



HOW HE SAID HELLO

How He said Hello

(Compiled testimonies when Jesus visited, by CQ, 2022)

–Not edited or proof read. As is.

Victor sees Jesus

I will start with a testimony when I was 10 years old or so .

I like to mention this one because I do share also in my personal witnessing with friends and contacts about how the Lord is sooo real and He sooo faithful to answer ALL our little childish prayers.

My background is Catholic and my family went to church. In Italy had before the tradition to have communion for the first time when you are adolescent. So the night before to attend the first communion ceremony I obey what a nun suggested the children to do before to go to bed: "Children remember tonight before to go to bed to pray the Lord for a good night and ask Jesus to sleep with you".

So I did the prayer and it happened that in the middle of the night I woke up and I had a very vivid spiritual experiences to feel the presence of Jesus and see himself sleep close side by side together with me in the same little bed.

Seeing Jesus personally my reaction was to greeting Him and after that happily I went to sleep again.

This was my first special encounter that really encourage me a lot on my grow, future and difficult teenager years. It remind me that Jesus is real and always near to us and to dose who seek & believe in Him.

There is a story told in the book "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis". I will summarize the portion related to the topic of this book, with some selected text, that was written down sometime in the 1200-1300's.

A young man received a message from God, telling him to go to the church of St. Stephen's, here what was being preached; then after that he would take a long journey and then return to God. So he did this. Friar Philip was preaching there. He preached by the Spirit of Christ and announced the Kingdom of Eternal life. This moved the lad to want to be part of the Order. He became known as Friar John.

There was an invitation or offer made by Friar Philip, for some to go to the province of Provence. Friar John though perhaps this was the journey that the message had talked of. So he went. He thought he would soon return to God and go to paradise. "But it pleased God that he should remain there for 25 years," working for the Lord. He was greatly loved by the people and helped them much. After awhile he was wondering why the journey was so long. He began to pray and weep, thinking his earthly pilgrimage was too prolonged. And it was then that the *"blessed Christ appeared to him, at the sight of whom his soul was all melted, and said to him, "Friar John, ask of Me what thou wilt." And he answered, "My Lord, I know not what to ask of Thee save Thyself, for naught else do I desire; this alone pray I—that thou forgive me all my sins, and give me grace to behold Thee once again when I may have a greater need of Thee."*

Jesus Christ said to him: "Thy prayer is granted."

After these words He departed, and Friar John was comforted.

Later on, when he was near the end of his life, a different visitor, not so pleasant arrived. The Devil stood before him, holding in his hand as it were a great scroll written on it all the sins he had ever done. And lied to Friar John, saying that he was not saved, and would need to suffer for his own sins. At this time, when tempted of the enemy, Friar John forgot all the good that he had been doing for the Lord. He was utterly discouraged and believed the lie that the enemy said, that he wouldn't go to Heaven.

Then another friar, Friar Matthew came to speak with him. At this time, Friar John was very ill. He accepted receiving a painful sickness, at the hand of the enemy, as "payment" for his sins.

Friar Matthew said,

“Rememberest thou not that God’s mercy exceedeth all the sins of the world? And that Christ our blessed Saviour payed an infinite price to redeem us? Therefore, be of good hope. For of surety thou art saved.”

With this, Friar John was glad, and shortly after Friar Matthew left,

“Christ the blessed came, in great splendour and in fragrance of exceeding sweetness, even as he had promised to appear to him again when he should have greater need, and healed him perfectly from all his infirmities. Then Friar John, with clasped hands giving thanks to God that he had accomplished the great journey of this present miserable life with so good an end, commended his soul to the hands of Christ and rendered it up to God, passing from this mortal life to life eternal with Christ the blessed, that he so long a time had desired and waited to behold.”

From “The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi” Accounts from the 1200’s originally

little Brother John set out on

his way most joyfully, as he believed that, his journey being ended, he would go to heaven. But it pleased God that he should remain in the said province five-and-twenty years, always looking forward to the day of his departure, living in great sanctity, setting a most holy example, and increasing in virtue and in favour with God and man; so that he was much beloved by seculars as well as by the brethren. Now Brother John being one day in prayer, weeping and lamenting that his wish was never accomplished, and his pilgrimage here below so lengthened, Christ, the blessed one, appeared to him, and he felt his

soul melt within him. Then said the Lord to him: "My son, Brother John, ask of me what thou wilt." And he answered: "My Lord, I have naught else to ask thee but thyself, as I desire naught else; but I ask thee to forgive my sins, and to grant me the grace that I may see thee once more, when I shall have the greatest need of thy presence." And Christ the blessed answered: "Thy request is granted"; and having said these words he departed, leaving Brother John much comforted.

And Brother John,

having chosen the seven days of suffering in this world, immediately fell ill, and was afflicted with divers diseases; for he had a great fever, and the gout in his hands and feet, besides a pain in his side, and many other sufferings; but, worse than all this, a devil stood before him, holding a large paper on which were written all the sins he had ever committed in thought, word, or deed. Then said the devil to him: "Because of these sins which thou hast committed, in thought, word, and deed, thou art condemned to the depths of hell." And it seemed to him as if he had never done any good actions; he even forgot that he was in the Order, or ever had been in it, believing that he was damned, as the devil said; so that when the brothers asked him how he was, he answered: "I am most unhappy, because I am damned." The brothers seeing this, sent for an aged friar named Brother Matthew of

Monte Robbiano, who was a holy man and a great friend of Brother John.

When the said Brother Matthew arrived, the seventh day of his sufferings was approaching, and going near him he asked him how he was.

"I am in evil case," was the answer, "because I am damned." Then said Brother Matthew to him: "Dost thou not remember that thou hast often confessed to me, and I have absolved thee of all thy sins? Dost thou not remember likewise that thou hast served God for many years in this holy Order? Dost thou not know that the mercy of God is greater than all the sins in the world, and that Jesus Christ, the blessed one, our Saviour, gave himself for our salvation? Have good hope; for I know of a certainty that thou wilt be saved." And as he spoke the end of the trial arrived, and the temptation disappeared; then was Brother John greatly comforted, and he said to Brother Matthew: "My dear brother, thou art tired, and it is late; I pray thee go and take a little rest"; but Brother Matthew would not leave him. Yielding, however, at last to his prayers, he went to take a little rest, and Brother John remained alone with the friar who served him. And lo! Christ, the blessed one, appeared in great glory, as he had promised to appear to him once more when he should be in most need of him, and he healed him of all his infirmities. Then Brother John joined his hands, thanking God for having permitted him to end the long journey of this present miserable life in the arms of Jesus, to whom he confided his soul, passing from

this mortal life to life eternal with Christ, the blessed one, whom he had so long awaited and desired to see. --summerised

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James Rutz writes in his book “Megashift”:

On Christmas Eve, 1998, a young Hindu named Mohan Kanojia rounded up 25 of his friends to form a hit squad to [put an end to] a church planter, 55-year-old Mannu Lal. After a few drinks and sacrifices to evil spirits, they set out on their [deadly] mission. They never got close to Lal. On the road, Jesus Himself suddenly appeared in great authority, booming out one nerve-shattering command: “ENOUGH!” The shaken assassin repented and today is planting churches alongside Lal among leather workers in Madhya Pradesh state, India.

On a Hawaiian beach, David and his family, and Ruth, were spending the day relaxing. They both were members of a Christian organization. In the afternoon, the surf started to pick up and a strong undertow developed. The ocean became rough, and dark, and the waves rose to around 10 feet tall. David at that time had been sleeping under an umbrella, but suddenly found himself wide awake. He looked around to see if all was fine, and he noticed a situation needed urgent help. A child was getting caught in the waves, and the mother was running frantically in to help the girl. Since David was an experienced body surfer, he leapt into action, knowing just what to do. Before too long he had rescued the little girl.

At that time Ruth, a strong swimmer, went to help the mother out of the water. However, she found herself unable to. The high waves and the strong undertow made the mother too heavy for Ruth to get her out. For a some moments it seemed as if they both would go under.

Just then, a man with red swimming trunks suddenly appeared behind them. One moment no one was there, and the next moment this man beside them picked up the woman, with his strong arms and carried her to the shore. Ruth was able to swim back to the shore to continue helping the woman as she stumbled on to the sand. When the woman turned to thank the man, he was nowhere in sight. She mentioned how strong he was, and how safe she felt as she was being carried.

David and Ruth helped the woman and her daughter to their house. The mother wanted to show them something before they left. A picture drawn by her daughter a week earlier, at Sunday School, was of particular interest on that day. It was a picture of the mother and her daughter at the beach, and a man in red swimming trunks holding their hands. When the mother had asked her girl, earlier, who the people in the picture were, she said, "It's you and me, Mommy, and the Man in the red swimming suit is Jesus."

To a jungle tribe in Indonesia a special visitor comes. The missionaries were doing all they could to tell as many people about Jesus as they could. One place they came to surprised them. Jesus had been there first. The tribe leader couldn't read or write, and certainly had never heard of the Saviour. When the missionaries arrived, they found out that Jesus had appeared to the leader, told Him the messages they needed to know. The leader, who as illiterate, began to make pictures and scribbles of some sort, to write down what Jesus was telling him. He shared it with his tribe, and they became believers. The missionaries could then build on that and continue to tell them of the gospel. Perhaps the prayers of believers for God's Word and the gospel to be preached to all on the island was being answered, in this special way. Jesus knew they would visit there soon, and be able to strengthen the faith of the new believers, and share more of God's Word with them. (Condensed and retold, from the original in the book, "A Mighty Wind" by Mel)

Article from "The Recorder", September 1979

Kham Put, Thailand (EP). Khun Paot, a 19-year-old girl, escaped the Khmer Rouge rule in Cambodia after an arduous journey with 100 others through miles of jungle, canals, mountains, and rivers. Standing between them and freedom were Communist soldiers, the elements, and a stretch of jungle ground covered with thorns. Most of the escapees were barefoot or wore flimsy thongs.

A midnight-like darkness hampered the struggling group as it crossed a valley between two high mountain ranges. "We could see absolutely nothing," Paot later told a missionary, Maxine Stewart. "We didn't even know where to step." Suddenly hundreds of fireflies swarmed into view. Their glow made enough light for the people to see the path. The refugees reached the next mountain by "firefly light," said Mrs. Stewart in April issue of Commission Magazine.

After Paot was transferred to Kham Put refugee camp, she was invited to a Christian meeting. "I know that old man," she exclaimed at a picture on the wall of the chapel. "He is the one who led us and showed us the way to Thailand and freedom." She was pointing to a picture of Jesus.

Chris DuPre told of his experiences with Jesus. After a rough start on life, when a young adult he finds out, in a conversation with this sister, that she is a believer. He laughs about what she tells him about her spiritual life and relationship with the Lord. She tells about being able to hear the Lord speaking to her heart and mind. After everyone is out of the car, a voice speaks audibly to him saying, "Everything your sister said to you is true."

Later on, his sister asked him to pray a prayer with her. Chris repeated a salvation prayer, and believed it. At that moment he knew things had

changed in his heart and life. One thing that changed was his speech habits. The ugly words he normally used, no longer came habitually out his mouth, in fact he shunned that foul way of talking.

One day he was in the kitchen, it was the middle of winter when he felt a breeze enter the room. He looked around, thinking someone had suddenly opened the door or window only to find himself suddenly outside. He describes it here:

"I open my eyes, because of a breeze, and I am standing on a hillside. Next thing I know is I look up and Jesus is coming down. And I'm going 'this is not a dream... or is it a dream?' So I pick up a plunk of grass and I put it in my mouth, cause I thought, "If this is a dream I won't taste it." And it tasted like grass, and I spit it out. It tasted terrible. Then I pinched myself. And then He stands there, and suddenly He comes and He looks at me face to face. And I'm filled with shame, because all I know is what I am not. I haven't yet been told who I am.

"Jesus looks at me and He says, 'I love you with a wild love.'

"A wild love? I've been brought up in a church where you do things decently and in order--and wild doesn't fit. And He heard my thinking and He looks at me and He goes, 'Yes, it is wild because it means it is untamed and it is uncontrolled by man. No man controls my love for you.'

"And I went, 'As wild as you want, God! As wild as you want!'

"He said that to me, looking right at me. And there He is, and I'm now looking directly in His face, and I can't describe it. It was the largest smile I'd ever seen on any human being. And He is looking at me, and then I was filled with shame, and I put my head down. And He takes my head in His hands and He says, 'look at Me, look at Me'. And now I am face to face and I'm looking at Him. I know this is not a dream. I don't know what it is. And I'm looking right into His face, and He goes, "Listen, I love you." And I went, "Okay". ' I guess not, you don't get it--I love you. I love you. For what you are called to do, and for what you are supposed to do with your life, you need to know this. You need to know how deeply I love you."

Then He took my head and put it on His chest, and He just began to rock me. And I'd never had a man's hands on me that didn't hurt me. And He's just holding me and holding me. And suddenly a ball of fire shot out of His chest and hit my chest, and I found myself back in my room, and I was weeping and weeping and weeping. I threw myself on my bed and I wept."

As Chris wept, the 20 years of pain in his heart that he had carried from his bad past, was washed away and gone from off his heart.

Sam: I grew up as a Muslim. About a year ago as I was praying before leaving for work. When I was praying I began hearing within me "Jesus" and it bothered me, but it wasn't that bad. Then it became an every day thing. Every day, every day, I'm hearing "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus". I began thinking, "What's going on." As a Muslim I went back down on my knees, begging Allah for mercy, saying, 'I don't know where this Jesus thing is coming from. Please forgive me.'

My prayers for 15 minutes would then be 30 minutes, because I would then be begging for mercy more than I would actually be praying. So I stopped praying altogether. So it was a point in my life when everything started crumbling down; work, personal life, all of that. And then I started praying again. And when I started praying again, I still heard "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus". This is the most amazing thing, the one day when it becomes really loud and shattering within me is when God sets it up that I meet with the right person. One morning when praying he says "Jesus!" and like, shakes my soul. And I actually get scared and I stop praying and think, "What just happened here?"

That's the morning when I walk in to the office and I'm really distraught. Obviously I don't know that I'm showing it, but a really good friend of mine, that I didn't even know knows God--I knew for about nine years, and we worked for the same company and everything. I just always liked them. I didn't know why I liked them. She's just an amazing person to be around. And she says, "Sam, why do you look so distraught?"

"I don't know. Everything is kind of crumbling. She asks me, 'Well, did you pray?'"

I say, "Every morning I pray."

She says, "Why don't you come to Church with me?"

I'd do it, but just to satisfy her.

(At the second church he goes to with a friend of the friend, before the guitar songs start, he bows his head and says, "Jesus, if you are my Saviour, this is the day you need to show me, otherwise I am a Muslim again.")

And then they start singing, and my soul lights on fire. I'm thinking "What is going on?" I'm feeling overwhelming love, I'm feeling emotions mixed up; feeling like I wanted to cry. I don't know what is going on. I'm confused, but I'm loving it. I don't want it to stop. I know now that the Holy Spirit had baptised me. This tells me that there's something here. So in my mind and my heart I met God, and I understand that Jesus is my Saviour." I felt, "If this is God, I don't want Him to go away. I want to be with Him. I want to get closer. I want to get deeper. I just want to be with Him.

I go home and I start reading the Bible. The Bible is like, all I can describe it is like it's food when you are very very hungry; you are starving and it is filling the gap, filling the gaps. So I am reading the Bible and I just can't stop. I'm eating this thing up and I'm just loving it.

(Sam is praying much for a revelation, every time he thinks about it. One night:

"I wake up in the bedroom, and walk out, and see on my right a huge pictures of light. And this light is Jesus' face. Jesus isn't as pretty as we all think He is. Ha! But He is just beautiful, and He is just love. It was an overwhelming feeling for me. I have actually had a revelation of Jesus Himself, God Himself. He came down and showed that He actually exists. After that, I'm loving being a Christian. I'm loving God. It's changed my life completely. I'm a different person, a completely different person.

(He says one of the biggest differences is that God is our father. It's about a loving relationship, not about fear. It's about grace.)

One day I got thinking, "God are you real? ... If you are real, please show yourself to me. I want to know. The other thing is, if you are real, who is the real God? I'm [fortunate] to be born in the place where people say Jesus is God, because if I were born somewhere else I would believe in Allah. If I were a Jew I wouldn't believe that my Saviour has come yet. I could be believing in Buda, Dagon. I could be believe in so many of these gods depending on where I was born, what culture I was brought up in. So are you telling me that where you are born decides if you serve the right God or not? So, God, not only do I want to know if you are real, but I want to know who the real God is. Here I am. I'm telling you if You are real, I want to know. I need something more than words, cause if someone tries to talk to me about it, it's just words to me, it's just them trying to push their beliefs on to me, just as if I wanted someone to believe something I believe and would try to persuade them. I need something more than words, God, I do."

I did this, every day, all day, for 30 days, 8 hours a day.

"God, if you are real, show yourself to me. Give me something. I need to know something. I'm calling out right now, 'If you are real, please, please do something to let me know You are here; because the way I am living, I need a God. I need some divine help."

It was about 2:00 in the morning and I wake up because I needed to go to the bathroom. And I'm laying down in a position on my back. When I woke up I couldn't move any part of my body. I had no control over my body. I'm trying to scream help, but I can't talk. I could only move my eyeballs. I've never felt such fear. I'm thinking. "This is the strangest experience that I have ever had happen to me in my life."

[It was an attack of the enemy as he says it was taking steps towards the Kingdom of God.]

"Well, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, so I would say I made an advancement toward the Kingdom of Heaven."

It's early in the morning and the sun is just coming up, and I'm looking at how pretty the different colours in the sky is, and it's like everything in the world looks different to me this day. It's like I was living life in a 3D, except I didn't have the glasses; and this day I had the 3D glasses. I can see intelligence in every cloud, and I just start clapping. "God this is beautiful. Thank you so much. Well, as I pass this field, I look to the right, out of no where, they formed themselves, two of them, right next to each other, tornadoes about 12 feet tall, just spinning. They formed out of nothing, two tornado clouds, spun up, and then disapated. And I'm like, "Yes! God is real!" I'm cheering, and oh, yea! I can't tell you the excitement. "God is real and He's revealing Himself to me!"

This day I'm trying to work and I look into a tree, and the leaves form the face of Jesus Christ. Every where I went, everything I did, all I saw was God, God, God!

I'm going, "Did I loose my mind, am I going crazy?" What is going on? I want to know what is happening with me. I don't understand what is going on.

I know you are going to find this hard to believe, but this is what happened. My brother bought me a Bible, since becoming a Christian, it was a present from him to me. So I open the Bible in my room, the pages turn themselves. I'm not makign this up. And it says "If you look for Me, for like hidden treasure; if you seek Me for gold; if you really, really look for Me, you will find Me and I will reveal Myself to you, and you will have the knowledge of God. Seek Me and you will find Me."

And that is what happened. I earnestly seeked God with all my heart and soul.

(Later)

I'm in my bed, I've got my eyes closed, and I'm just relaxed, and I start having experiences like I'm dreaming, except I'm wide awake. I know I'm in

my bed, except I start flying through space. The wind is blowing in my face. I know I'm laying in my bed, though, I'm wide awake and I'm enjoying this, so I'm just going with it. Then the wind in my room is so strong I have to open my eyes. Well, over my bed is the curtains, all blowing up in the air. The ceiling fan is not on; I have four walls all around me, so where is all this wind coming from? Well, that tornado cloud that I've told you about that I saw previously. It was like a smaller one came into my room, and when the smoke cleared, it was like a ghost of Jesus Christ, and He manifested into a human form, except He glowed--He just glowed is all I know how to say. And then He went back into a spirit form, into a ghost form and just disappeared.

That whole experience lasted just 2 or 3 seconds. I know it happened; I was there.

Then I close my eyes and just relaxing and listening to the ocean, the waves. Well, I've never had a real vision in my life. I've heard of them in the Bible, because I was reading the Bible 2 or 3 hours every night at that time. All of a sudden, I'm live at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The first thing I see Jesus hanging on the cross. But then it goes to before He was on the cross, and He gets whipped across His back. I see Him get whipped in the back, and I see His back split open, and the vision goes away. So, what that told me.. I hear no voices, nothing is ever spoken where I hear it, but I took that as when I called out, "God who are You who is the real God, I want to know." The only person that came to me is Jesus Christ--no body else.

This is a video of my mother, Donna Magrath, talking about an encounter she had with Jesus in 1976. She was 43 at the time.

My name is Donna Magrath. I have two sons, named David and Wes. I was living in San Leandro, California at the time. My children and I were apart, and I was just a mother who missed her kids an awful lot, and I had a very special experience to hopefully share with you people that are listening to this; it was involving Jesus. I had a prayer I prayed every night for my sons, I asked God to watch over them. I had just been praying the night before

they were to come to visit, and I actually got to see Jesus. I was praying at the time when the figure came before my eyes, and I was, of course, so delighted and shocked, that I did not have to wonder who it was, because I talk to Him every night, and I felt that He was just answering one of my many prayers, and that He was taking excellent care of my children. And I also not only had the experience of seeing Him, I had the experience of Him talking to me and telling me that my sons were very deffinatly doing well, and that He had heard my prayers and He was keeping watch over them, and was with me. And I felt.. I can not explain the feeling. You feel so very glad to see Him. And I wish that I could have anyone out there, that are in my possition, be able to have an experience, because I think that even those of us who were not raise as I was, by two extemely wonderful people that believed very much in God and we had been able to share that of course with our children. It was like He was sitting in the room with me, but I never saw Him before, but this time I saw Him, and He talked back with me. It wasn't just something I made up or I thought, in otherwords just thinking about, it actually truly happened. I saw His face, I saw how He was dressed, and I'll never forget the way I felt. You have a peace come over you that you couldn't try to describe if you tried. Because I'm sure that each one of us--those of you that have had some sort of experience similar to mine, or the same way because you have been praying the night before, or whatever your circumstances were--it's something that is so beautiful and so wonderful, you just have to have it personally to understand. I can say I never really asked God to come and so I could see Him. I never thought of that, it never even dawned on me. That's why, when I had the vision--yes, at first, like everybody else, I though I dreamed it, and He didn't. But I never did doubt for a minute, like when somebody is on your bed you know it, and there is no way you can make something like that up.

I didn't touch Him, He didn't touch me, but I have no doubt that He was there. He just came; He just appeared. That's something I can't describe: He didn't come through the door. Just like I said, when He appeared, period, He was right at my bed. I couldn't see anywhere where He like, flew in through the window, or anything like that. It was nothing like that. I just opened my eyes and there He was. Jesus looked like the pictures, if

you've been able to see in your Bible, or like pictures my son sent me of Jesus having long hair and in one picture He had a long robe on. A very handsome man. And as I explained to my older son when he was asking questions, He just looked like a very kind man, a very compassionate man. His clothes were, I guess another word would be a cape, you know how capes look, they are flowing. And then He had of course His shoes, they were like sandals that He was wearing, just like I've seen pictures of Jesus, the same way, with cape type and with sandals.

He says, "Donna, I am with you," like it says in the Bible when Jesus said to His followers, "Lo I am with you always". "When you come to Me with a problem, that's what I am here for. I am here to let you know that I am watching out for your children."

I was talking to Him, and He even had His eyes closed, and we prayed together. That's when I knew--He didn't say He was leaving, but I knew He was going--that he was going to be gone, that he had brought me a message. I had to appreciate that it can't be any longer. I have never had this experience again, but I have prayed lots, that if it was possible He would come and talk to me again, I really enjoyed it.

Ben Joseph

It was back in the early 1970's and I was taste testing Protistenism, coming from a Catholic background. One day as I was getting home from somewhere, and I pulled my car up into my parent's driveway, and I was 21 or 22 years old, and I had the radio on and I was listening to some religious broadcast up in New Jersey, and they were telling the story of a little boy that had said he had seen Jesus at the foot of his hospital bed or in the hospital. He was going through some sort of a surgery treatment. and I stopped the car and I'm listening to the radio, and I'm thinking, hopefully they are not going to get some little child to lie on the radio, to create a sensation. And I thought, let's listen to this story and I'll judge for myself what it's all about. They said they had little Timmy there in the broadcasting studio with them, and that he was going to speak about what he saw when he had reportedly seen Jesus. So I thought, maybe he is one

of these high-wired boys that can make up all these colourful, far-out stories. So let me just listen to it and see what I think of it. Of course I was highly skeptical. My scepticism was sort of at a peak at the time for Pentecostal claims of healings, of visions, well, I'm sitting with the radio going

Timmy, they said, "what did you see, .. what did Jesus look like when you looked at Jesus." I thought, this is going to be rich. The little boy is going to tell us what Jesus looked like. Well, he came right out and he said, "He looked like," and then paused for a moment, just a little. "He looked like "I love you". he said. "He looked like 'I love you'"

At the very moment that he said the words 'I love you' for some reason I can't explain, I put my head down and I closed my eyes, and at that moment a radiant, full-colour, live face of Jesus was looking straight at me. I didn't search around to see all the features, because the eyes had me spell-bound, and the eyes said one thing louder than anything else: I love you!

So the very thing coming out of the boys mouth, I got in visual form. It was real. It was full-colour, brilliant, with the eyes looking straight into my soul, with all peace and authority, and love above all.

Being a portrait artist, and an artist in general, I tried numerous times to depict what I saw, since I can still see it pretty fairly clear in my mind's eye, what I had seen--those eyes. They were so arresting. There are very few artists attempts at painting Jesus that come even slightly close to what I saw. They catch one little aspect of what they are trying to catch, they are trying to catch that look of love, and utter calm and peace. And they do a pretty good effort some times. But I tried several times, as good as I am--and I'm quite and accurate portrait artist, I could not capture any of that life that was in those eyes. and it was beyond words.

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When my husband died, leaving me with a two year old and an infant-Jesus came to comfort me through my two year old through his seeing Jesus sitting beside me in the car on my trips. I would ask my son, what

does he look like and he described him as having long brown hair, a beard wearing a white robe and purple sash. I'd ask him, what if anything is he saying and the reply was, he is smiling at you Mommy, and he is saying I love you.

They say that the eyes are the window to the soul. and it's true. when Jesus looked at me He was looking into my soul. When He spoke to me He said How can I forgive you if you don't forgive you're Brother. I still remember exactly what He looked like and He didn't look like anything the world says He does. Jesus is Holy and is full of Power and Authority. Jesus said in the Bible, if you seen the Son you seen the Father. Those that Believe, and haven't seen are so Blessed. I'm so looking forward to seeing Jesus again. and it will be soon. I believe you. May God bless you and keep you safe

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My husband saw Jesus walking through the Garden a week before he died from cancer. I asked him if Jesus said anything to him and he said, "no, Jesus was just smiling at me." When my husband found out he had terminal cancer, he struggled for months with the anxiety of death and with being forgiven even though he knew and loved Jesus. He said the devil was tormenting him with the thought that God would not forgive him. But the day he saw Jesus he had NO further anxiety but only peace and the desire to go be with Jesus. This is a song the Lord, Jesus Christ gave to me to sing to Him over and over for many months when I was going through a painful recovery of a very major surgery. He held me up and will do so for anyone who sincerely seeks His Face. God Bless you!

I Love you Lord

I Love You Lord

You are the Light

That guides my way

I will praise you every day

And always seek Your Face

And always seek Your Face

Your testimony rings true. I have been blessed to have seen Him more than once. the 1st time was over 2 yrs ago. The only thing emanating from Him was love. No condemnation. No anger as to how I had lived my life. The thing I remember most is His smile. It was all knowing, loving. He knew I was ready. He looked deep into my eyes, to my very soul. He looked all around inside of me and smiled. I gave Him my soul as a gift to Him. He carefully and gently took it and carried it to His Father and stated "Look Father, look at what I have redeemed"! I have never been the same since. I only care about Him, what He wants of me. I no longer matter. He loves me with an unconditional love. I love Him unconditionally. All else flows from this.

The Lord bless you.

Joe

Jesus didn't let you notice any other feature like his words! I indeed saw Jesus face to face but he leaves you with , not his image but his love so incredible that you never forget him! I told everyone but they received it not!

I've seen Him too, twice. Both open visions. It's an amazing feeling meeting Him. I know you've seen Him by your description about His eyes and His presence. I found His ability to wipe all negative emotions from our thoughts and hearts and replace it with love and inner peace like I've never experienced before incredible and unexplainable. It's via the heart I

knew He was and is Jesus. I had no fear. He also communicated with me without speaking one word. He communicated with my mind/thoughts. When somebody too asked me what He looked like I remember His smile. His eyes. What He wore. His feet never touched the earth but He walked on water. I was at a beach at the time. But then someone asked me about His skin colour. That never occurred to me at the time but in hindsight He was not African or Caucasian but more Middle Eastern. His hair was not blonde and He did not have blue eyes. What was most important was the feeling that surrounded me when He was present. This feeling I can never forget. This earth fights for peace and freedom but they will never accomplish it without Jesus, the presence of God. I understand now the significance of this. Jesus is everything and all that we need. Man still continues to separate themselves from Him and think they can create a better life and world without Him and try to be like Him but they will fail. I know now the truth, I get it. JESUS is unfailing love, hope and peace. He is justice. I miss Him so much. I long to be close to Him again. The whole world should be on their knees praying now to be saved from the wrath that is about to come. I am not crazy and neither are you Ben. We are blessed to see Him in spirit. I would describe it like a spiritual Skype. If anybody hasn't they should call for Him, repent, believe He resurrected and accept Him as their Lord and saviour and admit by mouth and be baptised, immersed in water, in the name of the Father, son and Holy Spirit and then they will receive the Holy Spirit as Jesus' advocate until they return home to Him. He is coming real soon. His presence, this feeling I experienced, is growing stronger whilst the world is becoming more and more evil and so fast too. May our Almighty Father bless you in Jesus' name Amen.

My son, 11years old at the time, saw Jesus after he was healed from a deadly disease which he had been in hospital for, as his body had already started to shut down. His limbs were ice cold but his head and torso were on fire. The drs told me he would not make it through to the next morning. I never slept while he was in hospital, i kept praying and reading my bible throughout the nights. One day the dr came in and told me to

prepare myself because he would not make it to the next morning and it would be a violent death. He had a virus of the arteries and veins. Instead of giving into my fears, i surrendered him to God. And held tightly onto Gods promises. That night God told me he will be healed before the sun rises. Praise God, He healed my son at 4am. The nurse and i were there to witness it. All his symptoms...gone. He's never been healthier ever since. Since that time, my son has been seeing Jesus. In real life and in his dreams. He too says He had tan skin & his eyes were like a golden colour, his hair was not very long (around chin length) and didnt have a beard. God bless you brother.

Its amazing how much you can see in a human expression. His face can't be painted. He hasn't let me see his eyes. His face for me was full of love and tenderness. While knowing all of the evil that exists within this world that we have to accept and deal with as we try to focus on the beautiful aspects of life here and we do what we can, he had a "it is what it is" look on his face. And I understand in many ways that what happens is necessary. I'm really glad I didn't see his eyes. I can still see his face, and still hear his voice. He knew what I would endure in the future. He didn't feel good about it. The future is very complicated. I was previously told in an indirect way that my life was going to get hard. Studying his face tells me that it could be much worse, but it won't. And in the end, it will have been worth all the trouble. I hope all really take the time to seriously communicate with God. Many call themselves "Christian", and call themselves "saved" when there's nothing to save. After repentance, God wishes and expects change. If you haven't changed? Now is a really good time to realize it. Thanks for the message.

LAST YEAR ONE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY I WOKE UP LIKE NORMAL I MADE SOME COFFEE TURNED ON MY COMPUTER ... AND WAS WAITING

FOR IT TO BOOT UP JUST THEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR FACING MY COMPUTER NOT REALLY THINKING. I CLOSED MY EYES RUBBIN MY EYES AND FACE WITH MY EYES STILL CLOSED I SAW HIM THERE HE WAS STANDING 5 FEET AWAY TO THE RIGHT OF ME HIS FEATURES ON HIS FACE WAS HARD TO TELL HIS HAIR WAS LIKE THE 70'S AND HE WAS OVER 6 FT TALL AND LIGHT COMING FROM BEHIND HIM WITH HIS ARMS OPEN. WHILE I WAS STILL SITTING IN MY CHAIR I PICTURED MY SELF STANDING AND WALKING INTO HIS ARMS AND HE HUGGED ME ... I MEAN IT WAS A WARM ,TINGLY, GREAT, FIRM, EMBRACE , LASTING IT SEAMED FOREVER THEN HE SPOKE TO ME HE SAID ... EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OK. THEN I SAID, I LOVE YOU AFTER ALL OF THIS I WAS IN SHOCK STILL SITTING I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY OR DO IT WAS 8:00 IN THE MORNING AND TRYING TO SOAK ALL THIS IN, AT FIRST I DIDN'T KNOW WHO THIS WAS AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS MY DAD HE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME 40 YEARS. THEN HE GAVE ME A THOUGHT... IT WAS ME JESUS. THIS ALL LASTED FOR ABOUT 3-4 MIN and yes I was in tears the whole time and hours later ... and when I think about it anytime tears tears. I LOVE THE LORD, BECAUSE HE LOVES YOU

One day we were having a Passover meal in my home and my son (7 years old) was looking at me intently when I was serving the wine. I asked him why he was looking at me like that? Then he said, Dad I saw Jesus, He was standing behind you. I asked him (my son) what did He say? My son told me that "Jesus told me to drink the wine". The thing is that my son was skeptical about taking the wine. I had mentioned to everyone on the table that it represented the blood of Jesus. (He was wondering why he should take the blood of someone). I have to tell you that my son was sick at this point. But after taking the "wine" (representing Jesus' blood), he recovered that same day.

It was Friday night. I was 5 years old. For some reason I couldn't go to sleep I kept tossing and turning. I closed my eyes to see if I would fall

asleep, but I didn't. I opened my eyes and there Jesus was. Sitting on the my mother's bed. Jesus had a clothe rapped around his private area. His hands had holes in them. He had Brunette colored hair. With tan skin. And a mid length beard. Then I looked over to the corner of the room. And I saw the Satan was dressed in all black. With a hood over his head. Satan had two demons next to him. I looked back to Jesus and he was handing a bowl with some kind of liquid inside. I was so scared I didn't drink it. I rushed and turned on the lights and Jesus and the Devil disappeared. I asked my mommy for milk and went to sleep. That Saturday morning I woke up with a fever. I was nauseous, sweaty, with a headache, and an upset stomach. I think it was because I disobeyed Jesus. REAL STORY I PROMISE!

I saw Jesus when I was a young child, maybe four or five years old, Jesus would come to me in the morning in my bedroom whenever I thought of him appearing he would appear, if I didn't think of him on a certain morning then he wouldn't appear, this went on for about a week, a ball of light would always appear first and then Jesus would appear, I don't know if he came out of the light or if he was the light but I remember the light always appeared first, I can't remember what Jesus said and I can't remember what he looked like only that I wasn't shocked by his appearance so I think he looked pretty much like how we think Jesus looks like, the only thing I do remember Jesus saying to me was that on his last visit to me he told me he wasn't going to be seeing me anymore and when he did I cried like I was losing my best friend, he said don't be sad you will see me again and that was it.

I also saw Jesus one other time and again I can't say exactly what he looks like but this time I do remember what Jesus said and I also learned something that I didn't know before, I was again a young child four or five and I was playing with my dinky cars at school with another kid and all of a sudden I look over and Jesus is standing there, the other kid didn't see him but I could and Jesus said to me "come away from him, he's not of my

kingdom" and I thought that's strange,I thought all little children belong to God and Jesus reading my thoughts said to me "come away from him,he is not mine!",so I did what Jesus told me to do,I grabbed my cars and I left,the thing that I learned from this encounter with Jesus that I hadn't known before was that not everyone belongs to Jesus,I didn't know that and the thing is I know who that kid was and that that kid did indeed grow up to be a very evil man.

When I was about 8 years old my mother was converted. She was arguing with a pastor and his wife, telling them that the Bible was a fairytale for the stupid people. While she was arguing, the ceiling of the house disappeared and Jesus came walking toward her, with a few other men, all in mid Eastern, Bible type clothing. I have loved Him all my life and always wanted to see Him. In my old age He has given me a few visions and one of His face, from the hairline to the end of His nose. All I concentrated on , were His eyes. It also only lasted 3 or 4 seconds. His eyes were brown. I can't wait to see Him face to face when He comes to fetch us all. Shalom!

We love Jesus. You are right Jesus is real I have see him face to face too! he is the most beautiful full of light I couldn't believe it. how beautiful and real he is thanks God his is our God. that time I couldn't believe it the angel tell me this is Jesus but I couldn't say anything I froze there with smile in my face when I get home I was amaze what I have saw . I am so glad you have saw him too! all glory to our wonderful God forever Amen!!. God bless.

Wow. I would pray for God to give me a hug or a kiss. And one night he did. A very gentle and real Jesus gave me a hug and a kiss while I slept. I wasn't able to move but I was conscious. Ever since I would feel his presence when I call his name while I sleep. I guess I remember the most when I sleep because I'm focusing on one thing at a time.

I was in and out of the hospital because the pain was so bad and the swelling it was hard to breathe. I remember missing what it felt like to have a good deep breath and eat food. I could only take shallow breaths which left my hands and lips blue often. I thought I was such an idiot for ruining my life before I was even 30. I kept thinking though....the worse is now over. Someone had told me the worse was now over. A year later when I was on my feet again (still a bit disoriented and memory loss but able to eat new things like toast and eggs), God decided it was time to call me. I'll never forget it. At the time I was skeptic about God and Jesus and had cried out to Him not really knowing if he was even real. I knew that evil ghosts were real because they wouldn't leave me alone. But I was still so unsure about the idea of God. I remember one day I prayed again for God to protect my home from the evil and as I did a bunch of starlings landed on my balcony...and I thought that was strange. The next day I was asking God about Jesus and I said "my mom saw a goldfinch go up to her with no fear...she is reading Matthew" and at that moment a gold finch flew onto my balcony chirping loudly and it even flew up to the glass trying to get in. This amazed me. I thought "NO WAY". Could it be that God really was real. I started laughing. So I started to read Matthew which was all about Jesus Christ. When I read the part about the fish and Jesus while in prayer a gigantic huge bass like fish leaped out of the lake where I was praying. I never see things like this and it was always exactly as I was praying. Also when I read about God's promise to Noah to never flood the world again by showing a rainbow, I saw a HUGE rainbow in the sky, the biggest I'd ever seen. I saw a perfect 12 in the clouds as I read about the 12 apostles. I was amazed God would show someone like me things like this. I felt so humbled. I felt so little in his power, but also so loved. It made me tear up. I saw multiple white doves landing on my balcony and this only ever happened during prayer, but then I began to get dreams of prophecy, usually involving family members. God would give me dreams exactly of the struggles they were facing. I dreamt of my mom tripping in a dream and in real life she tripped and her foot got swollen. You know how numbers don't appear in dreams...this time it did and it was the devils number to show me loud and clear what it was about. God told me this

was the devil and to remind my mom of Jesus so I did. I still remind her of Jesus. But then, I saw Jesus. First I saw the clouds changing into Him leaving a white cross behind. He was always exactly as they would say in the Bible. The demons would be at His feet and he destroyed the anti christ. But I've also seen him in my room. He was wearing a white robe and has a beard but it's not too long, and long brown hair. Sometimes he is wearing the hood up, sometimes not. He told me to pray with my family so I did. I do every night now. I've seen Him on the cross with his eyes closed and it looks like he loves us so much. Once when I was sick with a cold I asked God what should I do (I had a cold and strep and a high fever) and this silver dove with a green shine to it landed on my balcony and I thought of Jesus. As I fell asleep that night I saw this bright glowing figure above my bed as I was ill. It was surrounded by light and wore white, and it looked as if half of it was gone...the bottom half, as if it was the essence of Jesus but the other half was in me like the Holy Spirit but at the same time it wasn't me, it was God and it was Jesus. So I trusted in Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. There are more experiences but I just want to mention that this was all God doing this. I seemed to see Jesus everywhere..in my curtains, in everything and sometimes in flash visions..that would last a second, and there would be details about Him I didn't know about, only to hear about these details in other people's testimonies. And the reason why is because I cried out to Him. Once I had a dream of pure evil like the devil himself standing in my room and my husband was sleeping and I was unable to wake him. Then I cried out Jesus and nothing came out and it felt like there was a claw around my throat. But then finally I said "JESUS!!" and my husband woke up and the evil was gone. Then that very same day I was attacked by the devil to the point of feeling this clenching in my head and it hurt, and when I finally said "Jesus!!" it went away immediately and I felt this peace come over me I have never felt in my life. Just pure peace. Also I've had migraines and other things of that nature disappearing immediately when asking God to help me. I would even hear this noise like a popping sound or a pressure like a hand on my forehead, and then the pain would go away. Like whatever God did, made my muscles relax so the pain was no more. And at the time I never thought this would happen, but it did. I thought it was a miracle. It really changed

my view on life and everything. I remember this one time I was depressed and sad, after a series of bad events and I wondered if God still loved me. I was praying on the trail by the lake and this lady suddenly said "hello" to me as I prayed, and I looked and there was a super bright rainbow in the sky where she stood. I started crying I then said Thank you God :) He talks to everyone differently but he really knows how to get my attention :) God Bless. These are just a few of the experiences I've had with God and even just one of them was absolutely amazing. He's working hard with me to get me on the right path. He loves us so much, and this is my testimony that God and Jesus are real and they love us more than anything we can even comprehend. Peace, love and authority is the perfect way to describe Jesus. I saw Him with His eyes closed, and it was as if he was in pain for us on the cross. This deep love for us that I can't describe with words. And this gentleness. I now know that God wanted me to know Jesus is real. I am an artist too, and I always think "wow I struggle for years just trying to master one thing (which I can never master) and God does all this :) It's just amazing." Also one more thing you are right, His hair doesn't flow down as in the pictures and statues and is a bit higher up, but still long. I remember noticing that. God Bless!

