

**Christ's Catalogue\_additional stories**  
**(See book: "Christ's Catalogue")**

My dad was in the fire brigade as a station officer, and he was called out for a fire on the boat. The boat was on fire in Canberra, and 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, but it was 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.

--By Emily

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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.

--By Mel

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I want to testify of a great miracle of protection that took place not long ago. I still cannot fathom how it could have happened; it's definitely the greatest miracle of protection that I've personally been a part of.

While driving we came to a point in the road where two lanes in each direction suddenly turned into one, without any road sign or warning. On that particular day, the road was covered with snow and black ice. The car's wheels suddenly lost their grip, and the car was thrown directly in the path of a bus that was speeding down the hill toward us. I had no control at all over the car, and the bus was approaching very quickly. I wasn't afraid, but I do remember very clearly thinking, *This is it! There's no way to escape!*

Then, right when the collision should have happened, it seemed like the car hit an invisible wall that straightened us on our side of the road so that the car and the bus passed each other side by side, only centimeters away from each other.

I was shocked! There was no way to escape the accident, and I certainly didn't do anything. The others that were in the car also testify of this great miracle of protection that took place.

--By Timothy

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We went for a dental appointment with a dentist whom we have been witnessing to and who is very hungry for the Word. Esther needed extensive work done on one particularly sensitive tooth. However, even after two doses of anesthesia, the pain was still unbearable whenever the drilling began. The dentist told us that she couldn't do the needed work as it was too painful for Esther, so we were to return the next day and she would do a special series of electronic tests to determine the problem.

But the next day the tests were inconclusive, so armed with the conclusion that nothing could be done to stop the pain--nothing, that is, but claiming the keys in prayer for heavenly anesthesia--we decided to go ahead with the dental work. We were more desperate than ever now, as Esther couldn't use any anesthesia at all that day due to her weak heart condition. This time I was on the edge of my seat in the waiting room, praying and claiming the keys of heavenly anesthesia to work a miracle. And miraculously, the whole operation was performed with hardly any pain at all, and even less trauma than an ordinary operation *with* anesthesia. The doctor couldn't understand how a tooth that could hardly be touched the day before was now not feeling any of the drilling and work that was being done on it.

The next day when we saw her again, the first thing she said was, "You were praying for heavenly anesthesia, weren't you? I can't believe what actually happened. It contradicts all human medical logic! You have to tell me all about your use of prayer as a real and practical tool. How does it work?" We saw what the Lord was really after through this experience--drawing one of His sheep closer to the fold.

Another benefit of heavenly anesthesia that even our doctor mentioned is how it doesn't have any side effects, and most of all, it doesn't wear off in a few hours, leaving you in pain. Praise the Lord for His training us in the use of the new weapons.

-- By *Nehemiah*

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Our 11-year-old son was riding his bike & fell on his two front teeth & cracked them. We prayed for him specifically that the Lord would mend the cracks. We saw the dentist & he took x-rays & said there weren't any cracks at all! It's a miraculous answer to our prayers, TYJ!

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Abner had been witnessing to a man who was very broken, as it had been confirmed that he had cancer. He received the Lord, & Abner & Brunhilda prayed specifically over him that the Lord would heal him. The doctor was very surprised the next time he had tests done, as there was no sign of the cancer, TYJ! Jesus never fails!

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One day, while my six-year-old brother was playing in the boys' room, a metal piece of a bed fell on his foot. His foot immediately turned purple and swollen. I was resting in another room, but I could hear him crying, so I got up and went to see what had happened to him. I found him crying in pain, and I felt so bad for him.

I put my hand on his foot and I started praying and claiming the power of the keys for his foot to heal up right then and stop hurting. I felt my hand getting hot, as energy surged through my hand. When I finished praying I asked him if it was better, and he said that it still hurt. I suggested that he should try walking around a little to see if that might help, which he did. About two minutes later I came to check on him, and when I looked at his foot, not only was the swelling and the purple color completely gone, but he no longer felt any pain! The only trace of the accident was a very light pink mark.

By *Ericka*

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My four-year-old daughter Tanya and I went to follow up on a Christian lady who had previously been our neighbor, and had been suffering from an itching problem for the past two years. After reading the Word with her for some

time, the Lord showed me to let Tanya pray for the lady's healing, which she readily agreed to do. I asked Tanya to hold the lady's hand. From the moment Tanya started praising the Lord while holding her hand, the lady started to speak in tongues, crying, praising, and thanking the Lord. After we'd finished praying, she told us how she'd felt some power coming through Tanya's hands into her body, healing her. She was so thrilled about how the Lord had healed her. For me it was an awesome experience as well. I believe Tanya may have a gift of healing, because exactly one year before, she'd prayed for my dad to be delivered from cancer, and had shared a prophecy with him, where Jesus said that he'd been healed; sure enough, the Lord answered our prayers, and he was healed.

*By Claire*

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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<sup>21</sup>. 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.

--Elly Derr

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*By Joe Stevenson*

It was a hot August morning when I got back from church. Thunderstorms growled & lightning flickered over the 25,000 acres of untouched rangeland behind our house, which sits back some 200 yards from the Mount Rose Highway near Reno, Nevada.

I'd had a busy morning. First I'd helped my wife, Janice, load the car for a trip to Las Vegas where she planned to visit her sister for a week. She was taking the children with her. This meant that I would be alone with our dog, B.J., & our two cats. I was sorry to see my family leave, but I was kind of looking forward to a week of peaceful bachelorhood [1].

After they were gone, I drove down the dirt road to the highway & on to my church where I taught a discussion group. The topic that morning, I remember, was First Corinthians.

I also remember the feeling of satisfaction I had when I came back & saw our house sitting there in the sea of bush, silhouetted against the blue Nevada sky. It had taken us 10 years of planning & two of building to get that house, & we all loved it. We considered it the last home we'd live in.

At about 2:30 that afternoon, lightning started a brush fire about two miles from our house. I was concerned. Any fire in August is extremely dangerous because the vegetation is so dry, but the wind was blowing out of the southwest, which meant that the fire would be moving away from us. My neighbour, Tony Brayton, came over to watch it with me. We both felt it would be contained before it could possibly reach us.

Still, just as a precaution, I loaded a few belongings into the car. Then I got out a hose & began wetting down our roof & the brand-new deck I had just added to the house. Other people in the area were watching the fire, too. Three times the phone rang with people calling to say that they were praying we would be all right. There was comfort & reassurance in that.

But abruptly, at about 4:45, the wind swung around 180 degrees. The southwester suddenly became a

northeaster. The flames were heading straight for us!

Tony, who had left about 10 minutes earlier, came racing back. We stood there, dazed by what we saw. What had been a small brush fire was now a gigantic fire storm roaring toward us, consuming everything before it in a wall of flame 15 to 30 feet high & half a mile wide. On it came at an incredible pace, sucking oxygen from the air at ground-level in front of it & creating tornadoes [2] of fire that shot 50 feet into the smoke-blackened sky. The crackling sounds it made were terrifying. It was as if some gigantic demon bent on our destruction had materialised from nowhere. It roared up the hillside, leaping across a canyon [3] 60 feet deep & 100 feet wide as if the canyon weren't there. Its speed was incredible. In seconds it would be upon us.

I snatched open the door & screamed for B.J., but there was no sign of her & no time to look for her. Tony & I dropped the hoses & ran for our lives. As we ran, I said the fastest wide-awake running prayer I ever said in all my 42 years of living. I said, "Lord, I put my house & everything in it into Your hands." And then, remembering what St. Paul had said about the importance of giving thanks for everything, good or bad, I managed to pray (although I didn't feel like it), "Lord, no matter what happens, I thank You for it & praise You."

I jumped into my little car. Tony flung himself into my other car. We tore down the road to Tony's house, picked up his wife, warned a family in a third house, & raced for the highway. Behind us, the fiery monster swept on, roaring, hissing, crackling, engulfing everything.

At the highway, I stepped out of my car & stared back at the wall of flame & smoke. How do you react when your house is about to be burned by searing [4] flames? Do you scream? Do you cry? Others were doing all those things, but I didn't, because the thought that was uppermost in my mind at that moment was, "You're a Christian, Joe, so act like one. Remember: 'All things work together for good to those who love God.' Praise God." So I did praise Him, out loud, although I know some people thought I was crazy, or in shock, or both.

We stayed at the highway another 10 minutes or so, watching other houses become engulfed, too dazed to do or say anything. Then the flames were on us at the highway, & police told us we had to move farther up the mountain. Later I heard that 125 utility poles burned along the highway that day.

At this point something happened that was very strange, although it didn't seem strange at the time. As I walked toward my car, a young man with dark hair, dressed in a T-shirt & blue jeans, called to me, "Hey, you in the white shirt!" I didn't know the young man, & actually I was wearing a light-yellow shirt, but I pointed to myself questioningly. He looked directly at me & said, "I got on your roof & watered it down for you." Tony also heard him say this.

I was sure he had mistaken me for someone else, since no one could possibly have gone near my house after I had left. I thanked him anyway, & thought no more about it.

Later, at a friend's house in Lake Tahoe, I was able to reach Janice at her sister's. Having to tell her that our house had burned to the ground was harder than watching the fire. All she said was, "Thank God you're all right."

The threat of fire along the roads made it impossible to get back to Reno that night. I called the fire department repeatedly, but could get no information. At one point I called a church couple, Chauncey & Betty Fairchild, who I knew could see my house from across the valley. "Joe," Chauncey said, "we watched the whole thing through our binoculars. When we saw the flames change direction & head for you, our entire family formed a prayer circle & prayed for your safety & the safety of your home. And, Joe, it's still standing."

I thanked him, but I didn't believe him. Maybe, I thought, he could still see the shell of my house, but I knew nothing could have survived the fire storm. My house was surrounded by dry bush & wood that my wife had asked me repeatedly to clear away.

When I got back to the house soon after dawn the next morning, I couldn't believe my eyes. This is what I found:

The fire had burned to within 10 feet of the house, & all around it, but no farther. House & contents were untouched.

The power line coming into my house had melted, 30 feet in the air, & had fallen to the ground 30 feet from the house.

The telephone lines above the power lines had melted together.

My chicken coop, just 40 feet from the house, was scorched & smoldering...but all 10 chickens were alive.

The dog & two cats were unharmed. The cats were outside, one in the garage & one on the back steps. The dog was inside, very glad to see me.

My bridge, which is 200 yards from the house & not even on my property, was untouched, while my

neighbour's bridge, just 15 feet away, was completely destroyed. Only dry brush was between them.

Of the seven houses in my area, three were completely destroyed. All the others were damaged, two seriously.

How do I account for all this? How do I explain the fact that absolutely nothing I owned was touched by the fire, whether it was on my property or not? All I can do is tell you what I think.

I've been a Christian almost all my life, but I know that my faith isn't as strong as it might be. And this may be true of a lot of church-going people; we know we're Christians & we think that's good enough. But I believe there are times when God wants to test our faith--& reinforce it. I also believe--although I can't pretend to understand it fully--that sometimes when we are able to thank God in the face of seeming disaster, & place ourselves unreservedly in His hands, & get out of His way, He can & will do astounding things for us.

The intensity of that fire on the morning of August 9, 1981, cannot be exaggerated. At the time I was working for the Nevada Bell Telephone System, & so I know something about cables. It would have taken at least 1800 degrees of heat to melt those power lines that were 30 feet above the ground. Maybe 2000 degrees. And yet my house, 30 feet away, wasn't even marked. To me, that was God speaking clearly to me, & He was saying, "I'm here, I'm real, I care."

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By Christine

It was almost dark when I went into the kitchen to fix some supper. So I shook some oatmeal into a pan of water, & set it to cooking on a front element of my electric stove. I started across the kitchen to get milk from the refrigerator, but I never made it. My feet slipped out from under me & I fell hard, flat on my back, on the floor.

Oh, you've done it now, old girl! I thought to myself.

I pushed & stretched & made every effort to get up, but I couldn't even sit up. Nothing I could do was going to get this overweight 70-year-old body off the floor. I needed help. I thought about screaming, but who would hear me? I was a widow who lived alone & had already closed & locked all the windows & doors.

The telephone! I could call my sister, Martha. The telephone hung high on the wall, over near my bedroom door. Next to it was my broom, propped against the wall.

I dug my elbows into the rough texture of the floor covering & managed to slide on my back a couple of inches. Six or seven more shoves & a lot of panting put me near the phone. Using the broom, I gave it a whack that sent the handset banging to the floor. But to my dismay, I couldn't make a call. The dial was on the phone, up on the wall.

Fear was beginning to eat at me. The burner under my oatmeal was glowing brightly. What would happen if the water boiled out? Would the metal pan melt & ruin my stove? Would it set my house on fire?

Finally I whispered, "Lord Jesus, I'm so alone & I'm afraid. Please come & be here with me. Quiet me, Jesus, & protect me & please take care of my pan of oatmeal."

The air began to chill as the evening grew longer. I hugged my arms about me & wished for a blanket. I dragged myself into the bedroom & looked longingly at the heavy spread on the bed. I could never pull that down. But there were some clothes lying on the cedar chest. Again I dug my elbows into the rug, & I pulled down a sweater & skirt to cover myself.

As the night grew blacker, I wondered what condition I would be in by morning. Was I going to die? My back was beginning to ache. I had no idea what damage I had done to myself. Panic began to smother me.

"Lord," I prayed, "don't leave me. Please stay with me & comfort me." Then I began to recite Scripture verses, mostly those I'd learned in Sunday school, one verse after another, until I slipped into a restless sleep.

When the light of morning roused me, I thanked God that the long night was over & my house was not burned.

