

True Stories



*Mysterious and  
Miraculous*

**Cover photo:** Jon Berg

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# **Mysterious and Miraculous**

*Thrilling, true stories of God's  
miraculous intervention—faith-feeding  
for active Christians!*

**Compiled by Chariane Quille**

**-2014-**

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*These* stories are faith stirring and inspiring, yet some also tell of out-of-the-box situations and choices made by those in these stories. This is not a handbook or guide on “what to do.” Sometimes in this world (that is for the most part leaning away from the Lord) there is “right” and there is “right for the situation”—sometimes being very different options.

Each of us active Christians must do as our own conscience and God’s Spirit leads us while staying upright in heart and deed, and portraying the example that Jesus would want us to.

*The* goal of making this inspiring collection of stories available for you is to awaken the gift of faith in your heart. Whatever challenging situation you might find yourself in, if you are doing what God wants you to, He can meet you where you are at. He can do things thought impossible, to help you out.

Your situations will be different than those in these stories, and what you are to do if you are in these same types of circumstances may vary. But “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever” and prayer is our greatest recourse and resource, as always.

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## **The Little Dog**

(By Chariane Quille)

I and a few others were staying for awhile with a missionary family in Mexico. They lived quite a ways out of town and had a big red pickup truck which only one driver was legally permitted to drive. Needless to say, we couldn't just pop in a car and drive off whenever we wanted to.

On our property there was a mother, father and puppy dogs. They were a small-size breed. One day, as I was in the house reading stories to the younger children, we heard the loudest yelping from a dog you could imagine. It was loud and continuous. Her crying was of extreme pain, and it wasn't stopping.

We looked out the window and saw it was one of the young dogs. She was sitting bent over her hind legs, totally immobile. The big pickup truck had somehow run over her when being moved a bit in the garage.

The children and I stopped and prayed a fervent prayer. We called on the power of Heaven for supernatural healing and that no damage had been done, and that she'd feel completely well, miraculously.



The result was, within seconds her crying completely stopped. Within the hour she was walking again. By the end of the day it was as if nothing happened.

If we had had the means and the time (and the correct driver available) we could have taken her to the vet, but that really wasn't possible then and there that day. Later on she did see a vet, and there was no trace or signs of this accident.

Jesus really had done the miraculous—sparing her small bones from the impact of that huge, heavy truck! Only the power of Jesus could keep her bones like that.

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## **Miracle for a Muslim Widow**

(By Dina Ellens)

A Christian relief team in Lebanon heard about a needy widow who was living in a Muslim village near the Syrian border. So they decided to take some supplies to her.

But when they got there, they found out that Jesus had already been there!

This is what happened. The Muslim widow, along with her three children, had fled the civil

war in Syria and had sought shelter in Lebanon. She was observing a traditional 40-day period of solitude to mourn her dead husband. During that time, she had received nothing from the local Islamic aid society.

When the Christians knocked at her door, the widow appeared fully covered in black, including an opaque veil over her face. She explained about her mourning period. So they offered to leave the food outside the door, but she unexpectedly invited them in. They sat down with her and her children on the floor of their rough dwelling.

“Who are you?” she asked anxiously.

“You don’t know us, but we have great love in our hearts toward you,” one of them answered. “That love comes from God, who has worked in our lives.”

To their amazement, she responded by removing her veil—unheard of in her conservative Muslim culture. Then the words came pouring out.

“I want to tell you what happened to me yesterday,” she said, her voice trembling with emotion.

“As I was sleeping during the night, someone knocked on my door. I was so scared, but I opened the window to see who it was. No one was there. After a while, I heard the same knocking. My heart was beating so fast, so I went and sat beside the door, and I fell asleep there.

“As I was sleeping, someone put His hand on my shoulder. He said, ‘You don’t know Me but I know you. You have passed through a great pain. I also experienced a great pain. But tomorrow I will send you someone who will tell you about Me.’”

When she finished the story, she started to cry. She turned to the man who had spoken and said, “Tell me about this person who I saw in my dream.”

The man then told the widow about Jesus, the friend of widows, orphans and outcasts. “This Book that I’m going to give you will explain to you about God’s love,” he promised, as he gave her a Bible along with some additional aid to help her and her children survive the mourning period.

Later, they heard that the widow had returned to Syria. No one knows for sure what has become of her. But God knows and for sure, He is taking care of her.

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## **Food Keeps Miraculously Appearing**

(By John Benjamin)

At one time or another you have probably all heard the story of how Jesus made food miraculously appear out of thin air to feed thousands of people who were following Him in the desert where there was nothing available for them to eat. Well, we had the same type of miracle happen—only on a much smaller scale.

Jesus performed this miracle TWICE during His travels through wilderness regions; where thousands followed Him to watch Him perform miracles of healing, raising the dead, and telling of the coming KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH, and how to be able to enter that kingdom and live forever.

One time (recorded in both John chapter 6 and Mark chapter 6 in the Bible) Jesus took five loaves of bread and two small fishes; looked up to Heaven and thanked His Father for them; blessed them, and began to break them apart and to distribute to His disciples, who then handed them out to the multitude.

As He did this God made the bread and fish miraculously keep appearing and multiplying to the point where He fed more than 5,000 people! They even took up 12 baskets full of scraps when they were done eating.

Another time, (recorded near the end of Matthew chapter 15 in the Holy Bible) Jesus came up against the same situation where thousands were following Him once again through a wilderness region, and there simply was nothing to feed them.

Once again the Lord performed the same miracle, and this time fed 4,000 by breaking seven loaves of bread and several fish and distributing it to the people to eat. This time they took up seven baskets full of scraps left over.

But on with our personal “little miracle” of the same type: We were working with a Christian coffee-house near a University where kids would stop by to talk and hear the message of the Gospel.

We would always feed everyone and have songs and entertainment. Well, one night I was the cook! I had to prepare a meal for them for the night; and to further complicate things we

had a whole bus full of missionaries and their children come through that night to stay with us too!

There ended up being about 30-35 people who ate.

I made stew and toasted bread for the meal that night. I was really scared that there wouldn't be enough for everyone to eat; as I only had one medium to large sized pot about 12 to 13 inches across and maybe the same length deep. It really looked like there simply wasn't going to be enough.

Well, the hungry mob hit! They all came through the line filling up large wooden bowls we had on hand. I was ladling out bowlful after bowlful!

Then people began to come back for SECONDS, and THIRDS, and some young strong guys for even FOURTHS! But to my SHOCKED amazement.... THE LEVEL OF THE STEW ONLY DROPPED ABOUT 2 ½ to 3 INCHES AND STAYED RIGHT THERE!

They were still coming through at a high rate, BUT THE LEVEL OF THE STEW QUIT DROPPING! I WAS JUST SHOCKED!

I kept thinking, “HOW IN THE WORLD IS THE LORD DOING THIS?” Somehow He was making the potatoes, carrots and all the veggies and meat JUST MIRACULOUSLY KEEP APPEARING FROM THE BOTTOM UP!

I never actually saw anything appear right in front of my eyes, but the level NEVER WENT DOWN FURTHER THAN THAT FEW INCHES, until after a couple of hours of talking and enjoying each other’s company; and I went to put the leftovers away; and it had then still only dropped to about half a pot! There is just NO WAY that this was humanly possible!

That night when it was all finally over I ended up putting a lid on at least half a pot of stew that remained for us all to have for leftovers the next day.

It was very plain and obvious to me, the cook and dispenser of all this food that this was totally impossible and supernatural! So, on a much smaller scale I saw an example of what the Lord did out in the wilderness.

Feeding those who hungered and thirsted after hearing the truth of His words and the Gospel, so much so that they followed Him many miles clear

out into the desert, not even thinking about how they would feed themselves or what they would eat!

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## **\$2,000—Bingo!**

(By Brunella)

While on the African mission field we had started two main projects that required a fair bit of time and money. Time we had, money was another issue altogether. One in particular, a girls' orphanage, was close to our hearts.

One afternoon I was getting ready to take a nap and I was lying down on my bed. I had closed my eyes and was thinking of all the precious girls that were there.

I started praying, asking the Lord to intervene by raising up people who would be willing to help us in bettering their living conditions. I was still in the middle of the prayer when my phone rang.

I was a bit annoyed at the interruption of my prayer time, but it all changed when I was done with the call. It was from the Social Responsibility department of a company we had come to know about a year earlier.



We had met the person in charge of this department some time before, and had taken time over many months to share with her our spiritual riches, to which she responded very well.

She told me that her company had a special budget they set aside regularly to give away to charity and each month they would choose one employee in the company to nominate a charity of their liking to donate this money to.

She had called me to say that she had just been nominated and had chosen us as the recipients of a \$2,000 donation! I was really excited and explained to her that how just as the phone rang, I was praying for much needed support for our project. She was happy to know that she was an instrument to an answer to prayer!

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## **River Rafting Rescue**

(By Dina Ellens)

One afternoon, a lady and her daughter, along with a friend, a man and his two kids, decided to go on a river rafting excursion. The lady had a feeling that it was too dangerous to take the

younger kids out rafting because the river was flooded and extra high, but because it was such a nice day and they were all wearing lifejackets, she thought it would be okay.

Half way through the trip as they were paddling along, the boat hit a rock that was jutting out about four feet into the water. Just below the rock, there were some rapids. Because of the impact, the man fell out of the boat and since his foot was trapped in the ropes of the boat, the boat overturned, throwing the kids and the lady out of the boat.

The man managed to make it to shore with his daughter but the lady and the other two kids were still in the river. The lady was being swept along by the strong current and kept calling the kids but couldn't find them anywhere.

Suddenly she got a strong feeling to try to find the raft. She saw it up ahead of her but the current was carrying it further and further away. As soon as she made up her mind to try to reach the raft, it was like strong hands picked her up and landed her right next to the raft.

Then she got the urge to try and lift it and as she did, she didn't even think about how heavy it

would be. It was just as light as a feather in her hand! Something supernaturally lifted it for her.

As soon as she lifted the raft, the two missing kids popped out from under the raft where they had been trapped. They were all so happy and thankful to find each other.

But the danger was not yet over. They had to get out of the icy cold river water before they froze. They looked around at the river banks as the river pulled them along but all they could see were steep, slippery rocks that came right to the water's edge.

Then the lady noticed a small strip of sand that would be perfect. But the current was pulling them along faster and faster and the bit of sand was about 25 feet away from them on the opposite side. Somehow, the lady knew that was their one chance of getting out of the river.

As soon as she thought about that, she felt the same angelic force pick them up and transport them instantly to the small sandy area where she was able to wait with the kids, until help came. Soon the man came by in a rescue boat to look for them, and soon found them.

They still revisit the same river and the same spot where they had found safety. And when they do, they always marvel about the angelic force that pulled them to safety.

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## **Driving the Dodge Charger**

(By Al Larson)

This is an incredible story of how God takes care of His own, mainly me, in this particular situation. Perhaps you have heard of the verse from the Bible, "Not one sparrow shall fall to the ground without your Father knowing, for the very hairs of your head are numbered. (He knows us so well, that He even knows how many hairs we have on our heads!) So fear not, for you are of more value than many sparrows."

(Matthew 10:29-31).

This happened quite a few years ago, when a certain emergency came up and I was forced to have to hitchhike alone from Southern California to Portland, Oregon. Back in those days, it was much more common for people to pick up hitchhikers, as there was not the mention of all sorts of terrible things happening to people like there is today, so people were not as paranoid as

they are now.

Off I went with only a small suitcase and a light weight jacket. Things went well until I found myself at a freeway on-ramp in Redding, California with dark clouds approaching and evening setting in. I continued to pray and stand there with a smile on my face hoping for a miracle ride.

Well, a car stopped alright but the man asked me an unusual question. He said, "Do you have a driver's license?" I said, "Yes, I do." He proceeded to tell me how he was transporting several cars to Portland, but that his truck broke down and he needed some licensed drivers to drive the cars with him to Portland.

Well, this was certainly a strange way to get a ride, but I was happy to do it as it certainly seemed to save me from the impending weather and darkness approaching, plus it was all the way to where I was going!

The man took me to a nearby location where four cars were located and he pointed to a nice Dodge Charger for me to drive. It was bright yellow and real fancy. I was a bit excited to drive the car, but as I approached the car to get in, I

noticed that the front tires were a bit bald and a little voice in my head said, "Be careful, this can be a bit dangerous", but I didn't seem to have any other choice, so I jumped in and got ready to follow the leader and drive on up to Portland.

Now, you may not know where Redding, California is, but it is situated at the very beginning of a high mountain drive where the road starts to climb quite rapidly. I was the last of four cars on this trip and the boss man was in a new Cadillac, and seemed to be in a bit of a hurry, so off we went.

The weather was fine for the first few minutes but suddenly rain began to fall and before I knew it, there was a terrific downpour as we headed up the mountain. For most cars this would not be a big problem—just drive carefully and avoid any sudden turns or hard braking.

However, with the tires being bald, a special situation can occur. As I tried to keep up with the other cars, who were travelling at least 60 mph, my car suddenly began to hydroplane. This means that the water was getting under the front tires causing them to lose their grip on the road and making the car lift off the ground slightly, thereby making it impossible to steer.

Well, this is where things got real weird. Without warning, my car suddenly turned completely around and began to travel backwards up the hill and slightly to the left, heading potentially into the centre divider of the freeway.

Well, miraculously, there was a break in the fencing at the top of this steep hill (the only break in the centre divider on this entire road!) and my car travelled through the centre divider backwards onto the other side of the freeway into oncoming traffic!

As I travelled backwards I casually put the car in neutral, slowly applied the brake, came to a stop, put the car in drive again, drove back up to the opening in the fencing, went through the fence, and continued on the right side of the road.

This all happened at the very top of the mountain road so I was now on the downside of the other side of the freeway. Fortunately, there was no traffic coming up the hill on the other side of the mountain road, so this all happened without any contact with anything or anybody.

I now live in Redding, California (20 years later) and have looked for this spot on the freeway, where the fencing break is, and THERE IS NONE there! I'm not sure if the roadway was changed or if God "made" an opening for me at the time. Who knows?

I do know that God can do anything and that He does take care of His own, especially when we are at His mercy when travelling 60 mph in a metal machine that is impossible to control when it loses contact with the ground.

He kept me safe through it all and odd as it seems, I was completely calm at the time and casually (but at a slower rate of speed) drove on to later meet the rest of the team at a roadside rest area, where they all said, "Where've ya been? What took you so long to get here?"

To which I casually replied, "Well, I got slowed down a bit." I didn't know how they'd react if I told them what had just happened!

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## **Falling Off a Cliff Unharmmed**

(By Ezra)

For many years I have wanted to share this true story, and now at last I am. In 1984, I slid and fell off a 20 meter high cliff in Norway and was totally unharmed! Two days beforehand I got a warning dream from the Lord. It was an eerie nightmare that indicated my life was in danger.

The following day I was out driving on the icy, slippery road and lost control of my car for 300 meters. I cried: "Jesus help me!" and right then I was able to get control over the car and could park it safely.

The next day was when I fell off this very cliff! It was getting icy and dark on that November afternoon in Norway, and I slid over the edge of it when walking.

I threw myself to the top of a pine tree. I couldn't see the bottom of the cliff. It happened to be a very tall tree! After climbing securely down, I got the shivers when realising the close brush with death that I just survived—twice.

(The rest of that week I stayed at home and got my heart right with the Lord, taking time in prayer and reading His Word.)

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## **My Newborn Baby**

(By Joy)

I have seen many miracles of healing over my 40 years as a Christian, not only physical healing, but healing of hearts and minds which is just as exciting.

One example of physical healing was with my daughter Christy when she was a baby. Being a mother for the first time was quite an experience for me. I loved it but at times when I look back I think, "*Poor child*", as I was extremely over-protective to say the least.

For example, I was so worried that she would catch a cold so I overdressed her and then she would catch a cold because I overdressed her.

When she was three months old she came down with a fever and as the day progressed it just started climbing higher and higher. I took her to the doctor and they told me she needed to be hospitalized as she could have spinal meningitis.

It was very tough for me to see her so sick and all hooked up to IV's lying in a hospital bed.

Being in a hospital environment under these circumstances was just too overwhelming to deal with. I finally realized I couldn't let myself get so worked up, it would be no benefit to my very sick little baby.

I decided to fight these horrible feelings of fear and got down on my knees right there in the room and called out to the Lord with all my strength to heal her. When I stood up and looked at her, she was lying there smiling. Now if that wasn't a miracle of the first degree I don't know what is!

One of the symptoms of meningitis is that the back becomes very, very red and when I took a look at her back the redness was totally gone. Her doctor came in shortly after with a group of interns as he wanted them to see a patient with the symptoms of meningitis. I told him he better go somewhere else because my baby was totally healed and I told him it was because of my desperate prayers.

I was able to testify of the Lord's healing power when he saw how much better she was and was actually smiling in her bed; an impossibility in the eyes of man but with not with God, for our God is a God of miracles.