In September (7th), 1984, I was waiting outside a friend's house about 4:30 P.M. for him to come home and I glanced skyward. If you drew a line in the sky directly over my head from North to South, the whole eastern hemisphere was clear blue sky but the western hemisphere was dark cloud hanging at 10,000 feet. Then I noticed a precision capital "R" in white a few miles to the West of me. I am a pilot and this was not made by an airplane; it was too perfect. I thought if I pay attention I might see another letter to see how it came to be. Suddenly, up and to the left a capital letter "A" was injected through the cloud and swirling slightly before settling into a perfect letter. (These were the first two letters of my name). Then I glanced to the Northwest where the Air Force Academy Chapel is, and at about 9,000 feet there was a HUGE head made of light colored cloud just beneath the black cloud background, over 1,000 feet in diameter with long hair, a beard and eyes of fire, with two beams of light

coming down to earth and raking the ground causing whirlwinds as the head moved south. The face perfectly sculpted like a living statue of Michelangelos "David", it was not pretty as it was not the same one side to the other. His nose cartilage had been broken to his right (my left) and not reset. (Isaiah 53: 2, "when we see him there is no beauty that we should desire him".) His face was not happy, but stern, as if he was coming in judgement. I watched him float to the south for about 45 seconds and when he got due west of my position, he rolled his head sideways to stare right through me and the beams of light penetrated me where I stood. Then this entire cloud "painting" slowly dissolved into randomness and the physical vision was gone.

Later I discovered the book of Psalms is an end days calendar, each chapter represents a year from 1901 to 2050. This appeared to me in 9/84, and Psalms 84, verse 9 reads, "Behold, Oh God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed."

I saw the image of Jesus the "Sacred Heart of Jesus" I was 8-9 years old. Yes! thats true His eyes speaks everything. He looks as if He knows everything about me/you . He see us/me with full authority, compassion and love.

. Samuel Rutherford, writing from prison in Aberdeen three centuries ago, persecuted for his faith, and writing his famous 'Letters' to his parishioners, ended one of them with this sentence: 'Jesus Christ came into my prison-cell last night, and every stone in it glowed like a ruby.' (Luke 24.15,32; 2Tim.4.17)

Emma Sukut began to point at angels in her bedroom and talk about them to her parents at about 18-months-old.

"Every morning when I would get her up she would point up at the ceiling and say, 'Look momma, there's angels up there,'" says Caitlyn Sukut, her

mother. More recently, she has spoken about “The Man” who appears with the angels.

Caitlyn was amazed one morning when Emma told her, “The man protects us and loves us. The man’s coming, mamma. The man’s coming soon.”

“Does the man look like Jesus? Caitlyn asked.

“No,” Emma replied.

Emma has seen paintings of Jesus at church, so Caitlyn wasn’t sure if Emma would confuse the person she saw in her room with the various artistic representations of Jesus. “We don’t refer to people as ‘The man’ in our house,” Caitlyn noted, so her choice of words seemed curious.

A few weeks ago, the Sukuts visited South Shores Church in Dana Point, California, and as Caitlyn and her daughter walked into the sanctuary, Emma got very excited and pointed up at a stained glass window.

“Oh mamma look, there’s ‘The Man,’” she cried.

“This picture?” Caitlyn asked. “That’s Jesus!”

“Yes, that’s ‘The Man.’”

“We call Him Jesus,” she told Emma. “That’s who we pray to.”

Emma has also been known to see angels around places that might be dangerous to small children, such as stairways, escalators, and even playgrounds. She saw angels who seemed to ensure the safety of a plane flight she took with her parents.

Others have surmised that the only way for God to get our attention may be to reveal Himself to little children – ones who are not old enough to fabricate such things.

**

She was bathed in prayer from the time she was in the womb. Her parents and both sets of grandparents are strong Christians. Still, when she began

to point at angels and talk about them to her parents, they weren't quite sure what to think.

It started about a year ago, when she first began to talk. "Every morning when I would get her up she would point up at the ceiling and say, 'Look momma, there's angels up there,'" says Caitlyn Sukut, her mother. "I thought, 'How cute, how sweet.'" Emma seemed to be seeing things she could not see.

"Is she imagining something?" Caitlyn wondered. "It's hard to know what a two and a half year old is talking about," she admits. "I don't know how much is in her imagination and how much she's really seeing."

After naps, Emma would talk about the angels. "What does the angel look like?" Caitlyn asked. "She looks like auntie," Emma replied, referring to Caitlyn's 16-year-old sister, Hannah.

Several months ago they had their first airline flight with Emma. "Look at the angels, momma," Emma said. "They are coming with us to help get us there and to protect us."

"When Emma first started talking about this, I had not taught her about angels," Caitlyn notes. "I never told her angels protect us."

Several weeks ago, Caitlyn went into Emma's room when she first awakened. "How did you sleep, Emma?"

"I slept great," she said. "The angels and the man came," Emma replied.

"Oh, what did they say?" mom asked.

"The man protects us and loves us," Emma said. "The man's coming, momma. The man's coming soon."

"Does the man look like Jesus? Caitlyn asked.

"No," Emma replied.

Emma has seen paintings of Jesus at church, but Caitlyn isn't sure if Emma would confuse the person she saw in her room with the various artistic representations of Jesus. "We don't refer to people as 'The man' in our house," Caitlyn noted, so her choice of words seemed curious.

Once when mom and daughter walked into church, Emma cried out, "Look at all the angels singing to Jesus!"

"Where?" Caitlyn asked. Emma pointed up at the choir, dressed in long flowing robes.

For a while, Emma seemed to be obsessed with angels and wanted to talk about them all the time. But as she gets closer to three-years-old, she is mentioning them less.

Caitlyn's grandmother, Lisa Hartman, has spent lots of time with Emma. "I asked her if there was an angel by me," Lisa says. Without hesitation, Emma got very serious and looked around her grandma. Then Emma walked behind her. She pointed and said, "Yes. Don't you see it?"

Lisa, who sometimes gets nervous on airplanes, was consoled by Emma before one of her flights. "There's angels on the airplane," she told her grandmother.

"It was so comforting to me," Lisa notes. "It was a fact to Emma. No one asked her if there were angels on the plane. She just offered it."

Lisa also noted that Emma sees angels around places that might be dangerous to small children, such as stairways, escalators, and even playgrounds.

"It's not surprising that little ones without the theology or teaching are able to see things," says Ron Sukut, Emma's grandfather. Sukut is the lead pastor at Cornerstone Community Church in San Clemente, California. "When God really starts to move in, angels start to show up," he notes. "The only way to get our attention may be for God to reveal Himself to a child who can't fabricate these things."

When Pastor Ron considers Emma's special sensitivity to the spiritual realm, he thinks about Matthew 18:10, "... their angels in heaven continually behold the face of My Father who is in heaven."

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

Germany

It happened about 17 years ago. I was at that time with my family in Taiwan where most people are Buddhists or Confucianists. Many people there liked to hear our stories from the Bible, about God and Jesus. Sometimes we let our oldest daughter, Gabriela, tell them flannelgraph stories like The Rock in the Road, as you can see in the picture. As a result, many received Jesus into their hearts. One neighbor girl became our friend, and we tried to teach her how she could become a disciple of Jesus too. One time she brought a little girl of about eight or nine years old to our house, and we told her The Rock in the Road story and about Jesus. Afterwards she asked Jesus to come into her heart. The next day our neighbor friend and the little girl came again all excited to us, telling us that the girl had dreamt that night that Jesus was sleeping beside her in her bed and she was not afraid of the dark anymore. Isn't that beautiful? None of us knew that before she had always been very frightened of the dark, and having to sleep all alone in her room. But Jesus knew it, and He

gave her the dream to show her that she was no longer alone now that she had Him, and that she did not need to fear anymore. (KB)

My four-year-old son, Wil, endured terrible leg pains. But one of the hardest times we had was during a trip to Florida. We were flying to Miami to attend a wedding. Suddenly I heard Wil say to his daddy, "My leg hurts." I rubbed Wil's leg constantly, but his cries grew. God, be with us, I prayed silently.

The following day Wil was fine. We enjoyed the wedding and a few days of vacation, then boarded the plane for our flight home. We were in the air less than five minutes when to my relief, Wil fell asleep. He slept through the entire flight. The next Sunday was Palm Sunday. During our service, in a reenactment of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, a member of our congregation dressed as Jesus came down the aisle. Wil turned to his daddy and asked, "Is that the real Jesus?"

"No," Tom replied. "Jesus is up in Heaven."

Wil nodded. "Like on the jet?" Startled, I asked him to repeat what he had said. "The real Jesus," he replied, "was next to me on that big jet."

"You saw someone on the plane who looked like Jesus?" I asked.

"No," Wil replied matter-of-factly, "I saw Jesus, outside my window."

"I told Jesus my leg was hurting," he continued, "and He said, 'No problem. I'll take care of you.' Then I told Jesus I'd take care of Him too. Next time I want you and Daddy to look out the window so you can see Jesus too," Wil said, then added, "I wasn't even looking for Him. He was just there."

HERO OF THE AVALANCHE

By Michael Sharp

Victor was a carabinero, or police officer, stationed at the remote Chilean customs compound known as Los Libertadores, high in the Andes

on the border with Argentina. Since Victor had received special training in mountain rescue work, he was usually assigned to dangerous areas like this one. He enjoyed the mountains, but missed his family.

It was July 3—the heart of winter in the southern hemisphere—and a snowstorm raged outside. With winds of 100 kilometers (over 60 miles) per hour and the temperature at -15°C (-5°F) before the windchill factor, Victor and the 57 other people in the camp were bunkered in for the night.

Suddenly, Victor heard a deep rumbling and instinctively looked at his watch. It was 8:38 PM. Since small tremors are common in that part of Chile, Victor didn't think much of it at first, but the shaking grew stronger. Then the lights went out.

Seconds later, the roof collapsed and Victor found himself trapped between a wall and large piece of furniture. The temperature around him dropped quickly, and Victor wondered how he would ever come out of this alive.

As Victor would find out later, the high winds had caused an avalanche at the top of a nearby peak and sent a mountain of snow down on the customs complex.

Victor managed to pry himself free from the rubble, then he found his way out of the collapsed building, and carefully dug his way up through the snow till he reached the surface. Other buildings had also collapsed, killing or trapping most of the others.

Then Victor heard a child's cry and he dug through the wreckage until he found a baby girl. The child was wearing only a diaper and a T-shirt, but was otherwise unharmed. Victor quickly put her inside his warm police coat, where she could receive warmth from his chest.

With no heat and almost no shelter, unless help came soon, the survivors would all freeze to death. Before the avalanche, the camp's only means of communication with the rest of the world had been a two-way radio, and now it was damaged beyond repair. Victor quickly realized that

it might be days before anyone else would even know of their predicament. Their only hope was for someone to walk to the nearest neighbor, a ski lodge about two kilometers away, and organize a rescue.

Walking two kilometers through snow is normally about as difficult for Victor as walking across the room, but under these circumstances—through a storm and huge snowdrifts, in the dark, and carrying a baby—it meant almost certain death. Victor asked for volunteers to go with him. No one came forward, so he set off alone, carrying the baby under his coat.

He managed to find some snowshoes, which helped him stay on top of the deep snow banks, but the high winds whipped up the fallen snow until it seemed like a blizzard. Most of the time, Victor couldn't see more than one step ahead. He knew the general direction of the lodge when he set out, but in the dark and with near-zero visibility, he also knew there was a very good chance that he could walk right past it without even knowing.

Eight hours later, Victor stumbled into the lodge, exhausted.

After turning the child over to others and then getting a hot shower and a quick meal, he was ready to lead one of the three rescue teams. As a result of his actions, 31 people were saved.

As I listened to Victor tell his story some months later, one important detail was missing. I asked about it, but Victor kept evading the question.

The next day Victor's wife showed me her scrapbook of newspaper clippings about the avalanche and how Victor received a hero's commendation from the president of Chile. I combed the articles, but not one explained how Victor had managed to find the lodge in a blizzard and near total darkness.

At last I persuaded Victor's wife to reveal his secret. "He doesn't talk about this," she explained, "because he thinks people will say he's

crazy." She paused for a moment—probably wondering if I would say the same—then continued.

"As Victor was walking through the blizzard, a bright light appeared off to one side, almost like a streetlight. But as Victor trudged through the deep snow, it moved with him and it lit the way, more like a spotlight than a streetlight. The light led Victor straight to the lodge. Many times along the way, Victor sank so deep into snowdrifts that he couldn't free himself, but each time he felt someone grab him from behind, pull him up, and set him on his way again.

"And there's one more thing. The light that guided him was no ordinary light. When Victor looked directly into it, instead of radiating from some sort of bulb, the light was coming from Jesus' face."

God has made it clear that we are His preferred agents of change to the world, through the Holy Spirit; but sometimes, when truly no one is available, He'll go straight for us Himself.

This Ali, and he met Jesus when he was hanging out at Mecca—the epicenter for the Muslim faith. When he was younger, Ali was a raging alcoholic, and his drinking got so bad that he moved away from his wife and children in Turkey to Saudi Arabia, simply to protect them from himself.

While there, some Muslim friends of his talked him into going on Hajj to Mecca—the great pilgrimage to the holiest place in Islam

Ali: So, I decided to go, and when I went there, everybody needs to sleep together, and everybody also goes seven time around the Kaaba, and there were also going to do the namaas. And there I said, "Well, maybe something good will come of it." So I did the namaas, the ritual prayers also. But I was very ashamed, because I didn't believe in it, and yet I was still doing it. And so everybody that night sleeps around the Kaaba, and so I slept there.

And then in the night I had this dream, and in the dream Jesus came. First, He touched my forehead with His hand, and He said, "You have been saved; you have been saved." Then He opened His hand and He placed it on my chest, and He said, "You belong to Me."

One of them He said, "You are saved" and then "You belong to Me." And He was smiling.

This is what I wanted to say, this is what He looked like:

From His waist up He was naked, and shining pure white. He had a beard, like in the pictures, but little bit longer. His hair and his beard, it was as if every hair was electrified light shining from every hair. That is how handsome He was. And when He smiled, His teeth were shining white. And I was amazed at the way He stood there. And the lower part of Him was like a cloud of melted iron, and in that cloud He was taken up.

And then a voice from here [in his lower belly right side] started to talk, and was moving around in the same way that your mouth moves around when you talk. This voice started from right here, this is how it felt to me. So I woke up my friend and said, "Hey, look, do you hear that voice?"

He said, "No."

I said, "But I've had this dream. I saw Jesus."

He said, "You ate too much food last night. You've gotten sick. Go back to sleep. What business does Jesus have in Mohamad's capital."

So I tried to go back to sleep, but the voice wouldn't let me. It kept talking to me just like I am talking to you. And when it was morning time the friends came over to me and they said, "Let's continue on the pilgrimage."

And the voice was saying, "No, you are not going to go."

It wouldn't let me.

And the voice was saying to me, "Go and collect all your stuff and go back to your country. Look for your friends and find them."

I didn't understand, but I made up my mind. "Okay, I've decided I'm not going to go [on the pilgrimage]." I didn't understand it myself.

So then I went and took a shower so that I could go back to where I had been. So in order to take a shower I got undressed. And I looked in a little mirror and this part [the part of his chest where his heart is] was white. But at that time my hair, my beard, my mustache there wasn't a single white hair anywhere. And there was this white everywhere [in that spot]. And so I tried to wipe it off. And when I wiped it, it didn't come off. I wiped it with water and soap and it still didn't go away.

And this voice said to me, "I'm going to show you even more things than this."

And then, since I knew it was Jesus, right then and there in the bathroom, I got down on my hands and knees—because the only thing I knew to worship was to go down on my knees. So I got down on my knees and I said, "Yes, Jesus. Whatever You say, I'm going to do it."

Narrator: It's been years since this encounter, and his hair is beginning to grey, but to this day, his chest hair is still white where Jesus touched him in his dream

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As she passed through the doorway to the inner house, I saw a stranger at the front entrance and arose to meet him. He was tall and commanding in form, with a face of ineffable sweetness and beauty. Where had I seen him before? Surely, surely I had met him since I came. "Ah, now I know!" I thought; "it is St. John, the beloved disciple." He had been pointed out to me one morning by the river-side.

"Peace be unto this house," was his salutation as he entered.

How his voice stirred and thrilled me! No wonder the Master loved him, with that voice and that face!

"Enter. Thou art a welcome guest. Enter, and I will call the mistress," I said, as I approached to bid him welcome.

"Nay, call her not. She knows that I am here; she will return," he said. "Sit thou awhile beside me," he continued, as he saw that I still stood, after I had seen him seated. He arose and led me to a seat near him, and like a child I did as I was bidden; still watching, always watching, the wonderful face before me.

"You have but lately come?" he said.

"Yes, I am here but a short time. So short that I know not how to reckon time as you count it here," I answered.

"Ah, that matters little," he said with a gentle smile. "Many cling always to the old reckoning and the earth-language. It is a link between the two lives; we would not have it otherwise. How does the change impress you? How do you find life here?"

"Ah," I said, "if they could only know! I never fully understood till now the meaning of that sublime passage, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' It is indeed past human conception." I spoke with deep feeling.

"'For them that love him'? Do you believe that all Christians truly love him?" he asked. "Do you think they love the Father for the gift of the Son and the Son because of the Father's love and mercy? Or is their worship oftentimes that of duty rather than love?" He spoke reflectively and gently.

"Oh," I said, "you who so well know the beloved Master--who were so loved by him--how can you doubt the love he must inspire in all hearts who seek to know him?"

A radiant glow overspread the wonderful face, which he lifted, looking directly at me--the mist rolled away from before my eyes--and I knew him! With a low cry of joy and adoration, I threw myself at his feet, bathing them with happy tears. He gently stroked my bowed head for a moment, then rising, lifted me to his side.

"My Savior--my King!" I whispered, clinging closely to him.

"Yes, and Elder Brother and Friend," he added, wiping away tenderly the tears stealing from beneath my closed eyelids.

"Yes, yes, 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely!'" again I whispered.

"Ah, now you begin to meet the conditions of the new life! Like many another, the changing of faith to sight with you has engendered a little shrinking, a little fear. That is all wrong. Have you forgotten the promise, 'I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also'? If you loved me when you could not see me except by faith, love me more now when we have really become 'co-heirs of the Father.' Come to me with all that perplexes or gladdens; come to the Elder Brother always waiting to receive you with joy."

Then he drew me to a seat, and conversed with me long and earnestly, unfolding many of the mysteries of the divine life. I hung upon his words; I drank in every tone of his voice; I watched eagerly every line of the beloved face; and I was exalted, uplifted, upborne, beyond the power of words to express. At length with a divine smile, he arose.

"We will often meet," he said; and I, bending over, pressed my lips reverently to the hand still clasping my own.

Then laying his hands a moment in blessing upon my bowed head, he passed noiselessly and swiftly from the house.

sept 2020

(I shared this testimony with some & thought you would enjoy it too.)
Even though I am the only Family member & don't have another Christian to teamwork with, the Lord showed me how He is present & partnering on my behalf & that I am not alone. There is a Muslim girl, Raneem, who rents a room in my apartment. She came to me & said, "Jacki, Jesus

appeared to me in a dream last night & told me He was coming soon!" (It is against the law for me to witness here on threat of being deported). No problem, Jesus is witnessing for me. :) A short while later I had a dream & a voice said, "Look to the Mahdi". The Mahdi in the Muslim faith is the last prophet before the end of the world & Jesus' return. In their scriptures the Mahdi & Jesus go together to pray in Damascus, immediately before the Battle of Armageddon occurs. I hadn't heard the word "Mahdi" before but the way I heard it in the dream was the correct pronunciation. "Look to the Mahdi" meant that the Mahdi was alive & to keep an eye out for him. Raneem, was so surprised I had a dream about her faith, as I was that she had a dream about my faith! The Lord has a sense a humor & winsome, & this incident gave us a very close bond & friendship. The Lord knows how to best draw people together & do all the "behind the scenes" witnessing work. This was another one of the really cool things that happens here supernaturally, as well as supply, open doors & miracles. Thank you for your prayers. I hope this little testimony is encouraging & underscores the Lord is always present & working on our behalf. Keep praying He will continue to pour out His Spirit & witness.

Here in South Korea, where I'm stationed with the U.S. military, I recently met Ms. Kyong Cha Lee, a woman who had suffered a terrible loss.

Ms. Lee's house, like many older homes in Korea, is heated by large charcoal briquettes placed under the floor. During a cold spell last Spring this primitive heating system malfunctioned, spreading poisonous carbon monoxide fumes throughout the house, almost killing Ms. Lee.

She lay in the hospital in a coma for days, with her family at her bedside. When she finally awoke, they were too grieved to tell her the extent of her loss. But she astonished them when she said she already knew her two children had been killed in the tragedy. "The doctor told me when he came to look after me," she explained.

"What doctor?" they asked.

"The doctor who prayed by my side and promised that God would watch over me."

They assured her they had seen no such visitor and they had been with her constantly. The physician must have been a dream, they said.

When Ms. Lee was well enough to go home, she was making her way out of the hospital when she caught sight of a portrait in the lobby. "There," she said, "that's the doctor who came to my bedside. What is his name?" "Jesus Christ," came the answer.--Sam Nix

This is some of the same words a patient in the hospital told me and other's he said Jesus came and sat on his bed next to him and spoke in the most beautiful voice he said he was ready to go with sadness in his eyes, the patient that was telling this story was probably about the same age as this beautiful lady he said he ask if he could go and be with him he told him not yet he wasn't ready for him yet he repeatedly said he was ready about nearly a week later he passed on he lived to tell the story to us about Jesus. And he also mentioned Jesus will be returning soon.

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I HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE. I WAS SITTING IN LIVING ROOM SOME WEEKS AFTER I REPENTED IN CHURCH ,I WAS WATCHING GOSPAL TV AND THE GODLY MAN SIAD JESUS IS GOING TO REVEAL HIMSELF TO YOU, I THOUGHT TO MY SELF OK IT'S FOR SOMEONE ELSE THAT MAY BE WATCHING TO. SO I KEPT HEARING HE IS THERE NOW , THE MAN OF GOD SIAD " SO I LOOKED IN CURIOSITY BUT NOTHING HAPPENED, I COULD FEEL THE ANOINTING THO, THAN MAN OF GOD SAD LOOK NOW" SO I LOOKED TO MY RIGHT OF ME , AND NOTHING, SO THAN MAN OF GOD SIAD LOOK HE STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO YOU , SO I LOOKED AND I WAS PROPLEXED JESUS CHRIST HOLY SPIRIT WAS STANDING IN THE CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM BACK DOOR. IT WAS A ARSOME EXPERIENCE HE WAS SO SO SO BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFULL I DIDN'T TALK OR SAY ANYTHING

FOR ABOUT 3 MINUTES OFF LIFE CHANGING EXPERIENCE. IT WAS LIKE THE LORD SAID TO ME " DON'T BE AFRAID I LOVE YOU AND EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON. I WAS IN TEARS THROUGHOUT THE EXPERIENCE.

HALLELUJAH.

, I 100% believe you.. Especially when you mentioned Jesus's characteristics of calmness, total peace, authority and utter Love.. I had an experience where He visited me in the late 1990s.. It was at night and He did not appear to me visibally, but I could tell you exactly where He was standing in my room. (right foot of the bed facing me) I was complaining in prayer over stomach cramps I began to have due to agonizing in prayer over my sister and father.. and a family feud that involved the two of them that was really disrupting our family . Laying in bed after praying for them, I complained to God, "It's not fair, God.. I think I'm even getting an ulcer over those two!" and that was when I suddenly felt His presence at the foot of my bed... and I heard Him speak (not audibally but within me) and say, "My Body suffers". Brother, His voice is very calm.. very peaceful and when He talks, He gets to the point. I also sensed His personality in that room.. I sensed His Majesty.. I KNEW instinctively that He is the King of All Kings .., and I sensed His Divine Royalty yet also, with that I sensed His total humility.. that the fact that He is the King of all Kings does not affect Him.. There is no arrogance within Him.. I found that very unusual and interesting.. (even my supervisor at my job has some degree of superiority attitude.. but not Jesus) When He said, "My Body suffers", I instinctively knew (through the Holy Spirit) that He means that His Church.. His Body of believers who have received Him into their hearts willingly suffers for one another and for others.. and it was a loving correction He was giving me regarding my complaining. While I was blessed to believe without seeing in this case, I know that faith is only by His grace.. because for years prior to that experience, I doubted everything.. I was the biggest

skeptic at a very young age, but I wasn't happy either. My prayer was always, "God, I want to believe in You.. but I can't.. help my unbelief". and wow, He truly answered that prayer ❤️

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Another person who died, went to heaven, saw much of the glories of the golden city and returned to tell of its splendor, was a Chinese woman of Shan Tung Province, North China. This experience occurred in connection with the missionary activities of Miss Louisa Vaughan and is related in her book of remarkable miracles, "Answered or Unanswered", pages 42-46, from which we quote:

"In the year of 1904, I held a meeting of several day's duration in the city of Wang Kia Kwan Dswang. My audience consisted of the most stupid and ignorant of Chinese women. Some of them were converts, but most of them came to hear the Gospel for the first time. Among these last was a Mrs. Jang, who seemed, if possible, a little more stupid than the rest. She was one of our number, not because of any interest she felt in Bible truth, but because her husband, formerly a Confucian scholar, had accepted the Savior and wished her to know something of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Her two little children, who were always with her, consumed much of her time and strength. There were some twenty others in the class to be taught, and I had little chance to give individual attention. The prospect of her learning enough truth to be converted was not encouraging.

"My one method of work, however, was prayer with complete reliance upon the power of God through the Holy Spirit to fulfill His promise in John 14 :13,14: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it'. In the course of these meetings the Father was glorified in the conversion of Mrs. Jang; for after four days of simple instruction she returned to her home a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"About six months later, when I was holding services in a neighboring village, Mrs. Jang appeared again. This time she brought three children and the family dog. (She had given away the chickens.) Again she stayed four days, absorbed as much truth as she could under the trying circumstances, and again returned home.

"Soon after, she contracted tuberculosis and suffered intensely for a year. Her physical pain was only a part of her distress. Her family realized that a great change had taken place in her life, but they would not accept her testimony. They were especially bitter because she unbound her feet. Disregarding such a time-honored custom was a serious disgrace to them. They tortured her in all sorts of little meanness's. She would be refused a drink when she was too ill to get it for herself, and she was frequently told that she was to be buried with her feet bare. A modest Chinese woman has only her face and hands uncovered, even in death.

"In the midst of all her pain and trials Mrs. Jang maintained a bright clear testimony. She grieved only because her dear ones would not receive the message of life that so thrilled and comforted her own soul.

"The dreadful disease had about done its work, when I again found myself in her vicinity. The pastor of the church in which I was speaking came to tell me of her year of suffering.

" 'Miss Vaughan', he said, 'the only prayer she has offered for herself during all these months is that she may see your face again.'

"Needless to say I went to her immediately. I was received with a welcome of such apparently boundless affection that I felt I had never before known what love was. A few days passed. It was evident that it was God's will to take Mrs. Jang home, and we who loved her ceased to pray for her recovery. We asked only that God would give her great peace in going, and lift from her heart the burden of grief that it carried because her testimony had not been received by those nearest her.

"I made what I supposed was my last visit to her. 'We will never see our friend on earth again', I said to my class. 'She is very near the heavenly home, and can not possibly live through the night.'

"Early the next morning her father called upon me. 'Your daughter is now at rest and in the Savior's presence,' I said.

"He smiled. 'Oh, no, no!' he said excitedly. 'The Lord has performed a wonderful miracle. She is alive again.

"Then he explained. Mrs. Jang had died at three o'clock the afternoon before, and her family, in accordance with Chinese custom, had immediately prepared her body for burial. At about sunset they heard a noise in the death chamber. They supposed that the children or pigs or chickens (they have equal freedom in the houses of the poor) had gotten into the room. But when they opened the door they could scarcely believe their eyes. Mrs. Jang sat erect on the kang. She had removed her grave clothes and put on those she had been wearing before her death!

"I never taught Revelation in China and nothing had ever been told Mrs. Jang of the glories of Heaven as described in that book. She had instruction for only eight days in her life.

"This is her story as she related it to me: 'I remember seeing all the family around me crying. Then the Lord Jesus came into my room and took me by the hand and said, 'Come with me!' In a short time we were before a gate of pearl. It was the gate of Heaven. Angels opened it and we went in. I saw many beautiful houses all of pretty colors. I walked beside the Lord on the golden streets. Miss Vaughan, I was so glad you had told me to unbind my feet; I would have been so ashamed to walk beside my Savior with little feet.

"Then we went on and I saw thousands of angels in a circle, singing and playing lovely music. In the midst was the throne of glory. The Heavenly Father sat upon it, and when I saw Him I was afraid. I hardly dared to lift my eyes'.

" 'You have come', He said.

" 'Yes, Lord.'

" 'You may go back for a while, but you must return to me here on the twelfth of the month'.

" 'Miss Vaughan, here I am, and now they'll have to accept my testimony, for I have walked on the golden streets and I've seen the Father. They'll have to believe me now.'

"Did her relatives and neighbors believe her?"

"People flocked in from miles around to hear the wonderful story. She spoke as an eyewitness and they could not reject her testimony. God's mighty power was upon it, and hundreds were converted. Even today, missionaries in that vicinity find an eager reception for the Gospel message because that is the 'Jesus doctrine' believed by Mrs. Jang who went to heaven and came back again to tell what she saw.

"The days passed until the twelfth of the following month. When that day came the family tried to convince Mrs. Jang that she had reckoned the date incorrectly, but her eager heart was not to be deceived. Late in the afternoon she asked her mother for her grave clothes. Under strong protest they were folded and put on the bed. At sunset while the family were at their evening meal in an adjoining room, she dressed herself quietly in her burial garments then lay down, and her beautiful soul went back to her God".

It can be seen that the testimony of this simple eye witness of heaven's glories is in accord with the word of God, and the present day visions of heaven given his children through the Holy Spirit.

This woman had never heard of the Heavenly City nor its golden street. There is no natural explanation for her accurate description of the New Jerusalem in heaven, its "pearly gate", its "beautiful houses of pretty colors", "the golden street", "thousands of angels singing and playing lovely music", "the throne of glory", and "the King of Glory". There is most simple explanation to the child of the Lord—while Mrs. Jang's body lay a

corpse in the death chamber from three o'clock to sunset her spirit was enjoying the bliss of the celestial city, where is "the throne of glory" and "The King of Glory."

The testimony of this ignorant Chinese woman, as believed by her friends and community, is the testimony to be believed by all of the children of men, that there is a golden city in the heaven far above the stars, the city eternal where "thousands of angels sing and play music" around the throne of God and where the King walks the golden streets with his humblest child amidst the glories of the city of glory, the crown of the universe, the pyramidal capstone of all God's creation.

This is the abiding city, the golden city that is eternal, the city whose builder and Maker is God, the heavenly Jerusalem that is now the home of the redeemed in the third heaven and will some day be the glory center of the New Earth when God makes all things new.

It came as a surprise when a strong and healthy teenager had a sudden collapse while running, and drop to the ground. He'd had a sudden cardiac arrest, according to his doctors. His mother was immediately called, and even beat the ambulance to the emergency room.

Mother: When I opened the ambulance door, he was blue. The medics were on him doing chest compressions"

Technically and medically he was dead.

Just when hospital staff were ready to "make it official", he got a pulse. He was airlifted to children's hospital, and woke up days later. His recovery has been incredible. But even more mind blowing is the story he tells of the time that he believed he had die.

He described what he saw and heard those minutes without oxygen.

Teen: “They said I was without a heartbeat for 20 minutes. I saw a man with longish type of hair, and a thick beard. And it didn’t take me long to realised that it was Jesus. Then he put his hand on my shoulder and said that everything will be alright. I was just calm and at peace.”

Sister Mei

I have been waiting for this moment for 17 years, because I could not talk about this story. Thinking about it I would tremble. So I was studying and studying the Bible and praying about when is the right time. And now it is the right time.

I am Chinese. I came to the USA in September of 2000. I work to raise money to send it to Africa, we preach the Gospel. I’m a married woman. My husband works for the Federal government. I have a daughter from a previous marriage. She is 20 years old now. She is studying civil engineering. It’s amazing how the Lord can work in her life too. She came to this country and she didn’t know anything—she didn’t even know ABC. She was 10 years old at that time, and now she is studying engineering. So that is another miracle. We are not going to get into that today.

This story is a true story. I brought pictures that was happening on that Isand; beautiful beaches, beautiful places in Hawaii. You can see and you can get an idea of how wonderful our God Jesus is. I’ll show you later.

I was born in the summer of 1969. I was born in a very small town by the Yangs river. When I was born, my mother lacked the milk to feed me, so I was crying and crying. I refused any cow milk. If she fed me any cow milk it would come back up through my mouth, through my nose. It was very dangerous for a little infant. So my mother was very worried. She said, “What can I do? If she keeps on crying and crying like this, she is going to starve to death.”

So she didn’t know what to do. My family was poor. They didn’t have very much money to buy anything or buy the human being’s milk. So at that

time she didn't know what to do. But God knows what to do. One day there was a lady, her name was Aunty Mei. She walked into the town, and she had a mission: she was looking for a baby to nurse. What happened was, her son was born, but he died after seven days. So she had plenty of milk. She walked into our town and was looking for a baby, just looking for a baby. She saw many babies, but she wasn't satisfied. Then the minute she was just about to leave the town she saw I was in my mother's arms. She said, "Look at this baby, full of spirit. I want her. Then she became my nanny. She said, "I live just at the other side of the Yangs river. Walk a little bit and then it will be my home. So if you want to see where I live, your baby is safe, you come with me."

So my parents got out the boat, and then walked a long, long journey. It was about 20 miles. My parents didn't expect that. But because the nanny really loved me at first sight when she saw me, she just wanted to feed me. So that is how she brought me at her home, so I was left there at her house. At those days there was no public transportation, so the only thing you can do is just walk. So my parents just really have that much chance to see me. I said with this lady and she spoiled me. She has a few more children, but she loved me the most, probably because I replaced her newborn child, so she just spoiled me. If I was hungry; if I was tired; if I cried; if I wanted to throw anything away at any direction, she just let me. So she spoiled me in the wrong way and that gave me lots of trouble for the future life. Seven months later I had to go home, because another infant baby [an orphan her mother found one day and was then adopted by her uncle and aunty] needed nursing and feeding. So this new baby was exchanged for me. My parents took this baby to my nanny's home and gave this baby to the nanny, so this nanny continued to feed that baby. So that is how I came home.

Our neighbours new that someone in our family had adopted a baby, but they didn't know who it was. They knew it was a girl, but they didn't know which girl it was. By the time I came back from the country side I looked thin, I looked small, and I looked very brown. After you have lots of sunshine you look very brown. For our culture, if your skin looks dark, people look down at you. They called me black, they said I was an

abandoned one, no one had wanted me, I was the adopted one. These words really hurt me deeply. No one really asked me what effect this had on me. My mother favoured my sister. So all the time I thought I was the adopted one, that I had been abandoned [by my original parents] and wondered people didn't want me, and what I had done wrong.

When grew up I didn't have any confidence. Inside of me I felt I was really searching for something, I needed really true love. I was searching. I knew something was missing. All the time I was looking for that. As I became a teenager I went the way of being rebellious. I did things against my parents will, and this includes my marriage. But I thought, "I never went to jail, I never stole anything, I was still a good person" that's how I felt about myself.

In my little town where I grew up and what our education was, people believed that we came from monkeys—there is no God, there is no Saviour, there is no God of Creation. That is how we were educated. I didn't not believe the monkey theory, but I did believe there was no God. I didn't believe God existed. So because of that, I had no idea or concept of things like spirits or devils or of going up to Heaven or going down to hell after death. I never believed anything like that. In that little town I lived in for over 20 years I never saw a church building, I have never seen a book named a Bible, I have never heard the Gospel, I have never heard the story about Jesus Christ. I never knew anything about this. All I had in my heart was, I am the centre of my life. If I put my effort into anything I can get it. I am in charge of my fate. I can do anything in my control. My life is under my control. That is how I believed. That believe I now know is wrong.

In the summer of 1996 I was 20 years of age. My boyfriend was a married man. He took me to the southern most part of China to see the ocean. The ocean was the heaven of my dreams. That was the first time in my whole life that I've seen the ocean. For some reason I felt I wanted to see the ocean. I had lots of questions about life, and felt could they be answered if I could just reach the ocean. I thought if I could just see the ocean once, I could die without any grudge. That's how I felt. I was hungry for this ocean. I just knew I needed that place.

We flew there. [On the last smaller plane] there was only me and by boyfriend on the plane. There was no body else. I felt, "This trip is going to be very special. It's going to be small; it's going to be very romantic. It's going to be unforgettable." That's how I felt. When we arrived at the beach we checked into the hotel and we arrived to the beach very soon. I was so excited to see the waves, the seagulls, to see that place, to feel that place. I was just so happy about that. So after many pictures taken, I raced myself into the water. Then I was standing there. When the water just reached up to my waist, I stopped and I looked at the horizon, and I thought "Life isn't fair". Why, these people on the beach seem so happy, they never went through any difficulties or hardships, but I had to go through so many hardships. At that time I was divorced. My husband left me when I had a baby. He showed up when I was in the hospital for the first few days, but after that just left me. It really broke my heart. So life went along in the wrong direction, and that is how I met this man and I went to the beach with him. At that time I had no money, I had no job, I had no hope. I just didn't have anything at all. It was just totally, totally useless and totally, totally hopeless. So I'm looking at the horizon and I'm thinking, "What am I going to do in the future? Who is going to help me bring up this child without a man to rely on, without any support. I am so young and am divorced. Who is going to marry me again in the future? How am I going to face the future? I just didn't know what to do. I was just wanted to cry. But I knew I could not cry; there was so many people on the beach, I didn't want to embarrass myself, so I held my tears back. I was just thinking and thinking and thinking, and I sighed, "Who could help me?" From the bottom of my heart, from my mind, from my soul I cried out for help. I don't know how long I stood there, from the time I woke up from my daydreaming I realised that my body wasn't standing in the water any more. My toes could have barely touched the sand. I thought, wow, that is a very short distance from here to the shore. So I started to swim back, and I realised, "Why is the image of the people on the beach getting smaller and smaller. So tried harder. The harder I tried I was pulled away further. That time I realised there was a hand holding my ankle dragging me down into the water. I was freighted. I did everything I could to try the best to swim to the shore. I lived by the Yangs river, and I knew how to

swim since I was nine years old, so I never had any problem to swim in the water. I was never afraid of anything. I was never afraid of big waves or deep water, or any complications I could handle it. But that day I was not strong enough. I could not handle it. I tried everything. When I chose to stand at that point I saw there was two men. One stood at one side and the other stood on the other side. When I choose that spot an idea flashed in my mind. "Oh, here is very safe. I'm very close to him, and very close to him, they are very strong. If anything happens, they can come to help me. That's why I stood there. That's why I choose that spot. But when this happened, I knew I could not help myself. So I turned myself to this one, I wanted to ask for help. The moment I thought his, that hand moved from the bottom of the sea and moved to hold my throat, so I could not make any noise. I tried to say "help" by no noise came out from the mouth [just lips were moving]. The man looked at me and he turned his face back, turned his face to the other way. I didn't get any help. So I turned my face to the other man and the same thing happened, and he did the same thing. So I was just totally ignored. They could not hear me.