I said my morning prayers & made another attempt to get up from the floor. I was hungry.

Surely a neighbour would telephone. Oh, no! The phone was off the hook. But then, maybe someone would come & knock on the door.

All morning I listened carefully, but no knock came. I kept praying, "Jesus, please help me."

Around noon a thought flashed through my mind: Call someone.

"But the phone..." I said aloud.

Another thought: Call your friends.

I began to call out names. I started with my sister; I knew she'd be at work. Then I called my neighbours, one by one, pausing after each, listening for a knock.

I had run out of names when another sudden thought invaded my tired mind: Call Roy Stanley. Roy had stopped by two days earlier to pray with me, but he lived so far away.

Still the thought persisted: Call Roy.

So I began calling, "Roy, please come to me. I need you." I said it aloud, over & over without stopping.

It was about two o'clock when I heard a loud knock on the back door. I yelled, "Come & help me. I need you."

Then I heard a series of heavy blows & a splintering of wood. Footsteps...& Roy was standing over me.

"Christine!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing on the floor?"

I told him.

Roy went to the kitchen to get some water for my parched throat. He phoned my sister & called for an ambulance. Then as we waited there he told me how he happened to be there.

Roy & his wife were at home when he felt a strong urge to check on me. He told his wife, "I have to go to Christine. Something has happened to her."

When he knocked on my door, he got no answer, but something seemed to urge him, Don't leave. Go to the back & knock again. So he went around to the back door, knocked harder & finally heard me calling, "Come & help me. I need you."

As the ambulance arrived, I felt a strange sense of elation [7]. Jesus had been with me through the night. He'd brought Roy to rescue me. He'd answered every single one of my prayers. Even the one about the oatmeal. For when I finally thought about the stove, I said to Roy, "Will you please check on a pan of oatmeal I put on to cook last night? It must be burned black by now!"

A strange expression crossed Roy's face. "I turned that element off when I got the water for you," he said. "Did you say you put it on last night? Christine, that oatmeal is not burned. In fact, it's just ready to eat now!"

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By Jerry Bond

Late one March evening in 1974, I was wakened by the sound of distant cries and shouts. At first I thought it was a domestic\* quarrel, but an urgency in the voices caused me to think it might be something more serious. I got up and opened the window. The smell of smoke, heavy and pungent\*, drifted into the room. And the voices, shrill with panic, cut clearly through the cool night air. Help me! Help me! My little girl is in there!" (\*See page 12 for definitions.)

Alarmed, I pulled on my pants, grabbed a flashlight, and followed the cries to Medlin Street, a block and a half away. There the house of a family named Green, a one-story brick structure, was ablaze. Black smoke was pouring out of the windows. A small crowd had gathered, mostly neighbours and a few policemen. The fire department hadn't arrived yet.

In the flickering orange-black gloom, I watched in horror as a team of men worked to pull Mr. Green through a small window near the back of the house. Then I saw Mrs. Green and three of her children huddled together on the front lawn. Their faces mirrored fear and terror. Mrs. Green was hysterical\*.

Theresa!" she screamed. My Theresa is still in there!"

I've got to do something, I thought. I've got to help. But I stood there frozen, unable to move. Confusion and panic surrounded me, became a part of me. The whole atmosphere seemed to crackle with heat and tension. I was afraid. A great shower of fiery sparks lit the night sky as part of the house caved in, and I heard Mrs. Green scream again.

Oh, Lord," I prayed, please help me!" Then I rushed to the house and pushed my way through the first available window. Once inside, I could hardly see. My heart was beating like a drum. Everything was black and smoking.

I groped my way forward until I got halfway across the room. Then, abruptly, I stopped. Something--some strong and strange sensation--told me that I was in the wrong room. This isn't right, it seemed to say. This isn't where you'll find her. The feeling was so powerful that I couldn't shake it. And then, I felt on my shoulder the sure, firm grasp of a hand pulling me back toward the window.

Get out of here!" I yelled, fearing for the other person's safety. I turned to follow, but there was no one there. There was only myself, alone and trembling.

Gasping, I headed for the window, pulled myself through, and lowered myself to the ground. I looked up to see Mrs. Green's frantic eyes desperately searching my own for encouragement. Finding none, she gestured wildly toward another window.

There," she whispered hoarsely. Go in there."

The window was a few feet off the ground. Someone gave me a boost, and I pushed myself inside, dropping to the floor with a thud. This room, too, was dark and smouldering\*. My eyes were smarting. I could barely see an arm's length ahead.

Oh, Lord," I prayed again, please help me!"

What happened next left me momentarily stunned\*. First, as if in answer to my prayer, I felt a surge of confidence that I was, indeed, in the right place, that I would find Theresa. And then, to my amazement, I felt the return of the same firm force on my shoulder that had pulled me from the other room. This time, however, it was even stronger and it seemed to push me to the floor. Though I didn't understand what was happening, I didn't fight it. Instinctively\*, I let it take over. Its Presence was both calming and reassuring. I knew it was good.

I relaxed, and let myself be pushed to the floor. I began to crawl, following the wall, arms outstretched, reaching, grabbing. I came to a bed and raised myself to search its rumpled\* surface.

No! a Voice seemed to warn. Stay low! I returned to my crawling position. I had found nothing on the bed. Don't worry, the Voice whispered. You're almost there. Don't worry.

At the foot of the bed lay a great pile of charred\* chairs, quilts, and blankets that seemed to have been thrown to the floor by someone in a panic. Reaching deep into the tangled maze, I found what I had been looking for--an arm, a leg, it was impossible to tell--but then I knew I had found Theresa. I pulled and pulled until she finally emerged, a limp little brown-haired bundle.

Theresa?" I whispered.

A shuddering gasp, barely audible\*, confirmed that she was alive. I threw her over my shoulder and ran for the window.

The crowd outside stared in silence as I gently laid Theresa on the ground and began to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation\*. Her small face, black with soot, was expressionless. Blue lights from police cars pulsed in the darkness. As I breathed into her tiny frame, I prayed for her survival. Wailing sirens and flashing red lights announced the arrival of fire trucks. I kept on breathing and praying. I listened to the fire chief bellowing orders on his bullhorn, and then I heard the front door being kicked in. The fire, reignited by the fresh supply of oxygen, exploded with a scorching blast.

Theresa's eyelids fluttered. She was breathing on her own. I held her until the ambulance arrived.

Looks like you got her out just in time," said the medic, as he took her from my arms. She's burned, but she'll be all right."

I waited for the ambulance to pull away, and then returned home.

Shaken by the experience, plagued by the echoes of terrified screams, I couldn't sleep. More than anything else, I was completely unnerved\* by the mysterious Presence that had led me to the little girl. I had always had faith in God and in the power of prayer, but this kind of intervention seemed uncanny\*. The idea was too much to comprehend\*, but I couldn't dismiss it. It kept me up all night.

At 7:00 a.m., I put on a jacket and shoes and returned to the scene of the fire. The house, a charred hull\* of blackened brick, was still smouldering. Skeletal shells of smoking furniture were strewn around the front yard. The fire inspector was there with a few policemen. He asked me what I was doing there. I told him. He said the blaze had probably been caused by a cigarette left burning on the living room sofa.

I went around to the room where I had found Theresa. Like the rest of the house, it was badly charred and blackened from smoke. The walls were blistered from the intense heat. In one corner rested the remains of a melted tennis racket.

Slowly I turned to gaze around the gutted\* room, when suddenly I stopped, transfixed\*, my eyes riveted\* on the wall. There, directly above the spot where I had found Theresa, was a portrait, neatly hung and, strangely, the only thing in the room undamaged by the fire. The frame, to be sure, was black with soot, but the face--the calm, steady, reassuring face--was clear and untouched.

It was a picture of Jesus.

To this day, I don't know how long I stood there, incredulously\* returning the portrait's gaze. But when I left, it was with newfound understanding & faith that I whispered to Him my profound\* thanks.

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By Priscila

It was a time when I was going through some heavy battles. I just didn't seem to be able to pull out of the discouragement I was in--no matter how much I prayed, no matter how much time I thought I was spending in the Word and trying to get close to Jesus. I couldn't understand why the Lord needed me, and I especially didn't know where He needed me. I asked the Lord to show Himself to me in the form of "signs and wonders" in my life. I knew that I wasn't really fighting, rather just drifting along, trying to forget about everything. I told the Lord that I'd put my battles aside for one month and give Him time to work things out, but until then I was trying to tune out of everything for a while and just take care of my jobs around the house.

I was cooking dinner that night. I said a quick prayer for my cooking as I turned on the stove. For the past week, the whole first floor had smelled like gas, because the gas bottles are not properly sealed when they are sold. (On poor fields like ours, we have to just get the bottles like this and really pray if we want to eat cooked meals, as that's all that is available.) The gas leakage was not always that bad, but there were times when it was. This was one of those times.

The meat that I was about to cook was frozen, so I stuck the whole thing in the hot oven to defrost, while I continued preparing the other things that were needed for the meal.

At that point somebody rushed in the kitchen to tell me that I was burning the meat. Only then did I realize that the whole kitchen was smoky. I hadn't really noticed it up till then. This shook me up a bit. I prayed again, this time much more seriously, and continued on with my work.

Some time later, somebody came in the kitchen to get a snack and told me that it smelled like gas. That was one of the most common phrases you hear in the kitchen. I knew well that in our storage there was one gas bottle that was continually leaking. Here in Moldova they sell huge, 80-liter gas bottles, so if one leaks you can't use it up and get rid of it very quickly. So I prayed again and continued on.

It was a rainy spring day in a very cold country, so I was enjoying being in the warm kitchen, stirring the pot on the stove. The house was quiet; everybody was busy with his or her work. The whole floor that I was on was empty. The rain against the windows made such a pleasant sound.

Then it happened: BOOM!

All I could see was a huge wall of fire extending high above my head. It seemed all encompassing and never ending. I felt heat searing my body, especially my face and hands as I stood by the stove.

Then everything went black. I couldn't see anything anymore. The thought that I might have gone blind made me cry out to Jesus in repentance for all my sins and unthankfulness.

Those awful seconds seemed like hours.

Then the terrible noise died down. The fire was gone too. And I could see! How I praised Jesus for that first miracle! My legs were shaking so that I could hardly walk. I staggered towards the stairs that led to the second floor. The rest of the Home members were running down the stairs. I went past them into the bathroom, dreading to look in the mirror and anxious to lean against a cold wall.

I opened the bathroom door and stepped inside, then turned towards the mirror. My face was completely flushed, but didn't appear to be at all burned. My hands were the same. I just couldn't believe it! My hair had been up in a ponytail, with only the sides hanging down. Those edges were almost completely burned. My sweater was quite burned also. My cotton stretch pants were completely burned through.--I could put my fingers right through the holes in them.

I felt my skin underneath. It was hot, but not burned.

It also happened that both my underwear and undershirt were made of highly flammable synthetics. But while my outer clothes were burned through, everything underneath was completely untouched. If anything should have caught fire, it would have been my underclothes, but my Jesus loved me too much to let that happen. His angels were there.

Somebody came and hugged me.--It was Francesco. Two nights before we had had our engagement ceremony, so



we were happy that we were both alive and uninjured.

It turned out that the noise of the explosion had actually shaken the walls of the house, and had brought everybody rushing downstairs.

I couldn't believe it, but I was completely fine. I only had very minor burns on my face and body--so minor that I almost couldn't feel them.

And on top of everything, I was left with a renewed appreciation for everything the Lord had given me--my sight, my skin, my hands, everything. Praise the Lord!--He never fails!

\*\*\*

For many years, Vivian and Lenny Morton had preached in any town that welcomed them. Like most missionaries, they asked for nothing in return. The couple lived on what God, through others, provided. If they had anything extra, they gave it to the poor.

One December, Vivian and Lenny were staying in Springfield, Missouri, in a little house at the end of a lane. Times had been tough that year. As Christmas neared, Vivian's faith wavered a bit. She needed something to cheer her up. "If you happen to come across any extra money," she told Lenny, "I'd like to have a white scarf with red dots for Christmas." Although it seemed like an unusual request to him, Lenny longed to buy Vivian the scarf she wanted. But their cash had run out. In fact, they hardly had any food in the house. How would they manage? When Christmas Day dawned, Vivian answered a knock on the door. It was an elderly woman she'd never seen before. Apparently, the old woman knew Vivian often fed the poor. "May I have some breakfast?" she asked.

"Not today, I'm afraid," Vivian replied. "We have nothing to share."

"Look again," the woman suggested, as she came in and sat down on a kitchen chair. Vivian opened her flour can and was surprised to see about a cup of flour. The can had been empty the day before. Quickly she made four tiny biscuits. While they were baking, she inspected her tea box and discovered a spoonful of tea. How odd! The biscuits turned out to be enormous, golden brown and delicious. When Vivian and her visitor had each eaten one, the latter suggested taking the others to Lenny, who was still asleep. As Vivian did so, however, she heard a door close. She turned. The kitchen was empty, but a little package sat on the table. "Oh, she's forgotten something!" Vivian said as she grabbed the package and flung open the door. The lane was completely empty. It was then that Vivian opened the package and understood Who had sent a Christmas visitor with the reassurance she needed. In her hands lay a white scarf with red dots.

\*\*\*

In December 1940, Mrs. A.E. Gadsby of Niagara Falls, Canada, mailed a Christmas parcel to her daughter in Prestwick, Scotland & prayed that it would arrive safely. The ship carrying the mails was torpedoed off the West Coast of Ireland, but a favourable tide floated the package & unerringly cast it ashore on the beach of Prestwick. The contents were soaked but perfectly usable. The address was still legible & the package reached the addressee two days after Christmas.