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## **Protection From Accidents**

(By Peter)

One time my wife was about to fall down an embankment when she felt as if an invisible hand pushed her back onto the sidewalk.

On other occasions, we were in danger of being hit by a car from behind, and we felt like someone just instantly moved us out of “harm’s way” in a way that one cannot explain.

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## **Yogurt**

(By Chariane Quille)

When I was working as a volunteer in the Middle East there wasn’t much to snack on. We had a good three meals a day, which we were glad for. But fruit wasn’t abundant, and I missed having yogurt available. I

t is a nice, easy, nutritious, calcium-filled snack. I felt we all would benefit from it. So the person in charge of the kitchen decided to give me a chance to try and make yogurt for the team there. He would budget getting the extra

powdered milk with his limited funds, and I would be able to give it a go.

There was a big team of volunteers, and everyone would want some yogurt, so I needed to make a large batch of it. I hadn't really made yogurt that much before. For me it's always a miracle if yogurt works. But we didn't have all that much extra milk, so we couldn't really afford to attempt to make a batch and have it go bad. It had to work.

I tried to do the best I could with this huge pot of yogurt I was making. I did all the steps I could to do it right. I went to check on it the next day, in the warm place it sat, but it hadn't worked; it was just all liquidy. It would have just gone sour and bad and been a waste if I left it longer. If that happened, I imagine that the kitchen overseer probably wouldn't have wanted me to try again.

When I told him that it hadn't worked yet, he gave me a few tips. "Maybe there's a way it could still curdle if you add vinegar or lemon juice."

So I put the pot of warm-trying-to-be-yogurt-milk on the stove and I put a tiny bit of vinegar or lemon juice in it. I can't actually remember which one I used. I heated it up just a tiny bit to make it

warmer, but clearly nothing was happening. It looked no different and was as liquidy as ever. I thought it was hopeless and I felt discouraged. So I just left it there for awhile and went off to take care of other things.

A little later I walked into the kitchen and had a wonderful surprise. I looked in the pot and found a pot full of solid, very thick and creamy yogurt! I was very happy and so was everyone else, and from then on I was able to make a big batch of yogurt every week. And happily, it worked each time as I prayed for it to.

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(The following stories are by *Dina Ellens*  
—until otherwise noted.)

### **Grandmother and the Shrapnel**

My grandmother lived in a small town in the north of the Netherlands. She ran a bakery there with her daughters, and the bakery was in business for about 65 years or so. She and her daughters must have been pretty good bakers!

One day, during the German occupation in World War II, my father and grandmother were

standing in front of the bakery. Suddenly, a small fragment of steel fell from the sky and landed on the sidewalk right in front of them. It must have been shrapnel from a bomb that had been fired by the Germans.

Grandmother picked up the piece of shrapnel and put it in the pocket of her apron, saying, “This is my souvenir.”—If the shrapnel had been any bigger or landed any closer, it would have seriously hurt them.

My father mounted the shrapnel on a piece of mahogany for a desk top paperweight for a reminder of God’s protection. My brother still has that piece and keeps it on his desk.

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### **The Falling Florescent Tube**

I once worked in a day-care centre with many young children. It was a lovely old house with large windows and wooden floors. One day we were doing a group activity with all of the children seated on their little chairs.

One of the teachers got the idea to ask the children to move their chairs a bit closer. So the whole row of little kids obediently got up and moved their chairs.

There was no real reason for doing so. But shortly after all the kids were re-seated, there was a loud crash. A big heavy florescent tube and fitting fell down from the ceiling right at the place where the row of children had previously been sitting.

There were bits of broken glass everywhere with the heavy metal fitting on top of them. Everyone marvelled and thanked the Lord for His safekeeping.

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### **The Falling Palm Branch**

Another such incident happened when we were having a Sunday morning gathering in the yard. It was a nice sunny day and everyone was enjoying the service. Again, there was a row of little seats where all the younger children were seated.

Shortly after starting the meeting, the worship leader asked all the little children to move their chairs closer in. No sooner had they done that, then a heavy, five foot long palm branch fell right at the spot where they had been seated.

These branches are quite dangerous when they fall but thank the Lord for His protection,



and for those who are in tune and obedient to His leadings!

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### **Saved From Near Drowning**

One of my friends has quite a large family and one day she told me this story. Her family had gone to a nearby hot springs to enjoy swimming at the pools there.

All of the kids were playing and creating quite a commotion in the water, while three adults were sitting on the edge of the pool, talking and watching the kids.

All of a sudden, out of the corner of his eye, one of the men saw the head of the three-year-old boy quietly slip under the water.

He jumped to his feet and swam across the diagonal of the pool in record speed. He reached the little boy and pulled him out of the water just in time.

To this day he can't figure out how he could have had such a lightening quick reaction or how he got across the pool that fast. "It must have been an angel," he said.

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## **Gas Heater Explosion**

This story happened to a friend of mine who told me about it. She went to a church service every Sunday morning. One Sunday, the pastor announced that the Sunday morning worship service would be moved from 8:00 am to 9:00 am, starting next Sunday.

So the next Sunday, all the parishioners were getting ready to attend church at the later hour as announced. When they got to the church, they found everyone in a big tumult.

The reason why? The gas heater had exploded making a lot of damage in the church. Fortunately, no one was inside the building at the time. What time had the explosion happened? 8:00 am.

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## **Following God's Instructions**

Cathy was happily reading her New Testament while waiting at a government office for her husband to pick her up. It was raining outside and she noticed a middle-aged Chinese man walking slowly out of the office with a knee bandage. She felt the Lord call her to pray for his healing.

Her first thought after that was, "Oh Lord, it's raining outside! If I get up, this fellow is going to wonder why I am following him. I don't have an umbrella and it's going to be awkward. On top of that, it's a government office with cameras and whatever happens outside is going to be filmed..."

The next minute, in spite of all her doubts, Cathy found herself following the man out of the building in the rain. She was able to pray with the man and he received healing on the spot, and was set free from a serious knee injury.

He was so happy that he gave Cathy the biggest hug and told her his entire life's story. He happened to be an orphan from Madagascar who, after many years of hard labour as a child and teen, met a compassionate Christian pastor who helped him out of a life of slavery. Now he is a successful, saved businessman and so thankful that Jesus still heals today!

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### **Miracle First Aid Bag**

An emergency aid worker got a ring on her phone and somehow, she knew it was urgent. So she jumped out of the shower, still soaped up,

and rushed to answer the call.

When she got to the scene of the accident, she saw two cars that had had a head-on collision. The driver in one car was already dead and his passenger had been thrown out of the car by the impact.

The aid worker found the passenger, a young girl, lying in the snow and saw a small trickle of blood coming from her forehead. When she brushed back her hair, she saw that it was a very deep gash.

She knew it was a desperate situation and that the bleeding needed to be stopped. But she didn't have any first aid supplies with her!

So she prayed, "God, this girl needs help right away. Please supply a first aid bag!"

Then when she looked up, she saw a first aid bag lying in the snow not far away. She reached over to grab it and found exactly what she needed inside: Clean sterile gloves and sterile gauze, etc. So she pulled on the gloves and applied the sterile gauze to the wound.

In a few minutes, more rescue workers came on the scene. They took one look at the young girl's head wound and told the first aid worker, "Don't move your hand away. You are literally holding her head together."

They taped her hand to the girl's forehead and then carefully lifted the girl into an ambulance with the emergency aid worker walking next to her.

Once in the hospital, the girl was taken into the emergency room and the doctors closed the wound and stopped the bleeding. They assured the aid worker that the girl would be okay, but a lot of it was due to her quick thinking and stopping up the wound.

When the aid worker went back to the scene of the accident, she looked for the mysterious first aid bag but couldn't find it anywhere. She asked the people on the scene if they had seen it or moved it. And they told her, "No, we thought it was yours."

As she looked around, she could still see the impression of the first aid bag in the snow. There were no footprints around that spot. It was all clean, white snow.

Then the aid worker knew that the Lord had miraculously supplied the bag in answer to her prayers. And when it was all over and no longer needed, He'd taken it back!

\*\*\*

## Samuel

While in Europe, we had a ministry of church visitation. As young people, we would visit churches and tell how we came to know Jesus. We would add a lot of songs of praise into the programme, and basically it was a praise service.

I still had a small baby at the time so I didn't participate in the service directly. Instead, I sat in the audience and participated from there. When the meeting broke up for personal talk time with people in the congregation, I would usually find someone to talk to as well.

This time I happened to notice a young man sitting in a corner of the room with his back against the wall and his knees pulled up under his chin. He was sitting there just staring at the ground or with his eyes closed.

I went over to try to talk to him but he didn't respond. Someone told me that he'd been like that since he overdosed on drugs. His parents brought him to church in the hope that it would help him somehow.

I sat down next to the boy again and started telling him about myself and what we were doing. Still, there was no response. Then I got an inspiration to just start reading to him from the Bible.

I turned to the Psalms, always one of my favourite parts of the Bible. I read Psalm after Psalm out loud to him. I must have sat there close to an hour. Then people started leaving and my co-workers needed to leave, too.

So I said goodbye to the young man and prayed for him before I left. There was still no response. He just kept on sitting there in the same position, as when I had found him.

The next morning, we heard a knock on the door. Going to open the door, I was in for a big surprise. There on the doorstep stood the young man I had talked to the night before!

Somehow he had found out our address and had come to find us. We invited him and welcomed him into our home and hearts. He decided to help us with our work for a number of years, doing the same Christian evangelism and youth work.

The Lord had done a miracle in Samuel's life. It was almost like he was brought back from the dead. Although Samuel was always a little slow mentally because of the drug overdose, his spirit shone bright and beautiful for Jesus.

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## **The Miracle Trip on \$50**

My husband and I were asked to help drive to New York City to help a young man appear at his draft board hearing. In those days, because of the Vietnam War, the draft laws were strictly enforced in the United States. This young man had to appear on the exact date he was called or he would get in legal trouble.

So we drove with him to New York City. We set out from Dallas, Texas with only \$50 between us. But the Lord took care of us every step of the way. He supplied everything we needed, even gasoline for the car!

We made it to New York just a couple of days before the due date. We stayed with the young man's parents in upstate New York. Since this young man had just come to know the Lord, we helped him as he shared his faith with his parents and they too prayed to receive Jesus into their lives.

A few days later, the young man appeared before his draft board and made a plea to be exempt from being drafted for the war in Vietnam.

When the examiners asked him of the grounds for his exemption, he told them that he had just



come to know Jesus and now he wanted to spend the rest of his life serving Him.

The Lord worked in the examiners' hearts and the young man was granted the exemption on the grounds of his religious belief. He went on to become a missionary and is still serving the Lord today.

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### **Missionary Mum in India**

This is a story of a missionary mum in India with five kids, two of them still toddlers. She and her husband felt called by the Lord to be missionaries to India and were happy serving the Lord there, while raising their kids. Sometimes, things were tough and they didn't always have a lot.

One time, they were absolutely down to their last rupee and had no food in the house. The mummy asked her husband, "Honey, what are we going to do? We have nothing to feed the kids."

Her husband replied, "Don't worry, dear. The Lord has never failed us yet and He won't fail us now. He'll take care of us somehow."

Just then there was a knock at the door. It was an Indian man who had agreed to sell some

Christian merchandise for them. He brought them 200 rupees which, at that time, was enough money to buy food for a week.

Although he could have brought the money at any time, the Lord had him bring the money just at the exact time when they desperately needed it.

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### **The Luggage Counter Miracle**

When my missionary friend was returning to Indonesia from a visit overseas, she brought with her a lot of essential items that are hard to buy or even find in Indonesia. Her family was eagerly awaiting her return and anticipating all the things she was bringing back with her.

Because my friend was taking an economy flight, her weight limit was limited to only 15 kilos. Nevertheless, she had gone ahead packing her bags as full as possible, knowing every item would be a blessing and well used.

She prayed desperately that she could bring everything back with her and that she could get through the check-in procedures without a hitch.

She waited at the counter while the clerk prepared the necessary paperwork.

Bag #1 went on the weight scale. The scale tipped to 9 kilos.

Then bag #2. The scale tipped over to 12 kilos. My friend smiled at the clerk and stayed calm, all the while praying for a miracle, under her breath, so she wouldn't have to pay a large overweight fee.

“Okay, that’s fine, Ma’am. Go ahead and proceed to check in.”

My friend could hardly believe her ears. She remained calm until all her luggage was loaded up and on its way to the plane. Then she walked away, praising and thanking the Lord for the miracle He had done.

To this day, she’s still not sure what happened, whether the clerk read the scales incorrectly or got mixed up in his math, but somehow she had gotten all her luggage on-board without needing to pay extra, even though she was 8 kilos overweight!

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### **Saved By a Miracle**

A Christian pastor was making his first visit to an African country. He arrived at his destination with all having gone well with his flight and passage through customs.

Once outside of the airport, he hailed a taxi to get to the church where he was scheduled to speak.

The taxi driver helped load up the taxi with the pastor's suitcases and set off. On the way, he abruptly pulled over to the curb to let another African man in the front seat of the car.

The Christian pastor wondered about this but thought that perhaps this was the way they did things in Africa. So he just sat back in the cab, taking it all in and didn't make any comment.

He noticed that the two men were speaking in Swahili and he was just thinking how nice it was to hear Swahili. All of a sudden, though, the pastor was able to understand what they were saying. They were talking about taking him to the trash heap and dumping him there and taking off with all his stuff. They said they would do whatever was necessary to get away with his stuff.

The pastor was amazed that he could suddenly understand what the men were saying and thanked God for this miracle. He remembered that he had an ID card in his pocket that looked impressive from a distance.

He took it out of his wallet and waved it in front of the men saying, "I am an important official in my country. And my government knows I am here. If you don't take me immediately where I need to go, my President will send a

bomb to hit this town.”

The men were shocked that the pastor understood their conversation. They immediately pulled over and started throwing his luggage out of the car. The pastor got out, too, and the taxi sped off.

The pastor was left by the side of the road but he was very thankful that God had saved his life.

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### **Classical Japanese**

A Japanese lady had married an American man. Although they were happily married, she insisted on remaining Buddhist while her husband was a strong believer in Christ.

One day, she went to church with her husband. As she sat in the church pew, she noticed the lady next to her softly praying in tongues. So she bowed her head and started praying her Buddhist prayer.

As she bent her head, she was startled by the fact that she could understand the lady next to her. She was speaking in perfect, classical Japanese! These were her words, “You have tried Buddha. Now try Me. I am Jesus, your Lord and Saviour.”

The Japanese lady was so startled by these words that she got convicted to receive Jesus in

her heart. She found out later that the lady sitting next to her could not speak Japanese except when she was praying in tongues!

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### **The Missionary Launch Miracle**

This happened on an island in the South Pacific at the outbreak of World War II. A missionary had been stationed on the island and was winning many of the native people to Jesus.

He had a growing work there that was very fruitful. He had recently bought a large powerful motorboat, called a launch. With it, he was planning to start making trips to the nearby islands to also preach the Gospel to the natives there.

However, all his plans changed when the war broke out. The military stationed on the island requisitioned his launch so that they could use it for defending the island, and the missionary was asked to return home for his own safety.

The missionary reluctantly said goodbye to all the native members of his congregation, and told them that he would be praying for them and hoping that he could return soon.

Months went by and the island remained under military occupation. Finally, the troops had to leave the island because the enemy soldiers

were advancing and coming too close. Just before they left, though, they set fire to the launch so the enemy soldiers wouldn't be able to use it.

Unknown to them, a gust of wind suddenly came up and blew out the fire. So even though the launch was a bit damaged from the fire, it was still in good condition.

When the natives stumbled on the launch, they immediately set out to hide it from the encroaching enemy soldiers. They dragged the launch off the beach and hid it under some overhanging trees. Then they planted fast-growing vines and plants on the deck that would soon cover it. They also thought about the engine and came up with an idea to hide it, too!

They carefully lifted it out of the engine room and dismantled it, saving every screw and bolt. The big engine block was given to the village chief to hide in his hut. Then all the villagers lined up and each one received a couple of the engine parts and pieces.

Everything was divided up—down to the very smallest nut, bolt and screw!

Each person then hung the engine pieces they had received on a string or leather strip and hung them around their necks like the charms or amulet necklaces that natives often wear.

When the enemy troops landed on the island, they could find no trace of the launch! Even though they saw the natives every day, they never figured out what the strange pieces they were wearing around their necks were.

Once the enemy had been defeated and peace was declared, the missionary was able to return to the island. There was much festivity and joy celebrating his return. Finally, the natives took the missionary to show him where they had hidden the launch.

He was amazed to find it, thinking that it had been destroyed during the war. However, he was sure the engine would be totally ruined by now.

The chief of the village then despatched everyone to their huts to return with the pieces of the engine that they had been given. One by one, they brought forward the nuts, screws, bolts and all of the mechanical parts. The chief proudly produced the engine block from his hut.

