

THE Library_TUARG-5: True stories mysterious happenings—Part 1

(Compiled March 2021)

About a month ago I was talking to the blind uncle of one of my friends. He's a very simple man, always wanting to be a help to people. He must have spirit helpers, because they're always talking to him. I asked him three questions. The first one was about Dad. He had never heard his name or anything about his work, and to my astonishment, he answered:

"I'm seeing him. He is tall, white and with glasses. He wears a black suit and wears a cross or something that goes down to his chest. He's been in the Orient and has founded schools. He's written books, and has stood up for the weak and the poor. He has done a great work here on earth, and now I see him going from house to house giving out literature. He has tons of lit to give out. Well, now I see him leaving, but maybe sometime we could ask him to come and speak to us and you can ask him what you're interested in knowing."

What a neat description of Dad!

At three o'clock in the morning I went to the bathroom. The window in the office was open so I went over to close it. It was such a beautiful night and the stars were out, so I leaned out the window and had a little prayer time. I had been a bit discouraged off and on during the day. I guess you could say I was feeling tender-hearted about different things, and I had been crying a few times during the day. I had been pouring out my heart to the Lord, and when I looked up at the sky, it was so beautiful! I started giving the Lord thanks for all His goodness and love for us.

Then I tried to remember if I had ever seen a shooting star. I don't remember really ever seeing one. I found myself praying, asking the Lord to help me see something--a shooting star, or something from the spirit world. I couldn't help but think, when I was looking up at the sky, about the spirit world, all our helpers, Grandpa and how close they are. It wasn't as if I was demanding that the Lord do something, like I was requiring a sign; I was just wondering about it, thinking how great the Lord is, how small I feel, but at the same time praying, and deep in my heart thinking that it would be very special to see something.

I looked up and right then I saw this bright streak come down in the sky. Only it wasn't really across the sky and it wasn't way out there, it was right above our roof and looked as if it was going to touch down on the roof, it was so close. It was big and bright white. I did a double take and for a few seconds all these thoughts started going through my head; wondering if it was a shooting star, but then thinking that it couldn't possibly be a shooting star as it was just too close. It looked like a ball of white light, but it was streaking, or it had a long tail on it.--Like a flash of light in a way.

After this unusual occurrence, I stood there pondering on it. I found myself praying for the Lord to show me more, sort of feeling like, "If this is real, Lord, if it wasn't just a shooting star, then show me more." And I saw more--five in total! As I prayed, it came to me that they were some of the angels that watch over us here. I got the verse, "The angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear Him," and some other angel verses.

There were three that were above the roof, another one came straight out directly in front of our property, and another one I saw at a angle straight out from your room. It came to me that they streak back and forth like this to show their force, for any would-be intruders from the spirit world. Like this is part of their forcefield around us or something.

I knew the Lord was trying to comfort my heart and encourage me. I went to bed and drifted off to sleep feeling so warm and comforted and cozy. It was a special touch from Heaven!

A year or so ago, a young university student named Dennis died. A few months after Dennis died, Phoebe was going through some of her papers, and realized that Dennis had been one of her former

students. Phoebe felt bad that she did not get the chance to witness to him, so she prayed that somehow he would receive Salvation in the spirit world, if he hadn't yet. After committing him to the Lord in prayer, Phoebe carried on with her day.

Then she got a beep on her pager from someone named Dennis, with a message saying, "I hope to meet you at such and such a time!"

About one hour later, she got another beep from this same Dennis. The message now said, "It's okay; you don't have to come, I'm all right!"

Phoebe was puzzled by these two beeps, thinking that perhaps somebody just made a mistake, as she didn't know anyone by that name. Then she remembered her former student, who had passed away a few months back! *Could it be that Dennis was paging her from the spirit world, to let her know that he was okay?*

One afternoon, while in prayer, one of our team members had a vision of an elderly man with a long white beard, dressed in tribal fashion. He began to speak and explained that he was a chief of a tribe of Sannitic warriors that had lived around the year 300 BC, and that he and his warriors had helped to defeat the Romans in a big battle. He said that God had blessed them and helped them against the Romans because they were really seeking for wisdom.