\*\*\*

A lad who had not been reared in a Christian home, knew nothing about prayer, & cared less, had been on a torpedoed ship, when all on board were thrust out into the water to swim for their lives. Twelve of the boys kept together. Suddenly, horrified, they saw a lake of burning oil coming toward them. It was impossible to escape. What could they do? Just then a Lutheran, the only Christian in the group, began to pray aloud. It was the heart cry of one in dire need to the God of mercy whom he knew: "O God, save us! O God, save us! O God, save us!" And with that, every one of the eleven, who had never known or thought about our God of Love, followed aloud with, "Please, God! Please, God!" Immediately the flaming oil parted, leaving a clear, wide path directly in front of them. And what do you think our gracious Lord had placed in this path? A raft! The lad who told the story ended with, "And no one can persuade these boys that God does not hear prayer."

\*\*\*

A Chinese Christian had been asked to give to a fund to be expended in sacrifice to idols as an insurance of his house against fire. He declined, on the ground that he trusted in the living God, & idols could not save from fire. When the idolatrous ceremony was over, fire broke out in the street where his home was & burned over 120 houses. When the flames were coming nearer & nearer to his house they tried to persuade him to remove his furniture, but he refused, & in their presence prayed to God to show that He was indeed the Lord of hosts Who could send legions of Angels to deliver him, if need be, from so great a calamity. Nearer & nearer came the fire, until only one house stood between his own house & the flames. Suddenly there were a change of wind & his house was saved.

\*\*\*

The plane had caught fire like a torch. "I was still conscious," said the pilot, "and I tried to get through the little window next to my seat. Flames licked at my back & legs. I got halfway through, but the chute on my back wedged me in. I had to go back into a fire & try to get it off. But I couldn't. My fingers were numb. The last thing I remembered was shouting, 'Please help me, God!' And the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground, with the doctor bending over me. Nobody knows yet how I got out of that window."

He hesitated for a moment, & then added, "My theory, of course, is that the Lord pulled a fast one."

\*\*\*

A friend of mine, Miss L. Dennis of the Heart of Africa Mission, spent her Christmas Day as the only European in a Congo village. She was without food at dinner time, and kneeled at her bedside in the tiny one-roomed native hut to pray, "Give me this day my daily bread." As she arose, out flew a little hen with a loud, "Tuck, Tuck, Tuck." She had laid her first egg under the bed.

\*\*\*

How much does a prayer weigh? The only man I ever knew who tried to weigh one still does not know.

Once upon a time he thought he did. That was when he owned a little grocery store on the West side. It was the week before Christmas after the World War. A tired looking woman came into the store & asked him for enough food to make up a Christmas dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend.

She answer, "My husband was killed in the war, I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

This man confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a bread line.

So he said, "Write it on paper," & turned about his business.

To his surprise, the woman plucked a piece of paper out of her bosom & handed it to him over the counter & said, "I did that during the night watching over my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover from his surprise, & then regretted having done so! For what would he do with it, what could he say?

Then an idea suddenly came to him. He placed the paper, without even reading the prayer, on the weight side of his old-fashioned scales. He said, "We shall see how much food this is worth."

To his astonishment the scale would not go down when he put a loaf of bread on the other side. To his confusion & embarrassment, it would not go down though he kept on adding food, anything he could lay his hands on quickly, because people were watching him.

He tried to be gruff & he was making a bad job of it. His face got red & it made him angry to be flustered.

So finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold anyway. Here's a bag. You'll have to be put it in yourself. I'm busy."

With what sounded like a gasp or a little sob, she took the bag & started packing in the food, wiping her eyes on her sleeves every time her arm was free to do so. He tried not to look, but he could not helping seeing that he had given her a pretty big bag & that it was not quite full. So he tossed a large cheese down the counter, but he did not say anything; nor did he see the timid smile of grateful understanding which glistened in her moist eyes at this final betrayal of the grocer's crusty exterior.

When the woman had gone, he went to look at the scales, scratching his head & shaking it in puzzlement. Then he found the solution. The scales were broken.

The grocer is an old man now. His hair is white. But he still scratches it in same place & shakes it slowly back

& forth with the same puzzled expression. He never saw the woman again. And, come to think of it, he had never seen her before either. Yet for the rest of his life he remembered her better than any other woman in the world & thought of her more often.

He knew it had not been just his imagination, for he still had the slip of paper upon which the woman's prayer had been written: "Please, Lord, give us this day our daily bread." (Matt.6:11)

\*\*\*

. A sergeant-major, converted some time ago in a Salvation Army hut while on duty in the Middle East, had charge of the locomotive which ran between Cairo & Haifa. After his conversion he made it a practice, before starting on each journey, to pray for the safety of the train & of his passengers. On one journey the engine suddenly stopped, for no apparent reason. A civil engineer on the train, as well as the engine staff tried in vain to discover the cause of the breakdown which took place at 3 o'clock on a week morning. As dawn approached, two workmen came running farther down the line with the news that a rainstorm had made a hole in the permanent way large enough to engulf the whole train had it proceeded. "What luck!" the passengers said. But the driver quietly gave his witness & spoke of the prayer he offered for their safety every time he took his place on the footplate. Strangely enough, as it seemed to the passengers, the engine started without a hitch when the track had been repaired after a 14-hour holdup.

\*\*\*

One of the many interesting stories of the Bible is that of Elijah & the ravens. You remember that God sent ravens to bring His servant food, when he was at the brook, hiding from Ahab. Sometimes we seem to think that such wonderful things happened long ago, but that they do not happen any more. But in this we are mistaken. God still cares for His people. He is always near, when they need Him.

David Brainerd was a famous missionary who went to the Indians to preach the Gospel. As a result of his labours, many of the Indians found their Saviour. Brainerd was a man of prayer. In his diary he tells of his experiences on his many travels. And he often mentions how the Lord heard & answered his prayers.

One day, on one of his many journeys to visit an Indian tribe, he was overtaken by a severe storm. He looked for a place of shelter & eventually found one in a hollow log of a very large tree. While there, he prayed for the Indians & also that the Lord would take care of him & his needs.

When meal time came, he was hungry, but there was nothing to eat. He noticed a squirrel approaching the tree. The squirrel chattered a while. When the little animal disappeared, Brainerd noticed that he had left a few nuts behind. The missionary ate those nuts.

Three days the storm continued, & for three days Brainerd remained in the log. Each day the squirrel came to deposit some nuts at the entrance. David Brainerd knew that the Lord had sent that squirrel.

\*\*\*

After Charran & our four oldest children sang at an old folks' home & led all 55 people in prayer to receive Jesus, the people who were having a party drew numbers to receive little prizes. Many of them gave the prizes they had won to the children.

We were given several very useful things but the miracle was that 3-year-old Lara needed a nightie & one of the prizes was a beautiful warm flannel nightie that fit her perfectly!--And yet these were prizes being given to old people! Thank You Jesus for how He always supplies!

\*\*\*

In Central British Columbia, in a very isolated community, a Shantyman missionary was leading an open air service in front of a general store. Soon the program was interrupted by the appearance of a drunken cowboy who spurred his horse in a headlong gallop directly toward the missionary. Not one of the people who stood & watched the scene was aware of the quick inner cry for guidance & help that flashed from the missionary's heart to the throne of God. A split-second decision was reached: "Lord, You are able to protect--if You permit that horse & rider to run me down--Thy Will be done."

The horse lunged forward until its next step must smash the missionary to the ground. Suddenly it reared on its hind legs, as if encountering an invisible wall of the protection of the Lord. Three times the booze-crazed rider

spurred his frothing mount at the missionary, & three times the horse refused to take the final leap that would have spelled serious injury or death to the Shantyman. The service proceeded to a conclusion as if there had been no danger.

\*\*\*

Formerly our church was built upon a high bluff. The street in front was wide, & an experienced driver had no difficulty in turning there. I had not been driving long enough to have confidence in myself, & usually sought a safer turning point. Once I was in a hurry & tried to make the turn near the embankment. I don't know what happened, but I found the car going backward at full speed & 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, & 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, & my eyes fell upon these words: "He inclined unto me, & heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miraculously clay, & set my feet upon a rock." The Word made me even surer that this was a miracle.

\*\*\*

An African told how God worked Easter Sunday at the Ibuga Church of Western Tanzania. The Ibuga Christians had to meet outdoors because the buildings could not accommodate the 800 who attended. While they sang & worshipped, they had no idea of the calamity that was striking their neighbourhood.

About the time they started their service, a huge lioness came from the forest wild & mad. Normally a lion would kill & eat, but she was only bent on killing. She dashed from house to house attacking everything in her path. She killed three goats, a cow, & then a woman & her child! As the cry of anguish arose, the lioness ran off in the direction of the Ibuga Church meeting. The villagers said that now the "Mungu Mwena" ("God is good") people will get it, for that lioness is headed directly for them.

The congregation suddenly saw the creature only a few yards away. She stopped & growled furiously. The people quivered with shock! 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." Then with a God-given faith & authority he turned to the lioness & said, "You lion, I curse you in the Name of Jesus Christ!"

Then the most amazing thing happened. From the scattered clouds, though there had been no rain--nor was there any later--a bolt of lightning struck the lioness & she dropped dead in her tracks. The preacher ran & jumped up & down on the carcass & then used it as a platform to preach!

Seventeen people were instantly saved. The community was stirred & agreed with the local policeman who muttered as they carried the carcass to the police station, "the God of these 'Mungu Mwena' people surely is a God of miracles!"

\*\*\*

I read an incident that occurred during the first settling of the United States when there were plenty of wild Indians & wild animals. The country was thinly settled with white people. There was a young Christian family living in Virginia, consisting of a man, his wife & two small children. One day in the summer after they got their crop done they went to visit their nearest neighbour, eight or ten miles away, the woman & the children on their only horse & the man with his rifle walked beside his family.

In the evening about the time they started for home, there rose a storm & before they reached home dark overtook them. The storm was raging, the lightning was fearfully flashing every few seconds--they could only see their Indian path by the flashing lightning. They got about a mile from their home. All at once the horse stopped & by the flash of lightning they saw a huge panther on a limb of a tree just in front of them, ready to make his spring on the woman & children; (the man started to shoot, but in morning he had forgotten to take but one load for his rifle & he had used that one.) Just as the animal started to leap, the woman looked up through the fearful clouds, & prayed to the Lord to save them, & at that very moment there came a stroke of lightning, tore the tree up & the wild beast fell dead right in front of them. Such is the power of the Almighty to answer an earnest & faithful prayer.

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In February, 1931, our district was reduced to a state of famine, & there was yet another month to wheat harvest. We had helped many, but one day when the Christians came for help we had to tell them we had nothing left. I told them that God was a prayer-hearing & prayer-answering God. They proposed to come & join in prayer each afternoon.

On the fourth day of intercession I was called out of the meeting to see what was happening. Away in the north was a dark cloud appearing, & as we watched, it crossed our district & rained heavily. It was not an ordinary rain, but a deluge of little black seeds in such abundance they could be shoveled up. They asked, "What is it?" reminding us of the children of Israel in the wilderness who asked a similar question. The seeds proved edible, & the supply so great it sustained the people until harvest. We learned later that the storm had arisen in Mongolia & wrecked the places where this grain was stored. The seed was carried 1500 miles to drop on the district where prayer was being answered.

\*\*\*

During the Second World War, when the Japanese were invading Java, a lady called Marquita Bischof & her daughter had to leave their home & flee from the enemy. After travelling a long way, they came to house of a Dutchman, & he allowed them to stay in a little hut on his plantation, & helped them with food supplies.

But after a time this man was taken away by the enemy, & though the two women stayed on in their hut, they were in great need. They had no food, & were close to starvation. In despair, they went out to dig in the ground to see if they could find any roots to eat.

Suddenly Marquita decided to ask God for help. She got down on her knees & prayed, "God, we are starving, & must have meat. And, please, God, we want it now!" Then she sat back & waited.

Almost at once a huge bird came flying overhead, carrying in its beak a chicken which it had seized. As it came near, it dropped the chicken, only a few yards away from her. They were able to cook the bird & eat it, & so save their lives.

Telling this story afterwards, Marquita said, "Of course there are missionaries, & of course there is a God."

\*\*\*

One morning I was on my knees praying, asking God to send me \$10.00 some way, so that I could buy an automobile license. If I were to preach the next Sunday morning at the penitentiary, I needed means of transportation. And so I prayed & told God that if He wanted me to preach there, it was His problem, & not mine.

While I was talking to the Lord, my wife was cleaning the carpets downstairs. She turned off the vacuum cleaner & shouted upstairs, "Are you praying for \$10.00?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Well, quit praying," she said, "Somebody has just shoved it through the letter slot in the door."

\*\*\*

H. Clay Trumbull, in his book, "Personal Prayer", tells of a widow who had a hard struggle providing for her two children. One stormy night, she found she had not one particle of food in the house for the next day's need. She prayed with her children that night, omitting to tell them of their need. When morning came, she prayed for their daily bread, assured that her Father could supply it--as He alone knew how. She asked her children to go down to the shore before breakfast, & get some clean sand for their sitting room floor. Before the days of woolen carpets, in the humbler New England homes they were accustomed to strew sand on the floor. When the children had gone, the mother again kneeled & prayed for their daily bread. After this she spread the breakfast table, for which she had no food. Suddenly the children returned without the sand, but bringing gleefully a fine fish, which they had found in a hollow of the beach, as left by the outgoing tide after the storm, & which they together had captured. With a grateful heart she thanked God for His goodness, & prepared the fish for their breakfast.