Since he was somewhat of a mechanic, the missionary set to work putting all of the pieces back together. It took a long time, but finally the engine was completely restored to its former condition. There were even a few bolts and screws left over!



Another big celebration took place in the village the day that the launch was returned back to the water. With a big roar, the motor came back to life and all the natives cheered! It was truly miraculous.

That launch continued to serve the missionary on his travels around the islands to preach the Gospel for many years to come.

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### **Bible College Scholarship**

Jim was studying to become a doctor in Hawaii when God called him to go to a Bible college in California instead.

He prayed for a confirmation that it really was God's call on his life. He asked if it really was God's will, that he would receive a financial aid package. In answer to his prayers, he qualified and the financial aid came.

Even though he still did not have the money to pay for tuition or meals, he took that as a sign from God to attend the Bible college and that God could even rain money down from Heaven for him if need be.

So Jim went to California to start his studies without knowing where the rest of the money would come from, but just trusting in the Lord's provision.

One day, out of the blue, his financial aid counsellor called him into the office and said,  
“I don’t know how it happened, but you were granted a full study grant which will cover all of your tuition, plus room and board. We don’t know who applied for you, but since it was granted to you, it’s yours.”

There it was, money raining down from Heaven! Jim had believed wholeheartedly that God would supply and He did! He went on to graduate from Bible college and went into fulltime service for the Lord. And to this day, he still doesn’t know who made the application for him or how he got the money.

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### **A House For Free**

One time we had just moved to a new city and were desperate for a house. We were already talking with people about Jesus winning them to Him. But we had no place to bring them for Bible study.

We prayed desperately for a house but we wanted one in the centre of town so all the young people who hung out there could easily find us.

Houses in the centre of town were scarce and expensive, but we knew that God could do a

miracle for us. When we told some friends about our need, they invited us to a prayer meeting. At the prayer meeting, everyone got down on their knees and prayed desperately for us. At the end of the meeting, someone suggested we go see a wealthy lawyer and property owner in the city.

When we went to his house, we were a bit overwhelmed because everything was so rich and fancy. At first, the man was not so helpful, but when we explained that God had called us to minister to and help people in his city, his heart softened.

“I have a house for you,” he said. “It is not very big but it is in the centre of town.”

The house needed some repairs but it was perfect for our mission. The man let us live there for three years without having to pay any rent. While there, we led many people to the Lord. Many of them went on afterwards to become missionaries and win others to the Lord.

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### **Saved From an Explosion**

At one time, a friend of mine was working as a security guard for a large company that had seven different food plants all situated in a large industrial area. He had to follow a certain route between all these plants while doing his security

rounds each evening. One evening, he came around the corner of a building that had an inside dock and railroad tracks.

He was used to always taking this route in the same way. He would walk along the dock to a compressor room, go through some huge double doors and exit through a pedestrian door on the opposite side of the room.

But one night was different. As he approached the double doors, which were made of heavy steel and twelve feet high and weighed about 3/4 ton each, a strange feeling overcame him.

Suddenly he felt afraid and had the feeling that there was something on the other side of that door that would kill him. In his mind, he saw a great big beast, like something out of a sci-fi movie.

So he decided not to go in that way. Instead, he walked back and was going to enter via the door on the other end. Just as he rounded the corner on the way to the other door, there was a tremendous explosion!

Both of the huge metal doors had been blown about a quarter of a mile down the dock, right through a boxcar, and through the wall of the building. One of the three huge ammonia compressors in the storage room had exploded.

Normally, my friend would go through those doors three times a night on his security rounds. He said it was really an irrational feeling he had, envisioning some horrible creature. But something told him not to go through those doors that particular time. And was he ever thankful!

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### **Protection in a Bus Accident**

A missionary couple in Mexico were out running errands one day. They decided to grab a quick lunch before preparing for an evening of prayer with local believers.

Seconds later, the man lay sprawled on the pavement after attempting to cross a busy street. All he could remember was a blur. He couldn't remember feeling pain. He just remembered a blur and a bash.

The couple had been struck by a bus. The bus hit the man directly, crushing his right leg and throwing him across the street. The impact knocked his wife into a car stopped in traffic.

They were rushed by an ambulance to the nearest hospital. The man's ankle was crushed, his femur shattered and the muscle from his shin to his foot was torn from the bone.

His wife had a deep gash from her right elbow to her wrist; her left wrist also was badly cut.

In the midst of all this, they were faced with a big decision. The bus driver had fled the scene, but a witness had reported the bus' number. The missionary couple were asked if they wanted to press charges. The missionaries thought about it and made a conscious decision to forgive the driver. They said they didn't want to be in a situation where they felt unforgiveness towards anyone.

Over the next few days, the missionary man continued to lose blood, but at such a slow rate that doctors weren't concerned. Three days after the accident, he was transferred to a hospital in the States. By that time, though, he had lost over half his body's blood supply and was dying.

He remained in the hospital for a month and had five surgeries; during one, 30 pieces of bone were reassembled above his knee.

One of the surgeons noticed that his leg injury was healing much faster than expected. He asked the plastic surgeon, "What did you do? How come his leg is healing so fast?"

The doctor replied, "I didn't do anything. He has so many people praying for him, why should we be surprised?"

Six months after the accident, the missionary couple returned to Mexico where they continued to plant churches and train national believers.

The man still has some pain in his leg, but when he first got back to the States, the doctor said in most circumstances he would have amputated the leg. So the man doesn't mind bearing a bit of pain. He's just so thankful he can walk again. He and his wife just continued asking God for miracles. And they got them!

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### **Spared In a Head-on Collision**

One morning, a friend of mine was called into work early. On the way, her car hit a patch of ice and swerved straight into a head-on collision with another car. Before the two cars made impact, she had just enough time to cry out, "Help me, God!"

The accident was so severe, that my friend had to get cut out of the car. Even though the cars were totally smashed up, everyone walked away from the accident with just scratches. It was a miracle!

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## **Miracle On a Ladder**

My friend had a large tree in her back yard that had big branches that were growing too far. A big portion of the tree was cutting off the sunlight for other plants and bushes, so my friend decided to cut those branches off the tree.

She had a six foot ladder but the branches were too high to reach with that, so my friend leaned an extension ladder against the six foot ladder and climbed on that. It was a pretty precarious position, especially holding an electric saw, but she was able to trim back the first three branches.

There was one more tree limb to cut off but it was higher than the others. My friend had already climbed nine feet up, using both ladders. She needed to climb a little further to reach the last branch but was just wondering if she should do that. Just then, the extension ladder slipped and fell back to the ground.

My friend fell off the ladder and her back hit the hard ground with an unbelievable force. She lay there stunned for a while and finally she was able to stagger into the house. She stayed in bed the rest of the day, but she had no injuries, other than a pounding headache for a few days.



It was a miracle how she survived that fall. A fall like that could have killed or seriously injured anyone. The fact of the matter was that this lady was 76 years old. For someone that old to survive such a serious fall without any ill effects was truly a miracle of God!

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### **From Wheelchair To Walking**

A friend of mine told me about Bill, a man who had been struck down by a viral infection of the spine. The infection left him in a wheelchair for seven or eight years. He had no hope of ever walking again. He was also deaf, and had bad eyesight.

Bill was a counsellor and had helped many people. The elders at his church had prayed over him a number of times and nothing ever changed. He was beyond any hope of recovery.

One night, one of the elders called and said they wanted to pray for him again. Bill was a little reluctant, since it seemed the earlier prayers hadn't helped—because it wasn't yet the Lord's time to grant the healing. However, they insisted and after much hesitation and doubt, Bill finally agreed.

They laid hands on him and prayed for him. At the time, Bill was feeling a little cynical and had

no faith.

When one of the men prayed for him, he felt an electric current pass through his entire body. However, he didn't say anything as he didn't think it was important. After that, everyone went home.

The next morning Bill got out of bed and went to take a shower. His wife came in and was shocked to see him.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm taking a shower," he replied.

"You're walking!" she exclaimed.

"I am?" he replied in surprise.

It took him three days to believe that he was actually healed and that his paralysis wouldn't come back. Although Bill had given up on having faith for healing, the Lord still loved him and healed him. That just goes to show, it's all the Lord's power that makes miracles possible.

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### **Healing From Scoliosis**

At a Healing Seminar the call came for anyone who had scoliosis to come forward. A lady came to the front who had an uneven back and more than three inches of difference in the alignment of her arms!

There happened to be a surgeon present who confirmed the unevenness of her back as a symptom of scoliosis. The lady said she had had scoliosis for more than ten years already.

The person who was holding her hands in preparation for the healing demonstration felt the power of the Holy Spirit flowing from his hands to hers. He put her hands down for a moment to talk to the audience to explain about how to command healing.

When it was time for him to command healing, he asked the lady to put her arms together in front of her so that people would see how her back would straighten and her hands would even out, meaning after the prayer.

As she raised her arms in front of her, everyone was so surprised!!! Her back had already straightened and her arms had already evened out, without their commanding healing!

The lady was in tears. The attending doctor then had a look at her back to see if it was already even and symmetrical, and he confirmed that it was. What a miracle!

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## **Healings Spiritual and Physical**

Steven and his friends visited a lady who had lots of physical problems. She had recently had knee replacement surgery, as well as surgery on her shoulder. On top of that, she was very depressed due to all the problems she had.

Steven laid hands on her and afterward, all the pain left. She was healed from all the pains in her knee, her neck, shoulder and her back as well as a headache.

She said she felt a warm sensation flowing through her body, especially in her knee. She got very emotional as she told about this, and the joy of the Lord came upon her. She had felt the Lord's healing touch and couldn't explain it.

Later, her husband asked for prayer, too. He was amazed when all the pressure and pain left his head afterwards. The whole thing really moved his heart.

At the onset of the visit, there had been so much depression in the house. The woman said it had been many years since she had felt such joy. The Lord had healed them and even made them dance, they were so happy.

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## **The Lord Promises Healing**

A friend of mine has always had a special bond with his grandfather, maybe because they have the same birthday. Several years ago when he was away at college, he got the news that his grandfather was seriously ill. Right away, my friend started fearing the worst and wondering if his grandfather was going to die.

Later that night, he was pacing around his house, unable to sleep, when a voice inside began saying, "Take Communion; take Communion."

He felt he should heed the call, so he headed downstairs to the kitchen where he took a piece of bread, and poured out a small glass of grape juice. He then had a simple Communion and prayed for healing for his grandfather.

As he was going back upstairs, he felt something like a supernatural force take hold of his body. A few seconds later, he was standing in the hallway in his grandparents' home.

What he saw brought him so much relief. There was his grandfather briskly walking around, looking as healthy as ever. After a brief time, no more than three seconds, he found himself back on the stairs where he had been standing. God had whisked him away to a future time to show

that there was no need to worry.

Not long after this experience, the granddad began showing substantial improvement. It's been almost five years since, and he's as strong and healthy as ever!

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### **Bitten By a Poisonous Snake**

A boy was out playing in the woods in the back of his house with his dog on a beautiful autumn day. An Eastern diamond back rattlesnake bit through the leather of his shoe. Instantly the boy felt a searing pain go through his foot.

Not long after, the father found his little boy lying unconscious in the kitchen. Looking at his foot, he saw what had happened and realised that the poisonous venom of the snake was now in the boy's system.

"By now, my son is probably already a goner!" he thought.

Nevertheless, he put his unconscious boy in the car and drove as fast as he could to the nearest hospital, knowing that he wouldn't have time to call an ambulance.

Halfway there, his car broke down. He was literally standing by the road holding his boy when an old farm worker driving by in a pickup truck saw him standing there, waving for help.

Together, they put the boy in the pickup truck and took him to the nearby clinic. When they got there, the doctor said, "Your boy is too far gone. There's nothing we can do." But the doctor then went on to say, "If you drive on another five or ten miles, there might be a doctor who could help, but I doubt it."

So the father and the old man drove on to another hospital.

It was another 48 hours before the boy regained consciousness. The doctor was by his side when he woke up as they expected, if there was any life left at all, that he would wake up around that time. Otherwise, he would be gone.

After he opened his eyes, and became coherent, the doctor took his hand and said, "I want to say something to you, young fellow." He then went on to say, "In all my years of practicing medicine, I've never seen anyone recover who had that much venom in their system. I don't know what happened."

The young boy looked at him and said, "Doctor I know what happened. When I was out in the woods and that snake bit me right through my shoe, if it wasn't for my dog barking, I wouldn't have gotten that snake off me. But the dog got that snake away from me."

“Then I started to hobble back to the house but I knew I wasn’t going to make it. I started to stumble to the ground. Just then, a figure in white appeared in the woods and picked me up and held me close.

He said, “Little boy, you’re going to be very sick for a while but don’t worry. Afterwards you’ll be okay again.”

As the boy was telling the story to the doctor, both the doctor and the parents became very uncomfortable. His father explained to the doctor, “We’re not religious people; we don’t go to church. We don’t have any such belief in our home.”

No matter how much they tried to convince the boy that it was only a dream he’d had, the young boy persisted in believing that an angel had carried him to safety.

Later on, that boy went on to become a believing, Christian young man. His life was totally changed by the miracle he’d experienced.

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## **Receiving Jesus and Healing – Both At the Same Time!**

A Christian missionary team visited a Christmas party at a local orphanage in Thailand. The orphanage is run by a community of Thai Christians in a beautiful house and they have ten kids in their care.

After the Christmas play, the pastor started preaching in Thai and gave an altar call for anyone who wanted to accept Jesus. About 12 people went up to the front and received Jesus as their Saviour.

While this was going, the Christian missionary team had met a gentleman in the crowd who had had knee replacement surgery after an accident at work. He had been in acute pain since the operation and had had to use crutches ever since.

Without laying hands on his sore knee, the missionary team started commanding healing. Within seconds, the man started feeling heat cover his knee. They then proceeded to lay hands on him. While praying, one of the team could feel the man's kneecap moving around in his hand. The old gentleman felt it, too!

“It’s feeling so much better!” he exclaimed. “I still have some pain when I move it, though, because of the metal inside.”

So they continued to pray for healing and as they did, the crunching sensation that occurred whenever he moved his knee started lessening!

After they had prayed for him, the old gentleman told them how he had wanted to accept Jesus but he couldn't walk up to the stage to do so. Little did he realize, he had already received Jesus!

Next month the man is due back in the hospital for an x-ray. Since they prayed for his knee and saw so much improvement, they’re confident that the doctors are going to find that new bone has grown to replace the metal.

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### **The Boat and the Idol**

This is a story told by a missionary couple who often made trips between the two Indonesian islands of Sulawesi and Java. They didn’t have a lot of money, and any money they did have they would try to put towards printing Gospel literature to give to people. So they always looked for the cheapest ways to travel.

The cheapest way to travel between the islands is by boat. There are lots of boats that take goods and passengers across, but not all of them are so reliable. But my missionary friends had faith that God would keep them.

And the Lord always did keep them safe on their travels. One particular boat trip, though, was very exciting. And that is the one they told me about.

Usually a crossing takes about 1½ days. This time, after a few hours out of port, the boat's engine stalled and wouldn't start again. The crew tried to figure out what was wrong with the engine. They cleaned different parts and adjusted other parts but nothing helped! The engine just wouldn't start again.

By the end of the first day, my friends were praying desperately. The second day rolled around and supplies were starting to run low on the boat. There was still no response from the motor.

The morning of the third day, one of my friends happened to be on the steering deck with the captain. My friend had been faithfully telling the captain about Jesus Christ and as a result, he

prayed and received salvation.

While they were on the steering deck, my friend noticed a pretty large-sized idol statue there. My friend told the captain, “Now that you have Jesus in your heart, you don’t need that statue anymore. Maybe that’s the reason, the engine won’t start. I suggest we throw it over board.”

The captain agreed. My friend was praying desperately as the crew threw the idol into the water. Then the crew went back to try the engine. And sure enough, it started up!

It seemed that there was some spiritual interference happening because my missionary friends were onboard and the captain had chosen to believe on Jesus as his Saviour. Thank God, Jesus’ power in us is so much greater!

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### **Healing For a Saleslady**

More and more of God’s children are discovering that God can heal anywhere, anytime if we are willing to take the time. One time, some Christian friends of mine were out sightseeing and shopping in Singapore.

They happened to notice a saleslady who was cheery and smiling even though she obviously was in pain. When my friends asked her about it, she explained that her knees hurt so bad that she couldn't even bend them. My friends were so touched that they asked if they could pray for her.

The saleslady happily and readily agreed. So my friends prayed for her and a few seconds after the prayer, she felt no more pain! She could bend her knees again!

After about two hours, my friends came back to see the saleslady again and asked how she was. She smiled and said she could still bend her knees just fine.

“After your healing prayer, I can bend my knees,” she said. “Now I can squat and touch the ground. Thank you for your prayers!”

When my friends came back to see her, she started calling other people over so that they could pray for them as well.