The hand was holding me tighter and tighter to make sure I was just completely could not make any noise at all. The hand moved down to my ankle and continued to drag me down to the water. At that time I knew I could not get any help, and I was just pulling away, and pulling away further into the water where there was nobody around me. Then my body started to turn around and around and I didn't know what to do. At that time I saw a big wave came and then on the top of the wave was a big ugly face, and the minute I saw that face I knew it was the devil. It was huge. It was coming on the top of the wave, and he said, "I'm going to kill you today." When I saw that I knew I was finished. There was no hope. I was dying. I'm gone and I'm going to die today. So in my mind I was thinking of my mom, my dad, and my daughter, I said, "Mom, Dad, Wayway, I'm sorry." They didn't even know where I was. I never told them where I was. So if I died today they would be very disappointed. So closed my eyes and stretched out my hands and was waiting to die. At that time the water came up to under my nostrils and the water forced into my mouth. I started to take in the seawater and started to sink.

But a miracle happened in a way that no one could have ever imagined. The minute I closed my eyes, the minute I stretched out my hands, two words came out of my mouth which I didn't have any understanding of what I was saying, "My God." Immediately the heaven opened, and I saw some object hovering around in the air, hovering around like a big bird. It came towards me. While he was coming and was folding his wings and he came on top of me and he covered me there and he landed in front of me and he rotated like this [spinning] and then he became an image of a man and then he stood in front of me. I didn't know who he was, but the minute I saw that, I knew that I came from him. So I just fell down in front of him.

When he first came, another two words came out from my mouth without me understanding anything; another two words: "The Holy Spirit." I was an atheist at that time, you know, but these two words just came out. I didn't know anything about God. So the Holy Spirit came down like a bird and stood in front of me, and then rotated and then became like a man and stood in front of me. So I didn't know who this man was. He was tall. He was wearing a robe. Behind him was an enormous round bright light shining with boundless radiance. He stood in front of the light, yet the light and he were together; they were inseparable. In front of him I trembled with great fear. I trembled, I was just so afraid. I knew that without him standing in front of the light I would not exist. I should not be there. So suddenly he raised his right hand and he drew a semi-circle from his left shoulder to his right [like an arch]. Then I saw a beam of light, a bright light, as brilliant as the light behind him. It came from the palm of his hand and moved along with his hand as he drew the semi-circle. And immediately time turned back, everything that had happened in my life appeared in front of him, just like a video. There was a big scroll opened. Everything that I had said, all the things that I had done and all the thoughts that I had had, they all were recorded into that book. I saw the words, "deadly sin, deadly sin, deadly sin" frequently were appearing in that book. That is how I was recorded in that book. I couldn't believe I was such a filthy sinful person. I just put my face on the ground and said, "I am a sinner. I am a sinner. I deserve to die. I deserve to die. Let me go to die. Let me go to die." I said, "I should have died many times, let me go to die."

I understood clearly that I only deserved to die. I was willing to wait and willing die. And I believed that he was sending someone to put me to death. I believed that. However, nothing happened. It was still peaceful. It was still quiet. Then I asked him myself, "What is he waiting for?" Then I heard a voice that was sounding from heaven above and the earth below: "My child. You have come back at last. I have been waiting for you for so long."

When I looked up, the brilliant bright light that was behind had disappeared. He became a real man. He stood in front of me. But he was above the ground, just a few steps in front of me. There was a hole in the left side of his heart, blood and water pouring out of that hole. I thought, "Who was so cruel? Who was so mean? Who would punch such a big hole in his heart? The minute I thought about it, the Spirit told me that blood was shed for my sins, and his pain was caused by my faults. His blood was shed for me and for the whole world. His pain was caused by my sins, including those visible and those invisible, and I had broken his heart. All those sins that had been recorded in that book had hurt him, and had been hurting him always. My depravity, debauchery, immorality, my ignorance, stubbornness, rebelliousness, my bitterness, resentment and anger, never for a minute did it stop. Every sin that I had ever committed was a painful torment for him. Every sin was like a sharp knife that injured him deeply. It was I who had broken his heart. It was I that caused Him pain; it was I that caused Him to bleed like that.

Then I saw the pure love from His eyes, and it was just pouring out into my direction. And I said to myself, "I never saw such love. It's a pure love. It's a true love. Is that for me?" I was questioning in my mind, and I looked around and there was no one else. And immediately the words came to me: Yes, it's for you.

"But how can this be? It's impossible. I have nothing to pay you back."

He said: "You never had anything without Me, but I still love you. And I never expect anything back from you."

He said: Take it! My love will never change."

And more of the love came to me with the words. I have never experienced such unconditional love. I could not hold my feelings. I burst into tears. I was just crying out in front of Him. And I said: "Why do you love me? Who am I? I am nobody. I was never favoured by my parents. I grew up with no confidence. I'm an abandoned woman with a broken heart and lowly. I'm lowly and in pain. And diligently searched for true love and found nothing."

I said: "I worse than nothing. I am worse than the dust or dirt. Nobody has ever paid attention to me. I have no value, no job, no money, no home to go to. After the divorce I could not find my identity, I was so lost. I'm so tired to go back, no one to rely on. The only thing I have is my daughter. But I cannot have her with me. I have to be separate from her. I do not want to live like this, but I have no choice. I was pushed to this point, and I have no hope, no future, no dignity, I have nothing. Why do you love me?"

I wept allowed.

He said: "You are my favourite. I never moved my eyes away from you. I watched all your sufferings, and I know you are in pain. Yet My heart has more pain than yours because I have always loved you."

These words came to me. I wept even louder.

"Had I known the true love in You, I would never have gone out searching for it, and I never would have made so many mistakes. But it's too late. I want Your love, but I'm a sinner. I only deserved to perish. Everything had been written in that book. I have to pay the price for everything that I have done wrong. A woman like me, I have only shame, I am filthy, I am dirty. How could I deserve Your love. No, I do not deserve it. I shook my head."

Before I even finished thinking, the answer came. The spirit spoke:

"I tried very hard. I tried very hard to tell you how much I loved you. But you refused me and never gave Me any chance to allow Me to go into your heart."

And I knew everything that He said was true, and I was so regretful, and I felt I was so stupid. However, the more love just kept coming to me like waves, and the words continued.

“It’s never too late. Your past is not important for Me. The important part is I love you. No matter what your background is, how poor, how broken you are, no matter how worthless you feel, how deep you have sinned, I will never abandon you. My love has never changed and it never will be.”

I cried on the top of my voice.

Then the same voice came from everywhere, from the Earth below, from the heavens above, saying: “Go help her!”

I opened my eyes. I could not believe I was still alive. There was a man in front of me. He said, “Put your hands on my shoulders. I’ll take you out of the water.”

Immediately I knew he was the one sent by the one I had just seen. So I followed him. He took me out of the water. I could not walk. My whole body was trembling like an electrical current went through my body, so I was just shaking. Immediately I wanted to lie die, but he said, “No you can’t lie here. When the wave comes it will take you away.”

So he helped me, he supported me. He half dragged, half supported me, he just pulled a little further to where he thought I was safe. So he left me there. Immediately I went into a deep sleep. I did not know for how long. That night, many quiz questions flooded into my mind. I was just asking myself, the first question was “Who was that man? How could heaven open? How could he come from heaven? How could he come from there? I’ve never seen anyone from heaven, how could he come from there? I was never educated in this, there was no educated words in my mind to describe that. And what was the light? What kind of light was that? It was like a summer sun, but it was much brighter than a summer sun. Never could you see that in the world. And why the beam of the light went through his hand? How could that be? How could that possibly be? I did not understand.

And why he knew everything about me, and I knew nothing about Him? Why would He give me the chance to live again? He looked at all my sins. He could have just sent me to hell. He could have just said, "Go to hell" and then I would be gone. But why did he give me a second chance? There were so many questions. And why he was everywhere with me? I did not understand. I was asking myself, "Why? Why? Why?" and "How? How? How?"

That night I knew I had met the God that I had never believed before. The vision I saw, the voice I heard, the experience that I had, I knew it was not a dream. I knew it wasn't something I could imagine. I knew I was in a real place. I knew everything wasn't an imagination. But how could I prove it? How could people believe me? I never heard people talking about God or saying anything about these kind of things. Who would believe me? I must prove it.

So the next day I went back to the beach and I found the man who pulled me out of the water, and I invited him for dinner to show my gratitude. It surprised me, but he could not understand my language, because I spoke mandarin and he spoke the local language. So we could not understand, so we needed a third party to be the translator and understand each other. But anyway, he came. He came to the dinner with his best friend so the best friend could be the interpreter for us. And during the meal I asked him only one thing. There's only one thing I need to know. I said, "Where were you? How did you see me when I was in danger?"

He said, through his friend, "No, I did not see you. I was in the middle of the shower. My whole body was full of soap. I had nothing on, I was just full of soap. Then I heard a voice say: 'Go help her!' Then I grabbed a pair of underwear and I covered myself and I raced out and I ran to you."

When he said that I knew, "This was the God. I really met the God. I really met this God face to face. And not only that, He saved me. He sent this man to save me. I knew that wasn't a coincidence. It was arranged by Him.

But I did not know this God was Jesus Christ. So at this moment I became Jewish. I knew there was a God, but I didn't know His name was Jesus. A few days later we went back to the city where I lived. I started my mission

looking for this God. I decided to go anywhere, any direction, anything I can buy. I need to know this God. I need to know why He knows everything about me, and I know nothing about Him. I need to find Him. But where to find Him? I don't know. No body ever told me where to go. So I thought about in the movies when people are calling upon God when they did something wrong, when they are married they call upon God, when they are buried they call upon God, so God must be in the church. So one day I asked a man on the street. He was making money by taking people places on the tricycle. So I said, "Take me to a church." He said, "What kind of a church?"

I was shocked. "There are different churches? Different brands?" I never knew, and I was so embarrassed, because he was a street man, and he sounds like he knew more than I did, and I was an educated woman.

So he said, "Of course. There is a Roman Catholic church, a Christian church. Which one do you want to go to?"

I said, "Take me to one you have been to."

He said, "Oh no, I've never been to one. But I took someone to a place somewhere, sometime."

So I said, "Okay, take me to there."

So he took me to a Christian church. And I walked in, and I asked this woman, "I wish to buy a Bible". Because the reason I wanted to buy a Bible is before I went to this island I met an American man. There was a group of Americans that said they were trying to learn about the culture. But I think they were learning the culture to try to be missionaries, learning how they could work. I think that is what I knew later. So I took them to different tea houses. Every place they went to, everyone would pull out a book. And when they would start to read that book, we had to leave. Chinese weren't allowed to talk about religion with foreigners; it's against the law. So when they started to share, and started to study, we had to leave. I asked my friend, "What is that book?" Then my friend told me that it's a Bible. All the Christians know that book. They study that book."

I said, "What does it mean a Christian?"

He said, "I don't know either."

But anyway I knew a Bible is probably the book talking about God. So I went to the church asking about a Bible. And the woman said, "I'm sorry, we are sold out."

I said, "When can I buy? Where can I buy? Can you tell me which book store I can go to buy the Bible?"

She said, "There's nowhere else. Only in the church sells the Bible. So if you come back by Christmas time, we should have a Bible available."

I said, "When is Christmas?"

So she told me when Christmas time was.

So I went back a few months later and I got my first Bible. When I got my first Bible I started to read from the page one, Genesis, all the way to the last page of Malachi. I was looking for the Lord, what his face looked like; what the heart, what's the blood? How the book described the palm of His hand? What is going on there. Immediate I believed every miracle that was recorded in the Bible, everything God said I believed it. Everything they had done, I believed it. When Moses took those people out of Egypt, those miracles I just believed it. I loved every single one of them. They were just beautiful.

And I said to myself, "This God is so powerful! Why didn't I know Him before?"

But I didn't find anywhere talking about the heart, the hole in the heart, the blood pouring out from there, or the hands, or these kind of things. So I went through it a second time and I still didn't see it. Then I started to read the New Testament. The New Testament started to talk about the family tree of Jesus Christ. And I said, "Who is this Jesus? I'm looking for the Lord, why does he have to be here, and why people have to put page this thick to talking about Jesus? And his family tree. Is that really important? Why do we have to know about his life?"

One thing that made me very upset was I know there is one God. I know there is only one God, and when they put Jesus into that book that means they equalled Jesus with the Lord, and that made me upset. Because I believed the one that saved me, that was the only God. At the same time, I cried out to my God, I said, "God, if you don't appear to me anymore, if you don't speak to me anymore, you send someone to me to teach me about this Jesus. Who is this Jesus? I want to understand. What is this Jesus business?"

Then a year later, God has a sense of humour. He sent the same man back to the city. This American man, Mr. Doug we called him, he gathered young people like me together and offered free English classes. So we studied English. At the beginning of the English class we had a piece of paper, like this, so we'd read the story or read the paragraphs, and study the words, everything. And very soon it became to be study the Gospel of John. And then he began to tell us, "Jesus Christ is the only God. He is a powerful God. He is a miracle God. He shows miracles. He made the deaf to hear, he made the blind to see, he makes people cured. He made dead people walk out from the tomb. He is the King of kings, Lord of lords."

I was thinking, "These people really know how to make up stories. These are just the stories they make up to help us study the English. But anyway, I needed the free class. I need to study English. I just need to wait, and I will tell them my story, and I will tell them who this God is, who this real God is!"

So one day we came to the story, "Jesus asked Thomas, 'Put your finger into My hand and side' and Jesus told him 'Stop doubting and believe'."

And then Mr. Doug put his fingers in the motion in this way [pointing to one palm and then the other]. When I looked at that, I said, "Oh!"

And Mr. Doug said, "Because of love, the King of kings, the Lord of lords was crucified. But three days later not only was he was raised from the dead, but He appeared to many disciples at different places. As for the mark of the nails on His hands, the disciples saw it, Thomas touched it, everything was true."

When I saw this, I almost fell from the chair I was sitting on. Since I met the Lord I don't remember how many times I was asking about, "How could it possibly be that there was light that went through the palm of that hand. I knew there was a hole, but I looked around at everybody. Nobody has a hole in the middle of their hand. So I guessed that was probably the symbol of the Lord.

When he showed me that, I knew. And I said, "I saw that hand!" And that is when the name of Jesus really came into my heart. But because of the stubbornness I still have a difficult time to put Jesus really to be merged with the one that I saw. So I constantly struggled with that. I constantly was talking with Him, "Jesus, if you are real, show me some miracles today." And He did. He really did show some miracles to me. One of them was, I was in the hospital one day. I had a surgery, and I could not afford to hire someone to care about me all the way. So I hired her for the first three days. On the fourth day I told her to go home. I thought I could handle it. I have this God, I'm okay. I didn't ask my friends to come and help me. And then on the fourth day I realised that's not easy. The pain was still incredible. It was impossible for me to go down to the seventh floor to buy my own food. Then I didn't have any food that day. I was just so hungry, I didn't have anything to eat. Nobody knew I was hungry. So at that time would lie in that bed, and I said, "Jesus, if you are a real God, you would know I am in this condition. You would send me something to eat; just a little bit of food."

I was just thinking about that and I went to sleep. I don't know how long I was lying there. And the lady next to my bed, she woke me up and said, "Wake up, wake up." And she had a box of food in her hands. She said, "I have this extra food I want to give to you today."

I said, "Where did it come from?"

She said, "My daughter-in-law, I already told her I had ordered the food from the hospital, but suddenly she said she just wanted to cook some special food for me. So she cooked special food and brought it for me. So now this is an extra one. Now I will give it to you."

I knew at that time only Jesus can do that. He has to be the Lord. He just has to be the Lord. That's how He really came into my life, and I totally knew that this was Jesus who appeared on the ocean and who saved my life, and who just did that miracle to me.

So very soon I went back to this American man and I asked him one day, I said I want to be a Christian. And he was so surprised and excited. He even forgot about inviting me into his place. And later he invited me.

And he said, "Tell me what happened. Why do you believe in this God. At this time I found I could not talk about my story. The minute I start to talk about this story I became stuttered, so I could not say anything. So I said, "He saved my life. I almost died, He saved me, so I believe in Him."

He realised I wasn't ready to share, so he changed his subject. He said, "Actually, we prayed for you. A year ago after we met, we prayed for you. Our friends in America, we prayed for your group, and for you, especially for you. We asked the Lord to open your eyes; we asked the Lord to open your ears, to open your heart so you can see Him, you can hear His voice, you can know Him, you can be saved.

I was thinking, all the time I was thinking "What was the connection between me and God. That was because of their prayers that I was saved."

So how important the prayer is. I'm very happy today that we have this prayer meeting. Keep praying, keep praying. It's really powerful. You never know, you just never know when God is going to show that miracle.

So he just said God answered his prayer so quickly. He didn't expect that prayer to be answered so quickly.

So I became a Christian, and later on I was baptized I gave my life to follow Jesus Christ. I knew He was the only God, without Him I wouldn't be standing here, and I know many of us here.

After I was baptised, many times I thought, "Who am I? I really am nobody. Nobody yesterday, nobody today, nobody tomorrow. I was never going to be anybody. But God just saved me, He picked me up and He remodelled me. He cleansed me. He remodelled me and He gave me a

new life, a meaningful life. He really shone the light on my path, on my future, and I know for the rest of my life I am going to be working for Him. I'm going to be living for Him. In the little and big things He asked me to do I would just try my best to do my best, because I know who holds tomorrow.

My friend, I don't know what your faith is today, but I know no matter what situation you are going through today, how hard you are facing things, but I know God can fix everything. Put your faith into His hands and He will fix everything.

Now we come to section three: Heaven, our real home.

One day after I came into the USA, into Los Angeles actually, I was sorting out my old photos when I came across a few pictures of Saya beach it reminded me of how I miraculously survived it. When I was just about together all the photos and put them away, a pattern and a line of words attracted my attention. I saw a row of palm trees on the top of the T-shirt that I was wearing, and the bottom of that in English words it says, "Los Angeles".

I said, "My goodness! I'm living in this place. And is this place full of palm trees?"

[Shows photo] As you can see this is the T-shirt, and this is the photo taken on that beach on the following day.

I thought "Wow! This is not an ordinary T-shirt that I was wearing. I was wearing God's promise." He was promising at that time that He was going to send me to Los Angeles. So several years later I was, and I am here.

So this is just to confirm that nothing is a coincidence. Everything God has a plan. He has a plan for us. His salvation is planned for us. So on that day I just knew that God had put this plan into my life so that I could come to Him, I could accept Him, I can praise him. I can share His glory and glorify His name. That is His plan. I knew that that T-shirt was a mission too, it was God's assignment to me. It was a mission to me that I have to come here, I have to share this story with everybody; I have to tell people about

this Jesus Christ. As an atheist who didn't even believe Him, who totally reject him get Him, and now how He brought me to this promised land. And now when I look at the Bible, Jesus said, "My Father's house as many places. I'm going to prepare a place for you, so you know where I am there you can come later."

I knew He was talking about Heaven. When I looked at these pictures I knew God wanted me to tell the world that He came to me in the glory, and then revealed Himself to me that He shed his blood for me and for the sins of the world. And how He went back to the Heaven in this Glory. That is the story He wanted me to tell. His promise is real. Heaven is real, and Heaven is our real home. It is the only our only home when our journey is finished here, that is the place we end up to be in. That is the place we really hope to go. When we finish this journey on this Earth, that is the place we want to be. That is the place Jesus is waiting for us, it's a real place.

I have thought about when Jesus said, "My child, you have come back at last; I have been waiting for you for so long" when He said that to me, each time when I recall that moment, when I recall that voice, it sounded like it was from Heaven above and Earth below, I trembled. I trembled almost for 17 years to tell about this story. And now I am able to tell the public about how the Lord saved me. So now you can have your trust, your faith put in Him. You can trust Him. The way He can save me, the way He can save you; the way He can show me the miracle, He can show you the miracle.

He spoke to me, He spoke to Moses, He spoke to Abraham, He spoke to Hagar, He spoke to many people in the Bible, so He can speak to you. He saved me in the ocean, so He can also save you. He saved many people. You read in the Bible, all the miracles. He can do everything!

So my testimony, my story ends here, but I think your testimony just began. After you have heard this true story, I want to ask, would you be more willing to share this amazing Jesus, this amazing Lord with your family, your friends and your neighbours. Will you be more excited to share the gospel to the unreached people of the world, will you be more

surrendered to the Lord, be more humble to serve Christ as your Master, as your Saviour. Will you be more looking forward to the real home, heaven, when your journey is finished on this Earth. These questions I lay before you.

May the Lord bless you.

From "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi" Accounts from the 1200's originally

CHAPTER XLIX

HOW CHRIST APPEARED TO BROTHER JOHN OF ALVERNIA

Among the learned and holy brethren and sons of St Francis, who, as Solomon says, form the glory of their Father, was the venerable and holy Brother John of Fermo, of the province of Ancona, who lived in our times. Having spent the greater part of his life in the holy house of Alvernia, he died there, and was known by the name of Brother John of Alvernia; he was man of great holiness and great sanctity. This Brother John, when he was a child, greatly loved the ways of penance, which preserve the purity both of the body and of the soul; and at a very tender age he began to wear a belt of iron, and to observe great fasting and abstinence; more especially he used these mortifications when he was residing with the Canons of San Pietro di Fermo, who lived

in great luxury; he avoided all pleasures, and macerated his body with great severity. His companions, being against such penitential ways, tried by every means to turn him from them, taking from him his instruments of penance, and preventing him from fasting; wherefore the holy child, inspired by God, resolved to leave the world and its worshippers, and to put himself in the arms of his crucified Lord, taking the habit of the crucified St Francis; which he did. Being received into the Order so young, and confided to the care of the master of the novices, he grew so spiritual and so devout, that whenever he heard the said master speak of God, he felt his heart to burn within him, as if it had been on fire, so that it was impossible for him to remain quiet, and he ran to and fro in the garden, in the forest, and even in the church; for so sweet was the sensation he experienced, that it seemed to him as if his heart was melted like wax before the fire. As time went on, this holy youth advanced from virtue to virtue, and his soul was adorned and enriched with spiritual gifts; he was often rapt in ecstasy, so that his mind was raised at times to the splendours of the cherubim, at times to the ardour of the seraphim and the joys of the beatified. At one time this ecstasy of divine love, which seemed, as it were, to set his heart on fire, lasted for three years, and this took place on the holy mountain of Alvernia. But as God takes especial care of his children, sending them at divers times consolation or tribulation, adversity or prosperity, according to their

need, in order to preserve in them the grace of humility, or to awaken in their hearts a greater thirst after spiritual things, so it pleased his divine bounty, when the three years were ended, to withdraw from Brother John this flame of celestial love, and take from him every spiritual consolation. Then was Brother John most disconsolate and sorrowful, and this great trial made him so miserable, that he wandered about the forest, crying out with sighs and tears for the beloved Spouse of his soul, for without his presence his soul could enjoy neither peace nor rest. Yet nowhere could he find his Beloved, or recover those sweet spiritual sensations to which the love of Christ had accustomed him. Now this trial lasted several days, during which time he persevered in prayer, weeping and sighing, and imploring the Lord to take pity on his soul, and restore to him his Beloved. At last, his patience having been sufficiently tried, as he was wandering one day sorrowfully in the forest he sat down, overcome with fatigue; and as he was gazing up to heaven, with his eyes full of tears, Jesus Christ, the blessed one, appeared to him, standing in silence on the path by which he himself had come. Brother John knew him to be the Christ, and throwing himself at his feet he burst into a flood of tears, and thus addressed him: "Help me, O my Lord! for without thee, my sweet Saviour, I am all in sorrow and in darkness; without thee, gentle Lamb, I am in anguish and fear; without thee, Son of the most high God, I am in confusion and in shame; without thee, I am despoiled

of every good, for thou art Jesus Christ, the true light of my soul; without thee, I am lost and damned, for thou art the life of souls, the life of life; without thee, I am sterile and unfruitful, for thou art the foundation of every grace; without thee, I can have no consolation, for thou, O Jesus, art our Redeemer, our love, our desire, the bread of comfort, the wine which rejoices the hearts of angels and of saints; enlighten me, O pitying Shepherd, for I am thy lamb, albeit most unworthy." When the Lord delays to grant the desires of holy men, their love towards him greatly increaseth; for the which reason Christ, the blessed one, left Brother John, going from him without granting his request, and without speaking to him. Then Brother John arose, and running after Him threw himself again at his feet, imploring him not to leave him, and crying out: "O Jesus Christ, most sweet Saviour, have mercy on me in my trouble; by the truth of thy salvation and the multitude of thy mercies, restore to me the joy of thy countenance, and cast upon me a look of pity; for the earth is full of thy mercy"; but the Lord Jesus went from him without saying a word, or leaving him any consolation. Then Brother John followed him with great fervour, and when he came up to him, Christ, the blessed one, turned round, and looking at him most sweetly, he opened his holy and merciful arms and embraced him; and when he opened his arms Brother John saw rays of light come from his holy bosom, which lighted up all the forest, as well as his own soul and body. Then Brother John knelt down at the feet

of Christ, the blessed one, who, as he had given his foot to Mary Magdalene to kiss, so now gave he it to Brother John. Then Brother John, taking it with great reverence, bathed it with his tears like another Magdalene, saying most devoutly, "I pray thee, my Lord, look not at my sins, but, by thy holy Passion and by the precious Blood which thou hast shed, awaken my soul to the grace of thy love; for thou hast commanded us to love thee with all our heart and with all our strength; which commandment none can fulfill without thy help. Help me,

then, beloved Son of God, that I may love thee with all my heart and all my strength." And as Brother John was thus praying at the feet of Christ his prayer was granted, and the flame of divine love which he had lost was restored to him, and he felt himself greatly comforted. Then knowing that the gift of divine grace had been restored to him, he began to return thanks to Christ, the blessed one, and devoutly to kiss his feet. Then standing up, and looking on the Saviour's face, Jesus Christ gave him his holy hands to kiss; and having kissed them, Brother John approached the bosom of Christ, and embraced him. Christ, the blessed one, received him in his arms; and as Brother John embraced the Saviour, and was embraced by him, the air was filled with the sweetest perfumes, so sweet that no other perfume in the world could be compared

with them. Thus was Brother John consoled, enlightened, and rapt in ecstasy, and this sweet perfume lasted in his soul for many months; and

thenceforth from his lips, which had drunk at the fountain of divine wisdom on the sacred bosom of the Saviour, there fell most wonderful and celestial words, which changed the hearts of those who heard them, producing great fruit in souls; and for a long time, whenever Brother John followed the path in the forest where the blessed feet of Christ had passed, he saw the same wonderful light and breathed the same sweet

odour. When Brother John came back to himself after this vision, though the corporal presence of Christ had disappeared, his mind was so enlightened and so imbued with divine wisdom, that although he was not

a learned man or versed in human studies, he explained most wonderfully

the most difficult questions on the Holy Trinity and the profound mysteries of Holy Writ; and when speaking before the Pope, the cardinals, the king, the barons, the masters, and doctors, they were surprised at his sublime discourse, and at the words of wisdom which he pronounced.

(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

A WONDERFUL VISITOR.

I had had a very busy day, and experienced a very delightful feeling of restfulness, as I settled myself in a comfortable arm-chair, after having said "Good-night" to my children. Just before going, they had sung their evening hymn. As their sweet childish voices had joined with that of their mother, one verse had made an impression on my mind.

I was familiar with it, but it came to me with a new beauty and force.

It was:

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,

But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,

Come not to sojourn, but abide with me."

My wife went away with the little ones to see them to bed, and I was left alone with this verse of the hymn repeating itself in my memory; and the thought came to me, supposing He were to come as He came to his

disciples, am I altogether prepared to receive Him into my house, to abide with me? And as I meditated on the subject, I fell asleep, and

dreamed, and, lo the door of the room opened, and in walked one whom I knew at once to be the Christ. Not the glorified Redeemer, as seen by John in the Isle of Patmos. No, he had answered the prayer of our hymn, and had come in humble human form:

"Familiar, condescending, patient, free."

I knelt before Him, but He laid His hand on me and said: "Arise, for I have come to tarry with thee."

My recollection of my dream here grows somewhat confused; but I remember it again when the next morning seemed to have arrived, and I was gathering my children around me, and telling them that Jesus had come to stay with us in the house. The little ones clapped their hands for joy, and my dear wife's face beamed with rapture that seemed to transfigure her.

Just then the Lord Himself entered the room, and we took our seats around the breakfast-tablet.gWhat language can I use to describe the wondrous peace which filled all our souls, or how our hearts burned within us as He talked with us?

But when the meal was over, and we had family worship, which was that day a foretaste of heaven itself. I was ailed with perplexity. What should I do with my strange visitor? It seemed disrespectful to leave Him behind me at home yet it would mean serious loss to me to stay away from my place of business that day. But I could not take him with me, that was certain who ever heard of taking Christ to a counting-house?

The Savior surely knew my thoughts, for he said, "I will go with thee. How didst thou ask me? Was it not

"Come not to sojourn, but abide with me?"

So whatever thou art doing, henceforth I will be beside thee. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

It seemed rather strange to me, but I could not, of course, question what He said, so I started for my office with the dear Lord by my side.

At my counting-house I found a man waiting my coming with a good deal of impatience. He was a stock and share-broker, who transacted considerable business for me. To tell the truth, I was not greatly pleased to see him there, as I was afraid that he might bring forward

matters which I would not feel inclined to go into with Jesus listening to our conversation.

It was as I feared. He had come to tell me of a transaction he had arranged, which, whilst perfectly honorable according to the usual code of morals of the share-market, meant the saving of myself from the fear of loss by placing another person in the danger of it. He laid the whole scheme before me, without taking the slightest notice of the Lord; I knew not if he even saw Him.

I cannot tell the bitter shame I felt. I saw how impossible it was to square such a transaction with the Golden Rule; but I could not hide from myself the fact that the broker told me of it with a manner and tone that meant that he had no doubt whatever that I would applaud him

for his cleverness, and eagerly close with the offer. What must that mean to the Christ? Would it not tell him that I was in the habit of dealing with one thought in my mind-how I could benefit myself?

The broker was astonished when I rejected his proposals, on the ground that they would be prejudicial to the interest of the other party in the transaction; and left me abruptly, apparently thinking I had developed a mild species of insanity.

Humbled, I fell at my Savior's feet, and cried to Him for forgiveness for past sinfulness, and strength for time to come.

"My child," said He, in tender accents, "thou speakest as if my presence were something strange to thee. But I have always been with thee. I have seen and seen with grief, the way thou hast dealt with thy fellows, in business, and marveled at thy unbelief of My promise that I would ever be with thee. Have I not said to my servants, Abide in Me, and I in thee?"

Just as He said these words, another gentleman entered the office. He was a customer whom I could not afford to offend, and I had uniformly shown a cordiality to him which I was far from feeling in my heart. He was vulgar, profane, and often obscene in his talk.

He had not been many minutes in my office before he made use of an expression which brought a hot blush to my cheek. I had heard him speak

in a similar way before; and, although I felt repelled by it, I had, for fear of offending him, met it with faint laughter. But now I felt as I should have had it been uttered in the presence of a lady; only this feeling was intensified by the realization of the absolute purity

of the Divine One who had been a hearer of the speech.

I gave expression to my feeling in a word of expostulation, and he exclaimed: "You seem to have suddenly grown very prudish," and left me in a rage.

Again, I turned to the Christ with a cry for pardon; and again, I learned that he had beheld all my former intercourse with this man.

I was now called into the adjoining office, where my clerks were employed, and found that one of them had made a foolish blunder, which

would mean a considerable complication, and perhaps loss. I am naturally irritable, and at once lost my temper, and spoke to the delinquent in unmeasured terms. Turning my head, I saw that Jesus had followed me out of my private office, and was standing close beside me.

Again I was humbled, and had to cry for mercy.

Through all that strange day, similar incidents occurred; and the presence of the Master, which I thought would have been a joy, was a rebuke to me. It showed me, as I had never dreamed before, that I had framed my life on the supposition that He had but little to do with it.

But, on the other hand, there were times during the day when my soul was filled with rapture; times when He smiled on me in loving approval, or when He spoke words of pardon and absolution, or when He opened out

before my wondering gaze some fresh beauty of His character and person.

Such a time was the moment when, on my return to my home, the children

came crowding around Him, and wanted to show Him their toys and pigeons, and a brood of newly-hatched chickens, and I rebuked them, and

said to them "Run away, children! Trouble not the Master with such trifles."

And he seated himself and took my curly-headed little boy on His knee, and called my two little girls to His side, and said to me: "Suffer these little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I awoke, and lo! It was a dream.--The Ballarat Christian Union.

At The Master's Feet

Author(s): Singh, Sadhu Sundar (1889-)

INTRODUCTION

First Vision

Once on a dark night I went alone into the forest to pray, and seating myself upon a

rock I laid before God my deep necessities, and besought His help. After a short time, seeing

a poor man coming towards me I thought he had come to ask me for some relief because

he was hungry and cold. I said to him, "I am a poor man, and except this blanket I have

nothing at all. You had better go to the village near by and ask for help there." And lo! even

whilst I was saying this he flashed forth like lightning, and, showering drops of blessing,

immediately disappeared. Alas! Alas! it was now clear to me that this was my beloved Master

who came not to beg from a poor creature like me, but to bless and to enrich me (2 Cor.

viii. 9), and so I was left weeping and lamenting my folly and lack of insight.

Second Vision

On another day, my work being finished, I again went into the forest to pray, and seated

upon that same rock began to consider for what blessings I should make petition. Whilst

thus engaged it seemed to me that another came and stood near me, who, judged by his

bearing and dress and manner of speech, appeared to be a revered and devoted servant of

God; but his eyes glittered with craft and cunning, and as he spoke he seemed to breathe an

odour of hell.

He thus addressed me, "Holy and Honoured Sir, pardon me for interrupting your

prayers and breaking in on your privacy; but it is one's duty to seek to promote the advantage

of others, and therefore I have come to lay an important matter before you. Your pure and

unselfish life has made a deep impression not only on me, but upon a great number of devout

persons. But although in the Name of God you have sacrificed yourself body and soul for

others, you have never been truly appreciated. My meaning is that being a Christian only a

few thousand Christians have come under your influence, and some even of these distrust

you. How much better would it be if you became a Hindu or a Mussulman, and thus become

a great leader indeed? They are in search of such a spiritual head. If you accept this suggestion

of mine, then three hundred and ten millions of Hindus and Mussulmans will become your

followers, and render you reverent homage."

As soon as I heard this there rushed from my lips these words, "Thou Satan! get thee

hence. I knew at once that thou wert a wolf in sheep's clothing! Thy one wish is that I should

give up the cross and the narrow path that leads to life, and choose the broad road of death.

My Master Himself is my lot and my portion, who Himself gave His life for me, and it behooves

me to offer as a sacrifice my life and all I have to Him who is all in all to me. Get you

gone therefore, for with you I have nothing to do."

Hearing this he went off grumbling and growling in his rage. And I, in tears, thus poured

out my soul to God in prayer, "My Lord God, my all in all, life of my life, and spirit of my

4

Introduction

spirit, look in mercy upon me and so fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that my heart shall have

no room for love of aught but Thee. I seek from Thee no other gift but Thyself, who art the

Giver of life and all its blessings. From Thee I ask not for the world or its treasures, nor yet

for heaven even make request, but Thee alone do I desire and long for, and where Thou art

there is Heaven. The hunger and the thirst of this heart of mine can be satisfied only with

Thee who hast given it birth. O Creator mine! Thou hast created my heart for Thyself alone,

and not for another, therefore this my heart can find no rest or ease save in Thee, in Thee

who hast both created it and set in it this very longing for rest. Take away then from my

heart all that is opposed to Thee, and enter and abide and rule for ever. Amen.”

When I rose up from this prayer I beheld a glowing Being, arrayed in light and beauty,

standing before me. Though He spoke not a word, and because my eyes were suffused with

tears I saw Him not too clearly, there poured from Him lightning-like rays of life-giving

love with such power that they entered in and bathed my very soul. At once I knew that my

dear Saviour stood before me. I rose at once from the rock where I was seated and fell at

His feet. He held in His hand the key of my heart. Opening the inner chamber of my heart

with His key of love, He filled it with His presence, and wherever I looked, inside or out, I

saw but Him.

Then did I know that man’s heart is the very throne and citadel of God, and that when

He enters there to abide, heaven begins. In these few seconds He so filled my heart, and

spoke such wonderful words, that even if I wrote many books I could not tell them all. For

these heavenly things can be explained only in heavenly language, and earthly tongues are

not sufficient for them. Yet I will endeavour to set down a few of these heavenly things that

by way of vision came to me from the Master. Upon the rock on which before I sat He seated

Himself, and with myself at His feet there began between Master and disciple the conversation

that now follows.

5

Introduction

I. THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD'S PRESENCE

6

I. The Manifestation of God's Presence

SECTION I

The Disciple,—O Master, Fountain of life! Why dost Thou hide Thyself from those that

adore Thee, and dost not rejoice the eyes of them that long to gaze upon Thee?

The Master,—1. My true child, true happiness depends not upon the sight of the eyes,

but comes through spiritual vision, and depends upon the heart. In Palestine thousands

looked upon Me, but all of them did not thus obtain true happiness. By mortal eyes only

those things can be perceived that are mortal, for eyes of flesh cannot behold an immortal

God and spiritual beings. For instance, you yourself cannot see your own spirit, therefore

how can you behold its Creator? But when the spiritual eyes are opened, then you can surely

see Him who is Spirit, ([John iv. 24](#)), and that which you now see of Me you see not with

eyes of flesh, but with the eyes of the spirit.

If, as you say, thousands of people saw Me in Palestine then were all their spiritual eyes

opened, or did I Myself become mortal? The answer is, No! I took on a mortal body so that

in it I might give a ransom for the sins of the world; and when the work of salvation was

completed for sinners ([John xix. 30](#)), then that which was immortal transfigured what was

mortal into glory. Therefore after the resurrection only those were able to see Me who had

received spiritual sight ([Acts x. 40,41](#)).

2. Many there are in this world who know about Me, but do not know Me; that is they

have no personal relationship with Me, therefore they have no true apprehension of or faith

in Me, and do not accept Me as their Saviour and Lord.

Just as if one talks with a man born blind about different colors such as red, blue, yellow,

he remains absolutely unaware of their charm and beauty, he cannot attach any value to

them, because he only knows about them, and is aware of their various names. But with regard

to colors he can have no true conception until his eyes are opened. In the same manner

until a man's spiritual eyes are opened, howsoever learned he may be, he cannot know Me,

he cannot behold My glory, and he cannot understand that I am God Incarnate.

3. There are many believers who are aware of My presence in their hearts bringing to

them spiritual life and peace, but cannot plainly see Me. Just as the eye can see many things,

yet when someone drops medicine into the eye does not see it, but the presence of the

medicine is felt cleansing the inner eye and promoting the power of sight.

