, 'Oh God, if you preserve my life and allow me to make money to be used in your service, I will keep my name out of it so you will have the glory.'" Shortly thereafter Henry found Job 5:19: "He shall deliver you in six troubles, yes, in seven no evil shall touch you." The Lord seemed to assure him of healing through that verse. Henry grew stronger and began honing his business instincts, shrewdly investing his family's wealth. He started companies, purchased properties, and introduced innovations to the marketplace. When a mill owned by nearby Quakers became available, Henry purchased it and began dreaming of modern cereal products for American homes. Thus Quaker Oats Company was born. Henry consistently gave 65 to 70 percent of his income to Christian causes. Millions of dollars flowed to churches, schools, and missions. He worked tirelessly for the new, fledgling Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Under his vision, MBI escaped financial ruin and became a powerful training center. He helped start Moody Press, Moody Magazine, and Moody radio ministries. And he was still dreaming at age 89. Shortly before his death, he spoke to the board of Moody Bible Institute, complimenting them for their vision but telling them to think in terms of still greater things for the glory of Christ.

—Psalms 56:4—

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

The China Inland Mission was founded by Hudson Taylor with the understanding it would never solicit funds, but trust God alone for provision. It was a lesson borne of Taylor's own experiences. When he first sensed God's calling him to missions, Hudson left his family's beautiful home and moved to the ghetto of Drainside, so named for the stench of its sewers. His purpose was to "endure hardness" and to "help those in need. Near midnight one Sunday, he was called to the bedside of a sick woman and her starving children, who desperately needed financial help. Hudson tried to pray, but words wouldn't come, for he knew he had a silver coin that would alleviate this suffering and hunger. It was his last cent. Finally he capitulated, dug it from his pocket and reluctantly gave it to them. Returning home, he found only one bowl of porridge.

Hudson Taylor writes: I reminded the Lord as I knelt at my bedside of His own Word, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord: I asked Him not to let my loan be a long one, or I should have no dinner next day. Next morning for breakfast my plate of porridge remained, and before it was consumed the postman's knock was heard at the door. I was not in the habit of receiving letters on Monday. On opening the envelope, I found nothing written within; but a pair of kid gloves from which, as I opened them in astonishment, half a sovereign fell to the ground. "Praise the Lord!" I exclaimed. "400 percent for twelve hours' investment; that is good interest." I cannot tell you how often my mind has recurred to this incident, or all the help it has been to me in circumstances of difficulty. If we are faithful to God in little things, we shall gain experience and strength that will be helpful to us in the more serious trials of life.

—Matthew 6:33—

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Albert Schweitzer was a great musician and doctor who went to Africa to be a missionary and help the sick. One time he was travelling up a river with a boat loaded with supplies for a hospital he had built. As they were travelling up the river he noticed a big tree had fallen in the water. If they hit it, the boat would sink and they would drown. After his visit to the hospital, Albert returned back down the river. It was late at night and very dark. He warned the men not to go too near the bank of the river but to stay out closer to the middle. Suddenly the Lord gave Albert a check in the Spirit that they were getting too close to the shore. All the men said they weren't and that it was fine where they were, so Albert sat down again. "I guess they know best," he thought. "After all, they go up and down this river all the time and their eyes are trained to see into the dark forest. My eyes are not as good as theirs!" Suddenly the Lord spoke again to Albert's heart, this time with a much stronger warning. "You need to obey Me or you'll all drown!" Albert jumped up and commanded the men to instantly move the boat farther out to the middle of the river. They had no sooner obeyed when suddenly they saw the huge dark mass of a giant tree that had fallen in the water. Had they not turned aside at that instant the boat would have been dashed to pieces! Albert once wrote a message to the boys and girls in England, "God's Love speaks to us in our hearts and tries to work through us in this World. We must listen to His Voice when we are young so that we can become the children of God. Happy are those who listen and obey."

—Psalms 40:17—

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:  
thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.



It was my privilege to meet many outstanding servants of God in Australia, and among these was Dr. Lionel Fletcher. Kind and gracious as ever, this much travelled evangelist reminisced concerning the crowded years of his ministry. He had many thrilling stories to relate, but the one which impressed me most concerned the miracle of the bullockie's conversion.

The outback town was filled with excitement; the future promised extraordinary interest. The old drover--or bullockie, as he was called--had confessed his faith in Christ, and was determined to be a true Christian. The people had been astonished; but now they were awaiting the morning, when the new convert would need to drive his team of bullocks through the street. Everybody wondered what would transpire, as the atrocious language formerly used by the drover was known even to the animals. Every morning the infamous sinner cracked his whip, and with a veritable torrent of bad language urged the unwilling beasts to do their work. When they seemed reluctant to obey, the torrents of abuse increased in intensity until torrid blasphemy echoed through the town. Now the drover had been converted, and every citizen wondered what would happen when the lazy bullocks refused to move.

The presence of the crowd in the street guaranteed that the drover would have an audience as he began the day's work. The bullocks were brought to the wagon, the harness was placed in position, and all was ready for the crucial moment. Enthralled and greatly excited, the onlookers could hardly wait, and many of the men declared that the bullockie's Christianity was about to end. The poor drover looked hard at the crowd and, secretly praying for help, cracked his whip and said, "Get up there. Get up." When the animals remained motionless, the people giggled. Again and again the whip cracked over the backs of the beasts, but the strange command fell on unresponsive ears.

Then, to the boundless delight of the spectators, one old bullock turned his head to stare at the drover. Its expression seemed to say, "Old man, what's the matter with you?" The animals seemed non-plussed; the man was speaking a foreign language! One after the other they turned to look at the worried bullockie, who seemed at a loss to know what to do. The crowd laughed; this was entertainment of the highest order; at any moment the drover would explode!

The poor man prayed desperately, and in his hour of need was inspired. As the bullocks refused to move, and as the crowd laughed loudly, the drover cracked his whip, and yelled at the top of his voice, "Haaaaal-leeeee-lu-jaaaaaaaah." The long-drawn-out syllables seemed as fierce as a cavalry charge, and suddenly a wave of uneasiness swept over the motionless beasts. Then they lurched forward, and the day's work had begun. And once the bullockie discovered the secret of energizing his charges, he repeated continually his inspired command! His Hallelujahs' made history that day, and perhaps even the angels laughed! The crowd stared in frustrated disappointment as the delighted man went his way shouting his thrilling praises to the God of his salvation.

Dr. Fletcher's face was radiant as he told this story of outback Australia. He himself had been reared in the sheep country, and was well acquainted with the life of those attractive people. He had also served Christ in many parts of the World, and knew that sanctified courage is a prelude to a symphony of praise.

**—Matthew 11:28—**

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Perhaps there never was a more charitable man than Mr. Wesley. His liberality knew no bounds but an empty pocket. He gave away, not merely a certain part of his income, but all that he had: his own wants being provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others. He entered upon this good work at a very early period. We are told that when he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two-and-thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received one hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. During the rest of his life he lived economically; and in the course of fifty years, it has been supposed, he gave away more than thirty thousand pounds.

The more he gave away, the more the Lord allowed him to be given—apparently, to him it seemed, to have more to give away. Great was his joy in giving, and thus were the coffers of Heaven opened up to him; the supply wouldn't find its way to a storage tank, but work its way through a flowing pipe to water other's lives. When God gave to him, it was the same as giving to the poor, for it was as if this devoted servant of the Lord was merely a steward of the wealth of Heaven, and faithfully, without greed for lucre, merely did his duty faithfully.

God shall supply all your need according to his riches and glory by Christ Jesus.

—236—

On a street in Hamburg, Germany in the early 1700's, a young lad, faint from hunger, slumps down to rest beside the house of a wealthy citizen of Hamburg. The boy's name is Johann Sebastian Bach. He has walked the 25 miles from Lneburg to Hamburg just to hear the great organist Rienken play. To hungry to have the strength to walk back the 25 miles to Saint Michael's School he bows his head in prayer, saying something like: "Please help me, Jesus. Please show me You are real and that all the beautiful songs I sing about You in church are true."

Suddenly from the window above a maid decides to throw out the scraps from the meal and two large fish-heads nearly land on top of Johann! There is not even a scrap of meat on them, yet Johann suddenly gets an urge to open the large mouth and look inside one of the fish-head. He exclaims his find: "I can hardly believe it, it's a gold coin! A gold ducat!" He picks up the other fish-head and opens its mouth. "Another gold ducat! This is a miracle! You did hear my prayer and answer me, Jesus! You do want me to live. Now I can buy some food. Thank You for helping me!" Jesus gave Bach and his beautiful inspiring music to the World in answer to a small boy's prayers.

—Psalm 37:25—

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread.

—237—

On a Friday morning, an eager young man from Stanford University stood before Louis Janin, seeking part-time employment. "All I need right now," said Janin, "is a stenographer."

"I'll take the job," said the eager applicant, "but I can't come back until next Tuesday."

On Tuesday he reported for duty. "Why couldn't you come back before Tuesday?" Janin wanted to know. "Because I had to rent a typewriter and learn to use it!" was the unexpected answer. That quickly prepared typist was Herbert Hoover!

—Matthew 5:16—

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works,  
and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Manuel and his wife a middle-aged couple living in a little town on the rocky coast of northern Chile. They were unemployed and on the verge of destitution, yet were somehow managing to feed themselves and their twenty-five Rhode Island hens on the income from the eggs laid each day. This couple had recently come to know Jesus, and had begun the habit of reading their Bibles every day. The practice of “tithing” was something Manuel and his wife discovered in the Bible. Immediately started to put aside a portion of their earnings to be used by the Lord. Some days later Manuel handed Lyle, a pastor in their area, an envelope and said, "That's our tithe!" Inside were a few bills amounting to about nineteen cents. Though the gift itself appeared to be small, it was a start to a string of miracles. The Tuesday morning after they had given their tithe, there wasn't a bite for breakfast nor any money. Their first impulse was to take the few pesos that had accumulated in their "tithe box," but on second thought they said, "No. That's God's money. We will go without breakfast this morning." There was nothing to do but tend the hens. Much to their surprise, there were eggs in the nests that had usually at that hour been empty. Later in the day, a little man came along with a pushcart wanting fertilizer. They cleaned out their hen house, and the manure brought a good price. After buying groceries, there was enough money left over for the wife to purchase a pair of shoes, so she rode the bus twelve kilometers around the bay into a larger town. There she bumped into a nephew she had not seen in five years, and who, to her utter surprise, owned a shoe store. After she had found just the pair she wanted, he wrapped them for her and handed her the package with these words, "Oh no, Aunt, I can't take your money. These shoes are a gift from me." The following week, Manuel got a job on a project that would last for two years.

—Matthew 28:20—

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

—239—

Barbara was a child who lived in one of George Mueller's orphanages, in England, many years ago. One night there was no food left in the house to use for breakfast the next morning, nor money to buy any. Mr. Mueller prayed with the children for the Lord to supply their breakfast the next morning. They believed that Jesus knew what they needed, and all they had to do was ask. In the morning the children sat down for breakfast, yet there was no food yet on the table. Again Mr. Mueller and the children prayed for the Lord to send the needed meal. Just then there was a knock at the door. Barbara was sent to see who was there. However, after she opened the door she saw that no one was there, but there was a big bag of rice right at their door. Jesus had sent them breakfast.

"Where is the man who brought it to us?" asked Mr. Mueller. "We must thank him."

"There was no one there," said Barbara. "I think perhaps an angel brought it."

They all thanked the Lord for His miracle of providing them breakfast, when they had asked no one else for it, but Jesus.

—Psalms 46:1—

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

During the night I had this dream and I knew it was from the Lord. It was a beautiful dream, just like a picture! He wanted me to establish a Soul Clinic Missionary School in Miami, to send missionaries to the Caribbean and the Latin American countries from there. It was the gateway to Latin America. The Lord showed me that it would be the ideal place to have a Soul Clinic School to train missionaries. But then I woke up and got to thinking about it. "Lord, that's a great idea! Somebody really ought to do that, but You've got the wrong guy! Lord, I don't know a thing about that, I'm not the right man for the job! I'm too shy and timid and I don't think I could ever run anything that big. Lord, I'm living in this 18-foot trailer, a family of six with four kids, how in the world could I ever have a school?" The Lord tried to encourage me, but I said, "No, no. Not me, Lord." I rolled over after I said no to God and went to sleep.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed, but my body was lying in the bed behind me! I was sitting half in it and half out of it, and my first feeling was, "Ah, this is great! I feel light as a feather, I never felt so good! I don't feel heavy anymore!" I felt like I could just give a little shove and I'd just float right off! At first I felt great, then all of a sudden I thought: "If I'm dead, that means now I've got to go face the Lord, and I just said no to the Lord!" That really scared me.

Just that minute in the other corner of the room stood Dr. Koger. He still had his white suit on, and looked exactly like he did in Miami when I was a kid. He was the nearest and dearest and closest relative, you might say, of anybody I knew, and that's who came for me. God couldn't have chosen anybody I knew better or loved more or would have felt more at ease with. He was looking at me with that look, and I just knew he was going to start to cry. He never had to say a word.



He'd come for me to take me, but he was ashamed to. He was taking me where I figured I was going to have to face the Lord and give an account of things. I never felt so little and so mean and so horrible to think that I'd refused the Lord and now I had died and I had to go face the Lord. I prayed in my heart, "Oh my God, Lord, I'm sorry! Lord, if only there was some way I could get back! If only I had another chance!"--Right away, just like that, I woke up instantly and I was lying in the bed just like I'd gone to sleep.

I said, "Okay Lord, I'm on my way!" We took off for Miami the next day!--Just living and travelling by faith and trusting the Lord. I think I left with \$30 in my pocket, but by the time we got to Miami we had \$300! We had our school. We built it up to where we had a staff of ten, and forty students. And we sent 38 missionaries to seven different countries and helped all kinds of other missionaries coming through there, some of whose works are still going! Everything the Lord had showed me in that dream that night came true, the whole thing!

**—Matthew 5:41—**

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

—241—

Formerly our church was built upon a high bluff. The street in front was wide, and an experienced driver had no difficulty in turning there. I had not been driving long enough to have confidence in myself, and usually sought a safer turning point. Once I was in a hurry and tried to make the turn near the embankment. I don't know what happened, but I found the car going backward at full speed and the brake would not work. There was a slight rise before the drop, but it did not stop the car. All earthly hope was gone. In my extremity I called upon the Lord, and the car stopped instantly with the rear wheels hanging over the high embankment. When I reached home I opened my Bible to find a Psalm of thanksgiving, and my eyes fell upon these words: "He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." The Word made me even surer that this was a miracle.

—Luke 1:37—

For with God nothing shall be impossible.

—242—

When C.T. Studd was a missionary in Africa, he wrote:

This morning we had just finished breakfast when the 'boys' came saying, "There is a snake in your bed!" I went and found underneath my blanket a thin green snake, which the natives say is death if it bites you. I had slept with it last night. It is impossible for me not to remember that wonderful episode last January of Psalm 91 and my having been given that Psalm at various places five times in two days just before I left. He had given His angels charge over me, and they had not fallen asleep.

—Luke 10:19—

Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy:  
and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

—243—

(Part 1) Bapa was from Indonesia. Not everyone was happy about Bapa's decision to reject the customs of his village and become a Christian. One day 30 men came out of the mountains and attacked Bapa. They nearly beat him to death. Within a week, however, Bapa had recovered, yet all but six of his attackers had died. Those who remained were afflicted with various sicknesses. Believing they were being punished for their evil deed, they returned to Bapa and joined him in following the true God—Jesus.

—Isaiah 41:10—

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee;  
yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

(Part 2) The village witch doctors gathered around Bapa Timmy's house. "We want to know if your God is real," they said. "Pray and see if He will send us rain." For nine months no rain had fallen on Bapa Timmy's village in Indonesia. All the crops had withered and died. A recent forest fire had left the land charred and barren. The witch doctors had prayed to their false gods, but nothing happened. Desperate, they challenged Bapa Timmy to pray to his God too. Bapa Timmy knew this was the perfect opportunity to show these witch doctors and all the people in the village that the Lord Jesus Christ was the one true God. Bapa prayed and asked God for rain. Later he told the witch doctors exactly what day and time the rains would come. On the morning of the appointed day, the sky was bright and clear with no rain in sight. The people of the village wondered what would happen. Was Bapa Timmy's God the true God? If He was, would it rain? It didn't look like rain would be possible on this sunny day. But at midday, the time Bapa announced, drew near, the storm clouds started to gather. The sky began to grow dark. The people of the village, and the witch doctors, gathered outside to see what was happening. Soon rain poured down all over the entire village and the surrounding area, except for the spot where the witch doctors stood! Everything and everyone else got wet, but them. No rain touched them. It was quite the sight to see! God was teaching them a lesson, and God was showing the people of the village that He was the true God. The crops all got water, and the land was no longer dry. God answered Bapa Timmy's prayer. The people of the village were amazed. Bapa Timmy's God was the true God!

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

—245—

Louis was a blind boy. He had been able to see when he was born, but a serious accident lost him his sight. He was sent to a school for blind children. But Louis did not waste his time feeling sorry for himself because he could not see like other children. Reading was the skill he most longed to have; and he began to dream of finding a way to help blind people to read easily. He tried one method after another, but without success. Then one day he heard of a captain in the army who had found a way of sending messages to his soldiers at night. He did it by piercing a piece of cardboard so as to form letters on its surface. Louis knew at once that this was the answer he was seeking. It took him ten years to work out this system. But he kept at it steadily, and at last he had perfected it. Today the name of this blind boy is known throughout the World, and especially by the blind, for the system of reading which he created is called by his own surname--Braille.

—Romans 10:17—

So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

—246—

We had been caught by a blizzard, and I was in a convoy going down a winding, snow-packed mountain highway near Lake Tahoe, Nevada. My wife and three children were in someone else's car. Because of a malfunction, our van's lights, radio, wipers, heater and windows no longer worked. Snow whirled through an open window. My body ached from the cold. Then the windshield became a white wall. I tried to lean out and sweep off the blinding snow with my arm. It was no use. Straining to see, I pulled onto the shoulder of the highway. The van lurched as a front wheel thudded off what felt like a boulder. I hit the brakes. When I jumped out, I found myself looking down into a white abyss: I'd almost driven over the edge!

"Jesus," I cried as I got back into the van, "I need Your help." Another driver stopped and got out of his car to direct me. I put the van in reverse. Just then a stunning blue-white light shot through the windshield and struck the steering wheel. I pressed my back into the seat as the flash raced through the steering column. In that instant, radio, lights, windows, wipers, heater--everything started working at once! "Did you see that?" the other driver said. At the bottom of the mountain our family was reunited.