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## **The Money Is in Your Account!**

We had four small children and were struggling financially just to make ends meet. As Christians in full time service for the Lord, we wanted to be ready for anything, though. But we certainly didn't expect the Lord to give us a call to go to Indonesia! That was the furthest thing from our minds at the time and seemed like an impossible dream.

But circumstances kept coming into our lives that showed us that God was leading that way. Finally we took it seriously and started praying desperately for a miracle load of funds to cover the air flight costs for all six of us. No small amount!

Since we were citizens of the Netherlands and all our children were born there, we were eligible for child support from the government. Only we had never taken the time to file for it. At the encouragement of some of our friends, we finally went ahead and filled out all the paperwork.

Since we didn't hear anything back for quite a while, we put it in the back of our minds. Especially when the Lord started giving us the vision to go to Indonesia and we got busy trying

to raise support for that.

However, one day I was home alone with all the kids when the phone rang. It was a lady from the Child Services office and she wanted to confirm our bank account number, saying that our child support had been granted retroactively.

I had no idea how much money that meant. But when my husband went to check the account, he found out that it was just enough to pay for air tickets for all of us to Indonesia, plus a little extra. What a miracle of the Lord's supply!

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### **My Great-Uncle's Farm**

I never knew I had a great-uncle until the day I got an official letter in the mail from an attorney letting me know that, along with about 200 other relatives, I was a recipient of my great-uncle's will. I filled in the necessary paperwork and returned it to the lawyer, thinking, "How nice that I have a great-uncle I never knew about."

After about six months, another letter arrived from the lawyer. This time, he wanted to let me know that my great-uncle's farm was up for auction and when it was sold, the estate would be divided. I didn't think much would come of it,

knowing of the lawyers and inheritance taxes along with 200 other relatives wanting a share.

I was busy doing volunteer work in Thailand. This was in 2008, about the time of the financial banking crash in Europe. “Oh, great,” I thought. “No one is going to buy a farm in this kind of financial climate.” But I was so wrong.

At the end of that year, I got an invitation to join another family who were moving to Indonesia. “Back to Indonesia?” I thought. “Yes, I’ll do it! But on what?” I certainly didn’t have any cash reserves.

Then came another letter from the attorney. It stated that the farm had been sold and how much money I would be getting as my share of the estate. It wasn’t a colossal amount but it was enough to pay for the air fare for myself and the family I was travelling with. —Along with all of our visa costs for the coming year.

What a miracle! And just in time! I think my great-uncle is very happy about what I did with my share of the money. Because I used it to move to Indonesia so I could be a witness there of God’s love.

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## Healed Of a High Fever

Sally's brother had an extremely high fever. It was so severe that it wouldn't break for over a week. Everyone in their family was getting very worried, and they started putting ice packs on him at night to bring the fever down. He was getting very weak, and feeling achy all over, and starting to cough.

The family then asked for prayer for Sally's brother from their Christian friends. After the prayer, the fever broke in just 20 minutes! They measured his temperature before the prayer and it was 38 degrees centigrade. After the prayer, it was 36.7 degrees. What a miracle!

Something interesting also happened. The man leading the prayer prayed that the Holy Spirit would blow a cool wind over the young man. Immediately after that, he felt his body cool down.

Then his sister asked the Holy Spirit to burn away anything that was attacking her brother and immediately he started to feel burning hot. Then the faith healer prayed again for coolness to enter his body and the young man testified that he immediately felt cool.

He said that he felt the temperature of his body fluctuate according to the directions given in the prayers. First it was hot from the fever, then cool after the first prayer, then hot after his sister prayed for him and then cool again after the final prayer. Now he feels completely healthy again and has all his energy back!

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*(The following stories are by Brunella  
—until otherwise noted.)*

### **Meeting Don**

We met Don, who was also a missionary worker, when our family was making preparations to go to our new mission field. There was so much to do! But Don seemed troubled by something and under some kind of cloud most of the time.

One day we decided to take some time off to relax a bit and invited Don to have coffee with us. As we sat down and chatted about this and that, we asked him more about himself and his family. It was then that the reason for his sadness was

revealed: He had not seen or heard from his youngest son in two years, even though he lived in the same city. At one point his son came very close to joining Don in his missionary work, but then disappeared without a trace!

This caused him much heartache and he wished there was a way he could find him. He felt he lost faith for a possible reunion, but wished it could somehow come true. We told him that we would pray earnestly for that to happen, and while he appreciated it, we could see that he did not hold much hope for it.

About a month went by during which we were tying up loose ends before our departure. While out one day doing some door-to-door outreach we met a young man that seemed very eager to talk with us. He invited us into his house and we began getting acquainted with him. He told us about his Mum passing away years before, about his Dad's remarrying, what work he did and quite a few details about his family.

We thought this was quite unusual coming from someone so young, but we listened with interest. He also explained how his Dad met his second wife while overseas and how through her he got involved in mission work, etc. Having

heard so much information about this young man's family, we could hardly contain ourselves, so we asked point blank: "Is your father's name Don?"

He literally almost fell off his seat and with a wide eyed expression on his face he asked: "You know him?!?" With that we gave him the full story and he could not believe that this was happening! It was a wonderful moment, both for us and for him as he proceeded to tell us what had happened in his life, and he gave us his phone number so that his father could contact him. He was very, very happy to have made this connection.

As you can imagine, we could hardly wait to see Don and give him the wonderful news! We arranged a meeting with him the very next day. It is difficult to find the word to describe the look on Don's face at hearing our account, but truly a beautiful moment!

We felt privileged and excited to have been part of such a miracle. Our God is so amazing and wonderful and there is truly nothing He cannot do, even reuniting a father and a son in a city of ten million, through love and prayer!

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## **When We Ask**

We were making the last minute preparations for a mission trip. We were staying at the summer house of one of our friends and we had filled the living room with folded clothes and items to be packed. We were very thankful for how the Lord had supplied every need for this trip, but we also had been praying for further supply.

We had plane tickets to the city that was a main hub, but we needed to buy ongoing tickets to our final destination and that would cost exactly \$1,000. We waited as long as we could before buying these tickets, hoping for a last minute miracle, but as we couldn't wait any longer, we went ahead and bought them.

The day before our departure our host of the home we were staying in came for a surprise visit and sat down with us for coffee and a chat. In the course of the conversation he told us that during that particular week, his business had done the best ever for the whole year. In fact he could not remember the last time things had gone so well.

Of course, he was happy and we were pleased for him. Then he said: “And because of that I wanted to give you something...” as he proceeded to place some money on the table.

We thanked him profusely, not only for that but also for his kind hospitality. After he left, we had a look at the amount he had given: It was exactly \$1,000! We were so thrilled at the Lord’s faithfulness and learned once more that God’s delays are not denials!

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### **Unexpected Supply**

I had recently moved to a very busy African city, and the time to renew our visas had come. The local visa office was located in one of the worst parts of town, where many street people were begging and children were sniffing glue. A pretty sad sight. One had to be watchful when going there, as muggings had taken place from time to time.

At that time, resources were limited and I didn’t have much cash. There was a fee of \$50 for the renewal of the visa and that seemed like a lot at that time, but as I had learned, God is faithful to provide for His children, so I committed it all to

prayer. When the day to go to the visa office had arrived, I went there with a friend that knew the area well and that could also guide me through the process of forms filling, etc.

As we approached the gate of the office compound, something caught my attention on the ground; I looked closer and I could tell it was money, but being in such a dodgy area, I didn't want to be obvious about it.

I quickly bent down and picked up the paper. Once inside the building I took the paper out of my pocket and had a look: It was a \$50 bill in our home country's currency!!!

That was also amazing as the fee could not be paid with the local currency. Of course I was overjoyed!! Not only had God supplied, but, even if I was prepared to use some of the money I did have, He did it in the right currency and in the nick of time!

I also thought it amazing that no one else had found the money given the many homeless and poor people that were in the area. It was obvious the Lord was saving that for me!

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## Shanti's Smile

It happened quite a few years ago, but this is the kind of story one never forgets. We were missionaries in India at the time and were just going back home after a long day in town. We were quite tired, especially since it was the hot season and were really looking forward to refreshing showers and dinner.

We suddenly remembered we needed to pick up some yogurt, so we stopped at a pharmacy to ask for directions to a creamery nearby. That's where we saw Shanti, who was buying something there. She told us that the creamery was probably closed due to the late hour, but since she lived very close by, she would gladly take us to her house and give us some yogurt.

"How kind," we thought, but at the same time dreading the idea as we knew that people there are very hospitable, and we would be offered tea and biscuits and be compelled to stay and chat for some time. But we went anyway and ended up doing just that!

However, as we got into a deeper conversation with Shanti about the purpose of this life, the obstacles that are so often in our way and where



to find the answers one seeks, our tiredness seemed to have left us and we became quite involved.

We did our best to share all that we knew about God and His great love for each of us and how we had personally experienced such love. While she had many doubts and questions, towards the end of our time with her she seemed more at peace, and it was then that she dropped the bomb! She told us that when we had met her at the pharmacy, she was buying pills to take so she could end her life!

She was a step away from doing this when she heard us asking about a creamery and without really knowing why, she felt the urge to offer her help. This is how we ended up at her house.

Of course, we were dumbfounded and very sobered by the whole thing, that a seemingly trivial thing like looking for yogurt led to being an instrument in saving a life!

At the same time it was a truly wonderful feeling, and we couldn't help but cry as we watched Shanti smile broadly and with a new sparkle in her eyes! These are the kind of miracles that are truly life changing.

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## **The Vehicle**

(By Joseph)

Every two months I take a 900 km mission trip to visit friends and supporters. It's a long drive but very straight and with no other vehicles on the road most of the time, so it is a relaxing drive. I load my mp3 up with Bible reading, music and different old radio shows to listen to for my enjoyment.

I usually stop at the last gas station to get some snacks and a drink before I start. The road goes through a wilderness area which has a dead zone (can't use your mobile phone) for about 280 km. On this particular trip, I stayed longer than usual and I returned during the night. There were no vehicles on the road, except for about one every 40 minutes! Besides that, the drive back was uneventful and I came back around 10:00 at night.

However, when I returned home I started to feel a pain in my back, and was going to chalk that up to an old back pain that I have had for many years, but there was something different this time. I usually could find a place of comfort

after we prayed for my back in the past, and could get into some position where the pain would go away. But not this time.

I tried every trick in the book to get rid of the pain. I realized after rolling on the floor and being in pain for a few hours, that something was really wrong. So I asked my wife Sara, to call a friend of ours if he could take me to the hospital in my van that I just used for the mission trip.

Our dear friend said yes—even though it was the middle of the night and he took me to the emergency reception room. I was then taken right away and given some tests and a CAT scan which showed that I had a gallbladder full of stones and that was extremely infected.

The doctor said the operation would take place in two hours to remove the gallbladder. —That gave me and Sara the time we needed to pray for everything that would take place; that all would be a routine operation and that there wouldn't be any complications!

And, praise God there were no problems in the surgery, and I am feeling better than I have in years! However, after I woke up from the surgery, Sara let me know that the van broke

down right after they took me to the hospital! At that time I was feeling no pain and kind of shrugged that off, not knowing what to expect until I got home.

When I was able to walk around more, I checked the van out. It had no red warning lights on, the engine worked, everything was fine, nothing was leaking, no strange noise, it just wouldn't move. Our friend said when it happened that it just stopped going forward.

I knew a Christian friend who was a transmission specialist and called him up. He'd had an operation on his shoulder recently and said he couldn't work on it, but would come over to check it out. He said that it would cost a few thousand dollars to get it fixed if it was the transmission.

I told him we didn't have the funds to cover that kind of repair. He suggested calling the dealer to see if there was a recall for that type of vehicle. So I called and the dealers said no, there wasn't any recall.

We are living in a location where our kids can walk to the Christian school they attend, and another older son could ride his bike to the

Community College. Also a couple of our friends said they could take us shopping every week or two. So practically speaking, we could do without our van for a while—as far as home and family life goes. However, our ministry would stop.

I brought that point up to the Lord, asking Him to supply the funds to get the van fixed, so our ministry wouldn't be hindered. I tried to raise funds by putting an ad on a Christian web site and some dear brethren sent some funds to pay for the towing, but it wasn't enough to fix the van.

There was a kind-hearted doctor who we have been working with to take medical equipment and clothes into the war-torn city of Ciudad Juarez, in Mexico, who offered to loan me up to \$3,000 to get the van fixed. He said that I could pay him back when I could.

I refused the offer stating that this is the Lord's work and He will provide. I didn't feel that borrowing money and then struggling to pay it back was the right thing to do in this situation. I decided to instead pray and trust the Lord for a miracle of financial supply and then patiently wait for the answer to my prayer.

The doctor was amazed at my words and said “The offer still stands”, in case I changed my mind later.

Three days had passed after I made my stand to trust the Lord to provide—with no strings attached. I was watching National TV news one night and saw that the Ford Motor company announced a recall for the same model and year as my van, due to the exact same problem that was wrong with my van!

I hesitated... I heard... I looked up on the internet and got the recall notice. I printed it out. Again I looked, I was stunned! I decided to call the dealer; however, they said they had heard nothing about the recall but would check up on it and would call me back.

Three hours later they called back and said well, yes, there was a recall and that they would check it out, but that if that wasn't the problem they would put it back together again and charge me \$600—not fixing the problem, just checking the car.

This doubt from the dealer stopped me for a day and I prayed again, asking the Lord what to do. The Lord told me that I should try another

dealer. The new dealer said they would check it for us for free, so I had it towed to their shop.

After three days they called and said that it looked like the part that was on the recall was indeed the problem, but they hadn't fully checked yet.

A day later they called and said that if that wasn't the problem, and upon full inspection it turned out to be something else, then they would charge me \$600 to put the car back together.

This stopped me for another three days, during which I talked with different managers at the company and explained the work that we were doing. They were understanding and would get back to me on it, however when they called later they said there wasn't much they could do.

My patience was getting tested and I was tempted to get mad and ask them what kind of recall this was, but I didn't. Instead I focused on the decision I had to make.

I had to decide whether or not to give them the go ahead to open up the area where the problem was thought to be, near the motor and transmission. It would require a lot of work to do so.

Meanwhile during this time my kids went to school on their bikes. One day during a snowy, rainy day they were spotted by one of teachers at the school who had compassion on them. This teacher offered to give the children a ride to and from school every day.

Since the van was out of order we had some bills that needed to be paid, especially the tuition for the school. The administrator of the school called me at 9:00 at night to say he had heard about our situation, and that when something like this comes across his path, he knows the Lord wants him to do something. So he offered to pay the school tuition for the month of February. Praise God!

I finally made a decision. I explained to the service manager that I did want them to open up the van and fully check it out. I knew it was the answer to prayer and that that was the problem. He explained that he felt it was the transmission (not covered by the recall), but I said to go ahead and open it up and see.

Well, I didn't hear back for about a week. We tried to patiently wait, but since the kids wanted the van fixed, Sara suggested I call and find out what was going on. However, I knew that people



tend to make mistakes if pressure is being put on them, and I didn't want any mistakes made with the van.

Then as time went on I finally called. The mechanics said it was, indeed, the torque converter—the part that was covered by the recall, but they were waiting on the parts to get it fixed.

My doctor said my recovery from my operation would be six weeks. When six weeks to-the-day was up, the van was completely repaired—and done free of charge, of course, due to the recall. During that time valuable lessons on faith, supply, trusting, patience and God's timing were learned.

The doctor that we have been working with said that sometimes when people have my type of operation they feel fine afterwards, and then go back to work rather than taking it slow in order to have a full recovery. However, when they do, they often have severe complications and some have even passed away as a result of working too soon afterwards. So the patience that we had with the van was time well spent getting healed up fully.

The service manager and the people working there with the van were very impressed with our work as I talked with them, and went to pick up the van. Even the timing of that was good, as the day we picked up the van another person called in right then about the recall, asking how to get their van fixed. I was then able to share with them the things I'd learned from my van situation, in case it was a help for them as well.

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## **The Miracle of Invisibility**

(By Peter)

Just before Christmas 1977, when I was in my early twenties, I was living in Denmark as a missionary.

My missionary travel partner and I were visiting many small towns and villages on a particular trip, and as it was Christmas time, we had decided to surprise the other missionaries, by bringing home donated gifts for them.

We found the shop keepers friendly, and more than willing to help with the different things we were asking for. So much so, that we had quite a few large packages of presents for fellow missionaries.

We put these packages in storage for the day, inside a shopping mall. We liked to talk to people about Jesus outdoors, and we'd give out Christian tracts and literature to those coming back to their cars. We'd also pray with those interested, and lead them to the Lord.

Since it was Christmas time, most people were in a very good mood, and unlike today when there are a million charities at Christmas, asking for donations, back in 1977 it was not like that. For this reason, it was much easier to obtain financial help for our different mission projects back then.

Later, in the afternoon as it was getting dark, I began to feel as though "something was not quite right". As missionaries we were used to praying about everything, and asking God to protect us daily.