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When Napoleon's army was marching through the country, a good Christian woman, a widow with children, was somewhat fearful lest the soldiers should molest the home; & that night, around the family altar, she breathed her prayer, "Oh, God, build a wall around our home & protect us from the enemy." When the children retired they were

heard asking one another, "What did Mother mean asking God to build a wall around our home?' In the morning they knew, for a heavy wind & snow storm had come, & snowdrifts were all around the little home; the soldiers went by, not knowing that the house was there. That mother used God's Promise. So may you, & then you will thank God for the answer.

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In the Spring of 1921, a group of British soldiers faced death from thirst on the Sinai Desert, in Egypt.

They were a small desert patrol which had become lost in a furious sandstorm & had run out of water. In desperation, they decided to dig in the sand, hoping to find a well.

Suddenly, one of the men remembered a passage from the Bible, the one referring to Moses striking the desert rock & bringing forth water for the children of Israel. He pointed out to his companions that this was the same Sinai Desert, & that there was a rock ledge nearby. Why not, he asked, try to find water just as Moses had done?

The tortured men, willing to believe anything, immediately started to swing at the rocky ledge with a small pick-ax they carried. Then, as they struck out frantically, a miracle occurred...a trickle of clear, sweet water came out of the face of the rock.

The rock was actually soft limestone, & part of it covered a hidden spring. This water kept the men alive until they were rescued...proving that an Old Testament miracle could be repeated in the 20th Century.

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By Stanley Maxwell

Excerpts from Insights' Most Unforgettable Stories, 1990

"Do you know my Friend Jesus?" Mr. Wong often asked. To some people this question seemed out of place for two reasons: First, Mr. Wong was Chinese, and expressing his personal feelings about a friend is something seldom done by Chinese. And second, he was expressing his feelings about Jesus in Communist China at a time when talking about anyone with such affection and esteem besides Party Chairman Mao Zedong could result in a prison term or even a bullet to the head.

Persuading people to believe in Jesus (or proselytizing, the term the Communists used) was illegal in Communist China and still is today. So Mr. Wong's question, "Do you know my Friend Jesus?" was daring indeed.

Yet the 60-some-year-old Mr. Wong persisted in asking his question every day of nearly everyone he met. It didn't seem to matter to him that China was in the midst of the Cultural Revolution, [1] and that people were being arrested and killed every day by the government's youthful Red Guards.

Mr. Wong just wanted everyone to know his Friend Jesus. He wasn't worried that someone might report him. However, someone must have reported him, for one day Mr. Wong was visited by blue-clad youths with red arm bands. He was expecting them. "We hear you've been talking about your Friend Jesus," they snapped.

"Yes, I have," Mr. Wong replied, recognizing these youths as members of the notorious Red Guard. "Do you know my Friend Jesus?"

"Stop it!" the Red Guards' leader commanded. "Don't you know it's illegal to talk about Jesus? Lenin says religion is the opiate [2] of the people. It's time you were liberated from all this feudalistic [3] nonsense and came into step with the New China. Wake up and see the foolishness of all your bourgeois [4] liberalism and Western ideas. You must follow the sayings in the little red book of our great leader, Mao Zedong!"

"I cannot," Mr. Wong replied.

"You won't stop your counter-revolutionary [5] activities?" the Red Guard shouted.

"I cannot stop talking about my Friend Jesus, if that's what you mean." Mr. Wong spoke calmly. "Jesus is my best Friend, and He can be your Friend, too."

"Maybe in prison you can be re-educated to abandon the error of your ways. Maybe in prison you will come to recognize the correctness of the people's party. We won't tolerate counter-revolutionaries! The people's revolution must go forward! You are a counter-revolutionary! Men! The dunce cap! [6]"

A Red Guard jumped at the leader's command, crammed a paper dunce cap on Mr. Wong's head, and shoved him out the door onto the dusty streets.

Another of the guards held Mr. Wong's head down as they walked. The Red Guards formed a procession marching down the dirty streets past the endless throngs, as they chanted Mr. Wong's crimes to the masses. Word of Mr. Wong's arrest had spread widely by the time the Red Guards paraded him into the prison yard.

But if the Red Guards thought they could silence Mr. Wong by placing him behind bars, they were mistaken. In prison he found many inmates willing to know his Friend Jesus and to talk about Jesus with him.

Angrily the guards in the prison called him in for interrogation. [7] They thought it time to teach him a lesson.

"Do you know why you're here, Mr. Wong?"

"For talking about my Friend Jesus," Mr. Wong replied.

"That's right. Why are you still talking about Him? Don't you know it's forbidden to talk about Jesus in China?"

"Yes, I know."

"Then are you going to stop?"

"No. I cannot stop talking about my Friend. Lonely prisoners need to know Jesus. It's my duty."

"It's your duty to study and obey the correct sayings of Chairman Mao in his little red book. You should study Mao's sayings with the other prisoners. Do you know what will happen to you if you don't stop talking about this superstitious bourgeois liberalism?"

"No," Mr. Wong acknowledged.

"We'll throw you into a stricter prison!"

"That's fine," Mr. Wong said. "I'm not afraid. I'll still talk about my Friend Jesus wherever you put me."

"Then we'll take you away!" the guard shouted.

They transferred him into a stricter prison. But there, too, he asked the prisoners if they knew his Friend Jesus. And soon there were a number who talked about Jesus with him. The guards responsible for Mr. Wong's "re-education" became angrier than ever. So they decided it was time to teach him a lesson he could never forget.

The guard examined Mr. Wong's dossier [8] for something he could use against him. His finger hit upon a line, and a rare smile spread across his face. "You're a troublemaker. You've been transferred once already. We must teach ruffians like you a lesson. We'll transfer you again to Qinghai hard labour camp. There we shall see if we can't liberate you from all this religious opiate you so stubbornly cling to! It's people like you who hold back the progress of the people's rightful and benevolent [9] dictatorship."

Mr. Wong gulped, but mustered a brave, "Take me. I'm ready." He picked up his packed bag and followed the guards.

Anyone sent on the long road to Qinghai during the time of the Cultural Revolution felt pangs of dread, for it was a place you could check in to, but could never leave. Mr. Wong wondered if God would protect him as He did Daniel, or have him die, as He did Stephen.

Qinghai hard labour camp was located in a barren, flat land with hard ruddy [10] soil and clumps of green grass. One of the main reasons prisoners didn't return from Qinghai was that the grass growing there was poisonous. The prison guards rationed so little food to the inmates and worked them so hard that to fend off starvation many tried eating the grass. Then they died of poisoning.

If anyone tried to escape, there was nowhere to go. The prisoner could easily be found on the flat terrain. Besides, the weather in Qinghai is windy year-round, unbearably cold at night, even in summer, and bitterly cold in the winter. And if the wind or cold didn't wear out an escaping prisoner, the thin air would.

Mr. Wong had not met anyone released from Qinghai yet. He didn't expect to be released, nor did he plan to escape. But he knew he didn't have to be afraid, for God was with him. The guards escorted him to a room for indoctrination [11].

"Do you know why you're here?" The questioning was beginning to sound like a broken record.

"Because I talk about my Friend Jesus," he answered as patiently as before.

"You can't talk about Him!"

"I know."

"Are you going to quit?"

"No, I cannot."

"Do you know what we'll do to you if you don't quit?"

"What can you do? You can't kill me!" Mr. Wong couldn't believe what he heard himself express! Why had he said those words?

The guards' eyes glared. They looked at each other, then nodded. This old man is challenging us, they thought. Who is he to say we can't kill him?

They took Mr. Wong into another room and tortured him. At the end of the day the guard asked, "Are you

ready to quit talking about this Jesus nonsense?"

The pain he was suffering screamed at him to say yes. He even thought he would have to give in--but not today. Tomorrow, maybe, but for the sake of his Friend Jesus, no, not today.

"No. I cannot stop talking about my Friend Jesus." The guards left him.

The next day the guards again entered Mr. Wong's cell and asked him the same question: "Will you stop talking your Jesus nonsense?"

The pain was much worse the second day. Again he was tempted to say yes, but no--tomorrow, yes, maybe he should tomorrow, but for Christ's sake, not today.

"No," he again heard himself say, "I cannot stop talking about my Friend Jesus." The guards re-entered his cell every day for a week. Each time they continued the torture and asked him the same question. And each time Mr. Wong felt the same temptation, but gave the same answer.

On the seventh day they thought he was dead, so they took him and threw him on the pile of dead people. Some time later Mr. Wong revived, he crawled off the dead pile and into the camp--to the astonishment of the other inmates and the embarrassment of the guards. They had not been able to kill him!

For the time being the guards thought it best to leave him alone. When Mr. Wong entered the camp, his face and body were covered with scabs from the torture. But amazingly, soon his skin was clear and healthy again. The scabs flaked off easily, and his skin softened. No scars remained. Mr. Wong thanked his Friend Jesus for healing him miraculously.

Again Mr. Wong began asking his fellow inmates, "Do you know my Friend Jesus?" Many were interested in talking with him about Jesus, and soon he had a group of followers who liked to talk about their Friend Jesus.

Frustrated, the guards decided it was time to teach him a real lesson. The guards took Mr. Wong into a cell.

"You cannot talk about this Jesus. It's against the law."

"I know."

"Are you going to stop?"

"If Chairman Mao himself were standing here asking me the same question, I would still say I cannot stop talking about my Friend Jesus."

Infuriated, the guards seized Mr. Wong. They broke both his arms and both his legs, then threw him out onto the dead pile again.

Mr. Wong miraculously walked back into the camp that same day! Now more inmates than ever were interested in learning about Mr. Wong's special Friend.

The guards tolerated the activity again for a time, but then they decided it was time to stop his witnessing once and for all. They had tortured him and broken his bones, but they had failed to kill him. If they couldn't kill him, maybe the elements could.

It was winter, and the temperature was incredibly cold, far below zero. They removed his clothes and tied his hands and feet to a post outdoors. Maybe he had only been unconscious the first time they threw him on the dead pile. Maybe they had not actually broken his bones, and that was how he had walked back to camp unharmed. Maybe his body was naturally immune to the poisons of the Qinghai grass, for he thrived on the stuff. But the cold would kill him, they laughed to themselves. This time they were sure they would be rid of this troublesome man.

Left alone in the dark, Mr. Wong prayed to his Friend Jesus. A Presence came and left. The ropes were loose! He wriggled his hands and feet out of the ropes. He was free! An Angel must have untied the ropes, he thought.

Performing exercises helped keep him warm during the night. But as the new day began to dawn, Mr. Wong began to worry that if the guards would find him unfettered [12], they would blame his friends in the camp with whom he talked about Jesus. The guards might torture or even kill them.

He didn't want to cause them grief unwittingly [13] so he retied his ankles. That was easily done, but tying his wrists behind his back posed a problem. He needed an extra pair of hands! There seemed no human solution.

So he prayed again. "Lord, You sent my Guardian Angel to untie me. Now, please send him back to tie me up again!" He felt the ropes tighten around his hands, and he was held fast to the post. It was none too soon. He could hear the guard approaching.

When the guards found Mr. Wong's skin rosy pink and not pale blue, they were angry indeed. Why couldn't they kill this man who always talked about Jesus?

Grudgingly [14], they began to untie the knots. Undoing the rope at his feet was no problem, but at his wrists the knot was so tight it took the guard half an hour to get it loose! Mr. Wong couldn't help thinking to himself that



his Guardian Angel either didn't know his own strength, or had a delightful sense of humour!

Back in the prison, Mr. Wong became known as the man the prison guards could not kill. From that time on, the guards stopped trying to teach him a lesson and looked the other way when he talked about his Friend Jesus.

Today Mr. Wong is in his 80s, but he looks like a man 20 years younger, and he has enough energy to tire a man half his age.

Many people in China think the Cultural Revolution wasted 10 years of their lives, but Mr. Wong has a special reward from his so-called lost years. He proudly shows his collection of letters from other survivors of Qinghai, saying that his experience in prison inspired them to believe his God exists. They thank him for talking about his Friend Jesus. And he still talks about his Friend Jesus to whoever will listen.

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By Tommy Smith

My mind was churning as I maneuvered [24] my 18-wheeler [25] through freeway traffic & headed east on Interstate 80 outside of Youngstown, Ohio. I was sure I was the most miserable trucker on the road that hot day in August, 1988. Just minutes earlier I'd left a pay phone at a truck stop. My wife, Ladoris, had told me that the divorce papers would be ready for my signature when I returned home on Saturday.

"I just can't reach you any more, Tom," Ladoris had said, her voice trembling as she hung up.

In the side mirror, I noticed a two-door, silver Oldsmobile Cutlass [26] begin to ease around me. The driver, a slight, grey-haired woman, was leaning forward, gripping the steering wheel as she peered over on top of it at the winding road. Something about her tense posture worried me. I slowed to let her pass, & watched the Cutlass inch ahead.

My thoughts, however, kept going back to the various problems that had slowly created the trouble between Ladoris & me. It had always been hard for me to go home late on Friday night after a long stretch on the road & be ready to jump instantly into the active pace of normal family life. For years I'd tried because I loved my family. But when I felt my wife was expecting too much of me, I began to clam up.

Something about that old Cutlass caught my attention again. I watched as its right turn-signal began to blink. The woman was ahead of me now & edging back into my lane. The Youngstown city limits had faded behind us, & traffic was thinning. Broiling sunlight poured into my cab & glinted off the back window of the Cutlass.

I checked the side mirror again; no one was behind me. Then I reached to flip the air-conditioner up a notch.

But my hand stopped in midair. My eyes were on the Cutlass again. Instead of straightening, the car veered right, off the edge of this road.