—Jude 20-21—

But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost,  
Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

—247—

(Part 1) Dorothy, the founder of a Christian healing centre was eager to help others experience the healing ministry of Jesus after she herself was miraculously healed in 1912. She began to be ill from the age of twelve, suffering from diphtheria, pneumonia, pleurisy, and tuberculosis, which weakened her so much that she was ill for many years and bedridden for the last five. On February 4, 1912, she received Holy Communion and asked her little sister, Evelyn, who was sitting with her, to sing the hymn “Abide with Me.” Evelyn tried but did not know the words very well. Just then, both sisters heard it sung beautifully and distinctly from beginning to end by an unseen choir of angels.

—Psalms 121:7—

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.



(Part 2) For the next fortnight, Dorothy was blind and unconscious due to tubercular meningitis, and there was no possible hope of her recovery. Yet on February 18 she saw a great light all around her and an angel took her hand, telling her, “Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up and walk.” All the family and nurses were standing around her bed, certain that this was Dorothy’s dying moment. They were all amazed to see her get out of bed unassisted and walk down the stairs. She asked for food and was offered milk in a feeding cup. She refused it, saying she wanted “real food.” She walked unaided to the larder and got a meal of meat and pudding. Her astonished family watched her eat it all with great relish. Dorothy said, “How I enjoyed that meal! It was the first solid food I had been able to digest for years.” The following morning, everyone was amazed to see that normal, plump, healthy flesh had replaced her previously skeletal figure and discoloured skin—her condition for years. When the doctor arrived, he asked, “Is it possible that this is the girl I left dying yesterday?” Recalling the two weeks when she was unconscious, Dorothy described a vision she had of Heaven. She had seen many angels there, some wearing halos or carrying lilies. Some formed an altar and Jesus held a communion cup and gave Dorothy a drink from it. Describing the angels, she said, “Their movements made lovely music and they all looked as though they were coming and going with some definite purpose. No words of mine can exaggerate the exquisite beauty of the scene.” Dorothy was twenty-three when this healing occurred. She went on to inspire many people to find healing through Jesus during her long and fruitful lifetime.

—2 Corinthians 15:55-57—

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jack Circle, then an assistant chaplain at a hospital, was approached late one day by a businessman, a member of the church, who said he was in trouble. Jack said, "Let's go to my office and pray about it." The businessman explained that he desperately needed money to meet his payroll. He would have the money in a week, but the payroll was coming up the next day. "How much do you need?" Jack asked. And he said, "I need \$24,700." That was a lot of money to pray about. Jack gave him the telephone number of someone who might be able to help with a much smaller amount. But that didn't solve the problem. Jack opened his Bible and read, "My God shall supply all your need" (Philippians 4:19). The two men knelt together and in faith claimed that promise. Then Jack had to leave for a prayer meeting, and the businessman went home. He tried the number Jack had given him, but received no answer. It seemed there was no way out of his dilemma. Then the telephone rang. The call was from a friend in the northern part of the state. He said, "Thirty minutes ago I was impressed that you needed some money." And the astonished man said, "Thirty minutes ago Jack Circle and I were praying in his office, claiming the promise, 'My God shall supply all your need.'" The friend said he had sold some equipment for \$21,700 and had \$3,000 in his safe. He would send the full amount immediately. Needless to say, the parties on both ends of that call were deeply impressed. The friend who called was a doctor. He was also an atheist! He said later, "Any God who uses me to answer a prayer, I want to know."

—Romans 8:18—

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared  
with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

—250—

The Christian elementary school in Vacaville, California, still needed shingles for the roof. Funds had run just that much short. And the need was serious, for the rainy season was approaching. For days they had prayed for shingles. The freeway was only a stone's throw away. One day there suddenly was a great "boom" as a giant truck tire blew out. One of the children said, "Let's pray that no one will get hurt." And seventeen children gathered in one circle with their teacher and prayed--while the screeching, thumping, bumping, crashing sounds of a serious accident continued. Their prayer was answered even as they prayed. The big truck had turned over and dumped its contents on the edge of the freeway. A smaller truck, in which a two-year-old boy was riding with his father had turned over and landed in the creek beside the school. But there were no serious injuries. Even the newspaper called it a miracle. But wait! What had the big truck dumped on the edge of the freeway? Shingles! Shingles just the right colour needed for the school! Shingles strewn everywhere, it seemed! And nobody wanted to pick them up! A school board member was at the school at the time, and he negotiated with the insurance adjuster to buy them all for a very small sum. The children picked them up and stacked them neatly. The roof was cared for before the rains, and the shingles left over were sold for a profit of \$300!

—Revelation 3:21—

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne,  
even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

Two missionaries trekked into the rugged mountains of Nepal to share the Gospel in unevangelised villages. After hearing that Christians had arrived in his village, the shaman (witch doctor) planned to do away with them. Running out to greet the missionaries, he warmly "welcomed" them to his village and invited them to have dinner in his hut that evening. Since he was the leader in that village, it was unthinkable to decline. Just as the shaman extended the invitation, however, God gave one of the missionaries a strong impression of impending danger. "He is going to poison your food," the Holy Spirit warned.

After praying for direction, he sensed that God wanted him to accept the shaman's offer. Before going to the shaman's hut, they prayed together and placed their lives in God's hands. The Lord reminded them of Jesus' promise, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them" (Mark 16:18).

That evening the shaman served a hearty portion of rice and curry to his guests. Before eating, however, the missionaries made a request. "It is our custom as Christians to ask the Lord to bless the food." The shaman nodded in agreement.

"Dear Lord Jesus, our Deliverer, we cry out to You! We thank You for this meal, and we ask You to sanctify it for our nourishment and strength. We commit our lives to You for continued service."

The shaman looked on. He had no idea that this was more than a typical blessing over a meal. It was a request for a miracle. The shaman watched in amazement as they dug into their meal with obvious enjoyment. Before they could even finish eating, he cast himself at their feet, trembling with fear.

"Your God is more powerful than my god! I have put enough poison in your food to kill ten men," the shaman confessed, "but your God, Who is all powerful, has protected you and made my power as nothing in His sight. Please tell me Who He is that I may serve Him, too. I do not want to be destroyed for this evil I have done to you, His servants." As a result of the shaman's conversion, many in that village also believed.

**—Revelation 3:20—**

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door,  
I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

Years ago my husband, Dan, was a missionary pilot in Ecuador. We lived at the foot of the Andes Mountains, and when he flew he kept in touch with me at the base camp by radio. One day I was logging his position and altitude when he suddenly announced that his Cessna plane had engine trouble. He needed to make an emergency landing. I looked at my map and saw nothing but steep hills dropping off into deep precipices. There was no flat space for miles around. From the sky, Dan searched for a road, a field, a meadow--any place he could possibly bring the plane down. He was losing altitude fast. "Pray," he said to one of his passengers, a missionary travelling with her four children. "Pray," he said to me over the radio.

As the plane came through a pass, Dan saw a mountain village and a small green field. Down he came for a landing. He radioed his position to me and I drove to meet him. When I arrived, Dan's plane was in a field surrounded by a crowd of Indians. My husband and his relieved passengers were unharmed. "Es un milagro," one farmer repeated over and over again. "It's a miracle." I assumed he was talking about the plane's safe landing, but he had another milagro in mind. That small green field had been filled with cows peacefully grazing. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, they had all started moving to one side of the field, just before Dan's plane came into view.

—Romans 8:38-39—

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, 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.

—253—

Years ago, when I was a girl and my daddy was pastor of a church in Olympia, Washington (USA), missionary ladies would come to town and set my imagination on fire with their stories of far-off lands. In particular I remember Sister Lillian Trasher. A large brown-haired woman, she had a booming voice that carried to the last pew as she described the orphanage she had started in Egypt. I never forgot her story about what happened when the orphanage ran out of food. One morning the children woke up, and there was nothing to eat--not even day-old bread or sour milk. Sister Lillian was not deterred. At breakfast she gathered her charges around the empty table, plates in hand, forks at the ready. "Dear ones," she said, "we must trust that God will provide. Let us all bow our heads and thank Him for the wonderful meal He will send us." No sooner had they uttered "Amen" than a truck pulled up at the back of the orphanage with boxes of groceries: flour, rice, eggs, milk, bread, beans and peas. All of it came from an anonymous donor.

—2 Chronicles 20:20—

Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper.

One day I heard about a church group that was going to the Philippines. I half smiled to myself. *Now, there's a far-off land for you.* The trip would be an outreach effort. We would stay a couple of weeks. *Almost like missionary work,* I thought. And it would keep a 76-year-old lady out of trouble.

I can't begin to describe the curious longing that came over me at the first sight of that beautiful jungle-green land with its steep, mist-shrouded mountains. Everywhere we went, children followed us, clamouring for our attention. If I sat, several inevitably ended up on my lap. *I could tell my stories here, I thought, lead songs, play games as I did with the children back home.*

*Don't be ridiculous,* I told myself. I was too old to move to another country, too set in my ways. Besides, I liked my creature comforts. How could I live without running water and hot showers? "You can stay with me," one minister told me. His small church in the Filipino town of Orion was on the first floor of an old house with broken windows. He had an extra bedroom upstairs. "I'll think about it," I said. It all seemed so unlikely. And yet when I was back in the States I longed to return to the Philippines. It was as though a long-ago dream had been revived, undiminished by the years. I returned and took the bedroom upstairs from the church. I slept on an iron bed beneath mosquito netting. I could hear the whine of bugs circling the one dim bulb and a large family of rats scurrying across the attic floor above me. I hated to think about a rat falling through a crack in the ceiling. How luxurious my mobile home seemed then.

[After a struggling family asked her to help with a baby, that got here thinking.] *Maybe I can start an orphanage like Sister Lillian.* But as quickly as the idea came, I dismissed it. How foolish of me to think of becoming a missionary. I was too old. Tossing and turning, I fell asleep.



In the morning, the dream was still there. I made a bargain: I would start an orphanage and school, but if the larder ever went bare, well, it would be up to God. Clearly this was His idea. He would have to work one of His miracles. When I returned to the Philippines I had a million and one tasks to accomplish: buy some property, build the orphanage, staff it and make my way through all the necessary red tape. Once again, I thought I had taken on too much. Once again, I got on my knees next to the iron bed, and I prayed (wiggling my toes all the while to scare away the rats). God answered. A woman sold us five hectares of land on a hillside covered with tropical fruit trees. I found an architect who was willing to work for a very reasonable fee. Every month we seemed to run short of money. I put together a newsletter and sent it Stateside, telling friends of our progress. Then my architect friend and I bowed our heads in prayer. Somehow the donations always came in just when we needed them. I must confess I love the windows and screens that keep bugs out of my room and the solid construction that keeps out the rats. When I wake up in the morning and kneel in prayer, I don't have to wiggle my toes against rodents. I have much to thank God for.

It's as though all my life had been preparation for what I'm doing here. "Too bad you didn't open the orphanage when you were younger," people sometimes tell me. "No," I have to respond, "I started it when God was good and ready--and when I was." So far we've never risen for breakfast to find the cupboard bare, but if that ever happens, I'll do just as Sister Lillian did: thank God for all the blessings He's given, and for the blessings yet to come.

**—John 14:14—**

If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

I said, "What am I going to do, Lord, I've got these two houses now, fully furnished, with renters and everything?" He said, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me, and thou shalt have riches in Heaven." (Matthew 19:21) So I finally took it literally. I was getting so sick and having so many heart attacks that I was afraid not to! I got so many direct prophecies, even from people in the pulpit, and more verses of Scripture etc. Although we were better off financially with a good job, making good money, and had a nice house out in a nice area and all, we had trouble after trouble. I finally just got fed up and told the Lord, "Okay, I'll go!" He said, "Sell all that thou hast", so that's exactly what I did! My father got furious! He said, "David, don't you dare quit another job unless you've found another one! Don't you shut one door till you've opened another one!" But I just went ahead by faith and I didn't even heed the voice of my loved one, my father. I said, "The Lord told me to go regardless, even if I don't know what I'm going to do. We'll just hit the road and go out and preach the Gospel and witness!" So I sold everything, and I had just enough to pay all my bills with \$30 left over, and the old taxi cab and the trailer, and we started out across the country! We worked our way clear across the United States leading people to Jesus, and singing and showing my Bible story slides in school buildings and on the side of the post office and all kinds of trailer camps. The Lord took care of us, and we had all that we needed.

—Isaiah 54:10—

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

Two-year-old Ray was lost in a cornfield. There was a river nearby--and a lake and a creek, dangerous for a two-year-old who couldn't swim. It would soon be dark. Nearly twenty people had joined in the search but had found no trace of the little boy. His mother pleaded, "Help us, Lord! Help us find him before nightfall!" Finally, helpless to know what else to do, his father dropped the reins on old Nellie's neck, grasped the saddle horn, and cried aloud, "O Lord, direct this horse to Ray!" Instantly she started in a swift canter up along the creek bank. About a quarter of a mile to the north the creek made a loop, and here she started to leave the creek and follow a path across the field. Then the mare stopped dead still, as if an unseen hand had pulled on the reins. Nellie turned and walked straight into the thicket. They were within twenty feet of Ray when his father saw him. But the horse didn't stop until she could have touched him. There he sat, calmly stripping leaves off a stock of a switch cane. His little face was tear-stained, but he was unharmed. His father knelt beside him and offered a prayer of thanks. Then he put Ray on the saddle and swung up beside him. As the horse galloped, he called out, "Found! Found!" And the searchers relayed the happy news from one to another. As his mother, overjoyed, pulled him from the saddle, he called out, "Mama, big kitty! Pat big kitty!" Many bobcats were found in southeast Missouri that year--1939. Could it be that the two-year-old had been in the company of a bobcat during those hours? His mother thought so. He talked about the big kitty for days

—Philippians 4:7—

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

—257—

Rudolf was a young schoolteacher in Latvia. One day in 1942, he was suddenly taken away from home and placed in the Daugavdils concentration camp for "political reasons". After six months, all hope for his release seemed to be gone. One afternoon as he sat in his cell, he began to pray. "Is there any help, Lord? Is there any hope?" Suddenly, a brilliant light flooded his cell and stood as a great wall of light before him. And although he had not seen the sunlight for over six months, this vivid light did not hurt his eyes. In the middle of the wall of white light there appeared this message: "23 September." It was written in bold black letters. He heard a clear, steady voice say, "That's the date when you will be free. Do not tell anyone this date." The words sang their way into his heart with a renewed message of hope. Then the cell began to dim as though the sun had slipped behind a cloud, and the light was gone. He knew that September 23 was still six weeks away, but a small seed of faith took root in his soul, giving him new courage and strength. At last the long-awaited date arrived. If anyone was to be set free in his prison, it always took place at ten o'clock in the morning. However, ten o'clock came and went without the promised freedom. At two o'clock (the same time he had seen the great light in his cell six weeks earlier), the door swung open and a guard's voice pierced the darkness: "Rudolf Matiss, pick up your belongings and come to the office!" With no explanation, he was given his passport with the words, "You are free to go!" He walked away from that bleak concentration camp that afternoon with the autumn sunshine brushing his face and the soft wind filling him with the fresh breath of freedom. For the past forty years, September 23 has remained a special day for him.

—2 Corinthians 4:17—

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

—258—

Emily was seven years old and it was her responsibility to walk home from school with her little five-year-old brother. Each day as they walked down the tree-shaded street, Emily looked forward to passing her favourite house. It was a large brick home set in a garden carpeted with flowers and surrounded by a tall fence. One afternoon as they were walking past the big house, she and her brother suddenly felt a hand on their shoulders. In an instant, they were picked up and placed gently down about fifteen feet away. In that same moment, a car came down the street at tremendous speed and ran up over the curb, smashing into the iron fence at the exact spot where Emily and her little brother had been walking. Had they been there, they would have been crushed into the fence. When Emily turned around to see who had picked them up, no one was there.

—2 Corinthians 12:9a—

And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.

Two sisters were driving back home on the old Columbia River Highway. As they went past the beautiful Multnomah Falls near Larch Mountain, something caught one of the sister's attention. Oddly, sitting beside the road was a woman holding an umbrella—although it was not raining. When the sisters arrived home they heard on TV that two hikers were lost on Larch Mountain.

"I'm sure I saw one of those women," Elva kept saying, until finally they called the Sheriff. That afternoon, two officers came and asked us to drive with them to the place where Elva had seen the woman. They arrived at Multnomah Falls at dusk. Sheriff Terry Schrunk. He said that Elva's description fit perfectly with one of the lost women, even to the umbrella and the colour of her clothes. The police searched into the darkness, then said they'd continue in the morning.

The sisters and scores of others prayed hard for the lost hikers. At 10:00 a.m., Sheriff Schrunk called--the women had been found! "They were on the mountain right above where your sister said we should look. They were trapped above the falls." The women had been trapped? They couldn't climb down. That meant there was no way that Elva could have seen one of them sitting beside the highway!

—2 Corinthians 12:9b—

Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Sharon and Doug already had three dear children, ages fourteen, twelve, and ten; and Sharon, at age forty, was expecting the birth of their fourth child any day. The nine months of waiting had been a special time for the entire family. They looked forward to the arrival of the new baby with great anticipation. Sharon and Doug liked to walk one or two miles each day. One afternoon they were walking down a hill near home, watching their dog run alongside them with great excitement. Suddenly, Sharon turned her foot on a stone in the street and fell down. But instead of falling to the ground and rolling down the hill, she felt as though Someone had lifted her up and laid her down gently on the street. It was the most graceful, relaxed feeling she had ever experienced. When Doug turned to catch her, she was already stretched out full length beside his feet. The fall could have been quite harmful to the expectant mother and unborn child. Yet a feeling of total quietness filled her, and not one part of her or the baby was hurt. Sharon believes her Guardian angel laid her down ever so gently in the street that day, in special care for her and the new little life within her.

—2 Corinthians 12:10—

Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions,  
in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong.

—261—

My assignment was locating and assisting needy families, and locating them was often difficult. This particular day in 1977, I'd heard of a needy family (no father present, little money or food, frightened mother and children) living near Lake Texoma. This was dangerous country, but I felt it my duty to find them. I drove all morning with little to guide me, and in this gun-crazy county you didn't just knock on any shack and ask for directions.

Finally, in the early afternoon I parked in the shade of a cottonwood tree and began to pray, asking God to direct me. I then looked down the lane I'd already driven over twice, and there was a lone mailbox plainly emblazoned with the family's name. My visit went well; we'd be able to help this family with food and clothing. As I was leaving, the grateful mother marvelled that I'd found her house. "It wasn't hard," I said, "once I saw your name on the mailbox."

"My name?" the woman said to me, obviously mystified. And going back to the road, I examined the mailbox again. There was no name. No name at all.

—Jude 24-25—

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen.



Danny's tricycle was bobbing in the water, and there, floating face down, was Danny. Desperately I pulled Danny out of the water and tried to administer CPR, but his body was cold and his face grey. Then the sirens, the paramedics, the helicopter whisking Danny off to the hospital, where he lay in a coma. Finally, after my long, prayerful vigil, Danny opened his eyes. Soon he was well again, back home playing as usual. But somehow he seemed changed.

