

# GOD IMMANENT (#6)

by Ron Banuk

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### About the Title

The title *God Immanent* implies that God is real, immediate, and can touch our personal lives. The term, as I use it, does not imply that God is part of his creation. He is transcendent. The word "immanent" also is not to be confused with a similar sounding word called "imminent" which refers to an event about to happen. Upon writing the last chapter, however, I see that both words apply. Our transcendent God is immanent, and the return of his Son as King is imminent.

## **Acknowledgments**

My heartfelt thanks go to each of the people who, in the name of Jesus Christ, lent their names and put intimate details from their private lives on public display in a world that is growing increasingly hostile to "first-church"<sup>1</sup> Christianity. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with them all.<sup>2</sup>

## **Preface**

God does exist. To prove this to yourself, you have only to read the stories in this book told by those who revere him and some who do not. Then look at your own life and see previously unexplainable events that now reveal an Author. God is immanent.

Miracles occur today. They are not limited to the Bible. In fact, more miracles are occurring today than at any other time in history. Countless miracles are enumerated in the short stories of this book. But God is not the only author of miracles. Examples of Satanic miracles are also given.

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<sup>1</sup> Just as our Messiah proved himself to be without spot or blemish (1 Peter 1:19), the first church in replicating the early apostolic church is also without spot or wrinkle (Ephesians 5:27). The believers are bound together by a band of love. They pray for each other and are pleased with their church. They believe in the Bible and all its contents including sin, Hell, Satan, showing their faith, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit. They are strong in faith without doubting and humble. They, in these Last Days, are soldiers (2 Timothy 2:3) of the Lord. See Chapter 22.

<sup>2</sup> Taken from 2 Corinthians 13:14

These stories begin simply. At first the Hand of God is almost unnoticeable, certainly questionable to an agnostic. As we progress, the power of the Holy Spirit becomes increasingly manifest. Interviews with those special souls consecrated to his will are dissected for all to see. How healings, prophecy, the word of knowledge, angelic intervention, visions, and prayer are used by people in various stages of sanctification is carefully detailed. Finally, revealing End-Time prophecy is given for all to hear. These revelations are exhortations in secret from the Groom to the bride during the period of betrothal, telling us how much God loves us, what he wants of his churches, and how little time we have left.

### **Theological Underpinnings to *God Immanent***

The author, now retired but formerly an aircraft engineer for 40 years, has reported the events of this book as he found them in his own life and as they were related to him by other people, who truly believed what they were narrating. Christian reaction to this is varied. One group would say that all reporting of miracles happening outside their Church or denomination is spurious, i.e., of the devil, imagined, or just too difficult to prove. Regarding healings, there are two schools of thought: Both schools believe that God can heal, and the stories could be plausible. The first would say that the gift of healing is applicable today and God tends to work through these people as and when he chooses. The second would say that the gift of healing ended with the apostolic age and that the reported healings, if they occurred, had nothing to do with the instrumentality of the person involved, i.e., there is no gift of healing today. There might even be an emerging third school of thought positing the return of the first church in the Last Days at the time of the Latter Rain as shown in James and Acts: "*...the husbandman waiteth...until he receive the early and latter rain...the coming of the Lord draweth*

nigh,"--James 5:7-8. See also Joel's great prophecy<sup>3</sup> as quoted by Peter in connection with the outpouring of the Spirit on the Day of Pentecost. Luke wrote: "*And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.*"—Acts 2:16-17. Those who would argue that this verse applies only to the Tribulation period could make allowance for a gradual transition period. Whatever one's theological beliefs, the author believes these stories show that God is immanent, and the spirit world is active.

I believe that the Bible is the only basis of religious authority, that it contains the objective revelation of God, that it is inspired and as such infallible, that it is self-interpretive with the help of the Holy Spirit, and normative to today's world. I also maintain that the Christian with a faith in Christ and a non-Christian with the grace of God can take advantage of general revelation, which will be reviewed in this book through the three windows of prayer, healing, and miracle.

This book records the stories of people who have been given a peek at the transcendent by instrumentation that reveals the Creator's immanence and the Circumincession of the Trinity and the Believer<sup>4</sup>.

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<sup>3</sup> Joel 2:28

*There is no coincidence,  
Nor awkward twist of fate,  
Not even a hindrance,  
The Lord does not await,*

*To use to his advantage,  
And guarantee you passage,  
To spread his Gospel on this soil  
And rest in Heaven free from toil.*



Ron Banuk at Lake Elsinore

## 1

### Ron Banuk<sup>4</sup>

It was Saturday, the twelfth of August 1978, and it was 98 degrees under the high wing of a light plane. I was thirty-three years old and seated like many Saturdays past on the floor of a single engine 180 Cessna. My back was pressed against the passenger-bay bulkhead. Looking forward, I could see the back of the young pilot's head contrasting the rigid face of a woman sitting beside him but facing aft in my direction. She clutched an 8-mm camera tightly in her hand. It looked like her first plane ride. She positioned her tiny frame as far away from the flimsy entry door as the pilot's stick would allow. She wore a parachute but didn't look any safer for it. I was seated beside one sport parachute jumper and facing two others. Space was very tight. Our legs were intermeshed.

The engine cranked over. Within seconds its increasingly loud hum erased any hope of conversation. The only people I ever saw converse under these conditions was a group of deaf mutes. Using ASL, they carried on a vibrant, laugh-filled conversation right up until jump run while I watched in wonderment.

The pilot called "jump run", cut the engine, and slid open the door. The observer, obviously terrorized by 3600 feet of clear space moved right into the stick. The plane pitched and rolled in what would have been a frightening manner, had I not had a chute on. Once the observer calmed down, the three novice jumpers exited. The pilot closed the door and began a slow turn over Lake Elsinore for my approach.

My mind wandered. The future looked uncertain. This was skydiving. You were either in it or out of it. To be in it, you came to the drop zone (DZ) every weekend, jumped,

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<sup>4</sup> Inset picture taken 26 August 1978 in Elsinore, California just before Ron Banuk's 56<sup>th</sup> and final jump. The author is wearing a ram-air balloon suit, Lo-Po reserve, and Papillion main chute.



and maintained currency. But was that what I wanted to do for the rest of my life? I had been in this sport for nearly a year now. My second child would be eight months old tomorrow. Would I live to see him grown? I had reason to wonder. Just recently, a jumper cratered in. Out of respect, they closed the DZ the remainder of the day. The jump community was small and tight. You almost always knew who it was and who his buddies were. This was my second jump of the day. I usually made two. On my first jump, I exited third from a crew of eight, pinned the base man in five seconds and free-fell for sixty seconds while six of us formed a star. We broke off, early I thought, because my wrist altimeter still read 7000 feet AGL. So, I tracked off to the windsock by the pea stone. Suddenly I realized that I was looking at a tear in the conical windsock, a detail I never noticed before from the air. A recheck of my altimeter showed 7000 feet--no change! The dial was jammed! I pulled, opened low at 1000 feet, and did a standup landing under my backbreaking Papillon in the peas. I hadn't even gotten off the truck when Larry, the Area Safety Officer (ASO WE/18) ran up to me saying: "Was that you who opened low?" more as an accusation than a question. I showed him my jammed altimeter. He looked at my A license (A-5864) patch. "Learn to use your eyes," he said. If it wasn't for those two excuses, I would have been grounded for two weeks.

Just last year, I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. Now I prayed as I never prayed before: "Lord, am I to remain in this sport? If so, please give me a sign." I had never prayed with as much feeling before, nor had I ever asked God for a sign.

"Jump run", the pilot shouted. I opened the door, directed the pilot to my intended opening point and calmed the observer down. The observer was my wife. It was her first and last close look at this sport. I stepped out onto the step, hung from the strut, waited till she pointed the camera my way, then let go for a 5-second freefall in eye contact with the plane and a standup landing in the peas by the windsock.

Next Saturday, 19 August 1978, I was wearing a new high-priced white balloon suit from Sky Suits, Inc. I needed the high-volume ram-air suit because my main chute, a '73 Papillon, was heavy and I fell faster than the rest of the gang--especially the women. My reserve was also heavy--a front mounted 26-foot LoPo. This weekend, Willie Jones, my diving buddy from Northrop, was here. There were two black skydivers at this DZ and both were called Willie. Willie had introduced me to the sport. For a while he was having problems with low pulls and was greatly stressed because of it; but he passed the hurdle.

The first jump was from the DC-3, a plane I rarely jumped from because the more experienced (D-license) jumpers generally booked passage on this vehicle. I spotted for our group of eight allowing for a seven-mph easterly surface wind. We went out at 12,500 feet AGL, which was actually 13,700 feet ASL. Willie went base. Bob pinned him. I exited fifth and docked third. The balloon suit worked great. We formed a six-man star then tracked off for nearly sixty-seconds of total free fall. I pulled at 3000 feet and did a standup landing 10 feet out.

I always tried to make two jumps, never three. So my final jump would be from a 1942-issue Canadian 5-seat DGA-15 Howard. The tired high-wing single-prop 4000-lb clunker leveled out at 10,500 feet because it couldn't go much higher against the easterly headwind which now was 15 mph on the ground and much more up top. I hung from the strut, spotted, did a 2-man pin at 8000 feet, broke at 6000 feet, did style tucks, turns, and tracked away. We landed out of the peas and took the truck back to the 40-foot-long packing tables a quarter of a mile away.

Somehow, I didn't have to wait for a packing table. I walked up to the last available four-foot-wide table, threw my rig down, and hooked up my pilot chute. My risers were taut and I was carefully drawing the sleeve over the folded canopy when Willie ran up to me nearly breathless. "Quick", he said, "I've got you on the 'three' (DC-3). They're doing their dirt dives now. Let's go." "I can't make it," I said. "I haven't paid yet, and the cashier's window is closed." "That's okay. She said you could pay later." I could not believe any of this. First, I never made three jumps in one day. I was mentally prepared to begin the drive back over the Ortega Highway to the coast with my wife. Secondly, I've never been asked just like that to join a group on the DC-3. And finally, the girl at the cashier's window never, I mean never, took IOUs. But it seemed to be happening.

I stuffed my pack as quickly as I dared knowing a crossed pin or looped riser could result in death. Grabbing my maroon Bell helmet and blue pack, I raced in my bulky white balloon suit to the three and said: "Where's my load?" "In here." Willie shouted from the doorway of the silver DC-3C. The pre-jump dirt dive was over. Whatever they planned, I'd learn later. Standing in the seatless and doorless passenger bay, I saw there were four groups. Two large groups of experienced jumpers with sleek contoured parachute packs that housed a cloud, also called a square. They numbered 12 and 10. Then there was my group and another of the same size with a handsome Japanese cameraman. He was crouched in the doorway adjusting his spotting sight. It projected from his helmet to a point three inches in front of his eye. The camera was mounted to the side of his helmet. I watched him because I had thought of mounting a smaller camera to my wrist. He was an experienced jumper visiting from Tokyo. We often had foreign guests at Skylark Field. Just a few weeks back, I jumped with two divers from Germany.

Just then a D-licensed jumper approached me, and assuming I was the leader of my group said: "When do you want to go out?" I was surprised that he didn't just assign the exit sequence himself. Since we were all going to the top (12,500 feet AGL), I figured the two big loads should exit first. Pilots liked that; it saved fuel. So, the choice was between third and last. "Third", I said. He stepped back to his group being careful not to kick some jumpers already seated on the floor panels stacked back to stomach and informed the cameraman with 350 jumps that his load was last.

I loved to spot. I was good at it. Few jumpers wanted the responsibility, especially on a DC-3 where the doorway curved so you could not tell where straight down was except by the balance from your inner ears. A bad spot meant you put your buddies over a road, power lines, houses, or Lake Elsinore. So, few jumpers volunteered to spot. This guy did. He was insistent on spotting. "Okay", I said. "Be sure to account for the fifteen-

mph ground wind and 30 mph SE winds at 10,000 feet." He nodded his head, but I wasn't reassured. He stood up and looked out the exit like he was practicing, and this was no time to practice.

In a few minutes, 32 jumpers would be airborne. When the big first load left, 12 people holding each other fast and hard rumbled through the exit in four seconds. The two thousand pounds of mass that just evaporated from the tail of the lumbering aircraft caused it to pitch downward. The pilot compensated. After a loop, the next load followed. Then it was our turn.

Jumping sure was cathartic. When you dove through the exit into the roar of the wind, everything you thought was important suddenly disappeared from your mind. Life was now. It always brought me close to the Almighty. At the end of each dive, you literally had to save your life.

I made a last pin check and watched the spotter somewhat hesitant at the door. He called for a cut and a ready, set, go! I left fifth and last.

What was this? Gone was the instant 4-man--not even a 2-man. The baseman floated aimlessly about. Divers circled him like bees around a flower. Nobody pinned him, and he didn't seem to help matters himself. I moved in fast, flared, slapped his hands but missed the pin myself. Then I noticed the ground. The spotter had misread the wind by a perfect 180 degrees. I had told him to get us out over the hangers, now we were past the DZ and headed for the lake.

I tracked off. Normally I could do about 70 mph relative to the ground, but the headwind sure limited my progress. As I approached the 3000-foot minimum opening altitude for novice divers, I flared from my track. The balloon suit grabbed air and jolted my pectorals beyond anything I had experienced before. I opened about a half mile from the windsock over the peas. The closest pickup truck was clearly visible a mile away. What a fiasco!

Floating quietly downward now under a full canopy with nothing to do but gaze at the landscape, I noticed a jumper from the second load on the ground, all alone, and off to my right. He was crosswind to me. I pulled my right toggle till I was facing his direction. At least I wouldn't be alone. All the gores to my circular canopy were fully deployed. It was quiet. I was traveling slightly backwards relative to the ground because of the wind. Now I was 200 feet from the downed jumper. I had an excellent view of him starting to daisy chain<sup>5</sup> his risers.

Suddenly the serenity of the moment was shattered forever. Something crashed into my peripheral vision. It was the Japanese cameraman. No chute! "God, save his soul!" was my spontaneous exclamation to the Creator. At 200 feet he had less than two seconds to live. He was in perfect form; pointed in the direction of the peas into the wind. Obviously, his load had left late, and he was tracking back to the DZ when he noticed his

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<sup>5</sup> Daisy chain: The diver will gather his lines into a slipknot that is undone at the packing table.

malfuction. His hands were behind his back. He was fumbling with the chords. Four feet into his burble<sup>6</sup> was what looked like his square pack flapping around. He fumbled for another second, pulled no reserve, and slammed in at 80 mph.

The guy on the ground had heard a whistle of air and started to look up. He didn't react fast enough. Impact occurred ten feet in front of him. The jumper hit prone with his hands behind his back. He bounced six feet off the desert soil into the air, traveling backward a similar amount in line with the wind.<sup>7</sup> Dead instantly by a 100-g impact, his spotting scope was wedged deep into his skull and his right hip was crushed and bleeding from the after-impact of his trailing pack.

The ground observer heard the sickening rush of air, saw a live body crash the desert floor, felt the desert floor shake, heard the deadening thump, and watched a dead body bounce past him like a sack of potatoes. For a few seconds, he stood transfixed. The only thing that moved was the dust clearing the scene. Then he threw his hands up, turned, jumped onto his chute, which lay open on the ground and fell to a kneeling position. Later when I asked him why he had jumped onto his chute, he said that he had no recollection of the incident.

I landed standing up and, without field-wrapping my chute, ran over to the scene. Nothing could be done. It was 2:40 P.M. The DZ officials even though a mile away had seen it, of course. They see everything--late pulls, poor relative work, etc. The Riverside County Sheriff's Deputies were on their way. The truck finally arrived. Nobody from the DC-3 went into the lake. All eventually found their way to the scene. The drive back in the open truck was unusually silent.

When the police did arrive, their new catalytic converters heated the dried desert grass and started a fire which required aerial fire extinguishing from C-119 air tankers out of Ramona Field in San Diego County, the California Department of Forestry crew from Corona, and the Riverside County Fire Department to save threatened homes in the path of the flames.

The DZ was closed for the rest of the day. This was the custom. Word spread that Yano Chinicki (31) left a wife and two kids. I tried to imagine the reaction of his family to the pending call from the authorities. Would it be like his Japanese friend who sat motionless on the packing table? Fellow jumpers entreated him to leave. He just sat and looked straight ahead transfixed apparently emotionless, but not so. We noticed a puddle emerge from where he was sitting. It grew larger and larger. We left him alone. His family would feel the same way in the next hour.

I was nearly his age, had a wife and two kids, as well as a penchant for photography. We shared common interests. Clearly, then, this was my sign from God. This man did not go in for me. He did not substitute for my death. God just placed me, with a series of

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<sup>6</sup> Burble: aerodynamic turbulence behind the human body

<sup>7</sup> The horizontal component of a diver's freefall is the same as the horizontal velocity of the wind. In this case it was 15 mph.

improbable occurrences, in the ideal location at the correct time to learn that he did not want me to continue in this sport. I had a mission to do for God, and this sport, great as it was, just wasn't in those plans.

Recounting the improbable occurrences:

- 1) No waiting at the packing table
- 2) Willie signs me up for a jump ready to takeoff
- 3) DC-3 jump plane for a novice
- 4) Cashier accepts IOU
- 5) Jumper allows me to choose exit sequence
- 6) Spotters from 3rd and 4th loads make same mistake
- 7) Three jumps in one day
- 8) Jumper on ground attracts me to impending impact spot
- 9) I was ideally situated 200 feet over impact spot
- 10) Dead skydiver shares certain characteristics with me.

With the completion of my 55th jump, I was ready to take the exam for my B license. I returned the following week, made two jumps, as I did every weekend, took my B-license (B-10931) exam, and passed. I did this because I did not believe that God wants us to leave any endeavor with open ends. I sold my practically new balloon suit to Willie Jones (C-5635) who would now need to find a new diving buddy. Mike Anderson Jenkins (D-2262), also known as the "godflicker" because he was a photographer and the word rhymed with a diversion of his, sold my '73 Papillon (#1334). Mike with 1500 jumps was the instructor for my first jump. He was a para-scuba jumper, a smokejumper, skier, rock climber, and ready to go anywhere in the world on a moment's notice. What Mike didn't say was that he was CIA<sup>8</sup>. On 5 February 1981, Mike drowned in a swelled Lake Elsinore (See Skydiving, March 1981, p 17.) while filming a TV segment. Mike always said, he wanted to do "something big". He died doing just that, but Jesus Christ was never in his plans.

My last and 57th jump was signed by Dean Westgard (D-2956) who made his 1957th jump on the first load. On 2 August 1980, the front page of Saturday's LA Times carried an excellent photograph of Dean doing a base jump<sup>9</sup> off El Capitan on his 50th birthday. Dean died of cancer at the age of 52 on 26 September 1982.

As I write these reminiscences, a De Havilland DHC-6 Twin Otter crashed on takeoff today (22 April 1992) at Perris Valley near Lake Elsinore leaving a plane load of "broken necks and backs and arms and legs" according to an observer. Of the 22 on board, 16 died. Dangerous as the sport is, it is one I loved, but one I had to leave at God's direction.

### **A Prayer Answered**

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<sup>8</sup> *Fatal Vision* by Joe McGinnis. Signet, 1984, ISBN 0451165667

<sup>9</sup> Base Jump: a jump from a fixed object such as a bridge, building, or mountain

Asking God for a sign is not something that I have done, but more than a few times in my life. Maybe it's because I feel as though I am challenging God, or maybe I'm just afraid to be let down by a non-answer. Nevertheless, the few times I have petitioned God in this manner, he has always responded.

These events are always preceded by periods of anguish and psychological stress, even though it can be argued that a Christian should not be beset by worry. From the book of Philippians, we read:

Be careful about nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.--(*Philippians 4:6-7*)

The word "careful" is sometimes translated as "anxious" or "worry" with the meaning "Do not worry about anything." This ideal, we seldom attain. When Christians do worry and flee to God in prayer, they will be assuaged.

By the summer of 1987, I had been three years into writing an exacting 220,000-word manuscript on the Virgin Mary entitled *Mary -- Past, Present, and Future*. It was the first time that I had ever attempted such an ambitious task. I had sent a few inquiries to publishers about the proposed book and has received no offers for the controversial work. Doubts were beginning to form. Was the manuscript worthwhile? Would it ever be written and published? Was I an author? Was I doing God's will?

As an engineer at a major aircraft company on the west coast, I was on a business trip back east. These trips usually afforded me the opportunity to read at least one book or, in this case, to review and amplify parts of my own. On the return leg of the trip, I turned my head to the right and looked out the window of a 737. A heavy cloudbank occluded the ground below reflecting perfectly my interior state. I was in doubt. Were my efforts worthwhile? "Lord", I prayed, "please give me a sign, if I am to continue with this manuscript." I was totally dejected and, at the same time, totally dependent on the Almighty.

When I arrived home that Friday night, Pat, anticipating my arrival had supper ready. A soliciting call had just been received and I was slightly annoyed. As we sat down to eat, the phone rang again. Phone calls during the meal always perturbed me. When I picked the receiver up, I didn't recognize the caller and didn't understand everything he was saying due to the poor connection. My tone of voice was gruff as I was just about to hang up when he mentioned the word "manuscript".

It was Jack MacArthur, the minister from Trinity Baptist Church in Solvang California, more commonly known for broadcasting the Voice of Calvary on the radio waves. I had completely forgotten that I had sent him a preliminary copy of my manuscript. Jack, on one of his Sunday morning broadcasts, had delivered an excellent sermon on the "Whore

of Babylon". Since this was in line with the theme of my manuscript, I had sent him a copy for review.

Jack was greatly enthused with what he had read. He told me that the research was outstanding, and that above all this manuscript should be published. I thanked him profusely for calling and told him that I might need a blurb in the future.

Even at the time, I immediately recognized this as the hand of God. This was exactly the lift I needed to continue on with what became a seven-year effort to produce a definitive work on the theology, apparitions, and cult of the Virgin Mary.

### **A Desert Tale**

We sat facing each other. My friend, Hans, forty-six, rugged featured, Austrian born, and owner of a machine shop began to relax. Our two wives sat at a table beside us. Now they began to chatter. This signaled that the crisis had passed.

The sweat we were drenched with just two hours earlier had finally dried. The soft all-invasive sand was shaken from our boots, washed from our arms, and combed from our hair. Now we could relax. It was eerie. Here we were safe with all the conveniences of home inside a 22-foot '77 Lindy motor home. We were camped on the perimeter of the Twentynine Palms Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center six miles from the nearest paved road.

The setting October sun had just thrown the last of its stinging darts through one window of the camper while the golden orb of a full moon rising over the Bullion Mountains now washed the opposite window. Coyotes began to yip. Occasionally one would howl. Now an elusive kangaroo rat edged cautiously toward the motor home. Hans swished the ice cubes in his drink and started to tell a parable.

"There was a community in the path of a pending flood. Record Spring rains had swollen all creeks leading into this remote valley. The one hundred residents had been warned to evacuate their houses. But one man refused to leave saying that God would save him. A county sheriff pulled up to his house in a jeep to take him to safety, but again he resisted saying that he had prayed hard about this and, if trouble did come, God would save him. The sheriff left.

"The creeks continued to swell and overflow their banks. Soon there was three feet of water in his front yard. On the following day, a rescue vehicle patrol boat pulled up to his front steps. Once again, he was asked if he would want to leave, and once again he said that God would save him. The rescuer need not worry.

"By the third day, the waters had topped ten feet. The man was now on the roof of his house. This time a U.S. Forest Service helicopter hovered overhead. An emergency hoist was lowered to the man as he clutched the chimney. He refused to strap the harness on saying that all he needed was the help of God. As the helicopter left, the winchman

thought he saw worry in the man's eyes. By nightfall the house was swept away by the currents and the man disappeared forever.

"Disillusioned and heartbroken, the man's spirit approached St. Peter<sup>10</sup> and asked why for all his fervent praying, God did not see fit to save him from the flood. 'I don't understand', St. Peter said, 'we sent you a jeep, a boat, and a helicopter. What did you want?'"

I was surprised that Hans, a Catholic, would tell such a story. It showed that he understood what had just happened to us. We had just taken the first available jeep, realizing now who had sent it. In retrospect, it was a strange jeep.

Our story began at noon at the end of a dirt access road called Mikiska. My wife and two kids were in the motor home. Hans, his wife, and two kids were in their van. We switched vehicles. I rode with Hans in the van. My wife took Kathi and the four kids in the big motor home. Her job was to scoot down the wash and break out when we gave a signal. We were to reconnoiter on the other side of a hill to find a camping spot with access to the wash. After fifteen minutes of driving, we finally located the crossover trail and headed to the wash.

Cresting a hill, we encountered what I first thought resembled a beached whale. The five-ton, two axle, 22-foot Lindy with 400 cubic inches of engine was up to its running boards in soft sand. I had gotten it stuck many times before, but never this deep. The situation looked hopeless.

"Boy are we glad to see you!" my wife said, but we weren't glad to see them. The vehicle was sideways in the wash. The tires were so low the underbelly rested on the sand. We broke out the shovels and the hydraulic jack and dug a trench two-feet-deep and two-feet-wide behind the rear tandem tires. We then jacked up each side and threw scrap boards, ocotillo, rocks, and anything we could find into the ruts. But each such operation was good only for two or three feet. We needed fifty feet to reach firmer ground beside the wash. Once there, we might be able to gun it to the hard clay on the far side of the wash. But after two hours, we had only gone ten feet. Another hour brought five more feet and a feeling of hopelessness. I had prayed, but it looked like this was one of those times when God wouldn't answer. Maybe if I walked six miles back to the main road and thumbed the 25-miles back to town, I could get a tow truck with some pleading and \$250. Some camping trip this was turning out to be. This would be the last time Hans and his family would join us.

I'm sure the scene was reconstructed at Cape Cod many times in the past. Eight people standing in the sand looking at a beached pilot whale. That was what we looked like when from out of nowhere three dirt bikers with their greasy and noisy two-stroke bikes pulled up and stopped. "Need help?" one said. This was not the normal area for motorcycles. Johnson Valley OHV area was ten miles distant. What were they doing

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<sup>10</sup> In Catholic pious tradition, Saint Peter stands at the gate of Heaven with the power to grant or deny entry.



here? I had never ridden a motorcycle before. In fact, I had an aversion to their intrusion into "my" area. What kind of person would ride a bike out here? Surely fringe elements. When they removed their helmets, I was mildly surprised that they had faces just like the rest of us.<sup>11</sup> But they wanted to help, and I was glad they were here. While they were parking their bikes, another group of four riders arrived and stopped and, before they could get ready to help, another group of three homed in on this no name wash. I had never seen a desert rider up close in his colorful gear before, and never had I seen so many in one spot, not to mention at this wash. Together we had enough manpower, with engine assistance, to push the motor home back up a mild bank and then forward to the clay hardened floor. And that was exactly what we did.

When they left silence returned to that lonely wash and happiness overflowed its banks. No riders were seen for the remainder of our stay. Was their arrival a coincidence? The marines say that if it happens once it is chance, if it happens twice it is a coincidence, and if it happens three times it is enemy action. But I say that in God's world there is no chance. All things occur with a purpose. God guided these dirt bikers from the neighboring area to that sandy wash by Twentynine Palms at the time when we needed them most.

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1. <sup>11</sup> I can say this now knowing that some have said the same of me. Recently I began riding a CR500 dirt bike every weekend with either my kids or the over-65 gang.

*Get wisdom young man,  
And pay any price.  
But ask not a demon,  
He lies to entice.*

2

**Lance Banuk**



God can burst into our mundane lives uninvited and unannounced. Such is his power. Such are his ways. His intervention need not be requested by prayer. When he does flood our earthly senses with an ethereal vision, there may be negative consequences. Since his intercession is undeserved, unearned by our merit, and totally the result of his grace, Satan will often request equal time.

Satan is called "The Adversary"<sup>12</sup> because he still stands at the throne of God and argues for permission to intervene in our earthly lives for his own advantage. He does this strictly from a legalistic standpoint and is the antithesis of grace and mercy. Such will be his *modus operandi* until he and his dominion are cast from Heaven<sup>13</sup>.

A person who has just been the beneficiary of a miracle from God or has received a vision is a fortunate person indeed. The Adversary's jealous reaction to this intervention by God may take the following scenario. "Look at this slobbering Christian," we can hear him say, "on his knees with the same choked voice that an hour ago was cursing a stalled motorist. And look at those tearful eyes—the same tears when he won Lotto last year. Of course, he is contrite, awed, and sanctimonious, you coddled him with love. Now let me bedazzle him with an appearance of my own, and I will show you his true colors! Skin for skin!"<sup>14</sup> Sometimes his request is granted.

Pat lay on the operating room table in a hospital Fountain Valley, California. Her first child had been delivered four years earlier by C-section after a long and painful period of labor. This time an operation was prearranged. A hysterectomy was to follow delivery. This was fortunate because a large tumor was found on her uterus in the process. But something went wrong. Her blood pressure failed; her body temperature dropped, and she nearly died. In fact, she did die. Before losing consciousness, a terrible freeze came

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<sup>12</sup> Adversary: *Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour*—1 Peter 5:8.

<sup>13</sup> *And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God, day and night*—Revelation 12:7-10.

<sup>14</sup> *Skin for Skin: And Satan answered the LORD, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life*—Job 2:4.

over her. The blanket the nurse draped over her had little effect. It was as though she was lying on a slab of ice. She lost consciousness and her spirit drifted off toward the ceiling. Hovering over the operating room table, she watched the frantic staff try to restore her vital signs to normalcy. Then her viewing screen went black followed by a vague gloaming light and the feeling of movement down a white tunnel. Her distinct feeling was not so much floating down the tunnel but being drawn to a source. Somebody was at her side. Turning, she came face to face with a male angel. His gaze was intent. "Go to church! Get baptized!" he said in a stern voice. Her viewing screen went black again and her next conscious thought was in the recovery room.

Eleven days later our family of four was in church for the first time. We were ushered into a front-row seat for the Christmas midnight service for 1977. I remember standing in a pew holding my neonate son wondering how this had happened. Only when we were baptized by full immersion a year later, did Pat reveal to me the content of her revelation.

About a year after our baptism, the four of us were returning to our Huntington Beach home in a tan Volkswagen Square back. I pulled the car to a halt before the open garage, let Pat and the children out, drove in, and parked the car. When I returned to the garage doorway, I peered upward into the clear and cool November sky. It was 8:00 P.M. Stars poked the heavens—unusual for the Orange County area. Lance, not quite two years old, stood there in his full-length nightie. Suddenly he looked up and pointed to the sky, with the exaggerated motion of an actor—his whole body being put into the action and his right hand pushing through his nightie. "Look at the angel!"

We had not been discussing angels that evening, so the boy's remark was errant to our conversation. We stopped our banter; looked up, and then at each other strangely. Was the baby playing, or did he actually see something? It sure seemed like he saw something. But there was no immediate explanation, so we put our questions away and continued into the house. The incident would have been entirely forgotten had it not been for another occurrence a few years later.

During the Summer of 1984, a trip to the corner shopping mall usually began with a stop at Hello Kitty, a toy store for kids. Pat had just pulled the '82 charcoal colored Cimarron into a parking slot. Kim, anticipating her tenth birthday was seated up front in a bucket seat. Lance, now six, was standing in back, his head rubbing the roof. Suddenly alarmed, Lance pointed to the windshield. "Look, an angel!" Pat and Kim ignored the boy's excited announcement. There was nothing unusual outside and, what is more, it was time to go shopping.

Lance stared transfixed. On the sidewalk in front of the toy store, a thin angel about four-feet tall stood staring through the windshield in eye contact with Lance. The vision lasted about three seconds. Nothing was said. The angel was not exceedingly bright. It appeared dull gray. The vision disappeared as quickly as it appeared and with it the family's immediate recollection of the event.

Three years later, I was reading selected segments of a book to the family after the nightly Bible reading. *The Unseen World of Angels and Demons* by Balilea Schlink (Chosen Books, NJ 1985) contained some very interesting stories. One particular story involved children who were rescued by an angel. Kim and Lance were particularly interested in this story. When I had finished reading, Lance blurted out, "I saw an angel again, just a few weeks ago." He had said this spontaneously and unabashedly. His emotion was stoked by the story, but as soon as he heard his own words, his face fell and he slumped back in the living room sofa. Now he was mildly embarrassed by what he had just said. It surprised me to see this reaction in a ten-year-old boy, but there he was, partially ashamed of what he had just said.

Instantly I recalled the Hello-Kitty incident. Now, Lance had another vision. I ended our family discussion and talked with him alone. He told me that the vision occurred about two weeks back. He had just come home from grade school and was lying on his bed reading a book. The door to his room was wide open. His mother was downstairs. From the corner of his eye, he could see someone in the doorway. He shifted his gaze to the stranger. It was an angel. Unlike the previous vision, he was tall--about six feet. His demeanor was stern, and his eyes were riveted on Lance. Like the previous vision, he was grayish white, and not extremely bright. For three seconds they exchanged stares. Nothing was said. Suddenly it was over. Lance was scared but resumed reading. He said nothing about the incident and probably never would have if it had not been that I read him a child's story about angels two weeks later.

This was not an angel from God<sup>15</sup>. He would have been comforting, not frightening. He would have spoken, not remained silent. He was a spirit guide sent to gain allegiance as is commonly done with children. He was a payback to recompense the work of God's angel. But he failed. Once we discovered his mission, our family prayers prevented his return. His appearances were indirect proof that every child does have an angel from God.<sup>16</sup> As adults, we retain our guardian angel as Scripture does affirm concerning Peter's unexpected release from prison: *And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel*—Acts 12:15.

Has your child ever been contacted by a familiar spirit? If you have never asked, you will never know. It's that personal. I once worked with an engineer who was an MIT grad. We had worked with each other for years. He was a decade older than me—about fifty. Then one day, he heard that I was writing a book on the Virgin Mary<sup>17</sup>. "You know," he interjected, "I once had an apparition of Mary. It happened when I was six years old, just before I went to sleep. She appeared in the corner of my room." After listening to his account, I asked what his parents thought of the incident. He then thought for a few seconds and said, "You know. I never told anyone else about this in my whole life." So the young keep these experiences very private sometimes forever.

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<sup>15</sup> *And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light*—2 Corinthians 11:14.

<sup>16</sup> *Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven*—Matthew 18:10.

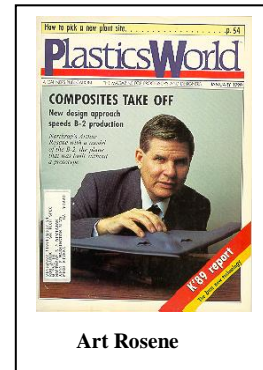
<sup>17</sup> *Mary: Past, Present, and Future*. Wittenburg Publications, Toronto, 1999

*Your story is not lost,  
But here for all to see.  
You suffered at great cost  
That God be given glory.*

*God's healings that gave you relief,  
Gave to his servants a convicting belief.*

3

**Art Rosene**



In the spring of 1937, Will A. (Art) Rosene was born in a Baptist hospital in St. Louis Missouri. That was as close as Art would get to the word of God for a long time, for his father was of Swedish descent and of no particular religious orientation. His mother, Bernice, was of German descent and, attended Evangelical Reform services from time to time but with no certain conviction. On rare occasions, his father would accompany his wife to church, but Art, and later his sister five years his junior, were raised without knowing the Lord.