4. The true peace which is born of My presence in the hearts of true believers they are

unable to see, but, feeling its power, they become happy in it. Nor can they see that happiness

of mind or heart through which they enjoy the peace of My presence. It is the same with

the tongue and sweetmeats. The faculty of taste which resides in the tongue and the sweetness

it perceives are both invisible. Thus also I give My children life and joy by means of the

hidden manna, which the world with all its wisdom knows not nor can know ([Rev. ii. 7](#)).

5. Sometimes during sickness the faculty of taste in the tongue is interfered with, and

during that time, however tasty the food given to the sick person may be, it has an ill taste

7

Section I

to him. In just the same way sin interferes with the taste for spiritual things. Under such

circumstances My Word and service and My presence lose their attraction to the sinner,

and instead of profiting by them he begins to argue about and to criticize them.

6. Many believers again—like the man born blind, on receiving his sight—are able to

see Jesus as a prophet and the Son of Man, but do not regard Him as the Christ and the Son

of God ([John ix. 17, 35-37](#)), until I am revealed to them a second time in power.

7. A mother once hid herself in a garden amongst some densely growing shrubs, and

her little son went in search of her here and there, crying as he went. Through the whole

garden he went, but could not find her. A servant said to him, "Sonny, don't cry! Look at

the mangoes on this tree and all the pretty, pretty flowers in the garden.

Come, I am going

to get some for you.” But the child cried out, “No! No! I want my mother.

The food she

gives me is nicer than all the mangoes, and her love is sweeter far than all these flowers, and

indeed you know that all this garden is mine, for all that my mother has is mine. No! I want

my mother!” When the mother, hidden in the bushes, heard this, she rushed out and,

snatching her child to her breast, smothered him with kisses, and that garden became a

paradise to the child. In this way My children cannot find in this great garden of a world,

so full of charming and beautiful things, any true joy until they find Me. I am their Emmanuel,

who is ever with them, and I make Myself known to them ([John xiv. 21](#)).

8. Just as the sponge lies in the water, and the water fills the sponge, but the water is not

the sponge and the sponge is not the water, but they ever remain different things, so children

abide in Me and I in them. This is not pantheism, but it is the kingdom of God, which is set

up in the hearts of those who abide in this world; and just as the water in the sponge, I am

in every place and in everything, but they are not I ([Luke xvii. 21](#)).

9. Take a piece of charcoal, and however much you may wash it its blackness will not

disappear, but let the fire enter into it and its dark colour vanishes. So also when the sinner

receives the Holy Spirit (who is from the Father and Myself, for the Father and I are one),

which is the baptism of fire, all the blackness of sin is driven away, and he is made a light

to the world ([Matt. iii. 11, 14](#)). As the fire in the charcoal, so I abide in My children and they

in Me, and through them I make Myself manifest to the world.

A lady had a little child that was dying. She thought it was resting sweetly in the arms of Jesus. She went into the room and the child asked her: "What are those clouds and mountains that I see so dark?" "Why, Eddy," said his mother, "there are no clouds or mountains, you must be mistaken." "Why, yes, I see great mountains and dark clouds, and I want you to take me in your arms and carry me over the mountains." "Ah," said the mother, "you must pray to Jesus, He will carry you safely," and, my friends, the sainted mother, the praying wife, may come to your bedside and wipe the damp sweat from your brow, but they cannot carry you over the Jordan when the hour comes. This mother said to her little boy, "I am afraid that it is unbelief that is coming upon you, my child, and you must pray that the Lord will be with you in your dying moments." And the two prayed, but the boy turned to her and said: "Don't you hear the angels, mother, over the mountains, and calling for me, and I cannot go?" "My dear boy, pray to Jesus, and He will come; He only can take you." And the boy closed his eyes and prayed, and when he opened them a heavenly smile overspread his face as he said, "Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains."

Dear sinner, Jesus is ready and willing to carry you over the mountains of sin, and over your mountains of unbelief. Give yourself to Him. –Dwight L. Moody (1899)

(A father told about the happening after his young daughter passed away, and he returned home from the funeral:) "All at once I thought I heard, her little voice calling me, but the truth came to my heart that she was gone. Then I thought I heard her feet upon the stairs; but I knew she was lying in the grave. The thought of her loss almost made me mad. I threw myself on my bed and wept bitterly. I fell asleep, and while I slept I had a dream, but it almost seemed to me like a vision.

"I thought I was going over a barren field, and I came to a river so dark and chill-looking that, I was going to turn away, when all at once I saw on the opposite bank the most beautiful sight I ever looked at. I thought death and sorrow could never enter into that lovely region. Then I began to see beings all so happy looking, and among them I saw my little child. She waved her little angel hand to me and cried, 'Father, Father, come this way.' I thought, her voice sounded much sweeter than it did on earth. In my dream I thought I went to the water and tried to cross it, but found it deep and the current so rapid that I thought if I entered it would carry me away from her forever. I tried to find a boatman to take me over, but couldn't, and I walked up and down the river trying to find a crossing, and still she cried: 'Come this way.' All at once I heard a voice come rolling down, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from my sleep,' and I knew it was my Saviour calling me, and pointing the way for me to reach my darling child.

"I am now superintendent of a Sunday-school; I have made many converts; my wife has been converted, and we will, through Jesus as the way, see one day our child." (As told to –Dwight L. Moody, printed 1899)

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From CTLP 39, power and protection 27

The Staircase

“Just a moment, just long enough to take their eye off little Christina...”

Dramatized from an account sent in by Dan, Joy, Julie, Lirio and Ester,
Mexico

Something about that staircase always made me shudder. We'd moved into this house ten months earlier, and had quickly found that while it had many wonderful attributes, there were plenty of things that needed to be completely redone with childproofing in mind.

Especially the staircase. Tall and foreboding, it linked the first and second floors with a flight of twenty stone stairs.

“We'll have to be extra prayerful with the babies,” I remember someone saying. And we were. We scoured that house from top to bottom, childproofing every risky area. We put a special safety gate at the top of that staircase. And we prayed for the Lord to do the rest.

All went well for those first ten months, but one day something went terribly wrong. I still don't know what happened. Were we too busy? Did we not pray desperately enough that morning? Did someone hurriedly go through that gate, absent-mindedly leaving it half-ajar behind them? Was someone distracted just for a moment, just long enough to take their eye off little Christina in the walker...

It was only a split second, but the clattering of that walker tumbling over and over down those twenty stairs froze my very heart. Dan and I went running down the stairs. Renee burst out of the room downstairs and picked Christina up, holding her sobbing frame and praying fervently for miraculous intervention.

We all prayed, desperately, as we had not prayed in a long time. Then we quickly began discussing what steps to take next, whether we should bring Christina to a hospital.

All of a sudden we all stopped and looked at each other. Christina had stopped crying.

We all moved over to look at the little girl. She was lying peacefully on the bed, with a smile so angelic it brought tears to our eyes.

“I don't understand it,” Renee whispered. “She seems totally fine.”

Aside from a bruise on her forehead, little Christina was entirely unharmed. What a miracle!

Since that day we are all much more conscious of the seriousness of closing and locking of the upstairs gate, and of never letting the little ones out of our sight. We also only use the walkers downstairs.

But every time I walk by that staircase, I have to stop and praise the Lord, incredulous yet thankful beyond belief at how the Lord could have kept our sweet Christina in such a serious fall.

I think Christina knew the answer. Right after the accident she pointed to the picture on her wall and said, for the first time: “Jesus!”

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From CLTP 14 power and protection 10

The Cold, Cold World of Mary Brittain

--By Mary Brittain

The most terrible time of my life was when I had to move the whole family into the bathroom.

It all started when my husband decided he wanted a divorce. That left me in a small apartment with three small children.

I got a job working in a doughnut shop but the salary was low and there were no fringe benefits. The kiddies missed their daddy and would

cry and ask about him. He was supposed to pay me weekly child support. But he skipped and missed his payments, and mostly missed.

Whenever I ran short of money, which was most of the time, I would phone Alice, my oldest sister, and ask for a loan. She had a wonderful husband, Paul, who would fix things for us. They also had three children.

The real battle started when winter came. The apartment was heated by stoves. But I couldn't find any way to connect my big heater in the living room. A tiny gas heater was installed in the bathroom. I kept it burning and kept the kitchen oven on to keep us from freezing when the thermometer was reaching zero.

Then the doughnut shop went out of business. I also got a huge electric bill, and since I couldn't pay it they shut off our service. I had to use candles for light. Then Alice's husband Paul died of a heart attack.

We attended the funeral and then came home to more problems. I certainly couldn't ask Alice for help. She had plenty of her own problems now. The few other relatives I had all held on to their nickels tightly.

Our money was gone and we had no food. I managed to arrange credit with a local grocer and bought only enough food to sustain us from day to day. I couldn't cook it with the electricity turned off, so we lived on cold soup and sandwiches. When the children and I arose each morning, we all made a beeline for the bathroom. The temperature continued to linger close to zero most of the time and the bathroom with its gas wall heater was the only warm place.

That was when, in a manner of speaking, we moved into the bathroom. After the two girls left for school, four-year-old David, my youngest, and I would stay in the bathroom all day to keep from freezing. I would rush into the bedroom long enough to make our beds. That was the limit of my housework.

When the girls came home from school they too headed for the bathroom and there we all remained every night. At first the children

would play, but after a while they grew tired of being cooped up like chickens and they'd pick at each other and cry. It would get on my nerves so bad I could have pulled my hair out.

After they tired of annoying each other, they would lie down on the floor and go to sleep. Then I would pick them up one at a time and carry them to the cold bedroom and cover them with every blanket we had. After I put the children to bed, I would go back to the bathroom and cry and pray and wonder what to do.

During this time, a young couple named Georgia and Bill Graves brought us food and some money. They invited me to go to church with them, but I didn't feel up to going. Georgia spoke of how close she knew the Lord could be to us, but I hadn't experienced that.

Each day and night seemed worse than the last. No one could locate my former husband. Our grocer, landlord and other bill collectors were pressuring me for their money.

One night after two months of living like this I felt I just couldn't stand it any longer.

I went back to the bathroom, sat on the floor by the heater, and cried and drank tap water coffee. It came to me what Georgia had said about how the Lord could be so close. I got down on my knees and prayed to the Lord to forgive me for my sins. Then I asked Him to show me He was with us. I felt that if He was with us, then I could endure our problems, knowing He would help us out of our prison. I waited until my bottom felt paralyzed from sitting on the floor. I finally thought He would not do it because I had been so wicked. I gave up and went to bed.

The next morning I heard someone knocking at our front door. A little girlfriend of Sharon's asked if she wanted to go to Sunday school with her. Sharon said yes, then got up and ran to the bathroom to dress. As I stepped into the bathroom with her, Sharon happened to raise her eyes to the ceiling. She gasped and said, "Look, Mommy, there is a picture of Jesus on the ceiling!" I looked up and nearly fell over. She was right.

At first it frightened me. Then my mind went back to the night before and my praying for Him to show He was with us.

I sat down on the floor and kept staring at the portrait. The best description I can give is that it was from the top of His head to His waist. His beard and hair were long and black, His face was pale with dark features. He held a long rod in His right hand.

I sat there a long time trying to figure out how He had painted it there. Then it dawned on me. The little gas heater gave off a lot of carbon because I kept it turned up so high. Our ceiling had turned a dirty grey colour from the heater. During the night the Lord must have guided the soot from it to just one area to paint His portrait.

When Sharon came home from Sunday school, I explained to her and the other two children why the portrait was there. I called my sister and Georgia Graves and told them about it. After a few days the picture slowly started to fade as the dirt from the heater slowly spread over it.

But it had served its purpose. I was a changed woman. I dug out my Bible and dusted it off and read the New Testament to the kids in the bathroom every night. The children ceased to fuss and we were all happy and at peace for the first time in months.

One day the rain was pouring down and it was not fit for man or beast to be out, but still I heard knocking at my door. There stood my attorney [5]. He said he had a present for me and handed me a cheque for \$300. My former husband's attorney had mailed it to him. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for bringing it to me all that way in the rain.

I grabbed my coat and broken-down umbrella and ran out into the rain. I cashed the cheque and paid the electric bill. Then I stopped at the grocery store and paid our food bill and bought food and goodies for the children. When I got home the electricity was back on. I cooked us supper, the first good hot meal we had eaten in months.

After supper I felt so good I turned on the electric light in the living room and started to clean the room. As I was moving the sofa to another

part of the room, I saw a little white pipe running along the top of the baseboard. It was a gas pipe! I ran next door and my neighbour came and hooked up our large heater to the connection.

So all in one day we had been given money, food, electricity and heat. We were so happy! A couple of weeks later I got an office job with good pay and fringe benefits. Thanks to the generosity of the Lord, life was finally coming up roses for us. I guess the Lord had to put me in the dark to make me see the Light.

<http://www.jesusevidence.org/encounters.html>

Sasha Steel

heavenly experiences

Some people say there's no God, no Heaven, no Hell, and no Jesus. They also say that they have never seen Him so why should they believe that there is a God, Jesus, Holy Spirit? Others believe and have seen or felt Him. Well, I am one of those that have not just once or twice but four times seen Jesus in visitations and when I died and came back, hearing the audible voice of God, and feeling the tangible presence of Holy Spirit.

It all started when I was a young girl. I was growing up with my Aunt and Uncle teaching me about Jesus. They just loved Him, never believing in anything else other than Him. I never thought that I would have seen Him or go to Heaven. Tragically, when I was five years old I suffered physical harm. However, during that bad experience, I was taken in the spirit to Heaven.

I found myself walking in this beautiful place where I felt safe, secure, and a great love and peace over me. As I began to look around I saw a river, clear and transparent almost crystal. The green grass was as deep as an emerald stone, the sky was so beautiful as the light was so bright. Then I looked to see who was holding my hand. It was Jesus. His eyes were like

fire and ever so kind, so full of the purest of love that you could ever imagine. His hand was so big compared to mine. It had light coming out of the scar where the nail had gone through his hand. He took me to this wonderful place where I saw lots of children. As the other children gathered around Jesus and myself, He talked to us.

I was aware at some level of what was happening to my body, but because I had been transported in the spirit to Heaven to be with Jesus I felt no fear, I was in a state of pure peace. Jesus proceeded to tell me that the other children there had gone or were going through the very same thing I was and that I was not alone but I was safe in His arms. He told me all about His Daddy's love for me (God The Father), and how much He loved me personally. We talked about His sacrificial death on the cross. He told me how he had to do it because He loved us so much. Jesus also told me about how He loves everyone not just those that do good but even those who do horrible things and how they too can receive His love and forgiveness if they open their heart to Him. He told me that he hates how people don't value children or others lives. He was very upset about how people were hurting others.

As I just sat there on His lap holding Him close, listening to His wisdom about matters pertaining to God and how He loves us so much, I would listen to His heart beating inside His chest, just as I found myself with my Father resting in His arms. There is nothing like it for a child to be able to have that intimate time of embrace listening to the heartbeat of their father in His arms, or listening to Daddy's voice talk as it lingers to a resounding rhythm. Then I found myself in total peace as Jesus told me it was time for me to return to my body and it was safe to go back.

The next time I had an encounter with God in Heaven was when in emergency surgery to give birth to my first child, as there were health complications. Well I remember drifting off to sleep as I was counting backwards with all the medical staff there getting ready for me to do so. I nodded off so they proceeded.

As they did I soon found myself sitting up and looking at them working away on my body. "Hey hello can you stop please stop I am awake!" I

entreated them. I didn't believe that my breathing had stopped and I was at the point of clinical death. I looked up and started to walk to the door where it was literally exploding with light. I walked through the long hallway. After I opened up the door I entered into the light. As I kept walking I felt this great love and peace over me though as I knew where I was, but this time round I was asking "why am I here?" Jesus just wanted to talk to me as I was about to give birth to a baby boy. Jesus just told me how much he loved me and I had to go back to care for this baby boy and how special that he is to me and to Jesus. He told me he has great plans for him.

As soon as I woke up I experienced panic. I just had to see my baby to know he was OK. I remember seeing a beautiful baby boy with lots of hair on his head but he was breathing very hard and was in discomfort. Ultimately they would take him to another hospital. He would be there for a few weeks until his left lung was better. I kept praying and asking for God to heal him, but I had a great peace and just believed in Jesus to heal my son. Thanks to God, He has now grown up into a strong young man.

Similarly, just before my youngest daughter was born I was put to sleep once again for surgery with similar pregnancy complications. I then found myself hovering above my body and the surgical staff again. Outside the operating room I saw my husband sitting out in a chair looking worried and waiting to hear what was happening with some friends on the other side of him. (My husband confirmed where he was sitting to me later, and it was exactly as I had seen him and the friends that had shown up spontaneously).

Then I walked passed him into the light and found myself with Jesus telling me how He had a plan for me and for this baby and how I had to return back to my body. Even though I asked Jesus to remain with Him in Heaven never to return to Earth, He told me I was not to stay, not yet, as it wasn't my time. He showed me the baby girl and my other two children, and how my husband would need me also, and I wasn't to ask why but to hurry back to my body to do His will. He said he would come to me again with more detail of his will, and when he would, I would be ready for what was to come next.

Another encounter I had with Jesus subsequently was in my bedroom. I was asleep with my husband, when I saw Heaven open up to me with people worshipping Jesus in the night sky with their hands outstretched to Jesus, and singing with their hearts just pouring out all that they had for Him. Then the deep night sky that was covered in a cloud cover began to part and soon there were these beautiful clear stars that twinkled ever brighter. The sky literally opened up to be a bright light. As I began to feel the Holy Spirit's peace, I heard the voice of my Father God as I saw Jesus with His hands coming through the sky, stars, clouds, and my bedroom ceiling coming closer to me. It was another sovereign visitation. I heard Him once again telling me how much He loved me and how He was wanting me to do more of His work, and that He would be using me and my singing voice to proclaim His love for all, and how His love was so available for anyone.

I saw Jesus very clearly when I was awake. I asked Father God if I could tell my husband that He was here. He told me "no" He was here just for me, and that He would return later to talk to my husband. He told me how He had to go now but that He was pleased. Then as He was leaving I was holding the garment of His clothes, trying to hold on to them tighter, but they slipped through my hands and He was gone from view.

Jesus gave everything for you and me by dying on the cross for our sin and rising from death. People shouldn't think they can just live however they like and still go to Heaven without accepting Jesus as Saviour and Lord. The glories of Heaven cannot easily be put into words. I have shared some of my story here to encourage you to draw close to God whether you know Him yet or not. Encounters with The Lord and Heaven are available for you too.

Jesus comes to see me!

Claire (of Matthew) China

I was still pondering what had happened during the day, when later that evening I was surprised to have another short spirit trip! This

time I looked over and Who was standing by my bed but Jesus, smiling down at me! Mama, He looked so beautiful! He had the most smiling eyes. He reached down and took me by the hand and said He wanted us to spend some time together.

We stepped out of the hospital room and suddenly we were in Heaven together! We didn't have to travel; we were just There. There were beautiful plants all around, stars overhead, and soft, glowing lights. We were on a sort of outdoor pavilion surrounded by tall marble pillars, with a wide railing all around it. There was beautiful, slow, romantic music playing, and He held me in His arms.

For the longest time we rocked back and forth, like we were slow dancing. I didn't even want to talk; I just wanted to rest on His shoulder. It just felt so good to be with Him. I remember His hair was so soft and I kept running my fingers through it. I was so thrilled that I could be there with Jesus like that!

I think we talked a little. I don't remember much of what we said, as I was pretty astounded. It was so good to be with Him, and I felt so relaxed and calm. I remember the feeling of being loved overwhelmingly and I somehow wanted to express my love for Him. I remember we kissed a lot, and He had the most tender, soft kisses.

Again I was lying in bed, listening to a tape, when Jesus suddenly showed up again. I was more prepared for seeing Him this time, and had gotten over the shock of it all. I was just so happy to see Him, as I was so bored with being in bed. So He said, "Come on!" He told me He knew I loved dancing, so we were going to go out and spend the evening together! I was just so thrilled -- I grabbed Him and off we went! It felt so good to be out of bed! I was jumping around and having so much fun!

At first we were in the same place as before, the pavilion, only this time there was a band there, playing the most gorgeous live music. Singers were all around, singing all sorts of songs, and harmonizing. We weren't just rocking back and forth this time, but we were really dancing. I was so shocked that the Lord was such a good dancer, ha! I guess I'd never really thought about it before, but He was just great!

At one point I remember realizing, "Wait a minute! Here I am dancing with Jesus, and He's taking all this time with me, but He's supposed to be running the whole universe! He must have a lot more important things to do!"

At that thought He chuckled, drew me closer and whispered in my ear, "Remember, I can be in more than one place at a time!" Then he looked at me and smiled and added, "It's one of the advantages of being the Son of God!" Ha! He was so funny. I laughed and laughed at some of the things He said.

Then another song began to play and it was a different type of song. I don't know what it was, but it was very majestic! We all stepped back and He began to rise into the air. The song filled the air, louder and louder, and Jesus began to glow and became larger and larger, filling the sky. He was shining and was every inch the Son of God and Lord of lords and King of kings.

We were all singing and looking up at Him and marveling that while He is a Man and understands us and walks with us and dances with us and laughs with us, He also is the King of everything, sitting on the right hand of God! It was overwhelming!

Tears were rolling down my cheeks and I was so thrilled at the sight of Him when -- boom! -- I was back in my hospital bed!

mary neal

Then I felt my body break away from the boat, and as my body was coming out of the boat, I could feel my spirit peeling away from my body. I rose up and out of the river.

I was immediately greeted by a group of beings, spirits, people. I'm never really sure what to call them, because those words mean different things to different people. They were so overjoyed to see me and welcome me

and love me, and I knew that they had known me and loved me as long as I existed. I knew—and when I use that word know, it's a very different sense of knowing—I knew at an absolute, core level that they had been sent by God and were from God and were there to welcome me and guide me and protect me. They were wearing something like robes. They were absolutely brilliant, radiating. And they were exuding this incredible love. They were taking me down this incredibly beautiful path to this dome-like structure, which was exploding with color and this absolute pure love of God. I knew that was basically the point of no return. It was the entrance to heaven—whatever, however you want to describe it, that was where I was going. I was also absolutely overcome by the sense of being home, of being where I truly belonged.

Eventually we did get to the big arched entryway, and inside I could see many, many other spirits, angels, people—I don't know what they were. They were all running around. They were all very busy, and I'm not sure what they were doing, but I knew that they were busy doing God's work. When I arrived they looked up and had this same sense of absolute joy at my arrival.

Another profound part of the experience—and again, I can't explain it using three-dimensional language: During that time, it became absolutely clear to me that these people were joyful not only at my arrival but at the arrival of every person who shows up. More importantly, I understood how God can actually know each one of us, love each one of us as though we were the only one, and can have an incredible plan for each one of us. That's something that before this experience was difficult for me to grasp. But during this time, it became absolutely clear to me how that can be, and how all of God's promises are true.

So, I was ready to dive across that threshold. But as I was pushing to do so, the spirits who had taken me there said that it wasn't my time, that I had to go back to my body and back to earth, that I had more work to do. And I said, "No, I'm not leaving!" I think this was the only reasonable thing to do! You got it wrong, I thought. You can't make me do that. But they did give me some information about some of the work I still had to do, and they took me back to my body. And I was reunited with my body.

Later on, when I was still in ICU I had another experience when I felt that I was back in God's world. I was in this incredibly beautiful field. Again, it was a beauty of an intensity that doesn't exist here on earth. It was as though you could look at a color and not only see it, but you could feel it and taste it and hear it and experience it. It's almost as though you could see the life within the color, or the essence of the color. It's not something I have the words to describe. But again, it was this hyper-real, sun drenched field.

I was sitting on the ground, and I believe Christ was sitting on a rock conversing with me. The way it works with this different sense of time and space, He's there for each of us. The reality of that can make me cry just thinking about it now. He really is there for each of us. We talked about a number of things, and during that time I was also given a little more information about the expectations for my life, and then a mandate to share my experiences, helping people face challenges with hope, seeing them as opportunities for spiritual growth—inspiring people to seek God and develop or deepen their relationship with him.

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30 years ago in collage, at Florida state, I had some events happen to me that were unbelievable, but they happened. I had contact from God, a sign, an event which was almost Biblical in nature. It began a two year period in my life where I was having events and encounters of a divine nature. During this period of time I had a physical encounter with Jesus. I was driving from Talahasí to Miami, and Miami back to Talahasí. I guess it's an eight or nine hour drive, and I had an experience on the way down, of a period of maybe 30 minutes, where for the one time in my life I reach what I would describe as enlightenment. I was driving, and was visiting my family, and then I was on my way back. I was driving on the road, the long long eigh hour road. My girl friend was sleeping in the chair next to me. And I was driving, it was a blue sky, everything was straight, and it was going on and on and on. I was feeling good, and loving, and enjoying this experience that I was going through. I was thinking about God, and the

universe, and I started to talk to God.. and then I began to talk to Jesus. I'm Jewish, so I said, "Jesus, I'm Jewish and I'm not supposed to believe in you, but I just want you to know that I love you.." and at that, and at 65 miles an hour, an arm [the right arm] came out of the sky, from the shoulder, and reached right through the windshield and tapped me on the head. It was wearing a brown robe from mid upper arm, all the way up to the shoulder.

I was going 65 miles an hour, and when this arm came out of the sky at me, I swerved, I tried to avoid it, I thought I was hitting something. I ran off the road, and my girl friend woke up and started screaming "What happened? Did we just wreck the car?" And I was speechless.

It had a consistency like a film transparency. It didn't have physical body to it, and it went right through the windshield like it wasn't there, and physically I felt it touch me on the head. That's the whole experience, it lasted a few seconds, yet it's something that you keep with you for entire life. I feel like I made a friend. We had a moment of contact. I think it's important because it shows He is alive, He is there, He is listening to people, attentive. That beings from that spiritual realm are alive, and watching, and intertwined with our world, actively involved. And I think this is important for everyone, because if He is there, He isn't just there for me--He's there for everybody. So I think it communicates that that spiritual dimension is a real dimension that exists. There are alive beings there, and they are interacting with us.

And it seemed to me that love is the thing that crossed that boundary. That's how I got through,, and Jesus responded, to put it mildly.

A man describes his experience, when he passed away briefly, and then came back.

Freddy: "I didn't feel afraid. There was no sensation of dying or anything, even though I was dead, I was more alive then I ever had been. My mind

and my body stayed on that rodeo dirt [where he had been thrown to, off his horse], but my spirit went to Heaven, and my spirit communicated with Jesus. Once with Him, once in His presence, this earth and the human thoughts of everything here are gone. I felt like I wasn't separate from Him. I felt like I was part of Him, and He was part of me. I felt like He had wrapped His arm around me and drew me in. He was holding me, just like mother holds a baby. It was just total acceptance. It was the most loving feeling I have ever had. Jesus and me communicated without saying a word. It was must more than telepathy. I felt and knew exactly what He wanted me to know, and He knew exactly what I wanted Him to know. I felt the presence of others there, but I didn't see, I didn't converse with anyone there. My total time there was with Jesus and I. It was joy and happiness. I got to see one thing in Heaven—and it was amazing.

After I fell from my horse, the cowboys in the arena, took off their hats and got on their knees and began to pray. The cowboys and their wives and their children, all these folks were praying. At that point, God allowed me to see the prayers that were coming up for me. It started out with one single bolt of light. It was like a lightning in a thunder storm. It started below and it came all the way up to God's presence. And then there was two and three, and five, there was ten, there was a hundred, then there was a thousand. And once there were that many, they exploded into the brightest light you could ever imagine. And that is when God sent me back.

Eva Johns Marsee

Yeshua Hamashiach- JC

A friend came over to have prayer, and we stayed up late, about three hours. Through the years—I got baptised in the Holy Spirit in 1970, and since then I've had dreams about Jesus. And then there was the baptism of fire in 2001 that God blessed me with. So every time, since the baptism of fire, every time I pray with someone, or even when I'm by myself at times, the presence of God will just flood the room, and the Holy Spirit just comes in like electricity, like a wave of electricity. It just runs all over my

skin, it's on my scalp. It's just all over me. Just the presence of God, the Holiness, the pureness; just Jesus in the room, and the power of His glory. I just feel like it's the shekinah glory, and the heavens open up, and we just step into heaven.

A friend came over last year, in June 2016. And through the years since the baptisms of fire, I've been seeing Jesus more clearly in my mind, and I see Him in different ways. Sometimes He has different garments on. Most of the time he looks like the pictures we see of Him with long hair, but this one time I saw Him, as a matter of fact it was in a dream. But He had white hair, and it looked like wool, it was frizzy, but it was real white. And I thought, "This has to be what John saw in Revelation." Well, I've seen Him, and I've seen Him many times during prayer when the fire falls.

And this friend came over in June 2016, and we started praying so hard for more of the Lord. We were so desperate to get past that line. It seems we just get praying and get so far, and know we can go further. So we were praying that night for more. We had been praying for hours, and actually we had been talking for about three hours about the Lord and wanting more, when we went in the livingroom and sat back down, and all of a sudden His glory... all we did was come in and sit down. We didn't pray, but His glory just started washing in the room, and washing over us. And I saw Jesus across the room. There was this large angel standing beside Him. He was like in the other side of the room. It was late at night, and the other side of the room didn't have a light on, and we were just on one side of the room, and I saw Jesus with an angel, and His garment didn't look white, it looked different; it looked a different colour. It looked kind of dark. He had a one-piece garment and I hear Him say, "Do you want this? Do you really want this?" and both of us started saying "Yes Lord, we want all! No matter what it takes! We want all You have for us, Lord!" And all of a sudden we just started feeling God taking things out of us and just freeing us, and just removing things that He was not pleased with in our life, and it was just glorious. We were weeping. And I don't know how long this went on, but God just kept ministering to us. And it wasn't long after that, a few months after when I was praying with a lady from facebook, and it was in the day time, and I was praying with her on the phone. I

noticed Jesus and that angel again across the room, but I noticed that His garment was dark because it was blood-dipped. His garment was saturated with blood, and I found that in Revelation, where it says He sits on a white horse and it says garment has been dipped in blood. So I knew that was a sign that we are in the last of the last days. But right after the first time when her and I prayed in June, about few days to a week later, I was getting ready to go to bed, and I was sitting on the side of the bed, and I just said, “Jesus, I just want to see you. The Bible says when we see You we will be like You. And I just need to see You, Jesus. I like I see my husband, as I see anybody on Earth. I want to see You with my physical eyes.”

I have prayed that many times, but this was after that visitation. So I just got in the bed and forgot about it, cause I never know if it’s going to be a week or a day or an hour, or a month or a year that these prayers are answered. But I know God heard me. And I laid down, and the next morning I woke up. I was laying on my side, and I went to turn over and I was wide awake. And there was Jesus. He was in a standing position floating over the bed. He had on a white garment, and a crown or garland of flowers in His hair, and his hair was long and there was flowers here and there, just like someone threw flowers on Him, all coloured flowers, like someone had just thrown flowers on Him. And He just looked at me like, “Here I am!” And He smiled, and I just smiled and looked at Him. And when God’s presence is so strong... you know later you think “Why didn’t I touch Him? Why didn’t I talk to Him?” but the Holy Spirit was in control, and I just turned over—He disappeared first—and I just turned over and went to sleep and woke up later. It was like I see Him any way. It was like I already feel His presence, and it wasn’t a big change to see Him. I was so surprised that I wasn’t shocked or scared. He was altogether beautiful. He is the description of beautiful. He is wonderful. He is marvellous, and I know that it’s going to start faith and a fire in you, that you can pray and Jesus will show you His glory.

“So I pray now, in Jesus name, for all those who [heard this account]. You know their heart, and their need. I pray they will have a visitation from the Lord Jesus Christ.”

About our picture of Jesus: (In 2018 by our boys) the “Prince of Peace” tapestry by Akiane

“When I’m doing something bad, His eyebrows are going down, but when I’m doing something good His always smiling at me.”

“Nothing moves on the picture of Jesus, except His face and His expression. Like His mouth and eyes. He might look like He is happy and smiling at us. And He looks really realistic.”

“It’s like a door that Jesus comes in; it’s the real one. Other pictures of Him don’t really change expression—but they are like the reminder of Him.”

The day we finished building the “Master” it was really misty, as the cloud of the Lord.

The strong smell was gone out of that shed.

Man:

I want to tell you about my experience with the Lord Jesus Christ.

I had two experiences – two separate time frames.

The first encounter I saw Jesus in the flesh. I was fairly young at the time. I used to go to church with my parents – my mom and my dad and one of my younger brothers.

It was just a normal church service every Sunday. There was this one church service I went to. We were in the church, and we sat in the back on the right-hand side aisle.

At that time I was a bit foolish and immature. I was jumping around in the aisles at the back of the seats. I was mucking around. Something caught my eye up at the front of the church. It was the altar. That’s where they keep the Communion. A cup of wine and the bread. There were a couple of big white candles in the front and a sheet of pure white lying on top. I

thought it was wine. It was wine and bread. Something dawned on me. It hit me all of a sudden. There's something much bigger under that cloth. There was no way. It could only be wine and bread. I couldn't stop looking at it. Was it a tree? I didn't know what it was. It caught my eye. Anyway, I sort of knuckled down. I sat down and paid attention. My younger brother, Justin, was still mucking around a bit.

Anyway, the pastor was talking and he finished. For a split moment I felt like...I don't know how to describe it. Time didn't stop but something happened. Time didn't stop, but I went through something. It clicked its fingers. Something just clicked its fingers and it happened. An event. Like I walked through an invisible wall in front of me. It was the same world. Nothing had changed, but there was something different about it.

Anyway, the cloth on the table started to rise and lifted up. It was perfect the way it lifted. It didn't begin to fold. It didn't crease. It just hovered. It just levitated off the table. It didn't move. It didn't flicker. Nothing. Underneath that cloth was a man laying on a table. He was laying on his side in fetal position. He was dressed in what looked like a white robe of some sort and it was a man. I can't give you the height. He was white. But He had a bit of a tan.

His legs dropped off the side of the table, and He got up. He dropped down onto the floor with both feet. He stood; He was standing. Now the whole congregation at that time was making no sound. They were sitting, with their heads were down in a praying position. It's like I was in a time bubble. The only thing I could see, the only person that was standing, was Him. He was standing, then took a couple steps and started walking down the isle. I had full freedom and flexibility. I could talk if I wanted to. I could do whatever I wanted to do. I had full control, but I was compelled to watch. I just couldn't stop looking at this man. I couldn't imagine what I was seeing, it was so beautiful. It's unlike anything I have ever experienced for seen before in my life. I felt peace, I felt comfort, I felt happy. It was so beautiful. I felt like I have known this man my entire life. Nothing mattered. I was just a young kid, full of energy, full of life. He is one of a kind. He is unique. He is not like anything of this world. He's unlike anything you have ever experienced before or seen. He is in a different

league. I felt freedom, and peace, and happiness. When He was walking down the aisle, there were certain key people He would place His hand on the top of their head. He'd be walking along and He'd be talking. I don't remember what He said. I was captivated. I was glued. And He was getting closer, He was walking closer and closer, and my eyes kept looking at this man as He was getting closer and closer to me. He kept walking and talking and touching people on the top of their head. And He got closer and closer, and then He got to the point where He stopped, and He looked at me straight in the eyes. In that moment I felt like He saw my whole life—I saw my whole life flash before my eyes. He saw the man that I was born to be, standing right in front of Him. And He turned and He walked back towards the front of the aisle and turned around and looked, and went back up on top of the altar, and He lay down and the cloth got back down on top of Him, and then I got back into reality, and the world got back to normality. The congregation stood up and were talking, and everyone was oblivious to what had just happened. I was the only one that had seen it. I asked people, and they didn't know what I was talking about. I asked my parents and said, "Did you see what happened?" "No." They saw nothing. They were completely oblivious.

Then the pastor pulled the white sheet off to reveal the communion cup of the wine and the bread. I'll never ever forget that as long as I live. I'll take that to my grave, knowing what I saw and what I believe. It was a miracle. I saw Jesus, I saw God, that day. I know He is real. I know He exists.

Another encounter, the second time, when I was a bit older.

I was sleeping. I had a dream. A very vivid dream. I was walking through a wheat field with stocks of wheat, waving in the breeze. I felt the tips of wheat running in my fingers. The sky was marble blue with clouds, and the sun was shining. I could feel it, but there was no sound. Then a man's voice appeared to me deep and loud, and He said these exact words: "You need to become what you were born to be."

That was it, then I woke up. I believe to this day that was the voice of God. It was exactly what I needed to hear. The voice was crystal clear. It

resonated; it had a reverb to it. It was solid. That is my experience. That is what I felt. That is my experience with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Grandmother saw Jesus and talked to Him. What did He tell you?

That I did a good job.

Good job doing what?

Raising my children.

What else?

I told Him I wanted to go with Him, and He told me no.

Why?

He wouldn't let me go.

Do you know why?

He don't want me.

Yes, He does. Sure He does.

He's not ready for me. He told me.

He's not ready for you. That don't mean he don't want you.

I wanted to go with Him.

How come?

I love Him.

That's a good answer.

He's a very good man.

Yer. What else did He say to you?

He said I tried hard.

What does He look like?

He's beautiful.

Like what?

Like an angel. He's so beautiful. He's so nice. I want to go with Him. No, I'm really ready. If He'd let me go I would go now. I love that man. He takes me everywhere. He told me that I was a determined woman and that I did good on earth. I told Him, "Now I can go with You, right?" He didn't want me to go with Him.

Mama, that means you've got something you've got to do. There's something here you've got to do. You want to please Him, right?

I'm going to. Whether He's there or whether He's not, I am going to please Him. He was pleasing me.

He was what?

He was pleasing me.

Well, He said a lot of good things to you, right? Nothing bad.

No, He don't talk bad.

He don't talk bad?

He is beautiful through and through. Anybody that don't know you, He knows you. Made to be like Him. He's nice. That's how I want to be. That's how I want to be. That's why I wanted to go with Him, but He don't want me.

He'll be back, Mom. He's coming back soon for us all. You know that?

It's hard. It's hard to let Him go. He's so beautiful. He's so kind. He never says nothing bad. All good. He's just so pretty. I love Him.

Jesus didn't let you notice any other feature like his words! I indeed saw Jesus face to face but he leaves you with , not his image but his love so incredible that you never forget him! I told everyone but they received it not!

I: Today's program is a special program that proves to the world that our God is still alive in our lives, performing miracles as He's always been. Some may ask, "Is the time for miracles over?" Absolutely not!

Today God will show us one of His miracles with a 6-year old child from Syria, where Jesus comes to him, tell him stories from the Bible which he has never heard before. This kid had a certain sickness, and we will see how he tells his mum what Jesus tells him. The mother herself doesn't know about the Bible, because of other reasons, but when the child started to tell his mum about what Jesus is telling him, believers in Christ who have knowledge and experience in the Bible, where they are, open the Bible and inform her that what her son is talking about is there in the Bible and they show her a story that proves that Jesus is alive and is still doing miracles as He's always been. I will introduce to you the mother of

that miracle child, and we will get to see what God is doing through miracles in Syria.

Hello, I am Angela and I have a son, his name is Ward, and I am welcoming you in Syria, and I thank God for having you with us these days.

I: God really talks to your son through miracles, but how did it all start?

A: It first started years ago when God blessed us with a son. He was born suffering from a rare congenital disease called Hirschsprung Disease (HD). It is a congenital colonic and intestinal absence of neuronal regulation. He was born without nerves in his intestine and colon which narrowed his colon and caused indigestion. With no nerves in his intestine, causing constipation all the time. He lived suffering from this disease for six years. And every time he needed to use the toilet every 5 days we would go to the hospital to empty his bowels, then every 10 days, then he stopped digesting.

It's difficult on you when you see your son crying and screaming in pain and stress, and becoming blue in colour from the lack of air and severe pain, crying and screaming and asking me to remove his pain. "For God's sake remove this pain!" And of course there is nothing I can do. He feels the pain of his bowels obstruction. This is terrible pain for a child to bear. Horrible pain, accompanied with severe bleeding.

This lasted for a year, then the doctor said, "That's it, we have to make a surgery."

The condition had a terrible influence on his liver and kidneys because the colon became toxic. The toxication from the body itself keeping it's wastes inside it for 10-12 days. And also this disease affected him psychologically, so he became isolated and did not know how to deal with people normally. He wasn't talking well and couldn't deal with people normally.