One day he blurted out, "Mom, I want to see a picture of my daddy." I had not realized I had never shown him a picture of his father, who had died before Danny was born. The first photograph I brought out showed my husband and his baseball team. Danny looked at it for a few moments. Then he pointed to one of the coaches. "That's my daddy," he said. "How do you know?" I asked. "He talked to me in the hospital before I woke up. He said, 'You must go home now. Mommy needs you.'" I looked at the man he'd pointed to; it was the father he had never seen.

—2 Thessalonians 3:3—

The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.

When a tornado struck Louisville, Kentucky, in April 1974, our family was at home--all but our youngest son, Collyn. He was in kindergarten at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary a few miles away. Huddled together in our basement, we heard the rain pounding and the storm's violent roar. When the noise abated, we went upstairs, relieved to find our neighbourhood untouched. But the radio said the storm had headed toward the seminary. My husband went to get Collyn and I stayed at home with our two older boys. I tried to call the kindergarten. The number did not ring. Instead I heard clicks and then the phone went dead. "Mama," my son Chris reported, "the radio just said the tornado went through the Baptist seminary and took the roof off." Both children began to cry. With my own fear, how could I comfort them? I thought: Only God can help me now. He's in charge. "Boys," I said, "we're in God's hands." Again I tried to phone. Dead. I was about to hang up when the number rang. "Don't worry," said the woman who answered. "The children were taken to another building before the storm. They're fine." We hugged and shouted for joy. The area around the seminary had been devastated. Huge trees lay twisted on the ground; live electrical wires sparked on the wet sidewalks; homeless people wandered in a daze. But my husband found Collyn safe, just as the woman had said. Later, when I went to thank the woman who'd comforted me on the phone, Collyn's teacher said, "But Mrs. Coates, you couldn't have spoken with anyone. Our phone lines were destroyed. Besides, there was no one in the building when you called."

—Revelation 4:11—

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power:  
for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

—264—

The week had been full and busy for the doctor. As he drove into his driveway that Saturday afternoon, he looked forward to putting on his old clothes and relaxing the rest of the day. However, it wasn't long before the phone rang. There was an emergency at the hospital and he was needed immediately. He grabbed his bag and dashed out the door to his car in the driveway. He climbed in, turned the key, and was ready to go. Suddenly he felt a strong Presence standing by his open window. It was so real that he felt he could reach out and touch it. He even paused long enough to turn his head and look. Although he didn't see anything, he heard a voice of warning, "Don't back out of the driveway. Get out and look behind you." Even though the doctor was in a tremendous hurry, he felt he must obey the message. He got out of his car, walked around to the back, and there he saw the little two-year-old boy from next door. He was sitting in his new rocking chair, leaning up against the back bumper of the doctor's car, watching the lazy autumn clouds float by.

—Philippians 4:13—

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

—265—

Two months after my husband finished graduate school and started a new job, I gave birth to our first child. We had very little money and at times we had none at all. The days went by and I eked out this and eked out that. Then one morning after I'd gathered up the baby's laundry, I found I'd run out of detergent. Our monthly pay cheque wasn't due until the end of the week, and we barely had enough money left for our food needs, never mind soap. But I had to have clean diapers for my baby! It was one of those little frustrations that wells up to blimp-size discouragement. "O Lord, You know I need soap. I pray that my folks send me money--soon." My parents periodically sent a small cheque. They were the only source I could think of. I heard a noise at the door. Could it be the mailman? Somehow I actually expected God would answer me that quickly. I glanced out the window, but no mailman. It must have been the wind rattling the screen. I went on with my housework. I kept crying out to the Lord. "What will I do about these diapers? O Lord, what will I do?" Then suddenly I felt prompted to go to the front door. Perhaps the mail carrier had come and I'd missed seeing him. Perhaps a cheque ... I opened the door, and hanging on the handle was a plastic sack containing a sample box of a new detergent! God had supplied.

—2 Corinthians 14:6—

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

—266—

John lived in a big old farmhouse in South Dakota with his mother and father and five younger brothers and sisters. One day their parents went to another town on business and had to stay overnight. They left John in charge of the family. After the children had eaten dinner, they went upstairs to get ready for bed. All the brothers and sisters were gathered together in one bedroom. Suddenly John looked over at his two-year-old brother and saw, to his horror, that he was playing with a lighted candle! He was sticking unlit matches into it and watching with glee as they burst into flames. Before John could rush to his brother's side, the candle tipped over and fire began to spread. No one can explain why, but in the middle of all this something caused the children to look over at the door. There they saw a tall, beautiful angel standing in the doorway. The angel simply blew out the fire and turned around and left. All the children ran down the hall after him, but the angel was gone. Now the brothers and sisters are married and have children of their own. But when they get together, they often talk about the time they saw the angel blow out the fire that cold winter night.

—2 Timothy 1:7—

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

—267—

Elmer Hambaugh will never forget that Easter weekend shortly after he became a Christian. Good Friday morning, thinking to take a short work break, Elmer parked the city bus he drove for a living in front of a suburban Cincinnati police station. As he chatted inside, Elmer was dumbstruck to see his empty bus start to roll slowly downhill, straight for an intersection packed with rush-hour traffic! He raced out, praying, Dear God, stop that bus! In an heroic effort, Elmer grabbed hold of a side-panel advertisement on the vehicle and dug in his heels--only to be knocked down and dragged under the chassis, one foot caught wedge-like between a rolling rear wheel and the pavement. And then, for no apparent reason, the bus came to a halt. There it stood, neatly parked at a crosswalk, safe behind the white line.

A city maintenance worker--a man who'd never driven a bus--rushed to Elmer's rescue and managed to back up the vehicle, freeing Elmer. Doctors at the hospital shook their heads when they saw Elmer's mangled foot. Anticipating a complicated skin graft, they scheduled a Monday morning operation. All weekend Elmer prayed and fasted. And on Easter Monday he heard the doctor's words of amazement, words that told of something even stranger than the fact of the bus having been suddenly stopped. "Your foot is healed! There's no reason to operate!"

—2 Timothy 1:12—

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

—268—

Erik was three years old and was staying with his grandparents for a few days while his mother and father went on a vacation. One morning he woke up complaining that his ears hurt. He had a fever and ached all over. The grandmother phoned the doctor but couldn't get an appointment until seven o'clock that evening. Erik was crying and wanted his grandmother to hold him. It looked like it was going to be a long day for both of them. Later in the morning, grandmother put Erik down on the living room rug with some of his toys, hoping they would occupy him for a little while. Then she went into her bedroom to pray. She asked God to be with Erik and to send His angels to entertain him. Later, when his grandmother was in the kitchen, Erik came running in from the living room shouting, "Grandma! Grandma! Come and see the angels!" He told her there were five angels and they were dancing and that they were wearing green dresses! No one had ever told Erik about angels before, and whenever anyone questioned him about them after that, they could not get him to change his story. He knew what he had seen. Later that evening when the doctor checked Erik over, he said that both of Erik's ears were infected, but the pain was gone and there was no fever.

—Revelation 2:7—

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

—269—

A young mother was standing at the kitchen sink washing dishes one spring morning. Their little garden was aflame with fresh jewel-like flowers, and the smell of warm clover filled the air. In a moment of time, the long, dreary winter was forgotten. As she looked out the window into the back yard, she noticed that the garden gate had been left open. Her little three-year-old daughter, Lisa, had toddled through the gate and was sitting casually on the railroad tracks playing with the gravel. The mother's heart stopped when she saw a train coming around the bend and heard its whistle blaring persistently. As she raced from the house screaming her daughter's name, she suddenly saw a striking figure, clothed in pure white, lifting Lisa off the tracks. While the train roared past, this glorious Being stood by the track with an arm around the child. Together, they watched the train go by. When the mother reached her daughter's side, Lisa was standing alone.

—2 Timothy 4:18—

And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom:  
to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.



—270—

I was sixteen years old and was working on a farm for a man and his family of nine children. One day we had decided to clear the property of debris and unusable lumber and proceeded to pile up quite a large stack to burn. I noticed that he had poured a large can of liquid over the pile of debris. He then struck a match and the stack began to burn in an instant. Late in the afternoon, the fire began to burn very slowly and I had yet another large pile to add. Remembering that the farmer poured a liquid on the fire to start it, I had the idea to go to the barn and look for what it was that he used to ignite the fire. All I could see was a large drum of gasoline which had a hand pump attached to it. I noticed that the same can that the farmer had used was sitting on top of the gasoline. Unaware of the consequences of a flaming inferno that could explode within my hands, I filled the can to the brim with the gasoline, which was about one gallon, and started walking across the field towards the smouldering fire. I was ready to toss the liquid on the waning fire when all of a sudden I heard the farmer calling out to me from a distance, in an alarming manner! I hurriedly put the can down and ran towards him until I could hear what he was saying. "What have you got in that can?" he questioned. When I told him it was gasoline he threw his head back and looked Heavenward and said he had just heard a voice telling him to stop me from pouring whatever it was on that fire! This remarkable voice from Heaven warned the farmer to stop me in my ignorance! If I had poured the highly explosive, straight gasoline directly onto the fire, rather than the mixture the farmer used, I might not be here today to tell this story!

—Nahum 1:7—

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.

—271—

On the night of August 10, 1950, Jesus and two angels came to visit Fred Lemon in prison. While alone in his cell, he woke to find three men standing in front of him. The man on the right said, “Fred, this is Jesus.” The man in the middle to whom he pointed then spoke to him. Clearly, yet gently, He traced the whole of Fred’s criminal life up to the desperate present. He knew everything about Fred. Jesus showed Fred that God was offering him forgiveness for every wrong he had ever done, because of Jesus’ death. This paid for Fred’s sins and His rising to life again overcame the power of death. At the end of that wonderful talk, Jesus said, “If you want to become a Christian, you must drive hatred from your heart.” Fred knew He spoke the truth, and that He referred to his attitude toward the prison officers, some of whom he had felt extreme hatred towards. Fred had been listening with his head in his hands but, as the last sentence was spoken, he looked up. The three men, still facing Fred, were fading through the wall. There was a distinct click and he was alone. *That was Jesus Himself, here in this cell*, Fred told himself. There was no fear; instead he lay down in great peace and slept. This experience changed Fred completely, and he has gone on to lead a fruitful, joyful life.

—Psalms 55:16—

As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.

—272—

While traveling with her husband Peter in Borneo, Kathy suddenly became very sick. While rambling incoherently with a high fever, something happened. Just as she had done when a child and in need of help in the night, Kathy called out to her mother. And though grown now, and far away from home where her mother actually was, Kathy then heard a comforting sound, as if her mother was shuffling down the hall to come help. After this moment, Peter was able to find a good and kind doctor who took them to his house. Together he and his housekeeper nursed Kathy back to health.

This was the story Kathy's mother found out some weeks after the event, which helped answer her mother's own curiosity of what had occurred at exactly the same time. Kathy's mom had suddenly heard, audibly, her daughter calling out, "Mom, mom." It was if she again needed help, just as when she was a child. Her daughter of course was not there, but married and traveling. The mother knew Kathy needed help and took time right then to earnestly pray, and claimed the promises from the 91<sup>st</sup> Psalm, again and again. That is when Kathy heard, as if it was her mother coming to help. She did so by prayer. Jesus heard and answered.

—Hebrews 10:36—

For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.

A nurse was working the three-to-eleven shift at Miners Hospital in Spangler, Pennsylvania when a patient asked, "Why don't you have a little pin on like the other nurses?" They were referring to the golden, wreath-shaped pin that had been given to her when she graduated from nursing school in Altoona. It stood for years of hard work. To her great dismay, her pin was gone. She looked everywhere it possibly could be—both at work and at home. When it was nowhere to be found, it distressed her. However, before sleeping she prayed that the Lord would help her to find it. That night she had a dream that showed her right where the pin was. When she woke, after the initial disappointment of feeling "it's only a dream", a whisper in her mind told her it was more than that. She then did as the dream showed. She put on her house coat and slippers, went down the stairs and out the door to find a puddle of water. Taking a plunge of faith she reached into the muddy puddle. In a moment she pulled out and held the answer to her prayers. The pin was there, just as the dream had showed her.

—Hebrews 11:1—

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

—274—

A 70-year-old Christian lady in a household was the only one who had knowledge of most of the daily operations of her family, as well as the operations of a house church. She alone knew where the Bibles were hidden, who the messengers were, who could or could not be trusted. Suddenly she died of a heart attack. Her family felt lost, she had not been able to pass on the information that was so vital to all. They began to pray, "Lord, restore our mother back to life." After being dead two days, she came back to life. She scolded her family for calling her back. They reasoned with her, saying they would pray that in two days she could return to the Lord. It would take that much time for her to pass on all they needed to know. After two days, the family and friends began to sing hymns and pray that the Lord would take her back. The mother's final words were, "They're coming! Two angels are coming!" This incident caused the entire village to believe.

—Hebrews 11:6—

Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

—275—

When Chet and Jeff were teenagers, they always celebrated the end of a long trip home to Florida by dashing out of the car and jumping into our swimming pool. The prayer for safe keeping before leaving on a trip was something they and their family always did as well. After returning from a trip, oddly, the boys declared they were too tired, and skipped the usual swim. When the parents were checking things around the house on that day, it was discovered that something had gone wrong with the electronics on the swimming pool. The light wouldn't turn on, so the switch was taped in the "off" position. The next morning, an electrician checked the pool light carefully. "You've got an old, obsolete fixture here," he said. "Must've been here before you bought the place. Anyhow, water got into the light socket and shorted the circuit. Good thing nobody went swimming--they would have been electrocuted." It was more than a good thing. For this family, it was one more example of how God touched their lives in a supernatural way when we seek His help

—Hebrews 13:5—

Be content with such things as you have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

—276—

In the mid-1960s Muriel became very ill. Her brother, sister-in-law, and their six-year-old daughter Linda travelled to Tulsa while Muriel underwent surgery for a diseased kidney. As they neared Tulsa, a thought flashed into her sister-in-law's mind out of nowhere. One red rose, a voice said. Take one red rose to Muriel. Finding the rose took some persistence, but at last one was found and bought and placed beside Muriel's bed, along with a big bouquet of gladiolas. Soon after this family returned home, they received a letter. "Before I went to the hospital," Muriel wrote, "I prayed that if I was supposed to live, God would send me a sign I specifically asked for, something that meant God was with me and would give me the heart to go on. When I opened my eyes after the operation, there it was, the very thing I'd prayed for--a red rose."

—Hebrews 13:6—

So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

—277—

When Johnny entered a hospital in Houston, Texas, two large aneurysms pressed on his heart and spinal cord. Without an operation he might not live out the year, yet the surgery could leave him paralyzed. It was a big decision. Johnny and his wife, Sue, prayed for God's guidance in this decision. Johnny needed time alone to think about it. During this time a nurse named "Shu-Lin" came to talk with him. She was Asian in appearance, warm, caring and cheerful, with a radiant smile. "She has convinced me to have the operation," Johnny told his wife when she came back to talk with him. "Not to worry," the nurse had said. Somehow she had given Johnny confidence to go through with the surgery. Everyone was glad. Shu-Lin accompanied Johnny into surgery. It was her day off, but she said she wanted to be there. During the operation, she returned periodically to let Sue and her brother Jack know how Johnny was doing. Each time she appeared, they felt relief and optimism. Finally the surgery was over, and Shu-Lin came to give the good news even before the doctor reported it to them. Johnny spent the next five days in intensive care. Often he woke up to find Shu-Lin wiping his forehead or holding his hand. When he was out of danger, Shu-Lin came to say good-bye. "I must go now," she said. "Others need me." When Johnny was well enough to go home, they wanted to thank Shu-Lin for being so kind. However, she was nowhere to be found. And more than that, there was no record of someone by that name ever working at this hospital. Angelic helpers aren't written on the records.

—Hebrews 13:8—

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.



Sandy had to head out into the snow to walk her dog. Guide dogs for the blind need to be walked regularly. The wind and snow on that day made it very difficult to navigate through, as Dustin, her dog, hadn't yet experienced snow. Only once had the dog tried to walk through the snow, on the day before, when they nearly got lost. The next day, as a friend suggested, Sandy prayed for Jesus to go with them as they walked. Though snow still stung her face, and Dustin was whining, Sandy had faith the Lord was with them. She gave her dog an unusual command, "Dustin, follow." A command only given when another person is leading the way. At this, the dog perked up and started walking as if he knew where to go. On their way back a young woman trudged up and offered to walk Sandy to their door. "We'll just follow your footprints back," she said. "Yours and the dog's, and that other person's." Sandy, surprised, asked, "What other person?" The woman replied, "There's a dog's prints. And your prints. And a larger person's prints. Wasn't someone with you?" Sandy paused and said, "Oh yes, there was Someone with us."

—Revelation 2:26—

And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.

—279—

In the late 1960s Lawson served as a commander at an air force base in Okinawa, Japan. One morning as he and his family sat in their living room, a violent storm raged outside. Torrential rains and gusty winds caused a terrible racket. Then came the even louder sound of an airplane roaring over our house. The pilot was in trouble as he attempted a landing. He was too low and off course because of bad weather and a malfunctioning radar. The first attempt had nearly been a disaster. The pilot turned around and circled and would try to land again. He had to make it: There were passengers on board and his fuel was running out. This family prayed for the pilot and the safe landing of the plane. Immediately the rain stopped and the wind died down. Then the telephone rang. "That was air-traffic control," Lawson said with a smile to his family. "The plane has landed safely." Almost immediately it began to rain hard again

—Revelation 3:5—

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

—280—

While visiting a hospital, a friend of mine noticed two young children with tonsillitis and high fevers. One little girl looked particularly ill. The little child was sitting on her mom's lap and her eyes were really heavy. She was fighting a very high fever. My friend sat down beside the mom and asked her if she could pray for her child. She then laid hands on the child and began commanding her body temperature to drop. After a minute or so, my friend could feel the child's temperature slowly dropping until her fever was gone. The mom then felt her child's head. She was amazed when she realized the child had no fever! The little girl perked up so much that she began looking around and wanting to play. Praise God!

—James 1:12—

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life,  
which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

—281—

When Judith and her daughter were driving, a sudden strong gust of wind put them in a very precarious situation. Three 4' x 8' plywood boards were blown off a truck on the road and were heading right to Judith's car. Her daughter saw one coming straight for the front window and braced herself for its deadly impact. There was only time for the mother to pray using a single word. "Father..." she cried out. Immediately, and visibly, an angel was seen on the front of the car. He looked strong and muscular. With the skill of a basketball player he used his hands in ways that deflected each of the three boards. None of them came through the windshield or in any way harmed Judith and her daughter. "It was so thrilling," Judith explained. "I saw those plywood boards coming toward us. I prayed and He sent an angel! Praise God!—He preserved our lives!"