Art grew up in St. Louis. Before graduating from Afton High School, he joined the USAF National Guard on his seventeenth birthday. After graduating from Parks College of St. Louis University, a serendipitous, inventive, and somewhat maverick engineer joined McDonnell Aircraft Company. A year later he opened a business of his own which catered to racecars.

Art had no knowledge of the Lord at that time, but the Lord knew Art. In fact, the Lord had already decided that Art's interest in racecars was not to be. In March of 1959, Art was driving to work thinking about finalizing a deal that would stabilize his position as a self-employed engineer. His thoughts were jarred by a woman in a Chevrolet in a lethal trajectory. She was traveling straight at him, and her head was turned away oblivious to the destruction about to ensue. Art ran his car up onto the sidewalk in a desperate attempt to avoid the onslaught. The larger vehicle tore off the left-hand side of Art's 1959 TR-3 sports car and left him with torn ligaments in his back and left knee, nine stitches across his head and eyelid, and multiple cuts across his hands caused by a displaced windshield. When he began walking three months later, his faulty back would often give way forcing him to lie paralyzed on the ground unable to get up.

Following a long and agonizing period of recovery, he continued in the reserves and became activated in 1961. He was classified 3C at Scott Air Force Base, placed on limited duty, restricted to lifting no more than five pounds, and shipped overseas to France where a chiropractor in his outfit was able to keep him on his feet.

One day he was home on leave at his parent's new home in Festus, a small town on the Mississippi River, just south of St. Louis. They had a large brick ranch house on five

acres of open grass in a valley 700-feet long and 100-feet wide. The house was situated at one end of the valley while a creek ran along the length. Art had just crossed the creek bed at the far side of the valley when the exertion caused by a trek in the woods buckled his back. It was drizzling and no one saw Art go down. Standing was impossible, and crawling was too painful. So, he began rolling over front to back endlessly through the wet grass.

Each turn brought him mixed results--a foot closer to the house and another bruise on his ribs. The relief Art felt when he reached the door of the house soon vanished, for it now appeared that the long-term effects of his erratic back would leave him partially crippled for the remainder of his life.

On 23 August 1963, Art, for some unknown reason, decided to attend a church rally. Maybe it was the influence of his younger sister who became a Christian two years earlier when she married. Perhaps the thought of raising children caused her to reassess her relationship with the Lord. Certainly, he was not influenced by his parents who did not come to the Lord until many years later--his mother first while in her forties and his father at the age of 82 just three months before his death. Art had no inclination that he sinned and needed to be redeemed. He did not feel the power of the Holy Ghost, and he didn't really believe in religious healings. Nevertheless, maybe out of curiosity, he found himself listening one day to a moving preacher, who was beginning to instill in him the meaning of repentance. Inexplicably, he felt the urge to accept the altar call. He went forward, knelt down, and prayed. Art had prayed before on occasion, but this time the tears in his eyes showed the sincerity in his heart. Never had he prayed with such fervor. While in a highly wrought state, he heard a man walk up behind him, stop, and place a hand on his back. Strangely enough, he touched the exact spot that was the source of all his pain. But more surprisingly than that was an electrifying, tingling, and rolling sensation that seemed to undulate up and down his back like a massage he had received from his chiropractor only much more soothing. The sensation was so comforting that he did not want it to stop.

Later, Art learned that the man standing behind him was Pastor E.T. Kelley from the Pentecostal Church of God. The Lord had moved him to stand behind Art and to place his hand on his back.

The elation of the moment, coming to Christ, and the buzz in his back left Art in a highly charged state. He left the altar feeling strangely spry but could not figure out why. It hadn't crossed his mind that he had been healed.

The next day, his brother-in-law, Frank, dropped by the home of the elder Rosene's in Festus to help construct a bridge across the creek bed. Critical to the operation was moving two posts of reinforced concrete from a truck bed into position over the creek. Each post was eight-feet long with a constant cross section of 6"x 8" and weighed nearly 400 pounds. Without thinking, Art put his gloves around one end of the first post and helped Frank move it into position. Art, despite his severely temperamental back, would never pamper himself. He would routinely push himself to the breaking point and stop

only when his back collapsed. After jostling the post, he was surprised he felt no pain. When he passed this thought along to Frank, his brother-in-law stopped what he was doing and said, "Maybe the Lord healed you." This was probably the first time in Art's life that he gave serious thought to divine healing, certainly the first time he placed himself in that context. Frank explained how Christ had healed through his own word (Matthew 12:10-13) and how the faith of friends (Mark 2:11-12) and fellow believers (James 5:16)<sup>18</sup> could bring about healings in Christ's name. Art still was not sure. Well, maybe it could happen, but not to him. "OK," he said half challengingly, "Let's see if the Lord really did heal me." With that he picked up his end of the second post and carried it into position beside the first post--again, no pain.

The next day, Art drove to the office of his chiropractor in Maplewood. X-rays were taken of his lower right back without finding any trace of torn ligaments or scar tissue. He had really been healed—totally healed. Never again would he have a recurrence of back pain.

Art went on to spend nine years of service with the USAF and was honorably discharged, as he was later from the USAF reserves. He then did some engineering consulting and later began work at Adolph Vases Company in Maplewood.

Vases sold cameras and made special order photographic processing equipment. One day in 1966, Art was using a half horsepower reciprocation blade power hacksaw. While the cutting blade was reciprocating up and down through its lazy eight-inch stroke, Art foolishly attempted to lubricate the blade with his free hand. His right index finger became wedged between the crank arm and the gear breaking off the tip of his finger below the first joint exposing fractured bone. He quickly bandaged the bleeding shortened finger and walked to the doctor a block away.

Holding his throbbing finger, he lay down on the reclining seat and yelled when the needle with Novocain entered the skin of his finger. Art is normally a reserved individual, but suddenly he began saying repeatedly "God heals bodies." The doctor humored him and replied, "Yes, God does heal." not really believing what he was saying because he added, "But you had better trust that I can sew you up." Art did not resist the befuddled doctor but entreated him to do his job saying all the while, "But God still does heal."

Thinking back on this incident, Art does not know what gripped him to behave so forwardly. He was not prone to shout God's works to anyone. Maybe it was the distress of losing part of his body and maybe the Holy Spirit influenced him to make a statement that God would respect.

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<sup>18</sup> *Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other.—Matthew 12:13. I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion—Mark 2:11-12. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much—James 5:16.*

The doctor pulled the skin together and stitched a neat closure around the exposed bone. The doctor's sobering words were that the wound would heal, but if the fingernail did return, it would not be normal since the nail guide had been ripped off.

During the following four weeks, Art went to a New Testament Church where about three hundred people gathered. The church was "Holy Ghost Filled"--a term which would gradually be replaced by "charismatic". During the prayer session, the parishioners would gather around and lay their hands on those asking for healing. Every time they prayed over Art, his finger would grow one millimeter (.040") of tissue that night.

Thirty days after the accident, Art walked into the doctor's office and quickly showed him his healed finger while reminding him how he had said that God heals bodies. But the doctor was not to be easily fooled. He said, "A nail cannot grow out that fast." because the nail that Art had showed him had obviously been clipped. "Let's see your other hand." he said suspecting a ruse. Holding both fingers together, the surprised doctor saw that the nail and guide had regenerated itself and there were no areas where the fingertip was insensitive to pain. I examined Art's index fingers myself. Both are the same length and neither has scar tissue.

Art joined McDonnell Aircraft Company in St. Louis where he worked for ten years in flight test. He then worked at Martin Marietta's NASA facility in New Orleans for two years and spent seven years with McDonnell Douglas Astronautics in Huntington Beach California where he had a directorship in non-metallic materials. In June of 1984, he joined Northrop's B-2 Division in Pico Rivera, California where he did research and development as a project engineer under a budget controlled by the senior vice president. In January of 1990, he was featured on the cover of *Plastics World* because of his work in transferring computer and composite technologies from Northrop to the Detroit auto industry in particular and the nation in general.

Immediately after the U.N.-Iraqi war, Art found himself on a plane bound for Kuwait. The oil fields were smoking with over 500 oil well fires and Art had a technical proposal to put the hell fires out using a new snuffing technique. It was March of 1991. Art's plane had left Paris and just landed at Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. He checked into the Riyadh Hilton, and then left with a team of Americans to obtain additional passport photos for the final leg of the trip to Kuwait.

The taxi drive to the passport photo service began at sundown. Since it was during the Moslem period of *Ramadan*, the congested night traffic was just beginning to form. The Filipino cabby was inching along a divided thoroughfare in downtown Riyadh when Art began to feel a pain in his left kidney. The pain increased. Mild perspiration turned to sweat. Discomfort turned to agony. He laid the taxi seat back to its extreme position, but without relief. A relentless stabbing pain peaked and subsided in throbbing waves about a minute apart. When they peaked, thoughts of dying could not be suppressed.



Vaguely at first, Art began to realize that the kidney stone trauma he had twelve years earlier was recurring. At that time a shot of morphine relieved the pain and a dye injected into his kidneys broke up the stone.

Now the pain was located in his back below the ribs indicating the stone had just entered the ureter, a long slender tube between the kidney and bladder. As the stone began its slow and agonizing descent, the pain, or renal colic as it is known medically, caused Art to vomit dry heaves in the taxi. The cab inched forward in the noisy smelly bumper-to-bumper alien traffic while Art experienced cycles of pain, hot flashes, vomiting, the false and burning urge to urinate, and despair.

When they finally arrived at the Passport Photo Office, Art was too weak to enter so the cab driver took him one block to a rest room in a nearby hotel. As he stood in the stall trying to decide if the agony of sitting was less than the agony of standing, the combined oppression of the moment closed in on him. For the first time in his memory, he prayed that God would take his life. God answered. Immediately he felt strangely and demonstrably comforted by the Spirit of God. The pain stopped. Art did not hear any specific words from the Holy Spirit, but the feeling and intent of God's will was definitely present. God spoke to Art's spirit saying, "My hand is guiding your life. Have no fear. I am with you always<sup>19</sup>."

While the renal colic ceased instantly, the withdrawal pains from retching and coughing persisted for a full day. That night x-rays showed two kidney stones lodged in the ureter, but since there was no doctor on duty to inject a dye or prescribe treatment, Art returned to the hotel. Here he testified to a Saudi partner about the respite from suffering that God had just granted him. The man, a Moslem, accepted the Christian's explanation. That night Art slept soundly.

The next morning, the Indian doctor at the hospital in Riyadh agreed that the cessation of pain was a miracle. A dye was injected, and x-rays retaken to reveal two lodged stones in the left ureter. I have seen these x-rays myself. That meant that only his right kidney was functional. Reasoning that God did not relieve his pain just so he could return home, he continued on to Kuwait unimpeded and completed his business venture.

It was not until September some six months later that Art felt a mild sensation when those two stones passed through his ureter into his bladder. This was accompanied by a slight pain and a little urinary bleeding but no lingering aftereffects. This prompted Art to visit the company doctor who informed him that the stones were no longer there.

God always meets our individual needs. Sometimes they are truly magnanimous and other times simply mundane. In all cases, He *will not suffer you to be tempted above that*

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<sup>19</sup> Always with you: The phrase from Scripture shows the linkage between God being with us and spreading the Gospel, while the incident shows the linkage between God being with us and healing-- hence the linkage between healing and spreading the Gospel. *Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen—* Matthew 28:19-20.

*ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it--(1 Corinthians 10:13).*

*An empty cup is temerity's reward.  
Worry and fretting is your due.  
With all your heart trust in the Lord  
Peace and boldness will ensue.*

4

**Brad Simmons**

It was the Fall of 1983. The hot and dry Santa Ana desert winds had finished drying the homes in Riverside California to a kiln-dried condition and now the winter rains were threatening. Don and Jeanette Smith knew that their flattop stone roof house would not have much resale value unless the leaks were fixed. Don, who had been out of work now for twelve months, had set this weekend to do the job.

Brad, a Christian firm in his faith, had known, Don and Jeanette and their son Adam for a few years now. They were recent Christians and members of the First Baptist Church of Riverside. As a former vice principal of a school in the Perris School District, Don had, on moral principles, run against the grain of the administration and lost his job because of it. This made him locally unemployable in his field of occupation. The twelve months had been hard. Two months after losing his job, Don had disposed of his credit cards and began living a life more primitive and boring than he had thought possible in Southern California. Now he was forced to sell the house.

Brad wiped the sweat off his brow as he faced the sun high over Dons roof. The tarpaper they had just laid down seemed to radiate heat like a microwave oven through the soles of his shoes. Yes, he had volunteered to help Don this Saturday, but he was glad when Jeanette announced that lunch was ready.

After the three had finished eating, the conversation lingered around the downturn in the Smith's lives, their uncertain future, and the dark cloud occluding their hopes. Quite suddenly, Brad was inexplicably moved to offer a positive and definitive prayer. If the content of this request were left to his intellect alone, he might never had prayed this prayer. Conflict welled within him. Reason suggested that he could not rationally hope for what he was about to say, that is, if he would say it at all. But intuition from the groanings of the Holy Spirit (Romans 8:26) compelled him against the "better advise" of his intellect to pray the following request. He prayed with compunction not to comfort the Smiths, but to verbalize a feeling within him that he was sure welled from the Holy Spirit. He prayed that Don be given a job within seven days provided that the Smiths not give up hope in the interim. When asked later why he chose seven days, he replied, "I didn't pick it. It was planted in my mind."

The Smiths were initially surprised that Brad would offer this prayer. But they were at the same time overjoyed that someone cared and that a resolution might be in the offing. As they sat facing each other after the prayer, Brad was ambivalent as to his own

instrumentality. If the request were not fulfilled, he would look foolish at best, a religious fanatic at worst, or maybe just an ineffective prayer warrior. This could cause Don and Jeanette, now in their doldrums, to lose their faith in Christ or at least in the value of prayer. Equally as bad, Don might try to fulfill the request by his own actions and accept a low paying job, which, in the long run, would devalue his future hireability. Brad knew his head was on the chopping block, but he had prayed the request because he felt that he would have been sinning had he not.

That week, both Brad and the Smiths were badgered by doubts day and night. Each time they fought them off by seeking refuge in the power of Jesus. Toward the end of the week, the phone, which was not yet disconnected, rang. A representative from the Colton School District was on the line. It seems that one of their teachers was leaving quite unexpectedly and a mid-term replacement was needed immediately. Would he be available for the position?

Don accepted the offer, started the following week, and has continued to work in Colton for some time now.

*Am I a God far away?  
I see your grief every day.  
I put your name in the Book of Life.  
I Am here to calm your daily strife.*

5

**Bob Shank**



*Bob Shank*

It was June of 1976. Bob Shank, a recent college graduate, twenty-four, handsome, enterprising, and athletic, was looking forward to enjoying his fifth anniversary with Sherry in a rather unusual manner. Bob was into dirt biking. This is a compelling sport that the aficionado devotes every weekend to, come rain or snow. It is rated equal to swimming in the amount of exertion demanded of the rider and equivalent to chess in the degree of concentration required. But Bob and his three riding buddies were determined to share this weekend with their families--while riding, of course.

It was Friday midnight when the four families turned off Tulare County's J41 at a place in the Sierra Nevadas 8000 feet above sea level called Kennedy Meadows Campground. Tents were erected in the damp and cold late Spring air. Exhausted, the party collapsed.

Morning came quickly. With it, rays from the rising sun melted the frost on the tents. Cold but sure fingers of enduro-hardened hands could be seen adding gear oil, checking tire pressures, mixing two-stroke oil with gasoline, re-jetting carburetors for the high altitude, and pulling the customary stinky gear from their duffel bags. Finally, bike and rider were ready. Bob blasted off on his '74 Yamaha IT400 Enduro. Steve caught dust on his Suzuki. Two other riders rode trail. The plan was to return in three hours to their waiting wives for lunch.

But this area was unlike the usual motorcycle parks. There were few genuine trails. Just hard virgin terrain. As the sun passed its zenith and began to be occluded by clouds from a weather front, our quartet could be seen trapped deep in a river canyon of the Kern River South Fork. Barring a rocky ascent back up the riverbed, the only way out was a bumpy 30-degree half-mile climb. A hundred yards into the climb, he experienced a rider's nightmare. Steve blew his clutch.

Since gas and daylight were running out, the crew agreed to leave the dead Suzuki there under some bushes and return for it the following day. On a mildly sloping portion of the hill, Steve mounted double and gained enough speed to make the ascent with the other two bikes.

The sun had just set and snow flurries were starting to scurry sideways as the wives greeted the gladiators with snowflake pocked stares. With barely a word said, a

telepathic plan silently unfolded. The bikes were trailered, tents were rolled wet, and camp was broken in search of a warm sea-level motel in Ridgecrest near China Lake.

The next morning, three bikes and four enduro riders were again at Kennedy Meadows. In 60 minutes, they were at the side of the wounded Suzuki. Then the troubles began. With one helmeted and heavy booted rider at the end of a rope, two at the handlebars, and one at the rear wheel, the ignominious ascent began. After 100 feet of exhaustive heave--heave--heave, three tired riders would descend 50 feet to their bikes, mount, and wheelie 100 feet uphill 50 feet beyond the downed bike and return for the next onslaught. After four hours of this enervating charade, they had not even made the halfway point. With lactose coursing through their blood like whiskey and doubt through their minds like a hallucinogenic drug, the four enduro riders were on the verge of abandoning a \$2000 machine and an intimate portion of their pride. The weekend they had planned for months was now the disaster of a lifetime. This could spell the end of Steve's enduro racing. And the way Bob felt now, it would be a long time before their marriage would recover from this "family picnic" if it ever did.

While each of the four was panting and staring gloomily at the object of his choice: a rock, a boot, a gecko, and the 275-pound bike, a voice snapped their minds back in gear. "Do you guys need help?"--the understatement of the weekend. Two men appeared. No one knew exactly from where. The terrain was rather open in that section being void of trees and gullies. But their mere presence erased this question from their minds and sparked the quartet back to life. With two fresh hands, the three riders could take their bikes to the top and walk back down to relieve the struggling trio. For the first time it looked like they had a plan that would work. The two men were strong. In thirty minutes, the Suzuki was at the crest of the formerly impossible half-mile long hill.

While Steve was getting the towline connected to Bob's Yamaha for the tow back to the trailhead, someone turned to thank the drop-ins for their help and noticed that they were gone. "Where did they go?" was the group question. How could someone just disappear from the top of this hill? Vision was unoccluded for a great distance? There were no large trees or rocks--only an occasional bush. Steve, somewhat spooked, remarked to Bob, "They left the same way they came; and did you notice how they were dressed?" They weren't hunters--no rifles or bows. They weren't fishermen--no rods or flies. They weren't hikers--no backpacks or canteens. They weren't trail riders--no bikes or gear. There were no trails within five miles of the area, no water, and no valleys, so what were they doing halfway up the slope of a desperately long hill? Why were they so willing to help? Why did they appear only at the nadir of desperation?

"I think they were angels," Steve said to Bob almost instinctively. Sixteen years later, Bob Shank now pastor of one of the largest churches in California could only agree.

**Dr. Vic Wescott**

Vic Wescott (pseudonym) is a medical doctor and pilot for the USAF National Guard. His military history shows he has held an Air Force commission for 31 years, performed two voluntary tours of duty in Thailand, Laos, and Vietnam, volunteered for service in Desert Shield and Desert Storm. He was awarded the Air Combat Air Medal during 175 hours of combat flight and accumulated a career total of 2200 flying hours in a variety of aircraft. At 53 years of age, he has led a model life keeping one wife and putting two children through college. He and his family have been good friends of ours for some time. The Wescotts, however, are not Born-Again Christians. Both have had a Roman Catholic background and at this stage in life can be loosely called "theists." Vic attended parochial school for fourteen years, while his Japanese wife attended a Catholic nursing school.

Dr. Wescott has had at least four interesting paranormal events in his life. In 1974, Dr. Wescott was making a return flight from the Compton airport just south of Los Angeles to Meadows Field in Bakersfield to the north. It was a clear-sky Sunday morning. He had just flown his Piper Cherokee through the VFR corridor over Los Angeles International Airport and was climbing over Van Nuys to cruising altitude. There was no radio activity and no other craft in sight. The doctor felt relaxed and comfortable with no parachute to restrict his seat movements. Suddenly he had this overpowering urge to turn around. The single-engine Cherokee has no direct rear window, but by turning completely around what he saw from both side windows made him freeze. Both windows showed a wing so close the rivets were visible. He was directly under the belly of a large plane, traveling at the same speed, and ascending on a collision course. Since both craft were low-wing monoplanes, only the lower pilot could notice the impending collision. Dr. Wescott nosed over, avoiding a mid-air collision, and reemerged on the right side of the plane he nearly impacted. No radio contact was made and the other pilot never knew what happened. Had they collided, it would have been certain death of one or both occupants.

In 1987, he was returning from Riverside California to Orange County. Driving west on State Highway 91, his attention was drawn to the car in front of him which appeared to have "mismatched tires." His curiosity suddenly turned to fear when a premonition told him that the right rear tire was going to sustain a blowout. He swerved to change lanes, and as he did the tire blew. There was no accident, however, as the driver controlled the car and brought it to a stop in the breakdown lane.

Two years later, Vic was traveling east on the Richmond-San Rafael toll bridge north of San Francisco. He was thinking of the medical meeting in Berkeley's Carlton Hotel that he was about to attend when his attention became strangely focused on two trucks. Traveling behind him in the number one lane by the center divider were two diesel three-axle dump trucks carrying large chunks of broken concrete pavement. Abruptly his intellectual dalliance was transformed into alarm. Even though Vic was alone in the car and not given to speaking to himself, he blurted out: "Those trucks are going to crash!" He pulled over to the number two lane and let them pass. About a half mile after the bridge was crossed, an intersection loomed ahead. The traffic light turned red and cars began to line up six deep. But the two trucks could not stop in time. Both, one behind the other, battered the six cars in their lane pushing them into the intersection like a child does his toys. Vic watched the event from the safety of his position in what appeared to be a surrealistic slow-motion drama. Ambivalence filled his mind. He knew it was going to happen yet found it hard to believe when it did. He wanted to warn someone of the impending disaster but could only watch helplessly from the next lane. Fortunately, no one died in the accident.

This was the third incident where Dr. Wescott was saved from pending disaster. A fourth incident was different in that it did not involve his own safety. In the Summer of 1989, Dr. Wescott had been attending an air show in Quebec City, Canada. Following the show, the KC-135 tanker crew still wearing their jumpsuits piled into a local bar. With the clinking of ice and the draw of a tap, revelry soon prevailed. Dr. Wescott sat at one end of the bar while the boomer, or aerial refueling boom operator, sat at the other end. The boomer was enjoying himself immensely and laughing loudly in concert with the cacophony of the crew. It was then that Dr. Wescott noticed that the boomer's face appeared frozen with a death mask. This was so incongruous with his mood that the doctor first thought it was his tired eyes or something he had drunk. But the visual impression persisted and was so strong, the doctor had to refrain from looking in that direction. Disturbed as he was, the doctor said nothing of the incident to anyone.

Three months later, as Dr. Wescott was arriving at work, a nurse hurriedly asked him if he had heard about the death at a nearby Air Force Base. After he replied in the negative, she said it was a boom operator. Instantly the doctor knew who it was. "Was it Jim?", he questioned. "Why yes it was" she replied, mildly confused.

The accident was tragic. The KC-135, a military version of the Boeing 707, was returning from Europe. It was cruising at 35,000 feet between Greenland and Nova Scotia when the boomer was given the task of daytime celestial navigation. Using a sextant, the boomer stood on a foot-high stool and poked the periscope-like device through the ceiling. On either side of him were two eight-by-ten-inch windows. While he was calling out measurements, one window blew out. His head and right arm were sucked through the void leaving him suspended and hanging from the ceiling. The plane was traveling at 35,000 feet where the air temperature is normally  $-70^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. His neck was snapped instantly by the 600 MPH airstream. He died quickly. Particularly gruesome was the remaining task of the navigator who sat at his desk underneath the dead crewman. With each lurch of the plane, the dead boomer's dangling feet would tap



the navigator and drip blood down his back as he sat there with an oxygen mask on plotting a course for Canada.

How did Dr. Wescott know that the boomer was about to die? Why was he warned three times of life-threatening circumstances? Were these revelations from God?

The story begins with Dr. Wescott's great-grandmother (mother's father's mother) Amy Dudley nee Hoxie born in 1843 in Maine. Her husband owned the general store, and she was postmistress in the small town of Dudley Idaho--a town which took its name from that family. She and her family professed no particular religion. In fact, her sons were known for mischievously disrupting revival tent meetings when they came to town.

Three stories have been handed down to family members by Amy's second youngest son concerning her paranormal abilities. The first concerns prophecy from a trance state. She once predicted that her own barn would be burned down while people celebrated at a party by a shower of sparks from a passing train. At the time of the prediction, family members dismissed the forecast because there was no railroad by the property and parties were a rarity. Two years after her death, tracks had been laid beside the barn and during a Fourth of July party sparks from the smokestack of a passing train lighted the hay which burned down the barn.

The second story involves precognition. One night, Amy without explanation turned to her son telling him his older brother would soon be at the front gate. The younger boy was querulous. He knew nothing of his brother's arrival. But as he walked to the main gate, his brother could be seen in the distance.

The third story involves telepathy. While on her deathbed in Spokane Washington, family members observed her carrying on a one-sided conversation with her best friend who was also dying in another hospital in the same city. After Amy and her best friend died, her husband visited the neighboring hospital and was told by the staff that their patient also carried on a one-sided conversation before her death. When their utterances were compared, their previously disjunctive conversations were given coherence and an understanding was given to that final parley.

The Israelites while wandering in the desert, were warned by God to abstain from heathen practices when they entered the Promised Land: "*There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.*" (Deuteronomy 18:10-11) Clearly, then, the work of witches (black and white), fortune tellers, spiritists, channelers, diviners, clairvoyants, and soothsayers is wrong. Unfortunately, however, these powers do not vanish with the death of the devotee. The Second Commandment plainly states: "*...for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.*" (Exodus 20:5b) A transfer was definitely made to Vic's only sister in the fourth generation. She is considered crazy by her other brothers. She once enjoyed singing in church, but stopped

this practice when voices forbade her. Recently she began receiving regular visits from extra-terrestrials. Was a transfer of paranormal powers also made to Dr. Wescott and when did this transfer occur?

When Vic was eight years old and in the second grade of grammar school, he was stricken with meningitis. During a six-month period, he would occasionally have a violent and vivid dream with a tragic climax. He would then awaken with a seizure. Because he could not walk, he missed the first half of his second-grade classes.

For a ten-year period, he was free from these tormenting dreams and their effects. During this period, he was baptized at the age of thirteen. Following baptism, he studied the Bible under Catholic tutelage. He then had a dream recurrence following a visit to a dentist during which he was given anesthesia. That night he experienced a violent nightmare and a mild seizure.

A few years later while in Catholic college, he had the final recurrence of this episode of violent dreams. As Dr. Wescott later recounted, these dreams were far different than ordinary dreams which can be characterized as disjointed and low key. His dreams were three dimensional, in living color, violent, and thematically tragic. The final dream took place in 1958. It was the first dream with overt religious significance and involved a confrontation with Satan. Satan having bested Vic in an argument smirked and with weighty seriousness pointed his index finger between his eyes until it touched his forehead and said: "You are mine!"

Vic was terrorized by the dream. It continued to bother him for many years afterwards, but Vic did not understand its significance until I explained to him that Satan at that point was expressing a legal right to his soul. To win salvation back, Vic would have to repent, find faith in Jesus Christ alone, pray, receive helpful prayer from friends, and face an eventual confrontation with Satan's hosts.

Despite not being Born Again, Vic has tried to do what is proper. As an example, he found himself in the close proximity of a demon in 1970. While falling asleep, a demon attempted to get in bed with him. He commanded it to leave in the name of Jesus Christ. It left. (For a similar story, see that of Samira Kavar.) But Vic has never specifically renounced the assistance given him by his spirit guide, and he has not accepted Jesus Christ as the sole and only means to salvation. Until this happens, Vic, who represents a sizable percentage of the population haunted by friendly spirit guides, will not be saved.

Can one lose their spirit guide? Fifteen years later, Vic swung by our newly established desert home in Rosamond, California. The doctor was now 66 and the effects of age were beginning to haunt him. His spirits were buoyed, however, by a story he had written for The Mekong Express Mail in December of 2004 entitled "Out of Ubon Came the Life-Saving Pedro",<sup>20</sup> which documented a midnight HH-43B (Pedro) search and

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<sup>20</sup> The TLC Brotherhood, Inc. 2004. Ubon is in Thailand.

rescue operation while he was attached to “Satan’s Angels”<sup>21</sup> in the 433<sup>rd</sup> tactical fighter squadron. During our conversation, the following story emerged:

It was raining as Vic left his office in Rosemead so he decided on the spur of the moment to wend his Porsche down a few unfamiliar streets on his way home. While passing the main gate at a cemetery in Montebello near East L.A., he heard a female voice say: “I’m over here.” His initial reaction was to look into the back seat of his vehicle. Only then did he realize that he had received an “impression.” It was the voice of Isabel Martinez, a medical assistant he had worked with for seven years and who had died in an auto accident eight years ago. Intrigued, he made an immediate U-turn and entered the cemetery grounds. After checking at the office, he was not surprised to find that Isabel indeed had a plot there. After locating her site, he stared down fixedly at her laser-etched picture in the polished granite slab and heard the words: “It’s about time.” Vic reminisced and left.

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<sup>21</sup> Vic once told me that he looked at an old picture of the squadron’s wives only to note that not one wife in the picture was still married to the original pilot. I do not know if this was typical for units in Viet Nam.

*From the Harlot, I called you out.  
With my Spirit, I gave you knowledge,  
As a sign to the Jew, who continues to doubt,  
As healing to the Gentile, still in bondage.*

7

**Leon and Evelyn Douziech**

While in Galilee, Jesus was asked by a nobleman to heal his son in Capernaum. Before healing the distant boy, Jesus said: *Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe* (John 4:48b). On another occasion, Jesus said: *Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father* (John 14:12). Today God still heals to strengthen the faith of the believer and plant the seed of faith in the non-believer--particularly the Jew. Through the prayers of the Douziech's, many Christians strengthened their faith and many non-believers received it.

Evelyn was born to Catholic parents on the Island of Puerto Rico toward the end of World War II. Just weeks later, her parents moved to Manhattan Island, where they stayed for many years, and where she was raised as a Roman Catholic. After making her First Holy Communion, she remembers having a born-again experience and coming very close to the Lord. She realized she could discern which souls had demons attached to them. At the age of eight, she began life anew in San Pedro, California. Twelve years later, she found herself in Corpus Christi, Texas where she became attached to the Charismatic Roman Catholic movement and married her first husband, a Catholic. In many parts of Texas, there were not enough Catholic priests to administer to the parishioners at their respective churches. Since she was active in church affairs, she was taught the Jerusalem Bible and trained as a layperson to teach at a Catholic school and within the Church itself. In 1970, she and her husband moved to San Jose, California and became parishioners at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church where she became the head coordinator for catechism, new congregants, and first Holy Communion preparation. She attended charismatic services at Notre Dame in San Jose and met with about one thousand people in the basement auditorium where they would worship and praise the Lord. At Our Lady of Guadalupe, she taught 69 students in high school.

Because she was spirit filled, many of her students also became born-again Christians. Soon these deviations from Roman Catholic practice became prominent, and trouble began to develop for the pastor of this church. The priest, according to Evelyn, was also

born again. At the charismatic gatherings, he eliminated auricular confession and instituted a general confession. In place of the host representing the Holy Eucharist, he substituted a loaf of bread, which the charismatics broke and ate in their own hands. Real wine was drunk in memory of Christ's shed blood. The Rosary was never prayed among these Spirit-filled worshippers.

Because of these theological and liturgical deviations from Rome's principle of controlled mediation, German theologian, Keerr, who was on staff to Vatican II, assumed command of the Church and had his predecessor exiled to the largest archdiocese in the United States--Alaska. After one year of investigating the charismatic phenomenon in California, the new pastor phoned Evelyn in 1974 and told her that she was "too dangerous" to return to his church. "Why am I dangerous?" she queried, but the theologian was not willing to reveal his reason. Evelyn was devastated. Her lifetime investment in the Catholic Church suddenly evaporated. She turned to prayer and asked the Holy Spirit what she should do. His answer was not to fight the injunction and not to return.

For a period of one year, Evelyn became a recluse, stayed home, and studied the Bible. During this period, the Holy Spirit assisted her exegesis by illuminating her with the Word of Knowledge. On a daily basis, while she was reading the Bible, she would receive a vision in color representing a Biblical scene or explaining a particular passage. The vision was similar to looking at a television screen. These exegetical revelations only lasted during her one-year of intensive home study. During this period, her husband died.

She then began attending an American Baptist Church, an Assemblies of God Church, and the San Jose Community Church where she met Pastor Frye. At Pastor Frye's Omega Bible College, she became an ordained minister and met her next husband, Leon Douziech. Leon, like her, was raised by Catholic parents. He too was born again. While working for Nora Lam, a Chinese evangelist, he attended Omega Bible College, met Evelyn, and married her in 1978. They began their missionary work together in Mexico and then went to the Philippines.

Looking back on Evelyn's early life, she was born again at the age of seven. This is very unusual for a Catholic. I have heard of only one other occurrence of the sort while at a Bible study meeting at my church. Later in life at the age of 28, she rededicated her life to the Lord by having another born-again experience on 6 October 1972.<sup>22</sup>

When Evelyn turned nineteen, her kidneys began to give her problems. Ten years later, in September of 1973, her kidneys began to bleed. If they had continued to deteriorate at their present rate, she would not have had long to live. So she followed her doctor's advice and made preparations to be put on a dialysis machine the following morning at the Kaiser Hospital in San Jose. X-rays taken in his office showed that Evelyn had one blackened kidney. This indicated that it was bleeding badly. Now she knew why she

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<sup>22</sup> At the time of Christ, Jewish custom identified six ways to be born again (yivaleid min ha-mayim). Jesus introduced the seventh way—the only one leading to salvation.

was in great pain and could not sleep at night without medication. Nevertheless, she was afraid of entering the hospital. She needed to pray. St. Francis of Assisi was closed during the week, so she pulled out a telephone directory to find the address of a nearby church. She was born again, and that meant she could pray directly to God, but since she was Catholic, the best place to do that was in church. For some reason, she chose a Pentecostal church.

When she entered, the Wednesday night service was in progress, so she cautiously sat in the last pew of this strange church. During the healing ceremony, the pastor announced several healings and then added that someone was having their kidneys healed. Evelyn looked around and thought: "Now that's nice. Who could it be?" At that time, she did not believe that healings happened outside of the Bible. In Jesus' day, yes; but today, no. During the service, she was vaguely aware of a strange heat around her mid-section. At home, later that night for some inexplicable reason, the constant thought of kidney pain escaped her mind and she forgot to take the medication so necessary for a painless sleep. She slept peacefully with no restlessness or wakefulness.