"No, lady, straighten up!" I yelled. I began applying my brakes & my tires squealed. The car struck a barricade, shot into the air, dropped down a closed freeway ramp, flipped over & landed upright in a ditch.

"She's got a ruptured gasline!" I shouted to myself as flames appeared underneath the car. "That car's going to blow! I've got to get that woman out of there!"

I skidded to a stop on the shoulder of the road, tumbled out of the truck, leaped over the guardrail & scrambled down the embankment.

Hurry! Hurry! I raced across the parched grass in the ditch to the car. Already it was beginning to fill with thick, black smoke.

The woman was leaning against the front side window, unconscious, still securely fastened with her seat belt.

"Come on, lady, we've got to get you out of here!" I could hear a crackling sound underneath the car & smelled gasoline. I knew I had only three or four minutes at the most to free her.

I tugged at the seat belt. It was jammed. Frantically I fiddled with the clasp, then pulled out my pocketknife.

"Come on. Come on!" I could only mutter the words. My mouth was so dry that my tongue was sticking to the roof of it. I hacked away at the seat belt as the heat increased on my face & hands. Please. Please. Why doesn't somebody stop & help us?

Finally the belt gave way in my hands. I pulled the woman out, & the car door snapped shut. I scooped her up in my arms & ran toward the truck. At last! Now I can call for help on the CB.

As I reached the truck, I set the woman down on the grass at the top part of the embankment. I was relieved to see that even though she was hurt, she was breathing well. Just then her swollen eyelids began to flutter. For a moment she stared at me with a dazed expression. Suddenly her eyes widened in fear as full consciousness returned.

"Did you get Philip?"

"Don't worry, Ma'am, I'll call for your family as soon as I get you some help."

"No, no, you don't understand. My husband! Philip was lying down in the back seat of the car!"

And that car can't have more than two minutes left....

"I'll get him," I gasped, hoping it was the truth.

This time my feet felt like lead as I stumbled down the embankment & ran across the ditch to the car.

The door handle on the driver's side felt hot as I yanked the door open. The front passenger's seat was blazing. Once again, fresh air chased billows of black smoke around me.

"Philip!" I yelled. I heard a faint moan. He's alive! I yanked the top of the driver's seat forward & leaned over into the back. The smoke had cleared enough for me to see.

The man was upside down, behind the seat, his head under the driver's seat. The rest of his body jutted upward on the back seat, his right foot pressed against the back window, his left leg at a sickening angle halfway underneath him. His arms hung like broken tree limbs. He looked like a large, discarded rag doll.

I'm a fairly big man. He was bigger. How am I going to get him out of here by myself? Please, somebody, help me!

Still leaning in from outside the car, I began pulling on Philip's shoulders. I grunted & tugged, but his head was wedged so tightly it just wouldn't move. Smoke was building up again. My lungs ached. My ears buzzed.

I straightened up from my leaning position & took another gulp of fresh air. It's no use; I can't get him out this way. I've got to get in the car. If I can just loosen up the seat enough to free his head.... It was a desperate plan, but I knew I only had seconds left.

I crawled in to the cramped back seat area & braced myself. I awkwardly grabbed the bottom of the seat & pulled upward. Nothing.

I pulled again. I could feel the heat from the burning passenger seat.

It's no use. I just can't do it. And this car's going to go up in flames any time....

"God!" My scream tore from the innermost part of my being. "Please! I don't want to get out of this car without this poor man!"

Before the words cleared my lips, I knew--I knew He was there. I could feel His Divine Presence filling me, giving me strength.

Once again, I pulled. I heard a click. The seat loosened! I pulled it forward as far as I could, then reached down & grabbed Philip under his armpits. As I pulled him up, I felt myself falling out of the car, with Philip on top of me. I stood up, picked him up in my arms, & carried him bodily along the grassy ditch & up the embankment. Exhausted, I eased him down beside his wife.

Just then the car exploded! The force of it knocked me down beside Philip. I pulled myself up to my knees & leaned over him. He's not breathing!

I'd never had training in resuscitation [27], but I knew I had to try to help him breathe. I'd seen it done in the movies. I placed my mouth on Philip's & began to blow. Then I gently pressed his chest. Blow & press. Blow & press.

Philip began to sputter. Then stopped. "No! Philip! You can't die on me, man, not after all this! God, don't let him die!"

Blow. Press. He began to breathe again. This time, he kept breathing. And by then another trucker had arrived & was calling the police & paramedics [28].

Soon there were sirens & flashing lights. A paramedic checked me. Half of my beard was gone, singed from the heat. I had minor burns on my left arm, but I was fine. Hoses spewed foam on the blazing car.

As one ambulance took off for the hospital with Philip, a paramedic called me over to the side of the second ambulance. "She won't let me leave until she talks to you."

I leaned over the woman. "For as long as I live", she said, "a day won't go by that I won't say a prayer for you."

Then the ambulance was screaming away, & I turned & looked at the charred car. There on the back bumper, I saw a bright yellow sticker untouched by the fire. It proclaimed, I love God.

An hour before, I had believed in God, but now I had experienced Him. I silently mouthed the words, "I love God." And the speaking of the words released a strong surge of joy. "I do love You, God!"

Ladoris & I didn't sign divorce papers when I got home Saturday. We talked. And talked. We made a pledge to work things out--with the help of the same powerful God Who had become so real to me.

And we've done it. Nowadays when I get home after a long trip, I'm still tired, but I don't clam up the way I used to. Whenever I'm pressed or feel like backing off, I recall my experience out there on Interstate 80, & I picture that yellow bumper sticker with three words: I love God. I tell God I love Him & I ask Him to help me. And just as He did out there on the interstate, He gives me strength.

One night several weeks after all of this happened, I got a phone call from the woman I'd rescued, Agnes Studer. She & Philip, a retired couple from Maryland, were slowly recovering.

Ladoris got on the phone & told her about our changed lives. And about what the bumper sticker had meant to me. When she hung up, Ladoris had a strange expression on her face.

"What is it, Honey?" I asked.

"Tom, she says there never was a bumper sticker on her car. And there never has been."

But it was there. I'm sure of it. For a few brief, shining moments, that bumper sticker was there. Just for me.

\*\*\*

During a very hot summer in the late 1960s, Ray and Pam were leading a Christian youth camp in North Devon, England. Just before lunch, Pam was appreciating the beauty of the coastline and noticed hundreds of people in the car park, sitting by their cars eating their picnics.

Suddenly she heard the loud noise of an engine, and saw a tractor, out of control, careening wildly down a steep field. The driver managed to steer it through the first gate, but it was gaining speed at a frightening rate as it hurtled down the second field. Many of the guests at the house at the top of the hill and in the youth camp watched with horror and prayed desperately for the young man on the tractor to bring it under control, as it raced towards the crowds of holidaymakers.

Pam prayed, "Lord, please change its direction," and moments later it turned away from the car park, banking on a small hillock. It missed the car park by yards and somersaulted over the cliff.

Ray took a few men with him and raced down the cliff pathway, instructing everyone else to stay and pray. It was time for lunch at the camp, but no one felt much like eating.

Pam says, "All I could think of was that brave young man desperately trying to steer the tractor to safety."

Eventually the men returned. "He's dead, isn't he?" I said to Ray.

"Who's dead?" he asked quietly.

"Well, the man in brown on the tractor."

He said, "Tell me what you saw."

I described the scene, finishing, "It all happened so quickly. My last picture of him was leaning right over the wheel, hands almost crossed over."

My husband replied, "There was no one on the tractor."

"But I saw him," I said incredulously.

"I saw him too," Ray said, "but we searched the cliff face and everywhere, and then news came from the house. The tractor driver had left the engine running while he went to shut the gate and he could not get back in time. There was no one on it. The tractor landed upside down on a car. The widowed mother of a large family had been sitting in the car, but she had just got out and walked to the chalet door, and was wondering why she had done so. The next moment the tractor came over the cliff and totally crushed her car. She was unharmed, as were the scores of people only yards away in the car park. There was no one on the tractor."

"If that was so," writes Pam, "then who was the young man who had driven the tractor so brilliantly to the single place where its fall could be stopped by a one-foot diameter oak tree and just one car, and, miraculously, no one be hurt?"

\*\*\*

Someone who had an even more dramatic experience was Dorothy, the founder of a Christian healing center. Dorothy 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.

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 [supply room] 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 discolored 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.

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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 got 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 t hugs 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."

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A couple of years ago, Tina Lee's husband, David, was clearing some land to enlarge their produce garden near their home in rural Georgia. The Lees enjoyed gardening, and their crop of peas, butter beans, tomatoes, and potatoes (among other things) fed them all year 'round. As David drove the tractor, Tina went inside to answer the telephone, which was by the window from which she could watch both her husband and their two-year-old son Joshua, who was playing near the house.

As she picked up the phone, she was horrified to look outside and see David on the ground-and the tractor on top of him. "Joshua, stay right there!" she yelled to her 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."

Tina and David hadn't seen, but they both knew that "from the mouths of babes" had come the only explanation for what had happened. "I've always believed in angels and felt their comfort," says Tina, "but this solidified my belief that angels are always protecting us, too!"

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-By Debbie Durrance

We had just finished Sunday dinner when our 12-year-old son, Mark, asked if he and his dog, Bo, could go out into the field beyond our house for a while. "Just be careful," my husband told him. It was the advice Bobby always gave our children whenever they went out alone, especially in the three years since we'd moved 30 miles out into the brushland of southwestern Florida. Several of our animals had been bitten by rattlesnakes.

As I cleared away the dinner dishes, I watched Mark and Bo race off through the orange and lemon trees of our private oasis. Mark had become so self-reliant out here in the country, I thought.

I took my time with the dishes, enjoying the slow Sunday afternoon, and was just finishing up when I heard the living room door open. Suddenly our older son, Buddy, yelled, "Mark, what's wrong?" I threw down the dish towel and ran toward the living room just as Mark gasped, "I-I've been rattlesnake-bit. ... " There was a dull thud. When I got there, Mark was on the floor, unconscious. "Go get your dad. Hurry!" I said to Buddy.

I pulled off Mark's shoe; his foot had already swollen into a large, ugly purple mass. There was a musky odor about him, the same odor we'd noticed the times our animals had been bitten by rattlesnakes. In seconds, Bobby rushed in and grabbed Mark up in his arms. "Come on," he said. "We've got to get him to the emergency center!"

We ran and climbed into the cab of Bobby's work truck. I held Mark on my lap, Buddy sat in the middle and Bobby drove. "Oh, God," I prayed, "help us." It was 17 miles to the emergency center, and every minute counted.

Mark was unconscious, and convulsions [1] jerked his body. I tried to hold him still, with his face next to mine. As long as I could feel his breath against my cheek, I knew he was still alive. But the soft flutters were becoming weaker and less frequent.

"Hurry, Bobby-please hurry!" I pleaded as he frantically passed car after car. Buddy sat in the center, quietly struggling to hold his brother's legs. None of us dared say it, but we all knew we were in a race with death.

As we neared the business section, steam started to seep out from under the hood of the truck. The motor was overheating. About a mile from the clinic, the motor began to pop and sputter.

I glanced over at Bobby. What would we do if the motor stopped? But before I could get the words out, Bobby had to brake for a slower vehicle and the motor cut off completely. I clutched Mark to me, trying to hold on to whatever life was left. We were right in the middle of traffic. Cars were pulling around us and honking their horns. Bobby jumped out and tried to flag down one of the motorists, but the cars just sped around him. "Why won't they stop?" Bobby sighed.

Desperate by now, Bobby ran over and pulled Mark from my arms. He carried him out to the rear of the car, where the other drivers could see him, but still the cars kept going by. Finally one old compact car stopped. The driver appeared to be a Haitian farm worker, and he didn't understand English. But he could tell we needed help.

"Thank you, thank you ... " Bobby shouted as he pulled open the door and pushed Buddy in the back seat. Then he laid Mark down beside him and waved the driver off as I jumped in the front.

"We have to get to the emergency center!" I cried, but his questioning look told me he didn't understand. I pointed in the direction we should go.

As we pulled away, I glanced back at Bobby standing in the street. There was no room for him in the small car and our truck was blocking traffic, but I wished he could be with me.

At the emergency center, medical technicians started working on Mark immediately, trying to stabilize his condition. They started fluids and began artificial respiration. But soon after Bobby arrived, the emergency technicians told us they had done all they could and were transferring Mark to Naples Community Hospital, where Dr. Michael Nycum would meet us.

By the time we arrived at the hospital, Mark had stopped breathing twice and had gone into a coma. For the next 12 hours we waited and prayed while the doctors and nurses worked constantly with him. We could tell by the looks on their faces that they didn't expect him to make it.

"Folks, about the only thing the little fellow has going for him is his heart-and that's under tremendous

strain," Dr. Nycum told us.

We watched helplessly during the next 24 hours as the venom attacked every part of his body. He eyes swelled so tight that all we could see were the ends of his eyelashes.

Then miraculously, Mark passed the crisis point and began to improve a little. He was still in a coma, and certainly not out of danger, but the swelling began to go down.

After that, each day brought improvement. On Thursday, Bobby and I sat there beside Mark's bed. We were drained, exhausted, prayed out. I was sitting in a chair close to him, holding his hand, when I thought I felt a movement. But no, I told myself, it was probably my imagination. Yet a moment later, there it was again, a faint fluttering of the small hand inside mine.

"Bobby," I said, sitting up and reaching across to him, "Bobby! Mark moved-he moved!"

Bobby summoned the nurses and doctor. Mark was coming out of the coma.

"Mom ... Mom ... " he moaned.

"Yes, honey, we're here." The words caught in my throat.