—Revelations 4:11—

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power:  
for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

In November 1985 I, Meg, was traveling with my then ten-year-old daughter to my parent's house, which is a one-and-a-half hours' drive. Dusk was descending as we started up the four-lane mountain highway. Suddenly we heard a loud pop and the steering wheel shook as I guided the car off the road and onto the shoulder. Getting out of the car, I saw I had a flat tire and was in the middle of nowhere. Down the road about a mile I had seen a small craft store, so I decided we would back up until we came to the store and could hopefully get some help. I got back in the car and suddenly, it seemed out of nowhere, a car pulled up, and a nice-looking young man got out (my daughter says he was dressed all in white). I showed him my flat tire, and he proceeded to get out the spare, jack, lug wrench, and change the tire. He was very quiet, except for telling me not to stand behind the car in case the jack might fall. Right after he said that the jack did fall, but he quickly finished. I thanked him, offered money, but he refused to take any. I got in my car, he in his, and as I pulled out from the shoulder, my daughter turned around and said, "Mom, he's gone." He had disappeared. Nowhere in sight. He had left as suddenly as he came.

—Isaiah 30:19—

He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.

—283—

Back in 1977, unusual weather conditions threatened to destroy the orange groves in Norvell Hayes' part of Florida. The trees in the area were covered with icicles, and the orange growers knew from past experience that it was highly likely the cold would kill their crops. But Norvell wasn't willing to accept the disaster that seemed inevitable. He believed God could save his trees, and he asked for a miracle. "I got in my car, drove to the orange grove, and parked along the highway," he said. "I just looked at the grove and commanded the Devil to take his hands off the orange trees. Then I asked the Father, in Jesus' name, to let His power come and hover around my fruit trees and not let them die."

A few weeks later, the sun began to shine again and things warmed up. Norvell still gets excited when he describes the result of his prayer. "Fruit was developing on my trees! The twenty-five thousand orange trees on the property across the road, which was owned by another grower, were dead. But on my side of the road, it was different. It was as though a shield had been placed on my property line, which stopped the potentially damaging frost from crossing it. I didn't lose a tree!"

—Psalms 34:1—

I will bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Beth and Margie, two teenage sisters, were shopping in the large enclosed mall. But by the time they were ready to leave, it was dark. Standing at the mall exit, they could hardly see the outline of their car, the only one left in that section of the dimly lit parking lot. The girls were nervous as they waited, hoping a few customers would come along so they could all walk out together. Both were aware of the current crime wave. “Then we’d better get going—now!” Margie shifted her packages, pushed open the door, and walked as fast as she could. Beth followed, glancing from side to side.

Street traffic had subsided, but the lot seemed a bit too quiet. They had made it! Beth shoved the key into the car lock, got in, and reached across to open Margie’s door. Just then the girls heard the sound of running feet behind them. When Margie turned around, her heart almost stopped. Racing toward them were two ominous-looking men. “You’re not going anywhere!” one shouted. Margie screamed. Terrified, she scrambled inside, and both girls locked their doors, just in time.

With shaking fingers, Beth turned on the car’s ignition switch. Nothing happened. She did it again, and again. But only the sound of the key clicked in the silence. They had no power! Beth, try again!” Margie was frantic. The men were pulling the door handles, pushing at the windows. “I can’t!” Beth cried. “It won’t start!”

The girls knew there were only seconds of safety remaining. Quickly, they joined hands in prayer. “Dear God,” Margie pleaded, “give us a miracle, in the Name of Jesus!” Once more, Beth turned the key. This time the engine roared to life. She shifted into gear and raced out of the parking lot, leaving the men behind. The girls wept all the way home, shocked and relieved at the same time.

They stumbled into the safety of their house, and told their father what had happened. He held them both close. “You’re safe—that’s the main thing,” he soothed them, “But you could have been hurt or even killed. Don’t ever put yourself in that kind of situation again!” “We won’t,” Margie promised, wiping her eyes. Her father was frowning. “It’s strange, though. The car has never failed to start. I’ll check it out.” Puzzled, he wandered down to the garage, and raised the car’s hood to look at the starter. And in one stunned glance, he realized Who had brought his daughters safely home. There was no battery in the car.

**—Deuteronomy 3:22—**

Ye shall not fear them: for the LORD your God he shall fight for you.



—285—

In 1967, Ginny was a missionary, alone and in dire need of help. It was her first year of teaching in Kenya. She writes, “It had been raining heavily and I was driving my little VW beetle. Suddenly the thick mud caused the car to slither sideways until the back became firmly embedded in the ditch. I was so well stuck in the mud that only a forklift truck could have gotten me out. I tried to push it clear, but all in vain, so I got back into the car and locked myself in! I was in an area where bands of young thugs were terrorizing people, and in Africa there is always the danger of wild animals. For an hour, not a single vehicle passed, so I became increasingly cold and scared. From time to time I tried to get the car to move, to no avail, and all the time I was praying with my whole heart for the Lord to help me.

As darkness fell, I suddenly had a strong urge to start the engine again and, as I turned the key, I felt the car move effortlessly out of the solid mud of the ditch and back up on to the crest of the road! The car was not yet in gear, and I was absolutely dumbfounded! It felt just as if someone very strong had pushed me out, but I looked around and not a soul was in sight. I hadn’t the slightest doubt that God’s angels were there. Some answers to prayer just knock the breath out of you, and this was one of them.”

—Mark 9:23—

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

—286—

Lorraine’s old car, which had battery problems, was parked in front of the Southern Bell building on Highway U.S. 1, where she worked. She tells what happened one night around 10:00. “That night was warm and absolutely still. Unfortunately, my car did not start. I got out, raised the hood, and removed the battery caps. I then struck a match and leaned over to look into the open cells. Someone had told me that if I would keep putting water in the battery, it would keep working and save me from having to buy a new one. I liked the idea, since money was scarce in those days.

As soon as I bent over, a puff of air blew the match out. Surprised, since there was no air moving whatsoever, I looked at nearby bushes and trees, but nothing was stirring in the least. Besides, I was sure it wasn’t a stream of wind—it had been a specific puff from right over my shoulder. Puzzled, I tore off a second match, but as I went to light it, I heard the very definite command, “Don’t.” I got the message and lit no more matches.

When I finally got the car to a service station and explained to the mechanic what I’d done, he told me that I had done a very dangerous thing, because open batteries, if ignited, can easily explode. I believe an angel saved me.”

—Psalms 35:28—

My tongue shall speak of Thy righteousness and of Thy praise all the day long.

—287—

David, was clearing some land to enlarge their produce garden near their home in rural Georgia. His wife, Tina, was horrified to suddenly see, when looking outside, that David was on the ground—and the tractor on top of him. "Joshua, stay right there!" she yelled to her two-year-old son as she raced past him to try to save her husband. Tina arrived to find the tractor pinning David—by the rubber sole of his work boot. The ignition key was turned halfway off, which had stalled the large tractor. Tina helped David out from under the tractor. The worst injury he suffered was a twisted ankle. As they discussed the accident, David shook his head and said he didn't understand what had happened: He remembered the tractor being right over him—then moving away from him, as if someone had shoved it aside. He also had no idea why the engine had stalled when it did. He had expected to lose his leg, if not his life. Just then little Joshua came running over to his parents: "Did you see him, Daddy?" Josh asked. "Who?" asked David. "The man," the little boy said, his eyes still wide. "He was as tall as the trees! He moved the tractor when it was falling on Daddy, then he turned the key." From the mouth of the little child came the only explanation for what had happened.

—Acts 5:38,39—

If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

Charles A. writes: The year was 1938, and it was a cold, wet, dreary February afternoon. I was a sixteen-year-old boy who had been on the road for over four months. Life on the road during those Depression years was hard, and I was trying to get home. The place was the railway yards in Hayti, Missouri. I was standing under the shed of a warehouse loading dock waiting for the freight train that was in the yards taking on water and coal. The train started moving out, pulled by two large locomotives, which meant it would gain speed quickly and that it was a long train. I stood waiting until I saw a boxcar with a door open, then I started running to jump in. The boxcar was rather high off the ground because of the terrain. When I jumped I only got halfway in; the lower half of my legs dangled out of the door and the upper half of my body was lying flat on the floor of the boxcar. I couldn't pull myself in because I had nothing to hold onto. The train was gaining speed very fast as I lay there trying to pull myself in, my arms outstretched on the floor. I knew if I fell it would be certain death under the wheels of that freight train. I will never forget that moment. I thought my time had come. As I was struggling on the floor, I can recall saying, "O God, please don't let me die here." I raised my head enough to see a very large black man, in his thirties, standing there looking at me. He didn't say anything to me and I didn't say anything to him. He reached down, got hold of me by the arms, and pulled me into the boxcar. I lay on the floor face down for about half a minute, to catch my breath and regain my strength. When I got up to thank the man, he was nowhere to be seen. The boxcar was completely empty; the other door was closed, and the train was moving too fast for anyone to jump out and live. There was no one in that boxcar but me.

—Deuteronomy 28:8—

The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses,  
and in all that thou settest thine hand unto.

—289—

Patti's home was a two-bedroom trailer, and the winter of 1978 was just beginning in rural western Oklahoma. One cold night she was awakened from a sound sleep. A voice was calling her urgently, a voice she always heeded unquestioningly. "Patti, get up," her mother said. A glow was coming from the kitchen. She jumped out of bed and ran to see flames shooting from the hot-water tank, then rushed outside. By the time the firemen arrived, the trailer was totally engulfed in flames. Other family members arrived from nearby, and surveyed the ruins. "Thank God you got out," her sister said. "What if you hadn't woken up in time?" "I had been roused by Mother's voice," Patti told them. The others stared in disbelief. Why was it so amazing to think that she had saved my life? Because her mother had passed away in March the year before.

—Matthew 7:7—

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

When I was 23 years old, my beloved father died a week before I learned that I was pregnant with my first child. I was devastated that I would not be able to share my baby with my most favourite person in all the world. When my child was born, I gave him my father's name for his middle name. As a new mother, I enjoyed changing my son's cute little outfit several times a day. But I was very sad that I would never be able to see my father and my son together. My son slept in a wooden cradle at the foot of our bed. Every night, before going to sleep I double-checked that the peg on the cradle was locked so the baby couldn't rock the cradle and fall out during the night. One night I was awakened. The room was lit by a glow beside the baby's cradle. As I looked, I saw the image of my father. He was rocking the cradle and crooning silly nonsense words to the baby. The same words he used to say to me when I was a small child. Then he smiled at me and said, "He is your dolly," in his native language. Then the room plunged into pitch black. I was sure I had just awakened from a dream. I turned on the bedside lamp, deciding to look at my son since I was awake. When I went to the cradle, I found it was swinging slowly. It was unlocked. As I set the pin again for the rest of the night, I felt a warmth surge through my body. A contentment came over me; I felt my father wanted me to know that he could see his grandson, loved him and was pleased.

—Ephesians 3:21,21a—

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,  
according to the power that worketh in us, Unto him be glory.

—291—

Katia, was going to take a trip to St. Petersburg. The girl had already bought a ticket for the morning train, but the evening before her departure, they found that they had no more money left, which they would need for expenses during the trip. The whole family got together in prayer, asking the Lord to supply the necessary sum of 100,000 rubles (\$23). It was nighttime when somebody rang the doorbell. Katia rushed to answer the door, and in a few minutes returned with an envelope in her hands. Everybody ran to the window to see who had delivered it, but no one was at the entrance. "He was wrapped in a scarf and wore dark glasses," Katia told them. "He didn't say a word to me; he just gave me the envelope." Surprised, they opened the envelope to find just one bill: 100,000 rubles! Everybody agreed that Katia had just met an angel from the Lord!

—Acts 5:29—

We ought to obey God rather than men.

It was early morning, and with our rain barrels empty, we were down to our last drops of water. The summer rains had not yet come to our little pioneer outpost in Kathmandu, and no city water had come in for a couple of days. We all prayed desperately as Adam, in his late teens, walked down the road a ways looking for water, and we were very thankful that he was able to bring back two buckets of precious water from a community tap. One scoopful went in each bathroom, for handwashing, and the rest was used sparingly throughout the morning. After lunch, we put the last of the water on to boil for drinking water and changed the dishwater. We had no idea where our water would come from next, since the community tap would be all dried up by now. Then the doorbell rang. It was Jo. Miraculously, he had been able to find a water truck! These are normally quite costly and very difficult to find (they are mostly used by the military). The helpful driver filled up our water reserve tanks. Great was our joy that same night to hear the sound of heavy rain, which filled up our two 200-liter water barrels! How we praised the Lord for His faithful, unfailing supply!

—Mark 9:23—

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.



Opal was a teen living on a farm near Inola, Oklahoma. One day when her father was out, her life was spared by a voice that warned her of the danger. One of her farm chores that day was to get some straw from the manger in the barn to make a nest for one of the chickens in the henhouse. Three times in a row, every time she attempted to reach into the manger to gather the straw, a voice called out, "Stop! There's a snake in the manger!"

Though she could see no snake, and didn't know where this voice was coming from, she hesitated to reach in. Yet because she needed the straw, she would attempt to reach in again. When Opal reached out the third time, "Stop!" ordered the voice. "Don't touch it. There's a snake in the manger."

"No, there isn't," Opal said out loud, but she stood, looking into the manger. Slowly the straw began to move. First Opal saw the eyes, then the head of the snake. She ran for the farmhouse and returned with her mother. The snake was still in the manger when they arrived.

"It's a poisonous snake!" Opal's mother exclaimed. "It probably came up from the pond. What a close call you had." Then with the skill that farmer's wives have demonstrated throughout history, Opal's mother quickly killed the snake. Together the two thanked God for the warning that had saved Opal's life.

—Jeremiah 29:13—

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Roy bought a new K-oil heater in October 1984, satisfied that he'd be ready for winter. In fact, it worked well and kept his mobile home toasty as the weather turned cold. The temperature during the night of December 23 of that year was in the twenties, so Roy decided to keep the heater on all night, as he had many times since he bought it. About 3:00 A.M., he was sleeping, face to the wall, when, as he tells it: "I heard my name, Roy, called three times. I said: 'What do you want?' and rolled over. The first thing I saw was flames up to the ceiling—and what appeared to be an outline of a person between me and the fire." He got up, grabbed the nearby fuel tank, and threw it clear of the fire, out into the yard. Then he ran outside and asked his neighbours to call the fire department. When he went back inside there was dense smoke, but no sign of fire. After things calmed down and the mobile home aired out, he was able to go back to bed.

Roy concludes by saying that the next morning there weren't even black spots on the ceiling, although he'd seen eight-foot flames with his own eyes. When he told people about the voice, the figure, and the flames, some people thought he was loony. But then he shows them what may seem an odd reminder of God's love: his K-oil heater, burned, warped, and blackened to a crisp.

—1 Chronicles 16:8-10—

Give thanks unto the LORD, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him, talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the LORD.

One rainy winter day, a woman and her 13-year-old son had spent all their money to pay the rent and bills, buy some groceries and with the last remaining few dollars, put some gas in the car. That was it until the next payday. Any other needs would have to wait until then. Then came the discovery of a true emergency—they were out of toilet paper! What were they going to do now? She was a new believer and knew that only God could get her through. Day by day, week by week, they saw God working to get them through. "Don't worry, Mom," said her son, comforting her, "we'll just pray and ask God to give us some toilet paper." The next morning, she was awakened by the excited laughter and cries of her son. "Look out the window, Mom! God answered our prayer!" Someone had strewn toilet paper over their whole front yard including all the shrubs and trees.—Toilet paper hung from and was wound around everything in front of her house. In spite of the normally soggy weather, it was perfectly dry that night. They ran outside in amazement and began collecting and winding up all the toilet paper.—They ended up with more than enough to get them through to the next paycheck!

—2 Corinthians 2:14—

Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

Mrs. Cindy Hartman is a basketball coach at Greenbrier High School. She and her husband live in a parsonage next to Springhill Baptist Church, where her husband is a youth minister. Cindy summoned help when she encountered a pistol-toting burglar in her home. She dropped to her knees and prayed. The call to a higher authority was enough to rattle the robber. He apologized, joined Mrs. Hartman in prayer and returned everything he had stolen. He also left his gun. Mrs. Hartman, 26, said the burglar confronted her when she came in to answer the phone. He ripped the cord out of the wall and ordered her into a cramped bedroom closet. Then she dropped to her knees. "I asked if I could pray for him," she said. "I told him: 'I want you to know that God loves you and I forgive you.'" Mrs. Hartman said the man also kneeled, then apologized and asked to use a shirt to wipe off fingerprints. Then he yelled to a woman in a pickup truck: "We've got to unload all of this. This is a Christian home and a Christian family. We can't do this to them." Mrs. Hartman remained kneeling while her furniture was returned. Before he left, the burglar removed the bullets from the gun and left the weapon.

—Hebrews 10:38—

Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.

—297—

In the last few years my vision has deteriorated. The only way I get around is by looking out of the corner of my eye. Most days I resemble a lame rooster with his head half-cocked, tripping over furniture in my own house. Then came an April night not long ago when a loud knock on the door roused me from sleep. A young man said there was a fire behind my property. In my rush, I bumped into a table and knocked over a lamp. My wife, Vera, came to see what the racket was. Our neighbor's toolshed was ablaze! "I'll call the fire department," said Vera, while I raced outside.

I banged on the Jensen's door to wake them up. The toolshed was attached to their garage. We didn't have much time; the garage's fiberglass siding was melting from the encroaching flames. "Lord, my neighbour needs me. Be my strength." We shoved the garage doors open and moved the car and pickup truck to safety. Next, we hauled out lawn mowers, tools, everything we could get our hands on. I surveyed the contents and tried to rescue the most valuable equipment first. Finally we heard sirens. When the firefighters confined the blaze, my neighbour thanked me. "You saw clearly what had to be done, Don," he said. Back home I tripped over a chair, straining to see the hot cup of coffee Vera put in front of me. "You saw clearly ..." the neighbour had said. And I had. When I needed it most, the Lord had restored my vision.

—Psalms 29:11—

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

A friend of mine and his wife wanted to have an evening out, so they hired a babysitter for their three-year-old son. Somehow the boy got hold of a gobstopper candy, the big, hard candies that change colours as you suck them. Somehow the gobstopper got stuck in his throat. But it was keeping him from breathing and when the babysitter found the toddler, he was turning blue. Fortunately, there was a medical center on the same street nearby. The babysitter picked up the boy and ran out the door and down the street in the direction of the medical center. By that time, the boy had turned completely blue. Just then, she heard a woman's voice behind her, saying, "Give me the baby. I know what to do." The lady took the baby and thumped him on his back making the gobstopper fly out of his mouth. The babysitter was so relieved, she automatically grabbed the baby back. When she looked up to thank the lady who had helped her, she was gone. The woman who helped them was not anyone from the neighbourhood. In fact, the family knows all their neighbours and she was definitely not one of them. In fact, no one has ever seen the lady since.