He also explained that he and his tribe were among the "spirits in prison," who got saved when Jesus spent three days and nights in the heart of the earth. He said he had come for two reasons: first, that there were many of his descendants here who were in need of the Lord; second, that the Enemy was fighting us and the Lord had asked him and his warriors to come and fight for us. He said his name was Sessa.

We later looked up the Sannites in the encyclopedia and found out that the area where these people lived is about 80 km. from where we live! They did indeed have a series of wars with the Romans, of which the most famous battle was called the "Forche Caudine," in which they defeated the Romans with a very astute strategy, in the year 327 BC.

A short time after this, as I was on my way out witnessing, I started to have a big battle in the spirit. I prayed and asked the Lord to send Sessa and his men. Just then I saw them with their spears all raised over their heads, charging forward and giving a mighty battle-cry! It really encouraged me, and that day the Lord did miracles in my witnessing. Thank You Jesus!

Recently, our team got some books from England about different missionaries of olden times, real men of faith and prayer. One of them was about Hudson Taylor, who single-handedly, through faith and prayer, pioneered the China Inland Mission which sent out missionaries to even the most remote provinces of China. I love and admire this man greatly because of his utter dependence on God and his faith in the Lord's infallible promises. One of the interesting things about him is that he was paralyzed and bed-ridden for several years, and that's when the Lord accomplished the most through him by prayer.

A few weeks ago, when I was praying, I asked the Lord if Hudson could be my spirit helper, to help strengthen me in those different areas. I thought it was real sweet of Jesus to let Hudson answer me for himself through prophecy, in the way he felt led.

Hudson was kind and answered gently that he would love to assist me in any way he could, that those in the spirit world feel privileged to be permitted to work through us to lead and guide people in these Last Days. Yet, he said, since he is fluent in Chinese and the customs and habits of that area, he will continue to be working there.

He said that there was still a lot to do and that great things will be happening there. He seemed to be quite excited about the near future and the things in store for China, without telling me too much about what was up.... (You see, I'm in South Africa but he's always had a burden for and been concerned

about China, so I understand his preference. He told me I could research and find some info about missionaries to South Africa and ask them to be my spirit helpers instead.)

He was sweet about it and it touched my heart!

Recently we met a woman who told us that she had an experience where Jesus spoke to her while she was seriously sick, after which she was healed! Because of her sickness, her parents sent her to China to get treatment, and it was while she was there that an angel appeared to her. The angel's name was Adeline. She had long, golden hair and a round face. Adeline told her that Jesus loved her and would care for her and forgive her. Our friend also related to us how she had gone on tours of Heaven, and had been given a new name: Efrata! She had written down in her diary different things that she had received in prophecy, and proceeded to show them to me.

I was astonished to see that the message on one page was written in English! -- And the most incredible thing is that this woman *doesn't speak English!* She said that the Holy Spirit would guide her hand to write the words! [The English message contained things of personal interest that only this one who was visiting would understand about. —Things the person writing it down knew nothing about.]

We got together several times to hear from the Lord about some problems we were having with our vehicles. On one occasion, the Lord gave a 17-year-old girl a remarkable prophecy from a spirit helper mechanic named Bob, which was very specific and a big help. Just before this, someone else on our team had gotten a check that we needed to ask for a spirit helper mechanic...and even received the name Bob! What a confirmation!

On the way to our outreach destination I prayed that the Lord would help us to have a spiritual experience to inspire and unite our team. Just then, as we were walking along the side of the road, I happened to turn my head towards the traffic when I saw a man floating along right next to me on the traffic side. He had a long, white gleaming robe on and a long white beard. I didn't see his face, but he was glowing pure white and shining more brilliantly than the sun -- without hurting my eyes. This only lasted for a few seconds and he was gone.

While praying about this, the Lord reminded me of the prayer I prayed in the morning, and gave me the verse, "The angel of the Lord encampeth 'round about them that fear Him." A short time later I saw a lady getting into a car, she had a red T-shirt on and in bold white letters on the front of the shirt was written "You'll never walk alone!" Thank You Jesus for His answers to prayer!