"Dad ... "

"Yes, Son ... "

His eyes opened now as he looked over at Bobby. "Dad ... are you mad at me?"

"What do you mean?" Bobby tried to laugh, but it came out a little ragged. "Of course I'm not mad at you."

"I was afraid you'd be mad at me for being so careless."

Bobby reached over and patted Mark on the head. "We're just thankful you're getting better. But what happened, Son? Do you feel like telling us?"

The nurses and Dr. Nycum moved a little closer.

"Well, Bo and I spotted a bird in a cabbage palm and, well, I guess I wasn't paying too much attention to where I was going. I was looking at the bird and jumped over the ditch ... and my foot landed on something that moved when I hit it.

"And then it was like something slammed down hard on my foot, and my leg started getting real hot. When I looked down, I saw a big rattler had hold of my shoe-it was biting on my foot. It was hurting so bad and Bo was barking and jumping at the snake, but it wouldn't let go. Then Bo jumped on the snake and tore into its head. It let go and crawled off into the bushes.

"Dad, I tried to remember what you said to do if we ever got snakebit, but I was hurting so bad, and getting weak and dizzy. I was a long way from the house, and I knew none of you would hear me if I called ... "

"But where were you, Mark?" Bobby asked.

"Out in the field, a long ways from the house. Out there next to the ditch in the field."

"But that's a third of a mile from the house. How did you get to the house?"

Dr. Nycum shook his head. "Medically speaking, it would have been impossible for him to have walked that far."

Bobby and I looked uncertainly at each other. There were also the 13 steps up to our front door-he would have had to climb those too. I took a deep breath. After everything that had happened, I was almost afraid to ask, but I had to know, "How did you get back to the house, Mark?"

"Well, I remembered you and Dad saying that the more you moved, the quicker the poison would reach your heart, and I knew I couldn't run. But I was so scared, and all I wanted to do was get home. I probably would have run if I could have, but I couldn't because it hurt so bad. And then ... Dad, there's something I have to tell you. About the man."

"The man? What man?" Bobby asked. "Was someone out there with you?"

"Yes-I mean, no-I mean, I don't know. All I know is that he carried me. ... "

"He carried you?"

"Yes, when I couldn't make it to the house. He picked me up." I could feel a tingle on the back of my neck.

"He talked to me in a real deep voice," Mark went on, "and told me that I was going to be real sick, but that I'd be all right."

"What did he look like?" I asked Mark shakily.

"I couldn't see his face, Mom. All I could see was that he had on a white robe, and his arms were real strong. He reached down and picked me up. And I was hurting so bad, I just sort of leaned my head over on him. He carried me to the house and up the steps. When he put me down, I held on to the door and turned around, and ... "

His blue eyes stared into mine with an earnestness I'd never seen before. "All I could see was his back."  
For a long time, none of us could speak; it was almost more than we could take in. God is our refuge and strength, I said to myself, a very present help in time of trouble.  
For most of my life I had believed that passage in the Bible by faith. Now I saw proof of it.  
"Mom ... Dad ... " Mark said, hesitating, "I know you may not believe me. ... "  
"We believe you," I whispered as Bobby put his arm around me. "We believe you."

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By Jean Hilliard Vig

I grabbed my purse and the car keys, threw on my new green waist-length parka, and started toward the door. Mom called, Jean, aren't you going to take your boots and snowmobile pants? It's supposed to get colder tonight."

I'd lived on a farm in northern Minnesota all my life and was used to cold weather. I'll be fine, Mom. Just driving into town to meet some friends. It's not that cold."

I was nineteen years old and thought cowboy boots and blue jeans were more appropriate than warm clothing for a night out with friends. Besides, I had no idea that in just a few hours the temperature would plummet to twenty-five degrees below zero with gusts of fifty-mile-an-hour blizzard winds.

Around midnight, after a fun evening in Fosston with my friends, I was driving home in Dad's big white Ford LTD. I usually took the four-wheel-drive pickup, but tonight it was low on gas and Dad had said I could take the car. Heading home, the snow sparkled festively in the beams of my headlights. I decided to take the old country gravel road because it was a few miles shorter than the blacktop\*. Besides, I had always loved that road. It meandered\* through a forest of tall pines. Every couple of miles a house or a farm dotted the landscape, but the rest was pure picture-postcard scenery--icy-blue Minnesota lakes, tall trees, and the narrow, winding, hilly gravel road.

I didn't see the small patch of ice in the middle of the road because of the new snow. Before I knew what was happening, the car skidded off to the side and the front wheel slid precariously\* close to the ditch. I tried to back up slowly, but the tires were spinning. When I put the car in forward gear the front tire slipped off the shoulder and the car became helplessly marooned\*.

I wasn't frightened, but I surely was disgusted! I could just hear Dad's booming voice when he found out what I had done with his good car.

I knew there was a house a half mile or so ahead, so I got out of the car, slammed the door, and stomped off down the road, forgetting my hat on the front seat.

I was steaming over the mess I had gotten myself into, and my anger kept me warm for a few hundred feet. The wind forced me to zip up my jacket collar over my nose and mouth. I shoved my hands deep into my pockets and dug into the snow in my pointy-toed leather cowboy boots.

I walked on a little farther and then remembered Wally's place, in the opposite direction, so I turned around. It should be just a half mile, or so, I thought. Wally was an acquaintance of my folks and I knew he had a four-wheel-drive truck and could pull my car out of the ditch easily.

I trudged on. After a half mile or so, I passed a house. It was dark and there were no tracks in the driveway. Probably out of town, I thought.

I walked on another half mile or more. The next house was also dark and the driveway filled with snow without a tire track to be seen. (I found out later that both of these families were home that night and that the wind had blown the snow over all the tracks an hour or so before I became stranded.)

I pressed on. The wind whipped and whistled through the pines. My feet were starting to bother me. My dressy high-heeled cowboy boots were not meant for hiking. Why had I taken the shortcut? At least on the blacktop there would be cars on the road this time of night.

I struggled up another hill. Finally, I thought I saw Wally's farm in the distance. Yes! There was the long lane leading to his house. I was breathing harder. And then...I blanked out.

Although I don't remember it, apparently I half-walked, half-stumbled, falling at times, down that long lane. I crawled the last hundred feet or so on my hands and knees, but I don't remember doing that either.

By now, the wind chill factor was seventy to eighty degrees below zero. Right at Wally's front door I collapsed and fell face forward into the snow. And that's where I lay all night.

The next morning Wally came out his front door just before seven o'clock. Normally he didn't go to work until eight but, thank God, he decided to go in early that morning. Wally saw my body in the snow, leaned down and

tried to find a pulse. There was none. My swollen face was a gray, ashen colour. My eyes were frozen open. I wasn't breathing.

Wally still doesn't know how he managed to pick me up and get me into his car. He said it was like struggling with a 120-pound cordwood\* stick.

At the hospital in Fosston, Wally yelled through the emergency room doorway for help. He picked me up under my arms and a couple of nurses lifted my ankles. My body didn't bend anywhere.

As they were putting me on a stretcher, one nurse exclaimed, She's frozen solid!" Another nurse, the mother of one of my best friends, said, I think it's Jean Hilliard! I recognise her blond hair and the green jacket!"

Mrs. Rosie Erickson, who works in bookkeeping, ran out in the hall when she heard the commotion. She leaned over my body. Wait! Listen!" A hush fell around my stretcher. It's a moaning sound...coming from her throat! Listen!"

I was wheeled into the emergency room. Dr. George Sather, our family doctor, was on duty that morning. He was unable to hear any breathing or a heartbeat with his stethoscope\*. Then he attached a heart monitor, which picked up a very slow, faint heartbeat. A cardiologist\* said it seemed to be a dying heart."

We have to get these boots off! Bring some blankets! She's still alive!" The emergency room sprang to life. My boots and jacket were the only clothing items they could get off immediately. The rest of my clothes were frozen on me.

When they cut my jeans off, the staff saw that my feet were black and there were black areas on my legs and lower back. My feet and legs were swollen. The tissue damage seemed so severe that when my parents arrived, Dr. Sather told them that if I did live, my legs might have to be amputated\*. He wanted my parents to be prepared. Dr. Sather ordered oxygen, and a nurse suggested trying Aqua-Kpads" which were a new kind of water-filled heating pad that had arrived at the hospital just the day before. Quickly the nurses unpacked one heating pad box after another. Fortunately, the only nurse on the staff who knew how to connect them to the special water-filled machines was on duty and she directed the operation.

My body was frozen so hard that they couldn't even give me a shot to speed the thawing process or to prevent infection. But the medical team didn't know what Rosie Erickson was about to do.

Rosie found my parents in the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard, do you mind if I put Jean on the prayer chain at our church?"

Mom, who was completely bewildered\* at the scene before her, answered, quickly, Yes, please do!"

Mrs. Erickson hurried to her office and made a phone call to the prayer-chain chairman at the Baptist church where her husband is pastor. The prayer chain was set in motion. The first person on the list called the second. That person called the third and so on.

My heart started beating slightly faster. Even though still far slower than the normal rate of about seventy-two times a minute, the doctors were overjoyed. Slowly I started breathing on my own.

The prayer chain was lengthening. Mrs. Erickson called the pastors of the Lutheran, Catholic, Methodist, and Bethel Assembly churches in Fosston. They, in turn, called the chairmen of their prayer chain groups, who passed the word along.

During the first hours that the prayer chain was under way, my legs and feet, instead of getting darker as Dr. Sather expected, started to lighten and regain their natural colour. One after another, the doctors and nurses filed in to marvel at the pinkish tinge appearing at the line of demarcation\* where the darkness started. (That was the line on my upper thighs where Dr. Sather said he thought they might have to amputate.)

The prayer chain spread to the nearby towns of Crookston and Bemidji, and Grand Forks, North Dakota. Soon hundreds, then thousands of people were aware that a young woman had been brought in to the Fosston hospital frozen solid and was in desperate need of God's miraculous healing.

One of the nurses, on her way to get more blankets, poked her head into Mrs. Erickson's doorway and said, She might make it! Her legs are starting to regain colour at the top! And her heart is beating stronger!"

Mrs. Erickson looked up at the clock and thought, The prayer chain is in full swing now. God is answering those prayers already. Of course she's going to make it!

At that moment the whole attitude in my hospital room changed. Now, instead of She probably won't survive," the feeling was Perhaps she'll live, but she will surely lose her legs from the knees down."

Before noon that day, I stiffened and moaned a word that sounded like Mom." My mother and oldest sister Sandra stayed near my bed, holding, squeezing, and patting my hands. Jean, Jean, wake up! Jeannie, can you hear



me? It's Mom. Sandra's here too. Jeannie, we love you. Jeannie, can you hear?" Around noon I mumbled a few words to them.

All over the area the prayer chain was continuing.

By mid-afternoon I woke up and started thrashing in bed. All day the nurses and doctors watched in amazement as the blackness in my legs and feet disappeared inch by inch.

By late afternoon Dr. Sather thought perhaps my legs would be saved and that only my feet might have to be amputated. A few hours later he was astounded to realise that perhaps it would be just my toes.

In the end I did not lose any part of my body! Normal colour and circulation came back to all of my legs, feet, and toes.

Dr. Sather had also thought he would have to do numerous skin grafts\* where huge blisters covered my toes. But these places healed too without skin grafting.

Indeed, after watching my body become whole again, I am convinced that a miracle did occur. Even Dr. Sather said, I just took care of her. God healed her."

The doctors kept me in the hospital a while to make sure of my recovery from frostbite\* and to lessen the possibility of any infection in my toes. And that entire time I never once experienced any fear. I am convinced it was the prayer chain that kept me calm and filled me with a positive faith that I would be healed.

The night I nearly froze to death was on December 20, 1980. Since then I met a wonderful man, got married, and had two beautiful children. My husband, children, and I live on a farm outside Fosston, and my life is a tranquil, happy one. But I often think about the night I nearly froze to death.

I've become a different person because of that experience. Last winter, I joined forces with a civil defense\* expert, an army sergeant, a highway patrolman, and a doctor from Crookston who is an expert in hypothermia (the condition of body temperature dropping below normal). We give talks to people in different towns and counties around here about Winter survival. I tell them my story and point out what can happen when you go out in the Winter unprepared for the weather.

I am surprised I can do this because when I was in high school I was absolutely terrified of speech class. The thought of standing in front of people with all eyes on me almost made me sick to my stomach. But now I feel none of that fear. I am proud to share my story with the hope that I can help even one person avoid the mistakes I made.

I believe this is the reason God spared me--so that I can help other people learn how to survive the changeable and very cold winters.

I've changed in other ways too. My family and I are much closer now. I appreciate every day I'm alive. I have an enormous respect for the power of prayer, as I believe that the prayer chains saved my life. Thousands of people I didn't even know bombarded Heaven with powerful prayer requests in my behalf, and against all medical odds I survived. I not only lived, I survived as a completely normal, whole human being without even so much as a skin graft! In fact, unlike most other people who have suffered from frostbite, I now experience no unusual ill effects from the cold.

As one minister reminded me in the hospital when we spoke of the prayer chain, we, as God's children have been commanded to pray without ceasing" (<\1Thessalonians 5:17&&PUB=1Thes:5:17^>).

And I am sure that was what caused my miracle--all those people praying unceasingly for me.

\*\*\*

A native African Christian moaned & tossed with a raging high fever. The missionary used what simple remedies he had. He longed, however, for an ice pack. No ice was possible, he thought, & dismissed the longing. The mother of the fevered boy asked, "Cannot the Great-God send ice for my dear son?" Then she reminded him of one of his sermons when he said that God delights to do miracles. "But," he protested, "Ice! Ice!" She gave no heed to his doubts, & said, in a tone of implicit faith, "Shall we not pray?" Down on their knees they went, he praying first, telling the Lord things He already knew, & making very general requests. But the mother plainly said, "Lord, if ice is necessary to his healing, Thou canst send it. I do believe."