—Jeremiah 33:3—

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.

Thirteen years ago, our friend and his fiancée took a train from Germany to his home in Italy, where they were going to get married. When they were about two hours from their destination, the conductor came to check their tickets. The conductor looked at their tickets and frowned. “You need to get out at the next stop,” he said. “It will take an eternity to get to your destination this way!” So the young couple got off the train at the following stop. They were later to find out that as the train they had been on continued on its journey through the snow-covered mountains, shortly afterwards it was derailed and buried by an avalanche! This accident became known as one of the worst train disasters in Italian history, killing almost everyone on board. Our friends didn't really have a reason to leave this train, as it was the right train they should have been taking: The conductor had made a “mistake”-- a mistake that had saved their lives. They are now happily married with children, and have faith in Jesus, knowing that it was He who sent the “mistaken” conductor.

—1 Chronicles 16:25—

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the LORD, and the praises of the LORD,  
according to all that the LORD hath bestowed on us.

—300—

Dusk was falling as we were driving down the road. All of a sudden, a truck crossed the road directly in front of us and then stopped in the middle of the opposite lane, blocking the oncoming traffic. As we drove slowly past the scene, we saw a masked man jump out of the truck and walk towards the row of cars. We began desperately praying for the Lord's protection, as we heard a volley of gunshots sounding behind us. As we drove on, suddenly the same truck passed by us again. This time the back was full of masked gunmen, shooting their guns off to scare people away. We continued to pray desperately, and the Lord kept us under the shadow of His wing. We later learned that they had robbed a bank and shot a man. But though they had twice crossed paths with us, the Lord was faithful and His protection was there for us every moment.

—Isaiah 26:3—

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.



—301—

Samuel, was on his way from Mexico City to visit us. He had called to let us know that he was coming on the night bus, and would be arriving early in the morning. We prayed that night for Samuel's safe trip, and again the following morning. For us it was somewhat of a routine prayer, as this is what we've done all our lives when we know that loved ones are traveling. But in this case, the Lord allowed us to see just how seriously He took those prayers! Samuel called us later that morning saying that he had just arrived, and that his bus had had an accident. The driver had been speeding, and while trying to overtake another bus, his bus had lost a tire, swerved a couple of times and then toppled on its side. When the bus finally came to a halt, three people had been killed and many injured. Samuel was one of the few who came out without even a scratch. Thank God for the power of prayer!

—1 Corinthians 15:57—

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Pine Springs Ranch, a Christian Summer Camp, was running out of water. Two hundred young campers had used a lot of water. The tanks, supplied by a nearby mountain well, were not filling up. They were almost empty. If it did not rain very, very soon, the camp would have to close after a season of only two weeks. Those present at family camp prayed earnestly for rain. The next day clouds gathered and a few drops fell--but not enough to change the situation at all. Friday evening after campfire the campers gathered for prayer again. Why had not God answered their prayers? Should they be more specific? Should they set a time limit? Should they ask God to send rain by Monday morning? Would that be faith or presumption? They decided they should not tell God how to answer their prayers, but simply leave the matter in His hands. In that spirit they prayed. As soon as they rose from their knees, some ran to check the tanks, as they had been doing every few hours. The others were saying good night to each other. Suddenly a shout rang out over the camp, "Water! There is water in the tanks!" Now those who were last to leave the prayer circle raced to the tanks. Even as they ran, they could hear the sound of flowing water. Someone shouted, "The tanks are full and running over!" Five hours earlier those tanks were empty. Now they were full and running over. Evidently rain is not the only way God can fill water tanks!

—2 Chronicles 7:14—

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.

Bob Sherman tells an experience from his days travelling around distributing Bibles and religious tracts. He felt he should make about twenty calls a day, but on one occasion he found himself in an area known for its mean dogs. At almost every house there was at least one. And they were not on leash. He could just look down the street and see the ferocious creatures he would have to encounter. Bob did, of course, what all good colporteurs do about their problems. He prayed--prayed for both guidance and protection. And then he started out. At the first house there was no problem, nor did the dogs bother him at the second house. At the third house, as he stood talking with the lady at the door, she said to him, "Is that your dog sitting out there?" He turned to look. There was this very large dog, a sort of English-bulldog type. He was just sitting there, not barking. But his appearance was such that a person would think twice before encountering him needlessly. And apparently the neighbourhood dogs shared that feeling, for they did not approach him. He told the woman he had never seen the dog before. Neither had she. At the next house it was the same. "Is that your dog sitting out there?" And so on down the street. The dog followed him from house to house, quietly waiting, as if he were on guard. The neighbourhood dogs didn't come near. No one knew where the strange dog came from. And when Bob had finished at the last house, the dog disappeared.--As if he were on guard? Maybe he was.

—1 Kings 8:57-58—

The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us:  
That he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways.

C.T. Studd writes while on a missionary trip:

“We were overrun with rats who during the night would take away our socks and our papers, putting them at the bottom of the boat in their nest. They caused us a good deal of annoyance, so we thought of setting traps for them; but we decided not to do so, but simply to ask the Lord to rid us of the grievance. Since that time we have had no further trouble with them.”

—Psalms 5:11—

But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:  
let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

One Saturday in May, I, Barbara, when driving on the narrow stretch approaching the Baltimore Harbor Tunnel suddenly got a flat tire. My vehicle was a large van and I hadn't used a jack in over twenty years. I secured a white towel in the window and slid out the passenger's side, waiting for a policeman to stop and help. After about a ten-minute wait, a station wagon stopped in front of me, and a rather pleasant-looking man about age twenty-five stepped out and asked if I needed help with my tire. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, but told him that he would get awfully dirty, and that if he would just get me to a telephone, I could call AAA, who would come and help. He replied by asking me where my jack and spare tire were.

Although this young man had on white shorts and a pale yellow polo shirt, he didn't hesitate to get down on his belly in the dirt to see where he could place the jack. He changed the tire very quickly for his size, and with no difficulty at all. As he stood up to replace the jack, I noticed that his clothes were still sparkling clean! I thanked him again, smiling, and offered him the twenty-dollar bill in my wallet. He looked into my face and quietly said, "That's not necessary," got into his car and left. When I returned home that evening, I told my family about my experience, and ended my story with, "I guess that was my guardian angel." I really was helpless in a potentially dangerous situation, and I am convinced that that was why he appeared and helped.

—306—

While on a busy street in town one day, I heard a loud noise. A driverless truck was barreling down the road, completely out of control and plowing through everything in its path. Apparently the driver had left the truck parked at the side of the road without setting the hand brake or putting the truck in gear, and now the huge vehicle was rolling down the slight incline, picking up speed as it went. It was headed straight for oncoming traffic on the other side of the road. A terrible accident seemed imminent. Seeing what was happening, I put my hand up in the direction of the vehicle and screamed at the top of my voice: “Jesus, stop that truck!” Without any apparent reason, the vehicle started to slow down, and finally stopped on the side of the road. Thank the Lord for His supernatural power--the power of His name!

—Psalms 9:1,2—

I will praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.  
I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.

—307—

For a while we had to park our van and trailer just outside the fence of a big fairground, so we were quite visible to thieves. We had been praying daily for our safety, and for the safekeeping of our van and trailer. One night, the tent of the man who stays right on the other side of the fence from us collapsed on top of him, waking him up. As he was sleepily rearranging his tent, he overheard several hoodlums gathered around our van, saying, "Hey, there aren't any other vehicles near this van! Let's smash the windows with rocks and break in!" Our neighbor shouted, "Hey, what are you doing? That belongs to us!" In a flash, the would-be robbers were gone. What a miracle! It's amazing how the Lord engineers things to protect us. If that man's tent hadn't collapsed, he would have been asleep and wouldn't have heard anything!

—2 Chronicles 15:7—

Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded.

—308—

One night in Japan, a couple were about to drive home after night singing and performing. The thought came suddenly to them that they needed an extra portion of the Lord's protection as there could be drunken drivers on the road. So they prayed extra hard before setting off! At an intersection where they had the green light, a van came speeding towards them, running the red light! All the driver could do was hold on, expecting to get hit. But, guess what? The other van driver suddenly slammed on the brakes and stopped just a few centimetres from their van! This was a miracle and answer to prayer! The driver of the other vehicle got out and was obviously shaken up. He had been drinking, so he didn't notice the red light until it was almost too late. Thank the Lord for His protection!

—Psalms 145:18—

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.



On September 20, 1990, my three-year-old little girl went outdoors to play, yet squatted down almost immediately. A few moments later there was a crash. A huge limb had fallen from our largest elm tree, right near the little girl. When asked by her mother later, why she hadn't been playing in the yard, the girl quickly replied, "Mommy, a good god [angel] told me to sit down and not go under the tree, and I did just what she told me to do." The girl further described this angelic being. "It was a beautiful girl with long golden hair that flowed past her shoulders. She came from the sky and had wings," the child said. She had a light so bright about her that it hurt her eyes, but, when she touched the light, the child was surprised how cool it was. It did not burn. The angel had specific jewellery on, especially a necklace that was "so shiny." "She wore all colours," said the little girl. Ever since this incident, the girl seemed to have noticeable serene calmness. She began to pray, and also insisted on saying a grace at every meal, a tradition that had not been in her family before. She also wanted stories from the Bible read to her at night.

—Psalms 86:5—

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

—310—

We were returning home on the bus with our children. The bus driver was exceeding the speed limit, when all of a sudden he crashed headlong into a lamppost. The bus was a wreck, and some of the passengers were seriously injured. As is our custom when traveling on the bus we try to always sit in the back or the middle of the bus.--And thank God they did, because the lamppost fell squarely on top of the bus, shattering the windshields and literally cutting the roof in two, stopping just before it reached the spot where the children were sitting!--What a miracle! Thank You Jesus for Your protection!

—Proverbs 28:20—

A faithful man shall abound with blessings.

—311—

In 1952, Frank was a naval officer stationed in Europe. We were driving with our family through thick fog in the Swiss Alps when we came upon a gap in the road, about six feet wide and four feet deep. Night was coming on, so Frank walked the others who were with us in the car down to the next village. Since all of our belongings were in the car, I stayed behind. I waited. Nervously I tried to pray. The Words of Psalm 91:11 and 12 came to mind: "For He shall give His angels charge over thee...They shall bear thee up in their hands..." And then I blurted out, "Lord, send some of Your angels! Please!"

A truck suddenly appeared. Out of it piled six big, rough-looking, bearded men. Without speaking, they picked up their truck and carried it across the washout. Then with strong, powerful hands they picked up my car--with me in it--carried it across the trench and set it safely on the other side. They never said a word, and then they disappeared into the night. I drove into the village of Brig, where I found my family. Nobody in the village could imagine who those men were. All I knew was that they had come, and they had borne me up "in their hands."

—Psalms 21:13—

Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power.

—312—

We suspected there was a gas leak behind our stove, and had been trying to get someone to inspect it for some time. When a man finally came to check it for us, we were shocked to see his measuring equipment show that there was a very serious leak indeed! He told us that this was the result of a typical do-it-yourself job, where a water pipe had been used instead of a gas pipe. He was surprised at how healthy we were, because not only is there danger of a big explosion with such a high amount of leakage, but gas can also cause strong headaches, drowsiness, etc. I told him that God had kept us because He loves us. The man agreed, and said it must have been our faith that kept us. After the man fixed everything and left, we praised the Lord with all of our hearts, thanking Him for this miracle of protection.

—Job 14:15—

Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee.

—313—

It was a very hot, dry and dusty Indian plain we were crossing, bumping and swaying along in the crowded bus. Many of the passengers were taking naps, leaning on the ledges of the open windows, and straining for any comforting breeze they could catch. On my lap, two-year-old Gabriel was dozing. It had not rained for three months, and the monsoon season was far off yet. There was not a cloud in the sky. Only a village now and then broke the monotony of the parched landscape. I was abruptly startled when, out of the blue, it began to rain. It was refreshing for the first few seconds, but soon I became so drenched that I had to close the window. Only a moment or two later, crack!--A rock, hurled from somewhere outside the bus, had smashed into the center of the window I had just finished closing! The rock did not break the glass, thankfully, but it left its mark. Had I not closed the window at that very second, I would have been hit squarely in the head and possibly knocked out, or worse! I had no sooner recovered from the wonder of the incident when the rain completely stopped! I opened the window and looked heavenward. No clouds--just clear blue expanse. I prayed a prayer of thanks to a God Who cared enough to send that shower just when He knew I would need it!

—1 Peter 5:7—

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.

Ken Belitz works at Parsec Corporation in Detroit, Michigan, which packs ships' containers and then transports them to the docks. He was driving one of his firm's trucks at the company yard, and was about to go under an overpass when debris started coming down on him. He thought: "There're some kids up there throwing rocks." Up above, on the overpass, a driver had lost control of a semi-trailer hauling 20 tons of scaffolding and aluminum girders. The vehicle crashed and flipped over on its side. When the container hit the roadway, it blew apart and all those massive girders—some as long as 30 feet—and scaffolding started raining down from 60 feet up above. He just heard this tremendous crash and then his air bag exploded. He was somehow scrunched up on the passenger seat and couldn't breathe because there was dust everywhere. He said: "It took me a moment to collect myself and then I saw all these huge girders and scaffolding around me. I couldn't get out. I was trapped. I felt like a sardine packed in a can! But my two-way radio still worked. I called my dispatcher, and some of the guys from the yard came running up. Their jaws were falling open and they were saying: 'My God, he's still alive in there!'" Ken is 6-foot-3 and weighs 260 pounds, remained trapped inside the cab until cops and fire fighters arrived. They used an axe to break out the remains of the windshield, and Ken was able to escape. Incredibly, Ken didn't even require hospital treatment. "My only injuries were an egg-size bump on my head and a cut on my hand. What helped save me was that the truck had a roll bar, and tall back headrests. They helped cushion some of the impact. But that still doesn't explain it all. By all rights, I should have been killed. God saved me. How else can you explain it? It's a miracle," Ken concluded.

—Matthew 25:23—

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things,  
I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

My husband Jim and I were getting ready for bed when the phone rang. The stranger explained she was Grace Morrison's aunt, "calling from Nebraska," and Grace's brother had been seriously injured in a car accident. No one knew how to get in touch with Grace. Did I? Grace and I had once been office friends, but we hadn't spoken in years. "I'm sorry," I said, after fumbling through my notebook, "I don't have Grace's address or phone number. Let me call you back if I find it."

"No, I'll call you in the morning," the woman said. The memory of that pleading voice kept me up for hours looking through old files and address books. When I went to bed, I prayed and then tossed and turned, thinking of phone numbers in my sleep. When I woke up in the morning, my favourite ballpoint pen was lying on the nightstand. I had no idea how it got there. I left early for work that morning but when I came home Jim exclaimed, "Thanks to you, Grace Morrison is on her way to Nebraska."

"Thanks to me?" Jim looked at me, puzzled. "Yes, when her aunt called, I gave her the number you had written on that pad on the nightstand. Then she called back to say all was well."

"But, Jim," I said, "I never found it."

"Look," he said, handing me the pad. There in my handwriting was the correct phone number for Grace Morrison.

—Zechariah 13:9—

They shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people:  
and they shall say, The LORD is my God.

—316—

Sadhu Sundar Singh trusted God for everything--for protection, for food, for whatever he needed. On one occasion he was staying in the home of a friend in the Simla Hills. He was walking toward the forest trees that bounded the garden. Creeping slowly out of the trees came a leopard. It paused, gazed for a moment at the motionless sadhu, and then moved toward him. The friend, watching from the veranda, dared not shout, for fear of causing the animal to spring. Quietly Sundar turned, saw the animal, and stretched out his hand toward it. The leopard rose, moved forward, and stood beside Sundar, who stroked its head as he would a pet animal. The watcher relaxed. There was no need to fear. There never had been. The leopard stood, lifting its head to Sundar now and then. And when the sadhu turned to the house, the leopard's powerful form disappeared among the trees. Is it too much to believe that the angels who released Peter from prison and who shut the mouths of lions for Daniel could do the same for Sundar Singh? Or for you?

—John 14:2—

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.  
I go to prepare a place for you.



—317—

For no apparent reason I woke up with a start one cool Fall night. My clock showed 1:00 a.m. I listened. All was still, yet I felt as though I had awakened for some reason. There was total silence. Then I heard, distinctly, a man's voice: "Help me, help me! Oh, please help me!" The voice sounded like it was in the room with me. "Help me, help me! Oh, please help me!" Immediately I called the police emergency number. "Someone needs help," I said, "out near my street." I told the police dispatcher where I lived, and satisfied that I had done all I could, I went back to bed. Even before I fell asleep, the police dispatcher called me back. She sounded incredulous. "Virginia, how did you know someone was there?" she asked. "I heard his cries," I said. "But how could you?" she asked. She knew my apartment was set well back from the street. My windows were closed and I hadn't heard the police drive by. "The man you heard," she explained, "was trapped in a car at the bottom of a ravine nearly two blocks away." "I heard him," I said. Somehow I heard him.

—Matthew 18:19—

If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask,  
it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

The year is 1939. The place is an 80-acre dairy farm outside the small town of Chehalis, Washington, 16 miles from the nearest doctor or hospital. A little girl named Lois, an 18-month-old toddler dressed in overalls, slams the screen door as she ambles out onto the back porch to play in the sunshine. Her mother is inside the house, cleaning. Outdoors on this warm Spring morning the world is full of delights to explore. The youngster runs through the dewy grass, picks dandelions and carries them back to the house. On the porch an old enamelled kettle sitting in the sun catches her eye. It is filled with peas soaking in an arsenic solution, something that will prevent them from rotting when planted. Back then, seeds weren't pretreated as most are today. The little girl is fascinated with the liquid in the kettle. Taking a battered tin cup, she dips it in the pot, fills it with the liquid, then lifts it. Just then her mother hears a voice calling her, "Ella, Ella, come quick!" She follows the voice through the house and out the back door where she spots the little girl, the cup at her lips. Frantic, she grabs the toddler and empties the cup. She wipes the little girl's lips, but no, the youngster hasn't had a drop of the poison. The mother arrived just in time. And as for the voice, the mother recognised it right away. It belonged to her mother, Lois' grandmother who had died the year before, six months after Lois was born.

—Matthew 18:20—

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Ms. Lee's house, like many older homes in Korea, is heated by large charcoal briquettes placed under the floor. During a cold spell last Spring this primitive heating system malfunctioned, spreading poisonous carbon monoxide fumes throughout the house, almost killing Ms. Lee. She lay in the hospital in a coma for days, with her family at her bedside. When she finally awoke, they were too grieved to tell her the extent of her loss. But she astonished them when she said she already knew her two children had been killed in the tragedy.