So, I prayed and asked the Lord what I should do, as I had a foreboding and very uneasy feeling. I received the answer in prayer instantaneously, that there was trouble brewing for us. It is like the scripture says, "and all who live Godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution."

I knew instantly that for some yet unknown reason we must get out of that place FAST. I said to my partner, “The Lord just told me, that we must get out of here ASAP. I don’t know why, but we must.” So off we went to pick up all of the temporarily stored donated goods.

Without hesitating, we simply just jumped on the very next bus coming around the corner, even though we did not know its destination. We literally jumped on the bus, trusting God.

Well, we had hardly started moving in the bus, when two police cars pulled up just where we had been standing. I prayed and asked Jesus if we should get off at the next village, but His Spirit told us to get off at the 3<sup>rd</sup> village.

So when we arrived at the 3<sup>rd</sup> village, lo and behold the bus station was right next to the train station. I told my partner, “I feel we need to send these presents on ahead, to our home town, right now by train. I don’t know what’s going on, but for some reason I think that’s what the Lord wants us to do.”

Amazingly, and I think miraculously, there was a train in the station leaving directly for our home town. I asked the parcel service at the station, if it

was possible for him to get all of our Christmas presents onto the train, which he told me was leaving in a few minutes.

Well, I honestly don't know how he moved so quickly, but he re-packaged everything and got it on the train just in time. We heard the whistle as the train left the station for our home town.

Now we finally found out why we had been given the above instructions to:

1) Get out of the small town that we had been in, giving people the best Christmas gift ever—a chance to know of Jesus' love, and...

2) Why we had to get the Christmas presents on their way, and out of our hands, as soon as possible.

We had no sooner come out of the train station, when we were approached by two police officers, who asked us if we had lots of packages.

We, having just sent them, could honestly say, "No we don't have any packages with us." I asked one of the police officers, what had happened.

He said, "Oh, a couple of guys answering to your description robbed a town back there and stole lots of items."

Obviously someone back at the first village did not like our Christian message, and decided to lie to the police, telling them that we had stolen the very things that had actually been freely donated to our mission work and volunteers.

We did have a brazen and bold faith that God could provide anything, as He says, “Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and the door shall be opened unto you.” We also knew that He spoke to us clearly.

I guess what happened next was a bit foolhardy on our part. We should have concentrated on moving on! We decided that we were very hungry, and we needed to find someone who could help offer us dinner.

We believed in the scriptural injunction, “If we have sown unto you spiritual things is it any great thing if we reap your carnal things.”

Also “They that preach the Gospel, shall live of the Gospel.” God never failed to supply for us, as long as we were doing the job He asked us—to tell people about Jesus, and share with them about salvation.

After the police drove off in their car, we set out to find a place to eat. After trying a few

places, we found a friendly pub owner, who willingly gave us dinner. A fine dinner it was indeed!

The pub restaurant was practically empty. Then the phone rang. The pub owner was very hospitable and had readily heard what we shared with him about the Lord.

After the phone call, he came over to our table and told us that it was the police on the phone, and it sounded as though they were probably looking for us. It amazed us that he actually warned us, which showed that he did not believe the accusation against us.

We then realized that in a village that small, it would be very difficult to just jump on a bus and get out of there in a hurry. So we took a side street out of the restaurant and discretely came back to the bus stand.

Unfortunately, our bus was not going to leave for another 20 minutes, and worst of all, our bus was both completely empty of people, and completely lit up. We would be sitting ducks if we got on that bus.

We did not want to stick around, and have to explain that we were totally innocent, as it could

have been very difficult, and time consuming. So what to do? We prayed that Jesus would hide us from the eyes of the police, when they drove by the bus, as I just knew they would.

I told my partner, “Well, since we have asked God to protect us as we are completely innocent, then let’s act like He is going to do a miracle, and not be afraid.”

Sure enough, a few minutes later, the same police officers with whom we had talked earlier, drove slowly by the bus. I was standing up and putting our backpacks up on the rack. I distinctly remember, the police looking right through the bus, and not even noticing us.

Their car was so close to the bus that I could actually see that the police appeared to be looking right through us. We were so thrilled at this obvious amazing miracle of INVISIBILITY. The police then drove off, and soon our bus left, taking us all the way back home.

That was a very exciting Christmas time, sharing Jesus with others, and receiving abundant miracles of both supply and protection. I am still convinced that, “With God, nothing is impossible!”



And He'll do whatever it takes to help His trustworthy messengers be able to continue giving out His love and Words to others.

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## **Protected By Pictures**

(By Chariane Quille)

There was a young widow in the 1800's who lived in the city of Berlin. One evening she had to be away for awhile. While she was gone a man entered her house with the purpose of robbing her, but the Lord protected her and protected her house.

When she returned home she found there was a note on the table that said, "Madame, I came here with the intention of robbing you, but when I came into this little room I saw all those religious pictures hanging around—pictures of Jesus—it touched my heart, and I just couldn't take anything of yours. I left the small amount of money that was on your desk there untouched, and I added fifty dollars and set it on your desk for you."

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(The following stories are by *Al Larson*—until otherwise noted.)

## **God Used a Horse to Wake Me Up**

This all started way back in 1968 when I was a single guy living in Santa Monica, California. I had a very comfortable life. I had a nice big shiny red car, an awesome Honda motorcycle, a comfy apartment on the beach, nice clothes and a great job too. What more could I ask for? I thought I had things pretty much figured out—even though I still was a hippy of sorts.

However, I was also in a relationship that was falling apart. My girlfriend and I had a falling out and she moved back to Seattle. My mind started whirling, so I contacted an ex-girlfriend in Seattle and things started to take off. Soon I quit my job, gave up my nice apartment, and packed all my stuff into my car.

It was a large car, a big Oldsmobile with a huge trunk that I was actually able to load up my fairly large Honda motorcycle into. I also put my new color TV in the back seat, along with my stereo and other goodies.

It was early evening, but I was anxious to get going, so I ventured off down the freeway on my long trip from LA, California to Seattle, Washington.

(A little footnote here: At my job in Santa Monica, there was a very kind older man named Sam. He told me about Jesus and he was praying for me that I would find the truth soon and turn my life around. Little did I know that his prayer was about to be answered on the road ahead.)

It was a long drive and my eyes were getting heavy, so I decided to stop about 4:00 AM and take a short nap. I pulled off the road and tried to lie down in my two-seater bucket seat and found it too uncomfortable. After a few moments I gave up on that idea, got some coffee and took off on the road again.

It was still dark and in those days the speed limit was 70mph (110k) but I was all alone on the highway, so I was really moving along. I was alert and driving on the inside lane of a divided freeway with a grassy sort of ditch area dividing the two directions of highway.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a huge white horse standing in the middle of the road.

It had its front legs in my lane and its rear legs in the other lane. There was no time and no way to miss the horse, unless I drove into the ditch area that divided the freeway. I had to quickly decide the best of two bad options: hit the horse or drive into the ditch.

Hitting the horse of course, meant a big problem—major damage and probably death to me and the horse for sure. The other option, the ditch, also seemed a poor choice.

(I had experienced a similar situation years before, when the motorcycle I was riding plunged into a small ditch. I did not slide along in the ditch like I thought I would, but I came to an abrupt thud and flew over the handle bars, messing me up quite badly and leaving an imprint of the mirror on my chest.)

As I began to ponder that past accident, I envisioned my body stuck in that ditch with all my possessions piling up on me, my color TV and my motorcycle crashing in on me—killing me.

It's amazing how many thoughts can cross your mind in that flash of time when you are about to die. They say a drowning person's life passes before their eyes as they are dying. But at

70-80 mph and a horse only 100 feet away, I had less than a second to "see my life", so for me, it was more of a "revelation"; an epiphany if you will, a flash of insight that would change my life forever.

But... back to the horse. It was still there and I was about to hit it, but I knew hitting it was NOT the best option as it meant certain death or major pain, so... to the ditch, my mind said. But wait! Not yet—as here comes the miracle!

Before I had time to steer off into the ditch, the horse suddenly rears up on its hind legs and I pass straight under it with no contact whatsoever! Whoa, was I ever surprised and thankful too!

Whew, saved, but then I thought, "*Oh, it must have been an illusion, an hallucination of sorts, since after all, it was late and I was tired.*" But then comes the shocker!

As I drive a bit further down the road, I see a truck with a horse trailer behind it, with the ramp down and a man standing outside waving a lantern back and forth trying to get his horse back!

Oh, my God! It really did happen! I sure drove wide awake after that, and my life did change too. I got to Seattle safely, decided not to see my ex-girl friend, but rather went to see my true love and got married.

We found Jesus that same year also and soon became missionaries. That was the start of a long series of more miracles. Having 11 children after that, was one of them. –All these things due to the accidental release of a horse out along the freeway, so many years ago.

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### **Raised To Life**

This is a story of a seeming defeat turned into a glorious victory--of what looked like death turned to life, in a way that blew our minds and made us leap and cry for joy at the power of God.

Several years ago when travelling with our small family of just three young children and one on the way, we decided to stop at a small hospital in Thousand Oaks, California, a short distance north of Los Angeles, where we were headed at the time.

I didn't know it at the time, but this seemingly simple stop at a hospital would play a part in a

miracle we'd experience—a miracle of the likes that I have never seen before in all our years of serving the Lord.

I don't remember all the details, as it was a long time ago, (probably in 1975) but I certainly can never forget the highlights of that trip. As I was saying, we stopped at this small hospital and my wife, being pregnant, went inside for a simple check up. I waited outside in our car with our three other small children.

Well, time went by and I began to think, "What's taking so long?" It was past noon and we had already been waiting for 2-3 hours. So I went into the reception room to inquire as to why my wife was not finished yet.

To my surprise and shock, I was told that the doctor had gone for lunch and they "sort of forgot" about my wife waiting in the exam room. I don't remember if we left right then or what, but I do remember being very upset with them, and that I would *never* stop at that place again.

Well, unbeknownst to me at the time, this inner conviction would play a major role in what was about to happen just a few days later.

We arrived safely in LA, California, and were making plans to head north again. We were driving our faithful little Plymouth Valiant car and had just recently purchased a small travel trailer. We got a hitch put on our car and were confident that all was well mechanically for our trip north.

The weather forecast predicted that it was to be a hot muggy day, so we got an early start, but traffic was heavy and the day got hotter. Soon we noticed that our three children riding in the back seat had fallen asleep.

We thought that was a bit strange as they normally are awake during this time of day, so we shook them a bit but to our surprise they would not wake up!

We suddenly realized that somehow carbon monoxide had crept into the back seat and they were poisoned by it. We began to panic a bit, as one would expect, and began looking for the next exit on the freeway.

To my surprise, the very next sign said, "Thousand Oaks, and Hospital—next exit"! I said to myself, "No way am I going to that hospital again with these children."



So we took the exit and pulled over at McDonald's restaurant thinking, "Maybe we can carry the children into this air-conditioned atmosphere and they will wake up?"

Well, all three children were still sound asleep and taking them in there did no good at all, so we returned to our car parked on the curb and laid our lifeless-looking children down. Needless to say, it was a sad looking situation, not knowing if our children had suffered brain damage, not knowing if they could or would ever wake up, and actually *fearing* to go to the nearby hospital. It was time for a miracle.

We had been taught to pray; we prayed all the time, but this was something different. The Bible says, "In the day that you call upon Me with a whole heart, I will answer thee." (Jeremiah 29:13) This was a desperate situation, and all we could do was fall to our knees and cry out to God to have mercy on our children. We cried out with our tears, in agony of spirit for the Lord to heal our children. Did He answer? Why yes of course!

In fact, immediately after our prayer, all three children jumped to their feet and began talking and playing and goofing around, just like nothing had even happened! It was so amazing!

Yes, God can heal. He wants to, but sometimes He waits for us, to see our conviction and desperation, I guess. I don't pretend to understand how or why God heals, but I can testify that I've seen it with my own eyes. Praise the Lord!

And just to mention *how* the poisoning happened, this is why:

When you tow a vehicle, the exhaust pipe, that normally shoots out the bottom straight to the back, needs to be pointed to the side, into the slip stream of air, so it won't get caught up in a "cloud" of sorts, under or between your car and the trailer, and *if* that happens and there happens to be leaks or holes in your trunk (which there were), and *if* the weather, heat and humidity are just right (which they were), then the carbon monoxide can creep into the back seat of your car and poison whoever is there, and it may not reach the front seat (which it did not, or the Lord just kept us safe from it).

I have now found out that the levels of carbon monoxide were very high, in order to cause such deep sleep in the children, high enough to cause death or brain problems. But the Lord rescued us from all that.

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## **Ferry Trip**

Several years ago, while working as a missionary in Los Mochis, Sinaloa, we took a trip to La Paz, Baja, which was a ferry boat ride across the Sea of Cortez. I had a vehicle at the time, and we thought it best to take it with us so our team would have a way around the town.

Christmas was just a few weeks away and it would be a busy time, so off we went, our team of three adults and one young teen. We spent as much time as we could talking to people about the Lord and offering Christian materials.

Everything was going great, we had a motel to stay in, and the Lord was supplying all our needs, so what could possibly go wrong?

Well, when it was time to return, we had to drive from town to the port of La Paz to purchase our ferry boat tickets to get back home. Much to our surprise however, nearly all the tickets were sold out or reserved, due to the fact that many American tourists were coming down from California during this Christmas season to cross over from Baja to the Mexican mainland, which is where we lived.

So each day, we would have to drive to the port, get in a long line, wait until they were offering tickets, hope to get one of the few remaining ones. Then when the tickets sold out, we had to save our place in line with a piece of paper with our name on it, and place it under a rock in the spot where we were last standing in line. Neat method, huh?

Well, this was Mexico in the rough, so we just had to mark our spot and come back the next day to try again. This went on for several days and it might have been easier if we did not have a vehicle, but we did, so it was looking pretty hopeless.

Well, our faith was draining a bit, and so were our funds, but off we drove again from our motel to head to the port once again, but this time we happened to pass a young man hitchhiking along the side of the road. He looked innocent enough, had his shirt slung over his shoulder and we had plenty of room, so we thought, "Sure, why not, let's stop and give him a ride."

After a few moments, we asked him his name and he said "Angel". Well, that was interesting. Here's a hitchhiker named Angel. That was nice

to hear on this challenging trip to the port once again. We talked a bit and told him our predicament, that we had tried for several days to get the tickets, but it was "impossible" due to all the tourists coming down at this especially busy time of Christmas.

We pulled into the port parking area and the young man said, "Wait here, I'll be right back." We had no idea what he was up to, but we sat there in the car and waited for his return. A few minutes later he came back, opened the door and handed us all free tickets for us and our vehicle!

Little did we know that his father just happened to be the owner of the shipping port and all he had to do was walk into his dad's office, ask for the tickets and pass them on to us. Wow!

We were ecstatic! Our wait was over, no more long standing in line for what seemed to be an impossible situation. Someone once said, "It takes an impossible situation for God to do a miracle." And a verse from Hebrews came to mind also, "And be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares." Once again, God came through on His promise of taking care of His own.

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## **Guided By God's Hand**

(By L. Benjamin)

This particular event happened to me when I was around nine to ten years old. My family and I lived in a small town, somewhat of a farmer's community. Everyone typically had an idea of who you were and almost everything about you.

During the summer, my father would leave me and my siblings with a local teenage babysitter. My father worked in a bigger city mind you and it was quite a long drive for him.

One day our sitter took us out to a biking track she had been to. It was near the outskirts of our little community.

We were all having fun, enjoying the nice summer weather, until our sitter fell and scraped herself up decently. She couldn't hold the cut/scrape and push her bike up from where it was stuck. So she asked me to go get some bandages from a resident from the area we were near.

Keep in mind, I had only lived in the community for less than a year at this point. So I left my siblings there with the sitter and headed

out to the neighbourhood—not knowing anyone in this area.

So I asked the simple question my grandparents taught me:

“What would Jesus do?” Yes, one simple question that I feel many should ask frequently. So I pondered this as I rode about urgently and thought “pray”. I did just that.

I prayed as I cycled around: “God, my sitter needs help and I need Your help to do so. I ask in Jesus’ name that You guide me to the person who can help us.” And the following took place.

A warm coloured, yellow-orange blur appeared in front of me, almost like a mirage (it was mid afternoon, around 75-80 degrees F.). This image formed to become a large hand. And it was directly in front of me, pointing and guiding me.

This hand, which I believed to be the hand of God, led me to a house. I’m not entirely sure how far it was from where I started.

I rode up and said a prayer of protection as I approached the door to this house. I knocked a few times and an elderly man answered. I asked him if he had any bandages he could spare as a friend of mine got hurt out on the dirt tracks.

The man smiled and said, “Certainly.”

He invited me in and fetched a few bandages. I promptly thanked him for his kindness and left.

At this point I didn’t know where I was exactly, but God didn’t let me down. That hand appeared to guide me back. My sitter and siblings were still sitting there when I got back.