When the prayer ended, a hailstone the size of a walnut rolled into the hut, & when they looked out, they saw drifts of hailstones beyond the door. Sekunzi seized & shook her pastor, & exclaimed, "Did not the Great-God answer in His own wonderful way?" The hailstorm was local--the crops of the neighbours were not harmed--the son

recovered completely--the miracle increased the faith of all who heard it--the pastor learned never to limit the power of God.

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There was a man who had a truck, but he needed a different truck. He was driving an old piece of junk, really. Did you ever drive one of those? You've got to lay hands on it before it starts, and then you have to lay hands on it to make it stop!

This man gave an offering, and the Lord saw his heart. This man came back with one of the craziest stories I have ever heard in my life. He was driving that old wreck of a truck down the streets of Brooklyn, New York, and God spoke to him and said, "Stop the truck! Get out of the truck and lift up the hood." So he did. Then God said, "Look down by the carburetor."

So the man looked down under the carburetor. He said, "Am I losing my mind? I'm looking, but I don't see anything but a carburetor." So he shut the hood and got back in and started driving down the street again. But God said, "I told you to stop the truck and look down there by the carburetor." So he stopped the truck and lifted the hood. He said, "Lord, I'm looking." God said, "Look with your hand."

Sometimes you can't see with your eyes--especially where the carburetor is. You've got to look with your hand. When he put his hand down by the carburetor he got ahold of something that didn't belong there. It was a roll all covered with grease. He pulled it out--a whole wad of \$100 bills wrapped up in grease. Whoever owned that truck before probably had tried to hide his money there. It was such a good hiding place that when he died, nobody found it. God arranged for my friend to buy that wreck. Soon he had traded that thing in and bought a brand-new truck. God has a way of working things out!

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[Botswana] Can you imagine [witnessing] in the 50-degree sun? With only one video out, dog-tired, inspiration-less, discouraged, and feeling really out of it, we were wondering what on earth our team was doing here in the bush. Come afternoon, after a long nap while at the hotel reception desk picking up the local newspaper ... bingo! The Lord had a surprise for us.

The receptionist handed over an envelope, sweetly saying somebody had left it earlier on. In it was \$1,000 with a short note saying "This is for your projects. Keep up the good work. Love, Aron." To this day we still don't know who the donor was. God never fails in one of His precious promises. (FSM)

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"My rice harvest will be so poor! All the villagers will make fun of me!" The new Christian, an ex-Hindu, tearfully sought the help of Ravikumar Kurapati, an Indian missionary who had started a new church in his village.

"Let's see what the Word of God says about prayer," said Kurapati.

The missionary later recounts what happened. "After we prayed together, we decided to pray for his crop. The next day, I went with him to his field, watched by almost the entire village. I took a bucket of fresh water, and prayed. I then asked him to take the water and throw it over his crop. When harvest time came, he was amazed: He collected an incredible 30 sacks of rice from his narrow strip of land. It not only provided this man with income, but it opened the other villagers' eyes to see that Jesus Christ is the true God." (Rfl)

\*\*\*

We were on our way from Concon to Chillan to sell our car, and had to pass through Santiago to unload some luggage. While at a Home in Santiago, I emptied the contents of one bag (including a wallet with our car documents in it) onto a bed, and then later put these items into another bag to load into the car. However, as we were in a hurry (never a good idea!), I left the wallet with the car documents on the bed. I didn't realize that I had done this until the following morning, in Chillan, when I went to get the document wallet out of my bag to take the documents to the man who was going to buy our car, and it wasn't in my bag.

We prayed for the Lord to do a miracle and help us find the wallet. We phoned the Home in Santiago to ask them to look for the wallet on the bed in the attic, where I had been transferring the items from bag to bag. It wasn't there. We didn't have the time to drive the 400 km back to Santiago to look for the wallet, and then back again, as we only had a few days left before leaving the country, and had other business to take care of elsewhere.

We were desperate, as we couldn't sell the car without the documents. At this point Ana Maria's daughter Cielo suggested that her mother look in her handbag to see if the wallet was in there. We "knew" there was no point in doing this, as I always keep the documents in my bag, as I am the driver. However, when Ana Maria opened her bag, the wallet was in there!

What made this impossible was the fact that the night before, Ana Maria had taken her bag into the house in Santiago and left it downstairs in the living room. It had slipped down behind a sofa cushion and nobody knew it was there. Ana Maria had left Santiago without it (because we were in a hurry!) and realized it was missing after we had been driving for about half an hour. We had returned to collect it and found it still jammed down the side of the sofa. Nobody had touched it since it had entered the house, and nobody in the house had seen or touched the document wallet between the time I put it on the bed and the time we collected the handbag. So how could the document wallet have made its own way to the handbag from the attic three floors up?

The only explanation is that the Lord must have transported the wallet from Santiago, where it had perhaps fallen, unnoticed, behind the bed in the attic the previous evening, to Ana Maria's handbag in Chillan, at the precise time we prayed for a miracle! (GV)

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How did Mischelle Hileman survive a weeklong ordeal in the Oregon wilderness, stranded in subzero temperatures without a winter coat or matches to start a fire? She says two angels stayed with her each night, emanating warmth and light. Hileman, 40, found herself in the canyon near Wallowa, Oregon, following an elk-hunting accident a year ago. The former home health worker says that during her struggle to survive, two angels appeared and remained with her, radiating warmth and keeping her from dying of hypothermia.

"The best way to describe it was two golden bright lights, just in the shape of two people," she told the Oregonian. They appeared on the second night after she began to pray for help, they never spoke and disappeared at daylight, but they were with her every night until she was rescued, she said.

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The big boiler in one of the orphan houses began to leak. This was the only source of heating for the whole house, so Mueller began to fear that his children would have to endure a lot of cold. He went down to the boiler house. The boiler itself was not easy to get at; it was cased in a wall of bricks. Even to get behind this wall would take some time, Mueller thought. To replace the boiler altogether, of course, would take weeks.

Mueller was distressed to think of the children in their huge home with no heating, but he knew the boiler must be looked at before the weather got even colder than it was. So, asking God to help him, he arranged with workmen to call on a certain day. As if to make matters worse, a cold north wind blew up, & all Bristol began to shiver. The night before the workmen were due, that bleak north wind still blew, but Mueller did not tell the men to wait for warmer weather. He had already asked God for that, & had added the prayer that the workmen would be made willing to work hard, so that the boiler would not be out of use for long. During the night, the north wind died away. In the morning, a warm wind blew from the south. The weather was so mild that no fire was needed at all, even though it was December. The boiler men worked all day. At half-past eight at night Mueller was on his way home when he was told the workmen's boss had arrived. He turned back, & went downstairs to meet the man. He was there to tell Mueller that his men would work late that night, & return early the next morning, when the men spoke for themselves. Were they refusing to do overtime? On the contrary, they told their boss they would work all night! Mueller's prayers were now fully answered & the fire was lit again in the orphanage boiler by lunch time of the next day! (HOPE)

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I've never known God to let his servants starve. We sat down one time to give thanks when we had shredded wheat but no milk and we figured we ought to use water. You can do that in case you ever get hard up. Some of these Americans, they're so used to having everything, if they don't have it they don't know what to do. It's surprising what you can do. God didn't let that happen to us with our four small kids. As soon as we sat down to that shredded wheat and water breakfast, before we poured the water on, we heard the PA system paging us to come to the office of the

trailer park for a letter, and therein was \$10. The grocery store was on the corner and we had milk for breakfast, praise god!

\*\*\*

While witnessing, we met a young man who told us he was an atheist, and as such did not seem to want to help in any way. We continued to witness to him, and during the conversation I received a strong check that his name was "James." Thinking that strange, I didn't say anything about it. Again the Lord told me that his name was James, but I still wouldn't believe.

Finally, I thought, Well, Lord, if we're meant to be Your Endtime witnesses and channels and yet we can't even get something as simple as someone's name in prophecy, then what's the point?

So I said, "You look like a James." The man turned bright red, and looked at his clothes to see if he had a nametag on. "How did you know that?" He asked, obviously very shocked.

"God just told me," I replied. This was a very strong witness to him of the proof of God. He then gave a donation and accepted our witness, telling us that he would say the prayer later. Thank You, Jesus, for prophecy!

\*\*\*

My ministry in the Home is repairing the equipment that breaks down, & I tried to fix the printer several times, but couldn't figure it out. One night I just couldn't go to sleep as I was thinking about this printer that was so needed and yet was just sitting around broken, not doing anyone any good. While I was praying, the Lord gave me a picture of what was wrong with the printer that was completely contrary to what the company had diagnosed the problem to be.

It was a step of faith, but I went ahead and opened up the printer and looked inside, & the picture that the Lord had shown me was right! I went ahead & tried to adjust it as the Lord had led, & it looked right, but I was a bit afraid to plug it in because I was afraid that I would ruin the main part of the motor. But the Lord told me to go ahead and plug it in, so I did. Nothing went wrong, TTL! Then I turned it on, & it worked perfectly! It was a miracle! It meant that the technician was wrong and that God was right! It was a real lesson for me on the importance of praying & listening to the Lord! Now the printer's back in full use in the office once again! (HOPE)

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In the late 1940s, my husband, Frank, & I were driving late at night on a deserted road in the mountains when we had a flat tire. Because of the rocky road edge, Frank was unable to brace the car & change the tire. Out of the night a car appeared. Two of the biggest, roughest-looking, bearded men I'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.

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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 & 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 & 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." (CTLP)

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Our 18-month-old daughter, Rachel, was recovering poorly from pneumonia. The doctor insisted we feed her a

boiled egg each day, but even that was beyond our means.

"Why not pray for an egg?" suggested our babysitter, who was staying on without pay to help us. We were a Christian family, but this teenager's depth of faith was something new to us at the time. All the same, she & I got on our knees & asked the Lord for one egg each morning to bring Rachel back to full health. We committed the problem to His hands.

About 10 o'clock that morning we heard some cackling coming from the hedge fence in front of our house. There among the branches sat a fat, red hen. We had no idea where she had come from, & we just watched in amazement as she laid an egg & then proceeded down the road, out of sight. The little red hen that first day was a surprise, & we thanked God for it, but can you imagine how startled we were when we heard the hen cackling in the hedge the next morning also? And the morning after that, & the morning after that! Every day for over a week Rachel had a fresh boiled egg!

Rachel grew better & better until she finally recovered completely, & at last the weather turned & my husband went back to work. At this time I waited beside the window & watched. But our prayers had been answered precisely. The little red hen had fulfilled its purpose & did not return. (HOPE)

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One time, it is reported that Mueller took one of the children by the hand & led her into the dining room, saying "Come, see what our Father will do." The plates & bowls were on the table, but nothing else. There was no food in the larder & no money to supply the need. The children were standing, waiting for breakfast. "Children, you know we must be in time for school," said Mueller. Then lifting his hand he prayed, Dear Father, we thank Thee for what Thou art going to give us to eat."

A knock was then heard at the door. The baker stood there. Mr. Mueller, I couldn't sleep last night. Somehow I felt you didn't have bread for breakfast, & the Lord wanted me to send you some. So I got up at two o'clock & baked some fresh bread, & have brought it."

Mueller thanked the baker & praised God for His care. Children," he said, we not only have bread, but the rare treat of fresh bread." Almost immediately there was a second knock at the door. This time it was the milkman, who announced that his milk cart had broken down outside the orphanage, & that he would like to give the children his cans of fresh milk, so that he could empty his wagon & repair it. Things like this often happened at Mueller's orphanages.

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A friend of his was seriously ill with cancer. It had spread throughout his spine & even into his brain. Our friend went to pray for him, although the man was unconscious at the time. Then suddenly a few days later the sick man had a remarkable recovery! The doctors took a few new tests, & to their astonishment he showed absolutely no signs of cancer! This healed man, who was an unbeliever, tried to explain that he was healed because of some wonderful new medicine he had been given; but our friend didn't give up, he kept witnessing to him & prayed that he would open his heart to the Lord.

A few days later, the healed man's wife, who is also a Christian, phoned our friend to tell him that her husband had prayed the most wonderful prayer asking God to forgive him & asking Jesus to come into his heart. Our friend is very inspired & his faith & interest in the Word of God has really increased.

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"Operator?" I called. "This is an emergency. I am alone with a very sick child. I must have a doctor." Then came an explosive noise and the line went dead. The wires, probably heavy with ice, had broken down. Ellen was crying--the pitiful wail of a sick child. With my cheek against my baby's silken head I tried pray. A feeling of peace and comfort closed about me. I woke with a start, knowing someone had entered the room. Hadn't I locked the door? In the candlelight, a tall man stood looking down at me.

"I am the doctor," he said. When he examined the baby, she scarcely stirred beneath his gentle hands. "No lung congestion. But her ears are infected. This medication will help. Keep her warm--let her sleep--she'll be much better by this time tomorrow. Stop worrying, and try to get some rest." Then he was gone. For the rest of the night I dozed in the chair beside Ellen's crib. She slept fourteen straight hours! By the time Jim got home on Christmas Eve,

her temperature was normal. She was ready to smile at her daddy, and point at the Christmas tree, saying, "See? Pitty!" Knowing she would be all right was our most precious Christmas gift. Days later, after the snow storm was over and its damage repaired, Jim went to the telephone company to try to locate the doctor who had come at midnight.