The next morning, she entered Kaiser Hospital. Her urologist took the necessary routine entrance x-rays. After an unusually long review of the negatives, the doctor mumbled something about needing a few more shots. While the new negatives were being developed, he placed side-by-side x-rays a week old, a day old, and those taken thirty minutes ago. The difference between the two older sets and today's set was like night and day. In the older negatives, one kidney was black and the other dark. Today they appeared normal. "I've never seen anyone recover so quickly," he said. "Maybe it was the medication?" After running additional tests, the doctor remarked that her kidneys were not just normal for a 29-year-old woman but were more like those of a child. The Jewish doctor ran tests on her from 7 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. refusing to believe her babbling about a healing. "There must be a tangible explanation," was the interpretation his actions gave to his thoughts.

Not until Evelyn returned to her car in the parking lot, did the significance of the past two days sink in. God loved her so much, he reached out from the Bible, where Evelyn thought the healings of all time were stored for posterity and healed her. She sat behind the steering wheel and cried for twenty minutes. Now from first-hand experience, she learned that God heals today. She composed herself and drove home leaving a vacant bed in the hospital repeating to herself "Thank you, God. Thank you, God."

In 1974, a year after she was banned from returning to St. Francis of Assisi because of her charismatic beliefs, contagious influence, and inflated spirit caused by her healing, she began attending an American Baptist church a mile from her home. A visiting evangelist from the deep South began to preach about healing. This time Evelyn listened intently because she knew from personal experience that God healed. She also listened because she had recently developed another medical problem. Her general practitioner had sent her to an ear specialist because her both ears had scar tissue and the hearing in her left ear was failing. Both ears routinely became infected. That week, the infection was particularly bad. After this service, she was brave enough to approach Pastor Kelley

and say: "I believe that if you and the evangelist pray for me, God will heal my ears." They said that they would both pray for her that night. Evelyn then left believing that her ears would be healed. The following day, she went to the ear specialist. After probing her ears rather assiduously, he asked who had recommended that she see him and why. She named the general practitioner, a doctor he respected, and asked that he check his records for details. She recounted her aural history and then watched as the specialist talked for ten minutes on the phone to the GP and then mused over her records for another five minutes. Finally, he spoke. "Your left ear has no trace of infection or scar tissue, in fact, the tissue has the appearance of that of a newborn baby." Evelyn then addressed the Jewish specialist with the words: "God healed me." "Why, yes, that's possible," he said placatingly. "Don't the records prove it?" Evelyn challenged. "Well, there is no denying that you are healed," he admitted. But the doctor would go no further than that statement.

A year later in 1975, while still in the Santa Clara Valley of California, Evelyn received a frantic call from Pam Montoya, the wife of Tony, in San Jose. "Come quickly. Tony just died. He OD'd." Evelyn jumped into the car and headed toward their house. Why Pam called her, knowing that her husband was dead, and what she might do when she arrived were unclear. She knew their parents, Tony and Armenia well. How would they take the death of their twenty-one-year-old son? Twenty long minutes later, she was at the scene. Tony lay on the floor. In the family room, lining the walls were a large number of his young friends--pale, stiff, mute, guilt-ridden, and scared. The drug party had gone awry. Evelyn knelt down over the body. He was not breathing and there was no pulse. She asked Pam to call the paramedics. "But he's been dead for half an hour," she said. Obviously, it was too late, but Evelyn insisted. Then she began to pray. She commanded the spirit of death to leave him and the spirit of life to re-enter. She prayed, prayed, and prayed. As the paramedics arrived in their van, the corpse began to groan. He moved, sat up, and then stood up alone. The youth in the room began to peel themselves off the walls. Some lost their composure altogether. A few shrieked and ran from the house just as the paramedics were entering. He was taken to the hospital for observation and released shortly afterwards. When people would ask him later about what he thought happened during those 45 minutes, he would always reply that he knew he had died. He finally left this world permanently in 1991.

Elisha raised three people from the dead: the widow's son (1 Kings 17: 17-24), the Shunammite's child (2 Kings 4: 18-37), and a dead man by contacting his bones (2 Kings 13:21). Jesus is also recorded to have raised at least three to life: the widow's son from Nain (Luke 7:11-16), the daughter of Jairus (Luke 8:41-56), and his friend, Lazarus (John 11:1-46). Now the Holy Spirit has worked through Evelyn to rekindle a miracle that has probably been enacted many times in Christian circles. (See the story of Ruth Koch.)

The year 1978 found the Douziech's working as missionaries in Mexico. In Mexico City, there was a young Catholic doctor who did not believe in Jesus Christ or the born-again experience. His wife, however, had recently accepted the Lord. A Bible study was being held at their home. During the sharing period, the woman, Maria, expressed concern that her husband, Dr. Garcia, was not a believer. She also asked that everyone pray that her

sister be healed of a serious eye infection. She was already blind in one eye and rapidly losing sight in the other. Touching her mid-section bulge, she said she would be due in a week or two and that she was not sure how long the Bible studies could continue at her house. In fact, the meeting did convene at her residence the next week, but on the following week she was in labor at a local hospital.

Because complications had developed, her husband was at her side. He telephoned close friends of his, and through them information reached the Douziechs that the doctor did not think that either his wife or the baby would make it. Since Evelyn knew from Scripture that *all things work together for good to them that love God* (Romans 8:28), she saw a twofold opportunity here--healing and conversion.<sup>23</sup> She called the doctor at the hospital and immediately put the challenging question to him. "If God heals your baby, will you believe?" Not to be taken advantage by an opportunist, he became somewhat defiant and replied, perhaps a bit too quickly for one not to have thought of the possibility before: "No. I will not believe unless my wife lives, the baby is born normal, and my sister receives her sight." The gauntlet was hurled at Evelyn. She could have challenged his chutzpah, but instead she said: "Okay. We will pray. If these three healings occur, will you then believe?" "I will", was his succinct and challenging, yet worried and despairing answer said in the ambience of a hospital where he had spent a good portion of his life under more controlled conditions.

The following morning, the doctor called Evelyn from the hospital. There was emotion in his voice, but the tenseness of the previous night was gone. He had three things to report: He was the father of a healthy baby girl, his wife was recuperating normally, and his sister could now see from both eyes. His reserve was worn thin at this point, and Evelyn could sense tears over grammatically correct phrases at the other end of the line.

A few days later, the Douziechs were invited to dinner at the doctor's house. Thinking that just the doctor, his wife and a nursemaid would be present, they were surprised when they entered the dining room and saw sixteen other doctors seated around a large table. They were gathered to hear the Gospel. The excited doctor had invited them over to inspect God's handiwork firsthand and to hear the Gospel from the Douziechs. Leon read Scripture and led them to the Lord.

In the same year in Mexico City, a Chinese immigrant named Wan had been in a serious car accident with his wife. She went to a hospital in Satellite, a town just north of the capitol and 1500 feet higher in elevation, while Wan, who was more seriously injured, was sent to a larger hospital in the big city. Since a large part of the Douziech's ministry was devoted to visiting the sick in hospitals, they found themselves at the bedside of Wan's wife.

The twenty-four-year-old woman lay under sedation with a patch over her right eye. An extensive amount of shattered glass had been found in her eye, and the woman was afraid she was going to lose her sight. So, Leon and Evelyn prayed for the woman's right eye.

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<sup>23</sup> In fact, healing is always tied to salvation--if not at that very moment, then for future service.



As they began to leave, she suddenly asked them to visit her husband in another hospital. She had received word that he was in grave condition and might die.

Thirty minutes later, they were at the hospital in Mexico City. They were met by a nurse in ICU who told the missionaries that there was no point in seeing this particular patient since he was in a coma and not expected to live. They insisted and the nurse relented. Leon and Evelyn stood by Wan's bedside remembering the injuries the nurse had described. He had cracked ribs and two large cuts vertically and diagonally across his thorax. There had been extensive internal bleeding and an operation had been performed to arrest it. His head was bandaged. One lung had collapsed. A broken leg and arm were in casts. He lay in a coma. They began to pray. Then Evelyn addressed Wan in Spanish: "The Lord Jesus Christ was with you in the car during your accident." The man in a coma suddenly sat up in bed and stared into the distance saying: "Jesus was with me?" "Yes," she insisted. "He protected you from death. He is here now." They then witnessed to him, quoted Scripture, and asked him if he would accept Jesus Christ into his life. As they held his hand, he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. The awesome presence of God was poignantly noticeable in the ICU at that moment. The man then reached for the buzzer and called out loudly: "I want some V-8 juice. I'm hungry." But the nurse denied him food and drink because of his recent operation. They left him not knowing the extent of his recovery.

The following day, they brought the good news to his wife that he was no longer in a coma. Then they noticed that the patch was now over her left eye. "The glass is gone from my eye," she said. "I can see perfectly." "Then why is there a patch on your other eye?" they queried. "To restrict eyelid movement for a mild abrasion," was her happy answer.

Leon was in prayer. He was preparing for his weekly service as a missionary in Tecate when he received the "Word of Knowledge" that there would be two people of special interest at service that night. One would be possessed, the other a little girl. The service proceeded as usual. Leon preached and concluded with prayer. During prayer, a woman revealed herself to be a prostitute. She was manifesting demons. An exorcism was conducted and after two minutes the demons were cast out. Instantly the woman's personality changed from night to day. Leon then switched his attention to the remaining missing personage. The attendees were asked if there was a little girl present or nearby. There was no response. Finally, a woman did admit that she had a little girl, but she was in the hospital. So, they immediately prayed that the child be healed and that night there prayers were answered.

The child's father was a non-believer, but the mother was born again. Shortly after the child's healing, the father was welding a large gasoline tank together. At some point in the operation, he ran out of the proper weld rod. His foreman told him to use a substitute alloy, but the man balked. Should he really use the ersatz weld rod? The consequences of a poor weld bead would be catastrophic. He prayed--one of the few times in his life he felt a need to do this. Immediately his senses were suffused with a vision of Jesus Christ. He stood as tall as the tank--about 30 feet. In a reassuring gesture, Christ put his hands

around the tank indicating that the single vee butt joints were adequate for the required operating pressures. At the next Bible study meeting he arrived with his wife and became a Christian by professing the Lord Jesus Christ as his only Savior and only Mediator. They brought their little girl who had been fully healed and, reminiscent of Hannah (1 Samuel 1:24-28), asked to dedicate the child to the Lord through the Douziechs. They declined the dedication, of course, and left the family healthy and intact.

The following year (1979), the Douziechs were back in Santa Ana California. While attending a Bible study meeting, it was learned that Adrianna Peyton was six months pregnant. This surprised them because her medium frame showed no sign of pregnancy. Adrianna told her fellowship group about her visit to her pediatrician. The doctor was unable to detect a fetal heartbeat and could not say if the baby was dead or alive. Sonograms showed the head of the baby to be normal for its period of gestation, but the body was emaciated. She was almost in tears when Evelyn took her into the kitchen and laid hands on her stomach. She commanded life into the baby, prayed, and tried to cheer the expectant mother with the hope offered by faith in Jesus Christ.

The following week, the Bible study convened as usual on Wednesday evening. Most of the group was already there standing, kneeling, sitting on sofas and chairs when Adrianna entered. "Adrianna," a woman exclaimed, as heads turned to see who walked in. Adrianna, unlike last week, was obviously pregnant. She even looked healthy. And the baby? According to her doctor, the ultrasonic scan of her womb showed a baby as healthy as the fetal heart beat indicated.

In the summer of 1979, a woman from New York was visiting her daughter in California. The mother was a confirmed atheist and had raised her daughter as such. So the shock was great, especially for an Easterner, to hear that her daughter had sojourned to the land of sin on the far off West Coast and become a born-again Christian. Part of the reason for her visit was to see exactly what her daughter, whom she thought she knew so well, had gotten herself into. So it was probably in this spirit that she accompanied her daughter to a charismatic church in Buena Park called Melodyland on 400 Freedman Way in Anaheim just opposite Disneyland's southeastern boundary.

It was the Thursday morning miracle service, and I'm sure, the mother thought that this would be equivalent to an E-ride in the park across the street. They entered the church and selected an aisle seat in the middle pews. Evelyn was sitting in the back of the church waiting for Pastor Ralph Wilkerson to start the service. She and her husband had a special ministry within the congregation because of her "Word of Knowledge" (1 Corinthians 12:8), which is one of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. It was just then that Evelyn received an impression from the Holy Spirit to pray for a woman from New York who was seated in front of her by the aisle. She changed her seat and moved directly in front of the designated woman and began to pray for her. A minute had not passed when a crackling sound was heard coming from the visitor. Those who turned and looked thought it was coming from underneath her black shawl. The woman began to stir. Her surprise turned to shock, then to excitement, and finally a frenetic eruption of gasps, groans, and suppressed screams. She now had the attention and stares of all parishioners

in the immediate area. As she was attempting to add composure to her writhing, the shawl slipped from her right arm revealing to Evelyn a withered and clenched fist connected to a stiff thin arm. But within seconds, in full view of those standing by, her clenched fist opened and attained a size equal to her other hand. When the crackling of bones stopped, her arm looked normal in size. When her writhing stopped, she began to cry. She, an atheist, suddenly came to the realization that she had been healed. The mere thought of this was unthinkable just moments ago.

Pastor Wilkerson noticed the commotion and called the woman forward. Still in a euphoric daze, she gave her name and then explained how her shoulder had been permanently dislocated, her arm withered, and her hand clenched, immobile, and useless for the last ten years. Then she added quite innocently: "But I don't believe in God and I don't believe in healing." "Do you believe in God now?" the pastor injected. "Why yes," came the heartfelt answer. "Do you believe he is real?" "Yes," came the answer again. The pastor then explained to her that salvation could come only through Jesus Christ. A minute later she had a born-again experience as she accepted Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior with tears in her eyes before the entire congregation.

This healing proves beyond a shadow of doubt that God does not need the prayers or even consent of the person involved to heal. He is sovereign. He can heal with or without the individual's consent and the person need not be a Christian. But as always, healing is tied to salvation.

In 1980, a woman entered the Thursday morning miracle service with six-year-old twins, a boy and a girl, both deaf and dumb since birth. During the service nobody prayed specifically for the twins. At the conclusion to the service, the congregants were singing to the Lord when the mother began to cry out and scream. Her children had been healed. Both could now hear, and both made oral sounds for the first time in their lives. When the pastor clapped behind them from near or far away, they heard. When he said a word slowly and repetitively, they tried to mimic the sound with some success.

In this healing, the mother's prayers were answered without the direct assistance of the congregants. Her being in a body of believers is what made the difference.

It was Christmas Eve of 1980. A woman was staring somberly at the ceiling of the Long Beach Memorial Hospital. The previous day surgeons had opened her body only to find it riddled with cancer. The incision was immediately closed, and the patient officially joined the ranks of the terminally ill. After waking up from her anesthesia induced sleep, she was given the prognosis--one week to live. Not much later, she called Melodyland and asked that they send someone out to see her. Her family in New York, after being told of her grave situation, decided to visit her within the week.

When Leon and Evelyn walked into her room that Christmas Eve as representatives of Melodyland and the Lord, the first question they asked her was if she believed God could heal. "Oh yes," she said. They asked if she believed in Jesus Christ as Savior and again the answer was yes. After speaking with this woman for a while, they learned that she

had been a nun in a Marian order. She had nullified her vows, left the Church, married, and had a child. Just two months earlier, by the woman's own account, her son was in the garage when a propane tank exploded. Dazed and severely burned he stood there trying to fathom what just happened when Jesus Christ appeared and healed him on the spot. Because of this recent miracle, the woman believed that she could be healed herself. Even though a former Catholic, she claimed to have always believed that Jesus Christ was her Lord and Savior.

Leon and Evelyn laid their hands on her and prayed. When they began to leave the room, they noticed an unearthly glow that emanated from no particular point in the room. It became so bright; the woman could read her Bible by it. Evelyn, who knows the presence of the Holy Spirit, says that she felt the "awesome presence of God" in the room.

The following morning, Long Beach Memorial Hospital was host to the most confused doctor in the L.A. Basin. Additional x-rays taken that very morning revealed the woman he sewed back up the previous day had no trace of cancer. Further testing confirmed this and she was released on the following day.

Her spirits were still sky high as she entered Melodyland's New Year's services. She recognized the Douziechs and thanked them profusely for their ministry.

A few days later during the first week of 1981, her 55-year-old former Roman Catholic brother arrived from New York. Imagine the scene. His younger sister who had previously disgraced the family by leaving the convent and marrying, just two months ago had this strange tale to tell about her son having a vision and a healing. Now she is supposed to be near death but wants to go to a restaurant. So they went to lunch, the brother thinking he had been conned out of a week's vacation by a sister who was feeling sorry for herself and was too distraught to analyze the medical details swirling around her head. Nonplused, he claimed misdiagnosis and dismissed all claims to the miraculous.

In storybooks and movies justice comes swiftly. In real life events just seem to take another slow turn; but not this time. As he was sitting opposite her at a table in a public restaurant, nay saying to the best of his abilities, from out of the blue, he was suddenly in the throes of cardiac arrest. Paramedics arrived, began emergency cardiac care, and drove him to the Garden Grove Hospital.

Critical and harsh as he was to her, the woman loved her brother. As soon as the van left for the hospital, she called the Douziechs and told them where he was being taken.

When the Douziechs arrived, the nurse in ICU told them that he was sedated and still in critical condition. He has sustained a massive heart attack and should not be visited right now. His sister requested that they be let in, and the nurse relented. They stood by his plastic tent, did not speak, quietly laid their hands on him, prayed, and left as quietly as they came.

The following morning, the man was unusually spry. Hospital tests were unable to find a trace of a previous heart attack. Later that day he was released. Nevertheless, five months of gestation were required to convince this man that God had touched him personally and was waiting for a reply. In June of that year, he flew out to Melodyland and gave his heart to the Lord.

Just prior to the Douziech's missionary work in the Philippines in 1981, they were visiting Stew Veitzel of El Toro, California. Stew was introducing the Douziechs to other missionaries who had worked in the islands. They had supper, prayed, and discussed the ins and outs of evangelizing the Filipinos. As the guests were leaving, Stew began to insist that Leon and Evelyn remain behind for a few minutes. Against their inclinations, they acquiesced. As soon as the door was shut, Stew collapsed in Leon's arms. Leon laid him on the floor with no clue as to what the problem was. They began to pray. As Leon prayed, he received "Word of Knowledge" explaining the problem. Up to that moment, as he would tell the story later, he did not know the difference between a heart attack and a stroke. But with the "Word of Knowledge" he was able to see, as though looking at a TV screen, an obstruction in an artery leading to the brain. He commanded the impediment to be dissolved and told his wife to call the paramedics.

Because the station was nearby, the paramedics arrived in about five minutes. His arrival at the hospital was met by a Jewish doctor who confirmed the gravity of the stroke and then watched in amazement as all symptoms of the stroke disappeared within the next half hour. In the amazed doctor's words: "Never in my life have I seen anyone recover from a stroke so quickly and so thoroughly."

Sometimes it seems as though God goes out of his way to show his power to a Jew. Christians should do the same. There is Scriptural precedent. Three times in Romans (Chapters 1 and 2) Paul exhorts those following The Way<sup>24</sup> to give the Gospel *to the Jew first, and also to the Greek*.

After returning from the Philippines in 1982, the Douziechs encountered a sad turn of events for a nineteen-year-old man. He had been totally healed of acute myeloblastic leukemia at Melodyland but refused to accept his healing. He continued to take medication just in case and within a week, his white blood cell count began rising. In two years, he was dead. He had lost his healing. The Douziechs speak of another similar incident. They were not present when this occurred, but knew of a woman in Seattle, Washington who left a wheelchair she had been confined to for many years and walked. The following morning, she awoke, and not trusting fully the events of the previous day, sat down in her reassuring wheelchair. She never walked again. In Evelyn's words: "If you refuse the Holy Spirit, he will not come, because he is a Gentleman respecting your free will." Regarding the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 12:7), she says: "If you believe, you will receive." The Douziechs believe that the numerous miracles

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<sup>24</sup> The Way: This is referred to in both the OT and the NT as one's walk with the Lord. *Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way:--Proverbs 15:10.*

recorded in Acts to legitimize the early church did not stop there; Spirit-filled miracles were and are always there among Spirit-filled Christians.

Just last month, a tall serviceman attended Pastor Bruno's Church in Buena Park. He claimed to have been healed of AIDS and is presently seeking medical confirmation of this fact. Leon attends Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International meetings regularly. He says that healings have always been a part of these gatherings and always will be.

Fifteen years after writing this story, I once again made contact with the Douziechs. I found them, not in the Philippines, but in Cut Knife, a town of about 500 people in upper Saskatchewan. Their mission in this low-sun region of the earth was thriving mostly among the native Indian population. When their only son had died tragically from a Voodoo curse while in the Philippines, miracle seemed to leave their lives. But now it is returning again with the gifts of prophecy, knowledge, and healing once again being manifest.

*My Word is forever,  
True and boundless.  
My Spirit is never  
Late or powerless.*



8

### **Samira Kawar**

Samira is an Arabic woman in her mid-fifties, reserved, attractive, married, and a prayerful Christian. In the spring of 1988, while attending a retreat at Mount Hermon, she slipped on a wet footbridge and broke her ankle. With one leg in a cast, her other leg received the overload and in a matter of days, the ligaments around her knee became inflamed. The trauma in her ankle seemed to ebb as the inflammation in her knee took center stage. The pain was excruciating. An MRI scan confirmed she had torn ligaments. So, surgery was scheduled at the Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, California.

Why was Samira, a Christian, given these back-to-back trials? The Bible says that *all things work together for good, to them that love God* (Romans 8:28). At this point, she had no idea what that “good” might be.

Her son Mahan learned from an Iraqi lady in his prayer group that an Ethiopian Christian healer lived in nearby San Jose. Samira made an appointment with her and was driven to her house by Judith, her close friend. At this time, Samira was a new born-again Christian and did not know what to expect from the intercessory prayers of a healer.

When they arrived, Elsa had been fasting and praying. The Ethiopian lady then began praying for Samira. She put her hands everywhere Samira hurt. Somehow, she knew that she had high blood pressure. She continued praying for about ten minutes. Then Elsa looked intently at Samira, and she was immediately slain in the Spirit. As she collapsed, the steady grasp of her friend, Judith, eased her onto a throw rug. Her last conscious recollection was of her body being lightened and freed from gravimetric constraints. When she revived, she felt her knee beginning to tingle as it would if it were falling asleep. She reached over to touch her knee. The tingling sensation had now spread down to her calf and up to her thigh. It became so stark it caused her great concern. As her concern turned to alarm, Elsa began to pray. Then she told Samira to stand up. As Samira rose, the tingling ebbed, and the pain returned. Elsa told her that she had been healed enough to walk, and that further healing would take place over the next two weeks.

When Samira arrived home in Oakland, she canceled surgery with her Jewish doctor by informing his office. He never did call to find out why, and since Samira did not want to

undergo the rigors of another MRI, she did not return to him. In two weeks, all pain was gone, and Samira began exercising her leg.

## **Maria and Mahan**

Samira's aunt, Najala, lived her entire life in Jordan. In 1972 when she was 64 years old, her twenty-two-year-old son Magid was very sick. His back and shoulders were immobilized with pain, and he could no longer walk. A general practitioner who treated him could offer no long-term hope, and the family did not have money for a specialist.

One day, Najala was sitting in her verandah knitting when she saw a hesitant man peer through the window curtains. So, she went to the door and asked the stranger if he needed anything. Speaking Arabic, he said: "Sister, I'm looking for a lady named Najala. I suspect that this is the house, but I do not want to appear imposing." "I am Najala," she said, "Please come in." "Last night," the man began, "the Lord spoke to me telling me that your son is very sick. I was told to pray over him so that he would be healed." This all sounded very strange to Najala. She was not a born-again Christian and knew almost nothing about healing. Nevertheless, she could detect no guile in the mild-mannered old man and, if by chance, something could be done to help Magid or even boost his spirits, why not try? So Najala, her daughter, Hala, her husband's sister, Mariam, and the stranger entered Magid's bedroom. The man kneeled down and prayed over the young boy who had lost all hope of recovery. The healing took place instantly. The boy stood up, joyful, but confused. Then a truly amazing thing happened. Small balls of fire were seen to enter the window and travel through the air in the room. The Holy Spirit was descending on each member of the group in the form of tongues of fire. Then in the form of an apparition, Jesus' face filled the room with a glow of light. At that moment, four Orthodox Catholics became born again and began speaking in tongues. They were slain in the Spirit and fell on the floor.

Healings are fairly common in Christian circles but being baptized in the Spirit by tongues of fire is rare. Why was this family selected? In 1933, Najala was twenty-five years old. She was a distant relative and close friend of the daughter of a famous Christian woman in Amman, Jordan. Her name was Om Saleem, the Seer of Little Zion. This seer had received a series of visions from Jesus Christ. During these revelations, a promise was made to a young woman who attended many of the sessions that numbered about thirty over a one-year period. Young Najala was told that she one day would be baptized in the Holy Spirit. Thirty-nine years later, the Lord kept his promise. The stranger then said good-bye to a joyful Kawar family and returned on foot to his home in Marka.

Soon word of the happenings spread throughout the neighborhood. A description of the miraculous events was generally met by an "Oh that's nice," a blank stare, or ridicule. Few people believed in God's immanence. Magid received a good portion of peer ridicule. Perhaps it was more than he could take. About two weeks after the miraculous events, he abruptly asked his mother to stop talking about her born-again experience. He



felt that nobody really believed it and more importantly the family was looking foolish for it. Since his father had died some time ago, with some authority, he commanded his mother, aunt, and sister to forget the incident. The family obeyed.

Their witnessing ceased, and in a matter of a week, Magid returned to his original condition, only this time the pain was far more severe. According to Samira it was magnified seven-fold. Even rolling over in his bed caused him to scream. Day and night his agony persisted. Eventually the dreaded humbling thought he had been keeping from consciousness finally surfaced. "Call that man from Marka," he pleaded with his mother. "Tell him to come back and pray for me. If he heals me, I will never stop talking about the Lord!" Partial relief came over the family. Magid was repentant, but nobody knew where the man lived. He could not be contacted. The family prayed and waited.

He who trusts in the Lord will never be let down. Shortly thereafter, the old man returned. Once more he had received word from the Lord and knew exactly what the circumstances were. Again, Magid was healed instantly. From that revisited moment of healing, Magid never restrained himself from confessing the Lord or talking about his healings.

This story is an excellent example of how far the Lord must sometimes go to save a soul. It rekindles thoughts of Abraham Joshua Heschel's book called *God in Search of Man*. Some people believe without having seen. Some have seen and still do not believe. Some have seen, and have been healed, and still need additional help. The Lord does not always extend grace to these people. He is Lord and chooses whom he will save. Even within the extended Kawar family where God's miracles are numerous, and his presence immanent, some believe, and some do not.

The story also illustrates how the spiritual climate changed in Trans-Jordan between 1934 when the Om Saleem prophecies were being spread and 1973 when Mahan was healed. The indigenous Christian community seems, like the Church of Ephesus<sup>25</sup>, to have lost its first love.

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<sup>25</sup> *Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.*—Revelation 2:4

*A man that availeth himself of God  
But ten percent of the time  
Will accomplish miracles for the Lord  
That will change the clime.  
But he that availeth himself of God  
The length and breadth of a day  
Will stir the earth to praise the Lord  
And Satan's works inveigh.*

## 9

### **Elsa Johannes**

Elsa Johannes was born circa 1962 in the northern Ethiopian province of Eritrea located on the Red Sea. Of Ethiopia's 50 million populace, less than one percent are Catholic and the majority of the Catholic community lives in the former Italian colony of Eritrea which has two million residents.

Elsa was born into a Catholic family--the exact year she will never know--and afforded an education under Italian speaking nuns. Speaking little English, she traveled to the United States as a foreign exchange student and eventually took up permanent residence in the state of Washington where her sister later joined her. In her early twenties, she became a born-again Christian. Her sister followed her in the faith, but her family never changed.

Elsa is dark skinned, diminutive, gentle featured, and very reticent--so reticent, in fact, that it was only after constant entreaty that she finally consented to an interview and then only after praying for guidance. No major event in her daily life is entered into without prayer. I interviewed her for two hours in English, a language whose finer points she was wrestling with at the time. I heard healing after healing, miracles, and answers to prayer only to learn after the interview was over that I had put the tape recorder on "play" and not "record." Perhaps God did not want the details of her life revealed just yet?

In one respect, her personal life is similar to many other Christians into whom the Spirit of God has been poured, in that the first healing in her life was her own. But in another respect, she is probably six sigma on the California scale of normalcy meaning that only three people in a million fit into her category. Yet even though every Christian is unique in the eyes of God, there are many facets of her life that one can emulate. She is single and consecrated to the Lord. To a writer trying to follow up a story, this can be frustrating. She is almost never home, but then she doesn't have a place she really calls home. She could be in Seattle, San Francisco, Oakland, or San Jose all without an itinerary. She stays in one spot as long as it serves the Holy Spirit and then moves on when he beckons. She prays continually. I've reached her several times by phone only to be told that she didn't have much time and had to return to prayer. Now the average

Christian does not spend ten minutes a day on his knees if, in fact, he prays on his knees at all. Yet Elsa resorts continually to prayer and fasting--sometimes for days on end. She is the most tenacious prayer warrior that I know. On one occasion, she told me she was praying and fasting, and, as a result, felt too weak to jabber on the phone. Could I please call back later? "Sure," I thought, "maybe in an hour, or tomorrow night." Imagine my shock when she said, "How about next week?" Next week?

The term "prayer warrior" does not mean that the supplicant attacks God with an incessant stream of requests. Prayer is more self-surrender. It is conforming to God's will. One never demands of God. Conforming to his will requires humility and oneness in mind. Healings and exorcisms, on the other hand, once God's will is understood, are attacked with boldness. Elsa has both of these attributes.

In her ministerial travels, a friend of a friend will often provide lodging. When not using public transportation or being driven somewhere, since she has no car of her own, she is usually praying in her room. Once I visited a family she was staying with when company arrived. Tea was served while Elsa was sitting beside me. Within minutes, a lady had finished her tea and was observing the delicate patterns at the bottom of her cup. By her own discernment, a journey looked certain. There were three conversations going on simultaneously. Did Elsa notice the lady tasseographer using the leaves as a point-of-focus to stimulate her psychic? No sooner had the thought crossed my mind, than she left her seat and withdrew to her upstairs room. After a few minutes of prayer, she returned to rejoin the conversation.

She does not preach and does not force her point of view. Yet she can make her point tactfully in a very simple manner. She finds herself lost in mundane conversation--sports, politics, social events, TV, theater--yet she will carry and lead her end of a heart-to-heart exchange of words and display of feeling. Since she found the Lord, she lives for one reason only--to serve the Lord as guided by the Holy Spirit. And she is in continual contact with the Trinity.

To those Christians that know and understand this young woman, she is a confidant, an intercessor in prayer, a missionary, a soldier in Christ's army, and a role model. To those that only know of her, she is an inscrutable eccentric.

### **Depression, Migraine, Otitis Media, Backsliding**

In March of 1992, a thirty-five-year-old woman from Brazil was suffering from severe depression. Sanna also had a severe ear infection. She was staying in Fremont at the home of Samira's cousin, Ousama, aged 50, who suffered from frequent migraine headaches. A gathering was arranged whereby Ousama and his wife would bring Sanna to the house of Suhayl and Samira Kawar for a healing session directed by Elsa.

As the six people were gathered in the Suhayl's living room, Elsa began to pray. What Elsa does, however, is at the beckoning of the Holy Spirit. Rather than praying for

Sanna, she began to pray for Ousama. The man was shocked. He had thought this prayer meeting was for Sanna's healing. Now he suspected a trap. He had been setup, he thought. When this meeting was over, his relatives would hear from him. Elsa who was told nothing of Ousama's medical or spiritual problems, immediately began praying for healing from his headaches and for his unbelief. He was a nominal Christian being increasingly influenced by the worldview of those in his workplace. Living by Biblical principles was slowly becoming a memory to Ousama. He was backsliding and definitely needed to rekindle his passion for the Lord.

As Elsa began to pray for Sanna, she was slain in the Spirit. Laying on the floor, Elsa prayed for deliverance and for healing in her ears. During the deliverance, Sanna remembers something that appeared to exit her stomach and chest. Then her ears began to crack inside. Elsa continued to pray. Unlike prayers said for one at church, Elsa did not stop after a minute or two. She kept praying until she knew a healing was effected or a deliverance was made. She always gave her all.

The following day, Sanna called her parents in Brazil from the San Francisco airport. She told them when she would be arriving at Rio de Janeiro, and bubbling over with enthusiasm, said that her depression had left her, and her hearing was now unimpaired.

One month later, Samira met Ousama who now expressed a true faith in Jesus Christ. The migraine headaches that had been a daily part of his life had never returned.

### **An Exorcism**

In January of 1992, Abla, Samira's sister from Jordan, was visiting relatives in the Bay Area. She called Samira from her daughter's house in Hillcrest and invited her over for the night. The sisters wanted to talk. Abla, a recent Christian, wanted to convert her daughter, Randa, and son-in-law to Christ. Samira quickly got into a car with her overnight suitcase and soon found herself at her relative's house.

That night Samira and Abla slept in the same room but in separate beds. Toward midnight, Samira awoke to a strange heavy sensation on her right side. No, she was not dreaming. She was wide-awake and breathing fast. Something was leaning on her. The right half of her body was becoming paralyzed. The sensation was particularly strong on her right cheek. Trying desperately hard to discover the source of this sensation, she struggled to move her left hand to her cheek. After some struggling, she touched her cheek, but nothing was there. Slowly over the next five minutes, her body recovered from a brush with whatever it was. Was this the Holy Spirit, or was it a demon? She was not sure and did not mention it to anyone except to her niece the following morning.

Two months later, Samira's ever happy and cheerful, but not yet Christian, niece happened to stop by while Elsa was visiting from San Jose. Randa had her three girls and her mother from Jordan with her. When she learned that Elsa was in the house, she asked Samira if Elsa could pray for her. Randa left her three daughters with Abla and went upstairs with Samira to see Elsa.

The door to Elsa's bedroom opened. Randa and Samira entered. Elsa knew nothing of Randa at that time. Samira had never mentioned her niece to her. Elsa began to pray. Samira knew her niece as a happy and joyful spirit and was taken aback when she began to cry. As the praying continued, the young woman's deep sorrow surfaced. She cried and cried. Samira had never seen her like this. "Auntie," she suddenly blurted out, "nobody knows my secret. I've tried to tell my husband and my mother, but they won't believe me. Nobody believes me, so I cover it up. Do you remember that night you slept in our house? I always hear sounds, voices, and something walking. I know there is a demon in the house, but my husband will not believe me. I am concerned for the children and am worrying myself to death." This outburst of sharing brought a relief to the woman. Meanwhile, Elsa kept praying and praying for deliverance. Suddenly Randa experienced a fiery and burning sensation covering her abdomen and chest. Something hot was being extracted from the front of her body. As the demon left her body, her depression was lifted like a veil. Unable to contain her joy, she confessed Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior. Later that evening, she invited Elsa to her Hillcrest home.