After my sitter got bandaged up, we left back for her house. I told her and my siblings about what happened and they were shocked. I do not know how it impacted my sitter, but I know that my siblings took it seriously. After all, they’ve had experiences as well. Perhaps they’ll let me share those in the future.

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### **As She Went, She Got Healed!**

(By Jakisa)

I got a call one evening. The voice was of a stranger, but as it is part of our job and responsibility to try our best to show Jesus’ example to all, I kindly asked the woman if she was sure that she was talking to the right person.

Then she asked me on the phone, “Are you Jakisa?”



I answered, “Yes, and how can I help you?”

She said, “I came all the way from Congo, as I was told that you can help me.”

I went on asking her, “What would you like me to do for you?”

She said, “If you don’t mind, I want to come to your house. I am sick and my legs can’t walk. Please come and get me from the bus station.”

I went and got her; she could hardly lift up her legs.

“So you need a serious check up and scanning and need to get treated?” I asked her.

She asked me, “Treated where?” and then went on to say, “Oh, no, I went to South Africa and was not healed. I had lost hope for healing, but a friend of mine who works for the customs in Bunia told me a lot of good stories about you and I heard a voice convincing me to give it a try. So here I am.”

When we arrived at the house I showed her the room, where to sleep, and the bathroom, and then after refreshing herself, I gave her something simple to eat.

While she was eating, I entered my bedroom and asked the Lord, “What should I do for the woman?”

To my surprise, the Lord told me to just send her back home and tell her that she was already healed!

So, I had that childlike faith with no hesitation, and very boldly I went out of the bedroom and said, “Look Mom, I am very thrilled about your faith to travel all the way from the Congo just to meet me so that I could pray for your health to be restored and that your legs can regain the strength enough for you to walk. Yes, the Lord has honoured your faith and granted you the desire of your heart. You are free to go back home. You are already healed according to your faith in the mighty name of Jesus Christ!”

She first of all answered “Amen.” Then I went on thanking Jesus for healing her.

The lady looked at me and said, “Is that all?”

“Yes,” I answered. “Go in peace. You are already healed.”

She looked at her legs and said, “I still feel the same.”

“You are not,” I urged. “You can rest for the night, but you can go back home tomorrow, and if anyone asks you about your legs, say that you are healed and you will be. For once we have prayed, we have to believe that the Lord has heard our prayer and we will definitely see the result.” (Mark11:24)

The lady just nodded and spent that night with my family. In the morning she was still feeling the same until I took her to the bus station in the morning.

Something I came to realise was that, according to all she had heard from her friend, she was expecting meeting such a big and huge preacher or pastor as they usually call me there, in a suit and tie. So she was surprised to meet a small and meek man, and even one who just made a very short prayer, and then just sent her back.

Since she couldn't still lift up her legs, I had to do all the work—book the ticket, take her and her bags in the bus, etc.

She looked in my eyes and said, “Pastor, I am going back just because you have said so, and I know that the Lord has healed me because you

told me that He said so. So let me keep on believing even if I feel a bit confused about everything!”

She sat on her seat and I said my last word, “Go in peace. You are healed!”

However, just as I went to get out of the bus I found that the door was already locked, so I did not know how to get out.

I asked the conductor of the bus if he could help me open the door. He said, “No, I am not the one who closed it. It is the manager. Just ask him to help you.”

I approached the manager and ask him to open the door; he said, “No, I am not opening the door until you pray for the trip.”

I said, “But I am not one of your bus staff...”

He said, “I know, but you won’t get out of here without praying for the trip!”

It then came to my mind that the Lord must have a reason behind all this, so the manager got the attention of all in the bus and said,

“I thank you, all our faithful passengers, for supporting our bus company. As you know, here with me is a man of God who is going to make a

special prayer for the safety of this trip. Please allow him to greet you and if there is anything he wants to say before he prays, please allow him to do so, and then pray. For you have paid the ticket of travelling by bus only, but you did not pay the ticket of arrival to the destination. Only Jesus can help us reach the destination safely.”

Yes, that was very touching to the people, so I went in the middle of the bus and raised my voice and asked if anyone would love to receive that Master who can protect people up to the destination, and not only that but who can bless their going and coming back.

So many were happy to pray this prayer to receive Jesus Christ into their life. I prayed in tears, and many joined me in that same spirit, a meek and surrendered spirit. I then prayed and put them all, including the bus itself, in God’s hand.

I got out of the bus very, very happy and was very grateful that the Lord had worked it that way so that these people could come to know and receive Him! At 5:00 pm that afternoon the lady called me and told me that they had arrived safely at the border. She sounded so happy and was talking so much that she did not give me

even a second to talk, so I kept quiet and had to listen to what she was happy about.

She happily told me, “Jakisa, now I believe completely in your God. First of all because I can use my legs! I am walking and I don’t need someone to help me with getting out my bags from the bus. I am healed just as you had said.”

She went on thanking me even for the prayer in the bus. She said, “Do you know what? I was thinking that if you had prayed for me and the miracle had happened there and then, then I could receive Jesus, but I was surprised! I prayed to receive Jesus in the bus even before I had seen the result.”

Honestly, tears of joy started flowing from my eyes, my soul was overwhelmed with joy thanking the Lord for what He has done and for how He worked it all out so that she and many others could get saved. Yes, I just had to play my little part to get His will and purpose done.

May God bless us all and help us to be like chess pieces in His hand willing to do exactly what He wants us to do in the way and time and circumstance that He wants it to be done!

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## Vanishing Sting

(By Chariane Quille)

One summer, many years ago, I was staying on a ranch property in California. I was on my way up to the main house to cook the dinner when one of my least favourite encounters happened. A bee found its way into my sandal and inevitably stung me!

Not only was it very painful, but I couldn't think of having to stand on this foot for the next couple hours to cook! But just before being at a loss of what to do, I remembered the promises He's given to us in His Word about doing the impossible. "With God nothing is impossible," and "All things are possible to Him that believeth."

So, I gave it a go, to see if this was under the umbrella of such promised miracles. I prayed for the impossible to happen, and that from that moment on I would feel no pain and be able to be on my feet cooking without trouble.

And, well, it shouldn't have surprised me, but I was pleasantly surprised when that's exactly what happened! There was a kind of tingle, as if the pain was supposed to be there, but it had

vanished the moment I called for relief and Heavenly power. With no pain from that second on, I was comfortably able to cook dinner.

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(The following stories are by *John Benjamin* — until otherwise noted.)

### **Man Healed of Cancer With Visible White Light Around His Face!**

Our spiritual life started out with a bang. We got saved and became Christians, and we went out to hand out tracts (little Christian pamphlets) one day in downtown Wichita. We met a man with cancer. His face had big deep sores and was bright red from radium treatments they used in the old days. We handed him a tract, and my wife was telling him and his friend that Jesus was really real and loved them.

Then she heard him say in his mind with tears in his eyes, “If Jesus is real, look at me. I’m dying.”

So she asked him if we could pray for him. He said, “Yes.” And then there on the street corner in broad daylight we got down on our knees, with



some cars going by honking, and people saying mocking things out the windows: we prayed for the guy.

My wife said, “Jesus, You said in Your Word ‘these signs shall follow those that believe’. They can heal the sick in Your name. You said it, Lord, so I ask You to heal this man in Jesus’ name.”

He didn’t get down on his knees, but we did. And I couldn’t resist; I had to look up. As my dear little wife prayed for him in Jesus’ name, a light appeared around his face like a mist or swirling aura. I was just in shock!

Instantly the redness, starting at his neck began to shrink and disappear until it was just a tiny red dot between his eyes. It just supernaturally flushed out of his face; and his face turned flesh colour right in front of my eyes in a second or so. Then we got up, and my wife gave him and his friend our address and invited them to come over and spend the night. They appeared homeless and took us up on it later that evening.

Then as we turned to walk away we felt as if we were floating. I said to her, “Did you see that...” and that’s as far as I got. She filled in the

blanks. She said, “THAT LIGHT AROUND HIS FACE?” I said, “YES!” We went on and on, excitedly describing what we each saw and it was so awesome!

In shock we began to try to talk to people on the street, and jump up and down and try to tell them that we had just witnessed an actual miracle. We were so overjoyed, but people just looked at us like we had lost our minds. We soon began to get the drift that people thought we were either on drugs or crazy, and that if we didn't stop they were gonna call the guys in the white coats!

But anyway, that night those guys came over. I was over at a park praying when they arrived. My wife realized that she had not asked the man to receive Jesus yet. She had prayed for his healing, but had not given him a chance to receive Jesus as his Saviour.

She asked him, “Would you like to ask Jesus in your heart?” He just kind of said, “Huh,” and looked confused. She said, “Would you like to ask Jesus to be your Saviour?”

They were sitting at a table. He very quietly and quickly stood up and while looking straight

forward said in a very odd manner, “Jesus is my brother!” My wife was very disquieted and came running out to find me, saying, “I think this man has bad spirits”, and wanted me to ask the Lord to cast them out.

I returned to the house. After awhile of talking with him, I got tired and said I needed to go to bed. My wife meanwhile told the Lord that she was going to ask him to pray and if he said yes, she was going to cast out the demons! This she prayed silently to herself and the Lord. Then she asked the man to pray. Here is what happened next, in her own words.

(Wife speaking:) I asked the man to pray and he said, “Yes.” I was really surprised because he was so confused when I had asked him to receive Jesus earlier. I put my hand on his arm and said, “I rebuke you, Satan, in Jesus’ name and command you to leave.” When I said, “in Jesus’ name”, I suddenly felt power like electricity travel down my arm. It was like pushing the accelerator in a car and varroom!!!

Instant power and authority is the only way I know to describe what happened when I said, “in Jesus’ name.” Then I looked up and asked him, “Have you ever asked Jesus into your heart?”

He replied, “No.”

I said, “Would you like to?” And he said, “Yes.” There was absolutely no confusion and it was as if I was talking to another person and he now understood me perfectly.

He prayed the salvation prayer with me.

The next day they were both in the back seat of my car and I wanted to look at his face in this bright sunlight. It was amazing. You could not see where one sore or hole had been in his face.

I said, “Wow, your face looks better.” He looked like he was in shock and said, “A mighty power has taken over my life.”

(Husband speaking again:)

(This is what I saw first thing the next morning...My wife was either in another part of the house getting dressed and ready for the day, or had not gotten up just yet.) The next day, when the man who was healed got up, you couldn't even see where one of the sores had been!!!

He went into our bathroom and passed by me standing in the doorway with my coffee. He didn't shut the door as he was just splashing

water on his face to help himself wake up. As he looked up into the mirror his eyes got big and his knees came out from under him, and he fell backwards and caught himself, and out he came in total shock.

There were no sores or redness. GONE!!!!!!! He also stated the same thing he said later in the car at that time. In a shocked and shaky voice he said, "A mighty power has taken over my life!" He was so shaken by what he had seen in the mirror that he forgot to even dry his face or hands, and water was dripping off them. He looked totally amazed and in shock.... STUNNED!

So this miracle kicked off the beginning of our life for the Lord, and it has only gotten better from then on!

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### **Youth Leader Sees Holy Spirit Appear As Fire On Heads of Speakers**

My wife and I were out talking to other people on the street about the Lord, and handing out Christian pamphlets or tracts (small pamphlets that tell about Jesus and quote Bible verses).

We ran into a couple of young people who invited us to come and visit their youth group at a

local Baptist Church. We accepted and went with them a few blocks and went in and began to just visit and speak with people milling around.

No one had started speaking yet, and we were all just talking. Well, before we knew it, they had set a couple of folding chairs up at the front and asked us if we would address the entire youth group for the evening, and share stories with them of things we had seen the Lord do in our lives.

So we prayed and asked the Lord to speak through us to them and to tell them what He wanted them to know and learn.

We shared many testimonies of miracles we had seen the Lord do, and shared Scriptures out of the Bible on how to pray and to learn to listen to the Lord.

In John chapters 14-16, Jesus taught His disciples how to use the Holy Spirit to actually hear from Him on a daily basis for direction and guidance; as well as telling them that the Holy Spirit would bring back to their remembrance all the things He had personally taught them while with them on Earth.

So we were basically teaching them to study the words of Christ in the New Testament, and also to learn how to pray and hear from the Lord for themselves as the followers of Christ of old did.

We went on for about 45 minutes or so, and then the leader of the youth group came up to us and ASTOUNDED US with this statement!

He said, "I am just shocked! Every time either one of you opened your mouth to speak, I saw FLAMES OF FIRE appear on your heads, and your whole body glowed with a glow the same colour as fire. Then when you would quit speaking it would go away!" WELL WE WERE JUST AS SHOCKED AS HIM! Neither of us had been aware of this happening.

But this is the same exact thing that happened to Jesus' followers of old in the Book of Acts when the Holy Spirit came upon them. If you will obtain a copy of the Holy Bible or New Testament, and look up Acts 2:1-4 you will read, "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they (the disciples) were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

“AND THERE APPEARED UNTO THEM CLOVEN TONGUES LIKE AS OF FIRE, AND IT SAT UPON EACH OF THEM. And they were filled with the HOLY GHOST, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.”

In the many religious paintings that have been done through time, you can see examples of this amazing event.

They always paint the “tongues” or “flames of fire” upon the heads of each disciple as he or she was filled with God’s Spirit. Jesus promised in John 14:26 that He would send this great “GIFT OF GOD” to be with, and literally INSIDE of each of His followers’ hearts to guide them after He returned to Heaven. John 14:17 says that it “dwells” or LIVES inside of us. It is God’s presence with us.

In Joel 2:28, 29 and Acts 2:17,18 it says that in the LAST DAYS God would pour out His Holy Spirit upon ALL FLESH, (all who want Him and His presence with them) and it will cause “your sons and daughters to PROPHECY”, (or speak the words of God and foretell of future events), “your young men to see VISIONS,” (usually visions of the future as the Prophets of old) and “your old men to DREAM DREAMS!” (also, usually



concerning future events). Many times though the Lord uses this gift of prophecy just to give general counsel and direction in a person's life, or to guide them in their daily affairs.

Study the words of your loving Saviour in the New Testament. Learn to pray and speak with Him. Learn most of all to HEAR from Him, for He will not hesitate to actually SPEAK RIGHT TO YOU, and give you guidance in your life, or put thoughts in your mind, or bring scriptures to your mind; or give you a certain feeling, or knowledge, or an idea; to show you whatever He wishes for you to know.

By doing this, you develop a personal relationship with Him in which you will see Him manifest or show Himself to you in many ways; leading and guiding you through the "landmines" of this life and world.

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## **Girl Healed Instantly From Extremely High Fever**

Our daughter had fallen ill with a bad fever. After a couple of days of being sick it got higher and higher. We had given her medicine, but it didn't help; and when it became really bad my

wife began to put cold wet washrags on her stomach and face. That didn't seem to help either. Her fever reached 105.6 degrees. We decided to immediately rush her in to the emergency room, fearing possible brain damage should we wait any longer.

We would have taken her in sooner, but to our shocked surprise, her fever had climbed very rapidly, unbeknownst to us, from the time we had last checked it. As we began to rush around in a frenzy, getting ready to get in the car and go, the Lord spoke right to me in my spirit and told me to simply lay hands on her stomach and pray for her in His name.

I immediately stopped what I was doing and got down near the couch where she was laying and put my hands on her stomach and began to pray.

When I put my hands on her I WAS SHOCKED THAT SHE FELT SO HOT! It was like putting my hands on a stove, she felt so hot!

I said a simple prayer and asked the Lord to please take away the fever and bring it down, and to help her "IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD!"

I always like to put that full name and title in there. I want to make sure that everybody knows who I'm praying to. But anyway, IMMEDIATELY UPON THE MENTION OF HIS NAME IN MY PRAYER, as I asked Him to please bring down her fever, I FELT HER TURN COLD RIGHT UNDERNEATH MY HANDS INSTANTANEOUSLY! I WAS JUST SHOCKED!

I called my wife over, who was still busily rushing around getting ready to take her into the hospital, and told her to get the thermometer. She did. And when she took her temperature it had dropped instantly down to normal...98.6 right on the button!

I was reminded of how in the Gospels of the New Testament, one of the first recorded miracles that Jesus did was to heal the mother-in-law of Simon Peter, His disciple, of a HIGH FEVER. He stood over her and rebuked the fever and it left her, and she immediately arose, TOTALLY HEALED INSTANTLY!

And now, just to throw in another miracle for you here, that JUST NOW HAPPENED, RIGHT AS I AM WRITING THIS: I wanted to look these verses up to show them to you, and I couldn't remember where they were in the Bible:

I knew that they were recorded somewhere in at least a couple of the books of the Bible called “the Gospels”, (Matthew, Mark, Luke or John).

But as I got my Bible and opened it to begin to hunt for this story, remarkably, I opened right to it! I opened my Bible and found myself staring right at the very verses that talk about this event in the Gospel of Luke! Luke chapter 4, verses 38 and 39! So right here, right now, I just had another miracle happen as I am writing you to tell you about this “miracle healing” of my daughter!