"I want to pay his bill," Jim said. But the company had no record of my call. We never found out about our midnight doctor--who he was or how he came. (HOPE)

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From Tanya (5)

I am learning to pray for others. Recently an aunty in our Home made a prayer vigil box for us children. I have my own special prayer vigil box which I keep in my schoolbag so I can pray whenever I want to. One of the prayer requests was for my daddy's healing.

My daddy was praying about taking medicine for his sickness, which he had for a long time. I asked my mommy, "Why should Daddy take the yucky medicine? Let's pray and ask the Lord to heal him." So I prayed desperately on my knees with my mommy for my daddy's healing. We claimed the verse "many are the afflictions of the righteous but the Lord will deliver them out of them ALL." And the Lord healed my daddy's sickness the same night. And he did not need to take medicine. Thank You, Jesus!

My mommy says I can pray and ask the Lord to give me an angel and gift of healing.

Love, Tanya (KB)

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We were all cuddled up in Mommy's bed praying for the night. It was very hot and the power was going low. The fan was turning very slowly and looked like it was going to go off. So I prayed, "Lord, if the power goes off then it will be too hot. So in the power of the keys please help the fan to stay on." A little while later someone came into our room and saw the fan working and said, "Why is the fan still on when all over the whole house the power is off?" I said, "It's because I prayed in the power of the keys!" Wow! Thank You, Jesus!

\*\*\*

Snow had been falling all that day in Rittman, Ohio. The white covering was now almost a foot deep, and although it looked beautiful, driving was virtually impossible. For twenty-three-year-old Diane, however, walking was just fine. Even though she lived a few miles from church, she was so happy to be going to midnight services that she didn't mind the trek--or the fact that she might have to travel alone because her husband would stay home and care for their toddler. For Diane, Christmas was one of the best times of the year.

At about 11 P.M. Diane said goodbye to her husband and set out. Although the drifts were quite high in places, the journey was downhill, and she got to the church with time to spare. The service ended just before 1 A.M. Diane hadn't encountered neighbours or friends who might have given her a ride home, so she started her hike back home. But getting up the hill was a far different matter from going down. Each step now seemed deeper and more difficult than the one preceding it, and her path was both dark and deserted, with no homes nearby. Diane's breathing came in small gasps as she plodded onward. Oh, she was tired! And as she passed a barren wooded area, she became even more alarmed.

"My feet were getting heavier with each step, and I started to realize that I was in trouble," she says. "There was a distinct possibility that I actually wasn't going to make it home--I was just too cold and weary. Would my husband wake up and realize I was missing? Would anyone find me here, or would I fall and freeze?" Her joyous excursion was rapidly turning into a nightmare.

Diane looked at her watch: 1:15 A.M. There was still a long way to go to reach warmth and safety, and her strength was virtually at an end. She gazed at the star-studded Christmas heavens. "Oh, God, I'm so afraid," she blurted. "Help me to get home!"

Suddenly Diane heard beautiful music--and felt herself floating on top of the snow, as if she were in a dream. What was happening? Was she freezing? Is this how it felt to die?

No. She was, oddly, in front of her house. But how could this be? Diane blinked, looked at the familiar landmarks,

then at her watch again. It was 1:20 A.M. And yet she had no memory of moving since she had prayed. Certainly five minutes had not elapsed. Nor would she, in her exhausted condition, have been able to scale the steep hill looming in front of her. She had been ready to lie down in the snow and give up the struggle.

And yet she was safely home and feeling ... exultant [14].

The young mother entered her quiet home and, still wearing her coat and boots, sat in a chair and looked at the winking Christmas lights. "I don't remember how long I sat," she says now, "but I knew something strange yet wonderful had happened to me, and I was almost afraid to admit it to myself.

"But I've come up with no other explanation in all the years since then. I believe it was an Angel, commanded by God to carry me safely to my front door.--Leaving his other duties to touch a young woman in Ohio." (HOPE)

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The Lord is answering our prayers in a more obvious, miraculous way for our friends and contacts who are younger spiritually, those who need their faith encouraged. For example, one of our friends asked for rain at his ranch, which is in an area that normally suffers regular droughts. It seemed like an impossible request, but the Lord answered and it rained so much they had to ask us to pray for it to stop! Ha! (HOPE)

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When Hab and Crystal came to our city they brought a sewing machine, but a part broke due to rough handling when it was shipped. It ran on prayer power for two weeks while Crystal sewed the Christmas costumes, and finally broke down when they were finished. We took it in to be repaired and found out to our amazement that there was a part missing off the tension knob, and that it was totally impossible to use the machine without it! Thank You Jesus for angel-power that kept it going anyway during our time of urgent need! (HOPE)

\*\*\*

On one of his voyages to America, Mueller's ship was off Newfoundland, Canada, when a very thick fog came down. The captain ordered speed to be reduced. The ship went more & more slowly, till it hardly moved at all. The captain was worried; he remained on the bridge himself for twenty-two hours straight. Suddenly he was startled by a tap on the shoulder. He turned around to see George Mueller of Bristol.

"Captain," he said, I have come to tell you that I must be in Quebec on Saturday afternoon." This was Wednesday. "It's impossible."

"Very well, if your ship cannot take me, God will find some other means of locomotion to take me. I have never broken an engagement in 52 years." The Captain protested that it was beyond his power to be of any assistance--what could be done? "Let us go down to the chart room & pray," Mueller suggested.

The Captain looked at the stranger on the bridge & wondered if he were mad.

"Do you know how dense this fog is?"

"No," said Mueller, my eye is not on the density of the fog, but on the living God, Who controls every circumstance of my life." Mueller then acted on what he had just said, going on his knees to offer a simple prayer. In his prayer he asked that, if it were God's Will, He would take the fog away in five minutes. The Captain thought he had better begin a prayer himself. But Mueller stopped him.

"I believe He has done it, & there is no need whatever for you to pray about it. Get up, Captain, & open the door, & you will find the fog is gone." The Captain got up & opened the door. The fog was gone, & Mueller was in Quebec that Saturday as he had said. (HOPE)  
(and other story about the Quadrent)

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A couple of years ago, I started to notice, behind my left shoulder, a brilliant white light, a loving presence. I can "see" it almost any time, and sometimes I have mental dialogues going on, and I feel as though I am being helped and guided through my problems and uncertainties.

The most incredible experience, however, happened just a month or so ago. My four-year-old daughter,

Annie, woke up in the middle of the night crying. I went into her room and saw that she had soaked her bed. Stumbling in the half-dark, I grabbed a clean sheet, thinking to myself, "I hope this one fits her bed." I went back to her room and, kneeling by the foot of the bed, I lightly unfurled the sheet, seeing right away that it was a fitted sheet that would fit her mattress. "Thank You, Jesus!" I said to myself.

Immediately, and miraculously, the sheet was suddenly on the bed! All four corners were neatly tucked under! At that same moment I sensed, "You're welcome," and I felt a great surge of love. I can't even describe how wonderful it was. Jesus said that to me! Even Annie noticed. She said to me, "Mommy, how did you make the bed like that?" I cried, and I cry now when I remember it. I have tried to tell a few people about this, but I cannot convey to another with words the impact this experience had on me.

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(Some Christians were being persecuted, and their house raided by soldiers) The Christian men were offered the chance to save their lives by denying Jesus. When the two men could not answer for fear, to the soldiers' shock, a ten-year-old girl revealed herself from beneath a table. She boldly stood up for her faith saying, "It doesn't matter what you do to us, we will never deny Jesus!" This infuriated the soldiers, & as they were about to take the family away young girl asked for a chance to pray. During her prayer the Lord revealed Himself, rising like fire between the Christians & the soldiers! The soldiers never felt such fear before. As the little girl finished praying, the fire disappeared & the soldiers apologised, begging their forgiveness as they hastily retreated from the room! (One of them later become a Christian pastor, telling others about Jesus.)

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I remember when I was in Pittsburgh some time ago, being called to pray for a young woman who had been 8 long years in bed, a total invalid, so pitiful and hopeless. The doctors had come to the place where they said they could do nothing at all for her. My husband and I went there and spent 10 days there. There we prayed and spent many hours in prayer. I kept thinking, "Oh Lord, so many have prayed with her, some very noted people of God's healing, and I just felt like I was so desperate. I just felt like I was so little, and I think a little fear came into my heart.

I KNELT BY THE BED AND OPENING TO THIS PASSAGE, WHICH IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE VERSES, "WHO DELIVERED US FROM SO GREAT A DEATH, AND DOETH DELIVER: IN WHOM WE TRUST HE WILL YET DELIVER US." Also a companion verse, it fell on the verse just before it, which I had never seemed to notice, and these are the words:

WE SHOULD NOT TRUST IN OURSELVES, BUT IN GOD, WHICH RAISETH THE DEAD." Then it came to me, why, it was nothing to do with me. It isn't trust in ourselves. What have I to do with it except to be an instrument? It's God who can do this work, no confidence in the flesh. No matter how we feel about ourselves, it's God that raiseth the dead.

SO I CALLED MY HUSBAND AND WE READ FROM THE GOSPEL, AND THE MOTHER AND THE FATHER OF THE GIRL WENT IN THE ROOM AND PRAYED FOR HER. Then, with all sincerity and faith in God, after that 10 days of fasting and prayer and much reading the Word, we bade her in the name of Jesus to rise...and she did! She rose from that bed. Eight years she had never been out of that bed, could not walk at all. It was a very serious illness, and an infection was final. She is still walking and God has wonderfully used that life.

WE TRUST NOT IN OURSELVES, BUT IN GOD, WHO RAISETH THE DEAD; Who delivereth us from so great a death, and doeth deliver; in whom we trust He will yet deliver. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." Oh, the unchanging Lord, the unchanging Christ, our blessed Lord never changes. And God said, "I AM, I AM."

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We were camping out in a converted van one winter, almost 1,000 meters above sea level. The temperatures began to drop, until one week it fell to -24°C (-11°F). It wasn't until a few weeks later that I realized that we had not one drop of antifreeze in the radiator, yet somehow the engine block of our ten-year-old vehicle did not crack!

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ACT.9:32 And it came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt



at Lydda.

ACT.9:33 And there he found a certain man named Aeneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy.

ACT.9:34 And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately.

ACT.9:35 And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord.

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ACT.9:36 Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

ACT.9:37 And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber.

ACT.9:38 And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

ACT.9:39 Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.

ACT.9:40 But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up.

ACT.9:41 And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive.

ACT.9:42 And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord.

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A FEW YEARS AGO, WE PRAYED FOR A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN EIGHT YEARS IN BED, so that her feet were totally deformed by lack of use and the weight of the covers, so that they looked like hands, instead of feet, and she'd gotten so sick that she could not even hold water in her stomach, and so thin she looked like a skeleton!--But we received for her the Scripture, Hebrews 2:14,15: "That through death He might destroy him who had the power of death; that is, the Devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

13. SO, AS WE LAID HANDS UPON HER FOR HEALING, WE WERE ALSO INSPIRED TO CAST OUT HER SPIRIT OF FEAR, AND TO COMMAND HER TO ARISE AND WALK! She said she hadn't walked for years, and couldn't walk--but we again rebuked the Enemy and her doubts and commanded her to arise and walk, as the Lord had instructed us--and she obeyed, and was instantly and totally healed; and walked the floor that day her feet restored to normal!

14. WHEN WE SAW HER A FEW MONTHS LATER, SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL, and had gained all the weight necessary to make her so, and was radiantly happy in the service of the Lord, giving her testimony everywhere she went, Praise the Lord!

15. SO THE DAY OF MIRACLES IS NOT PAST! OUR GOD IS STILL A GOD OF MIRACLES. --By David

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Glass cups smash or shatter when they fall on a hard surface. I remember one time when I was a child we had some tough, dark brown glasses. I discovered that they would bounce once if they fell out of my hands, but the second time they landed on the floor they would break. One time I was putting away the dishes and saw to my dismay the glass cup falling from my hands. I determined to have my wits about me and not stand their stunned until it smashed. It fell and bounced and I was able to quickly catch it. Most glasses aren't that durable. We had a nice set of clear decorative glasses a few years ago, and all but one remain. When they fell on the tile floor, which covers most of our house, they wouldn't just break, but really smash and shatter. Loss of items and things getting broken was very hard for some of my boys to cope with. Big melt downs would occur, tears and loud displays of deep sorrow over the loss. One day I was with the boys, one of them with plenty of baby care needs. My husband was out, and we were doing the best we could to cope with our challenges. Then one of these glasses somehow was knocked off a

shelf or low table and down to the floor it fell. I could imagine how hard it would be to get every bit of it cleaned up, while caring for a fussing little one. –And even just one shard left of glass could cause a whole new set of problems—if stuck into a child’s bare foot as he walked there. But I needn’t have fretted, that time. The glass fell a couple feet down to the tiled floor... and nothing happened. It was completely fine, without even a nick. Ah, sweet gift! The blow that was aimed our way never hit us. Shieded with God’s merciful intervention, we were able to carry on with what we were doing.

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I was in Syria for a month, in 2008, waiting for permission to live in the country where my husband was. I was with my nearly 1 year old baby boy, and my nearly 2 year old son. I had a small laptop computer to use. I used it plenty to show good children’s videos to my boys. We had nearly not toys or books or anything with us, so this computer was a real help. We were alone most of the time, in a little room on someone’s property. The floor was hard tiles, and the only place to put the computer was on a shelf about a meter off the floor. I really depended on that computer, for the children, and for my work, and my personal reading and praying time. One day the one year old knocked it some how off of the shelf, and down the meter fall on to the hard tile or stone floor. Jesus protected it. I picked it up and there was no damage to it whatsoever. Thank You Jesus!