I: And of course he couldn't go to school.

A: No school.

We decided that we'll go for the surgery. While we are in the hospital he was wired, a urinary catheter, oxygen tube and the IV infusion. He was being prepared for the surgery and for an ultra sound scanning on his bowels. There was a big revival and prayers at the church in Aleppo, so we left the hospital and went. His dad decided that he must leave the hospital and I don't know why. He told the priest, "I'll bring my son out of the hospital and go to the revival. We took him out of the hospital after signing a paper that we'll bring him back the next day, because the doctor has told us that if he remained this way he'll die.

We went and prayed and his father dedicated him to the Lord, not me. He dedicated him to the Lord, and having a great confidence that Jesus Christ will heal him and save him from this disease and through this dangerous surgery. And he prayed and said, "God relieve him from his pain and take him to your heavens or you keep him with me but with much less pain, I will accept that."

With God's grace, we went back to El-Sham after we prayed and went directly to the hospital. The next day the doctor asked for ultra sound, and he was amazed that it was done twice. Where the two times showed that there are no signs of the disease. He had asked for the previous ultra sounds that we had. He compared between them and called several other doctors and they all came and discussed the disease together, examining my son several times. In the previous ultra sounds, the colon was enlarged 24 cm after we prayed and asked the Lord for healing. His colon appears normal in the new ultra sounds, and everything else appears normal. And the doctor wrote in his report that "It is a complete healing from Hirschsprung Disease".

They put him under observation for two months. While they were examining him, the boy slept. The doctor said that he fell asleep. He woke up after two hours of sleep. He asked for water, so I gave him water. He said, "I want to eat, I'm hungry."

I: He couldn't eat before?

A: He was only allowed to have the syrup.

I told the doctor that he wants to eat. The doctor said try to give him food to eat.

I asked him what do you want to eat?

He said, "Potatoes and burger". We brought it for him and he ate it all.

After some time he said that he wants to use the toilet. Then he managed that without any pain. Once he went inside he said, "I'm okay, leave me alone." He went to the toilet and just asked me to help him clean himself.

But there is one thing; till then he doesn't know how to sit on the toilet because he never did that. It is his first time to use the toilet.

I: And then? How did he tell you that Jesus came to him and did his surgery?

A: He was talking to the doctor, and he said, "Jesus came" and pointed that He opened his abdomen and He did the surgery and then started playing with me"

Jesus played with him to make him smile.

Tickling him, and then Jesus touched his lips with water and told him to stand up, so he asked Jesus if he still has to do another enema and go to the hospital, the one that empties the bowels, and Jesus told him "No".

My son said, "Thank you" and he said "that was all".

I: And since then, he started to see Jesus, and was telling him stories from the Bible?

A: Well, after this surgery he would wake up and tell me the Lord's Prayer, which I haven't taught him, as back then we never had the time to sit and pray together or even read the Bible together. I wasn't living this kind of life.

I: So you didn't know how to pray and you didn't read the Bible?

A: I would go to the church and attend the mass maybe once every month or week. Just attend the mass and leave. That's it. I wasn't give

importance to the treasure that God has given to us. And I didn't share it with my son.

I: He started telling you stories? And you didn't know what these stories are?

A: Yes, first he started saying the Lord's prayer. All the Lord's prayer. He memorised it all by himself.

He likes telling the stories before he goes to bed. He would tell what he saw.

I: Every day he would tell you?

A: Yes

Interview with Ward

I: Do you see Jesus?

W: Yes

I: How do you see Him?

W: From above

He comes to you from above?

Yes.

What does He tell you?

W: "Ward, you are a very good boy, you have to obey your mother."

I: He also tells you stories, what did He tell you about?

W: Whatever He wants to tell.

I: Nice, and does He tell you a different story every day?

W: Yes.

I: Think about a story that He told you. He told you that I'm coming, right?

W: Yes, He said that you're coming to videotape with me.

I: What does Jesus look like? Describe him to me?

W: (Points to a statue of Jesus) His hair is this long and black. His hair is this long and reaching to His shoulders.

I: He came and performed a surgery for you?

W: Yes. He performed a surgery for me.

I: How did He do it? Do you remember?

W: In my abdomen.

I: And he told you, "I am Jesus?"

W: Yes

I: What did you tell Him?

W: Thank you.

I: Do you love Jesus?

W: Yes.

I: Why?

W: Because He helps me.

I: And He comes to you and tells you stories?

W: Yes.

I: Can you tell me one of them?

W: The story of the blind man.

I: What did He say?

W: About the blind man. They told him, "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by". He called out "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me". Jesus asked Him, "What do you want me to do for you?" "Lord, I want to see." "Receive your sight; your faith has healed you." "My sight is back, I can see".

I: So Jesus came to you and told you this story?

W: Yes

I: And you saw it too?

W: Yes.

I: You saw the blind man?

W: Yes.

I: You mean that Jesus came to you, told you the story, and showed it to you?

(Video shows the boy in his room, looking up to the ceiling, talking and smiling..)

I: Is he sleeping during this?

A: Yes, he would be asleep, then when I wake him up for breakfast he refuses to eat. He refuses eating or doing anything, he would want only to talk about Jesus. He would tell me, "I want to talk to you about Jesus". Then he tells me the story, and I really thank God for that. I'm glad that my son is able to see the Bible and tell it same as he saw it. He is 6 years old and telling the Bible in Classical Arabic.

I: Telling the Bible in Classical Arabic?

A: The same as you heard now.

I: You mean as if he is reading the Bible?

A: Yes.

I: How did you learn about the Lord's Prayer? How did you learn it? Who came and told you about it?

W: It was Jesus.

I: He came to you?

W: Yes.

I: What did He tell you?

W: Our Father who are in Heaven, Hallowed be Your name, Your Kingdom come, Your will be done. On Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us today, our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we ... and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from the evil one. Amen.

I: Tell me another story Jesus has told you.

W: Zacchaeus come down, for I must stay at your home today” “In my home!? I would be...” How would He be.. How would He be a guest in a house of a sinner?” this is what people were saying.

What did Zacchaeus say when Jesus went to his home?

W: I give half my possessions. I will give half of my possessions to the poor.

Remember when you brought the 3 crosses and put them together, what do you tell me? You told me which way we should walk?

W: Through Jesus.

Why? What did Jesus tell you about that?

W: He told me that His way is the right way.

A: Yes, but you told me that there are two ways. What will happen if I went in the way where there is no Jesus?

W: We get lost.

A: You told me that He would find me. Who would find me?

W: Jesus.

Does he sometimes come to you and tells you that God told him that you should do something?

W: He talks to me.

I: You hear Him talking?

A: Yes, so I ask him, “Whom are you talking to?” I’m usually busy with house work.

A couple of days ago he said that Jesus told him “Do not be afraid”

I: What did Jesus tell you?

W: Do not be afraid.

What else?

Why? Because who is with us?

W: He said have courage. Take courage and trust in yourselves.

A: Why?

W: Because Jesus is with us.

“Take courage! It is I. I’m with you. Do not be afraid. And tell them not to be afraid.”

A: You told me that Jesus came to you and told you that your mother is Martha.

I: Tell me this story.

A: One day he asked me, “Are you Martha or Mary?” and you know he has a lisp in some letters. I told him, “Not now, we’ll talk later.” Later on, I asked him, “why are you asking me this? Why are you asking me if I’m a Martha or Mary? How would you know?” He said, “You are Martha.” I asked him “Why?”

He said, “I told you, come I want to talk to you about Jesus” but you left me. Mary sat beside Jesus, you are Martha.

I: And you didn’t know this story?

A: No.

I: Then why did you say that to your mother?

A: Because I wasn't listening while he wanted to tell me about the story Jesus told him.

I: And how did you know that she is Martha?

W: Because Jesus told me.

I: What else did He tell you?

A: He had school, but he woke up saying that he wants to be ready for meeting you. He said, "Get me ready, because I want to meet the woman who is going to videotape with me" He was crying and wanted to be ready, waiting for your arrival. So I asked him, "Why? What do you want to tell her?" He said, "I want to tell her about Jesus. I must talk about Jesus.

I: When do you see Him, day or night?

W: Day and night.

I: How during the day?

W: He is good.

I: So He comes to you when you are at school or at home, or what?

W: At school and at night.

The teacher said, that sometimes during class she asks him to focus with her, but he sits alone, and he tells her, "Leave me alone. I'm talking with Jesus." So she leaves him. Because he goes to her after that and tells her about this talk with Jesus, then she calls me and tells me what happened. And sometimes she says that she feels so small in front of him.

I: What was Jesus wearing when you saw him?

W: White. He was wearing white.

W: Jesus told me to fight evil with prayer.

W: "The man told him, "If you are the Christ, come down from the cross and perform one of Your miracles"

A: And what did the man tell him?

A: Don't you fear God? He is with us in the same condemnation although he has done nothing amiss. And the man said, "O, Lord, remember me when You come to Your Kingdom." And what did Jesus say?

W: Assuredly, I say to you, today you will be with Me in Paradise.

I: Have you seen this story? Have you seen Jesus on the cross?

W: Yes.

I: Where did they put the nails?

(Ward demonstrates the nails went into the wrist right before the hand—even though the statue in their house shows the nails in the hands.)

I: What did they say about the garments of Jesus?

W: Here are the royal garments!

A: He tells this story a lot. And once a priest was sitting with us, I asked him, "Why do you tell this story a lot?" He said, "Because through the cross we fight the devils and have victory over sin. Especially the devils of the temple." So the priest looked at him and asked him, "Who are the devils of the temple?" He told him, they are the believers who don't follow Jesus in the right way, the ministers who do wrong things."

I: Did Jesus tell you about the ministers who do wrong things, that they are the devils of the temple?

I: Oh, my prayer to you Lord, that You help us to all live the life that God wants us to live, to have a righteous life with you and be faithful with Jesus in all aspects of our life.

I: And what else has Jesus told you that touched you? What else did Jesus tell you when He was in the temple?

W: My house is a house of salvation, and you have turned it into a den of thieves.

I: (to mother) And you didn't know the Bible?

A: No, not at all. He tells me, and I get curious, so I get back to people and ask. God has put some believers and ministers in my way to ask them about this, and they are really helping me a lot, because he says a lot of things that I don't understand.

I: And you go to them and they help you? Yes, and I really thank God they are always there for me, and they are taking care of my son spiritually. I thank God for them.

I: What did the people give to Jesus when He came out of the temple?

W: Money.

A: And what did He tell them?

W: To whom does this belong? To Caesar. Render there to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

A: What does Jesus want us to do?

W: To help Him.

I: To help Him how?

W: Through prayer.

I: And what else?

W: From our hearts. To pray from our hearts.

(Later when boy is not there)

I: Do you, as a mother, feel ready to deal with a kid that has a certain calling from God?

A: I ask God to make me ready.

I: Amen. You and his father have a huge responsibility spiritually towards him

A: I feel this responsibility and that I'm carrying something that is far bigger than me. Lots of times he talks with me about things that I can't

understand. Yesterday he told me that the Bible is Salvation! Because in the Bible we know that Jesus died but whom did he die for? He said, that Jesus died so that we can live without sin. This is the only part that I understood and wrote, so that we can live without sin. Okay, this I understand. Then he said, “sin has died, Jesus killed it, but we have to kill it ourselves.”

He was trying to tell me that I should refuse dealing with sin myself. It’s my choice to refuse sin. Through the death of Christ, sin was defeated, and we have to go to the place where Jesus is staying, but how? He said, “this happened when you love Jesus, be faithful and loyal to Him. This was at night. He said that after we attended a conference. It was the first time that he sits for four complete hours feeling very happy and peaceful. He never sat that like in any other place. Then, I haven’t taught him how to write, he wrote the word “Jesus”.

“Who taught you?” He said, “Jesus”. He wrote the name of “Jesus” on the paper; during a lecture he wrote “Jesus”, and then he clapped his hands feeling happy. And then I noticed that he’s looking for something and repeating some words. I asked him and he said that Jesus is talking to him. When he came home, he said what I just told you, that Jesus defeated sin and that we have to go to the place where Jesus is.

I told him, “But you said that Jesus is coming?”

He said that before He would come, we must reach Him with our hearts.

I: And he told you that Jesus is coming?

A: He meant that before we meet Him face to face we much meet Him through our hearts first.

I: You mean that Jesus told him that He is coming?

A: He said that Jesus told him that He’s coming soon, and He’s packing His things.

I: Oh, he’s saying that Jesus is packing His things!

A: Yes, he's saying that Jesus is packing His things so that He would come to me. Jesus is coming for him and He's packing for this reason. And I asked him, "Are you going to wait for Him?" And he said, "Yes". Because Jesus told him that you will come up to heaven every day then come back to earth.

I: I don't know what to say. Can we still see miracles? Yes, we can and they're still happening. Today you have to make a choice to believe that miracles still happen and ask God to show them to you, so that you would decide to open your heart and mind. God will not force you to believe in something; God will not force you to have faith in something you don't want to. Make your choice today.

Tell Him, "God I've heard something that is hard for me to believe, or understand with my mind, but I want to believe and I trust that you are alive. I choose to believe that we are living in the time of miracles. Reveal yourself to me. If this is true, reveal yourself to me. I want to know if Your way is the right or wrong way. I've seen something I can't understand. Come and show me."

Open your heart and mind and tell Him that you want to go deeper spiritually with Him, where you can see heaven, where you can see Him, the same as He was living on Earth doing miracles.

"O Lord, come and touch me. Change me when Your light. I want You to shine in my life. You created me for a purpose and I don't want it to go in vain and be lost in whatever I was raised upon from the society and traditions. Are You trying to reveal to me a new truth? Do You want to tell me something new? Do You want to open my eyes on a new world that I haven't seen before and probably I haven't even heard about it before, and probably I don't believe it or probably it was just some myths for me. But today I choose to believe. And I know that I choose and You will change. You are the one who can change me."

Five Year old

This is important, (points to a little cross)

Jesus died on a cross.

“Why did He?”

Because He wanted to. Because He believed in us.

“He believed in us? Does that mean He loves us?”

Yes.

“So, do you love Jesus then?”

Yes. I love Him, and He loves me.

“Ahh.”

“Does Jesus tell you all the time that He loves you?”

Only on this day. (and points to his ear)

Jesus is God.

I say everything to Him.

“What did He say to you today.”

...Because I believe in Him.

(Then the boy wants to get quiet and hear from Jesus, he asks other in the room to cover their ears so he can hear Jesus—and even though the TV is still on and distracting, he has learned to tune it out and listen to Jesus.)

“What did Jesus tell you?”

...Because I died on a cross (was the answer of whatever question the boy asked in his heart)

Because He loves me.

“So you asked Jesus why did he die on a cross, and He said, it’s because He loves you?”

Yes.

(then says, “Thank you for loving me Jesus”)

... Because He loves everybody! (He blurts out, as the next answer Jesus gives him)

(The boys wants to ask Jesus something more, and makes them again ‘cover their ears’, then says:)

Mom, He loves everybody in the world. He loves everybody that says naughty words.

“But He don’t like them saying naughty words?”

No.

“But He still loves them anyway?”

Yes.

Abby B. Conley

I was either five or six years old. I can’t remember for sure. I shared a bedroom with my little sister at the time. I had been sleeping. When I awoke, I was sitting straight up in my bed. There stood Jesus, just above my sister’s bed. Her bed was right next to mine. A peace came over my young body. Although I never met Him before, I immediately knew it was Jesus. He did not speak to me out of His mouth. He spoke His thoughts into my mind. He simply told me not to argue with my sister. My thoughts raced. I wanted to explain why I argued with my sister. Jesus knew what I was thinking before I could utter a word. My thoughts were seized, and a knowing came over me. I simply was being told, and I did not need to provide Him with an explanation. The entire interaction lasted five

seconds. The next day when I awoke, and for months after that, I could not stop thinking about His visit. As my life unfolded, my parents abandoned me, after years of emotional, mental, and physical abuse. At the age of 12, my parents paid to have me live in a girl's ranch for seven months. The program did not feel that I belonged there, and released me back to my parents. My parents told me to leave and never come back within weeks after I returned home. I became a child of the streets, in Phoenix, Arizona. Many bad things happened to me during that time of my life. I had no home, no money, food was hard to come by, and I remember not wanting to live during those of those long years. My parents... simply could not be bothered with a child they did not want. My spirit broke. When I was sixteen years old, the Phoenix court system had heard about my situation, and I became a ward of the court. I was placed in a foster home until I was eighteen. I would grow to an adult still broken. I abused drugs and alcohol, I tried very hard to take my life on two occasions.

I learned some things about Jesus Christ in the five seconds I spent with him as a child. As I grew even older, I often meditated on that visit. It turned out to be what fixed the brokenness.

Here is what I learned:

Jesus Christ knew what was going to happen to me years before it happened.

Even if we do not have parents in this world, we have a Father in Heaven.

He cares about us, even when no one else does.

He knows what we think, and what is in our heart.

He can communicate to us without speaking.

Although He came to me first, it took me coming to Him before I could start living life in the light.

Jesus had wisdom about not arguing with my sister. ... In many ways, my sister suffered a worse fate. She lived with abusive parents until she was a

young adult. The short time that she and I would share together, should not have been wasted in quarrels.

I was blessed to be ‘thrown away’, because Jesus caught me.

Jesus had long brown wavy hair. He had a white robe on, and He stood in the air with confidence and ease—much like we stand on the Earth or on solid ground.

I am 42 years old as I type these words. I have never seen anyone in our world, with that ability besides Him.

When my mother and father forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.—
Psalm 27:10

Ex-Hezbollah Iranian Muslim

I was born in the Southern the southern part of Iran in a city called Abbadon, born into a Shiite Muslim family. My Grandfather was a Muslim leader. I joined the Hezbollah. I was in that army for about three years. I was studying the Koran extensively. I travelled to Malaysia where I was caught with 30 illegal passports, where I was put in prison. So I started teaching Islam in the jail, telling everybody what they must do, what are their duties to Allah. And so I did this routine every day. I prayed, obviously five times a day. Shiites do pray three times a day, and they include the 17 rocca in the 3 times. But because I wanted to spend more time with God I did it at five separate times. And then in the end of the evening I would pray extra prayers. I would have the habit of reading through the Koran cover to cover, once every 10 days. So as I was doing that, one night I was just meditating on the verses. There are words in the Koran that are repeated continually, but they have no meaning. They are the secrets of the Koran. And so when I was meditating on this, a spirit entered the room. And it was much more powerful than I could handle, or could overcome. I was filled with fear and so I tried using all the tools Islam had given me in the name of Allah. I commanded to leave, “Satan I rebuke you”. I used all those, and nothing was helping. I was totally

desperate. And I felt like it was choking me, choking the life out of me, and I felt like I am dying in that cell. And I just cried out to the heavens, “God help me!”

Then immediately I heard a voice, just as clear as you hear my voice today, “Bring the name of Jesus”. At that moment I seriously did not give it one second of thought. I just feel like a man that was drowning. A man that is drowning, you through a rope and they would never question you about the colour of the rope. You just grab on. And so I did. I said, “Jesus, if You are true, show me Yourself.” And seriously, thinking back, I wonder, “Why did you word it that way?” But that is the way it came out.

But before I was finished with the sentence, everything was back to normal. Now that was not my conversion, that was the beginning of my confusion. Why would Jesus help a Muslim. Now, I had done everything in my power to be a good Muslim. I had tried to go and commit myself in the way of Allah and be a martyr, walking on the mines. And so the government of Iran used to issue the people that are willing to give themselves as a sacrifice a special Koran that had the stamp of the government that I had participated in [executions], I had done everything that I thought I must do against the infidels, and everything and anything I must do to share Allah with others. So I knew that something is wrong. And that is not because I doubted Allah or Islam or anything—I fully believed, and I didn’t know what that is, and it just confused me. And so I tried to just forget about it. But that question, why would Jesus help a Muslim. “What would Jesus help a Muslim?” that would just keep coming at me. I believed in Mohammad, the last prophet, I would think, the perfect religion, why would Jesus come to help me. And so in that two week period I just got really confused and I said, “I’m going to pray and fast and ask God Himself to show me the path.”

Obviously I thought at that moment, and there are verses and things taught in the Koran that says, the ways of Allah are many, and no matter what part of the mountain you climb you always come to the same mountain top. And I thought, “Maybe that is what God is.” Maybe it is different for God. Maybe God has a specific way for me and He wants me to follow that a specific way. So I thought I would never find out, so I asked

this question. So I prayed and fasted, and from the bottom of my heart, with all my strength I asked, "God, what is it that you want me to do? What is that way that You want me to follow." And so for two weeks I sat in one place and I pray as many hours as I was awake, and I fasted as many hours as I was awake, and literally I would just fall asleep in that place. And then I would wake up and I would just pray again and again God, "What is the way you want me?"

After two weeks I had no answer, and I really got frustrated. I thought, 'Forget it. I have no chance of finding out if it is what He wants. I don't even know if God exists. I have wasted all my life. I have been afraid all my life, trying to do everything that would please Allah, and now He confuses me if Allah is all great and He sees the heart, He knew that in my heart I love Him, and what matters if I call Him whatever name I call Him. He knows in my heart I love Him. And if it does matter to Him, I asked Him for two weeks. I sat, I prayed, and nothing happened.

So, you know what? I'm going to do my own thing. I'm going to walk my own path. I'm going to do whatever pleases me. At that moment I felt the power of God fill the room. Now, in Islam, the greatest sin you can commit, and you can never be forgiven for is doubting God Himself, doubting His teaching, doubting his prophet. And I had done that. And in Islam they teach you that Allah never visits, God never visits, human beings. I feel, and I know that against Islam I have committed the greatest sin that can never be forgiven, and I am confronted immediately with His holiness. All of this is happening simultaneously, when I'm confronted with His holiness, puts this weight of sin upon me. And I know, I know, that because He is just, He must kill me. He must wipe me off the face of this earth. And I cried, because I literally didn't want to die, but I knew there was no chance, because He was so holy and I was so wicked. So I just ran to the corner of the room, and I held my head in my arms, and I just cried out, "God forgive me, God forgive me." And I just said, "Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me." And as I was crying, I felt a touch on my shoulder saying, "I forgive you." And the very instance those words were spoken, I physically felt forgiven, and I couldn't understand that. Wait a minute, we say [Arabic words for God the merciful, etc] but we don't know until the

day of judgement if we are forgiven. That is why there is not one single verse in the Koran that says Mohammad is in the heaven. He must wait like all people for the day of Kiama, resurrection and all shall be judged on that day. So how is it, who is this God that says, "I forgive you" and I feel forgiven today?

And I asked and I said, "Who are You? You for gave me and I feel forgiven today." And He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

The moment I heard those words I knew it was of a great importance, but I had absolutely no idea what that meant? I still had no clue who this God is. So I asked Him, "What is Your name?" "Jesus Christ, the living God," He answered. And the moment He spoke those words it was as if every single bone was taken out of my body and I just fell on to my face and I started weeping and weeping, in the presence of God. I just wept. (Crying:)Eighteen years have gone by and I still can't forget His love, His mercy. I can't forget what He has done for me. I felt forgiven; I fell on my face and I wept, because for many years I had tried to please God, but it was as if nothing I had done was pleasing to God. Nothing I had done pleased the great God that I had known. I felt so deceived because they told me this was God, and he wasn't God. They had told me, "Kill in the way of Allah", but then God says, "Love in the way of Me. Forgive in the way of Me." My heart said, "Yes, this is the truth of God. God is about forgiveness. God is about love."

So I wept for two hours, and I just stayed at His feet. And He said, actually the moment I looked up I saw it was like a TV screen of some sort. I saw all these people of all different generation, and all different nationalities, and backgrounds, and every single person I saw, I could see every single wrong thing they have done. And that just overwhelmed me. And I cried, "God, I live among all these people. All of them are sinners."

And he said, "How easy did I forgive you?"

And I said, "Very easy; as easy as drinking water." Just moments afterwards I said, "No, no, no, even easier than drinking water."

He said, "As easy as I have forgiven you, I can forgive them. Who is going to tell them?"

I said, "Send me."

He says, "Go."

That is how I became a Christian.

So I prayed, I said, "God, send me a Bible."

In jail, somebody from some other section just walked up to me and gave me a book and says, "This is what you asked for." He was in east Indian background, and I spoke Urdu and Hindi completely. So when he gave it to me I knew it was the Bible.

I said, "God I prayed last night, and You gave it to me this morning. It's so wonderful. You answer. You are the mighty God that this has spoken of. You provide so quickly. That is the living Word of God.

I share my testimony so that people hear about this almighty God. I don't expect anybody to become a Christian because of my testimony. My testimony is only good for me. I want people to understand that this is the story of the Almighty God, that all able, and that is searching for all seeking hearts; that loves all humanity with all His strength and power. If someone hears my testimony today, I'd really like them to just say, "Okay, God of Heaven, the creator of everything, if this is true, I want that." And I assure you, I can guarantee you, that that Mighty God that came and touched my life and totally forgave everything I have done, and He made me sure I can be in Heaven with Him, He can assure them of the same assurance, and He can let them tastes of the same forgiveness and same love.

And that is who Jesus Christ is. May glory be to Him, today and forever more.

Fatimah

I was born as Fatimah daughter of (Iman) Muhammad. My father was an Indian, my mother is a Malay. So I have two cultures. An Indian culture, as well as a Malay culture. My mother was born and brought up in Malaysia. She was brought to Singapore. My father was born and brought up in Singapore, but his family comes from Kadinalu, in South India, and my family comes from what is known as the priesthood family. Like in the scriptures you have the Christians who have one tribe known as the Levites who take care of God's people and God's ministry. My family comes from a priesthood. So my great-grandfather was an Imam in a mosque. My grandfather was an Imam, my father was an Imam, and today my father is an Imam in a mosque. And I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the eldest in the family.

And as a young girl growing up I was also trained to be a religious leader, because my family comes in that line. So I used to teach children and also women, how to study the Koran, anything particular that religion. If everybody fasts for 30 days in a year in the Ramadan month, my family in particular will fast for 40-45 days in a year.

Today I am known as a stanch and a fanatic Christian. I was a very stanch and fanatic Muslim, because that is what I know, and what I grew up with, and that is what I was. It doesn't matter where I was, I would drop to my knees to pray, five times in a day. And my family was know to be always helping someone in some ways. So I thank God that I do come from that background, because the disciplines that I went through as a Muslim is helpin me a lot now, as a Christian. And sometimes I think now that Muslims, in general, put the Christians to shame. Because many things that the Muslims do are the things that we Christians are asked to do, and these are the things that God wants us to do, but we are not doing it. The Muslims are doing it. But I learned as a child, growing up, many of the disciplines over there, And today I thank God that I came from that background because it helps me to understand what Christianity is all about. And I apply, in fact all that I learned as a Muslim, being a Christian today.

There is so much that the Muslims can teach us in being what a Christian is. Because they do not tell you what to do, but they life their life and they

show us what it means to love God. As a Christian you have to be someone who accepts the Lord (Jesus) then you become a Christian. In Muslims you get born, I mean as a Muslim, you don't get converted. You were born, when you get born in the family, you are a Muslim. It's accepted that you are a Muslim. So you grow up as a Muslim and you do not doubt about this God, about this Allah that is being taught about. So we grew up with.

One day when I was in my early 30's, probably about 32 or 33 years of age. I'd just finished my responsibility towards my family. I was helping my sisters and my brothers finish their education. You know, finishing whatever, as the eldest sister I was, to my siblings, to help them come up. And my youngest brother who is 13 years younger than me, he was born very late, 13 years younger than me, has finished his 10th Grade (secondary) as you call it over here, the Cambridge School Certificate. I was like, "Wow! I'm free now. I'm going to conquer the world! Because I have been tied down with family responsibilities and now, I was ready to go and do whatever I wanted to do. And I was thinking about this, and I even had gone to the travel agents to find out where I can travel. I love to travel, but never have been out of Singapore. Not even to Malaysia until that age. Because I just stayed in Singapore all the time.

So as I was thinking about it making plans, I was struck down with a disease, not just one, but two, no three of them. One was that I was diagnosed with what is known as Osteoporosis which was depleting my bones at a very drastic rate. So much so that my bones were just, like it was, as though being washed out from my body. And I was wobbling and my joints were all swollen up, and was not able to move around.

Then the other thing that I had, was diagnosed with was Rheumatoid Arthritis, that had again, attacked all the ligaments in all my joints and it was all reddish. And the third thing that I had was Leukaemia of the blood. And all three came at one go. I was like, "What in the World is happening!?"

And of course, as a Muslim, I should have just taken it and lied down and died, because Muslims religion is a fated religion. Whatever is given to

you, you just accept it. You have no say about it. You see my concept of God, being a Muslim, was He is a God and He is way out there. And He's a holy God, and we as human beings cannot come into His presence, because we are sinners. So there is a big gulf between us and God. So there's no way you can go to Him. You can pray. You can stay, but you have to stay at your place. You can't come to Him. You know, that kind of a concept that we have in Islam. So, for some reason, and I thank God, that I had the fighting spirit, because when I was reduced to this, I was like, "No way!" Because I struggled a lot as a child, and even along in my young adulthood, to be a support for my family and I couldn't even get married because of my family responsibilities. So I was like "I'm free now" and I am going to live my life, and this sentence of death was something I couldn't accept. So though, as a Muslim, and though as a religious leader, and knowing all the things, I lifted up my face to heaven and said, "How dare you do this to me? How can I possibly accept this. It is my time to live, and you take away my life. And you can't." And as I was thinking about it, one of my friends, the person that I know as a friend, came to my mind. I used to be a teacher in a collage. And in this collage there was another lady who used to be there as a teacher. And every time we would come into the teacher's lounge, would be seated on the other side, and I'd be sitting over here. Not that we hated each other, but just that there was a competition between her God and my God. She is an Anglican, and when you look at her there is no way you want to compete with her, because she is a very nice person. She would come and before she sits down at her table at the sitting lounge, I know that she is praying. She would just stand there for a minute with her eyes closed and with her hands clasped like this. I don't know what she is saying, but I know she is praying. And after that she would sit down. And then, anything I talked to her, in every sentence she had the word "God" like, "My God can do anything... there is nothing my God cannot do. There is no impossibility with my God."

I got really irritated with her, because there is no sentence, there is nothing you can share with her when the word God is not brought in, where God is not talked about. So for her, her God was her everything. But she was not someone who was pushy, or someone who is very vocal. She would say it in a very gentle way. But, you see, for me, I was a Muslim, and

my God was greater than your God. And I was dressed as a Muslim, you see today you can see my hands and my face, but in those days you can't. Everything was covered up. And I go to work like that. And the only men that could see me uncovered in a sense would be my brother and my father, that's it. But other than that, nobody else is allowed to see. So we had this understanding, without making it very clear, you keep your God to yourself, and I'll keep my God to myself. You stay on your side and I'll say on my side. We worked like this for 10 years in the same college. We respected each other, but we would not talk about anything. I would go like this with my finger and that meant you don't talk to me about your God.

So when I was struck with this sentence of death, she was the one that I was thinking of. But, by then I've left the collage. It's already two years that I have moved out from that collage and I don't know where to contact her. Of course, being an intelligent woman that I think I am, I should have gone to the directory to look for her; her phone or something. But it didn't occur to me. I was just lying down in bed at home and thinking, I just wish I could speak to her. I was just thinking like that. "I wish I could speak to her," and the phone rang in my house and my brother comes and says, "Your friend is on the line." And I'm like, "No, I'm not interested in talking to any friend." But I said, "Okay, I'll just take the phone." And guess what? She's on the line.

Okay, it's two years that have passed by since I've seen her or spoken anything and I don't know where to get in touch, and I'm just thinking—and then she comes on a phone! I was like "Really, is that you?" Then I said I was just thinking about you. And she said, "Yeah, I was thinking about you too." Then I said, that's unusual. Then I said, "Can I come over, because I need to talk to you? I've got something on my mind and I need to."

She said, "Yeah, sure, come on over. And I dashed all the way down the flight [of stairs] and I pick up a cab and I dashed over to her house. She's staying near the airport. If you are taking a taxi, probably would take you about an hour to get there. Which means it's really quite far. And I get to her house and she knows I like tea. It's been two years, and she still knows

I like to drink tea. She's making tea for me. She said: "Take a seat, I'll make the tea." She's making the tea and I'm sitting in the kitchen with her, and I said, "Will you please sit down, I want to talk to you. I'm not interested in the tea. I've got to talk to you. She said, "Yeah, go ahead, talk to me." And I with tears pouring down my face I'm telling her within three months the doctors have said that I'm dying. I'm going to turn out a cripple, and I'm dying.

And she's still going on making the tea. I said, "Are you listening?" And she said: "Yeah, I am."

I was like, "Did you hear that I am dying?"

She said, "Yes, I heard you."

Then she comes up with her classic statement, "But with God..."

"Yeah, I want to hear about your God. What can your God do? Can your God do something for me?"

She said, "Yes, He can. There's no problem. All you have to do is just tell Him. And He'll work it out."

I said, "Oh, really?" Then I said, okay. Please sit down and pray. And then I said, "Are you supposed to do something, like maybe pray for me? Can you pray for me?" I'm asking her. Okay, she said: Do you want me to pray for you?"

And I said, "Yes, that's why I came all the way here. Can you pray for me?"

She says, "Okay." And I'm seated. I wear glasses, as you can see. But my eyesight is improving. So I don't have to sometimes put on my glasses. I'm looking at her with my eyes open. She with her classic way of praying, she sits down, folds her arms like this, closes her eyes and she prays. Until this day I can tell you the exact words she prayed that day. She says, "Father, your daughter has come home. Please help her to know who You are, and help her to come home to you completely, in every way. In Jesus Name I pray. Amen.

I was like, "Are you finished?" She says, "Yeah." I was thinking to myself, somebody who's got a headache, a short prayer like that is okay. I'm dying, you know. I thought maybe you are supposed to have a long prayer. I was thinking you have to talk to God a lot, okay! And that was it! She didn't try to tell me anything about Jesus. She didn't tell me anything about any god, nothing. This was her prayer, that was it. And was like, "Nothing happened. No thunder from Heaven, or lightning. Nothing, nothing, nothing happened at all. And she said, "Drink your tea."

I'm not having my tea, what in the world did I come here for? I felt very disappointed. I could use all the D words: disillusioned, discouraged, disappointed, because I came all the way here thinking that something is going to happen, and nothing happened.

Then after that she says: I'm very busy, you know, can we see each other another day? I thought she would spend a little time with me. I got dismissed some more. So this time I didn't take any cab. I didn't take any bus. I started walking, not knowing what to do. If someone is dying, I don't know what you are supposed to say, but I know what I'll say the next time when I see someone is dying. So I walked home that day. I don't know how long it took me, I just dragged myself home and went off to sleep. The next morning I had a doctors' appointment, so I went off early in the morning to the doctor's. So from 8 o'clock right up to 12:30 PM they did a lot of tests on me, like blood scan, bone scan. So many tests. They sent me from one lab to another, and I did all the tests and I finally came back at 12:30. The doctor says, can you go out and have lunch, whatever it is, and come back in an hour's time, we have to do more tests on you. I was like, "Oh, really." I was very tired. Then I said, "But why? You already finished everything. "No, we just need to do some more tests on you, so can you please come back?"

I said okay. So I just went out to the canteen to have something, and then I came back. Then from 1 o'clock again to 5:30 pm, all over the same tests, everything that was done in the morning was re done on me again in the afternoon. And then after that, about 6 o'clock they call me into a small room. They had about 6 or 7 doctors in that room, and they put up all these scans they have done. All my bone scan, everything. They said: "This

was done on you a month ago, this was done on you two weeks ago, and this was done on you this morning, and this was done in the afternoon. I was tired and I'm like, "I want to go home. I'm not interested in a biology class, right now. I'm not paying much attention to it, I'm just tired. The doctor said: Would you please take a look? I said: Yes, so what?"

Suddenly the bone structure caught my attention. I looked at the first one, it was bad, the second one was worse, and the one taken last week was terrible. You see, my bone structure at the joints especially my wrists and my ankles, the bone had become like spikes, and it was getting very difficult for me to walk or to function because I was all swollen up, on my neck, right all the way down. I was really in a terrible state. Then I looked at the one that was taken in the morning. It looked perfect. Then I looked at the one in the afternoon, it looked perfect too. And I said: Is that me?

And they said: "Yes, it is. That is why we need to talk to you."

I said: "Yea, really, what?"

"Are you seeing any other doctors? Are you taking any other medication?"

They did not give me any medication in this hospital for two months when they were looking at me. All they did was give me some Asprin, that's all, and painkillers. I was going to blurt out: "Look, I've given all my money to you. I've got no more money to give, what other doctors? Suddenly it hit me. She prayed for me yesterday.

I was like: "My! So this God is really God." And I'm not listening anymore to the doctors. I dash out of the hospital room and I got to the corridor. I'm talking about 20 years ago, my friend. And those days we don't have cell phones. In those days you have to go to the public phone to make phone calls. So I dashed to the phone, I put in a coin.. actually I didn't have a coin. There was a guy standing there making a call. I pushed him aside and said: "I have got to make an urgent call. Then I was turning up no money. I got money from him in fact, to make that call. I got on the phone to call that friend, and I said: "I am healed!" I was screaming at the top of my voice in the corridor. Everybody there can hear me. "I am healed!"

And she says: "Yea, I know."

I was like, "You know? What do you know?"

"God can do anything."

You know, I want to hear about this God. You've got to talk to me about this God.

"Yeah, yeah, call me another time, because right now I'm busy too.

She's a tuition teacher. She was teaching people, students. I was so excited. I didn't go back to that room. They probably were looking for me. But I walked out from there, I think, and I looked at myself after that, and there was no more swelling in me, nothing. Okay, there might have been in the daytime when I came in there, but I didn't realise it. I was like born again at that time. I had received healing. I was so excited. I was like, "Wow! He is God and He has healed me. He is really God, and He has healed me, and I am okay. I was really excited, and I still am excited until today. So again, that day I walked home from that hospital. I was excited that I am healed now. I was well and I walked home that day.

I would like to tell you that the very next day I accepted God and became a Christian. But, no. I started looking around. I didn't make any appointments with my friends after that. I started testing this God. I looked at my mother, she had fallen, she had a swollen ankle. I didn't really pray out loud, I just thought in my heart, "If you are really God, you will heal her." That's all I said.

The next morning, I woke up and went to see my mother. She's okay. She is healed. Then I started going around looking at my auntie, then my uncle, then my brother--each one. So for the next 10 days I tested this God. Gideon only tried three times, but I tested for 10 days whether He is really God. I said: If you are God, if You have healed me, You can heal!" So I started doing this for the 10 days. Then after that I started reading the Bible. I had a Bible that was given to me when I was 16 or 17. Usually I throw stuff away when we move. But even though we moved house, I apparently did not throw this Bible away, and I remember that I had this

Bible. So I went to it and I picked it up, and it was in the King James Version. The “thee” and “thou”, you know. Though I am brought up in the British way of learning, the “thee” and “thou” is not my cup of tea. So I had a hard time reading the Bible, but my friends, within two weeks I have finished reading the Bible 50 times. I started from Genesis and I’d read and come to Lamentations. I don’t want it, so I skip it. Then I’ll go to Song of Solomon. Song of Solomon is really a love story. I was like, “Good God, this is a Bible. What is this book doing in this Bible? Is this really a Bible? Oh, yeah, it says it is the Bible. I’m an Indian, though I don’t speak the language; I didn’t grow up speaking the language. I am very conservative. So when it comes to the language, (of that book) it was really very explicit, and I asked Him, “God talks like that?”