"The doctor told me when he came to look after me," she explained. "What doctor?" they asked. "The doctor who prayed by my side and promised that God would watch over me." They assured her they had seen no such visitor and they had been with her constantly. The physician must have been a dream, they said. When Ms. Lee was well enough to go home, she was making her way out of the hospital when she caught sight of a portrait in the lobby. "There," she said, "that's the doctor who came to my bedside. What is his name?"

"Jesus Christ," came the answer.

—Psalms 32:11—

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

—320—

In Bohemia, now a part of Czechoslovakia, a man named Dolanscious was arrested for heresy during the time of the Reformation (1500s). He was imprisoned in the city of Prague, where he endured much suffering because of neglect. One day, on the point of starvation, he turned his eyes toward the grate of his prison window and saw a little bird sitting with something in his bill. When he tried to investigate, the bird flew away, leaving a bit of cloth. In that bit of cloth was a piece of gold, with which he was able to buy bread until he was finally released from prison.

—Hebrews 4:6—

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy,  
and find grace to help in time of need.

—321—

A Protestant named Johannes Brenz was taking refuge in the home of Duke Ulric at Stuttgart. But the emperor learned of his whereabouts and commissioned a colonel to produce him dead or alive. The duke, learning of this, sent Brenz away, saying, "If God is pleased with you, He will deliver you." In the seclusion of his room Brenz fell on his knees and prayed for guidance. And he seemed to hear a voice saying: "Take a loaf of bread, and go up through the Birkenwald [the upper part of the city]; and where you find an open front door, go in and hide yourself under the roof." He found all the doors closed in that part of the city until he came to the Landhouse (later the Reformed church). Here the door was open. He entered and hid himself behind a large pile of wood under the roof.

The next day soldiers arrived in Stuttgart and searched every house in the city. They came to the Landhouse and searched every room. They even thrust their spears through the woodpile behind which he lay, but they did not find him. Two weeks later they left Stuttgart. How did Brenz manage during those two weeks? On the very first day of his concealment, along toward noon, a hen came and laid an egg behind the woodpile. This she did each day. The egg quenched his thirst, and the loaf of bread satisfied his hunger. The hen stopped coming on the day the soldiers left the city.

—Psalms 145:15—

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

C.F. was employed for a time by a portrait studio as a sales representative. And whenever possible, in the homes of prospects, he would take the opportunity to witness for his Lord, sometimes leaving a piece of literature or enrolling them in a Bible course. One day a lady phoned the office and complained about what he was doing, and his employer told him that he must stop. C.F. was troubled about this development and didn't know just what he should do. Not long after that he was given the name of a person interested in photographs and called the address. On this particular morning he was very discouraged about not being able to do his witnessing. As he walked in from the street, he saw a woman at the window waving frantically, apparently at him. She was acting so strangely that he wondered if he should forget about going in. Then she threw the door open and said, "I don't know who you are or what you are doing, but a voice just spoke to me and said to tell you, 'Don't stop what you are doing!'"

—Psalms 103:2-3—

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:  
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.

—323—

Miss Anne Taylor, who entered the forbidden land of Tibet in the year 1890, working there for a time in spite of all efforts to keep her out, to put her out, and to starve her out. The people kept asking her what to do with her body if she died, and she told them she wasn't going to die right then. Finally poison was put in the food she was invited to eat. Her suspicion was aroused almost immediately, and it was not long till she became ill, with all the symptoms of aconite poisoning. She felt her strength going; her heart slowing. And then, through the window, she saw that a crowd was silently gathering. She realised that they had come in curiosity to watch her die. There she was, alone in a strange and hostile land. But her Lord was with her, and she remembered and claimed His promise--for the sake of Tibet (Matthew 28:20). Immediately she felt the blood tingling again in her veins. Her heart became normal, and her strength returned. She took her Tibetan Scripture Bible and went outside to preach Jesus and His power to save those who had come to see her die!

—Hebrews 11:6—

Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Duane and his wife had attended a prayer meeting in Redwood City, California, one evening and were driving home, heading toward Mountain View. They had been married about two years at the time. In those days the road was a three-lane highway, with the middle lane used for passing. There was little traffic that night, with only a few cars on the road. They were almost to Dinah's Shack, a restaurant, when Duane pulled into the middle lane, which was clear, to pass another car. But suddenly a car zipped out from behind an approaching car into the middle lane and headed right for them. The driver did not see them at all. Duane could not possibly move into another lane, because he was now even with a car on both sides. There was literally no place to go. In just seconds the two cars were approaching each other at fifty or sixty miles an hour and were headlight to headlight, possibly fifty feet apart! Suddenly, Duane and his wife were in Dinah's Shack parking lot. That's where they were--the next thing they knew--just turning around in the lot. There were no skid marks! How did they get there? Did angels pick them up--car and all--and move them over the other car? They don't know.

—Matthew 5:4—

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.



It happened in a little cabin in Anchorage, Alaska, on a cold February morning. Mrs. Louise Dubay was alone and so badly crippled that she could not walk without applying hot-and-cold treatments to her leg. The cabin was heated by a wood-burning cookstove. She had many friends, but this morning for some reason no one had remembered to visit her and bring in a fresh supply of wood. And she couldn't call anyone, because she had no telephone at that time. In her desperation she began to pray aloud. Never before had she prayed so earnestly. But no one came. Finally, the last of the wood was gone, and the fire went out. It was thirty degrees below zero. The cabin began to chill rapidly, and she knew that, even protected as she was with blankets, she would soon freeze to death unless someone came and brought in wood for her. She kept praying, but no one came. And then she prayed a different kind of prayer. She told the Lord that if it was His Will that she freeze to death, it was all right. She was willing.

About that time the door opened--the cabin had only one door--and in walked a tall young man carrying an armload of wood. He was not dressed as most people dress in Alaska during the Winter months. He had on a black hat and a black overcoat. He put the wood in the woodbox and proceeded to make a fire in the stove. When the fire was burning well, he put water in the big teakettle and placed it over the fire. All this time he seemed to keep his face turned so that she could not see his full face. He turned now and went out the door, returning shortly with another armload of firewood. She had not really seen his face. Nor had he said a word. Naturally Mrs. Dubay was awed by all this--so much so that she could not speak. She just sat there and looked at him, all the while wanting to ask him if he was an Angel, yet afraid to speak up.

Finally she asked him that question in her mind, without saying a word aloud. And when she did that, he turned toward her, smiled, and nodded his head. His face was so noble, she says, that she knew he was not from this World. He turned, opened the door, and left without saying a word.

For a time she just sat there, as if petrified. Finally she thought, "If he is an Angel sent from God, there will not be any footprints in the snow outside the door." So she forced herself to hobble to the door, opened it, and looked out on the unruffled snow. There were no footprints. Neither had the snow been disturbed over, or around, her little pile of wood. The snow was perfectly smooth!

**—Psalms 40:3—**

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.

A mother and daughter, with two Saint Bernards, were travelling through Arkansas when a news bulletin came over the radio: "Due to extensive flooding in southern Tennessee and Missouri, the bridge in Crithersville, Missouri, has been washed out. We suggest you take the Brown's Ferry crossing instead."

In the wind and the rain and the mud they seemed to be driving straight into the isolation of nowhere. What if they were lost? The car slowed as Debbie prayed, and somehow they felt better. Finally they came to a place where the road ahead was flooded. Mother stepped out of the car to see how deep the water was. She could see a strong current on ahead. She had gone about forty feet, turned back, and was almost to the car when another set of headlights appeared from nowhere. The car had stopped. There seemed to be a man inside.

"We're trying to get to Brown's Ferry," she told him. He replied, "I can get you all across this flooded area here, and the ferry is just up the road a piece." Slowly and cautiously she followed the cream-coloured car, with the current tugging demandingly. Once across the troubled waters, she pulled up beside the man. "Thank you so much," she said gratefully. "That's quite all right. Just keep on going 'bout two or three more miles, and you'll come to the ferry." Thanking him again, she pulled away slowly. But looking into the rear view mirror she could see no headlights, no car, no houses, nothing. "Look back there! There's no one there!" she nearly shouted. Debbie looked back into the blackness. "You're right!" Their helper had suddenly vanished!

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

It happened in the early sixties in a time of war in Africa. Tribes were fighting each other, and there were refugees everywhere. Pastor Paul was asked by a government official to supervise the distribution of emergency supplies. A ton of medicines was ready to be delivered. The cases had been loaded into a brand-new Dove De Havilland airplane and everything was in order. But as he put his foot onto the little step that led up to the aircraft, he heard the voice of his Guardian Angel--heard it just as distinctly as you hear any voice. And that voice said, "No! Do not fly in that airplane!" He didn't understand. But he obeyed. Instead of the new plane, an old aircraft that was in pitiful condition was used to deliver the medicines. The brand-new Dove De Havilland was used by someone else, and crashed on takeoff, killing everyone aboard! Pastor Paul never forgot the sound of his Angel's warning words!

—James 4:10—

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

Peter Marshall (Chaplain to the U.S. Senate for a number of years), in his youth, spent a Summer working in the English village of Bamburgh, sixteen miles southeast of the Scottish border. One very dark night as he was walking back to Bamburgh from a nearby village, he decided to take a shortcut. He knew that there was a deep, deserted limestone quarry in the area, but he thought he could avoid the danger spot. So he struck out across the moors. The night was starless and inky black, and the sound of the wind seemed to give it an eerie quality. Suddenly he heard someone call, "Peter!" The voice was urgent. He stopped. "Yes, who is it? What do you want?" For a second he listened, but there was only the sound of the wind. Thinking he must have been mistaken, he walked on a few paces. Then he heard it again, even more urgent: "Peter!"

This time he stopped dead still and tried to peer into the impenetrable blackness, and suddenly he stumbled, falling to his knees. He put out his hand to catch himself, but there was nothing there. Cautiously he felt around in a semicircle and found that he was on the very brink of the abandoned stone quarry. Just one more step would have sent him plummeting to his death! Peter Marshall never forgot that voice. And there was never any doubt in his mind about the source of it. He felt that God's intervention must mean that God had a special purpose for his life.

—Psalms 30:2—

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

In the summer of 1976, John and his stepsister Betty and her son Bradley were on their way driving to Washington D.C. They found ourselves on a narrow, back country road that went around barns, made sharp turns that were poorly marked. They were driving about 40 miles an hour. It was very dark, the dense evergreen woods contributing to the blackness. Suddenly Betty yelled, “Look out!” A tall elderly man in a long gray overcoat (it was summer) stepped slowly to the side of the road. He motioned gravely to me to slow down. When the car was maybe ten yards away from him, the man just disappeared. He did not step back. He did not move at all. He simply was no longer there. Then the road made one of those quick turns, and John slammed down hard on the brakes. There, where we would have plowed right into them at forty miles an hour, was a group of twenty or so deer. They were standing in the middle of the road. As the car’s headlights struck them, they slowly ambled off to my left, one or two at a time. Is there an explanation for the man in Virginia that night?

—Psalms 34:15—

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

—330—

Stephanie and her mother were going to visit her sister. Though they weren't in a big hurry, it annoyed them that the driver just ahead of them kept riding her brakes. Every few minutes she would slow down more, until finally they were going only about 25 mph. Then she almost came to a stop and turned right onto a long shell road, then suddenly disappeared really quickly. They drove on and saw that in the curve of the road an eighteen-wheeler had collided with a small car. The accident had just happened. People were just starting to come out of their houses to help the victims. The car and truck were in the ditch. The highways in south Louisiana run on both sides of the bayous. All of a sudden they realized that they were on Highway 308, on the left side of the bayou Lafouche. The highway on the right side of the bayou is Highway 1. The woman couldn't possibly have turned right onto a shell road, because she would have been in the bayou. There are no shell roads on the right side, only bayou-side homes. Yet both mother and daughter saw her. She definitely turned right! Stephanie wanted to cry. Was this driver an angel? She slowed their speed down so much. If they had continued at the same speed, they probably would have been in that accident.

—1 Peter 5:4—

When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

—331—

A Christian couple named Marie and Kris were busy with their normal life, working and caring for their children. One day, that came to a sudden stop when their teenage son Jeremy got very sick. He was in a coma for weeks, and doctors were doing all they could to save him. A family member organized an international prayer vigil. It was a simple request sent out over the internet, asking people to light a candle and spend one hour at 8:00 p.m. praying for Jeremy. Thousands participated. 24 hours later, Jeremy woke up and began talking. The doctors were amazed. Marie, who was taking a rare break at home to catch up on rest, received a miraculous phone call. It was from Jeremy, who wanted to say hi to her. The family experienced many more miracles as Jeremy slowly got well again.

—Psalms 119:160—

Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.



—332—

The great sculptor Donatello once travelled to Pisa in order to complete some projects. The people there found his work marvellous and praised him excessively. Donatello didn't like this and decided to return to Florence, for the simple reason that where everyone praised him he would forget all he knew and become lazy and self-satisfied. At home in Florence people constantly criticized him and his work, forcing him always to produce his best and strive to produce greater works of art.

—Psalms 67:3,4a—

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.

—333—

In the late 1940s, Frank and his wife were driving late at night on a deserted road in the mountains when they had a flat tire. Because of the rocky road edge, Frank was unable to brace the car and change the tire. Out of the night a car appeared. Two of the biggest, roughest-looking, bearded men they'd ever seen got out. With powerful hands they steadied the car, swiftly changed the tire, and drove off. They had not uttered a word.

—1 Chronicles 16:11—

Seek the LORD and his strength, seek his face continually.

—334—

A Christian girl in India was diagnosed with leprosy. She was taken to the leper asylum. She was horrified to discover how dirty the sick women there were. Their faces were sad and hopeless. The girl was shocked to think that she would become like these women, and wept bitterly. The missionaries who came with her sympathized, and suggested that perhaps she could help the women. A ray of hope came to the girl, and she caught their vision. She started a school, helped the women keep clean, and the whole asylum was transformed into a place of blessing. The girl later said how thankful she was for her affliction, because through it God showed her the work she was to do.

—1 Peter 4:19—

Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God  
commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

—335—

A company had donated 25 boxes of meat to the missionaries, to give out to the needy. There were other companies, shops, and individuals that likewise offered what they could. The day that some of the missionaries went out to do the various pick up, the rain was unusually heavy. They prayed for God's keeping. All went well as they drove to this place, and then to another, and made it safely home. They didn't go home the usual way, due to the places they had to drive. Because of the heavy rain fall, there were flash floods that swept through different areas. People were getting swept away, or stranded. It was a dangerous situation. However, the team of missionaries, unbeknownst to them, skipped out on the troubles, as they went home a different way than they normally would have—without even knowing of the danger. God had guided them in their driving and trip route. The missionaries and the supplies they were carrying, made it safely back, ready to be of use to those in need.

—Psalms 138:4,5—

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O LORD, when they hear the words of thy mouth.  
Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD: for great is the glory of the LORD.

We were working with a Christian coffee-house near a University where kids would stop by to talk and hear the message of the Gospel. We would always feed everyone and have songs and entertainment. Well, one night I was the cook! I had to prepare a meal for them for the night; and to further complicate things we had a whole bus full of missionaries and their children come through that night to stay with us too! There ended up being about 30-35 people who ate. I made stew and toasted bread for the meal that night. I was really scared that there wouldn't be enough for everyone to eat; as I only had one medium to large sized pot about 12 to 13 inches across and maybe the same length deep. It really looked like there simply wasn't going to be enough.

Well, the hungry mob hit! They all came through the line filling up large wooden bowls we had on hand. I was ladling out bowlful after bowlful! Then people began to come back for SECONDS, and THIRDS, and some young strong guys for even FOURTHS! But to my SHOCKED amazement.... THE LEVEL OF THE STEW ONLY DROPPED ABOUT 2 ½ to 3 INCHES AND STAYED RIGHT THERE! They were still coming through at a high rate, BUT THE LEVEL OF THE STEW QUIT DROPPING! I WAS JUST SHOCKED! I kept thinking, "HOW IN THE WORLD IS THE LORD DOING THIS?" Somehow He was making the potatoes, carrots and all the veggies and meat JUST MIRACULOUSLY KEEP APPEARING FROM THE BOTTOM UP! That night when it was all finally over I ended up putting a lid on at least half a pot of stew that remained for us all to have for leftovers the next day.

—Psalms 109:30—

I will greatly praise the LORD with my mouth; yea, I will praise him among the multitude.

Every year, a month or so before Christmas, a missionary needed to renew his visa at a certain office. One of the staff members named Judy was always very helpful. One day the missionary learned that Judy's husband Thomas was very sick with cancer. The missionary prayed for Judy to have peace and for her husband to be healed, if that was the Lord's will. They arranged to meet after the New Year. The missionary prepared different inspirational material about Heaven to give Judy. When the missionary went to the office, Judy was overjoyed to see him. She said excitedly that at Thomas' last check-up the scan showed that he was completely healed! Both Judy and Thomas were very thankful for his healing. The missionary looked at the reading material he had brought and realized how little faith he had actually had that God would heal Thomas. While a little embarrassed, he was very happy that God had given Judy and Thomas a most wonderful Christmas gift--the gift of life.

—Revelation 2:10—

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

—338—

A boat was on fire in Canberra, Australia. My dad was in the fire brigade as a station officer, and he was called out to put out that boat fire. While fighting the fire, it was so black that he couldn't see. For some reason there was no one behind him at that time and he had to get from one side of the room to the other. He was crawling along, and then all of a sudden he felt his body lift up and he was being lifted up from his legs. It was almost like he was upside down. He was like, "Oh my! What is going on?" So he went from a crawling position and then something lifting his legs upside down up over something. He could feel his body move across, so he knew he was being lifted. And as he came across, he saw a massive hole in the floor, and could see three stories down, and he could see the water bubbling, with fire everywhere, with shards of shrapnel everywhere being burned, and he is being lifted across this massive hole, with a massive hole of fire. Then he gets set down on the other side and he peers down in the hole, and he's like, "There is no way, in this earth, for that to have happened." He couldn't understand what had happened." He knew it was an angel. It was definitely an angel of God. There was no way he could have done that; there was no way he could have gone across. My father then went on to be a pastor, pastor churches and did a lot for the Lord since then. Without that angelic help he otherwise would have died that day.

—Psalm 34:7—

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

[How a clown got pants for his outfit:] I prayed about it and I kept getting this vision of white overalls. I thought that's the kind of thing that I need – a pair of overalls like that but with coloured pockets. That's what I'd like.

I went back on the road. I just had enough money to get up to Windsor. I went into this St. Vinnies Op Shop. I described to the ladies there. I said, "Look, do you have a pair of white overalls? I want something that I could put coloured pockets on, like a blue pocket, a red pocket, a yellow pocket and for this clown character 'Buster Balloon'."