**WOW! HOW INCREDIBLE IS THAT?**

Out of a Book with almost 2,000 pages, I go to hunt for one very small story of only TWO VERSES! ...AND THEN I OPEN RIGHT TO IT!...AND FIND TO MY SHOCKED AMAZEMENT THAT I’M LOOKING RIGHT AT THEM! The Lord is showing me that He is with me in writing these miracles down for you all to read.

Jeremiah 29:13 says, “You shall seek Me and find Me when you shall search for Me with ALL YOUR HEART!” If you get serious with Him, He will be really sincere with you.

This does not mean that every single prayer you pray will be answered in the way you think

they should be. I have prayed many prayers for illnesses that weren't answered in the way I was wanting.

God has certain reasons for things. But often, when our will is in line with His will, A MARVELOUS MIRACLE WILL OCCUR! HE is the one who told me to pray in the miracle above. So if you pray and what you asked for doesn't happen, don't be discouraged. Keep praying, in every situation you face. YOU WILL GET A MIRACLE WHEN YOU REALLY NEED ONE!

JESUS HAS NOT CHANGED, AND HE STILL HAS THE POWER TO DO THESE INCREDIBLE MIRACLES TODAY! But the requirement is that we ask IN JESUS CHRIST'S NAME: John 14:13,14 says, "And whatsoever you shall ask IN MY NAME, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. IF YOU SHALL ASK ANYTHING IN MY NAME, I WILL DO IT."

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### **God Tells a Man He's Going to Stop a Rain Storm**

I was sitting on the couch and reading through John chapter 17, and it had been raining all morning, a huge non-stop dark and gloomy rain.

It looked as if there was no end in sight. All of a sudden the Lord spoke to me, from over my shoulder as I was reading and said, “Before you finish reading the end of this chapter I’m going to make it quit raining!”

I was a bit shocked but then thought, “Oh that’s just my mind trying to trick me, and when it doesn’t happen then I’ll be discouraged.”

But on the last three words of the last verse it was if someone stuck out a giant umbrella. I literally watched out the windows the last rain drops fall out of the sky to the ground! I’ve never seen that happen before or after again like that.

They literally just fell and stopped, and the sun came out shining brightly, instantaneously and very rapidly! I was in total shock! It was an astonishing miracle!

I come from a background of pure atheism, so for me the greatest thing that ever happened in my life was when I found out God was really real, and experienced seeing Him work and do miraculous things!

I was so excited, as I had never believed in Him before. But when I received Jesus Christ as my Saviour and got saved through one simple prayer,

I then began having Him answer my prayers and seeing neat miracles happen, as many others also have who have served Him for any length of time.

I was so overwhelmed and overjoyed to know that IT'S ALL REALLY TRUE! THE BIBLE IS TRUE, AND JESUS CHRIST IS REALLY REAL, AND REALLY WHO HE SAYS HE IS! HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR US! WHAT INCREDIBLE AND AMAZING LOVE!

Concerning the miracles I've seen, I am often torn; "Do I tell the miracle I saw? What will people think? That I'm crazy? A disillusioned lunatic? Some nut case?" I want to tell things as a testimony to build other people's faith.

Then when I do, I am also sometimes condemned thinking, "They just think you're bragging and trying to say you have some sort of special relationship with God."

In no way am I trying to exalt myself. But I want so badly to share the neat experiences my wife and I have seen to encourage people's faith. Also, as I said, many times I fear people's opinions and what they will think of me.

Many people just think you're totally nuts, so sometimes I hold back on telling others. I'm trying to get over that.

Come to think of it, people thought Jesus and His disciples were nuts back then too! So I am in good company.

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### **Man Raised From the Dead On Construction Site**

I was working as a construction worker helping to build a large 5-story building at a local University. An older man had a heart attack on top of this 5-story building. The ambulance was held up by a freight train and then when it got there they couldn't get the gurney up through the manhole covers on the roof. I had to later bring them up on a mud elevator.

A large group of construction workers had gathered around the man, and were standing around spitting tobacco and sunflower seeds, mumbling and watching. The foreman tried CPR to try to help the poor man hang on till the ambulance arrived. But nothing worked. The man died. He turned a grotesque coloured bluish-purple, and his arms became stiff and rigid.

He had no vital signs of breathing or heartbeat for probably 45 minutes. CPR wasn't working. He was dead as a door nail. Then the Lord told me to



get down and pray for him. I didn't pray for Him to bring the man back to life, I just prayed, "Dear Lord Jesus, please help this man," loud enough for them all to hear me.

Immediately at the mention of Jesus' name he turned pink, breathed in a huge deep breath of air, and opened his eyes and fired back to life.

There was total silence. People were stunned. Then you could just feel the spirit of Satan going throughout the crowd telling them that it was nothing, "just another one of those near death experiences folks have" ... "happens all the time now" ... they mumbled walking away like unbelievers.

The Bible verse came to my mind on how Jesus said in one place in the Gospels concerning unbelievers that "though one was raised from the dead in front of them yet they will still not believe." Never mind the fact he had no vitals for all that time and was BLUE! "Just don't think about that."

Everyone knows that after about 20 minutes there is supposed to be permanent brain damage to the point that coming back to life is physically impossible, according to the doctors!

And also, I suppose that it was a coincidence that he just “happened” to come back to life AT THE EXACT SAME TIME I MENTIONED THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST!?! RIGHT!?

How blind people can be to the ACTUAL FACTS surrounding a miracle when faced with them! It’s like where Jesus said in the parable of the sower, some seeds fall by the wayside where it is immediately devoured by the birds.

That is like where people experience something miraculous from the Lord, and then the Devil comes and takes away what happened out of their mind very quickly so they won’t believe. If any of them would have thought about it for a moment, they would have recognized the awesomeness of this miracle! Perhaps some did.

I’m sure that SOMEONE among them was moved by it and believed, or the Lord wouldn’t have done it. But it just shows that mankind in general are predisposed NOT to accept the supernatural and miraculous, and will not normally receive or believe in these incredible events when they happen. When he came back, this former tough, mean-looking old man looked like a little baby in his eyes! It was awesome.

Jesus said in John 14:21 that He will MANIFEST Himself to us if we receive Him and love Him. That means to SHOW Himself to us, or REVEAL Himself to us in a visible, tangible way so that we see and know He's really real and actually experience Him doing supernatural things in our lives.

This is His reward to those who truly seek Him with a whole heart. If we obey and follow Him closely, He does the most awesome things for us to show us He's proud of us and to encourage us in our faith, and cheer us up.

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## **Plumbing**

(By Chariane Quille)

It's very important to have good plumbing in the house, especially toilets that work. Once when I was sharing a flat with a few other young people, we shared the same bathroom. It had a problem, however, and the toilet wouldn't always flush properly and would get stopped up.

One day I was attempting to fix the clogged toilet, using all the tricks I could think of, and it just wasn't working.

Shortly before this I had been reading about God's power promised us through giving to us the "keys of the kingdom"—the wonderful permission granted to God's children, to "ask what you will, and it will be done unto you." The Lord wants to answer prayer, and when we ask in faith, knowing that He wants to give us our requests—if they are what helps to fulfil His will on Earth—then wonderful miracles can happen. It's very different than praying a so-so prayer, wondering if there's "someone up there" who is even listening, and if they really even care about what is going on in your individual life at that precise moment.

I learned that Jesus is definitely very aware of what is going on in my life, in my day, and in my thoughts, and furthermore, it makes a difference to Him what I do.

Not only that, but He cares and wants to help. Just like the "Lord's prayer" says, "Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven." When we pray in humility, in desperation and dependence on Jesus to help us do what will assist us in our service for Him, He is more than willing to help. No matter what it is, He's there in a jiffy—and is just wanting for us to say so.

Anyway, on this particular day I was desperate for His help to get the toilet fixed. I was short on time and wanted fast action. I had done all I could, and He was the only option for immediate action.

I said aloud the words of that verse, where Jesus told Peter that He was giving him the “Keys of the Kingdom”.

“I call on the keys of the kingdom,” I said in prayer, asking the Lord to release Heaven’s power to work on my behalf. I felt humbled asking for such a down-to-Earth need. But it was worth a try. Nothing else was working, and we couldn’t afford to have the toilet out of service while waiting for a plumber.

What happened amazed me. As I stood there doing nothing more to the toilet, praying, the second I prayed and asked for Jesus to activate the keys of the kingdom, right before my eyes, the toilet flushed out the blockage on its own. It was fixed! That moment I saw the reality of the power of the Lord available if we would step out and call for it, even if we don’t understand exactly how it works. And this was only the first experience of many that I have had since.

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*Here are a couple more stories on the topic, by Bruce Bigelow. He and his wife have also seen the miracle working power of the Lord, as they stepped out to pray in faith, calling for the Keys of the Kingdom to be activated on their behalf. Though I've only included a few of these true accounts in this book, I have experienced and heard of countless wonderful miracles of this nature.*

### **The Passport**

My wife and I were living in Okinawa, Japan and each summer we would receive the two children of our son E and his wife C for summer vacation. One summer I needed to fly to Los Angeles to pick them up.

C brought them from Phoenix, Arizona to Los Angeles, where we met and spent the night at a hotel. All went well until we got to the ticket counter to check in for the flight at LAX and discovered that my youngest grandson's passport was expired!!!

The staff of the airline were very helpful and directed us to the passport office in downtown

LA, and said we could fly the next day if we got the passport issue sorted out.

Upon arrival at the Federal Building where the passport office was, we were in for a rude awakening. There was a huge line, and after speaking to several people we found that some had been there for *days* trying to gain access to the building to apply for, or waiting to pick up, a new passport. The procedure was that only people with appointments or with receipts to pick up issued passports were allowed inside.

Further, as a security precaution, you could not take any luggage or mobile phones inside that building for any reason, and there were no facilities to store or leave any items upon your entry. As this was the Federal Building, it was being strictly guarded by US Marines. There was an automated telephone service number that was given to try to get an appointment to apply for a new passport, but the closest opening for that was days ahead.

There was a slim chance to get a cancellation, so we were calling that number constantly (along with hundreds of others) hoping for a miracle. Not being able to speak to a real person, and the reality of so many people there who had been

waiting for days (some were trying to get to weddings and even a funeral) really made the situation look impossible, and we were in the depths of despair.

We took refuge in a coffee shop, continuing to be refused at every attempt on the phone to get an appointment that day. It was at this point that we seriously claimed the “Keys of the Kingdom” and prayed for an outright miracle in spite of the depressing and overwhelming conditions.

Soon after our heartfelt and desperate prayer, a well-dressed woman approached us and asked if we would watch her suitcase and mobile phone as she needed to enter the building and had no one with her to watch her things. We agreed since we weren’t going anywhere.

When she returned to collect her things she asked C where she was from and when she replied, “Arizona”, the lady told her, “Call this number,” and she then proceeded to give a phone number.

When we asked what the number was, she said it was the personal secretary to one of the Senators of Arizona and she could help us!!!! The lady then collected her phone and suitcase and



left. When we called that number we found the secretary in a meeting for another half hour. On our second call, contact was made and the “Keys” kicked in and the miracle began to take form.

The secretary, through a phone call from her office, cleared C to enter the building immediately and go to the passport office. Once there she explained the predicament and was faced with mixed reactions.

One office lady was irate that intervention from the Senator’s office was overriding protocol and breaching security guidelines for obtaining children’s passports. However, with the directive from the Senator’s office, there was little she could do but to comply.

At this time E was undergoing basic training in the US Air Force as a Reservist. He was gone and could not sign any papers as the father, which further complicated the issue at hand.

Again, Heaven’s power went into action and a high ranking Federal Employee in the office said he would sign so the paperwork could move forward, since E was currently in active duty for our country.

C was told that she could return in a few days to pick up the passport, but meekly replied that she needed it the next morning as the flight was only extended till then. The irate office lady then further exploded saying, “Okay, you can come in the morning, but it won’t be here!!!” C then took her receipt and left the office.

We were flipped that the “Red Sea” of a huge line of desperate and long-lingering people had been parted and C got in and even applied successfully. Our hopes were lifted and we praised the Lord for all that had happened so far.

We still had a way to go before snapping in our seatbelts on the flight to Okinawa though. We spent the night at a hotel, and were at the Federal Building bright and early the next morning.

After more desperate prayer, C went in and within 45 minutes was back with the passport in her hand!!!!

We were thrilled and proceeded directly to LAX, and boarded the flight with grateful hearts. We’d had the privilege of directly experiencing firsthand the “power of the Keys of the Kingdom” in action.

The Heavenly coordination of having us in the coffee shop at the same time as the woman (or angel???) who was connected to the Senator of Arizona's secretary probably took quite a bit of Heavenly orchestration. The compliance and cooperation of the airline staff, and the special ones in the passport office who made it all happen are another source of marvel.

It was a bit overwhelming while reflecting on all that had happened as we sat comfortably in our seats on our flight to Okinawa. The previous couple days were a rollercoaster of intense emotions from shock to despair, to hope to apprehension, to expectation to victory. It was an experience I will never forget!

(Additional note by the author: This passport office does not usually even issue passports directly. They receive the applications [by appointment] then send them back East or to one other office in the central US for approval and then they are sent back to this office for collection. To have a passport issued at this office in one day was a total miracle in itself!)

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## **Hawaiian Airport**

This is an account of yet another “miracle” we experienced on a trip we took to the Philippines via Hawaii on a vacation. This trip was made possible for us through the air miles that the charity foundation we worked for, granted us for vacations, and the generous gift of Buddy Passes supplied by a lady whose parents we know and visited on our trip to the Philippines. She works for an airline as a stewardess.

These Buddy Passes are discounted, but have a restriction of “space available” flying. The Buddy Passes were used on the roundtrip segment of our trip from San Diego to Honolulu. All went well flying to Hawaii to begin our trip, and then we had an awesome time in the Philippines.

On our flight back to Honolulu, however, we were in desperate prayer as we discovered only then that catching our connecting flight back to San Diego (on standby) was going to be problematic.

Due to it being a holiday (Memorial Day, which we hadn’t realized when booking), all the regular paying seats were full, and there was quite a list of standby passengers waiting to fly.

We prayed for Jesus to do a miracle, reminding Him of His promises and claiming the “Keys of the Kingdom” so we could get on that flight. We had a commitment to not only attend a wedding rehearsal the next day in Mexico, but I was also scheduled to do the wedding ceremony!

Our entry into Honolulu was hectic, having to collect our bags and clear immigrations and customs. We then had to get fresh tickets, check our baggage, and make it to the gate of our departure. All this occurred within one and a half hours of landing.

We got to the departure gate as the passengers were loading, and watched as the last ticketed passengers boarded the plane, and then two standby seats were given out filling the last available seats of the aircraft.

We watched as the plane departed from the dock. This was a real test of faith! We had desperately prayed and were convinced that it was God’s will for us to catch that flight—but there went the plane taxiing toward the runway.

We then told the Lord that we had done all that we could do and what happened next was in His hands.

As we were now alone in the departure gate with the airline agent, (it had been about ten minutes since the plane departed and she had just finished some paperwork) we were asking about our options for another flight. Just as she informed us there was not even a flight that day to Los Angeles, we looked out the window and, lo and behold, the same plane was returning to the dock!!

At first, one man got off the plane, and shortly afterwards he was followed by the remaining 260 passengers! There had been a problem with the pitotube (a probe on the outside of the plane which measures airspeed and air pressure), and it needed fixing. For the next three hours, to the dismay of the passengers, they worked on and fixed the problem.

The delay caused some of the passengers to change their travel plans, and we were overjoyed when the airline agent presented us with two boarding passes and a big smile. We told her of the planned wedding in Mexico, and how we were praying to get on that flight, and she said, "God is good!"

Seeing that plane pulling away from the dock was a test of faith for us, but knowing that

His will was for us to get to the wedding and return for our duties buoyed our hearts to believe that He would somehow make a way. Seeing the plane returning after only ten minutes was something that was beyond our expectations, but not His! He made it happen.

We made it to the wedding, and it was a beautiful ceremony right on the shore of the Pacific Ocean in Escondido, Mexico. We were reunited with friends from as far away as Africa and Japan, and we had a wonderful time.

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*I'll end this book with some marvellous stories that remind us that our home is in Heaven. We have much to look forward to.*

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### **She Sent Roses** (By Dina Ellens)

A lady's mother had brain surgery to remove a cancerous tumour. The doctors had assured the family that she would be better and have a better quality of life after the operation. However, that was not the case.

The mother couldn't continue her rehabilitation at the hospital, because she wasn't progressing as she should have. Instead of getting better, she continued a downhill slide.

The family watched her decline for two-and-a-half years. At the end, she couldn't talk or move anything except her hands and her eyes. She hadn't recognized any of the family members for months.

The family kept visiting her and spending time with her even though they knew she didn't know who they were. They just hoped that somehow she heard them and somehow knew that they loved her.