One beautiful day while the sun shone through the window, M- and P- were painting scenery panels for our puppet show. M- went to the bathroom and P- saw "a person" moving outside the window. But we live on the third floor of an apartment building, and she realized that the person couldn't be walking in the air, and that it seemed to be an angel. M- came running out of the bathroom, praying that she too would be able to see the angel. Together, the two of them saw the angel transform into a burst of light and ascend into the sky, which had only one small cloud in it. Both of them started praising the Lord and crying. It was very exciting!

One year before I gave my life to serve the Lord, I was living together with two other girls. We were all dancers. One of the girls, named Christina, got pregnant and decided to have an abortion. As Chile is a strong Catholic country, abortions were done illegally, so it wasn't always very safe. This one proved fatal, due to complications and a lack of proper medical treatment, and Christina died shortly afterwards. She was only 20 years old.

Although I was not very close to this girl, my friend and I were quite shocked. We had all three just been living a short time in the apartment together! Shortly afterwards we were both arrested and put in jail on suspicion of compliance. After two weeks we were released. They eventually arrested the woman responsible for performing the abortion, and she was sent to prison.

One evening back in our apartment, while resting I was surprised to hear someone walking

around weeping uncontrollably in the next room. I was very frightened as I was the only person home at the time. I opened my window and called down to a woman who lived on the ground floor to come up. At that moment the room was filled with any icy cold wind, causing the hair on the nape of my neck to stand up. I was really frightened now as I could sense something supernatural in the air. I yelled down to the woman on the ground floor, "Please come up!"

The doorbell rang and I was too scared to walk to the door, as I would have to go through the room where the weeping was coming from. Having been raised a Catholic, I started to say the Lord's prayer over and over. The prayer really gave me strength. Then the weeping stopped. The woman and I looked around the room to see who was weeping. Nobody was there! The woman said, "You are very tired, probably you were imagining it all!"

A week later I had a dream. In the dream I saw Christina. She had long, flowing hair, and she walked up, put her arms around me and started weeping and sobbing -- the same as I had heard in the room that evening. She seemed desperate for help, but I didn't understand how I could possibly help.

Shortly after that I left the apartment as I wanted to get away from all this tragedy and sadness. I went back to my hometown.

A year later I got saved [received Jesus into my life] and was happy serving the Lord fulltime, living by faith. Then Christina appeared to me once again in a dream weeping and crying. This time I told [those I was serving the Lord with], as I was really wondering why this girl kept "following me around in my dreams." They shared with me Dad's counsel on departed spirits and how they can receive Jesus too. We all prayed together for this poor girl and left the whole matter in the Lord's hands. (See Psalms 37:5.)

Some time later, in another dream I was back in my old apartment. Suddenly I saw a door open, and this brilliant white Heavenly light streamed through it. And there, standing before me, was Christina -- only this time she was much younger, 9 or 10 years old, dressed in a brilliant white dress and smiling radiantly saying, "Thank you! I'm very happy now in Heaven!" She then started to explain things to me about how wonderful Heaven is. Just then I woke up! Thank You Jesus!

While taking time to pray and hear from the Lord, all of a sudden this person was circling around my head and we could talk together. I was praying and he answered. It was all so clear and simple and inspiring. Thank You Jesus!

This is what transpired:

Spirit helper, (and maybe Jesus, the first sentence): *"For whatsoever thou desirest I will do. I am at your beck and call. I'm here to help you."*

I then prayed for different people in my personal family and in the Home.

Spirit helper: *"It will take some sacrifice, some laying down of your life. I'm running to and fro ministering and to minister. I'm in charge of this area. All these little devils have to obey me."*

I prayed for protection for the children, and as I did it came to me that we had been protected in a potential accident involving one of the children. So I said: "You did protect us then, you did?!"

Spirit helper: *"Yes, I did."*

I then prayed for healing and strengthening.

Spirit helper (in a sure and chirpy way): *"Okay! But don't forget us. This has been a thorn in the flesh to help you remember us."*

I went on asking about different subjects and he answered, full of faith, quickly and surely. I know it wasn't me; it was someone else there talking to me. He was very alert and confident in the Lord. When I asked his name I first got it wrong. He told me so.