So I would skip the books that I don’t want to read. I just go over, I’ll go back later to them. But then I come to the new testament. I wanted to know who is this Jesus. I really wanted to know who He is. So I would go back again and read the gospels. Then after that I walked up and down in my bedroom, and I’d talk to Him, “You are really Great. You came among us. And You revealed yourself to us.” That kind of thing. I was just talking. And there came a time that I just felt I cannot stay as a Muslim any more. I had to accept this God. So finally one day, when it was about three weeks by now, coming to the fourth week. I got up. I got to bed very late anyway, but that day about 12:30 or 1:00 AM I went to the kitchen in our flat. I have read the Bible so well that I know where each one of the stories are, and everything. I turned to the book of Acts chapter 9, and I put it on the floor of the kitchen and I was telling God, I said: Look, this guy is a real rotten guy. This guy killed so many of your people. But You were so marvellous. You came and You helped him to know who You are. He saw You and after that He became Your servant. He wrote all the other epistles for You. I’m not saying that I’m going to serve you, but you see, I’m born in this family. All I know is Allah. All I know is about this God. But it is not He who is God. You’re God. So now you have to help me to see you the way this guy saw you! Now, until I see you, I’m very sorry, but I am very sorry, but I cannot come with You.”

Alright, and I don't think I've finished my conversation with Him, because that night, that kitchen that I was standing in didn't look like a kitchen any more. Suddenly there was a bright light that flooded that whole kitchen that I was standing in.

Today as I look out, I thank God for the sun that is out, and I appreciate the brightness. But it was nothing like what I saw that day. That whole place was just glorious with light that flooded that place, and in my mind I'm thinking, "Where are you?" I saw the light, I'm standing in the midst of the Light. I can't see the kitchen any more. It's a beautiful place. I don't know where it is, and I'm standing there and I think "But where are you?" This is what is going on in my mind. As I am thinking "Where are You?" I hear this loud voice that came through the window, it was the loudest. You probably have loud speakers and you are hearing me loud and clear today, but that voice that came through was much louder. It was quoting me John 1:1, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word is God."

It may not mean a lot to you, but it meant a lot to me, because Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, was a stumbling block to me, to receive Him as God, because we, Muslims cannot believe that God can have a Son! Because if God can have a Son, that means He must have a wife. That means He is a mere human being. He can't be God. I couldn't accept that, but that Word gave me insight. He gave me a revelation that "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word is God." And He gave me the clarification that I needed, that understanding that I needed, that He is God.

But you see, I still didn't see Him, and I still stood there and I said, "Where are You?"

I wasn't satisfied with just the light. I wasn't satisfied with that Word. I wanted Him. I wanted to see Him. And it wasn't very long, in that split second, He stood in front of me. You ask me how He looks like? My friends, my English language is perfect. And when I think, I think in English. I don't speak any other language more than English. But I don't have any words to describe how He looked like. He was such a tall person, and He

was so glowing, so beautiful, so handsome. I've walked this Earth, I've been to so many countries, and can't find anybody who looks like Him. And He stood there, just before me, and I was captivated by His eyes! Till that moment, till that day, I'm thirty-plus years old at that time, and I have never known what is love. I've never heard anyone say they love me, not even my family, not even my parents, not even anyone. Because I, whatever I did for my family at that time was duty and obligation, not love. But this God was standing before me, and I was consumed by the love that was flowing from Him, and I was completely drawn into those eyes that He had, and He looked at me with that love. And the next moment I found myself as a baby in His arms, holding me and He brought me back into the past to help me to know once and for all that He is God, and there is no one other like Him.

And what He brought me to, was once when I was a 12 year old girl. I found myself as a 12 year old. I was struggling with life, and I thought there was no other way and I was getting ready to [end my life]. I was standing by a river that was swollen up because we had a storm that day, and I was going to throw myself over that river and end my life. And I remember that day there were two hands that came and pulled me back. It was in the night and I thought it was a ghost, and I ran all the way home. And He said, as He brought me back to that scenario, He was telling me: I was there with you then; I am here with you now."

And then He took me back to another stage when I was 28 years old I was going to [end my life] from the highest building. Because in Singapore we have just started tall buildings, and it was known that that time many people [ending their life jumping off the building]. Twenty-eight years old I was with another crisis in my life and I didn't know how to handle it. Again I was getting ready to jump, and again that time there was a hand that came and pulled me back. God said again: "I was there with you then. I am here now."

And my friends, that was it. That settled the issue for me that He is God, and I went down on my knees. I had no one to lead me in the Sinner's Prayer, or anything, but I just went down on my knees with tears pouring

down my face, “You are my God and I give my life over to You. From henceforth, I will walk with You. I am Yours.”

That was my decision that I made in 1985, in April. And a week later I went for baptism. From then on, for the next two weeks I suffered. I suffered like I never suffered before, because I know what it means to become a Christian. I didn’t dare tell my mother. If there is any one person that I have loved, in my entire life, is my mum, and she was the one that I didn’t want to disappoint. But the next morning when she got up after that day when I made my commitment to God, she got up in the morning and she comes to me and she says, “You have become a Christian.” I didn’t tell her. Because she can see from my face and I have changed. There was something about me that told her, and she’s a woman who doesn’t know anything about being a Christian. In Singapore, when you say a Christian, it means a Catholic, not a Protestant, because they (Catholics) do not recognize the Protestants as Christians.

I didn’t know what to tell her. I didn’t know how to explain. All I could do was say, “Yes”.

[Then followed a life and death struggle, as her mother was controlled by an evil spirit]

I didn’t know what to do, I was just screaming. But I remembered what my friend had said, “Call on His name and he will come.” And I screamed for His name, “Jesus, I need You”. And as I said “Jesus” she fainted, she fell.

That was the day that I had to pack my things and moved out from my house. Because of, probably my age or the things that I had to go through, in one day, in a moment, I lost my family, I lost my community, I lost my friends, I lost my job. I was declared dead to the MUIS (Majlis Ugama Islam Singapura), which is the council for the Muslims over in Singapore. For the next two years I cannot get a job. For the next two years I cannot live anywhere. Because I was considered as “Dead” because every particular about me was wiped out from the government in Singapore, and I had to hire lawyers to go and fight back to get back my identity in Singapore. And the next two years as I struggle, you know I’m not a crying person; never was, because whatever pain there was, I always thought

that I can work it out. But when I met God, for the next two years I did nothing but cry every day. Cry because God had to break the self-individuality that I had become. He had to take away the pride and arrogance that I had become. I was a very nice person, but inside there was so much of bitterness and hatred and anger inside of me that I didn't know, that I had grown up with. So God had to take all that away. For the next two years He watched over me like a mother hen over His chick. Every day I would receive dreams, I would receive visions of what is going to happen. My brothers, two of them, poor things, they were very young, they didn't know what to do. But in order to protect the family valour, they had to [end my life], so they tried many ways. One of my brothers, one who is in the middle of the first brother of the family, invited me to his home, and God showed me in a vision what they were going to do. They prepared food with poison and I asked God "What do you want me to do?" and God said, "Eat". I said, okay, I will eat. And they were seated around me seeing me eat that food. I was going to drop dead, but I didn't. I washed my fingers and I said, thank you, and I walked out.

Other time my mother invited one of the top Imams from the Middle East to come and exorcise this "devil" that was supposed to be in me, in my life. And the man walks in, he doesn't even walk in very far. He just stands over there and he sees someone standing by my side in white, and he turns to my mother and he says, that "The power with her is greater than the power that we have."

My friends, the greatest joy that I have today is not that I know this, God—I thank God that I know Him, but that I can communicate with Him in prayer. And this God is not a God when you just communicate in a monologue, it is a dialogue. He talks back, and He comes, and He is delighted whenever we are with Him. And He longs for us.

When my "call" came, I didn't know what I was going to be called to be, because by then I was already 30-plus, and I was thinking, "I'm old, God." I probably was like Moses. "God, I'm old, maybe you should call somebody else. But God called me, and I came into fulltime ministry immediately, and I thank God for the various people that God placed in my life who helped me, encouraged me. And all those things that I said that I lost, God

doubled all that to me 100 fold. Today I have many homes that I call as my home; I call many families that are my families. I call many brothers and sisters who are still out there in the world, not just by the hundreds, by the thousands. They are there who know me and who had encouraged and helped me.

So today I take the message to a world that needs Him. And there was not only that first time that He healed me. I mean that was the first time He healed me. In 1993 I was asked to go for another surgery in my stomach. I had to have a hysterectomy. Again, I told God, "God you have to work this out." If it is Your will, I will go for it. But if it's not, Father, You're the surgeon. You take care of it." And in a couple of days I didn't have to go for surgery. He healed me.

In the year 2000 I was leading a prayer team in Israel, and at that time when I left for it I was just told by the doctors that I had cancer in both my breasts, and it was the third degree, very aggressive, and they had no choice but to just cut off my breasts, and I said, "Okay, I'll go for this trip, and I will come back and we'll talk about it."

When I was in Israel, I was in one of the hotels that was facing "The Wailing Wall." I remembered how Solomon, when he built the temple, he said, "Even when the foreigners come and face this [temple] and if they pray, Father, You will answer them." And I stood by the window of the hotel room, and I said, "God, though I am saved, I am your child, I'm still a foreigner. I'm not a Jew, Father. I'm a Gentile. So, Father, as Solomon said, I'm a foreigner. I'm standing here, and I'm believing in You, God. You can touch me, You can heal me, and He did. He put me to sleep that whole day. I didn't know what He was doing, but He did His surgery on me. So when I came back to Singapore, no surgery!

So I can share many, many testimonies what God has done, but many He is still doing today. He is a great God and He is a wonderful God and we have much to thank Him for. And as I was sharing, as I was told that today is a "Thanksgiving Day" I was thinking of Ephesians chapter 5, verses 18-20 "Do not get drunk on wine, which leads to debotchery, instead be filled

with the Spirit, speak to one another with Psalms” and this is what you are doing today.

I have so much to thank God for! But God, when he came back for Thomas [he wanted to see Jesus in the flesh after He was raised]. I was a Thomas, and still am in many ways as I walk with Him, and I wanted signs. I wanted proof and without that proof I didn't want to believe Him. Now, was He upset with Thomas? No, He said, “Look, touch, feel, and know that I am God. But He finished His sentence by saying, “Blessed are those who are going to come without seeing Me.”

And there are many, many, who are going to know God today without seeing, but they believe, because they have that faith. And there are so many that can thank God, and we can thank God for so many.

And in our lives do we just thank God for only the great things He does? What about the days that I am just able to get up in the morning? I thank God for the health that He has given me. I thank God for the sun that is shining. Thank God for the beautiful day that He has created, especially for me. I thank God for the food that I am able to eat. There are many that have no food. I thank God for the work that I have. I thank God for the friends that I have. I thank God for the family that God has given me. I thank God for everything, for small and great, because all things are because of who He is.

And I thank God not just when the time is good, but I thank Him all the time, always, for everything, even for the bad times that comes my way—because those times are the times that I learn, that I grow, that I move on with Him. Because if I don't have those bad times I will never be able to appreciate Him. I will never be able to learn things that He wants to teach me, and show me how to go. And I need to be drunk, not with what the world has to give, but I need to be drunk with the Holy Spirit, because He is the one that gives us the strength. He gives us the courage, He gives us the boldness. He is the one who moves us.

As I stand here today with you—was I going to be here today? I didn't know. And I don't think my being here is by chance either, because every moment is divinely arranged, because it is He (Jesus) who is the author

and the finisher of our faith. Because it is He who loves us with an everlasting love. And what I have to share with you today might not be something just for you, but something you want to take with you to someone that is going to know that that Lord, He is God.

Has God done great things? He has.

I spent six years in Madras in the '90's. I first came into India as a missionary and spent six years there, and one of my greatest testimonies that I would like to share is, one day we as team were in Madras and we were having crusades. And one night after the team has left, was the last day of the crusade. And I was asked to speak for that day, and the next day we were supposed to go on giving out leaflets. So there we go tracting, to talk about the crusades. But that night I was in my room, I was in one of the parsonages, upstairs, and as I was standing there, just talking to God. There was a lady, a young girl, about 16 or 17 years old who walks up that spiral staircase, comes to where I am. She's carrying a baby in her arms, but the baby has got the skull spilt in two and the brains were spilling out. And she comes and stands in front of my door. She knocks on my door, and when I open I see that the girl with her baby in her arms, what do I do? And I remember, my friends, as I shared with you, I told my friend I was dying and I wanted a long prayer—but here death has already taken place. The baby is dead and she's standing and she said, "This evening you said your God can do anything. Can your God do something for my baby?"

She's standing before me, "You said your God.." because she has come to the crusade that evening and she has heard my preaching.

So with tears pouring down my face. I didn't even dare take that baby in my arms. I say, "God" with my eyes open, I say, "God, she has come, not for me. She's come for You. She's come believing in You. She has come trusting in You Father. You have to do what You promised. Your child believes in you, though she doesn't know you God." And at that time I saw a hand that came out, and this hand, the hand was so beautiful. It came and just touched that baby's skull. And as it touched I saw a recreative miracle take place before my very eyes. This was in 1993, in Madras.

You see this test is not whether we know Him but do we know Him inside of our hearts that He is really God and when we say that there is nothing impossible with Him, do we really believe with all that we are? Because there's a world out there especially India. My cry, "God, India for Jesus, and Jesus for India."

Yeshua Appears to Jewish Rabbi and shakes His entire world

Zev Portat (of Messiah of Israel Ministries.org.

Two nights later, it was a cold night in Israel, I was sleeping. My bed was all wet. God speaks to me from a cloud, a shiny cloud. Now, I believe that it was the same cloud that hovered over Israel when they were free from bondage. He called my name two times in Hebrew "Zev, Zev ... Isaiah 53 is the Messiah of Israel. It is true."

I was shaking all over. I felt the electricity going through my body. It was a supernatural experience. I knew right there that Jesus, Yeshua, was the Messiah. I knew that I am a sinner, in desperate need of a Saviour, and He died for My sins and He rose after three days. I knew right then that being Jewish is not a ticket to Heaven, but the only ticket to Heaven is Jesus, Yeshua Hamashiach, who said it with His own mouth: "No one makes it to the Father, but only through Me."

I was born again. It was the first time in my life that I felt God inside of me. It was a super natural experience.

I immediately woke up my wife, Lynn, and said, "God spoke to me! I know who the Messiah is!"

And her reaction was, "Go back to bed. The internet has been brainwashing you."

The Bible says the Jews are stiff-necked. And that is an understatement. It took me four years to embrace Jesus Yeshua as the Messiah. I preached the gospel to my wife, and one week later she accepted Jesus Yeshua as

her personal Saviour. And right then we took the rabbi pictures off the wall; we took that big fat Buddha doll, and we smashed it in the name of Jesus, in the name of Yehshua, we broke off all generational curses in the name of Jesus. And the dark house in Israel became a house of the Shekinah glory.

I was on fire, I was. I still am on fire.

I wanted every Jew to believe that Jesus is the Messiah. I started off with my own family. I called my mom up, and said, "I know who the Messiah is!" And she said, "Who?" and I said, "Yehshua, Jesus!"

Hazem Farrah

Isaiah 56:1 I've revealed myself to people who were not looking for me.

I asked someone (in an underground Bible study group in Jerusalem)

"How did you come to the Lord?"

He said, "Jesus came to me."

What does that mean, "Jesus came to you..."

I said, "Can you explain to me what you mean?"

And he said to me, "Just like you are sitting there, I saw Him. I could touch Him. I could feel Him. Jesus took me to Jerusalem to the southern steps, and He pulled out a book from the stone and He said, 'Preach My Word'. And at that moment I knew that He was the Son of God."

Me being utterly humbled, "Missionaries intercepted me", Jesus came to him.

The sister beside me, recognizing my utter shock said, "Oh, Hazem, most of us have come to the Lord through dreams and visions."

And I said, "How did you come?"

And she said, “For a year I would have the dream of the man dressed in white, and there was so much light around Him, but I knew there was one man in that light. For that year I didn’t know who this was. I called him ‘the Light’.

You want to see what God is doing in the Muslim world? Turn off the news and start praying and seeing it by the Spirit. Because what we are seeing is a whole different situation than what the news is saying. I determined, I’m not going to let the news tell me what is happening, I’m going to let the Holy Ghost tell me, right?

So, I encourage you. If you are bored with your faith in Jesus, I’m implore you: He could be speaking right to you and you not recognise Him. Today, what are you going to do to recognise Jesus? I’m a 100% sure that if you would listen just a little bit, you can hear Him—not calling my name, not calling your neighbour’s name, but calling your name.

Zak Gariba

(A muslim trained to be an imam—like a pastor of a Mosque. In Nigeria he became an imam. The departed with Christians. He brought the Koran, and they brought their Bible.)

I was raised as a Muslim. I was trained as a Muslim. My parents picked me—I’m not sure why my parents picked me to be the Imam of the family. So I grew up as a Muslim guy. I’ve been to the Arabic school. I learned to read and write the Arabic language. And that is how my journey started. I’m the second born (of 6). Usually they want to use the first born, but somehow, I don’t know how, but they picked me out to be the Imam of the family. So I went to school. I studied English later. I studied Arabic. I studied the culture, how to become an imam at an early age.

My grandfather was an imam, but my dad wasn’t, but I came from that line of Muslim. So I was trained to be an imam as I was growing up. An imam is someone who has his own mosque, has his own followers, like a Pastor, he has his own followers. It’s just like a church, but we call it a

mosque. That is what an imam does. Imams are similar to what pastors do. But since I was trained to become an imam, I went to a place called “Nigeria” and I became an imam of this particular mosque. And I loved what I was doing. I was enjoying what I was doing.

I met these Christian friends. I had no idea what these guys were, but I met these Christian friends, and we started talking. They brought their Bible, I brought my Koran, and I started debating with them. I started arguing with them. I told them that the Koran is much stronger than the Bible. We kept going back and forth. But unfortunately I kept beating them up. And then they’d come again, and we’d argue, and I’d beat them up. I was angry. But after we’d argue back and forth, I wanted to get rid of them. They were so quiet. So they asked me if I could drop them off at the place where they had this Christian meeting.

“If that is what you want me to do, I’ll do that,” I said.

So, in Africa we don’t have phones, so we planned this six months in advance. So I took them to this place. But meanwhile, my landlady has this little girl who is 12 years old, who is paralysed from the waist to her foot. So on that day, I have no choice but to take her with me. So we are driving (the friends, and the girl with me) to a big stadium where somebody was speaking. I was just going to drop them there. So I got to this stadium. I parked at the back of the stadium. But meanwhile there is a speaker at the back of the stadium facing me. The guy on the speaker was saying “Jesus, Jesus”. I didn’t know what this was all about. I knew they were going to speak about Christians, but as I parked at the back of the stadium something happened. The girl wanted to come out of the car. I parked the car and I wanted to find someone who could give me the direction. But people thought I’d parked the car, so people park around me and block me in the back of the stadium. So now I can’t go anywhere.

I think the problem was, because I’m the imam in that neighbourhood, everybody knew me. So I’m nervous now. I don’t want them to know that I’m at a Christian meeting. So I’m trying to hide my face. But it was so hard. This girl wanted me to walk and take her to this bench. But then something happened. As I’m walking, carrying her in my arms, this guy

started speaking on this speaker and started saying, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus”. I would try to close my ears, but as I was walking faster, this girl’s led moved!

I thought, “Wait a minute. This is [of the devil].” But what happened, was the more this guy said, “Jesus” her legs started dangling [wiggling, moving, as if walking in the air]. And I got nervous. And she said to me, “I want to walk.” And I said to her, “No, you can’t. You are in my arms.” To cut story short, she bit me! So I slammed her to the floor. But right with the naked of my eyes I saw this girl walking. She was paralysed from birth. I was thinking, “How could someone mention Jesus’ name, and a girl will be completely healed?”

So I started looking for “What is this? There is something that has to be with this—someone mentioning Jesus’ name alone.”

So anyway, I went home on that day, met her parents and went to the mosque on that day.

As I was at the mosque, something happened. I’m not sure what happened. I was leading the prayer, and suddenly these words came out of my mouth. I don’t know where it came from. Instead of saying ‘Mohammad’ and blessing his name, I said, ‘Jesus Christ of Nazareth’—right in the middle of the mosque!

I wondered how could these words come out of my mouth. I didn’t plan it. I never knew it was going to come out of my mouth. I was going to say something else, but something else came out of my mouth.

Lots of people were around. And the speakers were behind the mosque, so the whole place could hear it. And I got nervous. And they kicked me out. They wanted to kill me. And that was the beginning of my problems.

So my older brother helped me to come to Canada, as a student. I wanted to become a pagan. I had nothing to do with Christian, I have nothing to do with Muslim.

I remember on January 3rd, that is so pivotal for me. I was in my room, and I planned on that day [I wanted to end it all] because my parents deserted

me, they had nothing to do with me; they made a funeral for me. Everything was crashing down.

On January 3rd, I said 3:00 in the morning [was to be the end]. Just at that time, I heard a door knock. And I was so angry. I went to the door and there was nobody there. I thought, “That is strange. In Canada people have phones. They call you ahead of time.”

Anyway, I heard a second knock. And no one was there. Then I thought, “Maybe the person is going to knock a third time. So I made a “tump, tump, tump” with my feet, so the person would think I was going back to my bed, but I stood there. Then I heard the next knock “bang, bang, bang” and I opened the door, and I heard this voice that I have never heard in my life. It says, “Your mother and your father forsake you: I’ll be there for you.” And I look around and say, “Oh, now I’m hearing voices! Who is this guy?” And He says, “I am Jesus, and I’m calling you to do something else.”

I said, “Wait a minute. I mentioned ‘Jesus Christ of Nazareth’ in the mosque, I got myself into trouble. I don’t want to have anything to do with You.” (He’d lost everything—his parents, his family, his job, any future inheritance, and more, and nearly his life)

He said, “I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I am ready to help you.”

I know God loves me personally. I have a deep, personal relationship with Him. It’s not just working hard to just prove something. It’s not just trying to make everybody happy. This one (belief in Jesus and the Bible) is making their life worth it. This is a personal God, and He’s so personal with you. It’s so deep, with you and Him. It’s a relationship between two people. It’s a love relationship, that you can talk. He can tell you everything about His life, and you can share your life to Him. It becomes so fun, it becomes so exciting. This is a relationship; it has nothing to do with religion. Religion destroys people, but relationship builds people up. Since I have known Jesus it has just built me up, it builds up the people who I am teaching. It’s more than a relationship, but a deep connection with Him, a friend, I can call Him a father.

Question: But is it worth it to lose your family and everything to follow Jesus?

Yes!

Question: Some people say that is too much of a risk. “There is no way that I would give up all of these safeties, and relationship with family for a Jesus that maybe I don’t even see. Because that sounds pretty big.

I know it sounds big, but this big God who has become a father to you—he has become a father to me. I became fatherless. And one of the things He said to me is “If your father and your mother forsake you, I will be there for you.” And He has always been there for me as a father. I can call Him Father, and I can call Him friend.

Question: How to Christians find a deeper, close relationship with the Lord?

The first thing is to have a personal relationship with Him. The father said, “If you ask Him for anything, He will give it to you” so if you want this deep personal relationship, just like a husband and a wife you have a deep relationship, you ask God.

So I asked God, “I don’t want to just know You by what somebody else said. I want to experience You. I want to have an encounter with You.” And that’s how I began to have an encounter with Him.

Just like when someone knocks at the door to visit, I say, “Jesus, I just want to sit down and have a chat with You about what is going on in my life.” And I will talk to Him, and He will come and touch the pain, and the pain will be healed.

Question: To develop a relationship, more than just a head knowledge of God, what do people need to do?

People need to be honest; to be frank and honest, and tell Him how you feel.

One of the things He says is, “Zak, I’m too big. Nothing bothers me.” He’s not going to be surprised by anything. So every time I speak, I just share my heart with Him. And heart to heart brings relationship.

(And reading the Bible, and letting Him speak to you through the Bible.)

It’s an amazing journey.

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Shared in 2008

(A Hindi woman called Nelu, after she watched the program Ek Nayee Zindagi [An initiative of the 700 club to reach those in India in their own language]. She prayed to Jesus “If you are real, reveal Yourself to me.” The answer came a few hours later.)

Nelu’s family had severe financial problems because of medical bills.

Nelu:

We had all kinds of problems and sicknesses. We prayed to Hindu gods and saints, but nothing worked. Instead of spending money on our children, we spent it on rituals.

(Her sister told her to watch a CBN show called, “Ek Nayee Zindagi.”)

When I watched the program I saw how people from all walks of life were being healed from all sorts of diseases, even cancer, just through the power of prayer. Whatever the problem was, whether financial, physical, mental, it could all be solved through prayer. So I started to believe that Jesus Christ is the one and only true God and that He could forgive all my sins.

(But she struggled to break away from the gods she worshiped for nearly 40 years.)

So I prayed that the God that created this whole world, the true God, that had given me life, would appear to me. I also prayed to all my idols and asked them to show themselves to me, if they were real.

(That night Nelu's prayer was answered. Jesus Christ appeared to her in a dream.)

He appeared on a wall, and said, "I am here. You prayed this night and called out to Me. And see I have come to you." In my dream I was shouting with happiness to my daughter and husband: "See! See! Jesus has answered my prayer. He is the way! He is the true God."

In the morning I was filled with joy.

(Nelu's family also put their faith in Jesus. As they prayed, one by one they were healed of their sicknesses. They payed off their medical bills, and they are now debt free.)

There will never come a problem that He can not solve. Now we feel that all doors are open and there is hope, because our Lord Jesus Christ is with us. Today we lead Bible studies in our home, and people are being blessed. There is new greater happiness in my life. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the CBN program Ek Nayee Zindagi, it brought us out of darkness and into light.

Britney heard about Jesus from her hospital room, where she saw Him in person.

Britney was a precocious 3 year old.

Mother: She was quoting Bible scripture, she was singing in Church all by herself. She was full of life. Loved life.

(That all changed when Jamie, Britney's mother, heard a strange noise coming from Britney's room.)

Mother: It was a gurgling, can't breathe, struggling noise. I immediately picked her up and said, "Oh, God. Touch her."

(Britney was having a seizure, and diagnosed with epilepsy.)

Mother: I understood it, because it sounded just like me. I have it myself. I thought she would be just like me. I'd get her on medicine and everything would be alright.

(It wasn't that simple. Her doctors got her on the first of many medications, but the seizures just got worse.)

Mother: She couldn't sit up. She couldn't look at me to focus. And when I'd look at her to call her name, she was just totally out of it, just totally gone. As a mother you feel so responsible. They are your flesh. They have lived in you. And when she would pull at me to help her, and I couldn't, I blamed myself a lot. "I've given my daughter this sickness"

(Over the course of the next two years, Britney's illness took its toll on her parents.)

Mother: Physically, spiritually, mentally, emotionally, even financially—one bottle of medication cost \$50 and we couldn't afford it.

Father, Bruce: She needed 24 hour a day care. It didn't matter if it was night or day, the seizures continued.

(Britney had to wear a helmet to protect her head from injury; while her parents turned to God's Word for comfort.)

Mother: God gave me my promise, in Psalm 37:4,5 "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." God said "don't look at what you see, look at what you don't see. Tell me and speak what you want. I put her in the car and I started down the road, and I ended up at a school playground. And I said, "God, that is what I want. I want my little girl back, normal, like those kids I see that are running and playing. And He said, "It will come to pass."

(The doctors on the other hand gave a different report.)

Mother: She had been in the hospital for almost 3 weeks, and they tried everything. They tried one more brainwave, and saw that the whole brain was seizurey, so they said, "We can't even take out the part of the brain or

put a shunt in, or something to help her. There was nothing else. They said, “There is nothing we can do.”

We’ll just let her go home where she’ll be more peaceful in her own bed. I just knew she was close to death. And I thought, “Lord, it’s not time, because You said you would bring it to pass.

(Jamie spent a sleepless night praying for her daughter’s recovery. That morning, Britney began to speak.)

Mother: She kept saying “Jesus, Jesus”. And I could tell by the look on her face and her eyes that she was responding, and she hasn’t responded or talked to me for a good year, at all. So when she could look at me and describe Jesus ‘with eyes like fire, the bright lights, and the angels’, who could tell a five year old child that? I knew that she had encountered Christ.

The doctors were amazed, and just looked at her, and said pretty much the same thing that “we see the healing in her eyes” and they new. One of the nurses said, “It’s a higher power.” And I said, “Yea, it’s Jesus. He healed her.”

(A few months later, Jamie was healed of her condition too. Brainwave test showed she was now healed and not longer needed to take medication.)

Mother: I have been seizure free and drug free now for 18 years.

(Britney still likes to sing in Church, and she still remembers her encounter with Jesus Christ.)

Britney: He had the glory of God shone upon Him, and the angels were all around Him—in front, behind, everywhere there was angels. It was just wonderful. And you just felt so peaceful, so at ease. All I can say is there is nothing like it. I have never experienced anything like it on this Earth.

(Today, both Britney and her mother are completely healthy.)

Mother: I had heard from God, and He kept His promise. And He will. And He does.

vera Sanchez

This is what I want to share with you about my Holy Ghost experience. I want to share what I experienced on the 28th of February, when I was hospitalised. I was in my room and I had this pain on the left side of my chest, on my upper breast, and it was a pain, a burning sensation, pain, that wouldn't go away. I had it for about 3 or 4 days. So the doctors came in. There I thought it was my heart. The doctors said, Mrs. Sanchez, it's not your heart. We checked everything." I even had an X-ray. It tends to be that it was inflammation on my left upper breast.

So the doctor left, and my son came in with his daughter, they were going to a game. And my son and my granddaughter prayed over me. So after that he left to take my granddaughter to her game. And I was there alone. The door was shut, and then I felt this breeze come in, as if someone had opened the window and a breeze came in, fresh breeze that came right in, to my face. And I knew then it was Jesus. And in my room, as I was lying there I've seen Jesus. I've seen Jesus. And the tears were of joy, just joy. I was so happy. Tears rolled down my face, and I'm like "Thank You, Jesus, Thank You".

And when I left to go home, I felt no pain. I felt no pain. And I feel no pain now, today. Today is the 1st of March. It was a beautiful experience. And I want to share that with everyone out there. That the Lord, my Jesus will whisper to you. You just have to listen. That was my Holy Ghost encounter.

Verse on receive Jesus words, and He abides with us"

On the 18th of February—I remember it, because I wrote it in my diary the next day—I had a profound visitation from Jesus Christ, and it changed my life forever. It took me months to accept it. It really isn't easy for me to say this; it was the most profound experience in my entire life.

I was at my computer. I am in a band, and we recorded two songs at a studio, and we were going to record a whole album. I was there, and I was writing a song, and the lyrics in the song had some kind of religious implication. And I can remember having some kind of conversation with myself about the lyrics. In my head, as if I was an interviewer, picking apart the lyrics to the song. This voice, which I took to be my own thoughts in my head, said, "What do you think of the teachings of Jesus Christ?" And I don't know, it's so weird to think about it; I don't know if it was to be diplomatic, but my immediate response was "I think they are wonderful". It was like, before I had even finished the thought in my head I felt this presence. I felt this presence all around me like I've never felt before. I knew someone was there with me. Some one very, very powerful, very loving, and it was like I knew it was Jesus. I can't even describe it. It was like the room got lighter, but I don't even know if it did. I just felt this person. And I just said, "Is that You?" And a voice, immediately, like it rang through me. It was like I could hear it, but it was just coming through my whole body. It was the sweetest voice. And He said "Yes".

I just felt like I was losing my mind.

It was like in a few seconds, the world, everything I thought about myself, everything was being challenged; like I was either talking to God, or I was going completely insane.

I said, "Is this real?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "Is this really happening?"

He said, "Yes."

And I just broke down. I just started crying.

He said to me, "Paul, why do you worry?"

It was so intense, it was so powerful. His presence is so loving. I've never felt that loved by anyone in my entire life. It was like how could He

possibly love anyone else as much as He loved Me at that moment. Like it was tangible, physical love I could feel it.

It was so sad, as well. It was so sad. This great, overwhelming sense of love, compassion, purity, authority, and this great sadness. He said to me, "Paul, why do you worry?"

And it was like my mind was going frantic. It was like our conversation was one of words, yet it was telepathic. I mean, how do I even explain it. I can't video it on youtube on computer in an office. How do I explain to you what happened, really? But it was so wonderful.

It was like He was so calm and sweet. I thought I was going crazy. Obviously I must have believed it at the time, because I was engaging with this presence, this voice. I was asking Him a million questions, "What about this? What about that? Do I have to do this? Do I have to do that?"

It was like He was almost having a chuckle, in a nice way, in a loving way, like as a father would have to a kid who is asking a lot of questions. We talked about some stuff, and I don't think some of it is for me to share here. And He told me, "Paul, you must read the New Testament."

At this point I did not know a lot about the Bible. And I said, "Is that the short bit at the end?"

And He was like, "Yes, that's the one." The way He said it, it was definitely funny. I think I laughed, covered in tears. It was like I found myself in this daze, my whole T-shirt was covered in tears; it was like I had put it under the tap or something or thrown water on it. It was so amazing, the whole experience. I was reeling, like I'd never had anything like it.

I don't know why it happened to me. I felt lost. It took me months. I even remember the time.

The only Bible quote I remembered was John 3:16, because I saw it on some T-shirt and wondered about it once. I must have googled it. But it was at that moment when I was asking Him "Is this real? Is this really happening" and He said "Yes", I remember looking up at the clock and it

was 3:16. I remember it was just at that moment that I lost it. All sense of myself, of what reality was.

We live this life, this beautiful life we are given. And it's full of struggle and hardship and pain, and then there is joy, and it's so rich with experience. But when you think about it, we just know so little about the true reality of things. It was so powerful, like I said. It was the most profound experience of my life. I truly met Jesus Christ.

I can't say why this happened to me. It took me months to comprehend it. To be able to talk with Jesus all the time, to have a relationship with Him, a friendship with God. You know Jesus is God. He is human in the sense that God lived as a person and paid a sacrifice, but He is God. He is so awesome. He is so lovely. It's not what I expected. I mean, I didn't expect anything to happen. I was just some dude sitting around with a computer program, worried if my music was going to be successful, or whether the song was good. Music is a great gift. I love music, but I wasn't expecting that. It took me a long time to come to terms with it. My parents aren't Christian. I was living at my parents at the time. I remember phoning my friend up a couple days later.

I was shaken. I was really really shaken. It wasn't a sort of, go to bed and wake up later and forget about it type of thing. It was go to bed, wake up and wonder what on earth just happened? I wrote down as much as I could about the experience. I remember most of what I wrote down. But I do remember the significant parts.

He's so kind. He's so wonderful. Think about it. If what I am saying is real, then God is real.

I'm telling you God is love. He is a God of patience, kindness, endurance, humility. He is a very humble nature. He's like the coolest person I ever met, hands down. I spent five minutes with Jesus, and He is the coolest person I ever met.

No one can top You, Jesus.

He's amazing. It's like He saw through me like a piece of glass. He knew me intimately, and I already knew Him. I mean I didn't, but there was a familiarity like we'd been together before, or something. I can't convince you of the truth. Only God can convince you. Only God can convict you. But this is one of the most truthful things I have ever done in my life. It's not easy for me to come on and say this stuff. It took me a long time to develop and relationship, a friendship. But God wants us to have a friendship.

Everything comes from God. If God is a God of love, why wouldn't we want that? Why wouldn't we want to have the peace that He can give us, the understanding, the truth.

It's so sad. This whole things is so sad. Look at the tragedy in the world. No one wants God, really. No one wants Jesus. People are more concerned about arguing about this and that, than finding the truth in their own heart. They are more worried about intellectually justifying things that make sense to them for whatever reason.

I'm not telling you this because I have a dollar to make. I'm not telling you this because I have an agenda or a church to promote. I'm some guy; I'm just some ordinary dude. I'm nobody. I'm nobody at all. I'm telling you this because Jesus led me to do this. He told me to do this, so that I could maybe touch somebody's life somewhere. I love you all. You're my brothers and sisters. You really are. I love you all very much.

It's been such a beautiful journey. You know I used to live in a place of constant desire and confusion, like jumping from one thing to the next, like this is what I need. Maybe when I've had that, and I'll get this, this and that; wanna go there, and be this and do that... I'm just grateful. I'm just grateful to be here. I'm grateful for the ability to share all this stuff. I'm just a simple dude, you know.

You know, it's funny. People think that God is like this authority figure, and if you give your life to Jesus it's some kind of bondage, but it's not. It's not even like that. He is the Lord. He is the almighty God. There is no higher than the most high God, and there is a certain reverence that comes when you experience that, when you know Him. But the love, the love is so

great, it's so awesome, its so powerful, that once you start being obedient to what God wants you to do... you know He wants you to do it because He knows it's the best thing for you. It's not because He's got some twisted agenda. He can do everything. He is God. He is the alpha and the omega, the first and the last. Once you start having a relationship with Jesus, you are not going to want to do anything else. You just want to bask in His awesome love. You're going to be humble just to be you. You're going to want to be the best version of you that you can be.

Please think about what I've said. Just ask Him into your heart. Just say, "Jesus, are you real? Do you really love me? Can I have You in my life too? Can you show me the way?"

All you have to do is ask in all sincerity. I love you all.

Sister Mei

I have been waiting for this moment for 17 years, because I could not talk about this story. Thinking about it I would tremble. So I was studying and studying the Bible and praying about when is the right time. And now it is the right time.

I am Chinese. I came to the USA in September of 2000. I work to raise money to send it to Africa, we preach the Gospel. I'm a married woman. My husband works for the Federal government. I have a daughter from a previous marriage. She is 20 years old now. She is studying civil engineering. It's amazing how the Lord can work in her life too. She came to this country and she didn't know anything—she didn't even know ABC. She was 10 years old at that time, and now she is studying engineering. So that is another miracle. We are not going to get into that today.

This story is a true story. I brought pictures that was happening on that Island; beautiful beaches, beautiful places in Hawaii. You can see and you can get an idea of how wonderful our God Jesus is. I'll show you later.

I was born in the summer of 1969. I was born in a very small town by the Yangs river. When I was born, my mother lacked the milk to feed me, so I

was crying and crying. I refused any cow milk. If she fed me any cow milk it would come back up through my mouth, through my nose. It was very dangerous for a little infant. So my mother was very worried. She said, "What can I do? If she keeps on crying and crying like this, she is going to starve to death."

So she didn't know what to do. My family was poor. They didn't have very much money to buy anything or buy the human being's milk. So at that time she didn't know what to do. But God knows what to do. One day there was a lady, her name was Aunty Mei. She walked into the town, and she had a mission: she was looking for a baby to nurse. What happened was, her son was born, but he died after seven days. So she had plenty of milk. She walked into our town and was looking for a baby, just looking for a baby. She saw many babies, but she wasn't satisfied. Then the minute she was just about to leave the town she saw I was in my mother's arms. She said, "Look at this baby, full of spirit. I want her. Then she became my nanny. She said, "I live just at the other side of the Yangs river. Walk a little bit and then it will be my home. So if you want to see where I live, your baby is safe, you come with me."

So my parents got out the boat, and then walked a long, long journey. It was about 20 miles. My parents didn't expect that. But because the nanny really loved me at first sight when she saw me, she just wanted to feed me. So that is how she brought me at her home, so I was left there at her house. At those days there was no public transportation, so the only thing you can do is just walk. So my parents just really have that much chance to see me. I said with this lady and she spoiled me. She has a few more children, but she loved me the most, probably because I replaced her newborn child, so she just spoiled me. If I was hungry; if I was tired; if I cried; if I wanted to throw anything away at any direction, she just let me. So she spoiled me in the wrong way and that gave me lots of trouble for the future life. Seven months later I had to go home, because another infant baby [an orphan her mother found one day and was then adopted by her uncle and aunty] needed nursing and feeding. So this new baby was exchanged for me. My parents took this baby to my nanny's home and

gave this baby to the nanny, so this nanny continued to feed that baby. So that is how I came home.

Our neighbours new that someone in our family had adopted a baby, but they didn't know who it was. They knew it was a girl, but they didn't know which girl it was. By the time I came back from the country side I looked thin, I looked small, and I looked very brown. After you have lots of sunshine you look very brown. For our culture, if your skin looks dark, people look down at you. The called me black, they said I was an abandoned one, no one had wanted me, I was the adopted one. These words really hurt me deeply. No one really asked me what effect this had on me. My mother favoured my sister. So all the time I thought I was the adopted one, that I had been abandoned [by my original parents] and wondered people didn't want me, and what I had done wrong.