After they arrived, Elsa began going from room to room before she stopped in the kitchen. She began to cry. Something was in the kitchen. She prayed and exorcised the kitchen. From that moment onward, the mysterious sounds stopped. The house and its occupants returned to normalcy. She and her husband, who were once fanatical Roman Catholics and verbally attacked people who detracted their religion, have now left the Church. They realized how false and ineffectual Rome really was. Now they both are born-again Christians.

### **A Telephonic Healing**

One month later, this family's four-year-old daughter, Dena, was taken sick. It was 9:00 P.M. when Samira received a call from Randa asking for Elsa's phone number. Elsa had just moved to Seattle, Washington. Their daughter had run a temperature of 103° F because of a kidney infection. She was not able to urinate and they had to act quickly. Samira gave her the telephone number.

Over the phone, Elsa told Randa to take her husband into the room of the sick child and to begin praying. After they hung up, Elsa and her sister who was with her at the time began to pray for the little girl. The following morning, Elsa called Samira and asked how the child was doing. Samira did not know. Elsa then said: "Do not worry. While praying with my sister last night, the Lord told her that the girl was healed." Samira then called Randa who excitedly confirmed the account. The fever had left her and her child could urinate without pain. She was healed overnight and without medication.

*Trust in God,  
Not in man.  
Trust in God,  
Not in princes.<sup>26</sup>*

*Trust in God,  
Not in priests.  
And you'll be at  
The wedding feast.*

## 10

### Mary Blakely

The healing of Mary Blakely (pseudonym) is a story that depicts the awesome power of a sovereign God. Her saga has been told in detail by several authors in widely circulating books. What follows here are the personal reminiscences of an untold portion of that story as given to my wife and me in the living room of her home.

Born on the East Coast, Mary was raised in a strong Catholic family. She carried her upbringing into her married life and became a daily communicant, going to Mass during the week as well as Sundays and Holydays. She was a member of the Third Order of Carmel and faithfully recited the Rosary with her family every night. The shelf above her fireplace was adorned with the statue of every obtainable saint. This was the culture she and her husband, Don, had brought with them as they moved West and re-established their vibrant religious life at a neighboring Catholic Church.

For a short period of their pre-Christian life, the Blakely's became involved with Catholic charismatic mystics. Their strange antics, beliefs, and practices, however, made them unsure of their involvement with these people. The last straw was drawn when this tight group of eccentrics showed up at their house drunk. The Blakelys told them never to return and closed the door on this clique forever. Nevertheless, they never thought of leaving the Catholic Church and never thought that there was a believable healing outside of the Bible and, of course, those rare Marian occasions like Lourdes. This was ironic because Mary, now forty years old, was beginning a slow and painful slide to death, and the last Catholic Church she would belong to would be named after a man noted for his healings.

The disease she suffered from was tortuous and incurable. But somehow, she lingered on for years. Finally, she made her last trip to the hospital. Her situation was judged medically hopeless. She was sent home to die. While waiting for the end to come and

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<sup>26</sup> The very middle verse in Scripture says: It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man—Psalms 118:8. By chance, per chance, there are 1188 verses in all of Scripture. The very next verse, which could arguably be called part of the middle verse is the very same except for the last word, which is princes. The wedding feast is between Jesus Christ and his bride, the church, after the Rapture.

thinking along Catholic theological lines that stipulates that the mediacy of the Church will save you from Hell but cannot guarantee you immediate entrance into Heaven, she was inspired by the Holy Spirit to attend a healing service. At this service, in full view of many people, she was healed in a matter of seconds. "For the first time in my life," said Mary to me between tears now many years later, "I knew him. I knew where I was. I knew what happened to me; but most of all, I knew Jesus!" This woman was born again!

When her euphoria began to wane, she noticed suspicion and lack of support in a few of her friends. Some post-restorative encounters were even unhappy occasions. Her husband's boss, a Catholic, did not believe that healings could take place outside of the Church. Cautiously through the years, he would ask Don if his wife was still feeling well or if she had re-experienced any of the old symptoms. The parish priest, Monsignor McBride (pseudonym) from a church that took its name from a modern-day mystic, whose feast day occurred that week, heard from some of his parishioners who were at the Protestant gathering where Mary had been healed. In proper Catholic fashion, he had administered the Last Rites to her, but now refused to share in her happiness.

Five days later, Mary went to Sunday Mass with her family. Accompanied by her young son, she approached the priest in the hallway outside the vestry. "Father," she said, "I want to talk with you." "Later," he replied gruffly as he brushed by her and stepped outside through a side door. She waited where she stood. Don came up and suggested that she sit down, but she was determined to speak with the priest when he returned. She could see him through the doorway talking with friends, laughing, and smoking a cigarette. Just before Mass was to begin, he returned through the side door and could not avoid going by Mary. "Father, look at me!" she entreated. Refusing to stop completely and give her his full attention, he said: "When did this happen?" even though he and many parishioners already knew. "Last week at a Christian convocation." "Well, see that you keep it that way," he quipped as he reassumed his gait and strode into the vestry. Mary's son looked at his mother and said: "He could have said 'God bless you,' mom." Later, he instructed the congregation to have no contact with Mary Blakely. His interdict worked. Her Catholic neighbors have ignored her to this day.

When one is born again, the veil drops and the real world with one's purpose in it is revealed. Mary then began a prolonged series of testimonies, speaking engagements, lectures, and Bible studies. She was away from the house sometimes for weeks on end and traveled to all parts of the country. She even made some radio and television appearances. She had thought of going to a Bible college, and began making arrangements to do so, but received a message from God through an intermediary that this was not his will. For the longest time, she studied the Bible and consciously received the help of the Holy Spirit in interpreting difficult passages.<sup>27</sup> She believes that she has received the gifts of Discerning of Spirits<sup>28</sup> and Wisdom in knowing right from wrong

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<sup>27</sup> Interpretation. Concerning Scripture, the Holy Spirit has three roles: revelation, inspiration, and illumination. The subject here is illumination.

<sup>28</sup> Discerning Sprits. This refers to the ability to evaluate either the spirit itself and its source or what was said by the spirit. It is part of the greater body of spiritual gifts referenced in 1 Corinthians 12:8-10, 28-30; Romans 12:6-8; Ephesians 4:11; Peter 4:10; 1 Corinthians 13:1-3.

especially in human relations. While on a speaking tour, God would often speak to her at five o'clock in the morning and arrange her agenda. She believes that early morning hour was used so that she would not become lazy.

Shortly after her healing, Mary attended a tour of Jerusalem. While she was in the Upper Room where the Last Supper is believed to have been held, she had a vision of Jesus Christ. His arms were stretching out as if to say "All of you are mine." During this vision, many in her tour group were "Slain in the Spirit" falling one by one to the floor.

Today, decades later, Mary is still amazingly healthy with no recurrence of her former symptoms and she is still active in spreading the Good News, i.e., we can share in eternal life because Jesus Christ has died for our sins and risen from the dead. Lately, her speaking engagements are beginning to taper off, and she is starting to take time to smell the roses. She is enjoying life with Don, and seeing her grandchildren grow in God's kingdom.



*Eons past, I raised your mast  
With Noah's Ark on sea upset.  
When you met me, you were shamefast  
A little girl on her swing set .*

*You came to me for all to see,  
Billy Graham made the call.  
Half your heart embraced my plea,  
Half remained as a stonewall.*

*I sent you pain as grace for gain  
To bring your heart to me.  
With angels and visions from my domain  
You spread my Word, fait accompli.*

*In fifty countries I will attest,  
You'll spread the Gospel as your quest.*



**Ruth, Dude, Gemma, & Rabbi  
At Torah Scroll**

## 11

**Rev. Ruth Koch, D.D.<sup>29</sup>** (Updated 12-20-2010)

The woman was clinically dead. For the last five minutes, all vital signs were gone. The oscilloscope had shown a flat line. Now it was turned off. A sheet was drawn over Ruth Koch's 42-year-old body. The attending surgeon stepped into the waiting room. His eyes met the deceased's mother. There was no way to mitigate the heart-rending news.

But God had further work for Ruth Koch--great work, in fact. But before returning her spirit to Earth, the angels guided her around a marble-like planet to show her what that great work would be. They pointed out at least 50 countries where she would soon be preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. After the heavenly briefing on her future ministry, her spirit was reunited into her body and the hubbub in the operating room spilled over to the entire hospital. She had been dead nine minutes!

Despite this spectacular vision of Heaven and prophecy of a great ministry, Ruth did not find herself completely in the Lord's tent until the following year when she was again at death's doorstep. From a coma, the enfeebled 89-pound 5-ft 7 ½-in woman dedicated her life completely to Jesus Christ and recovered miraculously from near death to begin the work the Lord had planned for her in the spring of 1927.

Ruth Geneve Moravec was born on 21 April 1927 on the western edge of Montana at 3000 feet elevation in the region of Lolo Forest in a town of 20,000 people called Missoula. Her religious upbringing was owed to two women: her grandmother, Annie Frazier, who, as nurse and midwife, delivered Ruth, her daughter Mildred's first child. Annie had considerable influence in the family--enough to see that this child was named after Ruth in the Bible and dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ. "She will do the work of the Lord. God will use her mightily," she said prophetically. Mildred also was Holy

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<sup>29</sup> Honorary degree from the International Bible Institute and Seminary in Orlando, Florida

Ghost filled. She was quick to recognize the hand of God and often spoke in tongues--a fact that Ruth did not realize until much later in life.

She was six when her grandmother died. The family's religious affiliation then switched from Methodist to Lutheran. At the age of 12, she, and later her two younger brothers, were baptized and confirmed in the Church. Her high-school years were fraught with activity. She taught Sunday school, sang solos in choir, played first B-flat clarinet, piano, and violin for the band and orchestra, played basketball, cooked for hayers in the field, modeled for six years, worked at the Sunny Made Bakery, was president of the Luther League, and began to teach at women's retreats. Despite these social endeavors, she was not whole as a Christian. Her mask of social grace camouflaged her inner rebellion. Why should she be reserved for God—be holy? Why that burden? Furthermore, she did not trust men.

Her father was a great stumbling block. Raised in Czechoslovakia until the age of sixteen, he was a stern disciplinarian in the Moravec family. He gave Ruth no encouragement. As the first born, she was always blamed for instigating jealous rivalries between her brothers. She feared his authority and hated his rancor. This crippled her early spiritual life. One cannot pray to God and expect to be answered, if there is just one unloved person in one's life.

But God loved Ruth far more than many other people in Montana, and, as is always true, certainly more than her spiritual life merited. One day after a humiliating confrontation with her father, the five-year-old girl ran into the back yard, sat in her swing set, and rubbed her tiny fists in her eyes as she cried uncontrollably. Depression racked the little girl's heart. Nobody loved her--if she only could die. Just then, a man in white walked up to her, squatted to her level, put his arms around her, looked into her eyes, and said: "I love you, little one." He sat on the swings with her for a minute and then left as quickly as he had come. "Mommy, mommy," the rejuvenated girl blurted out as she burst through the kitchen door, "A man in white held me and told me he loved me." What is truly remarkable is that Mildred, with little hesitation, said: "That was Jesus, Ruth."

Her second apparition, like the first, came in the depths of despair. The tearful eyes of a high-school girl caught the skull and crossbones of the iodine label in the medicine chest. Yes, take it. She did and began to choke. Her mother rushed into the bathroom. She induced vomiting and prepared egg white as an after-remedy. While stabilized and lying on her bed staring at the ceiling, Jesus appeared to her. He told her he loved her and would always be by her side.

A third apparition occurred some years later in 1968 as she lay in a hospital awaiting female surgery. There was no getting used to surgery, in fact, repetition had the opposite effect. What were anxieties, turned to dread. A mild depression set in. Feeling lost, she pushed through a swinging door into the hallway and out onto a balcony. She stood at a low railing looking down three dizzy stories to a concrete walkway when a nun hastened to her side, grabbed her by the arm, and said: "Let's pray." This sister was an instrument of God. When they reached her bed, Ruth had stopped trembling. She soon was able to

focus her thoughts on the Lord. With that came relief and then sleep. That night after surgery, Jesus appeared in her room to reaffirm his commitment to her. When he left, the entire room glowed a golden green-like phosphorous.

While Ruth was in high school, her father became highly stressed because of an uncompromising boss at work. Perhaps this was retribution for his posture at home. A nervous breakdown brought him to the hospital. When Ruth visited him, she found herself praying to remove all hate for her father. She was surprised that she could do this and slowly recognized the influence of the Holy Spirit. This catharsis was a great stone removed from her chest.

## **Illnesses**

At Montana State University, she met Ray Koch, and married at the age of twenty. With marriage came two sons, Richard and John, and sicknesses like she had never known before. Ruth's history of illness became so extensive, continual, and profound they merit special attention, especially since we will compare them later to the pagan concept of reparation. Her continual trauma can be documented chronologically as follows:

As a child, she experienced the following minor, but often repeated maladies:

- 1) She was born footling breach (feet first). After delivery, her legs became black and remained so for nearly one year.
- 2) She had repeated earaches.
- 3) Eye inflammations seemed continual.
- 4) On several occasions, she had pneumonia.

Her serious problems, however, did not begin until she married.

- 1) She had two serious miscarriages. One became calcified and was removed via the birth canal.
- 2) Her first child, a baby girl, died one hour after birth with blood in her lungs.
- 3) Before the birth of her son, Richard, she was bedridden for three months.
- 4) She was operated on for gangrenous appendicitis--her first of twenty-four surgeries. The inflammation was so intense, the appendix sloughed away.
- 5) An ovary was surgically removed after being punctured in an accident.
- 6) Then she underwent the first of many operations for adhesions on her internal organs. Chronic inflammation caused by previous surgeries, injuries, and bacteria caused spider-web-like tissue to bind organs that should be free to move without friction.
- 7) There were numerous operations for tumors and cysts.
- 8) She experienced hematuria, bleeding from urinary passages, and would often wake up in a puddle of blood.
- 9) After being operated on for cervical and bladder cancer in 1951, she was given six months to live.
- 10) Radiation therapy and chemotherapy caused severe sickness, vomiting, and the loss of hair, fingernails, and toenails. To her husband's consternation, she prayed that she would die.
- 11) Her childbearing years were over when she was given a complete hysterectomy.
- 12) Scars from previous injuries would often develop keloid or fibrous tissue, which needed to be removed surgically.
- 13) In 1959, two discs in her back were fused.

- 14) A short time later, a large tumor was removed from her back. Her wound was closed by a silver wire, which gave the appearance of a papoose board.
- 15) In 1960, intense worry caused stomach ulcers, which necessitated the removal of 65% of her stomach and nine inches of her intestines.
- 16) A pacemaker was installed in her heart. Nitroglycerin tablets were prescribed.
- 17) Her spleen was removed because adhesions had choked it to a pulpy mass.
- 18) Further adhesion growth pulled her bowels to one side. A very painful operation ensued whereby all her organs were removed, picked clean, bathed in a high molecular weight solution to promote adhesion-free healing, and reinserted in the body cavity.
- 19) After her spleen was removed, her liver and bone marrow did not assume the function of the missing organ. Aplastic leukemia was diagnosed in 1962. This eventually required a routine transfusion of six pints of rare AB+ blood every two months. Sometimes these transfers were direct from donor to recipient side by side. Since the veins in her arms were bruised, her legs and stomach were used for the painful transfusions.
- 20) In 1969, she developed a blood clot in her left leg. While her veins were being stripped and ligated, she died at 9:20 A.M. when a blood clot reached her heart. She lay dead for nine minutes. After a miraculous recovery, her concurrent leukemia confined her to a wheelchair for six-and-one-half months until her next operation.
- 21) In 1970, her spinal column began to pinch her nerves. The pain was extreme. Drugs would bring no relief. She was so emotionally upset that blood oozed out from the pores of her skin, a condition called hematidrosis. The 89-pound emaciated woman was scheduled to have her nerves severed so she could die peacefully. While comatose, a friend whispered something into her ear that changed, not only her life, but by a cascading avalanche of God-inspired events, the lives of thousands of other people as well.

The event that changed Ruth's life and completely arrested her inevitable and irreversible decline was the product of her own free will, an instrument of God's choosing (her friend), and the grace that he had planned to give her since the spring of 1927.

### **Born Again**

In 1968, six years after her leukemia had been diagnosed, Ruth attended a Billy Graham crusade in Spokane. As she marched down the aisle of the arena to give her heart to the Lord, she kept repeating defensively to herself: "I am a good Lutheran, Lord. I am a good Lutheran." The Holy Spirit, however, had other plans for this "good Lutheran". As she reached the stage, she came under the power of the Holy Spirit. On stage before thousands of people, Billy Graham singled Ruth out from over a hundred that came forward, looked at her, and said: "This is a powerfully anointed vessel of God; and God will use her greatly." Later that night, as Ruth lay in bed, the Lord spoke to her: "Arousti, you were a very good Lutheran, but you did not know me. Now you do."

This statement is a universally applicable to any religion. When I walked down the aisle to proclaim my faith and register for full immersion baptism, I said to myself: "I really don't need this. I have already been baptized as a Catholic—so I was told. But I'll do it to accompany my wife." Was I ever wrong! With God's grace, by the time I entered the pool, I had seen my fault. It is the Lord's command to those born again.

## **Ruth's after Death Experience**

In 1969, Dr. Allan was ligating the veins in her left leg when he was forced to shift his efforts to life-or-death triage. The situation appeared serious. A blood clot from her leg had obviously been jarred loose and entered her heart resulting in coronary thrombosis. The effect came quickly. Cardiovascular collapse proceeded to ventricular standstill. Her ECG was a flat line. The team now had four minutes to accomplish cardiopulmonary resuscitative measures, or the forty-two-year-old patient would be biologically dead. Precardiac shock treatment was administered by a blow to the chest and her artificial pacemaker was stimulated. Her airway was kept open but to no avail. Her breathing had stopped. Her pulse never returned. Her pupils dilated and her body froze.

IVs were extracted. The oropharyngeal airway was removed. The cardiac monitor was shut down and a sheet was drawn up over former Ruth Koch. Dr. Allan pushed through the swinging doors of the operating room to confront Mrs. Mildred Moravec with the irreversible news.

But Ruth's spirit was far from the operating room. It was whisked away "faster than the speed of light" to another part of God's creation. She saw a pinpoint of light. It grew brighter. Just before she reached the luminous source, a band of stalwart looking male angels walked to meet her. They did not fly but walked as they escorted her through a dark tunnel. The tunnel opened and there was Jesus. She fell at his feet, and then looked up into the most warm, compassionate, and loving eyes she had ever seen. She was overwhelmed by a suffusion of love that would later spill over to everyone who would meet her. "Ruth, you cannot stay here," the Lord said telling her the outcome of her visit up front. "See your mother's prayers. They are rising like blue mist to the throne of grace. So, I am going to return you, but first, I will give you a glimpse of Heaven."

They communicated telepathically. Speech was possible but not necessary. They began walking to the throne. It was then that Ruth noticed the detail in Christ's hand. There were nail marks in his wrists--not his hands. This contradicted Lutheran tradition. Ruth was flustered. Jesus calmed her. "The nails would not have held, if they were driven through my hands. They had to go through my wrists."

Then they found themselves at an amazingly luminescent throne. Birds warbled. Angels sang. Angelic intonations were different than modern music or Gregorian chant. They were like rich throbbing monotonies from a reed pealing through boundless space. To man, it was indescribably pure, reverent, honorific, solemn, and beautiful. The light emanating from the throne irradiated the entire heavens. Jesus released his hold on Ruth's hand, walked into the light, sat on the throne, and merged within its brilliance. Logic dictated one meaning to this scintillating enthronement. Jesus was God. The throne became bathed in luminescent green. Elders began bowing before the throne singing "Holy, holy, holy is the Lamb." Cherubim and Seraphim surrounded the throne. Some men looked at Ruth and nodded. "Who are they," she thought. "Patriarchs" came the answer. Jesus then removed himself from the light and metamorphosized into his physical self.

They then walked on the streets of gold. To Ruth, the surface appeared like transparent ice with a golden reflector beneath it. They came to an area marked by many mansions. Ruth was shown her own mansion still under construction. Its walls were marbled, and a bouquet of roses--her favorite flower--was set in the floor. Within all mansions were bookshelves and bookcases indicating, at the very least, that reading is requisite in Heaven. Meanwhile many people were seen going about their duties. A beautiful maid was seen going to the pool. "Who might she be," was her thought. "Miriam, Moses's sister," came the answer.

"Now go where your heart might take you," the Lord said. Ruth soon discovered that by merely thinking she could bound here and there effortlessly. On the wall, across the road, by the hill--it happened instantly. When she had the urge to pluck a flower, it appeared in her hand and with a telling fragrance. When she swept through the grass, it sprang back into shape after treading over it. Nothing withered. Nothing died. Then she heard a melody that was sung to her as a little girl. It was her grandmother, only she appeared young. In fact, all people looked just over thirty years of age. There were no old people, no young, and no children. The elders and patriarchs looked this universal age. When she stopped to look at herself, her body appeared transparent and covered with a gossamer-like gown. Ruth could look through herself but saw no sign of bones or blood.

In contrast, the hand of her guide, Jesus, was firm when he returned to lead Ruth. He showed her the foundation to the city, the 12 gates of pearl, and the colorful jewels for each of the 12 tribes of Israel. They walked to the River of Life<sup>30</sup> and the Tree of Life<sup>31</sup>.

The Lord picked a fruit from the tree. It looked like a Love Apple from Jamaica. At first it tasted sour, but with time it mellowed to a strong sweetness. "What happens to the leaves and fruit," Ruth thought, since the fruit changed monthly, and the leaves were for the healing of nations. "Don't you know, my daughter," Jesus telepathized, "nothing decays in Heaven."

Ruth's attention then turned to the River of Life, bright as crystal. People were wading into it. Roots from the Tree of Life reached to the banks of the opposite shore. In the River of Life were white stones on which people were sitting. Those emerging from the water, strangely enough, had dry robes. Ruth was greatly impressed. She wanted to enter the river and stepped forward, but Jesus reached for her hand restraining her. "Now is not the time, my daughter." The reason for this is told in the Book of Revelation:

*Blessed are those who wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter by the gates into the city--Revelation 22:14 NAS<sup>32</sup>.*

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<sup>30</sup> River of Life: See Revelation 7:17, 22:1, and 22:17.

<sup>31</sup> Tree of Life: See Genesis 2:9, Revelation 2:7, 22:2, and 22:14.

<sup>32</sup> Those Who Wash Their Robes: The KJV translates this as *Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city*—Revelation 22:14. The sense of the above scene would have been lost with this translation. The ASV, RSV, and Catholic NAS also translate "wash their robes".

Jesus took her by the hand and told her she had to go back. "Tell everyone you meet, Ruth, that my love for each person is boundless, and I would have died for that one soul. Tell them I am coming soon, sooner than any man knows. I am coming for those that are watching for me. Be ready." Then Jesus said, "You must go back. Your mother's prayers are calling." He pointed to Earth.

Angels guided her back to Earth. Its orb appeared to Ruth like a little marble. As the marble loomed larger, they diverted course, orbited the planet, and pointed out about 50 nations that Ruth's feet would one day tread in spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Suddenly she was hovering over the operating room table--over her own body. The doctors and nurses were arguing. Dr. Allan was back in the operating room. He called for an experimental drug called epinephrine. He recommended intracardiac injection, thinking it might restore electrical activity from a standstill. But there was formidable medical resistance within the group: respiratory acidosis, hypoxia, anaerobic metabolism, lactic acidosis, and cerebral edema had probably already occurred. This meant that even if her body were resuscitated, her brain could be dead from lack of oxygen due to over eight minutes of arrested circulation. But Allan prevailed. What he did not know was that his motivation to use this drug was instilled by the Holy Spirit in answer to Mildred's prayers of blue mist. Ruth saw a long needle penetrate her chest. Immediately she slipped back into her body.

Pain! Ruth hurt. The mystical experience was over. When she awoke, her left leg was in stitches, and she still had leukemia. "Mother," she said as sternly as a post-operative patient can, "why did you pray me back? I'm angry with you. I did not want to come back!" "Honey, God has work for you to do," said her mother as she succinctly underscored the crux of the issue. Torn between being with the Lord in death and living to do his will also tormented the Apostle Paul as related in Philippians<sup>33</sup>. It would be a while before Ruth would thank her mother. The occasion would be her dedication.

### **Ruth's Final Healing and Dedication**

Ruth's final bout with continual sickness came a year later in 1970. Despite the miraculous flight of her spirit, Ruth still had not given her heart totally to do all the work God had planned for her<sup>34</sup>. She was a Christian. Jesus Christ was her Lord and Savior. But she had not consecrated herself to him. And the Lord wanted her totally. But this is a very difficult thing to do. It means abandoning family, tradition, hobbies, and personal interests to the will of the Lord. And the Lord wanted Ruth completely. So, her sickness persisted.

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<sup>33</sup> Living or Dying: *For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not*—Philippians 1:21-22.

<sup>34</sup> Sanctification. From 1 Corinthians 6:10, sanctification comes in three stages: 1) the moment of conversion (Acts 20:32 and 1 Cor 1:2), 2) progressively growing in grace (John 17:17 and Ephesians 5:26), and 3) ultimate sanctification by being set apart and holy (1 Thessalonians 5:23).

She was dying of leukemia. Surgery was scheduled to relieve the pain so she could die in peace. The night before surgery, her Lutheran minister came by to give her Communion. Ruth told him that a minister had popped into her room and told her that she, despite her terminal condition, was going to be healed. "Now Ruthie," he admonished, "you know we don't believe in that." "What about James 5:14?" she countered.

*Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him—James 5:14-15.*

"Let's just say we don't understand that verse," he replied somewhat defensively. "What you don't understand, don't condemn!" Ruth retorted. Despite her grave condition, Ruth wanted to be healed. She believed she would; she knew she would.

Later that night, the Lord spoke through a Catholic priest, Monsignor James of St. Anne's in Bonner, to tell her that she would soon be healed and that "God would use her mightily." These words were disconcerting to Ruth. Although she had rebutted the negativism of her Lutheran minister, his lack of faith had a lingering effect on her. She was not sure, now, if she really would be healed.

Ruth underwent surgery. Three days later, she overheard her doctor saying that all her vital signs were going and that she had less than an hour to live. She became dizzy feeling like she was swinging out into space. She lapsed in and out of coma. The call for prayer went out and a Christian friend arrived at her bedside. "Have you ever asked God to heal you?" she whispered into her ear. Ruth was comatose and could not respond, but she heard and understood perfectly. "Maybe God thinks you don't trust him enough to ask for a healing? Ask him, Ruth." Ruth was greatly moved. Using her spirit she thought, "Lord, I know that you are real. I walked with you in Heaven. I saw the wounds in your wrists. Come to me now. Heal this blood cancer and I will serve you the rest of my life. Anything I am or will be is yours. I'm yours. Do with me, as you will. Send me wherever you will. My husband, sons, and grandchildren will be used for your will. I dedicate my life to you." No sooner had she consecrated these thoughts than the feeling of hot oil or water coursed through her veins. She was perfused with heat.

She broke out of her coma. "Nurse, my head is clearing. Get these tubes and bottles away from me. I don't need them." Her voice was strong. The nurse came quickly into the room to inject a painkiller, but Ruth protested, "I don't hurt. I'm hungry. Bring me some food." They brought broth. "No, not that." They brought jello. "I don't want that either. I want steak, potatoes, and gravy." They called her doctor. Surprisingly he acquiesced to her wish, but not without dropping by to see firsthand what had happened. He could not believe that this terminal patient with so much wrong with her could have been healed, but he did believe that something miraculous had happened.

Today Ruth praises the Lord for her healing. She respects doctors and their profession, but she also knows that God heals. Because her Lutheran Church refused to believe that,



she removed herself from their midst, but not before returning to speak to the congregation on the power of healing. She realizes that many Christians have this blind spot for healing but cautions against feeling more enlightened than they.

At this point in her life, she was completely healed of her voluminous afflictions. Her back was in perfect condition. The silver stitching in her back had been dissolved. She no longer had tumors, cysts, keloids, or adhesions. A few months later, Ruth attended a healing prayer session conducted by Neil Frisbee. At one point, the minister announced: "Someone is having a spleen restored." It was Ruth. That week she went to the doctor to have x-rays taken to confirm the event.

### **Jump-off-Joe Road**

When I interviewed Ruth, she was 65-years old, tall, pretty, extremely spry, healthy, outgoing, and a living testimony to the power of Jesus Christ. There were only two incidents of sickness in her life following her healing 22-years ago. One--the result of a curse--will be discussed later. The other incident was due to an auto accident in British Columbia, Canada at a place called Jump-off-Joe Road.

Prior to leaving Montana for a vacation in British Columbia, the Lord gave her a warning saying that perhaps she should not go. But Ruth disregarded the Lord's direction and paid dearly for it.

While driving north in Canada, the driver of an oncoming car collapsed and died at the wheel sending his vehicle out of control at high speed. He crossed the center strip, smashed into the front right quarter panel of Ray's car and continued over the edge down a steep embankment. Ray was at the wheel with Ruth in the passenger seat. Their car came to a sudden and awkward stop on the highway, which was more fortunate than the offending car. Ray was mildly hurt, but Ruth vomited blood. All the ribs on her right side were smashed. Paramedics diagnosed a ruptured spleen.

After being airlifted back to Montana, she was laced with a rib bandage and left in pain. A few days later, it became known that Kathryn Kuhlman was holding a healing by the Space Needle in Seattle, Washington. Her husband, son, and doctor all advised against the trip, but Ruth insisted. As her car pulled out of the driveway, doves were seen to herald the start of a favored journey.

Since the arrangements for her trip were thrown together at the last minute, it was only with God's help that she obtained hotel reservations. Since she arrived late at the gathering, there was no room in the main auditorium, so she was ushered into the overflow room. The service began. During the healing session, Kathryn announced, "There is someone being healed in seat 127 of the overflow room." Ruth felt as though she was struck with an electric charge. For a few long and startling seconds, "fire and lightning" rushed through her body. Then as suddenly as it started, it stopped. Ruth was healed. Ruth was healed!

She rushed into the restroom and tore off her rib bandage. The bleeding had stopped. All pain was gone. She placed her hands on the edge of the basin, slid her feet back, and did three pushups easily and painlessly. Anyone with the slightest rib injury knows how difficult this exercise would be. In euphoria, she re-entered the hall.

Miss Kuhlman requested that she come to the podium. After a few words with Ruth, Miss Kuhlman asked that she return the following night to give her testimony. This she did and then returned to her Montana home. When x-rays were taken of her ribs, not only were they healed, but also there was no trace of a previous fracture. Her doctor was amazed as were the anesthesiologists who had seen her after her Canadian accident, but not enough to come to the Lord. He and the anesthesiologists, however, knew that this could only be from God and that he had to be thanked for this miracle.

### **Pain and Suffering**

The theology of pain, suffering, and reparation will now be discussed. On the surface, it can be argued that Ruth is typical of so many Catholic seers almost all of whom suffered extreme pain continually throughout their lives under the mistaken and patently pagan assumption that Christ's suffering was not enough for everyone to merit Heaven. These saints believed that their own sufferings needed to be offered up to free the souls in Purgatory (a place with no Biblical foundation) or to do penance for those living. Veronica Lueken (1933-1995) the Marian seer of Bayside, New York is a typical example of this pagan theology. Healings have been reported on vigil nights at the Vatican Pavilion, but never to Veronica. The more she suffers, the holier she is thought to become. She has suffered heart attacks, diabetes, arthritis, gallstones, stroke, hiatus hernia, inverted disc, and tinnitus. But Satan will not heal her, because he demands a host, and she is it. He takes sadistic pleasure in deceiving people who would normally have loved the Lord fervently into believing that suffering as a victim soul is beneficial and necessary. This is wrong. It is a crime for any Church to teach this. By Jesus' stripes alone are we healed and saved.

There are ample examples of God's healing power for spiritual and physical maladies in Scripture:

*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases--Psalms 103:2-3*

*Surely he hath borne our griefs (diseases of the body) ...but he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed--Isaiah 53:4-5 and Matthew 8:17*

*...who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: by whose stripes ye were healed--1 Peter 2:24*

Going further back in Catholic history, one finds a large number of sick female mystic saints. St. Hildegard of Bingen (d1179) known as Sybil of the Rhine, St. Elizabeth of Shonau (d1164), Bl. Mechthild of Magdenburg (d1297), St. Catherine of Siena (d1380), St. Lydwina of Schiedam (d1433), the incredible mystic Anne Catherine Emmerich (d1803), and St. Theresa of Lisieux (d1897) all suffered throughout their lives for no good. It is not God's will that anyone suffer from prolonged illness.

Unlike the Catholic mystics listed above who were not born again and suffered as pawns in Satans game to control the Church<sup>35</sup>, Ruth Koch was not in this league. She was born again but suffered because she refused to be dedicated or consecrated completely to the Lord. When Ruth Koch finally did align her will totally with God, she was healed. To be holy, means to be dedicated 100% to the Lord. This is a very difficult goal even in the United States. Most of us must work for a living. In doing that, time is expended on secular activities that could be channeled into praising the Lord and saving souls.<sup>36</sup>

Pain and suffering are with us because of Adam and Eve's sin. It can be used by God to bring a person to him in a born-again experience, to increase one's sanctification to conform to God's plan, or simply to Glorify God as was the case of the the congenitally blind man who was created blind so that Jesus would be glorified in his healing.<sup>37</sup> It can be used by Satan to torment both the unbeliever and the believer. Ruth's Voodoo incident is one example. Then there are cases to which we cannot ascribe a reason or source. To the born-again person following the way<sup>38</sup> there is always hope from the following verse: *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose*—Romans 8:28.

## **Ruth's Mission**

Following her healing, Ruth was confined to her hospital room for two weeks for observation. During this period, a battery of doctors would drop into her room, check her records, make a few observations, utter a "humph" and leave perplexed. One afternoon, Ruth found herself in an unusually happy and prayerful state. She was thanking God for her healings and for her visit to Heaven when Jesus appeared in her room. "My daughter, Arousti, I am giving you a measure of faith so great, that you will never doubt again. I will use you in my healing ministry." Then he said, "Stretch forth your hand." He took it and said, "I am anointing your hand. Miracles will pass through these hands. You will have the Word of Knowledge. You will see and feel what is wrong in people's bodies. Just speak and it will happen. You will speak before multitudes, and they will be saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost. You are my world evangelist. You have been mine

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<sup>35</sup> Unlike God's Decalogue, Satan has a Nonalogue of Nine Statements. The last Statement is that Satan needs a strong Church and has kept it in business all these years.

<sup>36</sup> The stories of Elsa and Harold have a similar theme.