Then I got Antonio, and something like Lantana or Montana ... I got that he was Italian. He was funny, trying to speak in a strong American accent at times, kind of like on purpose. It was an uplifting experience!

One afternoon, while I was in bed feeling quite sick, I started to fall asleep. I wasn't sleeping yet when I heard a man's voice speaking in English, with a very strong French accent. He talked about his life and, while he was doing so, I was seeing pictures of a bearded man playing the piano, surrounded by

other men and also by pretty ladies wearing long dresses, as was the custom at the beginning of this century.

A sudden noise interrupted all that and for a moment I completely forgot what had happened. I got out of bed and suddenly I remembered, and also that I had heard these words: "Tell them that my name is Debussy. Tell them that my name is Debussy!"

I wasn't familiar at all with that name, but when I looked it up in an encyclopedia, I found out that he was a famous French composer, who was born in 1862 and died in 1918. I was quite puzzled by all this, as he had also told me things about his life which I couldn't remember. Later on that day, while I was again in bed, I heard his voice saying, "It's so quiet here. I have a lot of time to think about many things. There's so much peace." The peculiar thing about all this is that I actually heard his voice as though he was right in the room with me.

For a few days I couldn't shake this out of my head. I really wanted to remember what else he had told me, but the only thing I could remember was that he seemed to be really troubled, and that somehow he had gone through some unhappy love affairs and that a lot of people didn't approve of some of his actions. A few weeks later, I had a check about praying for Debussy. Well, that night I was so tired and so concerned about some problems that were going on that I couldn't really put my whole heart into praying about this. I thought that maybe it was just a waste of time and that it wasn't really from the Lord and so on. I picked up a book that was there, and when I cracked it open there were two full pages on Debussy and his music. Later on I took an encyclopedia and, when I first opened it, there was a full page on Debussy again.

Finally I decided to ask him to speak to me. This time he was really happy and he said: "Hi! It's me again! This time I'm doing what I always wanted to do. I was a rebel. I wanted to rebel against the System but I didn't know how to do it. I made a lot of mistakes but now I'm playing for the children of David. I'm helping them compose Heavenly music!"

On New Year's Day I asked the Lord if He had anything for me for this coming year. The Lord said some very sweet and encouraging things to me but then He started to talk about Debussy.

He said, "Debussy? Who said he's dead? For whosoever believeth in Me shall never die. He hath found a place of pardon in My Kingdom and his latter work shall be more glorious than the first. Canst thou see the marvel of it all? The power that lies within you, within the children of David to release spirits which are in bond, to proclaim liberty? How his heart was grieved! How he sought forgiveness, a chance to play unto His Creator! And now he is playing for the children of David.

"Tell them to listen, and he will whisper in their ears Heavenly music. For the Son of Man came to save that which was lost both now and forever, for there is no past, no present and no future, but it is all the Great Eternal Now."

Right after I had another strong check that Debussy was there and that he wanted to talk as well, but I couldn't get anything from him. I prayed again and asked the Lord to remove any hindering spirit. There was a long pause and suddenly I heard, "Play the tape and I will speak to you."

I put on the tape of his music which I had gotten, and the music that came on sounded so sad that I felt quite overwhelmed. I started weeping (it hadn't had this effect on me the first time I listened to it). It was like I was feeling his suffering and his heartcry, then the words finally came:

"Can't you tell of my longings? Can't you tell I was searching? Can't you tell I was in pain? My heart was hurting, my body was hurting and yet that music was my heartcry! Thank you for calling me, thank you for receiving me, for not sending me away! (Pause) My little chou-chou [his little daughter] -- how much I loved her!! I played to her, I played for her and yet that was not enough. But now it is enough, now I have all eternity!"

I later found out that this tape was one of the last pieces of music which he wrote, at a time when he was really suffering physically, and shortly after this, he died of cancer.

If it would have been a composer whom I was more familiar with that spoke to me, instead of Debussy, I would have probably doubted that it was from the Lord, but since he was a total stranger to me, I know it wasn't my mind that made it up. I still feel Debussy's presence at times, especially when I'm sick or discouraged about something, but the most far-out thing is that he's helping our young people write their music! Thank You Jesus!