One day while talking to her, one of the family members decided to ask their mother a favour. She told her she was going to go to Heaven soon and would see her husband, and her mum and dad, and all of her sisters and brothers. She told her that there would be a wonderful party for her and that she would have a new Heavenly body, and that she would be happy again.

She then asked her mum to send her a red rose when she got to Heaven so that she would know that her mum was there and was happy.



Not long after that, the mother passed away. At her funeral, the lady who'd asked for a rose could barely listen to the preacher because she was looking everywhere for a red rose. But there was not one there.

After a few days she thought, "*Maybe there is one on one of my own rose bushes.*" So she went to look at her rose bushes. The first one was brown and looked just the way it should in winter time.

Then she went to look at the other rose bush and there was one red rose bud on it! It was peeking its head up as if to say, "Hello!"

She then quickly called her sister on the phone and told her the whole story. She replied, "I have one better than that! I bought a red rose bush two years ago. It hasn't ever had a single bloom on it since I bought it. But now it's in full bloom! There are red roses everywhere!"

They got their sign and they knew that their mother was in Heaven and she was happy! What a wonderful sign of the Lord's love!

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## NDE

(By Curtis Peter van Gorder)

I have read many NDE stories from others, but always jump at the chance to get a first-hand account. Interviewing people you meet can be a great source of vivid stories and a reaffirmation of faith. Though I have had Heavenly visions of sorts while conscious, I have never experienced an NDE myself, even though once I came close to death. However, I have met two people who have.

One of them was a Moslem tax collector working in an office in Indonesia. I took some time to interview him during his lunch break. He told me that after dying he travelled through a U-shape towards the light. At some point in his experience, he was taken by an angelic being on an aerial tour of the city of Bandung.

On the streets he saw various people walking. The unique thing about it was that he could understand exactly what they were feeling. Their usual cover-ups of emotions were dropped. Some were crying over a lost love or tragedy, others were ecstatically happy over some accomplishment or joyous event.

The experience left him with more faith in God and empathetic love for his fellow man. I will stop his story here lest I embellish upon it unnecessarily. You see, I met this man some 30 years ago and never wrote it down.

There was another lady I interviewed just a few years ago in India and I still have the notes I made with her. Here they are:

'82 was a bad year for me. I was the only earning member of my family. Then there was Daddy's cancer and operation and Mommy's paralytic attack. That was the year I also joined a nunnery.

I have never been a very staunch Catholic. I was the kind of person that found fault in everything. A nun came to our house trying to recruit girls for the nunnery. I went with her with the idea of becoming a nun.

At the nunnery, I was disillusioned as I saw the nuns ate fancy food, while we ate simple fare and were assigned to wash their dishes. I was frustrated about it and left. Leaving was a blow to my family as my family was very religious, with many of our relatives being priests and nuns.

Daddy was released from the hospital in January of '83 and the doctors said he had only six months or so to live. At the time of his operation I was very concerned about his health and if he would survive the operation. I made a vow to God, that if everything went well and Daddy got better I would walk barefoot.

Going to church or making vows was never my way of religion. In fact, I usually contradicted everything. I said to God, "I am happy, You are happy. Thank You, goodbye." That was my way of praying. Though I did have visions of a female angel visiting me when I was between the ages of five and ten, so you could say, I was spiritually minded, but not too interested in religion. I didn't use a rosary or Bible. I did then and still do have a soft side though, if I see a person is suffering, I want to do something about it.

Concerning my vow for my father's health, I didn't wear shoes for ten days. It was very hot but the heat of the pavement didn't bother me. Dad lived for five more years.

One day, as I prepared to go to work, a feeling came over me that I shouldn't go. My mother told me I had to go to work anyways, so I reluctantly went. I was completely depressed and

I told my manager I didn't want to work. I left work at 4:30—it took me four hours to get home as there was a holiday at that time. When I reached home, dad was panting. I tried to clear his throat. After the priests finished the last rites ceremony, he died at 2:30 the next morning. When my father died, I felt a rebellious side of me departed.

I met my husband, Charley, through some of my work colleagues. In '91 I was about to have a miscarriage after carrying for four months. I went to my gynaecologist. She gave me tablets to regulate my bleeding. She told me that there was only a small hope the baby would survive. Even if there was a child, she told me it could be deformed.

She gave me a date to get cleaned. I was on the bed. The doctor gave me an anaesthetic. I said a small prayer. After that, I don't know what happened. After 21 days I woke up. I asked the doctor. "Where am I? Is there a wedding around? I hear the trumpets and drumming."

"There is nothing like that," the doctor said.

I got up after an injection and asked, "Where is Charley?"

“Charley is gone home,” they told me.

“I want to talk to him.”

The doctors ignored me and kept examining me.

I insisted, “I want to know if there is a feast around. I can hear the trumpets. What is happening to me? I know I have been somewhere. Tell me where I am. Am I really in the hospital? I want my husband here.”

“What is happening to you?” the doctor asked.

“I have been on a journey. That much I know.”

“Where have you been?”

“I walked on a road till I reached the end. I saw a light like a point of light that got bigger and brighter as I went towards it. The irony of that light is that even though I looked straight towards it and it was so bright, it didn’t hurt my eyes. It was like cool water flowing over my eyes. The tenderness and soothing effect was amazing.

“When I was almost into the light, I saw a gate. On the other side was a vast open land. At times, I felt like I was on the seashore looking off into the distance and marvelling at the vastness of the sea.

“The Earth seemed to be cloud-like. Sparkling water passed through it at various places. I saw plenty of people, flowers, and animals.

“Flowers grew throughout. One daisy I saw had all seven colours but no black—nothing resembled black there. There was lots of white. All colours were like dots, a bit like the impressionistic painting style. Some of the flowers had lots of petals and some had few. There were chrysanthemums, snow white tiger lilies, flowers yellow, and violet. I vividly remember the smell of the flowers.

“I smelled jasmine quite strongly. If I were on Earth it might be too strong for me and hurt my nose, but there it didn’t. I never felt like, ‘No, I don’t want this place.’ Nothing there made me feel disgusted.

“The feeling I had was, all of it—the fragrance, the roar of the animals, the call of humans, the twitter of the animals, the atmosphere, made you feel like you were on a cotton cloth or protected. It was comforting and peaceful. I didn’t want those sensations to be taken away. I felt like someone was holding me in the palms of their hands, as if I were a child in the hands of a loved one.

“Amongst the flowers were butterflies with huge wings. If you wanted, you could sit on the wings and go on a joy ride. I know, because I saw some people doing that. Nothing was small there. Everything was big and beyond imagination.

“Yet all the creatures and humans and plants co-existed in harmony with one another. Nothing was ferocious. All was quiet, friendly, and serene. Every creature lived in a community. For air, you breathed love.

“The clouds were curvy and twisty and rose up into interesting shapes and levelled out in other places. There were pure snow-white clouds, and multi-coloured ones. I saw clouds in the formations of faces of angels. They bore expressions of warmth and welcoming friendliness.

“Through them and in the garden, many kinds of birds were flying, like pelicans with rose and pink underbellies, and snow-white necks. There were huge parrots—bigger than a house. The parrots’ wings had a mixture of iridescent colours. There were gigantic eagles whose bodies were as big as two rooms.



“At the entrance, I looked back down the road I had taken and it was very dark. At the gate, I saw my father and my father-in-law standing on either side.

(I have not seen my father-in-law or any photographs of him yet. Later, when I described him to my relatives, they were stunned at how accurate my description was. There, I knew it was my father-in-law, because my father told me who it was.)

“I asked my fathers, ‘My God, what are you doing here?’

“They told me they had to push me back to Earth and they would not let me go beyond a certain parameter.

“I told them, ‘I am tired. I have been on a long journey and I need to rest and get something to eat and drink.’ There were no benches around to sit on. I said, ‘I want water. I am very thirsty.’

“They gave me water in an ice bowl. The water was sweeter than coconut water—much sweeter. It was a kind of fruit drink. I drank it and it quenched my inner thirst. They gave me food called amla, which is like a gooseberry. They gave me a small fruit like a watermelon that was

creamy brown inside. The taste had a tinge of sweetness and spice. One morsel told me, that is enough. The bread they gave me that I ate was so satisfying. They called it manna. Whatever I ate or drank there I was satisfied and was left with a beautiful feeling.

“After I was refreshed they told me I had to go back down to Earth. They said, ‘They need you more than we need you. Each person has a time for their departure and this is not your time yet.’

“After 21 days in a coma I awoke. To me, no time had elapsed. I told the doctor all of this, but he took me to a psychologist. I clammed up and didn’t tell him much. But you are asking me, and I am eager to tell it.

“This experience changed my whole perspective on life and makes me happy whenever I think about it, and that one day I shall return.”

*(End of personal account)*

No one can convince others that there is life after death if they don’t want to believe it, but I think the sceptics, though very vocal about their doubts, are in the minority.

Their nay saying and clamouring should not discourage us to tell the many others who are eager to hear the good news, that there is a Heaven that awaits us and Jesus is the door.

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## **Trip to Heaven**

(By John Benjamin)

I don't know why the Lord did these awesome things in my life, other than that maybe because I was an orphaned kid and had become a hardened atheist because of that, and other hard things in life experienced at a young age when you are so tender, and life can turn into such a horror story. I feel a special burden for little kids who are mistreated. It hurts me so.

People just don't realize what it does to a little tender soul of a child. But maybe the Lord felt sorry for me as a result, when I turned to Him with all my heart and began to give my life to Him and follow to the best of my ability, He therefore went out of His way to do neat things for me—such as this incredible experience:

I was a new Christian, and so excited to see the Lord working in my life, and answering prayers. I was excited about certain promises He made in

verses like Matthew 7:7, 8, where He said, “Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For everyone that asks receives, and he that seeks finds, and to him that knocks, it shall be opened.”

Also John 14:13, 14 where it says, “And whatsoever you shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.” “If you shall ask anything in My name I will do it.”

I had been saved for probably going on three years, and had begun to experience the Lord doing many wonderful things in my life. I was so excited about the Bible being the truth, and God and Jesus being really real!

Having been an atheist most of my life, and therefore tormented in my mind wondering what would happen after death, I was thrilled to know that God was really real, and that it was all really true. I had a new-found joy in my life, and reason to live.

Any atheists who say they are not bothered by death like I was, are not being truly honest. They are either grandstanding in front of others, trying to show how tough they are, (on the surface anyway), and unafraid to face death; while in

their own private life they really ARE scared of dying, ...or they have hardened themselves over many years of just putting it out of their mind and not allowing themselves to think too deeply about it, to the point that they just can't "feel" anymore.

But on with my incredible miracle here: I had asked the Lord in a very sincere spirit if He would allow me to see one of my angels. We are all granted their help, and they are assigned to us when we get saved or receive Christ and become one of God's children. There are various angels assigned to us to perform various tasks in helping us follow the Lord and doing something of value with our lives for Him.

Well BOY!!! Did I get more than I bargained for with THAT PRAYER! Not only did I get to see an angel, but I got to go on an actual trip to Heaven and visit a MANSION there! It was one of the most shocking things that has ever happened in my life; only upstaged by the recent angel visitation I wrote of. (See book titled "*Angelic Encounters*", on [www.nurture-inspire-teach.com](http://www.nurture-inspire-teach.com))

After I prayed and sincerely poured out my heart and soul to the Lord, I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit speak very loudly and clearly in my

mind and say, “ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE!” I was a bit shocked, and laid back on our couch, which at the time was situated across the middle of our living room, instead of against a wall. As I laid down, I didn’t go to sleep, but almost instantly went into a sort of “trance” like state.

That is the only way I can think to describe it. I was fully conscious and awake, yet in that world between sleep and consciousness, where you are not in control of your body and functions, like being able to move and all. Yet you are fully aware that you are not asleep or dreaming.

I then literally sat right up out of my body. I don’t quite know how to explain it.

My spirit just SAT UP out of my body. And I looked over the back of the couch and there was a man sitting there in a chair that doesn’t exist in our world. He was clearly in another dimension, yet just as visible as seeing you or me in this world.

I was ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED! He just smiled at me; a warm pleasant smile that was very comforting. Then what followed was literally “out of this world”. Ha!

I left my body and started going upwards through what others have described in these near death experiences as going through a “long dark tunnel”. It only lasted for a few moments, and then all of a sudden I appeared on the other side!

I did not appear before a being of light, or Jesus, or any angel; but I just appeared in this gloriously beautiful MANSION! A dwelling so grand and awesome that it is hard to really accurately describe it in earthly terms.

In John 14:1-3 Jesus said that when He left Earth after His crucifixion, that He would be going back to Heaven to prepare MANSIONS for us to live in when we get there; ... AND THEY ARE LITERALLY “MANSIONS”!

All of a sudden I came out of the long dark tunnel thing, and just appeared in the reception area of this glorious mansion. I was literally in AWE!

It had a golden domed ceiling made of pure gold that had ornate carvings around the bottom of it. It had lines or patterns that went up to a peak in the middle. The walls appeared to have what we would call “wall paper” on Earth, but I

don't know if they were actually some sort of wall covering, or if the wall itself was solid with the material all the way through.

They had a beautiful pattern of solid gold emblems of some sort on them, surrounded by what appeared to be raised velvet, or a crushed velvet in dark royal blue. The colours were glorious and the pattern very royal looking. Whoever lived here was obviously of Royalty to the Lord; and I highly suspect that it was the man or angel that I saw when I first looked over the back of the couch.

There was a living room toward the front of the place off to the right. I was in a sort of reception area where you would first come in to the dwelling. IT HAD FURNITURE! There were chairs and sofas and beautiful plush carpet. There were tables that appeared to be made out of glass or crystal; very ritzy looking. There were houseplants in pots. But the most amazing part of the architecture to me was the ENTRANCE:

IT HAD NO FRONT DOOR! There were rounded marble steps that went down out of the reception area out into a lush and beautiful garden area. This entry-way was about twenty feet across where the steps went down.



There were beautiful marble columns along one side that followed the curve of the entryway out. It was far beyond the beauty of anything I've seen on this Earth.

I was given instant understanding of things—such as: there was no front door on the dwelling, because the temperature in Heaven is all one nice even temperature all the time. It never gets too hot, or too cold. It is a perfect environment, so there is no need for a door to shut, to keep the temperature warm inside during the winter, or air conditioned in the summer.

There are no criminals, thieves, or robbers there; so there is no need for a door to lock to keep people out. There are no flies, mosquitoes or irritating pests to come flying in and be bothersome there. If they exist, they must live somewhere else, or at least they have very good manners, ha!

But apparently it was not necessary for this beautiful mansion to have a door in the front reception area, either for beauty and architectural design, or for whatever reason the Lord or His angels made it that way. What made the whole experience even more thrilling was the fact that I could FLY!

I was in the spirit realm, not attached to my heavy human body, and could fly!

Like a kid on a go-cart for the first time, or a young man on his first motorcycle, or a sports car; I was just ZOOMING AROUND AS FAST AS I COULD! I was like thinking “WHOOPIE!!!” as I flew all over, zipping here and there, across the floor, up the wall, and then DOWN! The down part was scary! Being fresh from this world, in which if you were going full speed straight down towards a floor from high up, you would “cringe!?”

I did just that. It seemed that I was flaying my arms and legs and putting them out in front of me to stop the fall when I hit, BUT I DIDN'T HIT! I just turned out at floor level, and started going out across the floor once again.

Well all good things must come to an end—in THIS life anyway!

It was at this point that I came to the full realization of just what was happening to me, and just where I was at, and it all suddenly became just TOO MUCH FOR ME. I couldn't take it anymore. It was just too overwhelming!

Probably, it is much like it is for those who go on with the Lord when they first arrive. Perhaps they need a little time to sort things out in their new environment? I don't know.

But when the reality of what was happening to me hit me fully, and I couldn't take it any longer, the Lord brought me back to my body.

I didn't go through any tunnel or anything, but I just re-entered my body instantly and SHOT UP OFF THAT COUCH LIKE GOING OVER THE FIRST HILL ON THE ROLLER COASTER! My body stiffened and I shot upwards and was in total and complete shock!

My wife came into the living room and asked what was wrong with me, and I couldn't answer her. All I could do was to say, "WOW!" "WOW!" "WOW!" over and over and over for about 20 minutes.

I couldn't speak or talk, all I could do was ponder what had just happened to me in my mind and say, "Wow!" It wasn't until later that I could get it together mentally enough to try to begin to describe to her what had happened.

SO HEAVEN IS REAL FOLKS! I'VE BEEN THERE! I SAW PROOF OF IT! And to be allowed to go there

when you die is a PRICELESS PRIVILEGE; yet it is a “FREE GIFT” as Jesus said to the woman at the well in John 4:10-14.

None of us could ever be good enough to deserve to go there on our own; our good works certainly don't get us there. This is only something that God can do through the amazing sacrifice made by His Son Jesus Christ.

When He gave His life for us all on the Cross at Calvary. It is only something that we can receive through sincerely asking Him for it. He then comes into our life and causes us to WANT to do good and to help others.