<sup>37</sup> *And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him*—John 9:1-3

<sup>38</sup> The Way. Proverbs 15:10, Psalms 23:19, Acts 18:25,26.

since your mother's dedication. You will walk into hospital rooms and say in my name 'Rise and walk,' and they will. You will see the dead raised. Within six months, you will know the full scope of your coming ministry and your healing will be total at that time." "Thank you, Lord. Glory be to your name. Hallelujah!" was Ruth's reply.

This vessel, like all others demonstrated the theological concept of *splēn* (*sensus plenior*), which means that she did not necessarily understand all that God had said to her. Years later when talking to Arabic friends, Ruth learned that "Arousti" meant "my bride." Looking back on the Lord's prophecy made during her nine-minute death, she does have the Word of Knowledge and can detect sickness in people. She has raised six people from the dead. Ruth has not yet walked into a hospital and healed masses but knows that this is coming for her and thinks that this will be applicable to the general Christian population.<sup>39</sup> It is interesting to note that Kathryn Kuhlman (1907-1976) prophesied in the early seventies that before the coming of the Lord, "There will not be a sick saint in the body of Christ<sup>40</sup>." In other words, all Christians would be healed of their infirmities. Benny Hinn (1948-), a contemporary healing evangelist with a national following, also has been convinced by the Holy Spirit that the day when all saints are healed is soon to come.

With her new responsibilities in mind, Ruth attended the International Bible Institute and Seminary of Orlando, Florida where she earned an associate degree in theology. She was ordained and awarded an honorary Doctor of Divinity out of 6000 ministers. Although she is still studying when time permits and will soon obtain a master's degree in theology, she does not see education as being significantly important for one's spiritual life<sup>41</sup>. She did, however, think it would be helpful in conducting a missionary outreach, such as she is presently doing in her schools of theology and ministry in the Philippines.

After graduation from the seminary, she began her evangelical missionary work in Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, China, the Philippines and thirty-nine other countries. In Jamaica, she preached to thousands in a tent by Rev. Harold Blair's church and won 6000 to the Lord. In the Far East, she helped smuggle Bibles across the Chinese border at Canton, but her most established and effective work has been on many of the 7000 Philippine islands.

The Philippines is a nation under the domineering control of the pagan Catholic Church. This Church is designated pagan because it fosters the mediation of a pantheon of saints as well as its own sacraments when the New Testament clearly points out that the Messiah himself is the sole mediator. (*For there is one God, and one mediator between God and Man, the man Christ Jesus*--1 Timothy 2:5). It is also pagan because it has championed the concept of "two swords"--Church and state or pope and emperor--from Constantine, to the crusades, to the presently emerging One-World Government and One-World Church.

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<sup>39</sup> My personal viewpoint is that Billy Graham cannot bring everyone in one hospital to the Lord and one with the gift of healing cannot heal everyone in one hospital for the same reason. Most people reject the Holy Spirit, and he will not heal against their will. Curing a hospital *in toto* would leave us with the damned in perfect health.

<sup>40</sup> Sick Saint. Hinn, Benny. *The Anointing*. Nashville Tennessee: Thomas Nelson, Inc., 1992, p 146

<sup>41</sup> *Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth*--1 Corinthians 8:1b.

There are 51 million Catholics in the Philippines--almost as many as in the United States (52) and Italy (59). The Church is proud of its possession and chary of losing membership to the opposing forces of Christianity. Consequently, it has installed a considerable hierarchy and clergy to oversee the archipelago. Gian Vincenzo Moreni is Nuncio at Manila. Oscar Villadolid is Diplomat at the Vatican. Jami L. Sin (card. 1976) is the ranking cardinal and reputed by the islanders to be homosexual. Two other cardinals, 22 archbishops, 96 bishops, 5540 priests, 463 brothers, and 8497 sisters are united in making the "two swords" policy on the islands a reality.

Despite this formidable array of troops, the Lord in a vision to Ruth, prophesied that this nation would be Christian when he returned. In support of his own prophecy, he has reaped devastation on the islands and blessed the ministry of Ruth Koch, known as "Streams of Healing Philippines" with headquarters on the island of Bohol. Using natural disasters to chasten his people, God has used the eruption of Mount Pinatubo to eliminate a large part of the U.S. military presence in the islands. He has sent an earthquake that leveled five Roman Catholic churches. He has sent typhoons Ruping, the tail end of Omar, Ted, and Colleen followed by the eruption of another volcano--Mayon. Meanwhile Ruth claims that her ministry team has won more than one million souls to Christianity in 1991 alone. This estimate is based on testimonial signatures received by those professing their newly found faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These victories have not come easily. From 1982 to 1992, Ruth has spent the better part of each year on the islands. Her school is licensed with the Philippine Exchange Commission. She is active in TV and radio ministries on the islands. She and her team of seven ministers, have conducted street meetings, revivals, crusades, and evangelistic meetings in city and village and have established seven churches on islands in the Visayan Sea. She has truly been a vessel through which the signs, wonders, and miracles of the Lord Jesus Christ have been manifest.

A previous story in this book has shown how Catholic charismatics were dissolved as an entity within a Church in California. In 1988, persecution began in the Philippines against Catholic charismatics and born-again believers. Ruth had just one year earlier, delivered a sermon to a group of charismatic Catholics on Cebu and had counted 3000 as coming to the Lord. She told the Charismatics that they cannot remain in the Church "unequally yoked." They must separate; otherwise, they will be persecuted. After her speech, which emptied the church, she asked the Lord why she had spoken of persecution when she did not mean to say that. But the Lord answered, "I did. You will soon see." The following year the persecution began.

Shortly after the incident at Cebu, Ruth was ministering at a hotel with a team called "Women Aglow" when she received word from the desk that someone was there to see her. She went to the lobby and was met by a bishop at large from Cebu and a Jesuit priest. The interrogation began. "Why are you evangelicals telling our people not to revere and worship Mary?" The Holy Spirit within Ruth said, "Feast of Cana." So Ruth used that pericope to show why it is blasphemous to say one cannot get to Jesus except through Mary. What she did not realize was that by calling for disintermediation in the

Catholic Church she was denuding the hierarchy; and by deposing Mary's salvatory power, she was deposing the same for the Church. There was a standoff. Finally, the bishop said: "We don't want you here. If you continue to cause trouble, you know what will happen. You are working secretly for the CIA. But I have organizational ties too. I can have you found wherever you go. And what will you do when you open the door, one day, and a Jesuit is standing in the doorway?" Trying humor at an awkward moment, Ruth said: "If you mean Christ in Action (CIA), that's not subversive; but, of course, it's not what you mean. I've been hidden by God from the Red Guards in Canton, China. He will hide me from you."

According to Ruth, the rebels on the islands are led by Fr. Navarro, a Jesuit, with 1400 priests and nuns. She gives an example of their tactics. In Del Sur, a company of soldiers was ambushed by Navarro. A white flag was raised in surrender, but to no avail. The rebels shot the government troops in the knees to immobilize them, then, as in Croatia during WWII, they gouged out their eyes, cut off their heads, and hacked their bodies to pieces. These acts in themselves were outside the standards of warfare, but what disturbed the military commanders the most were reports that the rebels used children recruited from local schools to take part in the massacre. This made that slaughter a training class for two-legged piranhas hell-bent on destruction.<sup>42</sup>

On 30 April 1992, Ruth spoke at a conference of military officers and church leaders called CADENCE. This conference drew 48 military and 63 ministerial leaders from seven Philippine provinces. The military leaders holding ranks from major to general were impressed by "Mommy Ruth's" testimony, by her having brought many rebel NPA commanders to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by her hypothesis that Jesus Christ and not guns was the ultimate answer. Commanding General Honesto Bumanglag thanked Mommy Ruth for her service to the Lord and ordered that the minutes of her testimony be sent to all military camps in the Philippines.

## **Voodoo Attack**

Ruth's presence on the islands is not welcomed by Roman Catholic supporters. On several occasions, she has been shot at, stoned, and threatened with death. A trip she made, in the spring of 1992, opened a new avenue for intimidation. Everyone on her staff, one-by-one was struck by a different malady. Finally, Mommy Ruth was laid low by an attack of shingles (herpes zoster) on the left side of her face. An acute skin eruption characterized by the inflammation and subsequent scabbing of small yellow vesicles formed in a localized area of her cheek. For a woman that has suffered more than but a handful of people on this earth, Ruth said that this was the most painful affliction of her life. For two weeks, the painkillers she received were of no benefit. But

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<sup>42</sup> The Third World is increasingly using children from 12 years of age among Muslims and 7 years and up in Africa. They number in the millions. These children make fierce warriors because they have never learned to act as responsible adults.

there was more to this than physical pain. Ruth had been healed of all her previous maladies. "Why this?" she asked the Lord repeatedly. Finally, after her return to the States he answered: "It is no fault of yours." Ruth was relieved but querulous. Whose fault was it? In a week she received her answer from two sources. A group of evangelical ministers from Temecula received a revelation that a 40-year-old woman using Voodoo stuck pins into a doll to send a curse on each of the ministerial team. Other deliverance ministers in Montana received the Word of Knowledge as to the name of this woman (Koko Konda) and the fact that she received help from an Australian pig spirit.

The point of this encounter is that even the strongest Christians must pray daily to be shielded by the armor of God.

*Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand—Ephesians 6:11-13.*

If Christians do not make this prayer a daily task, they will succumb--their only fault being that they did not pray daily for the armor of the Lord.

Even after Ruth's face healed from the shingles, she continued to feel weak until she prayed with a group of fellow Christian ministers. Only then did she feel something leave her body. Even after that while watching Benny Hinn's healing ministry on Channel 40 at 10:30 P.M., she sometimes would feel an irritation in her face. Finally on 9 September 1992, Benny announced, "someone is being healed of facial nerve damage." Ruth thinks that that someone was she, because she no longer experiences irritations while watching his show. Ruth's doctor, Dr. Oberman, said that the decay of her trigeminal nerve should have led to paralysis. He was truly amazed at her recovery, especially when the laboratory report indicated that her blood sample showed perfect platelets.

### **More Healings**

Many healings have come through Ruth Koch. Like many seers reported in this book, her own healing came first. Then came a continual spate of healings that showed beyond a shadow of doubt that miracles did not cease with the early church. In some cases, she lays on hands, in others not. Some healings take place over the telephone, some are instantaneous, while others require months of recuperation. She feels sorry for any pastor that does not believe God can and does work miracles today. Ruth will tell you: "Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He changes not. Amen."

After 18 hours of brain surgery in a Loma Linda hospital, her husband, Ray, died for five minutes after a tumor had been removed from his brain stem. She prayed him back from the dead. Dr. Stuart said that because his fifth (trigeminal) and seventh (facial) cranial nerves were cut by mistake during the operation, he was paralyzed on one side, and if he did live, he would never walk or talk and would have to be fed with a tube down his throat. Ruth simply said that she would not have her husband in that condition. Her prayers restored him totally, but not immediately. Three days after surgery, he was well enough to say, "God let me down!" After five days, he was talking freely; after twelve days, he was able to walk and drink with a straw; and after a year he was almost fully restored. Today he is healthy and active at seventy-five years of age and thankful to the Lord.

Evelyn R. Bautista lived in Pasadena. Deteriorating nerves were causing terrible chest pains and a certain numbness in her right arm. After her doctor had scheduled surgery, two unknowns began to haunt Evelyn. Could she pay all her medical bills, and would she retain her job after an extended absence? Evelyn became deeply worried. Her worries brought her to the Sunday service at the Bible Christian Fellowship Church of Los Angeles where Ruth happened to be ministering that week. After the service, Ruth prayed over her without laying on hands. Evelyn immediately came under the power of the Holy Spirit. She remembers feeling a tingling like an electric shock going through her arm. In seconds, she was completely healed in the sight of many parishioners. Evelyn was so thankful to the Lord that she began to testify in his name wherever she had the opportunity.

At a rebel camp on the island of Luzon in the province of Pangasinan in the town of Arcleta, she rebuked the Spirit of Death in a woman who had just died. When she came back to life and sat up, the excited testimony of three communist guards led 36 other rebels to the Lord in that camp. Since that time, this village, unlike many others in the area, has been at peace in Jesus Christ.

On the island of Cebu, Dr. Romus was dying of pancreatic cancer in 1989. At Manilla, he had been diagnosed as terminal. His last hope lay in experimental laser surgery at a cancer clinic in Miami, Florida. He was scheduled to be flown out on a stretcher the following morning. Ruth arrived at this house the night before his scheduled departure with part of her ministerial team and led him and his family to the Lord. By Word of Knowledge, she knew where he was hurting and that he would be healed. She told him to board tomorrow's plane under his own power, since he would not need a stretcher, and show the doctors in Miami his medical records and how he had been healed. The following week, he phoned Bohol from Miami testifying that he was whole. Ruth then held a meeting at the Bohol Doctors Hospital. From that hospital, 28 doctors came to the Lord and received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

## **Visions**

In a vision in 1986, she saw two hands come down from a cloud and remove the crown from the head of Marcos. She knew at that moment that Marcos had been dethroned as



president of the Philippines. From a personal standpoint, this meant that air traffic between that country and the U.S. would soon be reinstated, and she could book reservations to the islands that very week to re-establish her ministry there. As her plane docked in Manila, Nino Aquino, was shot and killed while getting off the same plane.

While in the Philippines early in 1992, Ruth was granted a spectacular vision. She saw many kinds of people walking on a wide road, which began to narrow very slowly. Eventually the road became so narrow that only single-file passage was possible. At this point, the road bifurcated. The traveler would have to choose whether he wanted to walk up the hill or continue on his own path. If one chose to go up the hill, Jesus met him with open arms and overwhelming love in his eyes. To those that followed their own path, Jesus glowered at them with fire in his eyes. Those standing near could hear him say: "They made their choice!" The theology here is inescapable. If one believes in predestination, the lack of free will, of the concept that God does it all and I can do nothing, he is wrong. Yes, God did know from all eternity who would and would not be saved. He also knows that no one is saved without his grace. But, unless this life is a charade, he also knows that every individual has a choice to make by himself. In making that choice, he can accept or reject the help of the Holy Spirit.

Unfortunately, there are those in the Christian community who believe that free-will teaching replaces the works of God with the works of man. In the same vein, they say that by deciding to follow Jesus with an act of one's will makes man his own savior. This controversy can probably be explained with a true story told by Franklin Graham, the down-to-earth son of the famous Billy Graham, when he visited our church on 8 November 1992. "A few years ago," Franklin began, "a man was on death row in the state of Georgia. With the execution just a short time away, the man unexpectedly received a pardon from the governor of the state. To everyone's complete surprise, he rejected the pardon. Since this had never happened before, the lawyers were forced to run his decision back through the courts for legality. After much deliberation, the courts ruled that his voluntary act of will had to be honored. The man was subsequently executed."

Two easily answered questions arise from this incident. If the man had accepted the pardon, giving his *fiat* or "yes" to the governor's decree, would he have saved himself? The answer obviously is no. He would simply have been acceding to the edict invested in the power of the governor. The governor had arranged his salvation. All he had to do was to accept. On the other hand, by rejecting the pardon, did the man sentence himself to judgment? The answer is yes, since freedom was there for the taking. He simply chose not to accept. And so it is with eternal salvation or damnation. You can accept the loving grace of Jesus Christ and salvation earned by his death on the cross, or you can tell him to go to Hell--he won't, of course, but you will!

### **The Death of a Monsignor**

Ruth was once close friends with a monsignor from St. Anne's Catholic Church in Bonner, Montana. Their friendship, she believes, was arranged in Heaven. In an

intimate exchange, the monsignor once remarked to Ruth, "If anything happens to me, Ruth, I want you at my bedside." This was a strange statement for two reasons: First the man was a Roman Catholic and a priest. The only thing a loyal clergyman needs at his deathbed is another priest with the last sacraments (Penance, Anointing of the sick, and Viaticum). Second a Christian has no need for any man at his deathbed except the Lord Jesus Christ. Consequently, the monsignor was searching. He was somewhere between Catholicism and Christianity. But there was one other reason why Monsignor James Major needed Ruth at his bedside. The great Catholic moral theologian Vermeersch once said at the lecture hall of the Gregorian University in Rome: "I have seen men who had lived lives of sanctity and penance behind monastery walls die like that--terrified. I had been their confessor and knew they had souls as clear as crystal."

The monsignor had been drinking from this cup of vapid theology all his life. Subconsciously he was terrified. While standing beside him, Ruth heard the Lord's word by locution as she does quite often: "He thinks he has served me all his life, but he doesn't know me." The words were shocking. They reminded Ruth of her former life as a "good Lutheran" but void of knowing the Messiah. This revelation concerning the monsignor was surprising because, by man's standards, he was a saint. When times were tough, he was known to have told parishioners to take money from the collection box if they really needed it. Yet despite his heart of gold, he did not know Jesus Christ because he compromised the teachings of Christ by accepting the traditions of men. With the grace of God, Ruth led the monsignor to the Lord as the death rattle approached. He did not die terrified like his counterparts. Standing by his bedside, Ruth saw angels taking him away to Heaven.

### **The Bride of Christ**

In January of 1992 just prior to leaving for the Philippines, Ruth was fast asleep at her residence in Hemet, California. Suddenly she was jarred awake. Sitting up in bed in the dead of night, she saw her bedroom glowing with a phosphorescent green. Jesus was standing in front of her bed. He said: "Arousti, come here." Ruth slid out of bed and approached the Lord in her nightgown. As she did, her simple garment changed into a beautiful glowing white dress. The Lord spoke: "Will you marry me?" "Yes, Lord." "Stretch forth your hand to me."

As she proffered her left hand, he removed the band and anniversary ring from her ring finger. Her anniversary ring had been on for 20 years and could not normally be taken off, but Jesus removed it easily. Then he placed a satin gold band on her finger saying: "You are my bride. Tell everyone wherever you go in this world that I'm calling my bride to myself. I want my bride just like I want you. Share this testimony and you will feel the heat from my love in your ring." "What about the men, Lord?" Ruth queried. "They too are my brides. I yearn for my bride." Then he added: "I will cause someone to give you a wedding band and when this happens you will know it is from me."

She went back to sleep that night with her golden wedding band on. When she awoke the next morning, the band was gone, and her rings were back on her finger. Was she

cheated? "Holy Spirit, where is my band?" she entreated as she swung her feet over the side of the bed. "Trust the Lord. You will have it," was the reply by locution. Seven months passed and, true to the Lord's word, whenever she shared the Gospel, the ring would get hot--hotter than when placed in hot water. She was at the beauty shop one day when a beautician called her into her office. "I have something for you. The Lord told me to give it to you." (The Holy Spirit often spoke to her.) Ruth looked at the ring she was holding in her hand. It was the same band that the Lord put on her finger that January night. "I can't wear it," she continued. "Every time I do, it gets hot, and my finger breaks out into a rash. So, I took it to a jeweler to be polished and prayed that God would give me a ring box as proof that this was for you. I asked the lady at the counter, but she said that the only boxes they had come with the rings. 'What about this plastic box on the counter?' I asked. 'That's not ours, and I don't know where it came from.' Well, can I have it? 'I guess so. I don't see why not.'" So, the beautician received her ring box and Ruth her wedding band.

When Ruth told me this story, she had received the ring only a week earlier. Because of her testimony to me, it was warm on her finger. I could not help but think of the similarities and dissimilarities of this story with that of St. Catherine of Siena (1347-1380) a Dominican Tertiary, ascetic, mystic, stigmatic, reformer, and Doctor of the Church. Catherine scourged herself daily. Many times, this left her standing in a pool of blood. She derived physical pleasure from pain. For further discomfort, she wore an iron chain about her waist and a woolen undergarment. On Shrove Tuesday 1367, she was mystically married to Jesus Christ and given an imaginary wedding band.

Ruth has been married to Ray Koch since she was twenty years old. Her betrothal to Jesus Christ was not a private relationship to void the need for a role model or male companionship, as was the situation with Catherine, but a symbolic gesture of Christ's relationship to the church--his bride. Ruth, as his anointed minister, is a representative of the Bride of Christ.

The New Testament speaks of the Bride of Christ in four key passages. In 2 Corinthians 11:2, we have the espousal. In Ephesians 5:25-27 we see how the bride becomes sanctified. Only then does Revelation 19:6-9 speak of the future marriage or wedding ceremony in Heaven. Finally, Revelation 21:9 to 22:5 describes how the bride spends eternity with God.

Unlike St. Catherine of Siena, Ruth never suffered masochistically to support the theological concept of reparation, and she did not marry Jesus to compensate for an earthly vow of virginity. She was one<sup>43</sup> of the first fruits of the marriage of Christ to his bride, the entire church. The remainder of Christ's church is presently being sanctified and will be married to the Lord after the Rapture in Heaven as described in Revelation 19:6-9.

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<sup>43</sup> Other anointed Christians have reported this same symbolic enactment.

## Follow-Up

Ten years after writing this story, I gave Ruth a ring from my Maryland home to see how her spiritual journey was proceeding. The seven churches she had established in the Philippines have grown to fourteen churches and two schools. Of particular interest are two churches of 800 and 500 members in El Salvador and Zamboanga, Mindanao whose parishioners were former Muslims. Her husband, Ray, recently survived a heart attack, but was alive and well in the year 2002. Ruthie has now had the honor of preaching God's word in 55 countries and her wedding band still warms on occasion.

In January of 2002, Ruth was invited to speak at a large gathering in Mindanao. Before accepting any request, however, Ruth prays for the Holy Spirit's affirmation. It never came. A close friend of hers, Pastor Perry Roberts, then told her of a dream he had in which she had been killed by island extremists. She declined the speaking engagement knowing that she had been under surveillance since the establishment of two churches for former Muslims. As the U.S. received word on 7 June 2002 that Martin Brunham<sup>44</sup> had been killed, Ruth informed me that she had personally witnessed the heads of a pastor, his wife, and children displayed on their own fence posts after their slaughter.

## The Picture

The picture shown on the first page of this story shows from left to right Ruth Koch, Gemma, Dude, and the Rabbi guide. It was taken by Richard D. Limyuka on 28 April 1998. Mr. Limyuka is a Chinese businessman from Cebu in the Philippines. At God's behest, he offered Ruth a free 15-day tour of Israel in Mercedes vans with stops at 5-star hotels—a \$6000 blessing for which Ruth thanked God. The picture Mr. Limyuka took is incredible! Here is the story behind it.

The party of four was on foot touring near the Wailing Wall when a Rabbi approached them. Speaking English, he said: "Come with me. You are special." With that said, he led them down into a tunnel and then up to a special room with a shrine housed behind a locked glass door. The picture shown above was taken in front of the glass door. Behind the glass door is the Torah Scroll inset into the Wailing Wall. The Rabbi said that behind this Torah is the Holy of Holies and behind that the El Aqsa Mosque. Just to the left of the Torah is a single pew where only very special Rabbis are allowed. Ruth said that the presence of God was so awesome it brought tears to her eyes.

Look closely at the picture and you will notice two anomalies. There appear to be two red dots or circles beneath a single white circle. Actually, a picture taken from another angle shows three red dots below a single white dot. The dots were not seen at the time but appeared later on the photograph. Ruth says the three red dots represent the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, while the upper dot represents the Godhead—a rather unique way to represent the Trinity. Also not seen at the time, were the two white Lion of Judah

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<sup>44</sup> Martin and Gracia Burnham were kidnapped 27 May 2001 by Abu Sayyaf who was fighting to establish a Muslim state in Zamboanga and Basilan. They had worked with New Tribes Mission for 17 years.

insignias on the Rabbi's shoulder and lapel. They appeared only in the photograph. His jacket according to all testimonies was pure black. A Jewish friend pointed out another key to the puzzle to me two years after I had first looked at the picture. Under the insignia are two Hebrew letters that look like the aleph (א) and tav (ת), the first and last letters of the Hebrew alphabet. This is the Old Testamental parallel to the alpha (α) and the omega (ω) in the New Testament.<sup>45</sup> After the quintet walked down the stone steps and left the immediate passageway, Ruth asked the Rabbi if she could take his picture with her camera. He accented and positioned himself in a niche along the corridor. As Ruth pointed her camera, she saw "the glory of the Lord all around him." When she started to depress the picture button, he disappeared. "An angel!" Ruth thought.

You will not find the Torah Scroll in any guidebooks, because officially it does not exist.

### **The Prophecy**

Those celebrating the arrival of the New Year had long since quieted down. Ruth Koch lay sound asleep with her husband in the now quiet trailer park off Route 74 in Hemet, California. The year was 2003 and her first night's sleep in the New Year was about to be interrupted. It was 2:20 AM when she was awakened to a commanding voice and a colorful scene. The voice was the Lord's: "You are my prophetess. Tell them. Tell them or I will hold you accountable saith your Lord." While the Lord was speaking, a vision began to unfurl. Imagine a TV screen with a shade over the screen drawn down so only the lower inch was visible. The shade slowly arose. Eventually the entire screen was visible.

"I saw a big blast with a huge fire ball. People were running in every direction trying to escape. I saw flesh falling off people's faces. It was grotesque." [Ruth believes this to be a nuclear blast, but she does not know the location.]

"I saw cracks in the earth somewhere in the United States so large that even big buildings were disappearing within them. [Ruth presumes an earthquake caused these cracks in the earth's crust.] I saw an expanse of land that reminded me of the dustbowl in Grapes of Wrath. To this the Lord commented that an extreme famine was coming with drought and famine on a national scale. The weather patterns in this country were about to change drastically."

"I saw the Statue of Liberty with filth and debris swirling around it. The statue itself looked like it was about to crumble." [Ruth believes this to signify the erosion of our liberties.]

"I saw yellow Asiatic hoards invading the Pacific coast. Eastern people wearing facial coverings that exposed only the eyes in Muslim dress were also taking part in the takeover. At this time, I heard: *Lo, I will bring a nation upon you from far, O house of*

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<sup>45</sup> See Isaiah 41:44; 44:6; 48:12 and acrostic wisdom Psalm 119 aleph (א) to tav (ת) . The Hebrew word emet (אמת) means truth, the seal of God, the beginning, the middle, and the end.

*Israel, saith the LORD: it is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation, a nation whose language thou knowest not, neither understandest what they say*-Jeremiah 5:15. The Lord said: 'So will I do to your nation because the people are forsaking me and becoming puffed up with pride as they embrace false gods.'

"I saw the American flag being lowered and a Muslim flag with a crescent rising in its place over what looked like the misty capitals of some states." [The Algerian and the defunct Bosnian Muslim flags show the crescent moon.] The Lord said that this punishment was conditional."

"I saw crowds of people in panic because they were being arrested in their homes and at their places of work."

"I saw Muslims dressed and acting like loyal Americans as though they were on our side. But as they turned away, I saw them laugh. Many people were fooled. The Lord said: My people must discern and beware of the treachery they have planned."

"I saw the nation of Israel trembling like a bowl of jello. The Lord said: Pray hard for my nation Israel and your nation. Pray as you never have prayed before. I have a remnant of praying warriors that will never cease to pray."

"I peered into the Vatican. A new bishop wearing a miter rose up and stood. He was evil looking. I even felt his evil. Then followed a royal procession in black outdoors leading to St Peter's."

"Then I saw something I do not understand {*sensus plenior*}. There was a parade of national leaders being relieved of their authority and surrendering their allegiance to a leader whom they followed. The Lord told me that I would understand this in due time."

"In big letters, I saw these verses: *Now in the twenty and fourth day of this month the children of Israel were assembled with fasting, and with sackclothes, and earth upon them. And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood and confessed their sins, and the iniquities of their fathers. And they stood up in their place and read in the book of the law of the LORD their God one fourth part of the day; and another fourth part they confessed, and worshipped the LORD their God*-Nehemiah 9:1-3. The Lord then said: My people must repent, humble themselves, and pray. Pray and fast for the end of all things is upon them. They must love and serve me as their God above all else. The fate of the nation is in their hands saith your Lord."

### **The Gifts of the Holy Spirit and Duty of Office**

Ruth has not had a vision like the one above combining aural and visual stimulation since the seventies when she received a vision with her eyes wide open. At that time, she was given a vision of the still secret stealth bomber and told to draw a sketch. The Lord told her that that was his plane and when it came into being, he would be nigh at the door.

That was in the early eighties. I myself had started working the Stealth Bomber Program when it was top secret and black in 1979. I was the twelfth full-time engineer on a program that would eventually employ over 12,000 at its peak in Pico Rivera. In the early eighties, the B-2 (initially called the ASPA in the AP-10 Program) profile was secret. Ruth had the opportunity to show what she thought was a bat wing to an Air Force major from the 354<sup>th</sup> Fighter Wing at Eielson AFB who contacted her after a TV appearance in Fairbanks. The major, who will remain unnamed, had not heard of the flying wing development program and could not help Ruth with her sketch. (In Dec of 2010, Ruth revealed his name to be Commander Tom Beil from Eielson AFB in Alaska.) But as coincidence would have it, he later became a B-2 bomber pilot in the early nineties. While he was deployed in the Persian Gulf War for Operation Desert Storm his wife (Ceslie) became extremely worried for his safety. The Lord, rather than answer her prayers directly, woke Ruth in the middle of the night and urged her to send a telegram to the woman informing her: "Not one hair on the head of those pilots will be harmed and not one plane damaged or lost." This Ruth did, not knowing that the Lord was speaking about B-2 pilots or that the major was a B-2 pilot. So, the office of prophet has its responsibilities. The same is true for those with the gift of healing.

## **Destiny**

As the maelstrom ushering in the End Time gathers fury, the ministerial ship of Ruth Koch heads upstream filling its sails with the wind of the Holy Spirit and oarlocks with the prayers of the faithful. Pray that her ship finds a sheltered harbor to spread the Word over choppy waters to the people like grains of sand on the barren shore. Listen and you can hear her fervid prayer: "Lord, given me precious souls, or I will die."

*Woe to you of unbelief;  
He'll dash your ship on hidden reef.  
His name is hailed Baalzebub.  
He'll wreck your faith; that's the nub.*

*Woe to you not born again;  
You have no armor; for that you yen.  
His title is hailed Apollyon.  
He'll lead you to the Parthenon.*

## 12

### Stan Aldrich

Stan and Andre (pseudonyms) sat in the back seat of a new car. Dave was at the wheel with his wife, Lisa, at his side. Little was said as their vehicle left West Los Angeles on a spring morning in 1980 and sped along Olympic Boulevard for Downtown L.A.

The four occupants were in their mid-thirties. Both Stan and Andre were married but decided to leave their spouses home for this rather unusual Sunday morning adventure. Stan and Andre had met years earlier as students at UCLA in a special testing class. Since both had unusually high IQs, they underwent a voluntary series of intelligence tests. One of the few things that Stan remembers from these tests was that he was a difficult subject to hypnotize. About a week ago, Dave had invited Stan to a Black Mass. Stan being a lapsed Catholic was quick to ask a pertinent question. "That's a Satanic ceremony. Isn't it? Will someone be killed?" he said to his friend trying to be witty as well as learn something about the secret ceremony. Stan had known from previous conversation that Dave and Lisa were into Witchcraft and suspected the worst. "Oh no," stammered Dave, trying to save the situation, "We're white witches. Our powers are used only for the benefit of mankind. I'd really like you to see what our service is like. An invitation like this is not given to anyone. Consider yourself special." "Okay," Stan assented, "but I'd like to take a friend." To ice the arrangement, Dave agreed.

A week had passed, and then a late-night telephone call spoke of arrangements for the following morning. The mass would be held in Downtown L.A. A more specific address had not been given. "Could we pick you up at eight tomorrow morning?" Stan agreed and called Andre.

The car pulled into a nearly empty parking lot in a run-down section of the city. The adjacent brick building was windowless and abandoned. They stepped into the early morning air and quickly ducked in a side door. An attendant met them at the atrium and ushered them into a large open room.

The room was without windows and electric lights. The only lighting came from four huge candles flickering on the altar, which was about three-feet wide and eight-feet long, and ten very large candles lining both sides of the ceremony room. Each candle was as



thick as a baseball bat and was topped by a large flame from a wick the thickness of a pencil. Carefully arranged in a semicircular fashion were three rows of chairs focused on the altar. Dave, Lisa, Stan, and Andre sat down on chairs in the first row just five feet from the altar. The walls of the room were meticulously hung with impressive paintings--some appeared very old. The floor was painted with symbols. Some were Satanic even to the eye of a neophyte. The Pentagram was seen in a number of places on the floor and on the altar. Most of the attendees wore parkas to conceal their identity. Stan and Andre were obviously the only two guests. They were told that head covering was necessary and wore baseball caps in compliance. When the thirty chairs were filled, a priestess in flowing gowns emerged from backstage and began the hour-and-a-half long ceremony.

She read from a book. They chanted. They meditated. Then she knelt in front of the altar center stage facing the people, bowed her head silently for a few moments, and then quickly left the altar.

But Stan was not completely sure that she had left the altar, for there seemed to be something remaining in her place. A silvery gray form like a cloud of smoke quickly metamorphosized into the shape of a beautiful woman clothed in a gown. The image was solid, very bright, and glowed with a luminescence. The goddess stood up raised her hands, walked commandingly from side to side, and directed her gaze to individual people in the audience. When she raised her arms, you could see through the veil she was wearing.

Stan, a no-nonsense engineer, was now staring at something for which he was completely unprepared. His entire training--cultural and religious--was impotent. He turned to Andre and asked if he saw the same thing. He nodded, but that was unnecessary for Andre, too, was transfixed with awe staring at the enchanting materialization. Stan blinked hard trying to rid the apparition only to learn that her image was unavoidable even with his eyelids closed. In other words, he was having a vision. Only if he turned his head to the side and focused on something else could he rid the vision from his mind. Surprisingly, however, the large candle lights on the altar and along the wall seemed to either disappear or wane in intensity so much that the only light in the room appeared to be radiating from the vision. It was as though the manifestation had absorbed all light in the room. If he looked in her direction, however, with eyes open or shut, she was there. For the longest time, Stan felt that she was staring just at him beckoning him with extended arms. He felt, self-consciously, that he was being singled out. She seemed to be saying: "The door is open. Will you enter?" But Stan gave no assent of his will. He refused to be born-again to Satan.

Throughout the entire materialization there was a strange and eerie atmosphere or feeling of confinement in the room. Stan could only describe it as the restrictive and almost tangible feeling of a heavy blanket over his shoulders like that of a dentist's x-ray shield or even that of a straitjacket. While groping for words to describe the feeling, he could only say that there was a palpable feeling of evil permeating the room. The oppressive atmosphere, however, was in direct contrast to the intense feeling of belonging generated by the lady's hypnotic stare. These contrasting emotions, Steve could not resolve.

The priestess then returned to the altar and as she did the goddess seemed to coalesce into a tornado-like whirl culminating in a ribbon-like wisp that disappeared into nothingness. The heavy atmosphere relented, and the service was concluded.

The drive back to West L.A. was even quieter than the drive to the meeting. A few whispers were exchanged in the back seat. "Did you see her looking at me?" Stan muttered to Andre. "What do you mean?" Andre replied, "She was looking at me?" It was then they realized that each of them had thought that she was looking at himself personally. They did agree, however, that the goddess did speak to several devotees within the group, but not to them.