When grew up I didn't have any confidence. Inside of me I felt I was really searching for something, I needed really true love. I was searching. I knew something was missing. All the time I was looking for that. As I became a teenager I went the way of being rebellious. I did things against my parents will, and this includes my marriage. But I thought, "I never went to jail, I never stole anything, I was still a good person" that's how I felt about myself.

In my little town where I grew up and what our education was, people believed that we came from monkeys—there is no God, there is no Saviour, there is no God of Creation. That is how we were educated. I didn't not believe the monkey theory, but I did believe there was no God. I didn't believe God existed. So because of that, I had no idea or concept of things like spirits or devils or of going up to Heaven or going down to hell after death. I never believed anything like that. In that little town I lived in for over 20 years I never saw a church building, I have never seen a book named a Bible, I have never heard the Gospel, I have never heard the story about Jesus Christ. I never knew anything about this. All I had in my heart was, I am the centre of my life. If I put my effort into anything I can get it. I am in charge of my fate. I can do anything in my control. My life is under my control. That is how I believed. That believe I now know is wrong.

In the summer of 1996 I was 20 years of age. My boyfriend was a married man. He took me to the southern most part of China to see the ocean. The ocean was the heaven of my dreams. That was the first time in my whole life that I've seen the ocean. For some reason I felt I wanted to see the ocean. I had lots of questions about life, and felt could they be answered if I could just reach the ocean. I thought if I could just see the ocean once, I could die without any grudge. That's how I felt. I was hungry for this ocean. I just knew I needed that place.

We flew there. [On the last smaller plane] there was only me and my boyfriend on the plane. There was no body else. I felt, "This trip is going to be very special. It's going to be small; it's going to be very romantic. It's going to be unforgettable." That's how I felt. When we arrived at the beach we checked into the hotel and we arrived to the beach very soon. I was so excited to see the waves, the seagulls, to see that place, to feel that place. I was just so happy about that. So after many pictures taken, I raced myself into the water. Then I was standing there. When the water just reached up to my waist, I stopped and I looked at the horizon, and I thought "Life isn't fair". Why, these people on the beach seem so happy, they never went through any difficulties or hardships, but I had to go through so many hardships. At that time I was divorced. My husband left me when I had a baby. He showed up when I was in the hospital for the first few days, but after that just left me. It really broke my heart. So life went along in the wrong direction, and that is how I met this man and I went to the beach with him. At that time I had no money, I had no job, I had no hope. I just didn't have anything at all. It was just totally, totally useless and totally, totally hopeless. So I'm looking at the horizon and I'm thinking, "What am I going to do in the future? Who is going to help me bring up this child without a man to rely on, without any support. I am so young and am divorced. Who is going to marry me again in the future? How am I going to face the future? I just didn't know what to do. I was just wanted to cry. But I knew I could not cry; there was so many people on the beach, I didn't want to embarrass myself, so I held my tears back. I was just thinking and thinking and thinking, and I sighed, "Who could help me?" From the bottom of my heart, from my mind, from my soul I cried out for help. I don't know how long I stood there, from the time I woke up

from my daydreaming I realised that my body wasn't standing in the water any more. My toes could have barely touched the sand. I thought, wow, that is a very short distance from here to the shore. So I started to swim back, and I realised, "Why is the image of the people on the beach getting smaller and smaller. So tried harder. The harder I tried I was pulled away further. That time I realised there was a hand holding my ankle dragging me down into the water. I was frightened. I did everything I could to try the best to swim to the shore. I lived by the Yangs river, and I knew how to swim since I was nine years old, so I never had any problem to swim in the water. I was never afraid of anything. I was never afraid of big ways or deep water, or any complications I could handle it. But that day I was not strong enough. I could not handle it. I tried everything. When I chose to stand at that point I saw there was two men. One stood at one side and the other stood on the other side. When I choose that spot an idea flashed in my mind. "Oh, here is very safe. I'm very close to him, and very close to him, they are very strong. If anything happens, they can come to help me. That's why I stood there. That's why I choose that spot. But when this happened, I knew I could not help myself. So I turned myself to this one, I wanted to ask for help. The moment I thought his, that hand moved from the bottom of the sea and moved to hold my throat, so I could not make any noise. I tried to say "help" by no noise came out from the mouth [just lips were moving]. The man looked at me and he turned his face back, turned his face to the other way. I didn't get any help. So I turned my face to the other man and the same thing happened, and he did the same thing. So I was just totally ignored. They could not hear me.

The hand was holding me tighter and tighter to make sure I was just completely could not make any noise at all. The hand moved down to my ankle and continued to drag me down to the water. At that time I knew I could not get any help, and I was just pulling away, and pulling away further into the water where there was nobody around me. Then my body started to turn around and around and I didn't know what to do. At that time I saw a big wave came and then on the top of the wave was a big ugly face, and the minute I saw that face I knew it was the devil. It was huge. It was coming on the top of the wave, and he said, "I'm going to kill you today." When I saw that I knew I was finished. There was no hope. I was

dying. I'm gone and I'm going to die today. So in my mind I was thinking of my mom, my dad, and my daughter, I said, "Mom, Dad, Wayway, I'm sorry." They didn't even know where I was. I never told them where I was. So if I died today they would be very disappointed. So closed my eyes and stretched out my hands and was waiting to die. At that time the water came up to under my nostrils and the water forced into my mouth. I started to take in the seawater and started to sink.

But a miracle happened in a way that no one could have ever imagined. The minute I closed my eyes, the minute I stretched out my hands, two words came out of my mouth which I didn't have any understanding of what I was saying, "My God." Immediately the heaven opened, and I saw some object hovering around in the air, hovering around like a big bird. It came towards me. While he was coming and was folding his wings and he came on top of me and he covered me there and he landed in front of me and he rotated like this [spinning] and then he became an image of a man and then he stood in front of me. I didn't know who he was, but the minute I saw that, I knew that I came from him. So I just fell down in front of him.

When he first came, another two words came out from my mouth without me understanding anything; another two words: "The Holy Spirit." I was an atheist at that time, you know, but these two words just came out. I didn't know anything about God. So the Holy Spirit came down like a bird and stood in front of me, and then rotated and then became like a man and stood in front of me. So I didn't know who this man was. He was tall. He was wearing a robe. Behind him was an enormous round bright light shining with boundless radiance. He stood in front of the light, yet the light and he were together; they were inseparable. In front of him I trembled with great fear. I trembled, I was just so afraid. I knew that without him standing in front of the light I would not exist. I should not be there. So suddenly he raised his right hand and he drew a semi-circle from his left shoulder to his right [like an arch]. Then I saw a beam of light, a bright light, as brilliant as the light behind him. It came from the palm of his hand and moved along with his hand as he drew the semi-circle. And immediately time turned back, everything that had happened in my life

appeared in front of him, just like a video. There was a big scroll opened. Everything that I had said, all the things that I had done and all the thoughts that I had had, they all were recorded into that book. I saw the words, “deadly sin, deadly sin, deadly sin” frequently were appearing in that book. That is how I was recorded in that book. I couldn’t believe I was such a filthy sinful person. I just put my face on the ground and said, “I am a sinner. I am a sinner. I deserve to die. I deserve to die. Let me go to die. Let me go to die.” I said, “I should have died many times, let me go to die.” I understood clearly that I only deserved to die. I was willing to wait and willing die. And I believed that he was sending someone to put me to death. I believed that. However, nothing happened. It was still peaceful. It was still quiet. Then I asked him myself, “What is he waiting for?” Then I heard a voice that was sounding from heaven above and the earth below: “My child. You have come back at last. I have been waiting for you for so long.”

When I looked up, the brilliant bright light that was behind had disappeared. He became a real man. He stood in front of me. But he was above the ground, just a few steps in front of me. There was a hole in the left side of his heart, blood and water pouring out of that hole. I thought, “Who was so cruel? Who was so mean? Who would punch such a big hole in his heart? The minute I thought about it, the Spirit told me that blood was shed for my sins, and his pain was caused by my faults. His blood was shed for me and for the whole world. His pain was caused by my sins, including those visible and those invisible, and I had broken his heart. All those sins that had been recorded in that book had hurt him, and had been hurting him always. My depravity, debauchery, immorality, my ignorance, stubbornness, rebelliousness, my bitterness, resentment and anger, never for a minute did it stop. Every sin that I had ever committed was a painful torment for him. Every sin was like a sharp knife that injured him deeply. It was I who had broken his heart. It was I that caused Him pain; it was I that caused Him to bleed like that.

Then I saw the pure love from His eyes, and it was just pouring out into my direction. And I said to myself, “I never saw such love. It’s a pure love. It’s a true love. Is that for me?” I was questioning in my mind, and I looked

around and there was no one else. And immediately the words came to me: Yes, it's for you.

“But how can this be? It's impossible. I have nothing to pay you back.”

He said: “You never had anything without Me, but I still love you. And I never expect anything back from you.”

He said: Take it! My love will never change.”

And more of the love came to me with the words. I have never experienced such unconditional love. I could not hold my feelings. I burst into tears. I was just crying out in front of Him. And I said: “Why do you love me? Who am I? I am nobody. I was never favoured by my parents. I grew up with no confidence. I'm an abandoned woman with a broken heart and lowly. I'm lowly and in pain. And diligently searched for true love and found nothing.”

I said: “I worse than nothing. I am worse than the dust or dirt. Nobody has ever paid attention to me. I have no value, no job, no money, no home to go to. After the divorce I could not find my identity, I was so lost. I'm so tired to go back, no one to rely on. The only thing I have is my daughter. But I cannot have her with me. I have to be separate from her. I do not want to live like this, but I have no choice. I was pushed to this point, and I have no hope, no future, no dignity, I have nothing. Why do you love me?”

I wept allowed.

He said: “You are my favourite. I never moved my eyes away from you. I watched all your sufferings, and I know you are in pain. Yet My heart has more pain than yours because I have always loved you.”

These words came to me. I wept even louder.

“Had I known the true love in You, I would never have gone out searching for it, and I never would have made so many mistakes. But it's too late. I want Your love, but I'm a sinner. I only deserved to perish. Everything had been written in that book. I have to pay the price for everything that I have done wrong. A woman like me, I have only shame, I am filthy, I am

dirty. How could I deserve Your love. No, I do not deserve it. I shook my head.”

Before I even finished thinking, the answer came. The spirit spoke:

“I tried very hard. I tried very hard to tell you how much I loved you. But you refused me and never gave Me any chance to allow Me to go into your heart.”

And I knew everything that He said was true, and I was so regretful, and I felt I was so stupid. However, the more love just kept coming to me like waves, and the words continued.

“It’s never too late. Your past is not important for Me. The important part is I love you. No matter what your background is, how poor, how broken you are, no matter how worthless you feel, how deep you have sinned, I will never abandon you. My love has never changed and it never will be.”

I cried on the top of my voice.

Then the same voice came from everywhere, from the Earth below, from the heavens above, saying: “Go help her!”

I opened my eyes. I could not believe I was still alive. There was a man in front of me. He said, “Put your hands on my shoulders. I’ll take you out of the water.”

Immediately I knew he was the one sent by the one I had just seen. So I followed him. He took me out of the water. I could not walk. My whole body was trembling like an electrical current went through my body, so I was just shaking. Immediately I wanted to lie die, but he said, “No you can’t lie here. When the wave comes it will take you away.”

So he helped me, he supported me. He half dragged, half supported me, he just pulled a little further to where he thought I was safe. So he left me there. Immediately I went into a deep sleep. I did not know for how long. That night, many quiz questions flooded into my mind. I was just asking myself, the first question was “Who was that man? How could heaven open? How could he come from heaven? How could he come from there?”

I've never seen anyone from heaven, how could he come from there? I was never educated in this, there was no educated words in my mind to describe that. And what was the light? What kind of light was that? It was like a summer sun, but it was much brighter than a summer sun. Never could you see that in the world. And why the beam of the light went through his hand? How could that be? How could that possibly be? I did not understand.

And why he knew everything about me, and I knew nothing about Him? Why would He give me the chance to live again? He looked at all my sins. He could have just sent me to hell. He could have just said, "Go to hell" and then I would be gone. But why did he give me a second chance? There were so many questions. And why he was everywhere with me? I did not understand. I was asking myself, "Why? Why? Why?" and "How? How? How?"

That night I knew I had met the God that I had never believed before. The vision I saw, the voice I heard, the experience that I had, I knew it was not a dream. I knew it wasn't something I could imagine. I knew I was in a real place. I knew everything wasn't an imagination. But how could I prove it? How could people believe me? I never heard people talking about God or saying anything about these kind of things. Who would believe me? I must prove it.

So the next day I went back to the beach and I found the man who pulled me out of the water, and I invited him for dinner to show my gratitude. It surprised me, but he could not understand my language, because I spoke mandarin and he spoke the local language. So we could not understand, so we needed a third party to be the translator and understand each other. But anyway, he came. He came to the dinner with his best friend so the best friend could be the interpreter for us. And during the meal I asked him only one thing. There's only one thing I need to know. I said, "Where were you? How did you see me when I was in danger?"

He said, through his friend, "No, I did not see you. I was in the middle of the shower. My whole body was full of soap. I had nothing on, I was just

full of soap. Then I heard a voice say: 'Go help her!' Then I grabbed a pair of underwear and I covered myself and I raced out and I ran to you."

When he said that I knew, "This was the God. I really met the God. I really met this God face to face. And not only that, He saved me. He sent this man to save me. I knew that wasn't a coincidence. It was arranged by Him.

But I did not know this God was Jesus Christ. So at this moment I became Jewish. I knew there was a God, but I didn't know His name was Jesus. A few days later we went back to the city where I lived. I started my mission looking for this God. I decided to go anywhere, any direction, anything I can buy. I need to know this God. I need to know why He knows everything about me, and I know nothing about Him. I need to find Him. But where to find Him? I don't know. No body ever told me where to go. So I thought about in the movies when people are calling upon God when they did something wrong, when they are married they call upon God, when they are buried they call upon God, so God must be in the church. So one day I asked a man on the street. He was making money by taking people places on the tricycle. So I said, "Take me to a church." He said, "What kind of a church?"

I was shocked. "There are different churches? Different brands?" I never knew, and I was so embarrassed, because he was a street man, and he sounds like he knew more than I did, and I was an educated woman.

So he said, "Of course. There is a Roman Catholic church, a Christian church. Which one do you want to go to?"

I said, "Take me to one you have been to."

He said, "Oh no, I've never been to one. But I took someone to a place somewhere, sometime."

So I said, "Okay, take me to there."

So he took me to a Christian church. And I walked in, and I asked this woman, "I wish to buy a Bible". Because the reason I wanted to buy a Bible is before I went to this island I met an American man. There was a group of Americans that said they were trying to learn about the culture.

But I think they were learning the culture to try to be missionaries, learning how they could work. I think that is what I knew later. So I took them to different tea houses. Every place they went to, everyone would pull out a book. And when they would start to read that book, we had to leave. Chinese weren't allowed to talk about religion with foreigners; it's against the law. So when they started to share, and started to study, we had to leave. I asked my friend, "What is that book?" Then my friend told me that it's a Bible. All the Christians know that book. They study that book."

I said, "What does it mean a Christian?"

He said, "I don't know either."

But anyway I knew a Bible is probably the book talking about God. So I went to the church asking about a Bible. And the woman said, "I'm sorry, we are sold out."

I said, "When can I buy? Where can I buy? Can you tell me which book store I can go to buy the Bible?"

She said, "There's nowhere else. Only in the church sells the Bible. So if you come back by Christmas time, we should have a Bible available."

I said, "When is Christmas?"

So she told me when Christmas time was.

So I went back a few months later and I got my first Bible. When I got my first Bible I started to read from the page one, Genesis, all the way to the last page of Malachi. I was looking for the Lord, what his face looked like; what the heart, what's the blood? How the book described the palm of His hand? What is going on there. Immediate I believed every miracle that was recorded in the Bible, everything God said I believed it. Everything they had done, I believed it. When Moses took those people out of Egypt, those miracles I just believed it. I loved every single one of them. They were just beautiful.

And I said to myself, “This God is so powerful! Why didn’t I know Him before?”

But I didn’t find anywhere talking about the heart, the hole in the heart, the blood pouring out from there, or the hands, or these kind of things. So I went through it a second time and I still didn’t see it. Then I started to read the New Testament. The New Testament started to talk about the family tree of Jesus Christ. And I said, “Who is this Jesus? I’m looking for the Lord, why does he have to be here, and why people have to put page this thick to talking about Jesus? And his family tree. Is that really important? Why do we have to know about his life?”

One thing that made me very upset was I know there is one God. I know there is only one God, and when they put Jesus into that book that means they equalled Jesus with the Lord, and that made me upset. Because I believed the one that saved me, that was the only God. At the same time, I cried out to my God, I said, “God, if you don’t appear to me anymore, if you don’t speak to me anymore, you send someone to me to teach me about this Jesus. Who is this Jesus? I want to understand. What is this Jesus business?”

Then a year later, God has a sense of humour. He sent the same man back to the city. This American man, Mr. Doug we called him, he gathered young people like me together and offered free English classes. So we studied English. At the beginning of the English class we had a piece of paper, like this, so we’d read the story or read the paragraphs, and study the words, everything. And very soon it became to be study the Gospel of John. And then he began to tell us, “Jesus Christ is the only God. He is a powerful God. He is a miracle God. He shows miracles. He made the deaf to hear, he made the blind to see, he makes people cured. He made dead people walk out from the tomb. He is the King of kings, Lord of lords.”

I was thinking, “These people really know how to make up stories. These are just the stories they make up to help us study the English. But anyway, I needed the free class. I need to study English. I just need to wait, and I will tell them my story, and I will tell them who this God is, who this real God is!”

So one day we came to the story, “Jesus asked Thomas, ‘Put your finger into My hand and side’ and Jesus told him ‘Stop doubting and believe’.”

And then Mr. Doug put his fingers in the motion in this way [pointing to one palm and then the other]. When I looked at that, I said, “Oh!”

And Mr. Doug said, “Because of love, the King of kings, the Lord of lords was crucified. But three days later not only was he raised from the dead, but He appeared to many disciples at different places. As for the mark of the nails on His hands, the disciples saw it, Thomas touched it, everything was true.

When I saw this, I almost fell from the chair I was sitting on. Since I met the Lord I don’t remember how many times I was asking about, “How could it possibly be that there was light that went through the palm of that hand. I knew there was a hole, but I looked around at everybody. Nobody has a hole in the middle of their hand. So I guessed that was probably the symbol of the Lord.

When he showed me that, I knew. And I said, “I saw that hand!” And that is when the name of Jesus really came into my heart. But because of the stubbornness I still have a difficult time to put Jesus really to be merged with the one that I saw. So I constantly struggled with that. I constantly was talking with Him, “Jesus, if you are real, show me some miracles today.” And He did. He really did show some miracles to me. One of them was, I was in the hospital one day. I had a surgery, and I could not afford to hire someone to care about me all the way. So I hired her for the first three days. On the fourth day I told her to go home. I thought I could handle it. I have this God, I’m okay. I didn’t ask my friends to come and help me. And then on the fourth day I realised that’s not easy. The pain was still incredible. It was impossible for me to go down to the seventh floor to buy my own food. Then I didn’t have any food that day. I was just so hungry, I didn’t have anything to eat. Nobody knew I was hungry. So at that time would lie in that bed, and I said, “Jesus, if you are a real God, you would know I am in this condition. You would send me something to eat; just a little bit of food.”

I was just thinking about that and I went to sleep. I don't know how long I was lying there. And the lady next to my bed, she woke me up and said, "Wake up, wake up." And she had a box of food in her hands. She said, "I have this extra food I want to give to you today."

I said, "Where did it come from?"

She said, "My daughter-in-law, I already told her I had ordered the food from the hospital, but suddenly she said she just wanted to cook some special food for me. So she cooked special food and brought it for me. So now this is an extra one. Now I will give it to you."

I knew at that time only Jesus can do that. He has to be the Lord. He just has to be the Lord. That's how He really came into my life, and I totally knew that this was Jesus who appeared on the ocean and who saved my life, and who just did that miracle to me.

So very soon I went back to this American man and I asked him one day, I said I want to be a Christian. And he was so surprised and excited. He even forgot about inviting me into his place. And later he invited me.

And he said, "Tell me what happened. Why do you believe in this God. At this time I found I could not talk about my story. The minute I start to talk about this story I became stuttered, so I could not say anything. So I said, "He saved my life. I almost died, He saved me, so I believe in Him."

He realised I wasn't ready to share, so he changed his subject. He said, "Actually, we prayed for you. A year ago after we met, we prayed for you. Our friends in America, we prayed for your group, and for you, especially for you. We asked the Lord to open your eyes; we asked the Lord to open your ears, to open your heart so you can see Him, you can hear His voice, you can know Him, you can be saved.

I was thinking, all the time I was thinking "What was the connection between me and God. That was because of their prayers that I was saved."

So how important the prayer is. I'm very happy today that we have this prayer meeting. Keep praying, keep praying. It's really powerful. You never know, you just never know when God is going to show that miracle.

So he just said God answered his prayer so quickly. He didn't expect that prayer to be answered so quickly.

So I became a Christian, and later on I was baptized I gave my life to follow Jesus Christ. I knew He was the only God, without Him I wouldn't be standing here, and I know many of us here.

After I was baptised, many times I thought, "Who am I? I really am nobody. Nobody yesterday, nobody today, nobody tomorrow. I was never going to be anybody. But God just saved me, He picked me up and He remodelled me. He cleansed me. He remodelled me and He gave me a new life, a meaningful life. He really shone the light on my path, on my future, and I know for the rest of my life I am going to be working for Him. I'm going to be living for Him. In the little and big things He asked me to do I would just try my best to do my best, because I know who holds tomorrow.

My friend, I don't know what your faith is today, but I know no matter what situation you are going through today, how hard you are facing things, but I know God can fix everything. Put your faith into His hands and He will fix everything.

Now we come to section three: Heaven, our real home.

One day after I came into the USA, into Los Angeles actually, I was sorting out my old photos when I came across a few pictures of Saya beach it reminded me of how I miraculously survived it. When I was just about together all the photos and put them away, a pattern and a line of words attracted my attention. I saw a row of palm trees on the top of the T-shirt that I was wearing, and the bottom of that in English words it says, "Los Angeles".

I said, "My goodness! I'm living in this place. And is this place full of palm trees?"

[Shows photo] As you can see this is the T-shirt, and this is the photo taken on that beach on the following day.

I thought “Wow! This is not an ordinary T-shirt that I was wearing. I was wearing God’s promise.” He was promising at that time that He was going to send me to Los Angeles. So several years later I was, and I am here.

So this is just to confirm that nothing is a coincidence. Everything God has a plan. He has a plan for us. His salvation is planned for us. So on that day I just knew that God had put this plan into my life so that I could come to Him, I could accept Him, I can praise him. I can share His glory and glorify His name. That is His plan. I knew that that T-shirt was a mission too, it was God’s assignment to me. It was a mission to me that I have to come here, I have to share this story with everybody; I have to tell people about this Jesus Christ. As an atheist who didn’t even believe Him, who totally reject him get Him, and now how He brought me to this promised land. And now when I look at the Bible, Jesus said, “My Father’s house as many places. I’m going to prepare a place for you, so you know where I am there you can come later.”

I knew He was talking about Heaven. When I looked at these pictures I knew God wanted me to tell the world that He came to me in the glory, and then revealed Himself to me that He shed his blood for me and for the sins of the world. And how He went back to the Heaven in this Glory. That is the story He wanted me to tell. His promise is real. Heaven is real, and Heaven is our real home. It is the only our only home when our journey is finished here, that is the place we end up to be in. That is the place we really hope to go. When we finish this journey on this Earth, that is the place we want to be. That is the place Jesus is waiting for us, it’s a real place.

I have thought about when Jesus said, “My child, you have come back at last; I have been waiting for you for so long” when He said that to me, each time when I recall that moment, when I recall that voice, it sounded like it was from Heaven above and Earth below, I trembled. I trembled almost for 17 years to tell about this story. And now I am able to tell the public about how the Lord saved me. So now you can have your trust, your faith put in Him. You can trust Him. The way He can save me, the way He can save you; the way He can show me the miracle, He can show you the miracle.

He spoke to me, He spoke to Moses, He spoke to Abraham, He spoke to Hagar, He spoke to many people in the Bible, so He can speak to you. He saved me in the ocean, so He can also save you. He saved many people. You read in the Bible, all the miracles. He can do everything!

So my testimony, my story ends here, but I think your testimony just began. After you have heard this true story, I want to ask, would you be more willing to share this amazing Jesus, this amazing Lord with your family, your friends and your neighbours. Will you be more excited to share the gospel to the unreached people of the world, will you be more surrendered to the Lord, be more humble to serve Christ as your Master, as your Saviour. Will you be more looking forward to the real home, heaven, when your journey is finished on this Earth. These questions I lay before you.

May the Lord bless you.

Testimony from Mrs. Geetha Deva Kumar

I was born in a nominal Christian home and went to church only at Christmas or Easter. My dad is an atheist and my mom a Christian who thought the world of my dad. When I was 19, I had a dream that my mother passed away and I was absolutely terrified. Within a month my mother had a rare virulent type of blood cancer and died within 21 days. Soon after that my sister and I got married.

Since my husband was a believer I used to read the Bible with him. When we prayed together I was not sure whether Jesus was the only Way. Whenever I came to the part where it says, "Jesus rose again", I would be reminded of what my dad told us, that "His disciples stole the body and made up a story that He rose from the dead".

In 1995 when our daughter Anita was 8 years old I had a similar dream that she passed away. "The body was laid in a coffin and people were going around it and kissing it. I too kissed her and her skin felt like leather" I woke up terrified and went to her bedside to pray. She was burning with fever. When she vomited blood we rushed her to hospital. She started

hemorrhaging internally. On the 20th day, the doctors gave up hope. She was in and out of consciousness and was seeing demons and even Satan. She would tell us they were in the room, but we thought she was delirious.

My husband and I decided to fast and pray all night. We put the IV tube through the Bible on the verse which says "We are healed by His wounds," knelt on either side of the bed and started to pray. I told Jesus, If what is written in the Bible is true, that You are alive and You do miracles, then come and heal my daughter. At about 2 am my daughter began stirring and speaking in another language. After a few minutes she abruptly got up and said "Mummy I am healed" Then she said "I saw Jesus" She explained, " I was taken up through a dark tunnel higher and higher which opened into a bright hole that led to a golden gate of pearls. The gate was open and I ran through it, I walked through streets of gold which were so beautiful and reached the shores of a sea. I was wondering how I would cross this sea and when I put my foot it was only glass like crystal. I crossed over to find a huge throne made of gold and Jesus was standing near it. I ran to Him, He carried me and I felt so happy there I did not want to come home. So. I hugged Jesus really tight but He kissed me and put me down and told me to go."

That's when she woke up. She explained how Jesus was the most beautiful person she had ever seen, His robe was bright light and His hair and eyes were brilliant.

The doctors were surprised to see the sick child playing. They did not believe what I told them and insisted on a blood test which was normal. Hallelujah! When we came home she saw a picture of Christ at the entrance and said "What a terrible painting that is, Jesus is so beautiful" She read the Bible voraciously for hours together and memorized Scripture. She explained deep truths simply and displayed such love I knew it was from God.

I started reading the Scriptures believing that Jesus was alive and that everything about Him was true. When I came to the Book of Revelation I found it was exactly how my daughter had described Heaven. The first dream came to pass but the second did not. For the second dream I called

on the Name of Jesus and pleaded the Blood of Jesus for my daughter's healing. He saved my daughter from the enemy. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full. (John 10:10)

With this experience, I am constrained to share His love to everyone I come across – my students, colleagues and neighbors. All glory and honor to our only true God and His Son Jesus Christ, through His Holy Spirit. Amen.

By: Karen Templin

I had not been to church for many years, though I was a believer in Jesus -- I loved Him. Suddenly, I felt like He was calling me to know him better. I started reading other people's testimonies of Him; also near-death experiences of people who had actually gone to Heaven, and met Him. The more I read, the closer I felt to Him. I met a new friend who invited me to church. I said, "Yes" - Anything that would draw me closer to Him.

As I sat in church, the minister asked the question, "*What is the mountain in your life?*" He told us to take a few minutes to meditate about it. I thought about things I had not been able to overcome in my life. My biggest mountain was definitely the lack of forgiveness I felt for people who I thought had hurt me or wronged me in some way. I could easily walk out of people's lives, and hold a grudge for twenty years or for the rest of my life for that matter.

As I thought about these things, I felt a deep wrenching pain in my heart -- even physical pain as though my heart was being squeezed tight in my chest. I bowed my head. I knew what the Bible says about [forgiveness](#). I thought, *Jesus is probably mad at me.*

Still feeling the pain in my heart, I thought to myself ... *look for the face of Jesus.* I had read that somewhere, but I didn't think I would literally see Him. If I did, I was sure He would come condemning me.

As I was thinking I should look for His face, I raised my eyes, and I couldn't have been more surprised by what I saw. I saw Jesus -- He was actually there! It was just His face, but he was alive, and moving around. He had dark, shoulder-length hair with light streaks of gray, and He was wearing a crown of thorns. I just gazed up at Him, and He was smiling at me with the most loving smile I had ever seen in my life!

The first thing I thought was - *He looks a little different than He does in His pictures, but only slightly different.* I had expected His hair to be longer, and His nose was a little different.

I felt no condemnation from Him at all. That greatly surprised me. Next I felt Him sending me love that was full of sympathy and compassion. It was an overwhelming kind of love that I was sure human beings aren't capable of. I was in awe that He could love me that much. It was blissful. I was totally absorbed by that love, to the point where I felt my heart could burst. I have never felt anything like it, and I'm sure that I never will as long as I'm on this earth.

I just continued to gaze up at Him. He continued to smile at me like I was the only person on earth who mattered to Him, though I'm sure He must look at each one of us that way. Throughout the whole vision, He never once stopped smiling at me.

Next, I saw Him sending beams of transparent, white light towards my heart. I felt the light penetrating my being. The light felt like nothing, other than pure love and compassion. Jesus was very kind and loving towards me -- not condemning at all. I only sensed a strong outpouring of love from Him. He seemed perfect in His goodness and kindness.

Next He began to communicate to me, but no words were used. He communicated by sending me feelings. There was knowledge in the feelings that I understood easily and clearly as it was transferred into my mind.

He said that He already knew about it all -- my lack of forgiveness towards others -- how I had been hurt by other people, and the circumstances in my life that had made me feel that way. He said, *"I know everything about*

you. " That surprised me greatly, but I also felt comforted by it. It meant that He had never been far from me like I had always thought. I realized that I had been constantly under His supervision, like when our children are small, and we never let them out of our eyesight.

Again, I felt more compassion from Him pouring out to me. He said, *"I feel your pain. I grieve with you."* He was like a loving parent who will pick you up when you are hurting, and hold you in his loving arms. He will comfort you, and wipe away all of your tears. I actually felt like I had been comforted, and held in the arms of Jesus.

After He comforted me, He spoke again. He told me not to worry or concern myself with these things because He would take care of it for me. I sensed an incredible strength in Him. I felt like a burden had been lifted, and I felt like He could easily carry all of my burdens. We have all been taught about the meek and humble man, but he exuded strength, and I could feel it.

I was still looking at Him. I was still surprised by some of the things that He said. He was still looking at me. He still wore that loving smile on his face that would melt the heart of the worst hardened sinner. He was still sending me love, and it was to overflowing. There was so much love that I felt like my heart couldn't hold it all, and it may burst if I took in much more. I began to feel like I couldn't handle it anymore. Maybe in human form we can't. I don't know.

Seeing all of the goodness and purity in Him, I felt like I may break down into tears and sobs. I started to feel unworthy of His pure holiness. He was a soul at the highest level of perfection. Seeing this makes you aware of even your smallest sins. I felt unworthy of Him, and then I looked away.

When I looked back, He wasn't there anymore, but I was left with a feeling of total awe. Jesus had been there. I had seen Him. I had felt Him. He had communicated with me. The thing I was left knowing, above everything else, was that He loved me more than anyone had ever loved me in my life!

A few days later, I thought about how I had sat in church that day knowing I had sinned. Yet, Jesus had blessed me with a wonderful vision. I knew he still loved me, unconditionally, in spite of my flaws. I thought, *how can this be?...*

Later that night, I started to read the Bible, the book of John. Jesus answered my question clearly:

John 3:16: *"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that who so ever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

As I read further it said: *"For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is already condemned because he has not believed."*

I had sought to know Him with my whole heart and soul, and He had not disappointed me. He had restored in my spirit my willingness to forgive all who had wronged me, because [forgiveness](#) cancels out anger, fear, resentment, and any other negative emotion you can imagine.

I remembered that He had worn the crown of thorns in my vision. I now realize that they were meant to be symbolic, a reminder to me of how He loved us all enough to be lifted up, and [crucified on the cross](#) for the forgiveness of our sins. The crown of thorns are a symbol of his love that He feels for each one of us. He had truly shown me how to forgive.

I saw Jesus again...

I read about **The Jesus Prayer**. It is a meditation where you repeat a phrase over and over again to Jesus. The first time I said **The Jesus Prayer**, I said, *"Jesus, the Son of God, have mercy on me."* I had been laying in bed for some time saying the prayer when my six-year-old daughter came into the room, and asked me for a glass of water. When I rolled over and opened my eyes, I saw a small [cross](#) in the corner of my bedroom, up next to the ceiling. It was wooden, about four inches long, with four gold bands around all four sides. I looked at it for several, long seconds. I saw it

clearly, and was able to make out all of the details on it. When I looked away it was gone.

The second time I said The Jesus Prayer, I said, "*Jesus, the Son of God, I trust in You.*" I had been saying the prayer for awhile as I lay in bed. I finally started to drift off to sleep. Suddenly, I was stirred from my sleep.

As I returned to consciousness, I saw the back of myself, the back of my head and shoulders. Then I saw two arms reaching around my neck to hug me. As this person drew me into His embrace, I saw the face of Jesus looking over the back of my shoulder while He was hugging me, and then He smiled at me; the me that was watching the vision! I thought, He is just too kind to me!

I just can't help loving him!

(also from precious testimonies link)

I SAW JESUS BUT FELT SO UNWORTHY!

I had an amazing encounter with Jesus Christ, and I would like to take this occasion to thank God publicly for it, that He somehow might be glorified by it. This amazing encounter was life-changing for me, which had to be the primary reason why God allowed it to even happen.

The experience I had is not a typical one most Christians experience, so I realize there may be those who may be a bit skeptical of what I'll be sharing. All I can say to those who may have a difficult time believing this really happened is that those who know me personally know I don't lie. Being honest has always been something I've respected in others. I don't like being lied to; so others have every right to feel the same about me, the way I see it.

A little background first before I share about this encounter with Jesus I had. I was raised by two wonderful Christian parents who took me to church frequently when I was younger. However, when I got into my late teens, I hung around with the party crowd much too often, and grew to

enjoy drinking and partying much more than I enjoyed going to church. I knew being a committed Christian was the right thing to do, but I enjoyed sinning more than I enjoyed striving to keep sin out of my life, sad to say.

I won't spend much time sharing about all the wild and crazy things I got wrapped up in while I rebelled against God. Bar fights - driving crazy while drinking ' it was only by the grace of God that I'm even alive today. I really didn't have Christ in my life and I seldom if ever prayed. I was a very unhappy person most of the time, except when I was high on something.

In my second marriage, my wife, Sue, and I drank a lot on the weekends. I didn't drink during the week, because I've always taken great pride in my work, and didn't want alcohol to affect my work performance. We thought we were happy, but we really weren't when we would be honest with ourselves.

When our daughter, Nicole, was born, I felt that was the second best thing I had ever done right up to that point in my life; marrying Sue was the first of course. When the nurse informed us that Nicole was born with a birth defect, it really didn't stun me much. Nothing else ever seemed to go right in my life -- why should Nicole be born healthy, I pretty much concluded.

To correct the birth defect, we all spent a great deal of time in the hospital. Between Sue being at the hospital for days on end, while two children at home needed to be raised and I had to work some crazy hours, there was additional stress put on our family. In my mind, God was some supernatural person way far away, somewhere up in the heavens, and for certain, He sure didn't care about me. During that time, I remember praying twice to Him. One prayer was the 'Why - God ' Why?' prayer. 'Why is all this stuff happening to *me*, God?' The other prayer was my telling God that I would just rather He take Nicole to heaven rather than allowing me to get too attached to her, then letting her die and suffering so much pain in our loss.

Nicole eventually did get better by about age two, and we were so thankful for it. And it was really through her that God got Sue and I back to church. I was at a friend's house, and his little girl started singing, *'Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so. Little ones to Him below,*

they are weak but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, yes Jesus loves me " I recognized that song right off the bat because I had learned it in church when I was a child. Nicole was standing right next to me, and she was staring at this other girl singing, not having a clue who Jesus was, so how could she even believe He loved her. Nicole loved to sing, but she couldn't sing *that* song, because we had never taken her to church.

Sue and I had been talking about going to church off and on before that, but just never managed to follow through with it, but suddenly it was this little episode that caused us to start going to church. However, even though I was in church again, I was still very distant with God. I wasn't totally cold, but I sure wasn't hot either. And it was in this fractured spiritual state of mind that my encounter with Jesus happened. I call it a "major-kick-in-the-seat-of-the-pants-from-God- encounter."

It was in October, 1991. I was deer hunting with my brother-in-law, Steve. We were staying in a little cabin a few miles east of Cadillac, Michigan. We had gone up there hunting for years together. That night was like any other. I went to bed around 10 p.m. I was lying in bed ' half in prayer and half in this thinking stage. You pray a little while, then you think about what you are going to do the next day hunting - type frame of mind. At that time of my life, that was very typical of my prayer life ' very mechanical; no passion; no intimacy; no realism to it. Just doing it because it was the proper 'religious' thing to do I guess is the best way to say it.

Suddenly I began to see what looked like footprints in the snow going by my head, like on a newsreel. At first I thought it a little strange, but then took it as though I was probably going into a dream. But as I concentrated my focus on the footprints, they seemed to be billowy, more like clouds than snow.

The footprints kept coming by at a steady pace, and then I looked *ahead* of the footprints, to see if I could speed this up ' to see who was *making* the footprints. Then I saw feet ' and there was a white, flowing garment or robe going up from the feet. In front of the feet there were no

footprints, so I knew it was these feet making the footprints I had been seeing.

Then I concentrated my focus ahead of the feet to see which direction this person was going, and shortly thereafter I saw a light come out of the corner of the ceiling of the cabin. The light grew quickly in intensity and soon exploded into glistening brilliance, fully engulfing the whole room. This is very hard to explain -- there was like music that accompanied this radiant brilliance, but it was like I wasn't really hearing the music, but rather *feeling* the music. Also in this brilliant bluish-white light was a love that was totally indescribable. A love you can't find words to describe -- impossible to describe in fact, other than you just never want to leave that indescribably awesome and total love ever again.

We had a fire place in the cabin, and I remember thinking very briefly while fully immersed in this encounter, that while the fire in the fireplace is going, if we didn't leave a window open just a little, a person could possibly be overcome by smoke buildup, and I was thinking that evidently we had forgotten to crack open a window and I was either dying, or actually had died, do to smoke inhalation.

My wife and my children mean the whole world to me, but I never gave them a thought the whole while this was happening. My only thought was this is death, and this is really cool, because I want to stay in this light and presence of love forever. It warmed my face; it warmed my entire body. I could feel it all over me. There was something about it that you just couldn't turn away from.

At one point I looked at my feet at the end of my bed, and I thought: Well ' I can't be dead if I can see my feet and the end of the bed. I couldn't figure out - I was trying to rationalize ' make some logical sense out of what was happening to me.

Next I saw those same feet that were making the footprints in the snow ' I saw them descending from the ceiling of the cabin. They descended slowly but steadily; then I saw the robe ... and at this point every hair on my body was standing straight out! I was electrified. I instantly knew

Who it was as well. I wasn't religious at all prior to this so I didn't know Jesus, but I surely knew Who this was I was looking at. It was Jesus.