The lady said, "Oh, sorry, dear. We haven't got anything like that." I then walked back to the camper van, and she came running out of the shop after me. She said, "Come back! Come back! Somebody has just walked in." And here she handed me a big plastic bag. She said, "Somebody has just come in and put this on the counter and walked out, and it's exactly what you described." It had blue straps with elastic – beautiful blue straps on the top to hold the pants up and coloured pockets. Very amazing. It had to be an angel unawares. That's how the overalls came.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.



—340—

A former Hindu woman accepted Jesus as her Saviour, after hearing the Word of God read to her. Her life was completely changed. However, her husband did not want her to be a Christian. One day a missionary asked her how did she manage to live with someone who was making her life so difficult over her faith. She replied: “Well, sir, I cook his food better, when my husband complains, I sweep the floor cleaner, and when he speaks unkindly I answer him mildly. I try to show him that when I became a Christian I became a better wife and better mother.” The husband of this woman could not deny the change and godly sample of his wife, and he began to reconsider. Knowing and accepting Christ was a good choice, he realized, and also gave his heart to Jesus.

—Psalms 70:4—

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:  
and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

—341—

While at a summer swimming party in Illinois, a Mexican woman who was attending was frantic. Scott was ready to dive in for a refreshing swim when he heard the woman's voice loudly, saying, "My baby! He's at the bottom of the pool!" Scott looked into the water and could make out a form of some sort, deep down in the pool. Into the water he dove, down, down, then found and pulled up and out of the water the drowning little one. Thankfully Scott knew how to administer CPR, and with a fervent prayer it worked. The little boy coughed up the water. He would live. Scott's only question was, why did everyone else ignore this woman's desperate cries for help? Why didn't others respond and jump in to help save the child? "Mother doesn't speak a word of English," one of her daughters explained. "We couldn't understand what she was saying," the other guest stated. Yet, Scott, who couldn't speak a word of Spanish, heard the woman speaking in clear English, calling for help for her child. He was the one who was ready to dive in, and could help rescue, resuscitate, and pray for divine intervention. And it had come.

—Psalms 37:39—

The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

Victor was a police officer who worked at the customs compound on the Chilean border with Argentina, high up in the mountains. It was night time, in the depths of winter and there was a heavy snowstorm outside. Suddenly Victor heard a deep rumbling and all the lights went out. It was an avalanche. The roof collapsed and Victor found himself buried under rubble. He managed to dig himself out, and found a baby girl. She was wearing only a diaper and t-shirt, but was unhurt. Victor quickly put her inside his warm police coat. Most of the others in the base were trapped inside. Victor knew he needed to get to the nearest ski base and organize a rescue. He set off through the snowstorm. Victor struggled to move through the night winds and blizzard. He could hardly see where he was going. Somehow, he made it to the ski lodge the next morning. He was exhausted, but after a short rest was able to lead one of the rescue teams. As a result of Victor's actions, 31 people were saved. The newspapers called Victor a hero, but none of them explained the one important question-how had Victor been able to find the lodge through the darkness and snow? Victor knew the answer, but had not told anyone except his family. As he stumbled through the mountains, a bright light appeared to the side, almost like a street light, guiding him towards the lodge. When he fell into snowdrifts, someone would pick him up and set him on his way again. And when Victor looked at the extraordinary light, he could see Jesus' face.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

Many times we go out and we do not have umbrellas or raincoats. “Lord,” we say, “You told us to go, but we don’t have umbrellas or raincoats. Lord, protect us from the rain. Amen.” The Lord says, “Whatever you ask and believe, you shall have it.” We’re not going to dance or fool around, we’re going to preach the Gospel, so the Lord protects us from the rain. We see the rain ten feet in front of us, ten feet behind us, ten feet to the right, and ten feet to the left. But not one single drop comes on our bodies.

When we come to the villages, the people say, “Where do you come from?” “We have come from about fifty miles away,” we answer. “Did you walk in the rain?” they ask. “Yes,” we say. They see our feet are pretty muddy and wonder why our bodies didn’t get wet. We tell them that the Lord protected us, and they just can’t believe us. Many times they go out and try to find where we have hidden our umbrellas or raincoats, but they never find them, because God has protected us.

—Matthew 28:18—

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

(Part 1) It is amazing that Ron, an 80-year-old Australian is still around to tell of the times his life was spared. Last week he told me of three different experiences were clear in his mind that could have taken his life, but by a miracle he survived. When he was a young boy, and unaware of the danger he was in, he was bare foot standing in the wet grass covered with dew. There was a wire where he was playing. He got tangled up in it a bit—but it was a live electrical wire. The other end of it was hooked up to power, and the broken end was “live” and conducting electricity. The power started to go through is body, and it was very painful. When electricity is going into you, you can can’t pull away from it. It’s too strong. And it can burn you, and take your life too, if the power isn’t turned off.

Young Ron screamed out, but no one would have guessed or known just what was happening. If someone had come to help him and touched him, they too would have been in danger and suffered harm or loss of life. For some reason, as soon as Ron yelled out, his older brother somehow knew to suddenly go and turn off the electricity. Ron was saved. Who told the older boy to do that, or that was what was wrong? Ron knows God was looking after him.

—Jeremiah 39:17—

I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord:  
and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid.

—345—

(Part 2) When Ron was young he fell into deep water. He could not swim, neither could his mother. He was at risk of drowning. Suddenly, his seven-year-old sister jumped in the deep water to help him. She also didn't know how to swim, but an angel must have been helping her. If she would have grabbed on to her brother, they both would have gone under. Instead, the sister knew what to do. She went behind him and pushed him through the water, over to the side. They both got out safely. How was she able to suddenly know how to swim, and know not to let him grab on to her? Ron knows his life was spared miraculously by God, once again.

—Psalms 145:21—

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

—346—

(Part 3) When Ron and his wife Grace were married, they were travelling with a car and trailer. They didn't have much money, and had their first little child to care for. As they were driving down a steep mountain road, the idea—the very unwise idea—came that if he turned off the motor, they could coast down the mountain, and save on petrol. However, that was sorely regretted, as the breaks for the trailer needed electricity to work them. They began to go faster and faster down the mountain, and the breaks weren't working. He would need to turn on the motor again, but couldn't get it started while they zoomed dangerously down.

They were going to either fall off the edge, or crash into the trucks on the road below, or something else. Their life was in serious danger. Then wonderfully, as they got to the end, they sped on to a flat area of land. How that happened, and how they didn't hit any other vehicle, and how they didn't fall off the edge, was a mystery to them. It was a miracle that was nearly impossible, but wonderful. With beating hearts, feeling very shaken and in awe that they were given a chance to keep on living, they sat there for some time. A good driving lesson was learned.

—Psalms 56:3—

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

There was a cave that beckoned to be explored—that is if you were small enough to make your way through a rock hallway, and clever enough to make it down a tall sheer rock on the other side (and somehow back up again!). It was certainly out of my comfort zone, and I was praying. I wanted the boys to free the freedom to explore nature, and face challenging situations with bravery and wisdom too. Our two older boys made it there, but the last boy didn't want to be left out of the fun. He would need help, however. But it was help I didn't think I could provide. Even though I'm small, the narrow rock hallway seemed barely big enough for the child, much less me. I prayed for Jesus to do whatever was needed—especially for me not to get stuck, and for us to make it safely through this challenging boyish fun. Through this tight corridor it was downhill, and I was able to squeeze my way through it. With some help from his brothers the boy was able to get down and see the cave. But oh, now how was I going to make it back up and through? No ropes; too high to climb up and over; not wide enough to place one foot on each side of the crack and “walk” up it. The soft, spongy, slippery, wet, leaf-covered, uphill ground didn't offer any traction or resistance—but the friction on both rocky walls that pressed on me was enough to make it very difficult if not impossible to make my way through. I took the first step and “push”! Something pushed me up that one step forward. I put out my foot to take the next step and “push” it happened again. One step after the other, this unseen, timely help from heaven pushed me through this tight zone, when no other one could help me.

—Psalms 75:1—

Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks:  
for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.



Marilyn Hatfield was buying some food for a Christian teenage camp that she was organizing. She didn't have very much money, so she prayed about what food to buy. She finally decided to buy rice, beans, chicken, oatmeal, and powdered milk. When the first meal was served, the hungry young people ate and ate. Marilyn was nervous that the pan of cooked chicken would soon be empty. To her shock, the pan was still full-even though already 70 to 90 pieces had been taken. Marilyn went to take a second piece too and watched closely. As she took a piece of chicken from the pan, another piece appeared to replace it. Amazingly, the rice, beans, oatmeal, and milk also grew and multiplied. From the small amount of food that Marilyn had been able to afford to buy, there was enough food to feed everyone attending the camp for a whole week.

—Psalms 73:24—

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

—349—

Pastor David Yonggi Cho was called to rush home to the side of his son who was suddenly deathly ill from eat contaminated food sold by a vendor. The father prayed and prayed, and then saw his son die. He said later, “I simply did not want to accept the death of my son... I told God, ‘I will not leave this room until You give me my son back.’” The pastor kept praying and praising God until after midnight, when he suddenly loudly clapped his hands and called out, “Samuel! In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, stand up and walk!” (Acts 3:6) At that the boy jumped up, alive! *Jesus’ words in Heaven to Samuel Cho as his father prayed in desperation over the boy’s corpse were: ‘I can’t keep you here because your father will not let you go.’*”

—Isaiah 63:7—

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the LORD, and the praises of the LORD,  
according to all that the LORD hath bestowed on us.

—350—

When in Romania, we had to get in touch with a missionary team that lived quite a distance away. However, our phone had gone dead, and it so happened that their phone was dead also. I picked up the phone, praying it would work, and heard a woman from the other team saying "Hello!" She happened to pick up the phone at exactly the same time and—with no dialing at all—we were connected! An absolute miracle!

—Psalms 68:35—

[God] is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

—351—

Every summer, my friend and her family would visit her grandmother who lives near the beach in Florida. This happened the summer she was eight years old. One particular day it was nice and sunny but the lifeguards had warned that there were rip tides in the water. So her mother had told her not to go in the water because she wasn't a strong swimmer. But being a bit rebellious, she managed to get in the water without her mom knowing about it. Once in the water, she soon felt herself being pulled by the current and the waves. She couldn't keep her head above the water and was totally defenceless. Her mom had been right. She wasn't a strong enough swimmer to fight the current. Every time she got to the surface, the current just pulled her back down again. She started taking in a lot of water, and basically started drowning. She wasn't scared. She felt such peace and can still remember looking around and letting the bubbles float out of her mouth as she let out her last breath. The next thing she remembered was being carried out of the water by a man with long blond hair. He looked like a typical surfer except he had piercing blue eyes. It seemed like she had an out-of-the-body experience because she remembers everything as if it was happening to someone else. She could see her lifeless body in the man's arms as he was lifting her out of the water. He began administering CPR. She began coughing, and then she heard her mom frantically asking if she was okay. After sitting up, my friend looked around for the man who had saved her life but he was gone. Before her mom found her, she remembered him smiling at her as if to say, "You're okay." And then he was gone. The funny thing is, no one remembers seeing him or anyone of his description on the beach that day.

—Psalms 46:2—

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,  
and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

—352—

When on a business trip downtown, Jerry saw a man approaching him leaning heavily on his cane. He seemed to be in a great deal of pain. He told Jerry that he'd had surgery on his ankles and had metal screws in them which limited the range of motion/flexibility. Jerry prayed for him maybe three times after which he said that he was completely free from pain and had full range of motion. Jerry said it was impossible to describe the look on the man's face when he told him about Jesus. He told Jerry that he wanted to get to know the One who had just healed his body. He was shocked and so full of joy.

—Matthew 6:9-10—

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

—353—

An exhausted missionary took a taxi back home, after a long day of volunteer activities. Even though he was very tired, he took some time to talk to the taxi driver, talking about faith and how God's love could bring peace. The missionary talked with the man about his family, and they parted as good friends. After the missionary arrived home, he realized that he had forgotten an expensive tape recorder in the trunk of the taxi. Along with his co-workers, he prayed that the taxi driver would return the tape recorder. At midnight the doorbell rang and there was the taxi driver with our tape recorder in his hand! The missionary and his friends thanked God that their prayers were answered.

—Matthew 6:11-12—

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

At one time, a friend of mine was working as a security guard for a large company that had seven different food plants all situated in a large industrial area. He had to follow a certain route between all these plants while doing his security rounds each evening. One evening, he came around the corner of a building that had an inside dock and railroad tracks. He was used to always taking this route in the same way. He would walk along the dock to a compressor room, go through some huge double doors and exit through a pedestrian door on the opposite side of the room. But one night was different. As he approached the double doors, which were made of heavy steel and twelve feet high and weighed about 3/4 ton each, a strange feeling overcame him. Suddenly he felt afraid and had the feeling that there was something on the other side of that door that would kill him. In his mind, he saw a great big beast, like something out of a sci-fi movie. So he decided not to go in that way. Instead, he walked back and was going to enter via the door on the other end. Just as he rounded the corner on the way to the other door, there was a tremendous explosion! Both of the huge metal doors had been blown about a quarter of a mile down the dock, right through a boxcar, and through the wall of the building. One of the three huge ammonia compressors in the storage room had exploded. Normally, my friend would go through those doors three times a night on his security rounds. He said it was really an irrational feeling he had, envisioning some horrible creature. But something told him not to go thru those doors that particular time. And was he ever thankful!

—Matthew 6:13—

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

—355—

Handel's famous oratorio *Messiah* was truly a miraculous and inspired work of art. Not only was it completed in less than a month, Handel himself had to overcome many difficulties. His father did not want him to be a musician, yet Handel persevered anyway. Handel was never married, never had children and was often poor and out of money. He was often criticised for his work but kept on anyway. He read his Bible often and it inspired many of his works. With his faith in God, he overcame each test and did what he was made to do--compose music for God's glory.

—Psalms 143:10—

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.



—356—

When Kate was a little girl, her family was very poor and her mother treated her cruelly. Kate was also forced to take care of her younger siblings since her mother was out drinking. After Kate married and started her own family, she never thought about her mother. But one year her husband decided to invite Kate's mother to spend Christmas with them. Even though Kate had become a Christian, she had never forgiven her mother for her difficult childhood. As her mother was leaving, she asked Kate, "Can you ever forgive all those years?" Kate's heart was touched, and she forgave her mother. It took several years to trust and build their relationship, but Kate was thankful that God had helped them to experience the miracle of forgiveness.

—Psalms 62:7—

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

How much does a prayer weigh? The only man who ever tried to weigh one still doesn't know. Once he thought he did. At that time, he owned a little grocery store. The week before Christmas, a tired looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make a Christmas dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend. "My husband is no longer alive," the woman said. "I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

The man was not very sentimental then. A grocery store could not be run like a bread line, he thought. So he said, "Write it on paper." And he turned to go about his business. To his surprise, the woman took a piece of paper out of her pocket and handed it to him over the counter. "I did that last night watching over my sick baby." The man took the paper and regretted it immediately. What would he do now? Then an idea came to him. He placed the paper on the weight side of his old-fashioned scales. "We will see how much this prayer is worth."

To his astonishment, the scale did not go down, even after he placed a large loaf of bread on the other side. Confused, he began adding more food, anything that he could get his hands on. Still the scales would not go down. Finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold anyway. Here's a bag. You'll have to put the groceries in yourself. I'm busy." With a sob, the woman began packing the food in the bag. Every once in a while, she wiped her eyes. The man tried not to look but he couldn't help it--he'd given the woman a rather large bag, and it didn't seem quite full yet. So he tossed a large cheese down the counter. He turned away, not seeing the timid and grateful smile of the woman.

After she had left, the man checked his scales, scratching his head in bewilderment. Then he realized what had happened. His scales were broken. Now the grocer is a white-haired old man. But he still scratches his head in puzzlement whenever he thinks of that day. He never saw the woman again. Come to think about it, he'd never seen her before either. But he never forgot her and thought of her often. He knows what had happened was not just his imagination, because he still has the little slip of paper on which the woman's prayer was written: "Lord, please give us this day our daily bread." (Matthew 6:11)

—Psalms 117—

O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us:  
and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever. Praise ye the LORD.

Snow covered the ground one Christmas Eve, making driving virtually impossible. A young mother was so glad to have the chance to go to midnight service at the church that she didn't mind the few miles walk there at 11:00 p.m. Her husband would stay home and care for their toddler. She had a wonderful time, but walking home at 1:00 a.m., up the snowy hill was quite a challenge. Since no one else seemed to be able to take her home she had no choice but to walk.

After walking for about a quarter of an hour she felt completely out of strength and very cold. She didn't know how or if she would make it home that night. After praying a desperate prayer—her only hope of survival—a truly wonderful Christmas miracle occurred. Suddenly she felt herself floating above the snow and found herself at the door of her house. Amazed, puzzled and in wonder she entered the house and sat for a long while looking at the soft Christmas tree lights, pondering what had just happened. The only explanation to this heart-warming miracle was that in answer to her prayer, an angel of the Lord had been sent to carry her home.

—Psalms 112:1—

Praise ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

On Christmas Eve 1755, in a little Pennsylvania town rightly called “Bethlehem” a wonderful event occur for those who were brave enough to stay there to celebrate it that year. The many Moravians living there were a people who loved God, friendship with the Native Americans, peace, harmony, and music; especially music. And they love celebrating “The Great Day”, which is what they called Christmas.

Native Americans called the Delaware lived outside the town, and relationships between them and the Moravians had been peaceful until foreign powers pressured the Native American tribes to forcibly try to take the land where settlers were peacefully living. A terrible event was planned for the town of Bethlehem, and planned to occur on Christmas Eve. However, one Native American Indian that had become a Christian, and helped by running messages between towns and villages, came and forewarned the Moravians.

The people of the town prayed and met for discussion on what to do. Abandoning their town didn’t seem a safe option, and it was the day the children so looked forward to would be missed. For each year a “Christmas Surprise” was made: A big display of the manger scene. Each year was a bit different than the time before, but always artistically beautiful. The children would at last see what was created when they entered the room, feeling nearly as they had gone back in time to the first Christmas.

It was decided that they would stay in their town and trust in God’s care. The night was spent in prayer, rather than in song, however the trombone choir would announce the start of Christmas Day, in the very early hours of the morning, while all was still dark and quiet.

A peaceful yet prayer-filled night was spent on Christmas Eve, until the music of the trombones announced the day at 4:00 a.m. That was the precise time that the lurking tribe had planned to make their destructive move. Yet, the musical sounds shattered the silence, startled them, stirred them, and they were in fear and wonderment at what it meant.