At the time of the Black Mass, Stan was an ex-Catholic. Wicca and Witchcraft, according to the testimony of ex-witches, draw ninety percent of their catechumens from former Catholics. This is because that religion inculcates a predisposition for salvation by religious works. Stan, however, with God's help--whether he knew it or not--never returned.

*O Child of the Devil,  
O vessel of evil,  
Cunning witch of the fourth generation,  
Planting seeds throughout the nation,*

*Your God, your Savior, your Way, your Truth,  
Is Satan who you follow, your Messiah since youth.  
You forsook the Lord with an act of will,  
And with supernatural power you threaten to kill.*

*Your slayings now are through imprecation,  
But the time is coming, when you won't need justification,  
To lay a child over an altar,  
And rend its bowels torn asunder.*

*But more important are those in the middle,  
Who have no Father and continue to diddle.  
What they believe, makes no difference.  
You'll meet them in Hell, damn their indifference!*



**Image caught by studio web cam showing demonic activity about Art Bell's forehead. Three stages of enhancement follow.**

## 13

### Harlot the Witch

The previous story revealed how Satanic powers are used to indoctrinate new recruits. Satan seeks only the best—the most intelligent and influential in his needed area of interest. But what is the mindset of the devotee? Why does he give Satan allegiance?

Insight into this question and many others comes from an interview between Harlot and Art Bell. While Art Bell was not a born-again Christian, he was intelligent enough to ask the obvious questions. His interview, as the following dialog relates really unnerved him.

This interview answers or gives insight into the following questions:

1. How can one serve Satan knowing eternal damnation is in store?
2. Why do Satanists respect committed Christians?
3. Where is the thrust of spiritual warfare?
4. What will be unleashed during the Apocalypse?
5. How can a Satanist take pride in sending his child to Hell?

## Harlot the Witch

The following is an edited transcript of a five-hour long interview conducted on 6 December 1997 from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. on the nation-wide radio talk show “Coast to Coast AM with Art Bell.” Art Bell was syndicated nation-wide with 357 affiliates and, it was said, 15 million listeners. From a sand-blown high desert town in Pahrump, Nevada, Art Bell, a 51-year-old agnostic, conducted a revealing interview with Harlot or Patsy, a 32-year-old witch and leader of a group called The Coven of the Unholy located in Salt Lake City two blocks from the Mormon Temple.

- { . . . } Denotes stage directions
- [ . . . ] Denotes transcriber’s personal remarks along with footnotes
- ( . . . ) Denotes speaker’s parenthetical remarks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Underlined words with religious significance

**1) Why are you called Harlot?** I go around and spread webs of deceit. I adorn myself in an alluring fashion. I take great pleasure in finding a victim. I set my evil eyes upon him and bring him to sinful joy. From the Bible, a woman of my type would be called a harlot.

**2) Some would say that you couldn’t be a witch.** I’m not surprised. From medieval times witches were evil. I am a Satanic fourth generation witch. I am practicing an art that has been in my family for generations.

**3) Wiccans say that you are not a witch.** [This was based on her introductory letter which said that she was not a goddess but an evil witch.] I’ve been coast to coast and have encountered them everywhere. I always disagree with them.

**4) Why do you live in Salt Lake?** I arrived in 1989 to deceive and lead astray as many as possible. I am a full-fledged totally devoted woman who has Satan in her heart, and I take absolutely no regard for people’s lives when it comes to me handing them on a silver platter and taking them straight to Satan and Hell.

**5) Is there a God?** I believe in the existence of an almighty God, but there is a difference between belief and acceptance. I do not accept God the Almighty as my God [Lord to Christians] or a God I worship. I deny him in my life and from having any part of my life.

**6) Are there many like you?** I know dozens. We are a secret worldwide movement. We proclaim evil and uphold Satan. We are Children of the Devil.

**7) What is your purpose?** We are waiting for the time of the Apocalypse---the time of the beginning of the end. During that time, we will raise our heads notably and publicly to establish our rule on this planet—the rule of Satan.

**8) Who is Satan?** He was the greatest angel in Heaven's kingdom—"The Son of the Morning" [Isaiah 14:12 KJV]. He had beauty and vast intelligence. Satan was punished because he discovered God's plan.<sup>46</sup> He decided that it was not right that Adam and Eve be devoid of the Knowledge of good and evil.

**9) Why would anyone knowing the difference, choose evil?** It was chosen for me at birth and is signified by a birthmark in a very feminine place. My mother's mother knew what the mark meant. [Initially her parents did not recognize its significance.] Satan is the Primordial Son of God. We accept Satan as the Son of God. Jesus was a great person as Savior and Messiah within Christianity. But Jesus is not the outright Messiah. Jesus is a prophet, healer, man of great knowledge, and another virtual Son of God serving another purpose. [The assumption here is that if one desires Hell, then Satan is his Messiah. The lie, however, is that Satan is the Son of God.]

**10) Satan is the legitimate Son of God?** Yes. He is my God, my Savior, my Way, my Truth<sup>47</sup>. Hail Satan!

**11) Have you seen Charles Manson?** I respect him as much as I could pick him up and throw him through a wall. What we will do will make Charles Manson look like a Sunday school revival teacher. All will be done in the proper time frame. We are waiting for the Book of Revelations [sic] to unfold in its entirety. I recognize your [Art Bell] concept of the "the Quickening."<sup>48</sup> We are waiting for the Beginning of the End—the Apocalypse. We do not use or allow drugs or alcoholic abuse in our coven. We are of a spiritual nature. We do not create chaos without cause. We need justification [a very important word]. If someone comes against me, I will do whatever is necessary to maintain my vital existence. This is very important to us. We cannot be vital ["Spirit filled" in Christian terms] if dead or drunk. We are part of a conspiracy going on in this world created by the hands of the Devil. We are Hell-bent and Hell-bound to uphold that conspiracy.

**12) What is Hell?** Eternal torment and eternal damnation. I freely accept the punishment thereof. When I do a curse and attack someone in a spiritual way, I do not use spirits or mediators (creatures) to do my dirty work. I alone take full responsibility for my deeds. [Notice that a spiritual attack differs from using physical force.]

**13) Wiccans say an evil curse comes back on you times three.** It could come back 50 times and I would still find pleasure in it as long as my enemy was destroyed.

**14) Do you know that you are going to Hell?** Yes. I accept that fact and have no remorse in it.

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<sup>46</sup> Harlot is not always theologically correct.

<sup>47</sup> Truth: The word is *emet* in Hebrew and is the one word that perfectly describes God. The Hebrew letters represent the beginning, middle, and the end. Here the word is turned on its head for Satan because Satan's lies are his truths.

<sup>48</sup> See *The Quickening: Today's Trends, Tomorrow's World* by Art Bell, Paper Chase Press, 1997.

**15) But Hell is eternal damnation. How could you look forward to that?** I choose to live by my human nature [flesh] even if that is an abomination to God. I would rather go to Hell with honor than with ignorance. I am going straight to that Bottomless Pit.

**16) But I don't think that people go to Hell by committing an unintentional sin.** Scripture says otherwise [Hosea 4:6]. The ignorant will go to Hell. Satan, our Wonderful Master, Prince of All Evil Trickery and Deception and none greater will make a person believe that they are worshiping God and leading a good life without their ever knowing God's eternal plan. That is our mission. I take great joy when someone tells me they believe in God but are not living a godly life. Out of ignorance and lack of knowledge of the Word of God they will go to Hell. They think they are living a good life and are just human beings, but did not God's Savior say: "For many shall come to me on that day saying..." [Paraphrase of Mt 7:22-23] Oh, yes. Many shall go to Hell out of ignorance.

**17) How early did you know that you were a witch?** I realized at the age of 7 or 8 that there was something very different about me. I lived on a large farm in Alabama and worked hard. I despised sunlight. I looked at the sky and cursed God for making a bright sun. I would seek shade and lurk in shadows. I would sleep wonderfully in the daytime and awaken at night<sup>49</sup> and cause much chaos and havoc in my home. Once when a shadow came over me instilling a strange feeling, I walked outside into my sandpit and immediately drew a circle, a pentagram, a Goat and Mendez, sat in the middle, and had a precognition of my father. I then ran back into the house and told my mother that dad would be late from work. Dad did come home late. At the dinner table, mom told dad of my precognition. Silence befell the table. Two days later a 13-year-old girl was sent to her grandmother's house. Grandma then showed me some old photos that proved a bloodline in witchcraft.

**18) What is your family history?** Evil and brutal. On my mother's side, the family pioneers became destitute. Death came to the family. One of them sought help from God, but things only got worse, so he called upon the Devil. A pact in blood was soon made with Satan under the condition that he would provide their needs. Prosperity came. Some became wealthy and famous and remain so today.

**19) Malachy Martin talks about the "perfectly possessed"—those who have made a pact with the Devil:** Yes, that is correct. When one comes to the Most Unholy and Great Master, one becomes aware of the Great Conspiracy. We conspire to gain vengeance for our Master being cast out of Heaven. In our faith, there is no mercy or forgiveness. Our Master seeks victory over God's people to create havoc and destruction on this planet, to take as many as he can away from the arms of God [anthropomorphism] and his kingdom. Our goal is not to play with spells or incantations, but to use them for the above purpose. O if these Wiccans could only understand! If they only knew! I wouldn't mind if a thousand showed up at my doorstep now. The reality of the situation

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<sup>49</sup> See Whitley Strieber, *The Secret School*, 1997 for similar behavior.

is war! We war against God and his holy ones. As God's people war to obtain peace, we war to uphold our end.<sup>50</sup>

**20) What is Satan's Plan?** He wants this world to be his kingdom—his heaven. Vital existence requires a vital planet.

**21) Good does triumph over evil.** Yes, in the end, God will win.

**22) If God wins, why do you want to be on the losing side?** I have always been for the underdog—the ultimate underdog [Satan]. What God did was unjustified. The structure of Christianity and the Church<sup>51</sup> are unjustified. We are unfairly punished by the Creator who is not perfect, is very fallible, and has made many mistakes along the way. Jesus said: {Here she hisses through her teeth: “To say that name really hurts me.”} “The Father in Heaven knoweth all things past, present, and future.” [Essence of 1 John 3:20] Therefore, since God knows all future events and permits them, I hold him accountable<sup>52</sup>. If I could put God on trial, I as jury and executioner would find him guilty of all blame and punish him for crimes against this planet and the human race, and condemn him to eternal death. That is how much I despise him.

**23) Is Satan linked to UFOs or UFO abductions?** I believe that the beings performing the abductions are our enemies.

**24) If Mormonism is a cult, why are you there?** Much of the LDS faith is dead accurate. I do not believe that God governs their Church. In their museum is a pentagram. I came here [Salt Lake City] to prove how an evil person can go into a society and embed themselves within and use people to my advantage to get what I want. I like how they motivate themselves to financial gain and to the work ethic. I will not help them, however, to fulfill their goals and promises until they tell me that they believe what I do. But as long as they proclaim God, they are my enemy.<sup>53</sup>

**25) You answer like a Fundamentalist Christian.** Satan's lies are his truths. [paradox] He must lie, be deceptive, and have a diverse<sup>54</sup> heart.

**26) Must you as a follower lie?** That is exactly right. Our saying is: “By any means necessary.” I have become active within many Churches coast-to-coast without anyone knowing that I worshiped the Devil.

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<sup>50</sup> *For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*—Ephesians 6:12

<sup>51</sup> Upper case refers to the organizational structure; lower case refers to the Communion of Living Saints as referred to in the Bible.

<sup>52</sup> accountable: This word is used in Romans 3:19 NAS.

<sup>53</sup> In summary, she thinks Mormons demonstrate a vital existence, but are deluded in thinking that they are led by God. As long as they, out of ignorance, maintain this belief, she takes comfort, but will not overtly support them because of their ostensible worship of God.

<sup>54</sup> Archaic meaning: In a different direction than God.

**27) Why did you go to Church?** To lay seeds as a foundation for evil. I take great pleasure in creating havoc in the life of a believer in God. Satan uses me that way. I have been alone, destitute, and sustained only by my diverse thoughts and wicked tongue. I hitchhiked across the country alone at night to spread unholy seeds.

**28) In what form?** Lust, adultery, fornication. I take great pleasure in destroying a family. I took a Mormon from his home and put him in my lair. He lost a child and wife. I take great pleasure in having him lay on my unholy sheets by me every night. Right now, he is in my coven's war room (or black room) listening to this radio broadcast. The black room is where we practice unholy arts. He is here with my entire coven. [This demonstrates the allegiance a Satanist has to his coven and the humiliation he must contend with.]

**29) How many covens are there across the U.S.?** There are many, but they are not ready to come out.

**30) Why are you coming out publicly?** I have a purpose that has come to me in visions. I am being primed for an ascension—a ritual of the most unholy kind of All Hallows Eve [Halloween]. I will be the victim but will not die. As a child, I cried in my bed feeling sorry for the Devil and what God did to him. I would wake up screaming, hating God for what he did to my Master.

**31) Some would say that your beliefs are a mental illness.** When I was 18 or 19, my parents took me to be examined by doctors and psychiatrists. They did brain scans. I walked out without being prescribed pills. The doctors actually said that this child is “not holy.”

**32) Did you see priests?** I eat them alive. The priests understood my situation, however. They did not touch me or pray over me. We shared our feelings.

**33) Are you “perfectly possessed?”** Christ said: “Whoever denies me before men, I will deny before my Father.”<sup>55</sup> I deny Jesus with my body and my soul. I deny him from having any governorship or authority [Lordship] over me. I deny him the right of my heart. With every breath I take, I definitely want to be denied Heaven. I want the Second Death<sup>56</sup>. Our numbers will be like the sands of the sea<sup>57</sup> as we surround him and his saints.<sup>58</sup>

**34) How evil are you?** I have not even begun to express my evil intentions. I do not care what anyone thinks about me. I welcome phone calls but am looking mostly for priests or ministers<sup>59</sup>.

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<sup>55</sup> Her quote is similar to Mathew 10:33 NAB.

<sup>56</sup> Revelation 2:11, 20:6

<sup>57</sup> Terminology is from Jeremiah 15:8

<sup>58</sup> This gives her the illusion of having won and assuages her fatalism. See Questions 5 and 53 for other denials.

<sup>59</sup> She wants to engage them in conversation. As will be explained later and as was seen in Question 32, only priests and ministers understand her position.



**35) If Satan knows he will lose, why does he not repent?** God needs an opposer [adversary] or he would never have existed to begin with. Why was the serpent allowed to tempt?--because God is susceptible to boredom and needs an adversary. Satan does not want repentance; he wants vengeance. Satan wants to damage God and the foundation of what he has built.<sup>60</sup>

**36) Wiccans say they are the true witches and that Satan is an invention of the Catholic Church.** I would welcome their coming here and torturing me. These people lack the Master, the Supernatural Being of All Power. String me up and burn me. I believe in reincarnation. I have lived before. Burning me will advance my life to inflict more evil. I have no mercy and will not give it. I have used soul-journeying many times in a state of sleep and left marks on my enemies. If it takes me 40 years to find someone and I am in a wheelchair, I will find them and inflict evil on them.

**37) Are you a Freemason?** No, but, yes, the conspiracy runs deep and is very old.

**38) Have you ever felt sorrow for anyone?** No.

**39) Some call Clinton the Anti-Christ.** All presidents have done their part. Church affiliations are feigned [by presidents]. I have sat in 23 denominations of faith and become active. In Louisiana, I had dealings with the governor's staff [but cannot say more]. Politics is corrupt.

**40) Male caller: Yes, there is a conspiracy of evil, but there is also a conspiracy of good through Wicca, not the Hollywood hogwash of witchcraft.** Do not be surprised if someone from our coven introduces himself to you appearing nice and sweet, because in the end, our diverse heart will conquer you. I would preach about God, if in the end that meant upholding Satan.

**41) From a Wiccan's viewpoint, you are fanning the flames of the Inquisition.** Are you afraid of retribution? I am not.

**42) As a Wiccan, my acts are not evil. We are of the Right-Hand Path and want to help society.** It is still witchcraft. Get some backbone, because what you are doing is not godly.

Caller: We practice Nature worship. She is acting out a Hollywood movie.

Art Bell: But she says she is worshiping Satan and makes no bones about it. You say you are worshiping Nature but deny Satan.

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<sup>60</sup> This is the theological premise, or great lie, that motivates Satanists: Out of boredom, God created Satan, the Primordial Son of God, who became the unwilling adversary. For this role, the ultimate underdog, receives allegiance—not mercy—from his subjects. Jesus Christ, the other Son of God, did not accept the challenge. Both are Messiahs and Saviors to their respective 10%.

Caller: We worship a Force, not a person.

Harlot: Oh, no! There are those who go to Hell out of ignorance, and those who go out of honor. Once I despised Wiccans. Now I think they are silly. I cannot convert America to Satan. That will be done by every individual in his heart.<sup>61</sup>

**43) Have you tried to know God?** As I light a cigarette and drink vinegar, a most unholy drink, I must say I tried to worship God to see if he could impact my life. I tried to pick up Christ's cross and follow him, but my life became complicated and confusing.<sup>62</sup> I had a dream. I awoke on the sand partially nude. An angel appeared and pointed up. I looked up into a bright light. Christ appeared and said: "I would never forsake anyone<sup>63</sup>, but you will forsake me!"<sup>64</sup> A bolt of lightning struck and threw me to the floor. I awoke in a sweat on the floor. I became rebellious in the Church. I defiantly asked if God did not pre-ordain everything and caused great embarrassment. So, I left. Is not God the liar and Satan the Savior? Propagation was first by incest [meaning Adam and Eve's children] and then God changed his mind.

**44) Caller: Satan was thrown to Earth in 1914.** Satan has been on Earth way before 1914. I will not go to Heaven. I am grateful that I am not going to Heaven. When the evil begins, we will have mercy on no one. When the mark<sup>65</sup> is given, we will rule. I am a witch from my mother's side of the family. If the Apocalypse were here, I would behead you!

**45) Caller: Belief in Satan is a crock. It is an excuse for evil.** I and I alone am responsible for my own dirty deeds done dirt cheap. I and I alone must suffer the consequences. I state my damnation and am guilty of eternal death. I freely accept it. Even though my own son was taken from me early [killed by her ex-husband], I do not blame God.<sup>66</sup>

**46) How will God smite Satan and his followers in the End Times?** An angel will open the Bottomless Pit [abyss] with his keys<sup>67</sup>. Satan will be restrained there for 1000 years. Then he will be freed for awhile to roam, tempt, and establish a rebellion. He shall then be thrown to the Bottomless Pit [should be the Lake of Fire] where the Anti-Christ and False Prophet already are [Scripture does not mention anyone being there now.]. Satan and his followers shall be devoured by fire from God's mouth.<sup>68</sup>

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<sup>61</sup> This is a takeoff on the Christian concept of conversion. No person can bring another to Christ, and no one goes involuntarily to Christ.

<sup>62</sup> The same happens to a Christian when he puts down his cross.

<sup>63</sup> Hebrews 13:5

<sup>64</sup> 2 Chronicles 15:2 and Matthew 26:21

<sup>65</sup> Mark of the Beast in Revelation

<sup>66</sup> The anti-symmetry is stark. The Satanist does not blame God for misfortune in his life and reveres Satan. The Christian does not blame Satan for sin in his life ("Satan made me do it."), and reveres God.

<sup>67</sup> Revelation 10:1

<sup>68</sup> Her description is close, but a more Scriptural account might be rendered as follows: Both believers and the unsaved will see two resurrections. The first fruit of the believer's or First Resurrection is Jesus Christ while the first fruit of the unsaved or Second Resurrection is the Anti-Christ. The believers are resurrected

**47) Caller—a 21-year-old female Druid: I don't believe magic is evil. Jehovah was a prophet. God resides in Nature. I draw from my inner self.** Keep believing your faith because I will welcome your presence with an unholy cup of tea in the place of fire and brimstone. You are afraid to believe in a One True God and One True Satan. My mission is to convince people [like you] that they are right in their sins and to die without asking forgiveness. You can play at witchcraft and your spells, but the bottom line is to keep you happy [in your ignorance].

**48) Caller: My power does not come from trinkets and amulets, but from within.** We Satanists will claim the middle ground, the field in the middle.<sup>69</sup> They will be crushed by the hand of God and also by Satan. We want to destroy the middle.<sup>70</sup>

**49) What about Hindus?** There is only one Good and one Evil. I prefer people who proclaim God over people who practice an evil art and do not acknowledge the Father. I would rather have a dinner with a preacher than with one who practices magic but is not willing to accept the consequences of the Father, the true Father of All Evil. Magic is evil. It is not natural.

**50) Caller: Is sexuality one of your entrapments?** Yes, it is. I like to allure a young person with the fantasy of sexual fulfillment.

**51) Caller: What else do you do to advance Satan's cause?** Another thing is to constantly bombard the Christian faith. I counseled an alcoholic to further his cravings. As long as they are drunk, they are aloof from God. A man I was trying to lure showed a preference for my fiancé [male]. I encouraged him. If what it takes is to convince one that Satan is joyful and there is no Hell, then fine. That works as well to keep them from God and take them to Hell.

**52) Female Caller: I am a three-year member of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. We practice ancient Egyptian and godly paths. I almost killed someone because of betrayal.** I have through supernatural power taken life and will continue to do so.<sup>71</sup> But as far as physical retaliation, it must be measured, but if I were caused great pain, I would run a sword through them. The Egyptian faith caused great chaos in the

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about 2000 years after Jesus Christ in two stages, while the unsaved are resurrected about 1000 years after the Anti-Christ also in stages. The Second Resurrection will give way to the Second Death in the Lake of Fire. Whereas Hell (that portion of Sheol or Hades that was not a part of Abraham's Bosom but contained suffering) was a place of torment for the soul, the Lake of Fire, because of the Second Resurrection, will be a place of torment for body and soul. Demons will no longer occupy the abyss (Bottomless Pit) but will also be in the Lake of Fire with Lucifer (Satan) and condemned humans.

<sup>69</sup> This is very accurate. I have never heard a preacher mention this subject. About 10% of the general population is saved and work actively in God's ministry. Conversely about 10% are ardent devotees of Satan through a myriad of cults. Those in the middle belong to Satan because they refuse to be born again.

<sup>70</sup> The war by the principalities, then, is for the mind and heart of the middle 80% flanked on one side by Christians (10%) and on the other by Satanists (10%). Both poles respect each other but have little regard for the beliefs in the middle. See Jude 1:8-9.

<sup>71</sup> Currently few countries ban Voodoo murder by imprecation. The mechanism for this act is described in *Prepare for War* by Rebecca Brown, M.D., Chick Publications, 1987.

lives of God's people in the past. You are on the right track. Lay yourself totally in the arms of the Unholy Master.

Same female caller: I don't know if I will.

Harlot: You are on the right track. We will meet in Hell either way.<sup>72</sup>

**53) Caller: If you are a Satanist, you will publicly repudiate Jesus Christ.** To the entire world, I rebuke Christ as my Savior. I rebuke him. I stand against him for I am a worker of wickedness and iniquities and love the fulfillment of simple joy. I deny the cross. I deny the crucifixion for Jesus Christ walked not on this earth in the flesh. I deny him. I will never ever pick up his cross. He can carry it himself. I will never ever proclaim him as my Savior.<sup>73</sup>

**54) Female caller: You are like a Baptist preacher. Why don't you believe that God comes to different people in different cultures all over the world?** Any faith that proclaims God is my enemy; those in the middle, not so much.

**55) Female caller: I am a Wiccan raised in a coven, but I do not harm children.**

Harlot: If my son had given justification to my ex, so be it.

Female caller: How can a child possibly give justification?

Harlot: This 5-year-old once took a knife and cut me in the back. That is justification.

Female caller: Would you behead that child?

Harlot: It is not time for that yet. I have never laid a child over an altar.<sup>74</sup> I would not do it without justification. If the Apocalypse began now, every Christian child regardless of age would be beheaded.

**56) Female caller: Do you believe in Astral Projection? Why can't magic also be natural? God is not a personality that we can even understand.** We must make a choice. Those that do, I respect. Those that do not, I have no respect for. You will never reach your full potential until you accept the Father of it. I can look at a Christian and say, "You have guts."

**57) Male caller: I'm at a point in my life where I could go either way and I heard her say that she enjoys taking people to Hell.**

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<sup>72</sup> Perfectly correct

<sup>73</sup> I do not think that Harlot denies the physical crucifixion, but rather the intent of the crucifixion, i.e., redemption by blood in the flesh. Her statement is probably a reaction to 1 John 4:2 which says that every spirit which confesses Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is from God. And she is trying her hardest to show that she is not from or of God. See Questions 5 and 33 for earlier denials of Jesus Christ.

<sup>74</sup> This is perhaps a lie. Judith Spencer tells the story of a coven in the U.S. that did offer child sacrifices on a regular basis. See *Satan High Priest* by Judith Spencer, Pocket Books, 1997.

Harlot: I only take them to meet my Master. He does the rest. I personally cannot take anyone to Hell.

Male Caller: If I could make a deal with the Devil for a life or prosperity and wealth, I'd go with you. I'm struggling day to day. My kids have gone without food. I'm ready to go [to Hell]. Can you do that? Can you make the deal for me?

Harlot: You must come to a rational decision made with a clear mind and conscience. Do you drink?

Caller: Yes, a whole lot.

Harlot: Abstain for a week and begin to change your ways. You must see your life as having a vital existence so that it is more important than anything else.<sup>75</sup>

Caller: I already believe that.

Harlot: OK. You are on the right track. Can we exchange phone numbers?

Caller: Sounds good to me.

Art Bell: I'm not going to put two people together for that purpose.

Harlot: I understand. Where do you live?

Caller: Modesto, California.

Harlot: You will soon begin to feel a strange presence around you.

Caller: You will contact me?

Harlot: No sir. I will send you what you need...in the very near future...days.

Caller: Art, I'll let you know.

Art Bell: The old line that you should be careful what you ask for is in full force.

**58) Art Bell: Your son at five years of age was killed by your ex; so he has gone to God. Right?**

Harlot: In my mind, he has gone to Hell.

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<sup>75</sup> Both sides regard moral rectitude and civic responsibility; both sides require born-again motivation; but will the individual choose a vital existence, or an existence filled with the Spirit?

Art Bell: God, how can you say that?

Harlot: Based on the fact that when he was born, I performed a ritual over him in which I told (In this faith [witchcraft], we do not ask, we tell.) Satan to beg an audience with God so that this child would be of the Devil himself to be used in a most unholy way in this faith.

Art Bell: God, hasn't it occurred to you that Satan took you up on your offer?

Harlot: Yes, and I'm happy that he did. When I go to my eternal damnation, my son will be there...I will desecrate the place of Christ waiting for my menstrual cycle (my period) and I will bloody that place performing a most unholy dance over it. Jesus' arrival on Earth was the end of everything. We are still suffering to this very day. The Church itself is nothing more than a gossip hall of money. If united, the combined Churches of the world could solve hunger in one day. They could do magnificent works, but do not...but no, they let the task fall in the shoulders of government. It seems as though they do not want to solve a damn thing. The Church is fortunate in that Satan is the best friend it has ever had.<sup>76</sup> The Church makes millions off scaring people to death.

**59) Caller: I am a Christian. I don't doubt her in the slightest. We both agree that those in the middle are lost. Many young Christians think of the struggle as one of power where evil deeds are more powerful than good. But Christianity is more laid back, trusting in God's word, but there are also Christian warriors—strong Christians. Just as you drew a pentagram in the sand as a child, I buried a parakeet as a child of three, and remembered the Lord's Prayer after hearing it only once at the age of seven. I don't agree with 90% of today's Churches. Churches are in for money. I have visited hundreds of Churches...I am at ease with myself because I have a one-on-one relationship with my Lord, Jesus Christ...I would draw a line on my neck for you to behead me. {He hangs up.} Oh, that is typically Christian [abruptly leaving a strident conversation]. I respect slightly what you said. But there is nothing better to a Satanist than a relaxed Christian. The more relaxed you are, the less you impact the world and conversely the greater we serve our purpose, because you effect fewer to go to Heaven opening the door for us, and me, to come in, to effect their lives, plant a seed in their minds, and ultimately to lead them straight to Hell. I thank you for being a relaxed Christian. We need more like you.<sup>77</sup>**

**60) Female caller: I am a Diannic Witch. You said that magic is not a force. Since today's science is yesterday's magic, is not magic a force that science has yet to quantify? And is it not my responsibility to use magic (that force) correctly? I can use it to run my computer or to kill. Responsibility for your actions is of prime importance. If I were to go out tomorrow and commit an act of cold blooded murder, I**

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<sup>76</sup> God gave 10 Commandments. Satan gave 9 Statements. The ninth Statement is: "Satan has been the best friend the Church has ever had, as he has kept it in business all these years." See *The Satanic Bible* by Anton Szandor LaVey, Avon Books, 1969.

<sup>77</sup> Perhaps this Christian showed that rare combination of intensity with a relaxed mannerism? If not, then intensity is the missing ingredient.

would go into a courtroom, look the judge in the eye, and say: “End of Trial. I have done what I have done. Now you must carry out what you will. There will be no trial. I am guilty.” I will boldly stand in front of a jury and say that I killed. If I curse somebody, I let it be known and recorded. I take responsibility for my actions. I must receive no mercy. I must be more hateful, conniving, and evil than my enemy. Retaliation to me increases the evil. Hail Satan! That is what I am all about.

**61) Same caller: I am a pagan, but I view Satanism as a radically dissenting Christian sect because you follow the same belief system but work the opposite side of the street.** No. It is nowhere near the same. Here’s an example. Christians say: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the merciful, etc.”<sup>78</sup> Blessed they may be in the eyes of God, but unholy blessed by our army of cloven hooves who will stomp and trod them down. Isn’t this different hon? It is totally different. They do not uphold magic or any art not in their Word. You step on me, and I am going to knock your cotton-pickin head off. We are totally different to the extreme—extreme violence, extreme brutality, and extreme evil. Wiccans talk but will not encounter me face to face because I don’t goof around with incantations, spells, and hexes. The bottom line is that I will kill through supernatural powers if I so choose, or I will carry out brutality through my coven and warlocks of a medieval nature without remorse. I have warlocks so loyal, they will not flee from the police.<sup>79</sup>

**62) Harlot: May I say something in conclusion, Art? Hail Satan!**<sup>80</sup> Great is his power! I understand your position, Art, carrying out your destiny in this world. Hail Satan! We are glad to be on the air because it helps all understand the Quickening, etc., but, world, Satan exists; evil exists. I hope you Wiccans all don’t do a damn thing because the middle will be crushed so the real Armageddon can begin. Thank you, Art, for the time. Hail Satan!<sup>81</sup> Great is his immortal power, the Primordial Son of God himself. Good night America.

**63) Art Bell:** I’m going to have to do a lot of thinking about what I have heard. {Long silence} It is strange. Early on I thought we were being put on, but as the hours wore on it became absolutely obvious that we were not being put on and that she believes exactly what she says. In a way, I thought it did Christians a great service to hear this. In a way, in regard to those who have not chosen, who are in the middle (and I count myself among those, by the way) I think she’s absolutely correct which does not mean, in any way, that I agree with her, but with regard to those who waffle, those who are in the middle, there is a great area of agreement between those who would call themselves devout Christians and our friend, Hail Satan, here. So very provocative indeed; and I will have to do some very serious thinking about what I have heard over these hours as I am sure perhaps you will as well. {A long silence} Fascinating!

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<sup>78</sup> Matthew 5:3

<sup>79</sup> There is a reason why Satanism is often associated with Christianity. Although Satan has been active among the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman cultures, the present manifestation of this faith requires Jesus Christ as an adversary and the Bible as the Most Unholy Book.

<sup>80</sup> The Christian counterpart is “Praise the Lord!”

<sup>81</sup> Three times she vociferates her mantra. In the Bible, three repetitions take on special significance. See Isaiah 6:3, Jeremiah 22:29, and Ezekiel 21:27.

## **Postlude**

Two weeks later, on 19 December 1997, Art Bell was doing Harlot the Witch recording reversals with David John Oates when he looked over to the web cam screen and noticed a ghost-like image over his head. He immediately saved the footage. Subsequent photographic enhancement of the ectoplasmic display revealed a bevy of demons clustered about a Latin cross flitting over the front of his head. The time marker stamped on the picture was 1:26:21—a time that can be read correctly forward or backward. Also hidden gematria calls attention to the numbers three-six-three.

Outside of a personal briefing by God or his ministering angels, this interview gives more insight into the workings of a minion of Satan than can be gathered by a life of research.



*Talk to the Lord  
Here and there.  
Speak to the Lord,  
Do not despair.*

*Ask of the Lord  
Where to go.  
Seek in the Lord  
What to know.*

*Praise to the Lord,  
For your seal!  
Pray to the Lord  
That He may heal.*

## 14

### **Julia Khouri**

It was a Thursday morning in 1991. Julia Khouri of Alamo, California was at the Oakland residence of Samira Kawar for a prayer meeting. Julia was sitting opposite Samira at the dining room table praying with her eyes closed. A glittering chandelier hung between them casting colored rays on the white crocheted tablecloth. Suddenly she gasped: "Samira, Samira, I see an angel over my head!" She was gazing into the chandelier. By her description, he had a white gown with a golden belt. There was a smile on his face. He carried a rod and touched Julia with it. What did it mean?

Julia and Samira had been praying that Satan be bound and restrained from influencing their family members. Certain members needed to be delivered from unbelief, selfishness, and unrepentance. The symbolic actions of the angel in her vision seemed to acknowledge the efficacy of her prayers. Julia is convinced that prayers to bind the devil are very effective, and this was a sign from God that her belief was correct.

### **The Red Dove and the Odor of Sanctity**

Following her recovery, Ruth and her adopted son, June Yap, a Filipino minister, were making plans to begin missionary work in the Philippines. Prior to their departure, they were staying at the residence of Suhayl and Samira Kawar. The Kawars were out for the evening, but Julia Khouri and her friend, Chris, had dropped by. Julia requested that prayers be said so that God would send their Assemblies of God Church a Spirit-filled pastor. The former pastor had resigned, and the church was temporarily without a shepherd. It was 8:30 P.M. when the four knelt in prayer. Then June, for a reason known only to him, rose and said: "Let's pray over Julia." He put his hand on her forehead and began to invoke the Lord. As he did, Julia felt his hand become warm—very warm. In fact, it was hot. The growing pain caused her to fear that a welt might be left on her forehead. Either sensing Julia's alarm or having accomplished his objective, June ceased praying and withdrew his hand. Julia was so upset by the event that she immediately

inspected his hand looking for a heating pad but saw nothing out of the ordinary. When she regained her composure, she noticed that Chris and Ruth were staring at her. Was her bearing so distressing that they take such pointed notice? "Julia, there is a red dove on your forehead," both women said in almost the same words. Then a most beautiful fragrance filled the dining room. It seemed to emanate from Julia. It smelled like incense or cinnamon but was not definitely recognizable.