He kept coming down out of the ceiling, and I was fully captivated ' mesmerized - watching Him. What was striking was that although it was just a very small room I was in at the cabin, it seemed like now it was an immeasurable distance. It was like I wasn't even in that room anymore and maybe I even wasn't. Soon I saw His shoulders come down through the ceiling, and then His head. His hair was thick ' golden ' reminding me almost like a lion's mane. But once His face was clear to see, I couldn't look at it, but had to turn away. (That still kind of bothers me). I felt dirty; I just didn't feel worthy enough to look at Him. The way I had led my life just came into my sudden, full remembrance. This too is so difficult to describe, yet a sense of just how unworthy I was to be in His presence began to sicken me.

I don't remember exactly how much time went by, by while I was looking away from His face ' I told Him I loved Him, and I asked Him to forgive me. I did both of those things three times. I remember that distinctly.

When I finished saying that - I knew this wasn't just a dream, because I had tears - I could feel everything that was going on ' and after saying what I said to Him ' I was suddenly relieved from something. I felt much different. I was just suddenly released from so much pain - hurt - I had known up to that point. It seemed like those painful things of the past just didn't matter now.

I then willingly looked back to see His face, but I couldn't see it. It was in the same location it had been when I turned my face away, but I couldn't see it. I don't know what would have happened had I not turned my face away ... if He would have allowed me to see His face or not. All I know is that I just couldn't see it *now*, though I tried.

It doesn't matter to me now, because what I experienced was just so unbelievably wonderful that I don't know how it could have ended much better, other than being allowed to stay in His presence for all eternity. Besides, I know I'll be able to see His face one day, so I can wait

patiently for that time to come. And ' I'm going to thank Him personally for what He did for me!

While still in His presence, I noticed His hands were at His side, with His palms facing me. I wasn't able to see any nail scars in them, but that doesn't mean they weren't there. He didn't audibly tell me He loved me and forgave me, but it was just understood. I had a full-well knowing he both loved me and forgave me for my past wrongs. And I also had the knowing that if I would just give everything in me to Him, I would be safe ' I'd be saved.

The encounter was just about to end, and I noticed His robe wasn't made of cloth like yours or mine would be. It was part of the light -- it was the brightest intensity of the light. It appeared to me that He was separated by different levels of light if this makes much sense. Like ' He WAS light ' yet He was layers of light as well. Words just aren't adequate to try to explain what I saw. And as much as He was light, He also WAS love. He didn't just radiate the place with love ' I just knew that He was the very source of love. The very essence of love. If someone had asked me at that moment if I could feel His love, I would have said, 'Much more than THAT! I feel it so strongly I can SEE it! I am LOOKING at love!'

Shortly after that he went back up into the ceiling like He had come: light, love and all. Then it got dark like before, and cold like before, but everything stayed with me like I had felt in His presence ' except for the feeling of warmth from the light.

At first I felt bad because He had left me, but then I thought ' *Well ' you know ... how many people get an experience like this from God?!*

Then reality returned. I heard the crackling of the fire ' and it just like blew me back into the bed of what had just happened to me. I lay there, looking up at the ceiling ' thinking ' *Wow! Why did He do this for me?*

But this much I knew. Jesus forgave me. I was saved! I was spiritually born again! I was now in love with Jesus, and nothing would ever stand in my way of living the rest of my life trying to please Him. I owe Him. Oh how I owe Him for doing what He did, when He didn't have to at all.

Well ' let me tell you my prayer life intensified about 100% at that moment! I spent the rest of that night, and all that next day, praising God. See ' praising God was totally new to me. I had never done that before. Why ' I would go months and months without even mentioning His name, so *praising* Him? No way!

Part of that next day I just stood around with my mouth hanging open. (Obviously not hunting). Beyond praising and praying, I didn't know what else to do, yet I wanted to do something more to please Him. I just didn't know what else there was I could do. I cried, I laughed; I kept thanking Him over and over. At one point during that day while praying to Him, I asked Him what else I could do for Him. He answered me. I know He answered me. As quickly as I asked, I had this sudden knowing that I was to share this testimony with others when the opportunity presented itself, which I have.

I need to make it succinctly clear that I did absolutely nothing that warranted Him giving me that visitation that night. I need to repeat: I did absolutely nothing. He just simply chose to do what He did, and what can I say about it but what I am simply one of the most blessed people on this planet while I'm alive down here.

I know so many people would love to have an encounter like I had, but forever whatever reasons known to God, most don't get to have one. Most have to walk with God totally by faith in God and from the Holy Scriptures of the Bible. Sure ' now I have to do that as well, and as the years have gone by since that encounter happened, many trials have visited me, and sometimes that encounter seems as though it almost happened to another person instead of me. Yet it did happen to me. I can't deny it didn't.

I want to comfort anyone who might be reading this, maybe struggling a little with envy. Recorded for us in the Bible is the account where one of Jesus' disciples ' Thomas - simply refused to believe that others had spoken with Jesus after His resurrection.

Then this happened:

And after eight days His disciples were again inside, and Thomas with them. Jesus came, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, 'Peace to you!'

Then He said to Thomas, 'Reach your finger here, and look at My hands; and reach your hand here, and put it into My side. Do not be unbelieving, but believing.'

And Thomas answered and said to Him, 'My Lord and my God!'

Jesus said to him, 'Thomas, because you have seen Me, you have believed. Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed.' --
John 20:26-29 NKJV

I consider myself to be a very blessed individual, but from reading this scripture, the greater blessing will come for those who by faith believe and don't need to see. Faith to believe *what*? Faith to believe that God is not only real, but that through Jesus Christ, all sin is forgiven to the one who asks for His forgiveness, and all love beyond human comprehension will one day be fully realized forevermore for asking for that forgiveness, and continuing to rest in the assurance of it ' because of His sacrifice on the cross of taking your and my punishment for our sins, when He didn't have to.

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Love The Person You're With

In [Part III](#) of "The Redemption of Howard Storm" (from 03:00 – 10:25), Howard describes a remarkable conversation he had with Jesus. A video excerpt and transcript of Howard's humorous and enlightening conversation appears below.

Transcript

When he [Jesus] told me that I had to come back to the world and I was trying to convince him not to send me back to this world, I asked him what would I do if I came back... Before he had a chance to answer, I said, you know I am an artist and I would like to build you a shrine... I would make this shrine so big and beautiful and bizarre that people would come from all over the world out of curiosity to see what it was about. And what they would find was it would be about you. And that would make them think about you. That's what I would like to do if I came back.

He said, I would rather you didn't do that.

And I said, WHAT?!! People have been building shrines to you forever. There are lots of shrines. Why can't I build a shrine? I would like to build a shrine.

He said you spent so much of your life hiding out in the studio, avoiding people, I would prefer it if you didn't avoid people by building this big shrine... I don't really care about shrines. People like to build shrines. I understand that. It makes them feel good. It does absolutely nothing for me or for God. We don't have any use for them whatsoever. If that's what amuses you, I guess that's what you gotta do. But don't do it for me. Don't deceive yourself into thinking it's something I want or need, because I don't.

I'm like, OK, you shot down my idea, what's you're idea of what would I do?

And he said, love the person that you're with.

And I said, OK, great, I'll do that. No problem. What do you want me to do?

He said, I just told you what I want you to do: love the person that you're with.

And I said, Yeah, but after I do that, what do you really want me to do?

No, that is what I want you to do: love the person that you're with.

I said well, that's simple enough, that's easy, I can do that.

And he said, oh really. Well, that's what I want you to do. That's enough.

And I said, how is it enough?

He said, if you do that, you'll change the world.

And I said, oh, you want me to change the world?!

Exactly, that's why I put you in the world in the first place: to change the world.

Well you know there's been a lot of people that have tried to change the world and they usually turn out really pretty badly. I can think of examples like Adolph Hitler, and Joseph Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung. All of them wanted to change the world and they made it worse. If I go back and try and change the world, why isn't it possible that I could make a lot of terrible mistakes and make the world a worse place?

The way that I want you to change the world is by loving the person you are with.

Wait a minute, that's a contradiction. You want me to change the world but you just want me to love the person I'm with?

Yes, that's the plan; that's The Big Plan... If you love the person that you're with, then they will go out and love the person that they're with, and they will go out and love the person they're with and it will be like a chain reaction and love will conquer the world and everyone will love one another. That's God's Big Plan.

It's not going to work.

Why won't it work?

I love the person I'm with. They walk across the street and get run over by a truck. Everyone gets angry and upset.

Yeah, that happens. But it's really God's plan and nothing is going to stop it. It's going to happen.

Even if you had a million people, I don't think it's going to happen.

There's more than a million people in the plan...

Well, from what I know of the world, you don't have enough.

Actually, we have all the angels in the plan. There's a lot of them. There are more angels than there are people in the world... There are millions of people. There are all the angels. And there's God. It's inevitable. The plan is going to happen. If that's your plan, I'll do it, but I just don't really see much hope for it.

[And Jesus said], you don't know enough to see how it's going to happen.

So, my solution to everything is to love one another. And when I read the Bible and found out that that was written in the Bible as Jesus' commandment: "This is my commandment, that you love one another..." That's the program. I have tried to be part of that program... So, I personally have no big plan other than to be loving.

The only fly in the ointment was that I thought it was going to be easy, and it turns out to be the hardest thing I've ever done. It sounds so simple, but it's really difficult. It's easy for me to love my mother because she was a really nice woman and she was a very loving woman. It's not hard to love someone who is really good and really loving. But what do you do with someone who is difficult, or really nasty? Those are hard people to love.

And what does it mean to love someone? Sometimes to love someone means you need to incarcerate them. And that's not a lot of fun. Sometimes loving someone means you have to put as much distance between them and you as possible and tell them to never call you. And that's not a lot of fun. Loving people sounds so simple but it's very difficult...

Girl Meets Jesus & Wakes Up Cured Of A Lifelong Illness

By Caroline Garnar

Daily Mail
April 14, 2015

[Original Link](#)

A nine-year-old girl who plummeted 30ft headfirst down the inside of a hollow tree claims she ‘went to heaven and sat in Jesus’s lap’ while unconscious after the fall.

Her mother, Christy Wilson Beam, 42, has spoken of her amazement after Annabel, now 12, escaped the horrifying accident unscathed — even waking miraculously cured of a devastating illness that had plagued her childhood.

For the first time in her life, she can eat solid food — and her mother thinks her brush with Jesus is the reason why.

In December, 2011, Annabel was playing outside the family’s Texas home with her sisters Abigail, now 14 and Adelynn, now ten, when she slipped and fell inside a hollowed-out cottonwood tree.

Mum Christy said: ‘She hit her head three times on the way down and this is consistent with the findings of an MRI scan.

‘With the facts in front of me now, I see it all with sickening clarity.

‘Sometimes at night, it replays in my head — a dark twist on Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole.’

An emergency fire crew managed to harness Annabel to safety and she was rushed to Cook Children’s Hospital in Fort Worth in a helicopter.

Fearing the worst, medics prepped brain and spinal injury teams to stand by for Annabel’s arrival — but, incredibly, she survived without a scratch.

Doctors told her relieved parents: ‘I guess someone up there was looking out for her.’

‘The ER doc told us the one thing we weren’t expecting to hear,’ her mother said.

‘He said, “Other than a possibly concussion and some superficial bumps and bruises, she doesn’t appear to have been injured at all.”

‘[My husband] Kevin and I exchanged a look of pure astonishment.’

In the days following the accident, Annabel began to talk of religious visions she experienced while lying unconscious.

She told her parents: ‘I went to heaven when I was in that tree. I sat in Jesus’ lap.’

‘I saw in Anna’s eyes the conscious decision to confide in us,’ Christy said. ‘There was no drama, she wasn’t playing either.’

‘This wasn’t like one of her long, spun-out recaps of a funny dream or movie she’d seen.

‘She’d been through enough real drama in her short life. She had no interest in melodrama.

‘[She described] some of what she’d experienced while inside the tree — how the gates of Heaven are made of gold, how Jesus told her it wasn’t time.’

Initially, Christy was concerned that Annabel was indicating a head injury, but MRI and CT scans revealed she had not sustained one.

Further tests also revealed Annabel had remarkably stopped displaying symptoms of pseudo-obstruction motility disorder, a rare incurable condition that had seen her in and out of hospital since 2008.

Doctors advised she could begin to come off the antibiotics she had been taking for years.

Instead of taking ten different types of medication throughout the day, she only needed three, and the painkillers that were prescribed ‘as and when she needed them’ were not required at all.

Previously, Annabel’s medication meant she had to have a liquid diet or stick to soft, bland food — but now, she can happily tuck into pizzas and McDonald’s happy meals.

The family have gone more than a year without a single visit to the doctor.

‘I can’t explain what happened to her physically while she was in that tree,’ said her father Kevin.

‘All I have to go on is the radiological data and the medical records from before and after.

‘The proof is in the pudding. She wasn’t well before and now she is.

‘All I know beyond that is that she believes she went to Heaven. And I believe her when she tells me she believes it.’

Annabel talked of seeing a ‘guardian angel’ as she came to.

The schoolgirl said: ‘I started to wake up in the tree and I could hear the firemen’s voices. And I saw an angel that looked very small, like a fairy.

‘And the God winked at me through the body of the angel and what He was saying to me was, ‘I’m going to leave you now and everything is going to be okay.

‘And then the angel stayed with me the entire time, shining a light so I could see. We didn’t talk. We just sat together peacefully.’

She also spoke of seeing Mimi, her great-grandmother who’d died in 2010 after surgery on a blocked intestine.

When asked what Jesus looked like, Annabel said: ‘He had a beautiful long white robe, dark skin and a big beard — kinda like Santa Claus, but not really.’

Deputy Marty Breeden’s Encounter With Jesus

First Excerpt (beginning at 7:50)

The very first thing I heard was the voice of The Lord. And it was undeniable and unmistakable and you know exactly who it is. It was the Lord Jesus Christ.

And I heard him say, “My church does not believe that I’m coming back soon.”

Then he said it again, with even more passion. He said, “My church does not really believe that I’m coming back soon.”

Then he said it yet again, with more passion and more power and he was even louder. And he said, “My church does not really believe that I’m coming back soon.”

And at that point I was almost like a school child. I started waving my hands and I said, “Lord, Lord, Lord, yes we do believe that you’re coming back soon. We sing about it. We preach about it. We pray about it. We study about it. Lord, we do believe that you’re coming back soon.”

And at this point... the timber and the tone of his voice changed. And he said, “My church does not really believe that I’m coming back soon for if they did they would not be living as they are.”

Then he pointed his finger at me — not in a mean way but he wanted to get his point across — he pointed his finger at me and he said, “I am coming back soon and my church is not ready.” And he said, “Go back and tell the things that you’ve heard and... know that your message will not be received.”

And at that point I came back into my body and they resuscitated me.

Second Excerpt (beginning at 11:17)

The first night that I arrived at the University of Virginia, at the transitional care facility, that night I had a dream or vision. As Paul said, “Whether in the body or out of the body, I’m not sure” — but had this vision. I saw, it was almost like an aerial view, that there was a small oval-shaped light that looked like it was the shape of an egg... This light began to get bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger until all the sudden I realized that I was standing in the middle of a huge football stadium. There was no one there and it was night time. I looked up at the scoreboard and it said 2:13 and I immediately heard that same voice when I coded the first time. The voice

of the Lord said, "My church should be living as though this is the 2-minute warning."

I immediately woke up. God knows that I'm a huge football fan, so that comment made perfect sense to me. In the last 2 minutes of a football game, in the last 120 seconds, you do all that you can to build a strong opposition, to score as many points, to gain as many yards. If you're winning the game, you build up a strong defense. You keep the enemy from scoring yards, from scoring points, from making progress. You do all that you can to make one last final push because the referee is about to blow the whistle and the game is about to be over. I knew exactly what the Lord meant when he said, "My church should be living as though this is the 2-minute warning."

A few hours later, I was in a wheelchair. I was in my hospital room and I was looking out the window. I was thinking about this amazing visitation that I had had just a few hours earlier. I was looking out my window and there was a knock at my door.

I can barely speak because I still had part of part of the trache in [my throat]. I said, "Come in."

And there were two ladies that walked in. They were obviously part of the medical staff. They had their medical gowns on and they walked in and they said, "Mr. Breeden, can we speak with you?" And I said, "Of course you can." So they came in and they introduced themselves and they sat down.

One lady introduced herself. She gave me her name and she said, "Mr. Breeden, I will be your physical therapist while you're here with us." And then she introduced the other girl and said, "She will be your occupational therapist... We want to talk to you about your transition, about your recovery, and some of the things that we are going to propose doing."

And we spoke for a few moments and then the conversation took a very odd turn. The physical therapist looked at me and said, "Mr. Breeden, can I ask you a personal question?" I said, "Of course you can." And she said, "Would you consider yourself a man of faith?" And I said, "Well, I certainly

haven't always lived it, I've not always been the best example, but, yes, I'm a follower of Jesus Christ. I'm a Christian."

And she looked at the other lady and they smiled at one another. And I said, "Ladies" — and I could barely talk, so I said this through a whisper — "I'm not at all offended by your question, but that's kind of an odd question for a physical therapist to ask a patient, isn't it?"

And she said, "Let me tell you something Mr. Breeden. We had no intention of coming and seeing you this morning. Becky and I were going to see other patients this morning when we passed in the hall. She was going one way and I was going the other way. We are both spiritual Christians. We are both followers of Jesus. We hear from the Lord. As we were passing in the hall, when we got in front of your door, we both saw, in the spirit, the number 2 superimposed on your door."

One of the women asked, "Lord what does that mean?" She said the Holy Spirit spoke to her and said, "Go in and ask that man if he knows what the number 2 means and he'll know exactly what you're talking about."

So they came in and asked me. And I told them that only hours earlier, I had had a vision. I told them exactly what had taken place. And we were all astonished! In a million years, it would be impossible to make that up. It was absolutely amazing. And I was able to tell them what I heard. And what the church should be doing...

Let me fast forward a little bit. They called me — at the transitional care facility — they called me "the miracle man" because I had coded twice and there was no reason for me to be here. And I would tell them when they said that to me, "No, I'm not the miracle man, but I do happen to know him very well..."

Betty Eadie's encounter with Jesus: "I saw a pinpoint of light in the distance. As I approached it, I noticed the figure of a man standing in it, with the light radiating all around him. As I got closer the light became brilliant - brilliant beyond any description, far more brilliant than the sun. I

saw that the light immediately around him was golden, as if his whole body had a golden halo around it, and I could see that the golden halo burst out from around him and spread into a brilliant, magnificent whiteness that extended out for some distance. I felt his light blending into mine. And as our lights merged, I felt as if I had stepped into his countenance, and I felt an utter explosion of love. It was the most unconditional love I have ever felt, and as I saw his arms open to receive me I went to him and received his complete embrace. I felt his enormous spirit and knew that I had always been a part of him, that in reality I had never been away from him. I knew that he was aware of all my sins and faults, but that they didn't matter right now. He just wanted to hold me and share his love with me, and I wanted to share mine with him. There was no questioning who he was. I knew that he was my Savior, and friend, and God. He was Jesus Christ, who had always loved me, even when I thought he hated me. He was life itself, love itself, and his love gave me a fullness of joy, even to overflowing. I knew that I had known him from the beginning, from long before my earth life, because my spirit remembered him. His light now began to fill my mind, and my questions were answered even before I fully asked them. His light was knowledge. It had power to fill me with all truth. As I gained confidence and let the light flow into me, my questions came faster than I thought possible, and they were just as quickly answered. I understood that he was the Son of God, though he himself was also a God, and that he had chosen from before the creation of the world to be our Savior. I understood, or rather, I remembered, his role as creator of the earth. His mission was to come into the world to teach love. This knowledge was more like remembering." ([Betty Eadie](#))

While going to [Berklee College of Music](#) in Boston Ma I was going to church on Sundays but didn't feel close to God. I had a friend who told me she had a [personal relationship](#) with Jesus and that she was very close to him. I wanted what she had so I decided to give my life to God 09/13/2005 by saying the attached salvation prayer to Jesus giving him my life and repenting of my past sins and amazing things have happened.

The [holy spirit](#) entered me and saved me. I then stopped going to my church that didn't follow the bible. (They had their own traditions...traditions of man.) I went to my friends Baptist/Pentecostal church and was praying in my mind for joy while the Pastor was talking about something totally different. The Pastor then suddenly said "Is there a Cory here? God just spoke to me that you are praying for joy!" I went to the front and he prayed over me. I never felt so much joy in my life. "You have filled my heart with greater joy than when their grain and new wine abound" Ps 4:7 ONLY God could hear thoughts. "The Lord knows the thoughts of man" Ps 94:11. " Jesus knew their thoughts" Mt 12:25 "Knowing their thoughts, Jesus said" Mt 9:4...Then a week later I had a strange dream and I cried to God to send someone to me to let me know that the dream was or wasn't from him. I went back to church and the Pastor prayed over me and said "God told me he loves you and the dream wasn't from him." God heard my prayer! Only God heard it!

A few days later I tried to bring one of my teachers at college to Christ and she rejected him.. I ran home in tears and cried out to Jesus telling him that my teacher doesn't know him but I do and love him. He then showed himself to me!

Right there in my bedroom I had a vision of Jesus Christ himself!! I have never ever ever seen a face so beautiful in all my life. He glowed and was all in white and had such love in his eyes!! "Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions" Acts 2:17. Another thing that happened is I had a heart condition and a group of holy spirit filled people prayed over me and touched my heart and I felt electricity go into my heart and I was 100% healed of my heart condition! Jesus healed me! Then a few weeks later I was crying during my prayers and Jesus appeared to me again and hugged me and comforted me and said with a very soft comforting voice "Everythings gonna be O:K, Everythings gonna be O:K" I came home to Upstate Ny to visit my family and I prayed for God to protect me while visiting with my family because they are not saved and while I was home my 5 year old nephew had a vision of Jesus!

All this happened to me so I know God is real and that the New Testament is real and Christ is the ONLY way to heaven. This is real! How else would the things that happened to me happen??!!!! and God has put in my heart to tell people he is coming soon. He loves everyone and wants everyone to be with him. If you are without holy spirit and have not given your life to Christ you will be left behind for all eternity. What if he comes tonight? Will you be without holy spirit? When he comes again (the [rapture](#)) the whole world will see him coming down from heaven. The born again holy spirit filled believers (the redeemed) will go up with him to live with him forever and everyone else will be left behind to Satan. Please, all you have to do is say this prayer out loud to Jesus with your heart and you will get the holy spirit, your past sins will be erased in your book in heaven, and your name will be written in God's book of life. You are then promised eternity in heaven rather than eternity in hell. Do you know how long eternity is? It's FOREVER! Don't worry, here is the prayer to say out loud to God:

I believe in God and his son Jesus Christ. Jesus I believe you are Lord and you died on the cross to cleanse me of my sins, and I believe you rose again on the third day. In this moment I am asking you to forgive me of every sin that I have ever committed in my life. I am sorry. Jesus, I have made the decision to hand over my life to you. I give you all my life and will follow you the rest of my life. I invite you into my heart. Please come into my heart and put your holy spirit in me. Please wash away the sins of my past with your precious blood and make me new. I give you all my mind, heart and soul. Please make me new through your holy spirit. Please help me discover what your will is for my life. Please take my life and guide me for the rest of my life by your holy spirit. I surrender to you Lord Jesus. Thank you for my salvation. Thank you because I have just been saved and am now your child. Amen.

Now that you have been saved from fire and will go to an eternal PARADISE, you will need to find a BIBLE BELIEVING BIBLE FOLLOWING CHRISTIAN church!!! Now that you have the holy spirit, read the New Testament. Your eyes will be open so you will understand. I am so happy

I'll see you in heaven! The devil just LOST YOU!!!! :-) You now belong to the kingdom of heaven and are God's child!

But there wasn't a fear of this darkness. I didn't feel alone. I didn't feel afraid. There was no sensation of dying or anything. Even though I was dead, I was more alive than I had ever been. My mind and my body stayed in that rodeo dirt right there. It was my spirit that went to heaven.

My spirit communicated with Jesus. Once with Him, once in His presence, this earth and the thoughts of everything here are gone. I didn't feel like I was separate from Him. I felt like I was part of Him and that He was part of me. It was just like He wrapped His arms around me and drew me in. He was holding me, just like a mother holds a baby. It was just total acceptance. It was the most loving feeling that I ever had. Jesus and I communicated without saying a word. People talk about telepathy. It was much more than that. I felt and knew exactly what He wanted me to know, and He knew exactly what I wanted Him to know.

I felt the presence of others there, but I didn't see them. I didn't converse with anyone else there. My total time there was just Jesus and I. I had no thought or memory of my family that was here. If I was going to think of anything, I would be thinking of my kids and my wife. But there was no thought of them. It was only joy and happiness.

So here you were in the afterlife but it's not that five sense reality that we have here on earth.

When you die, your spirit goes to heaven, not your body. You don't have a mouth to speak with, your ears to hear or your eyes to see. It's your spirit that's there.

So you never got to see anything in heaven.

I got to see one thing in heaven. It was amazing. After I fell from my horse, the cowboys in the arena got on a knee. They took off their hat and began to pray. The cowboys and their wives, their children and all these folks were praying.

At that point, God allowed me to see the prayers that were coming up for me. It started out with one single bolt of light. It was like a lightning bolt, like in a thunderstorm. It started down below, and it came all the way up into God's presence. Then there were two and three and five. There were ten and then a hundred. Then there were a thousand. Once there were that many, they exploded into brightest light you had ever imagined. That's when God sent me back.

A Texas teenager sharing a deeply personal story tonight of dying, seeing Jesus and then coming back to life. He is describing what he saw and heard in those minutes without oxygen.

Zach Levits is a strong teenager. He's a high school football player at Victory Life Academy at Bradwood, Texas, and obviously he's got a sense of humor. By all measures, he's a healthy young man which is why it's still a shock.

I was running and I had collapsed.

He dropped to the ground during PE class last week.

I'm not sure why.

It was a sudden cardiac arrest according to his doctors. His mother was immediately called and even beat the ambulance to the emergency room.

Mom: When they opened the ambulance door he was blue, and they were on top of him doing chest compressions.

Technically and medically, he was dead.

They say that I was without a heartbeat for 20 minutes.

Just as hospital staff were ready to make it official, they got a pulse. He was airlifted to Cook Children's Hospital in Fort Worth and woke up days later. His recovery has been incredible, but even more mind-blowing is the story he tells at what he saw during the time many believed he had died.

I saw a man who had longest hair with a kind of thick beard. It didn't take me long to realize that that was Jesus.

He is describing what his family is convinced was a near-death miracle.

He had His hand on my shoulder, and he told me that everything would be all right and not to worry. I was just calm and just at peace.

The cynics out there will say you see too many movies.

Dad: To wake up and tell us something he experienced like that, you can't explain it. It's not humanly possible to explain it.

Billy Climax is the teen's father. He says accepting his son's experience as a miracle is the only thing that makes sense.

Dad: And that's what we are standing on. That's a word from God that we got, and we're going to hold onto that.

Do you think this is something that will strengthen your faith?

Dad: It is.

I heard angel's singing in the background.

It may be a medical mystery for the doctors but for this family there is no question it was divine intervention.

Mom: I'm just glad He decided to let me have my baby back.

In Fort Worth CBS News

My youngest son:

6/6/10 (7 months old)

He gets excited about pictures of Jesus, kicking and smiling and happy.

26 nov 2012

Callum (now 3) said to me today. "Jesus gave me love, and hugged me and read me stories and made me happy." so sweet!

"I go near to Jesus quickly before I get any bonks." 9 Jan 2013

Jesus' appearing to people in modern times... callum saying, "can he come out of the picture and come to see us?" ... believing by faith gains rewards.... it makes us more relatable if we saw him and believed, if others didn't then they could excuse themselves..

--I wish Jesus could come out of that picture and be here

15 Sept 2016

We got our new cloth picture of Jesus (Akiane's and put it up in the Master shed.) When it was dark at night Callum said, "The only thing you can see clearly in the shed is the picture of Jesus." I was interested, as it's a picture on black cloth, and not particularly light—and there are no lights in the Master. I looked in, and it was all as dark as I thought. But Callum pointed to the picture, " See, you can see Jesus". "They looked unto Him and were lightened."

And when I first put it up, he just sit or lay in the room looking at it for a long time. He said the picture smiled at him.

Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

VISIONS OF HEAVEN AND HELL

In the "Life of William Tennent," that zealous, devoted minister, and friend and fellow-laborer of Whitefield, the author of his memoirs gives an account of Tennent being three days in a trance. He became prostrated with a fever, and by degrees sunk under it, until, to appearances, he died. In laying him out, one felt a slight tremor under

the left arm, though the body was cold and stiff. The time for the funeral arrived, and the people were assembled. But a physician, Tennent's friend, plead that the funeral might be delayed.

Tennent's brother remarked: "What! A man not dead who is cold and stiff

as a stake?" The doctor, however, prevailed; another day was appointed for the funeral. During the interval, various efforts were made to discover signs of life, but none appeared save the slight tremor. For three days and nights his friend, the physician, never left him. Again the people met to bury him, but could not even then obtain the physician's consent. For one hour more he pled; when that was gone, he craved half an hour more. That being expired, he implored a stay of fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which Tennent opened his eyes.

The following brief account is given in Mr. Tennent's own language, and was related to a brother minister: "As to dying, I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once, I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Diety, but glory all unutterable. I can say as Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before His glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my of situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory

begun, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: "You must go back."

"These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out: "Lord, must I go back?" With this shock, I opened my eyes in this world, I fainted, then came to, and fainted again several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation.

"For three years the sense of the Divine things continued so great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

To the writer of his memoirs, Mr. Tennent, concerning this experience, once said: "I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who offered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld, at a distance, an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind, it is impossible to communicate to mortal man.

"Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and

the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity. So great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention.

Mr. Tennent lived a number of years after this event, and died in the triumphs of a living faith, March 8, 1777, aged 71 years; his mortal remains being interred at his chapel, in Freehold, N. J. He was an able, faithful preacher; and the Divine presence with him was frequently manifested in his public and private ministrations. In personal appearance, he was tall, erect, and of spare visage, with bright, piercing eyes, and grave, solemn countenance.

The following was related and vouched for by the late Robert Young, the missionary. We quote his account of the trance as given in a tract entitled, "A Vision of Hell," issued by the Evangelical Publishing Company, Chicago:

"While residing in a British colony as a Christian missionary, I was called one evening to visit Miss D----, who was said to be dying. Mrs.

Young, by whom she was met weekly for religious instruction, feeling a deep interest in her spiritual welfare, accompanied me to her residence. We found her in the chamber of a neat little cottage, exceedingly ill, but confiding in the merits of Jesus; and after spending some time with her in conversation and prayer, we commended

her to God, and took our departure, without the least hope of seeing her again in this life. Soon after we left she seemed to die; but as the usual signs of death, which so rapidly develop themselves in that country, did not appear, her friends anxiously waited to see the end.

"She was watched with great interest, both night and day; and after having been in this state for nearly a week, opened her eyes and said: "Mr. C---is dead." Her attendants, thinking that she was under the influence of delirium, replied that she was mistaken, as he was not only alive but well. "Oh, no!" said she, "he is dead; for a short time ago, as I passed the gates of hell, I saw him descend into the pit, and the blue flame cover him. Mr. B---is also dead, for he arrived at heaven just as I was leaving that happy place, and I saw its beautiful gates thrown wide open to receive him, and beard the host of heaven shout: "Welcome, weary pilgrim!"

"Mr. C---was a neighbor, but a very wicked person, and Mr. B---, who

lived at no great distance, many years had been a member of the Church of God. The parties who heard Miss D----'s startling and confident statements immediately sent to make inquiries about the two individuals alluded to, and found, to their utter astonishment, that the former had dropped down dead about half an hour before, whilst in the act of tying his shoe; and that about the same time the latter had suddenly passed into the eternal world. For the truth of these facts I do solemnly vouch. She then went on to tell them where she had been, and what she had seen and heard.

VISIT TO HEAVEN.

"After being sufficiently recovering to leave the house, she paid us a visit, and Mrs. Young, as well as myself, heard from her own lips the following account of what she had passed through. She informed us that at the time she was supposed to die, a celestial being conducted her into the invisible world, and mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity. He took her first to heaven, but she was told that, as she yet belonged to time, she could not be permitted to enter into that glorious place, but only to behold it; which she represented as infinitely exceeding in beauty and splendor the most elevated conceptions of mortals, and whose glories no language could describe.

"She told us that she beheld the Savior upon a throne of light and

glory, surrounded by the four-and-twenty elders, and a great multitude which no man could number; among whom she recognized patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the missionaries who had died in that colony, besides many others whom she mentioned; and although those parties were not named by the angel that attended her, yet she said that seeing them was to know them.

"She described these celestial spirits as being variously employed; and, although she felt herself inadequate to convey any definite idea of the nature of that employment, yet it appeared to be adapted to their respective mental tastes and spiritual attainments. She also informed us that she heard sweet and most enrapturing music, such as she had never heard before, and made several attempts to give us some idea of its melodious character, but found her notes too earthly for that purpose.

While thus favored, the missionaries already referred to, and other happy spirits, as they glided past her, sweetly smiled, and said they knew whence she came, and, if faithful to the grace of God, she would, in a short time, be admitted into their delightful society. All the orders of heaven were in perfect and blessed harmony, and appeared to be directed in all their movements by mysterious influence, proceeding

from the throne of God.

"She was next conducted to a place whence she had

A VIEW OF HELL.

"This she described in the most terrific language, and declared that the horrid shrieks of lost spirits still seemed to sound in her ears.

As she approached the burning pit, a tremendous effort was made to draw

her into it; but she felt herself safe under the protection of her guardian angel. She recognized many in the place of torment whom she had known on earth, and even some who had been thought to be Christians.

"There were princes and peasants, learned and un-learned, writhing together in one unquenchable fire, where all earthly distinctions and titles were forever at an end. Among them she beheld a Miss W----, who had occupied a prominent station in society, but had died during the illness of this young woman. She said that when Miss W saw her approach, her shrieks were appalling, beyond the power of language to describe, and that she made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to escape.

"The punishment of lost souls she represented as symbolizing the respective sins which had occasioned their condemnation. Miss W----, for instance, was condemned for the love of money, which I had every reason to believe was her besetting sin; and she seemed robed in a garment of gold, all on fire. Mr. O----, whom she saw, was lost through intemperance; and he appeared to be punished by devils administering to him some boiling liquid.

"She said there was no sympathy among these unhappy spirits, but that unmixed hatred, in all its frightful forms, prevailed in every part of the fiery regions. She beheld parents and children, husbands and wives, and those who had been companions in sin, exhibiting every mark of deep hatred to each other's society; and heard them in fiendish accents upbraiding and bitterly cursing each other. She saw nothing in hell but misery and despair, and heard nothing there but the most discordant sounds, accompanied with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

"While she gazed upon this revolting scene, many souls arrived from earth, and were greedily seized by innumerable devils of monstrous shape, amid horrid shouts of hellish triumph, and tortured according to their crimes."

John Wesley, in his Journal of August, 1746, vol. 1, pages 374-375-376, concerning one he styles "S.T.," says:

"About six in the morning she was rising, and inwardly praying to God; when on a sudden, she was seized with a violent trembling. Quickly after she lost her speech in a few minutes her hearing; then her sight, and, at the same time, all sense and motion.

"Her mother immediately sent for Mrs. Designe, to whom she then went to

school. At the same time her father sent for Mr. Smith, apothecary, who lived near. At first he proposed bleeding her immediately, and applying a large blister; but upon examining her further, he said It signifies nothing, for the child is dead.' About twelve o'clock she began to stir; then opened her eyes, and gave the following account:

"As soon as I lost my senses, I was in a dismal place, full of briers, and pits, and ditches; stumbling up and down, and not knowing where to turn, or which way to get either forward or backward; and it was almost quite dark, there being but a little faint twilight, so that I could scarce see before me. I was crying, ready to break my heart; and a man came to me, and said: Child, where are you going?' I said: I could not

tell.' He said: What do you want?' I answered: I want Christ to be my refuge.' He said: You are the child for whom I am sent; you are to go with me.' I saw it grew lighter as he spoke. I observed his clothes; they reached down to his feet, and were shining and white as snow.

He brought me through a narrow lane, into a vast, broad road, and told me: This leads to hell; but be not afraid; you are not to stay there.'

At the end of that road a man stood, clothed like the other, in white, shining clothes. Turning to the left hand, we went down a very high, steep hill. I could scarce bear the stench and smoke of brimstone. I saw a vast many people that seemed to be chained down, crying and gnashing their teeth. The man told me, the sins they delighted in once they are tormented with now. I saw a vast number who stood up, cursing

and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other; and many were making

balls of fire, and throwing them at one another. I saw many others, who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames; and others, who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them.

"We stayed here, I thought, about half an hour. Then my guide said: Come; I will now show you a glorious place.' I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open; but it was so bright I could not look at it

long. We went straight in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels; and another large place, where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature; and when one prayed, they all prayed; when one sung, they all sung. And they all sung alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another.

"We went through this into a third place. There I saw God, sitting upon His throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun. I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw three, but all as one. Our Savior had a pen in His hand. A great book lay at His right side; another at His left; and a third partly behind Him. In the first He set down the prayers and good works of His people; in the second He set down all the curses, and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw that He discerns the whole earth at a glance.

"Then our Lord took the first book in His hand, and went and said: Father, behold the prayers and the works of my people.' And he held up His hands and prayed, and interceded to His Father for us. I never heard any voice like that; but I cannot tell how to explain it. And His Father said: Son, I forgive Thy people; not for their sake, but Thine.' Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to His throne, rejoicing with the hosts of heaven.

"It seemed to me as if I stayed here several months but I never slept all the while. And there was no night; and I saw no sky or sun, but clear light everywhere. Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened; and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walked, I said: I did not see my brother here' (who died sometime before). He said: Child, thou canst not know thy brother yet. Thy spirit is to return to the earth. Thou must watch and pray. Thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these, and know everyone

as before.' I said: When is that to be?' He said I know not, nor any angel in heaven; but God alone.'

While we were walking, he said: Sing.' I said What shall I sing?' And he said: Sing praises unto the King of the place.' I sung several verses. Then he said: I must go.' I would have fain gone with him; but he said Your time is not yet; you have more work to do on earth.' Immediately he was gone; and I came to myself, and began to speak.

"She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance she has continued in faith and love."

Again, Mr. Wesley, in his Journal of August 6, 1759, page 42, says: "I

talked largely with Ann Thorn, and two others, who had been several times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1. That when they went away, as they -termed it, it was always at the time they were fullest of the love of God. 2. That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their senses and strength. 3. That there were some exceptions; but in general, from that moment they were

in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said by all that were round about them.

"About five in the afternoon I heard them singing hymns. Soon after Mr. B. came up and told me that Alice Miller was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her sitting on a stool, and leaning against the wall, with her eyes open and fixed upward. I made a motion as if going to strike; but they continued immovable Her face showed an unspeakable mixture of reverence and love, while silent tears stole down her cheeks. Her lips were a little open, and sometimes moved; but not enough to cause any sound. I do not know whether I ever saw a human

face look so beautiful; sometimes it was covered with a smile, as from joy, mixing with love and reverence but the tears fell still, though not so fast.

"In about half an hour I observed her countenance change into the form of fear, pity, and distress; then she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out: Dear Lord, they will be damned! They will all be damned!' But in about five minutes her smiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face. About half an hour after six, I observed distress take place again; and soon after she wept bitterly, and cried out: Dear Lord, they will go to hell! The world will go to hell! Soon after, she said: Cry aloud! Spare not!' And in a few moments her look was composed again, and spoke a mixture of reverence, joy, and love. Then she said aloud: Give God the glory.' About seven her senses returned. I asked: Where have you been?' I have been with my Savior.' In heaven, or on earth?' I can-not tell; but I was in glory.' Why then did you cry?' Not for myself, but for the world; for I saw they were on the brink of hell.' Whom did you desire to give the glory to God?' Ministers, that cry aloud to the world; else they will be proud; and then God will leave them, and they will lose their own souls.'"--The Plumline

Note from compiler:

There are so many stories... time runs out to gather or type them to include. But Jesus has never stopped reaching out and loving.