The Native Indian Christian man was running now through the dark, and seen as one of their own tribe, heard the leader say, in fear and wonderment: "Surely, Great Spirit watches over this place." Some of the Indians remembered the kindness that the Moravians had shown them and they were ashamed that fighting was now in their hearts. Fearing what judgments would fall on them, they turned and ran back into the forest to put as much distance as they could between them and the Great Spirit Voice that sounded from the sky. (As they took the music of the trombones to be.) A wonderful Christmas was enjoyed by the peaceful, faith-filled Moravians.

**—Psalms 66:20—**

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

—360—

On Christmas Day a young man was trying to hitch a ride on Interstate 85 just below High Point, North Carolina. He had had left home two years before over a disagreement with his mother. The young man had travelled from town to town doing odd jobs. He'd worked at gas stations and markets; had picked crops and drove a taxi. But now he was ready to go home. He was only thirty miles away from his home, but a ride was hard to find because of the holidays. A few trucks passed by.

The young man shivered in the cold winter air. Just then from across the road, he heard someone call his name. It was his stepfather, waving to him from his truck. "Mike! Hey, Mike! Over here!" Mike ran over and got in the truck. "Fred, how did you know I'd be here?" He asked. "Your mother sent me." Fred replied. "This morning when she prayed for you, she knew you were coming and that you'd be on Interstate 85 just below High Point." "But how did she know? I didn't write or call." Mike's family had not heard from him since he left home. Fred started up the truck. "She's waiting for you, son."

—Psalms 106:1—

Praise ye the LORD. O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

—361—

I was driving home after visiting my family for Christmas. Traffic on the two-lane road was slow but steady. Suddenly my wheels skidded and the brakes locked. The guardrail was coming up fast! I cried out, "God, help me!" The impact of the crash threw me over the seat and I blacked out. I woke up on the floor in the backseat. A man and a boy were bent over me. "You hit a patch of ice," the man said. "A policeman saw the whole thing. He's radioing for help."

Peering out the window, I realized that my car had been moved to the opposite side of the highway and parked safely on the grass off the shoulder. How in the world did I get over here? Before I could ask, another car hit the same patch of ice and spun into the guardrail--at the exact spot I had. If my car had still been there, he would have hit me. The man and his son ran to help. When trucks arrived to sand the road, father and son returned with the policeman.

"By the way," the policeman said, "what happened to your companion?" I looked at him quizzically: "What companion?" "He drove the car to this spot," the officer said. "I saw him." "We saw him too," said the father. "He crossed the lane of oncoming traffic and parked right here. But no one got out. In fact, we had to break a window to get in." There had been no man in my car. But Someone had been with me

—Psalms 16:11—

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy.



‘Siddhi’, a young Brahmin girl, lived with her extended family. The family did not always get along, and often argued. One day Siddhi came home from school to find her mother crying as her aunts were loudly yelling and arguing. Siddhi was frightened and ran onto the balcony. Suddenly a vision of Jesus appeared to her, telling her that he was the one true God. She told her family about the vision but no one believed her. Going for a walk, Siddhi saw a house with a Christmas star hanging outside. She knocked on the door and was invited in. Siddhi told the Christian lady about the vision and her family. The Christian woman gave her a New Testament and told her to read it. Siddhi did read it and came to know Jesus as her Saviour. She grew in faith and understanding over the next years. Since then she told her story to over 6,000 non-Christians and many were saved through her testimony.

—Psalms 68:4-5—

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him. A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

—363—

One time, a friend of mine and her family were on an outing in the mountains. After taking a lunch break, her son decided to scamper up a bare hill. All of a sudden, his sister, who was only 4 years old, decided to run up the hill after him. As the boy went up the hill, he dislodged a big boulder, about 2 1/2 feet across, which started to roll down the hill right towards his sister. There was nothing anyone could do, it happened so fast. My friend cried out, "Oh Jesus, please help!" The boulder hit the little girl right on the head and then mysteriously moved sideways, which was physically impossible. When she ran to her daughter, she was alright. Even though the boulder had hit her on the head she was fine. All she had was one small, red bump on the top of her head. They took her to emergency medical services just to be sure, but she was fine and didn't need any treatment at all. My friend is convinced that an angel moved that boulder to the side just as it touched her daughter. One thing is certain, that boulder couldn't have moved the way it did by itself.

—Psalms 97:1,12—

The LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.  
Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

—364—

As a teen, my friend loved playing in the tree house in his back yard. He told me what happened to him one time when he fell out of the tree house. For one thing, the tree house was set sixteen feet high up in a tree. One time when he was in the tree house, he felt the left side start to slide. So he ran to the other side but that side of the tree house started sliding as well. There was only one thing to do. He jumped out of the tree house. Miraculously, he landed safely on the ground without getting one scratch. Right behind him, the tree house came falling down, too. There was a strong breeze blowing that day but the tree house just landed gently on the ground behind him. Something should have happened to him. —Either from the fall from the tree or the tree house falling down. My friend believes it was a miracle.

—Psalms 91:2—

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

—365—

Agostino D'Antonio, a sculptor of Florence, Italy, wrought diligently but unsuccessfully on a large piece of marble. "I can do nothing with it," he finally said. Other sculptors, too, worked with the piece of marble, but they, too, gave up the task. The stone was discarded. It lay on a rubbish heap for forty years. Out strolling one day, Michelangelo saw the stone and the latent possibilities in it. It was brought to his studio. He began to work on it. Ultimately, his vision and work were crowned with success. From that seemingly worthless stone was carved one of the World's masterpieces of sculpture--"David"!

—Mark 11:24—

Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray,  
believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

—366—

The New Year is like a mountain that is waiting for us to climb it. It is full of danger and difficulty, but will also have joy and victory as we overcome. To climb the mountain we need help from our mountain guide Jesus, who calls us to follow him. He knows how to climb safely, and how to best reach the summit.

There were many mountaineers in history that sensed that someone was guiding them and helping them. The Antarctic explorer Shackleton described a mystical guiding presence that was with him during one of his trips.

He said, “I know that during that long march over the unknown mountains and glaciers, it seemed to me often that there were four, not three of us. I said nothing to my companions, but afterwards Worsley said to me, ‘Boss, I had a curious feeling that there was another person with us.’ ”

—Psalms 46:7—

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

**A Read-by-Date Plan—and brief story**

1. January 1 phone lines
2. January 2 *The Titanic*
3. January 3 warm light
4. January 4 *prison windows*
5. January 5 the rent
6. January 6 across the river
7. January 7 Eric ran
8. January 8 crocodiles
9. January 9 Anana Itap
10. January 10 sewing
11. January 11 1983 in Sri Lanka
12. January 12 mother's fortitude
13. January 13 Yes, I am
14. January 14 back to Australia
15. January 15 end of the rope
16. January 16 more alive
17. January 17 the plague
18. January 18 fiercely barking
19. January 19 criticized
20. January 20 angel to conduct

Note: Story numbers, not page numbers

21. January 21 give back to you
22. January 22 Fort Alcan
23. January 23 grindstone
24. January 24 robin's nest
25. January 25 whole weight
26. January 26 no pain at all
27. January 27 George Matheson
28. January 28 Boschke's sea wall
29. January 29 boy's bike
30. January 30 painfully shy
31. January 31 safe all night
32. February 1 motorboat
33. February 2 full of clear water
34. February 3 the quadrant
35. February 4 cyclone hit
36. February 5 heavy elevator
37. February 6 sand in the ground
38. February 7 win the race
39. February 8 a little bird
40. February 9 downpour of rain

- |     |             |                    |     |          |                     |
|-----|-------------|--------------------|-----|----------|---------------------|
| 41. | February 10 | warm milk          | 61. | March 1  | falling headlong    |
| 42. | February 11 | hygiene            | 62. | March 2  | new bus stop        |
| 43. | February 12 | Chinese woman      | 63. | March 3  | an envelope         |
| 44. | February 13 | unfossilized       | 64. | March 4  | burned skin         |
| 45. | February 14 | There is a God     | 65. | March 5  | wolves growled      |
| 46. | February 15 | in the Philippines | 66. | March 6  | water into fuel     |
| 47. | February 16 | boy's kidneys      | 67. | March 7  | Bible of her own    |
| 48. | February 17 | flying rescue      | 68. | March 8  | van suspended       |
| 49. | February 18 | chest and heart    | 69. | March 9  | prison guard        |
| 50. | February 19 | Swallow Falls      | 70. | March 10 | bright streak       |
| 51. | February 20 | mountain guide     | 71. | March 11 | coalminer's slip    |
| 52. | February 21 | a day sailing      | 72. | March 12 | full health         |
| 53. | February 22 | change buses       | 73. | March 13 | Bible carriers      |
| 54. | February 23 | "Jump!"            | 74. | March 14 | walking on the sea  |
| 55. | February 24 | escaped convicts   | 75. | March 15 | into a whirlpool    |
| 56. | February 25 | an ant             | 76. | March 16 | next gas station    |
| 57. | February 26 | gates of paradise  | 77. | March 17 | "Princess, home!!"  |
| 58. | February 27 | frenzied mob       | 78. | March 18 | incurable           |
| 59. | February 28 | swimming pool      | 79. | March 19 | missed the bus      |
| 60. | February 29 | eight chapters     | 80. | March 20 | arthritis in joints |

81.	March 21	Don't worry!	101.	April 10	baby breathes
82.	March 22	Someone Heavenly	102.	April 11	back to life
83.	March 23	on a cargo plane	103.	April 12	timely assistance
84.	March 24	fish in the pond	104.	April 13	a derrickman
85.	March 25	"She's dying!"	105.	April 14	arrested
86.	March 26	angelic guards	106.	April 15	passing through
87.	March 27	a phone call	107.	April 16	the landing papers
88.	March 28	repentant thief	108.	April 17	blindly following
89.	March 29	field of wheat	109.	April 18	mother bear
90.	March 30	"Are you afraid?"	110.	April 19	at my bedside
91.	March 31	no longer raining	111.	April 20	throwing stones
92.	April 1	thirty years of age	112.	April 21	off the bridge
93.	April 2	robbers scattered	113.	April 22	wedding band
94.	April 3	immediately stop	114.	April 23	cancer was gone
95.	April 4	cross the river	115.	April 24	33,000 feet down
96.	April 5	foreigners	116.	April 25	30 days of oatmeal
97.	April 6	Kraft Cheese	117.	April 26	carnal weapon
98.	April 7	"Man overboard!"	118.	April 27	angel touched him
99.	April 8	dolphins guides	119.	April 28	"...stop the rain!"
100.	April 9	a stone to carry	120.	April 29	light in the jungle



121.	April 30	fire came closer	141.	May 20	two men rode
122.	May 1	miracle cloud	142.	May 21	there is a treasure
123.	May 2	rattlesnake	143.	May 22	policeman
124.	May 3	the lioness	144.	May 23	hailstones
125.	May 4	electrocuted	145.	May 24	lightning struck
126.	May 5	tribe of Indians	146.	May 25	the chicken
127.	May 6	crooked business	147.	May 26	build a wall
128.	May 7	"Which guys?"	148.	May 27	run out of water
129.	May 8	red button-Pt 1	149.	May 28	van was spinning
130.	May 9	red button-Pt 2	150.	May 29	yacht's motor
131.	May 10	angry cowboy	151.	May 30	like a skeleton
132.	May 11	sixteen guardians	152.	May 31	chased the thief
133.	May 12	a raging river	153.	June 1	win the lottery
134.	May 13	little black seeds	154.	June 2	prisoners
135.	May 14	little black seeds	155.	June 3	trolley bus
136.	May 15	a boy in the river	156.	June 4	angel kneeling
137.	May 16	the train	157.	June 5	the cobra
138.	May 17	a large fish	158.	June 6	thief crept upstairs
139.	May 18	incurable	159.	June 7	stop the train
140.	May 19	river boats	160.	June 8	Lover of My Soul

161.	June 9	six more years	181.	June 29	“Wait! Don’t go!”
162.	June 10	the tractor	182.	June 30	stained glass
163.	June 11	the earthquake	183.	July 1	a typhoon
164.	June 12	on his deathbed	184.	July 2	Swedish singer
165.	June 13	I can read	185.	July 3	a monk
166.	June 14	stuck in the mud	186.	July 4	in the diary
167.	June 15	barrels of gasoline	187.	July 5	in the shadows
168.	June 16	painting of Daniel	188.	July 6	Indian village
169.	June 17	footprints	189.	July 7	political leader
170.	June 18	I want that crown	190.	July 8	medical miracle
171.	June 19	you will lie down	191.	July 9	encephalitis
172.	June 20	300 pounds	192.	July 10	deep water
173.	June 21	evacuate or not	193.	July 11	a new cruse
174.	June 22	to boil water	194.	July 12	angels surround
175.	June 23	solo flight	195.	July 13	in the jungle
176.	June 24	liquid chloroform	196.	July 14	“Bob?”
177.	June 25	coral island	197.	July 15	“To be great...”
178.	June 26	lama on the road	198.	July 16	dead bodies
179.	June 27	back to life	199.	July 17	CAT scan
180.	June 28	shining angel	200.	July 18	tossed a brick

201.	July 19	could not swim	221.	August 8	Never stop singing!
202.	July 20	forgot his bag	222.	August 9	path of healing
203.	July 21	free all the slaves	223.	August 10	three tickets
204.	July 22	wheelchair	224.	August 11	looking fierce
205.	July 23	ramp of a highway	225.	August 12	toward the bridge
206.	July 24	lost the key	226.	August 13	shepherd's crook
207.	July 25	people of Basel	227.	August 14	dust in the air
208.	July 26	his discoveries	228.	August 15	waiting to meet
209.	July 27	converted in jail	229.	August 16	Jesus is closer
210.	July 28	crushed	230.	August 17	birthday at school
211.	July 29	a car accident	231.	August 18	Quaker Oats
212.	July 30	sledding	232.	August 19	trust God alone
213.	July 31	fall of 3,000 feet	233.	August 20	listen to His Voice
214.	August 1	the stricken family	234.	August 21	the bullockie
215.	August 2	"Stop, thief!"	235.	August 22	joy in giving
216.	August 3	dolly buggy	236.	August 23	fish-head
217.	August 4	our dog's collar	237.	August 24	stenographer
218.	August 5	the same presence	238.	August 25	God's money
219.	August 6	I'll <i>prove</i> it!	239.	August 26	big bag of rice
220.	August 7	a good snow suit	240.	August 27	another chance

241.	August 28	high embankment	261.	September 17	on the mailbox
242.	August 29	snake in your bed	262.	September 18	"That's my daddy,"
243.	August 30	attacked	263.	September 19	a tornado struck
244.	August 31	the true God	264.	September 20	"Don't back out..."
245.	September 1	a blind boy	265.	September 21	new detergent
246.	September 2	blue-white light	266.	September 22	blew out the fire
247.	September 3	choir of angels	267.	September 23	Easter weekend
248.	September 4	astonished	268.	September 24	five angels
249.	September 5	"I need \$24,700."	269.	September 25	railroad tracks
250.	September 6	roof shingles	270.	September 26	voice from Heaven
251.	September 7	poison	271.	September 27	a visit in prison
252.	September 8	another milagro	272.	September 28	"Mom, mom."
253.	September 9	anonymous donor	273.	September 29	wreath-shaped pin
254.	September 10	start an orphanage	274.	September 30	back to life
255.	September 11	Sell all	275.	October 1	the usual swim
256.	September 12	lost in a cornfield	276.	October 2	one red rose
257.	September 13	"23 September."	277.	October 3	the nurse
258.	September 14	picked up	278.	October 4	guide dog
259.	September 15	two hikers	279.	October 5	attempted landing
260.	September 16	lifted her up	280.	October 6	no fever

281.	October 7	4' x 8' plywood	301.	October 27	without a scratch
282.	October 8	"Mom, he's gone."	302.	October 28	water in the tanks
283.	October 9	orange groves	303.	October 29	the strange dog
284.	October 10	"It won't start!"	304.	October 30	overrun with rats
285.	October 11	solid mud	305.	October 31	belly in the dirt
286.	October 12	a puff of air	306.	November 1	stop that truck
287.	October 13	under the tractor	307.	November 2	fairground
288.	October 14	the boxcar	308.	November 3	drunken drivers
289.	October 15	flames shooting	309.	November 4	sit down
290.	October 16	the cradle	310.	November 5	bus wreck
291.	October 17	100,000 rubles	311.	November 6	picked up my car
292.	October 18	precious water	312.	November 7	serious leak
293.	October 19	in the manger	313.	November 8	a rock hurled
294.	October 20	K-oil heater	314.	November 9	tons of scaffolding
295.	October 21	toilet paper	315.	November 10	phone number
296.	October 22	the burglar	316.	November 11	a leopard
297.	October 23	"You saw clearly..."	317.	November 12	"I heard his cries"
298.	October 24	stuck in his throat	318.	November 13	enamelled kettle
299.	October 25	train conductor	319.	November 14	"that's the doctor"
300.	October 26	gunshots	320.	November 15	a piece of gold

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|------|-------------|---------------------|------|-------------|----------------------|
| 321. | November 16 | under the roof      | 341. | December 6  | swimming party       |
| 322. | November 17 | Don't stop          | 342. | December 7  | extraordinary light  |
| 323. | November 18 | blood tingling      | 343. | December 8  | walk in the rain     |
| 324. | November 19 | no place to go      | 344. | December 9  | live electrical wire |
| 325. | November 20 | unruffled snow      | 345. | December 10 | risk of drowning     |
| 326. | November 21 | extensive flooding  | 346. | December 11 | mountain road        |
| 327. | November 22 | Do not fly          | 347. | December 12 | pushed me up         |
| 328. | November 23 | stone quarry        | 348. | December 13 | food multiplied      |
| 329. | November 24 | twenty or so deer   | 349. | December 14 | my son               |
| 330. | November 25 | riding her brakes   | 350. | December 15 | no dialing at all    |
| 331. | November 26 | 24 hours later      | 351. | December 16 | on the beach         |
| 332. | November 27 | sculptor            | 352. | December 17 | great deal of pain   |
| 333. | November 28 | powerful hands      | 353. | December 18 | tape recorder        |
| 334. | November 29 | leper asylum        | 354. | December 19 | security guard       |
| 335. | November 30 | trip route          | 355. | December 20 | he overcame          |
| 336. | December 1  | the stew            | 356. | December 21 | she forgave          |
| 337. | December 2  | before Christmas    | 357. | December 22 | weight of a prayer   |
| 338. | December 3  | being lifted across | 358. | December 23 | floating above       |
| 339. | December 4  | a clown             | 359. | December 24 | "Bethlehem"          |
| 340. | December 5  | a better wife       | 360. | December 25 | waiting for you      |

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|------|-------------|----------------|------|-------------|------------------|
| 361. | December 26 | patch of ice   | 365. | December 30 | "David"          |
| 362. | December 27 | Christmas star | 366. | December 31 | guiding presence |
| 363. | December 28 | a big boulder  |      |             |                  |
| 364. | December 29 | tree house     |      |             |                  |