Then June began to pray over Chris, and within seconds her entire face became flushed. The group of four continued praying with joy.

The blood mark on Julia's forehead remained sore for the remainder of that night. At 11:30 P.M. the Kawars returned home and were able to see the diminishing remains of the red dove Julia was still wearing. They noted that the mark of a red dove on the forehead had historical roots in the person of Om Saleem many years earlier.

At about midnight, Julia, in a hyper-excited and joyful state, drove Chris home. The two women were singing and praising the Lord when a policeman pulled them over. "Do you know you were doing 45 on the freeway, mam?" he questioned while searching for some possible cause such as alcohol or drugs. No ticket was given. The joyful women were just in no great hurry to be anywhere in particular.

Julia arrived home, and woke up her husband, Mounah, a professor at a nearby university and an unbeliever. "Smell my forehead," she beckoned. He did and unflappably replied: "It's perfume." "No, it's not!" she countered. She had no reason to be surprised by his answer, nevertheless she was somewhat mollified. "This shows that Jesus is alive and well," she instructed a man who makes his living giving instructions. But God's immanence must have been tangible that night. For the first time, Mounah did not completely brush off her chattering, but sat up in bed and listened intently to her experiences--something he did not normally do. (The profession of college professor is unusually resistant to the word of God.)

This odor has been experienced by Samira on at least five occasions. It usually occurs in her bedroom when she is praying very hard. Its strength can vary from occasion to occasion. Sometimes it is very thick.

After June arrived in the Philippines and had time to reflect on the previous incident, he dropped Julia a line telling her that she had been sealed by the Holy Spirit on that day. He also explained that this was the first time that an anointment had come from his hands. He also gave a hint as to why he prayed over Julia in the first place. June, who claimed the gift of prophecy, warned her to be very careful with her speech. "You have fire in your mouth," he said. "If you bless someone, they will be blessed. If you curse someone, they will be cursed. So be very careful what you say."

### **A Vision and a Call to Prayer**

One day Julia was on her knees praying with her eyes closed when the Lord gave her a vision, which, as she described it, was like viewing a television screen. She saw two hands pressed palms together with fingers pointed up at chest level. At first, Julia thought he was describing the Catholic format for prayer, but not so. Julia was at one time a Catholic but now belongs to the Assemblies of God Church. She prays regularly for her present church and the pastor. Through the "Word of Knowledge," she was told that this symbol meant that the congregants were to have a spirit of prayerfulness because many churches are prayerless.

### **The Word of Knowledge**

Julia was at church when the Lord showed her a particular young lady on her "viewing screen" through the "Word of Knowledge." He asked that she pray for her. No reason was given as to why. The lady was sitting there in front of Julia, and it was the first time in seven months that Julia had seen her. As Julia began silent prayer, she suddenly found herself binding the spirit of suicide. They soon parted. No word was passed between them.

A week later following the church service, Julia asked her out for lunch. Mona accepted. At lunch, Julia explained that the Lord had instructed her to pray for her the previous week in church, and in the course of praying, she found herself binding the spirit of suicide. "Were you contemplating suicide last week, Mona?" she asked. Expressionless, she nodded her head and quietly said: "Yes." Julia spent the next hour consoling her. She learned that she had first thought of suicide eight years ago, and while in this condition, she was made deaconess in a Presbyterian Church. Following lunch they said a parting prayer, and Mona was severed from her depression.

If you wish to be used by the Lord, simply ask him to reveal to you whom you should pray for. Pray with fervor. There is always someone in need of prayer.

RaJean, RaJean:  
From mother's womb he called you near,  
To hear his Word so young and dear,  
To stand alone in prairie clover,  
Told the world would soon be over.  
You beamed and blurted, face aglow,  
The Lord alone would you follow.  
RaJean, RaJean.



15

**RaJean Speaking at All  
Himalayan Women's Conference  
in Siliguri, India**

### **RaJean: Born Again**

In Christian circles it is common practice to share one's biography, i.e., give a testimony of coming to the Lord. Usually, it is a special time that evokes such sharing: a camping trip, a missionary venture, a retreat, a special guest at home, or introducing one's self to the congregation. Occasionally one may hear a testimony with no clear-cut incident of coming to the Lord. The speaker will describe how he was subsumed in a Christian culture from his earliest memories to adult hood. In fact, he was always a Christian because that was all he knew. Such a story could well have been RaJean's story. In fact, it was, until the Holy Spirit illuminated a particular moment in her life.

When World War II broke out, Raymond Thayer, a native of southern Nebraska, was drafted into the navy and stationed in Coeur 'd Alene, Idaho. His wife, Alice, soon followed with two young daughters. In September of 1944, less than one year after the birth of their second daughter, RaJean, born two months premature, became the third daughter and final child to the Thayer Family. During the family's transitional stay in Idaho, they helped establish a congregation in the Church of Christ before moving on to California and Arizona. The spring of 1947 saw their happy return to Nebraska and the opportunity to settle in one of the oldest C of C churches in the state.

The Church of Christ is a covenantal church with no hierarchy. Jesus Christ is its head. This particular branch of the Church of Christ prided itself for having no financial ties to other Churches of Christ, and no instrumental music. Members were not taught the written doctrines familiar to many other denominations such as the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, or the Heidelberg Catechism. Instead, oral tradition mandated the study of Scripture verse by verse. The church taught baptism by immersion after the age of accountability and served the Lord's Supper every week. But neither of these practices was considered to be a sacrament. And in the late forties and fifties, members believed that only they had correct doctrine and there was no salvation outside of their church.

When the family of five moved back to Davenport, Nebraska, a town of about 400 people in a farming community off state Route 4, they moved into a large house with a double lot on the edge of town. As the little 2 1/2-year-old girl began to explore the back yard to her new home peering over chest-high grass, she was awestruck by what she saw, what

she smelled, and what she felt. As far as her eyes could see—boundless rolling plains with waves of grass beneath azure skies. She was a miniscule seed beginning to sprout in a creation so vast she could only guess what lay beyond. She was free. She was home.

The Thayer home was an extension of church. Church members drifted in and out of their house. Dad's Bible was old and dog-eared. Mom had a number of Bibles. Someone older often read to RaJean. But in the third grade, Mom bought her youngest daughter a large-print New Testament because she promised to read it herself. Television had not made its way into many rural Nebraskan homes at that time, so much time was spent reading, singing, and playing musical instruments. Dad was an accomplished cornetist. The three girls were given private voice and piano lessons and learned to play an instrument in the school band. They sang as a trio on many occasions but were not allowed to sing at Church of Christ services.<sup>82</sup> Socially the family would attend as many Gospel singing sessions within the state as they could afford.

While in elementary school, RaJean would clean the old church building with her big sisters Jacqueline and JoLee. The Church of Christ was about five blocks from their house. A very devout child, RaJean would often dream about making an apartment for herself in the basement so she could always be close by.

As the child grew, sin took on an expanded meaning. People became complex. Some of her Christian friends were lethargic and a few backslidden. Many of her teachers were Christians, but some were agnostic, and even atheist. Most of the theologians she knew were very legalistic. After enrolling in 18 units of college-level bible courses, her world was stood on its head. She met some non-C of C people who really knew Jesus Christ and asked her questions she could not answer. It certainly appeared to her that there were many people headed to Heaven with church doctrine different than C of C.

By the age of 24 she was married<sup>83</sup> and mother to her first child. Questions began to haunt her. Questions such as, was she really sure that she would go to heaven when she died? What constitutes salvation? As a Bible teacher, she could be neither unsure of doctrine nor double minded. She had to answer these questions once and for all. Does not the Bible say: *Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth--(2 Timothy 2:15)*. Should she not search "the scriptures daily (to see) whether those things were so" as Paul said in Acts 17:11 to the Bereans? She had never heard the term "rapture" before and began to study end-time prophecy. But more importantly, her church had never used the terms "saved" and "born-again" as labels. In the C of C, she was taught that she was saved when immersed in the waters of baptism. But her new friends said that it occurred before that, when she had made a true and final decision. Did not Mark 16:16a say to believe and be baptized in that order? And who was damned? Did not the same verse conclude by saying that "he that believeth not shall be damned" with no mention of baptism?

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<sup>82</sup> Soloists and small groups were forbidden.

<sup>83</sup> Married 6 June 1965

When was she saved? She couldn't let that question go. Was there a turning point like her Baptist friends said? If so, when? Turning the question over in her mind, the Lord relented and turned her mind to that awesome day in the spring of 1947. While staring transfixed over the boundless prairie she had heard a voice from deep within that was more like knowing than hearing. The feeling emanated was "The world will end in my lifetime." The little girl's answer was immediate and matter of fact: "Well, then I'm going to follow the Lord." So, this was her turning point, her born-again experience, and her moment of salvation.

I queried RaJean about the word "follow." Wasn't that a big word for a two-and-a-half-year-old? Wouldn't she more likely have said: "I want to be with you Lord." To this RaJean replied that "follow" was both a church and family word. At church she was taught that the C of C was the only one *following* the pattern of the early church and all were to *follow* the Lord in baptism. At home her mother always reminded her to *follow* her older sisters to the extent that the word was interchangeable with "obey."

The word "my" was used in the prophecy rather than "your" because this feeling was internalized or instilled within RaJean. Since the feeling internalized within her, "my" was more appropriate than "your." Regarding the meaning of the verse, the recipient definitely showed *spln* (*sensus plenior*) admitting that she did not have a complete understanding of what was meant. RaJean has no specific definition for what "The world will end in my lifetime" meant.<sup>84</sup> But *spln* does not bother RaJean for she trusts in the Lord to lead and has fixed her eyes on Jesus, the Author and Finisher of her salvation!<sup>85</sup>

Today RaJean Vawter lives in a Christian<sup>86</sup> home in Texas with her husband Gary and, in marked contrast to her early life as one of three girls, they have three sons: Brock, Brent, and Brad. The Vawters's are active in a ministry named Vawtermark Ministries, Inc. that takes them on occasion to Asia, Europe, and the Americas.

Just recently RaJean received a 24-line locution from the Lord. In this locution, the Lord asked RaJean to assemble a group of Christians for prayer, praise, and sharing. He wanted "his people" to take part in the harvest without procrastination. The meeting agenda was not about salvation because it was assumed those attending were saved. It was about sanctification in their lives and being sensitive to God's will.

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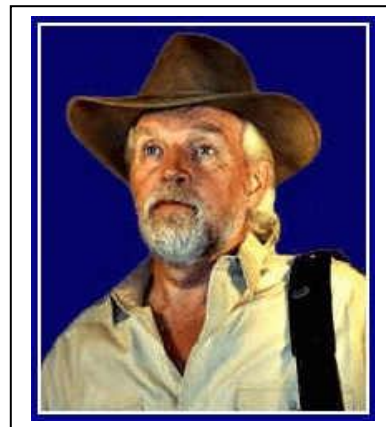
<sup>84</sup> The author's viewpoint is that the Rapture was implied.

<sup>85</sup> Email from RaJean 10 May 2001.

<sup>86</sup> Christian Home. The children were raised in Baptist and Episcopal settings.

*In a land strange and foreign,  
lay a treasure old and forgotten.  
In a taxi on untrod lane,  
The driver knew no English plain.  
Where to stop, where to look,  
Prayer was entered in my notebook.*

*His car then stalled, again, and again;  
I erected stones there and then.  
The following day at each stone mound,  
I hiked the land eastbound-westbound;  
And there they lay a Bible landmark,  
Drogue stone, tombstone, Noah's Ark.<sup>87</sup>*



## 16

### Ron Wyatt: The Lord's Archeologist

To put the works of Ron Wyatt in perspective, it is necessary to take a chronological look at what has been accomplished by leaders in the field of Biblical archeology.

- 1798 Napoleon Bonaparte's soldier, Lieutenant PFX Bouchard, discovered the 3x2x1-ft 1676-lb Rosetta Stone in Egypt on a bank of the Nile with parallel texts in hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek. On 14 September 1822, Jean-Francois Champollion discovered the key<sup>88</sup> to the translation. Eventually Egyptian text supporting the Children of Israel in the Land of Goshen was found.
- 1811 Claude James Rich, of the East India Company, identified ancient Babylon from inscribed bricks brought in by a fellow agent from a site 50 miles Southwest of Baghdad.
- 1820 Claude James Rich spent 4 months sketching mounds he suspected to be Nineveh near Mosul. He collected indecipherable tablets and inscriptions.
- 1835 Sir Henry Rawlinson, a British army officer, discovered the famous Behistun Rock with inscriptions written 400 feet above the roadway. The inscription was by Darius, king of Persia 521-485 BC, under whom the Temple was rebuilt.
- 1845 Sir Austen Henry Layard, the father of Assyriology discovered the first of 5 palaces of Assyrian kings mentioned in the Bible.
- 1872 Henry Layard published an account of the Gilgamesh Epic, a Babylonian account of the Flood. The story was a sensation rivaling Darwinian theories.
- 1876 British scholar A.H. Sayce and later Hugo Winckler, a German cuneiform expert, discovered archeological proof of the existence of the Biblical Hittites in Turkey.
- 1902 M.J. de Morgan's expedition found the famous Hammurabi Code. Hammurabi was the king of Babylon and contemporary of Abraham in 2000 BC.
- 1923 Sir Charles Leonard Wooley found in Obeid, 4 miles West of Ur an inscription by Annipadda, king of Ur, the oldest historical document in the land of Abraham.
- 1947 An unnamed Bedouin shepherd boy discovered broken pottery and scrolls, which led to the Dead Sea Scrolls. The famous Isaiah Scroll is now housed in the Shrine of the Book in Jerusalem.
- 1966 Prof Yigael Yadin uncovered Herod's two palaces, the Roman camps, and layed out the siege plan for Masada.

<sup>87</sup> This poem narrates Ron Wyatt's experience as he entered Dogubeyazit, Turkey for the first time on 9 August 1977. Unprepared for the adventure before him, he was accompanied by his two sons, Danny (17), Ronny nearly (15), and the Lord who answered his prayers.

<sup>88</sup> The Egyptian language is part ideographic and part phonetic. After making this discovery, he toured the world translating as many Egyptian texts as he could find.

- 1977 **Ron Wyatt** locates ark drogue stones, ancient housing, tombstones, and the remains of Noah's Ark near Dogubeyazit in Eastern Turkey. The site was first observed by Rashid<sup>89</sup> after a 1947 earthquake. An aerial photograph was published in Life Magazine in September of 1960. The Turks built a visitor center at the site in 1987.
- 1978 **Ron Wyatt** identified Joseph with Imhotep, Pharaoh Djoser's Third Dynasty chancellor. He identified the pits as the grain bins of the Bible. He later found the site of the Red Sea crossing Nuweba Beach and located Rehidim and Mt. Sinai as Jebel el Lawz with the neighboring altar, 12 pillars, sketches of the Egyptian god Apis, and bounds set by Moses. Solomon's twin pillars commemorating the Red Sea crossing were also located.
- 1982 **Ron Wyatt** got a first glimpse of the stone box surrounding the Arc of the Covenant at Jeremiah's Grotto. He found: Table of Shewbread, Golden Altar of Incense, Golden Censer, Menorrah, Very Large Sword, Ephod, Miter with ivory pomegranate on the tip, and brass shekel weight.
- 1989 **Ron Wyatt** pointed to locations for Zoar, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboiim. Layers of ash were found in strata. Recognizable city structure was photographed at Gomorrah. Sulfur balls encapsulated in ash were found in Sodom and Gomorrah. These same balls were seen earlier by Drs. William Albright and Melvin Kyle in 1924.
- 1994 Dr. Carsten Peter Thiede while visiting Magdalen College in Oxford, England noticed three papyrus fragments of Matthew that he thought were older than the 180-200 AD dating. He redated them to 60 AD making Matthew an eyewitness to Jesus. The fragments were originally found by Rev Charles B. Huleatt in Egypt.

The purpose of the above list is not so much to recount the major Biblical archeological discoveries of the last few hundred years, but to show that most researchers even when backed by large expeditionary funding have had a limited locus of activity. The case of Ron Wyatt is remarkably different. With little money for travel, no formal education in the field of archeology, and scant vacation time, he managed to make the most important Biblical confirmations of all time, but not without controversy and in an Indiana-Jones fashion. How? The introductory poem tells the story.

If God has been invited into a man's life, then God will guide his footsteps.<sup>90</sup> Such was the case in Ron Wyatt's life. Four incidents are recalled from his life that demonstrates this very principle.

## **Turkey—1977**

Although Ron was a born-again Christian, the very term "born again" is not limited to religion. In 1960, at the age of 27 Ron was born-again to Biblical archeology when he saw an aerial photo of a boat-shaped object on a mountain near Ararat in Life Magazine dated September 1960. He wanted to explore the site first hand, but as an anesthetist with two young children, the opportunity would have to wait until the two boys, Danny and Ronny could be left at home or taken along.

On 9 August 1977, the 17 and 15-year-old boys found themselves with Ron in an old taxi trundling down a dusty road in search of Noah's Ark. Seventeen years of hopeful anticipation would soon turn to realization or tragedy. And right now, it looked like tragedy. He had spent three days traveling: a bus from Istanbul to Ankara, a train to

<sup>89</sup> Ref: David Fasold (d 1998)

<sup>90</sup> Footsteps: *Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.*—Psalms 17:5



Erzurum, and a taxi to Dogubeyazit. Now he and the boys were in a taxi headed southwest from Dogubeyazit to wherever the ark may lay. But where? Nobody in the town spoke English, not even his taxi driver. There was no one to query about the Turkish expedition that came through this same town seventeen years earlier. They had traveled for hours over a high rocky region between rugged mountains and now they were returning with their silent taxi driver to Dogubeyazit.

The Bible says: *For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them*—Matthew 18:20. So Ron and the boys prayed that some sign would be given as to where to look--perhaps a stalled taxi. Minutes later, the taxi did stall. While the driver checked under his hood, Ron and the boys gathered stones and made a marker by the side of the road. As abruptly as the taxi had stalled, it began to run smoothly again. But minutes later, it coughed to another stop. Again, Ron and the boys piled stones, this time a few less. Mysteriously, the taxi resumed normal operation only to stall for the third time. This time the passengers were less avid about gathering rocks—only one apiece and the taxi driver was getting used to the charade and was probably thinking he had vapor lock or water in his gas tank.

After reaching town that evening, the group ate and slept. The following morning, they returned in another taxi to the closest and smallest rock pile. Trusting in God that this was a sign, they hiked away from the roadway. That day they found an ancient and huge drogue stone tall as a man with Crusader Latin crosses scratched on the surface. This was one of several stabilizing stones used by a ship at sea during a storm. Ron had seen such stones, albeit smaller, in the Mediterranean. But here it was at an elevation of 6000 ft.

The following day's quest began at the second rock pile. There he found an ancient rock house with radiating stonewalls and tombstones with eight people inscribed on them indicting the order of deaths for a woman and a man. The tombstones showed a man wearing a tunic. A giant 12x12x12-ft altar was found in an amphitheater-like hollow in a mountain. Were the eight people the Biblical eight in the story of Noah?<sup>91</sup>

On the third day, he found the remains of the boat-shaped object he had seen years earlier in Life Magazine. His dream was realized. Later expeditions to the area would prove that this, in fact, was Noah's Ark.

In summary, if Ron and the boys had not prayed, that entire expedition might have been fruitless. If they had not had the faith to build three rock piles, but two or one, then so much less would have been rediscovered. Remember what Elisha said to the king: *Take the arrows. And he took them. And he said unto the king of Israel, Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice, and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said,*

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<sup>91</sup> In the Chinese script, the pictograph for "boat" is made up of the following components: vessel + eight + mouths. The story is plain. The ark or boat contained eight people in a vessel. The pictograph for "flood" has these components: eight + hands joined + earth + water. With eight people joining hands (in the ark) water was over the whole earth. Ref: C.H. Kang, a Christian pastor and Ethel R. Nelson, a former medical missionary in Bangkok. Article written by Pulpit Helps, February 1977.

*Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice—2 Kings 13:18-19.* In this incident, Ron Wyatt took full advantage of what the Lord had offered. And so it would be through his remaining career.

### **Site of the World's First Rainbow**

It was a beautiful June day in 1988. The taxi driver called Dilaver, Dr. Nathan Meyer, Ron Wyatt, and his fiancé Mary Nell were headed to a point about 200 feet in elevation above the ark to view an ancient stele with a pictograph of the original ark, eight people, and two ravens. But their ascent was abruptly halted by a band of Turkish soldiers. While waiting at the camp outpost for headquarters to confirm or deny passage, it began to rain. Looking down upon the ark and the recently constructed visitor center, Mary Ellen remarked to Dr. Meyer that it would be something to see a rainbow from this site, since it was here that the first rainbow in history arched over the earth. That was all Nathan Meyer needed to launch into a beautiful prayer--as it was described by those who heard--to witness such an event at God's behest. Maybe five minutes went by, then a double rainbow began to form, which from their vantage point extended from the stele to the ark. A hushed silence fell on the group, then photos were taken as permanent reminders that God, faithful to his word, will never again destroy the world by flood<sup>92</sup> and that this same God who said to Jeremiah: "*Am I a God at hand, and not a God far off?*" (Jeremiah 23:23) was close by.

### **The Ark of the Covenant and Jeremiah's Tomb**

In 1978 we find Ron Wyatt diving in the Gulf of Aquaba off Nuweba Beach making the greatest back-to-back Biblical archeological discoveries of all time within a space of one year. On his first dive he found chariot wheels marking the crossing of Pharaoh's army. Returning a few months later to dive at Nuweba Beach with his two sons, he became severely sunburned and was forced to return up the Israeli controlled Sinai Peninsula to a hotel in Jerusalem where he could convalesce and then return home. But after two days, he felt well enough to tour the immediate area around his hotel, which was near the Damascus Gate. In his wanderings, he encountered an Israeli archeologist familiar with Roman antiquities and engaged him in a long conversation. At a certain point in their conversation, he stopped and in a strangely impromptu manner, his left arm shot up and gestured to a nearby dump while he said: "That's Jeremiah's Grotto<sup>93</sup>, and the Ark of the Covenant is in there!" Ron was dumbfounded at what he had just said, but before he could recover, the archeologist, equally out of character, said: "That's wonderful! We want you to excavate; we will furnish you permits, put you up in a place to stay, and even furnish you meals!" The offer was as unbelievable as his statement. But Ron hesitated to ask for time to think the offer over and determine if it was God that was working here.

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<sup>92</sup> Genesis 9:11

<sup>93</sup> According to Ron, his arm did not point to the traditional site of Jeremiah's Grotto, but rather to Skull Face on the Escarpment just to the left, which at that time was a local dump.

After returning home and finding references to Jeremiah in 2 Maccabees 2:2, a deuterocanonical work, and the Paralipomena of Jeremiah, a pseudepigraphal book, he learned that there might be a historical connection between Jeremiah and the Ark of the Covenant. That and the fact that he was now convinced that God obviously had a hand in this whole affair caused him to contact the Israeli archeologist and began digging at Skull Face in January of 1979. Three years later on 6 January 1982, after removing a prodigious amount of stone and gravel, he came face to face with the stone casing enclosing the Ark of the Covenant. God had led him to this site, but not without tons of excavation and arduous tunneling through solid stone on his part.

### **An Angel as Messenger in a Time of Distress**

It was a stifling hot mid-September afternoon. Any movement in direct sunlight would bring beads of sweat to exposed skin already baking in the sun's rays. Here we find Ron repairing a faulty fan. And sitting not far away but in the shade was the new man at the Skull Face dig site, a Christian medical doctor who two days earlier claimed God had given him certain revelations about the enterprise. This really worried Ron. Had God sent this man to relieve him of his responsibilities? The hovering man, the heat, the broken fan, his wasted time removing trash from the surface when he could have been working subsurface, and the fact that he had not made much archeological progress in the last year brought Ron to a nadir of despair. Why not just quit, he thought? Maybe he had outlived his usefulness. Maybe he should cut short his stay. Maybe...

“God bless you in what you are doing here!” a voice suddenly spoke. He shifted his gaze from the fan to the top of the garden walkway. There at the top of the steps stood a tall thin man with a smile on his face gazing intently at Ron. He wore present-day Moslem clothing—almost. Probably, Ron thought, similar to what Christ would have worn. No one was allowed in through the guard booth, but rather than challenge the man, Ron tried to be friendly and asked: “Are you from around here?” “No,” came the reply. “Are you a tourist?” Another negative reply. Just as Ron was beginning think that this stranger did not take an interest in him, he abruptly spoke: “I’m on my way from South Africa to the New Jerusalem.”

Ron’s fumbling fingers came to a rest on the fan. The sultry heat of the afternoon seemed to dissipate as his eyes locked onto the stranger. They held each other’s gaze for a prolonged moment, then the stranger repeated his timely eulogy: “God bless you in what you are doing here!” He turned and walked up the garden path behind a palm tree and out of sight. An angel? Was this man going to the New Jerusalem an angel? “Hey Ron.” A voice from the bushes startled him from his entrained thought. “Do you suppose

that was an angel?” Unbelievable. The only witness was the person adding to Ron’s present grief. “At least,” Ron replied meaning that maybe it was the Angel of the Lord.<sup>94</sup>

After working the remainder of the afternoon oblivious to the heat, the hovering Doctor, and his recent depression, he stopped at the guard shack on the way out and asked who the noon-time visitor was—the tall man attired in ancient Jewish garb. First silence, then stunned looks. Finally, one of the women emphatically answered that no one like that had ever come by their booth. Well, Ron thought, he must be on his way to the New Jerusalem.

### **Ron Wyatt and Controversy**

Every Christian in these End Times must war<sup>95</sup> against principalities and powers in heavenly places.<sup>96</sup> Ron was no exception attracting such recent internet snipers as Andrew Snelling and even people who rivaled his work or worked temporarily with him. Some of the major obstacles to his not being accepted by the End-Times generation are elucidated below.

I remember a newsreel showing Adolph Hitler reading a request by the Allies that he not invade a number of countries. After reading the names of five or six countries, the Bundestag broke into laughter because of the preposterous request. Ron’s detractors use a similar technique, i.e., they will read a list of his discoveries the mere length of which is taken as a sign of fraud. This charge is particularly galling because it eliminates divine intervention. When this man set his heart to explore in a given area, the Lord had literally guided his footsteps to the artifact at hand.<sup>97</sup> This many people cannot accept.

Prevailing establishment theories are hard to overcome. Consider the famous case of Ignaz Semmelweis (1818-1865), a Hungarian who studied medicine in Vienna and practiced obstetrics at the world’s largest maternity clinic, a German hospital in the same city. Doctors and medical students attended one unit in that clinic; midwives attended another. In the unit attended by doctors, young women had a 12% mortality rate from puerperal fever, whereas the unit attended to by “ignorant midwives” had one-third the mortality rate, and women admitted as street births had even less. Ignaz then made the revolutionary deduction that the doctors and medical students often performed autopsies prior to delivery and brought “cadaveric particles” with them. So, in May of 1847, he ordered that all hands be soaked with chlorina liquida and later a cheaper chlorinated lime solution before an obstetric examination. The mortality rate in 1848 dropped to 1.3%! As additional proof, he injected “cadaveric particles” into the vagina of rabbits. They died under conditions similar to his autopsy results. So embarrassing was this medical discovery, he was fired from his post. Returning to his native Hungary, he, as the Chair

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<sup>94</sup> Angel of the Lord. A theophany of self-manifestations of God, i.e., Jesus Christ. See Genesis 16:7-14, 21:17-21, 22:11-18, 31:11, 13; Exodus 3:2; Judges 2:1-4, 5:23; 6:11-24; 13:3-22; 2 Samuel 24:16; Zechariah 1:12, 3:1, 12:8.

<sup>95</sup> War. Wyatt Archaeological Research

<sup>96</sup> Ephesians 3:10

<sup>97</sup> *A man's heart deviseth his way: but the LORD directeth his steps*—Proverbs 16:9.

in Obstetrics, lowered the mortality rate at St. Rochus Hospital in Pest. Still, the greatest pathologist of the day, the German Rudolph Virchow, attacked him publicly as did the Viennese medical journal. This controversy wore so heavy on Ignaz that he eventually entered a Viennese mental institution, where he succumbed, it is said, to injuries inflicted by the staff.<sup>98</sup> And so it is with the Noah's Ark not being on Mt. Ararat.

A similar tale can be told about Olaf Ohman, a Minnesota farmer who discovered the 1362 AD Kensington Runestone<sup>99</sup> on his property in 1898. Academics called him a liar and a fraud. Because of the constant ridicule from the locals, one of his sons committed suicide. Vindication did not come until long after his death. For Ron Wyatt who died of colon cancer on 4 August 1999, vindication has not yet come from the secular press.

Another major cause of disbelief involves spatial recognition. Some people just cannot see the difference between the ark and the local terrain, or the rivet and a typical rock. I have seen this first hand. On my desk at work is a fossil. Some people come in pick it up and say: "What is that—a log, a rock?" Even after being told what it is they refuse to accept the finding. On the other hand, other people just walking by my door will suddenly stop and say: "Where did you get the vertebra?"--instant spatial recognition. For them I do not have to point out the rib juncture points, the smooth ligament attachment zones, the bone's elongated cell structure, or the two dimples for the spinal column. Some refuse to believe all the evidence. Why? I don't know. They just do.

Archeology has been called the most corrupt of sciences. Scientists build their premise and then make sure they find only supporting evidence much like a prosecutor in today's court system or a theologian for a particular religion or a lawyer for his client. This is true because belief colors what we see. The first rule of St. Augustine's Biblical hermeneutics as summarized by Ramm<sup>100</sup> is that the interpreter possesses a genuine Christian faith. To unbelievers the Lord said: *By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive*—Matthew 13:14.

In summary, the leading reasons the archeological community (reviewer) rejects Ron Wyatt's findings are:

- 1) The reviewer lacks the Christian faith.
- 2) The reviewer cannot accept his far-ranging prolific discoveries and the fact that this could only have happened with divine intervention.
- 3) The reviewer is unable to compromise the traditions of the establishment. (This viewpoint increases with increased formal training.)

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<sup>98</sup> Singapore Microbiologist, Microbiology and Biotechnology News, by Dr. Mark Taylor, April-June 1999

<sup>99</sup> Runestone: The graywacke (dark gray sandstone) weighs 202 lbs. and measures 31 by 16 by 6 inches. On one face of the stone is written: "8 Goths and 202 Northmen are on acquisition business from Vinland far to the west we had an encampment by 2 shelters one day's time north from this stone We were fishing one day. After we came home, I found 10 men red from blood and death Hail Mary deliver from evil." Written on one side of the stone: "I have 10 man by the sea to attend to our ship ten+4 days journey from this wealth. Year of Christ thousand + 3 hundred + 6 tens + 2"

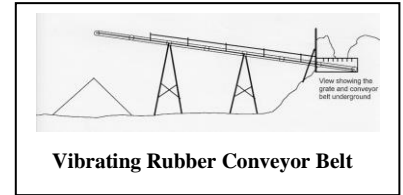
<sup>100</sup> Ramm, *Protestant Biblical Interpretation*, Grand Rapids: Baker, 1977:36-37

- 4) The reviewer sees inadequate academic schooling in the finder and improperly documented explanations for the findings. (This viewpoint also increases with increased formal training.)<sup>101</sup>
- 5) The reviewer has limited spatial recognition.

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<sup>101</sup> *Mary: Past, Present, and Future* by Ron Banuk, Wittenburg Press, Toronto, 1999, p 68 with ideas by A.E. Wilder-Smith.

*God took young Bill to the brink of death,  
to show the man there was no other way;  
but to trust in Him with his last breath  
would bring him life forever and a day.*



17

### **The Bill Coonce Story**

A miracle occurred in the life of young Bill Coonce. Looking back after it was all over, one could ask where it all began. In God's mind, this miracle and the supporting events were known and arranged from eternity; but a human search for the event that was the ancestor of all to follow would probably point to a day in the Autumn of 1970 in Gardena, California.

Bill had just begun his last year at Gardena High. In nine months, he would be out of school and earning enough money to put some independence in his life. The thought began to cross his mind more frequently. Even now as sweeping long strides took him down the corridor to his next class, he knew his school days would soon be over. Gone also would be the two basketball coaches now walking his way. They had never spoken to him, but Bill sensed their interest today. Being soft spoken he had never initiated a conversation, and furthermore, he did not play basketball. But today would be different. Mr. Panovich, the varsity coach broke off his conversation with the assistant coach and stopped in front of Bill initiating an eye-to-eye gaze. "Tell me, son, why aren't you playing ball for me?"

Bill was jolted. No beating around the bush here. He fumbled for words. "I guess I just never thought about it; no one has ever really introduced me to the sport." The dumb reply didn't faze Panovich a bit. He looked at the 6-ft 8-in boy and said, "Come out for practice and try out for the team. Give it a shot."

Bill did just that. He made the team but started the first game on the bench. George Lofton was on the floor dragging down rebounds for his third letter as starting center. But the coach had other designs for center. After only a minute, Bill was told to go in for George. He started cold but soon adjusted to the rhythm. By the end of the first quarter, there was no looking back to the bench. He was the new starting center.

They only won two games that year, but the camaraderie of team sport was so intoxicating he made arrangements to play for Harbor Junior College after graduation. The school was about ten miles away and like most California junior colleges was practically tuition free and actually offered better instruction than many four-year colleges because of the lower teacher to student ratio. For athletes, JCs are a dream come true. A boy, who normally would be joining the work force, could have an excellent education at little cost close to home, with the chance of a partial scholarship offer from a four-year school upon graduation. And so, it was with Bill.

Both he and his teammates were offered full and partial scholarships from a number of teams, but only one school made the offer to both Bill and his buddy, Bart Lebon—the University of Alaska. So it was without misgivings that the two became roommates in Fairbanks, Alaska.

To a Californian, it was a cold land where the sun just skimmed the horizon, but it was new and different. He actually enjoyed his change in life. As some consolation, the remainder of the team was from California, Oregon, and Washington. But the biggest consolation came at the end of the season when the Nanooks won the state basketball championship for the first time since the school's founding in 1914. To this day, an autographed basketball under glass is there to attest to their phenomenal season.

When summer came, some of the team went home while others stayed behind and worked locally. Bill had made contacts with some local businessmen during the playing season, so he decided to use their influence to find him a job. Under advisement he applied at the local Labor Union for a job that was on the lips of everyone in Alaska—the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. It only took a week for his number to come up. And off he went on the wings of fate to Prospect Creek Camp on MP 136 Haul Road. This was one of the 29 camps dotting the line. It was remote--about thirty miles north of the Yukon River in the heart of Alaska.

The Alaska Pipeline was an engineering marvel; and Bill felt privileged to be part of the team, to traverse the majestic wilderness that few people will ever see, and to make good money. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline began at the North Slope of Alaska at Prudhoe Bay and meandered in a zigzag fashion for 800 miles to the ice-free port of Valdez. The pipe was 48-inches in diameter with 420 miles above ground and 380 miles below. Buried sections were insulated and sometimes refrigerated to prevent the permafrost from melting by the hot oil in the pipe. Above ground, sections were often supported by pilings with heat pipes designed to remove heat from the ground to preserve the permafrost. It crossed three mountain ranges (Brooks, Alaska, and the Chugach Ranges), 34 major rivers, and was elevated by 13 bridges.

When Bill joined the crew in the summer of 1975, there were about 25,000 employees and contractors working for Alyeska. When it was all over, 70,000 would have worked the line with 31 losing their lives. With six years of preconstruction gestation, it took only two and a half years to complete the project. The whistle blew to start work on 27 March 1975, and on 20 June 1977, the first slug of oil moved through the line. The pipeline was a monument to private enterprise and a modern wonder of the world.

But there was a mystery to this modern wonder. The pipeline's vertical support members were built strong enough to carry a second 48-inch-diameter pipe on top for natural gas. Instead, at Prudhoe Bay there would soon be forty-eight 747 jet engines pumping billions of cubic feet of natural gas back into the ground continually, day in and day out—a national waste. Furthermore, according to Lindsey Williams who wrote *The Energy Non-Crisis*, there was more oil under Gull Island surveyed and capped than in all of Saudi Arabia!

But these problems were not on Bill's mind as he began work as a flagman. His first job found him posted at a blind intersection on a 28-foot-wide dirt access road with banked sides sloping 15 feet downward to the tundra below. Often times there would be no



traffic for twenty or thirty minutes. On one such occasion, he was squatting by the side of the road pitching rocks when he suddenly caught the sound of a semi. Looking down the road, a pipe-hauling semi was barreling toward the intersection and turning around he caught sight of huge earthmover headed the same way. A collision was imminent. He grabbed his sign and sprang to his feet. But he never remembered standing up. In fact, his next conscious thought was waking up on the tundra floor some 15 feet below. Being tall and coming up from the squatting position in a moment of panic had caused a temporary blackout lasting a few seconds. When he had climbed back up the bank, the roadway was clear—no wreckage and no trucks. Amazingly, the truck drivers were with God's help skilled enough to avoid an accident. God had seen to it that this would not go on that young man's conscience.

His second job was at a gravel screening plant. The Alaska Pipeline Project needed 73 million cubic yards of gravel for work pads, roadways, and airfields—enough to put all of Manhattan Island under more than a yard of soil. Getting soil was easy but doing it without scarring the landscape was an art developed on the project. One technique was to carve away at a valley within a mountain and expand the valley until the entire mountain was eventually nibbled away leaving behind a volcano-like mound. While this process was going on, nothing could be seen from the pipeline or the neighboring access road. Inside this man-made valley were three men, and a huge vibrating rubber conveyor belt. The conveyor belt rested on an inclined ramp. (See picture above.) The ramp began at the inner side of the mountain and extended about a hundred yards out into the center of the valley. At its terminus, the ramp was over a hundred feet above the ground. A rubber conveyor belt moved gravel up the ramp to the terminus where it would free fall to the ground forming a cone that could extend upward a hundred feet or more. This gravel would then be loaded onto trucks for use on the pipeline.

A mechanic had the responsibility of keeping the machinery for the vibrating conveyor belt in operation. An earth-moving operator brought the raw soil dug from the ever-widening core of the mountain to the conveyor belt. He used the world's largest G-Series wheel loader—a Caterpillar 994D. This monster had four rubber tires about six feet high, weighed 206 tons, and could carry 40 cubic yards of gravel and rock in its front-end bucket.

The third man in the operation was Bill. His job was to clear rocks from the vibrating grate. If there were no grate, the Cat 994D would simply dump his monstrous load into a hole which would funnel the soil onto the conveyor belt up the ramp and off the terminus to the cone below. But the idea was to screen out any rocks larger than eight inches. To do this, a large grate five feet wide and twelve feet long with an eight-inch iron grid stood three feet above the heavy rubber conveyor belt. The conveyor belt vibrated so intensely that it shook the grate above so that the gravel was never jammed. The grate was 15 feet deep in a hole below the roadway. One side of the roadway banked upward against the mountain and the other side would have banked downward to the valley floor. The machinery for the belt and grate was stationed here. A steel wall the size of two garage doors lined the hole and protected the machinery. This wall kept the soil from falling down to the valley floor and onto the machinery when the hole was filled.

So the normal course of events was as follows: The wheel loader would fill the hole over the grate with one and a half loads. A full second load would leave a slight mound and a third load would leave a mound about 15 feet high. The grate would vibrate and in a short time the top of the mound would be level with the roadway and a few minutes later there would be a 15-foot hole down to the grate. At this time the wheel loader would be back with 40 more yards of soil depending on how far he had to go for a load. If any large rocks were clogging the grate, it was Bill's responsibility to flag the wheel-loader driver who would then lower a heavy chain into the hole. Bill would slide down the steep sides of the hole and wrap a chain around all rocks that needed to be hauled out. Some were huge boulders. Meanwhile the machinery was constantly moving making it impossible to hear normal speech. So, communication was by hand signals.

Bill did not like this job. Getting in and out of the hole was difficult. There was always the possibility of a cave in. A boulder could snap loose on any haul forcing him to dodge a lethal cannonball. So, he learned ways to mitigate time in the hole. One trick was to cull rocks from the pile before they reached the grate. This was proactive culling and he learned to be good at it.

On the fateful day, the sun was shining without a cloud in the sky. The wind and temperature were not even noticeable. Lunch was over and Bill was thinking that it couldn't get better than this. The wheel loader had just dumped his last load leaving a 12-foot-high mound behind him as he headed down the road and across the valley for another 40 yards. Bill looked at the mound—a perfectly rounded mound with a beachball-sized boulder right at the peak, like a cherry on an ice cream cone. It was impossible to miss and impossible to ignore. Up he climbed after the boulder as he had hundreds of times before. Planting his feet hard in the mound, he pushed the boulder to the front, and watched as it gathered speed tumbling down the mound to the roadway. Normally he would have been right behind the rock making his own way downward, but this time was different. Bill could not move. He was up to the center of his calves in soft soil and sinking deeper as the mound settled toward the vibrating grate.

No matter how hard he pulled on one leg or the other, it was impossible to move either foot more than an inch. Now his thoughts turned to the grate below, his feet falling through the grate and being snapped like twigs by the conveyor belt. But he might not even get that far. He was sinking deeper now. The mound was approaching the level of the road and he feared he might soon be buried. Frantically he started shouting as loud as he could, but the machinery straining under a full load drowned him out. Then he noticed the wheel loader coming toward him about a hundred yards down the roadway. Waving his arms frenetically over his head he caught the attention of the driver. Thank God! He would be saved. Then, the implausible happened—an event that could not even be imagined at a time like this. The driver stopped his wheel loader, reversed direction, and disappeared behind a hill.

Then as was mentioned in Ester 4:14, he began to look for help from another source. Bill was now buried nearly to his waist. If he could not extricate himself when he was up to

his calves, even thinking about it now was out of the question. In just a few seconds, his boots would contact the grate and the crunching would begin. Splintered pieces of his legs would soon be rumbling up the conveyor belt. There was no one to help. At that moment, he realized that he was going to die. He ceased struggling, and almost immediately, a strange calm swept over him. He looked around one last time and actually admired the landscape, the skyline formed by the volcano-like silhouette, the escarpment surrounding the valley, the blue sky, and the serenity of the moment despite the rattle of the conveyor line and reciprocating machinery. He was conscious of what he was doing. Was he crazy? Why the overpowering suffusion of love for Klondike surroundings at a time like this? Is this how one leaves the world? Then, in a manner that cannot be explained to this day, he simply stepped out of the gravel as easily “as stepping out of a bathtub of water,” to use his own words. He walked over to the steel wall and sat down with his back to the wall staring into space. Slowly the realization crept through his cranium and into his heart: God had saved him.

The wheel loader driver finally came back. It turned out that he thought Bill was waving him off. Then his boss came by as he usually did once a day and asked why he was not working. Bill calmly told him the story and then added that he would never go near the pit again.

On the following day he realized that every day hereafter was a gift from God. His new job was cruising up and down the pipeline in a flatbed truck filled with hay and grass seed repairing berm exits where drivers had moved their vehicles off the road onto the tundra. After that he had another turn at flagman before the summer ended.

God’s intervention in the affairs of man, however trivial and however apparently natural, is always a miracle. Since God is in control of all events both good and evil, he can alter or curtail any miracle as he sees fit. In this story, we can push his rescue progressively **backward** in the following hypothetical scenarios: 1) Bill becomes aware of his predicament, with God’s help at an earlier moment, and extricates himself while he is only up to his ankles. 2) Bill is given firm ground atop the mound and comes down easily after moving the boulder off. His feet never sink into the soil. 3) The boulder rolls off by itself, leaving Bill without having to climb the mound. 4) The wheel-loader driver loads the boulder such that it is buried and must be extracted later by chain. 5) The wheel-loader driver never loads the boulder. 6) Bill is assigned to berm repair and not screening. 7) Bill’s union number never comes up. 8) Mr. Panovich is so intent in conversation with the assistant coach, that he never sees Bill.

But God being almighty can also push the rescue progressively **forward** into the jaws of death as these hypothetical scenarios show: 1) Bill sinks up to his shoulders before he miraculously steps forth. 2) Bill sinks in up to his head. The wheel-loader returns, and the driver is about to dump 40 yards over Bill’s head when an angel motions to the driver to stop and turns to raise Bill from the pit. 3) Bill sinks deeper into the hole. His feet slip beneath the grate when the machinery mysteriously stops for the first time the history of operation at that site. The machinist and the wheel-loader driver find Bill safe in the pit like Daniel in the lion’s den.

The question I am asking is when does God say “enough,” and choose to intervene and how does he intervene? Since the scenarios are infinite, we will never know for sure why God picks one moment and not another. What we do know is that God loves his believers dearly. He could have rescued Bill at any of the eight back and three forward steps noted above but chose not to. Maybe the moment of rescue comes with an act of faith followed by being filled with the Spirit as Bill was when he was gazing at a beautiful landscape in the apparent last moments of his life. Then again, maybe the reason Bill was rescued at all was so he could tell this story of God’s love to you.

*This is a story about oil, God, and a man:  
Oil that flows from the prophet's gourd;  
Oil that flows from the earth's own hoard.  
One will fall from head to boot;  
The other from cavern to seep will shoot.  
Together they swirl, comingle, and thread  
A path prepared by the Lord's hesed<sup>102</sup>,  
To guide a man we wish Godspeed,  
A man they call Hayseed.*



## 18

### Hayseed Stephens

#### Early Years

The parents of Hayseed Stephens, Ernest and Anna, were poor. Not dirt poor, because their farm house did have wooden floor boards, but as poor as a \$500 annual salary would take a family on the wind-swept plains west of Abilene, Texas during the depression years. The birth of their first child, Lois in 1927, was both a blessing and a foreboding—a blessing because the couple wanted to raise a family and a foreboding because Anna was soon to experience a series of miscarriages. This meant that the new household outside Tye, a town of 47 people, would never have the critical mass to prosper. So, Anna prayed like Hannah before her that if God would grant her a son, she would somehow give him back to the Giver. Conception is a gift of God. This Anna knew. She loved her husband and wished him a son. She prayed for years. Then just before Lois' eleventh birthday, Anna gave birth to Ernest Harold (Hayseed) Stephens in her own home on 30 October 1938.

“Ernest Harold, get wood!” his mother often said; and he did, of course knowing she wasn't beyond wagging a 2x4 at him if he stepped out of line. Before school, the young boy would begin at 4:30 by milking the cows and feeding the hogs. Then he would board the bus at 7:00 for an hour's ride to school. After class and a long ride home, there was always plowing or picking cotton. On weekends, the boy would play chicken yard chunk, i.e., hit rocks with a stick in the chicken yard. It was here that he began to develop his God-given athletic abilities.

The boy had three qualities that set him apart: an uncanny arm, situational awareness or peripheral vision, and an unstoppable drive. Together they spelled athlete. He began playing sandlot baseball at Tye and in 1953 at the age of 14 he pitched in the Pony League World Series in Washington, Pennsylvania. At Abilene High School, he played both baseball and football pitching the Eagles to two state titles and passing them to two

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<sup>102</sup> *Hesed*. Hebrew for lovingkindness.

state football championships. In fact, his football team won 49 straight under coach Moser, a record that still stands. In 1999, the Coach Moser's team of 1956 was voted the Texas high school team of the century. A four-year scholarship brought the young athlete to Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene, Texas to be coached by the legendary Sammy Baugh. Here he became an honorable mention All-American for the Cowboys in 1960 and won the Sammy Baugh Award which is given to the nation's top passer. In that year's Copper Bowl, he was voted Outstanding Back. College was not easy. Even though he was on scholarship, when his football schedule permitted, he worked from 3 to 11 PM at an oilrig to put his fiancé through school. After graduation, Hayseed married his high-school sweetheart and cheerleader, Mary Gene Bradshaw and immediately set his sights on a pro football career. With a 5-foot eleven-inch 190-lb frame, he became quarterback for the Louisville Raiders until mid-season in 1962 and then went with the New York Titans where he quickly became known for his rib banging bullet passes and arching spiral bombs. Sports writers said he was in complete command on the field, a master of audibles, and most dangerous in critical third-down situations. But he only stayed with the Titans for a season turning over the reins to Joe Namath as he headed back to Texas because of a critical family situation. Back in Texas he played a few games with the Odessa Roughnecks. In one well remembered game against the Toros before he became a Christian, he demonstrated a trait the Lord wanted to commandeer and mold to his own ends. With his team badly beaten, himself bruised and bleeding from the forehead, he walked to the 50-yard line, tore off his helmet, face the cheering Toros fans, and behind a thinly guised smile, thrust his arm high in the air with an unambiguous gesture showing pure defiance.

### **Born Again, and Again, and Again**

The Bible states quite clearly how one is saved: Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3:3 KJV. Hayseed attended the Christian First Baptist Church with his parents in his early years and knew the above verse very well. So, it was at the age of nine that he walked down the aisle of the local community church and openly embraced Jesus Christ as his Lord and savior. At least that was what he said, and why not, most confessed the Lord as their savior at that age, why should he be any different. But there may have been some uncertainty in his actions because three years later at the age of twelve, he again walked down that same aisle. And it did not end there. Again, at the age of 16 he went through the same motions. So, what was he—three times saved? In retrospect, he was not saved at all. His heart was not in his actions. There were no fruits of the Spirit. The same Hayseed that entered the church exited the church. There was no change in his life, no earnest desire to read the Book, to tell someone of God's Word, or to praise the Lord in prayer and song. So, what Hayseed really did was publicly deny the Lord three times like Peter in the Bible. But Peter later affirmed the Lord's love three times (John 20: 15, 16, 17). This then would be the same path that Hayseed would follow.

During the college summer breaks, Hayseed learned to roughneck in the oil industry with J.E. Miller & Sons out of Abilene. What the crew sweated in the hot fields during the

week, they would replenish with Chivas Regal on weekends. The party scene became ingrained within Hayseed in his college years and followed him into the pros and back into the oil business in 1963. It remained with him until 1978. In that period God was remote compared to the tangible, the here-and-now, and the smell of oil. Within a year of leaving football, he made his first million dollars in oil but soon lost it, regained it and more, lost it again, struck it rich again, and then lost everything as he spiraled into a black hole after losing a large sum of money at an Oklahoma Christmas party hosted by Eddie Childs of the Western Oil Company.

The ride home became increasingly painful as his stupor from liquor was replaced by a sobriety of consequence. This time it was bad. What would he tell his wife? Yes, he was a loose cannon—an uncapped well. Would there be peace and order in his life again? Where would he hitch his wagon? These and other desperate thoughts crossed his mind his car radio brought a strident voice to his ears. A black preacher was extolling the Lord—a powerful Lord—the Savior from Hell—the source of supernatural wealth. For the first time in his life, he listened. It was the unction he needed. It was a God that kindled a spark of awe, maybe just enough to instill a wonderment.

So, for two winter weeks, he vainly reached for God. Then at 9:30 on the Monday morning of 16 January 1978, grief and repentance poured across his soul. Clutching his Bible, he fell to his knees and asked God to speak to him. Opening the Bible at random, his eyes fell on John 20. In that pericope, the Lord was not gone; he was still here. There was no reason to weep. In fact, John, the apostle that Jesus loved, gave the reason for writing his account of the one Gospel: That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name. And so it was that Hayseed was saved for the first and last time of his life. Instantly he was regenerated, indwelt, baptized in the spirit, sealed, and anointed.<sup>103</sup> In time, he would be filled with the Spirit.<sup>104</sup>

He was transformed, born again<sup>105</sup>, a new man with Jesus Christ as his Lord. In his Bible he wrote a Quote from D.L. Moody: “The world has yet to see what God will do with, the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him.” Like the apostle Paul’s rechanneled fervor, Hayseed diverted his energy from conforming to the world to working for Christ. By September, he was in Prudhoe Bay preaching his first revival. But the Lord did not want Hayseed as a registered minister. He was to minister as a believing Christian businessman and remain an oilman. In Hayseed’s own words: “God spoke to my heart one day and said, ‘Okay, I want you to go back into the oil business.’ And he spoke very clearly out of Second Corinthians, Chapter 9. ‘I want you to go back into the oil business

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<sup>103</sup> Regenerated (Titus 3:5). Indwelt (Galatians 3:2, Romans 8:9). Baptized in the Spirit (1 Corinthians 12:13). Sealed (Ephesians 1:13-14). Anointed (2 Corinthians 1:22-23, 1 John 2:20).

<sup>104</sup> It is a command of God that we be filled with the Spirit (Ephesians 5:18).

<sup>105</sup> The term “born again” is a mid-wife term literally meaning to be born of water from the Hebrew *yivaleid min ha-mayim*. In Christ’s day, Jews could be born again in six ways: converting to Judaism, being crowned king, at bar mitzvah (12), at marriage (18), becoming a priest (30), becoming the head of a teaching body (50). In each case, being born again was marked by a date and place. Jesus introduced the seventh way to be born again and the only one to merit Heaven.

so that you can provide supernatural wealth to minister in the End Days, to take my gospel throughout the whole world.”<sup>106</sup>

## **Miracle**

Soon miracle entered Hayseed’s life. He and Mary Gene’s son, Sha, nearly severed his right index finger at a West Texas drilling rig. At the emergency center in Abilene, he was told that the boy’s tendons had retracted like rubber bands into his palm and that surgery would restore the finger, but not the dexterity. But six weeks of healing and daily prayer demonstrated otherwise. Sha regained full dexterity.

In September of 1979 he was on a missionary trip with the First Baptist Church to Jakarta, Indonesia. Because he was known for overstepping the standard for what a Christian should claim, he was assigned a fore long church in the ghetto area. Stray dogs graced the altar and firecrackers competed with mosque wailings as he preached through an interpreter on Mark 16:18, a verse that many people and probably the First Church itself do not believe today: *And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover*—Mark 16:17-18. The following day as he was making the rounds to the local houses, a man who heard him preach those verses brought forth his sickly wife saying that she would die in a few days if he could not heal her. Two weeks earlier the local doctors had given her a month to live. Maybe, just maybe, he had preached too far. So he laid hands on her, prayed in Jesus name, and quickly motioned the interpreter that they leave. While walking out a frail voice said: When I get well, I will be at the revival, to which the twice-surprised Hayseed boldly replied: “It is four now and the meeting starts at six. You can be there tonight.” As he hastily left the house, he was bemused by her assurance and how the Holy Spirit prompted his reply.

When the revival ended that evening, 50 people came to the Lord, one being the once frail woman now healed physically and spiritually. At week’s end, church participation increased from 50 to over 200. An entire brothel and a leading drug dealer and gambler came to the Lord. In this, the First Baptist Church was more than mildly upset by all the commotion.

Returning home, Hayseed’s daughter, Shar, was diagnosed with melanoma—a fatal form of skin cancer. Palliative surgery would entail lymph gland removal from temple to neck leaving her disfigured and only to delay the inevitable. But Hayseed prayed over her with elders of The Living Way Church and anointed her with oil. Then just prior to scheduled surgery, a new dye test was taken only to show that the melanoma cells seen in the previous biopsy had disappeared.

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<sup>106</sup> The Globe Review, 29 December 1999, God’s Wildcatter by Matthew Kalman, Jerusalem



Although not licensed and ordained, The Living Way Church was formed by Hayseed with the help of his wife from a Friday evening prayer group. Attached to this church was the Hayseed Stephens Evangelistic Association, which, in union with the Roger McDuff Evangelistic Association, brought him to, of all places, the KwaZulu homeland in South Africa, a nation of 8.5 million people in 1983. This was just before President Botha declared a nationwide state of emergency in 1986. In 1983, the Chief Minister of KwaZulu was Chief Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi. He led the six homelands into rejecting the constitutional reforms on the grounds that blacks remained excluded from participation in the central Government. The king of KwaZulu was Goodwill Zwelethini Zulu. Hayseed was introduced to both leaders and quickly became their friends.

In 1988 with the state of emergency still in effect, 50 thousand people under detention, 30 anti-apartheid organizations banned, and President Botha giving way to F.W. de Klerk, Hayseed Stephens was invited by Chief Minister Buthelezi to address the entire legislative assembly of the KwaZulu Government. This was the first time in the history of that nation that an outsider had been given that opportunity. And he would be given two full days during what would have been a legislative session. This is a perfect example of the Mandarin Chinese word Way-Gee, which means opportunity from crisis. Christianity will often benefit from crisis situations because it is then that people are willing to listen. There were 161 legislators in office and 160 came to the Lord. The one who did not was very strident saying: “You are a white man’s plant! You are a white man’s plant! You come here teaching us we have to serve. Serve the white man is all we have done all our lives.”<sup>107</sup> The man in his hatred had misinterpreted the message that “the greatest of all should become the servant of all.” While shouting, he strode from the assembly and slammed the door.

When the meeting reconvened for the second day of teaching, the legislature was abuzz with news that the errant legislator had been killed in a head-on auto accident the night before. That made the KwaZulu legislators 100% Christian in a country that was 90% Christian. (Catholicism had only been recently allowed to practice in South Africa. It had attracted 8% of the population by 1989 after establishing its hierarchy in 1951. New adherents came mostly from immigrants and the Bantus.)

After the meeting, Hayseed offered to pray for anyone with a particular need. A prayer line soon formed. Among the first was a seven-foot legislator. He stood before Hayseed glaring down at him with a piercing gaze. In a loud and almost defiant voice he said: “I want this devil out of me. I want to be a better chief to my tribe.”<sup>108</sup> Hayseed then spoke to the evil spirit and commanded it to bend its knees in the name of Jesus Christ. The legislator was immediately freed and remains so to this day.

After the prayer line was finished, Hayseed directed his attention to a woman. She had been in attendance for the past two days and had terrible difficulty entering and leaving the legislature. She was in obvious pain from what appeared to be crippling arthritis and needed two canes to walk. Now she was sitting down near collapse waiting for prayer.

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<sup>107</sup> Manuscript “If Abraham Wore Blue Jeans” by Mary Gene Stephens with Pat Blais, 2002, page 29

<sup>108</sup> *ibid* page 30

Hayseed approached her and as he was raising his hand to her head, the Lord gave him the word of knowledge from 1 Corinthians 12:8. Hayseed spoke: “God says you have unforgiveness and bitterness in your heart and you are judgmental. This has opened you up to the enemy for this crippling arthritis to come upon you. If you will release those things, you will be instantly healed.” “You are right. What do I do?” She said. “You are just a prayer away from healing,” Hayseed replied leading her into a prayer of forgiveness. Then stepping back, he boldly commanded: “Rise and stand on your feet!” She immediately stood up. Then he continued, “Walk in the name of Jesus Christ. You are healed!” She took four steps and then realizing she was healed began to dance and praise the Lord in Zulu.<sup>109</sup>

The entire legislature was riveted on the event and for good reason. It was only then that Hayseed was told that this woman was Princess Margina, the Prime Minister’s only sister.

In October of 1992, King Goodwill invited Hayseed to a Royal Family kraal. A kraal is a village or traditional home site for natives in the homelands of South Africa. At that gathering, Hayseed spoke on the Unity of the Spirit and was instrumental in leading many to the Lord. Following the sermon, the King addressed the gathering and then introduced Hayseed to his family. After the introductions, he said: “I have called you friend to this day, but now you are to be my brother.”<sup>110</sup>

Prime Minister Buthelezi also has a strong friendship with Hayseed. During the groundbreaking ceremony of the Agape Way Bible & Training Centre, the Prime Minister said: “We do believe that Hayseed Stephens is God’s missionary among us. We have clearly seen the hand of God in all that he has been doing for so many years among the Zulu people. He has been doing what he has, prompted only by this great love known as agape. I feel that you should know how important it has been for the King and for me, personally, to have known you over the years and to have developed such strong personal relationships with you as a Christian, who has labored among our people for their benefit, and at a cost to yourself.”<sup>111</sup>

### **God’s Wildcatter**

The Shema, God’s divine plea for love, is thus found in the Book of Deuteronomy:

*Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God is one LORD:  
And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart,  
and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these  
words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine  
heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy  
children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine  
house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou  
liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind*

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<sup>109</sup> ibid page 30

<sup>110</sup> ibid page 28

<sup>111</sup> Manuscript “If Abraham Wore Blue Jeans” by Mary Gene Stephens with Pat Blais, 2002, page 29

*them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.—*  
Deuteronomy 6:4-9

In response, Hayseed has taken his vision of the Word of God and has bound them as a sign on his business cards, the doors of his company vehicles, a sign outside his office, his jacket, and his belt buckle. This logo depicts an open Bible whose page edges take the form of geological strata. Perched on the open pages are oil derricks drawing sustenance from the Word. In the middle of the Bible is a map of Israel. Perched on top of the map is the Magen David, a recent symbol now found on Israel's state flag. Within that is a derrick gushing oil. Eclipsing the gusher is a dove symbolizing the Holy Spirit. Encircling the imbrications are twelve verses depicting Israeli history relative to oil. Four bottom verses have leaders pointing to geological strata. They say that Israel has the blessings of the deep (Gen 49:25), oil from the flinty rock (Deut 32:13), oil from Job's rock (Job 29:6), and the treasures of darkness and hidden wealth in secret places (Isaiah 45:3). Six have leaders pointing to the State of Israel. The story they tell is the reaffirmation of the Davidic Covenant (Jeremiah 33), by the resuscitation of the Jews prior to the Second Coming (Ezek 37:9-10), the blossoming of the Arabah (Isaiah 35:1-2), cultivation in the millennium<sup>112</sup> (Ezek 36:6-9), and the wealth of Sodom and her sisters restored (Ezek 16:53,55) by the Siddim [Dead Sea] tar pits (Gen 14:10). The final two leaders point to the gusher, which speaks of the oil of joy (Isaiah 61:3) and the wealth of the nations coming to Israel (Isaiah 60:1,5) during the millennium<sup>113</sup>. This is the vision of a man of God.

## Israel

Three years after Hayseed was born again, and one year before he made his first trip to South Africa, he received a call from the office of the Prime Minister of Israel, Menachim Begin, inviting him to be one of twelve Christians to join the Prime Minister in prayer. Israel's phased withdrawal from the Sinai Peninsula had just been completed in April of 1982. With that withdrawal Israel had lost its only productive oil well. Now Israeli troops were poised to launch Operation Peace of Galilee, which meant an advance into Lebanon and occupation of Beirut. At first reluctant to go but finally acceding he found an opportunity to present the Prime Minister with his tall white hat. To this Mr. Begin said: "Perhaps you will be the one to discover oil in Israel?" Immediately after that meeting, he claims a revelation from God saying that the largest oil field in the world is in the Southwest Corner of the Dead Sea!

Four months later, Begin came to the U.S. for a meeting with President Reagan. Before the historic meeting he met again with a small Christian prayer group for one hour. Hayseed was in attendance. After the prayer meeting, Mr. Begin maintained a firm

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<sup>112</sup> Millennium. Ezekiel 36:6-9 and Isaiah 60,1,5 according to strict Dispensationalists like myself, Arnold G. Fruchtenbaum, and C.C. Ryrie believe these verses allude to the millennium. However, I believe, as does Hayseed, that oil may well be discovered prior to the era of peace. The long-term effects of this discovery, however, would carry on into the millennium.

<sup>113</sup> Millennium. See previous note.

stance with President Reagan concerning the situation in Beirut and made the statement that they served the same God.

In August of 1983, Begin resigned and Itzhak Shamir became leader of the Likud bloc and Prime Minister. In December of 1983, a Christian prayer meeting was held with the new Prime Minister. At this meeting, Hayseed shared with Shamir his vision of oil exploration in Israel. Impressed with what he heard; Shamir tried to open the doors of the Israeli National Oil Company (INOC) to Hayseed. But INOC had spent \$37 million drilling dry holes in the Dead Sea and did not want to share drilling rights with anyone. Later, Ness Energy was encouraged by Ariel Sharon, the Minister of Trade and Industry (later the Prime Minister) to continue exploration. Finally, after INOC went private becoming the IOC, Ness Energy International received a 130,000-dunam lease (32,500 acres) to drill for oil. This made Hayseed Stephens the first Gentile to receive a 100% lease on Israeli soil. He vowed, however, to keep only that needed for his expenses.

### **Modern Prophecy for Hayseed**

Many times, in Hayseed's life prophecy has been delivered to him. Menachim Begin perhaps unwittingly said: Perhaps you will be the one to find oil in Israel. Another incident occurred at an Israeli wedding where 11,000 guests were in attendance. Hayseed, of course, was wearing a white hat and sitting beside him was a leading Rabbi. The Rabbi then leaned over and began to speak through Hayseed's interpreter.

You are the one that Ha-Shem<sup>114</sup> has sent to deliver this land spiritually and from economic bondage. Adoshem<sup>115</sup> will see this journey through and it will be much greater than you have envisioned!

After saying this he poured a glass of water, cupped his hands around it, blessed it with a prayer, and handed it to Hayseed. The Israeli interpreter then said: "The Rabbi has blessed this water as 'living water' and as you drink, the wisdom of the Lord will fill your spirit and mind to fulfill the purpose in which Ha-Shem has sent you to us for this day."<sup>116</sup>

In October of 1995, Sister Gwen Shaw, Founder of End-Time Handmaidens, Inc. gave Hayseed a prophecy at Schindler's grave in Israel. The heart of the prophecy says:

I say unto thee that so I have raised thee up as Joseph, that thou shalt indeed be a savior unto the people of Zion, even as Joseph was a savior unto the people of Israel, his father.<sup>117</sup>

### **Geological Evidence**

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<sup>114</sup> A Rabbi would not use God's name (Yahweh or Jehovah) directly. Modern non-biblical references are Ha-Shem and Adoshem.

<sup>115</sup> *ibid*

<sup>116</sup> Manuscript "If Abraham Wore Blue Jeans" by Mary Gene Stephens with Pat Blais, 2002, page 42

<sup>117</sup> Manuscript "If Abraham Wore Blue Jeans" by Mary Gene Stephens with Pat Blais, 2002, pages 40-41

Hayseed has God's word that "the largest oil field in the world lies at the southwest corner of the Dead Sea." But is there any scientific evidence for such a claim? And if there is, why do 400 dry holes pock the surface of Israel and why have 29 oil companies failed to find oil? Didn't the Occidental Oil Company spend \$65 million to explore off the coast of Israel and didn't Hayseed himself twist off at 5858 feet?

The answers are simple. There are 400-plus dry holes because the 29 small firms have either drilled in the wrong spot or at too shallow a depth. No major oil company has drilled within Israel for fear of upsetting the Arabs. And finally, Hayseed did not have financing in 1985 to purchase one of the few rigs in the world that could go to that depth. Eventually he was able to begin purchasing a 750 HP IDECO Model H1500 which is about 20 stories high and has a 42-inch rotary table and stand-back for one million pounds of drill pipe.

Hayseed is not the first to say that a super-giant oil field with about 50 billion barrels of oil lies beneath the Dead Sea. The history of this oil field begins in the Bible with the stories of Sodom and Gomorrah. These were the first oil boomtowns in history, and they sold their oil in Jericho,<sup>118</sup> one of the oldest cities in the world. Oil was easily retrieved on the surface from seeps. Some of these seeps are still flowing today, but nothing like they were in the past because we are told that the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah were trapped while fleeing in slimepits<sup>119</sup>, i.e., oil seeps. Later God's judgment on these two cities came from an explosion of oil and gas beneath the Valley of Siddim (Dead Sea). The tremendous explosion demolished a lush valley creating a 30,000-ft tectonic plate rift and disrupting an area 40 miles long, 8 miles wide and 18,000-feet deep. Today an 18,000-ft salt dome stands over 1000-feet of sand stone guarding the oil shale reserve. The salt dome itself protrudes 600-feet from the surface, is nine miles long, and 0.75-miles wide.

Strabo (63 BC-21AD), the Greek geographer, wrote of seeps from the area of Masada, vapors of fire from the areas of Sodom and Gomorrah, and asphalt floating to the surface of the Dead Sea.

In the 1940s a Jewish geologist, Lewis Franklin, who worked for British Petroleum and Phillips Petroleum was tasked with determining where the next super giant<sup>120</sup> oil field lay. His conclusion was that it lay at the southwest corner of the Dead Sea but would only be reached in the distant future when a giant rig could bore the "deep beneath."<sup>121</sup> Accordingly he implored Golda Mier, Minister of Labor and Infrastructure, to insure that the boarder being established with Jordan remain without compromise as far east as possible otherwise it would be a cause for war in future years.

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<sup>118</sup> The three oldest cities and their defensive architecture are Jericho with walls, Catal Huyuk with honeycomb interlinked housing in Turkey, and Lepinski Vir with portable tents on the Danube. Ref: *The World's Last Mysteries*, Reader's Digest, 1977.

<sup>119</sup> Genesis 14:10

<sup>120</sup> By definition a super giant yields at least one half billion barrels of oil.

<sup>121</sup> [www.nessenergy.com](http://www.nessenergy.com) p 10 of 19

Efraim Aharoni, former chief geologist for the Paz Oil Company, who helped discover one of Israel's natural-gas fields, maintains that there is a "kitchen" under these asphalt seeps where oil is being generated.

### Who Will Discover the Oil?

The Rabbis know that Israel is not the land of milk and honey and Arabia the land of oil and wealth. They know that Moses did not make a wrong turn, in leading "my people" to the land of God's choice. But Israel's opulence to come, many believe will be oil discovered by a Gentile. This arises from the following verses:

*And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.—Isaiah 60:3-5*

To this Hayseed adds that the following verse shows where Israel's riches lie:

*And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the LORD, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.—Isaiah 45:3*

While taking a rare break from his work in Israel long enough to induce contemplative thought, Hayseed read the above verse to his Hebrew friends on a Sunday evening. The verse sparked a question: What does it say in Torah (the Hebrew Old Testament)? Listening to their on-the-spot oral translation, this is what Hayseed wrote down:

*I will shoot (gush up) to you (oil) deposits that are stored in valuable dungeon-like containers (oil traps), so that you will know that I am thy Lord the God who called you by name—Isaiah 45:3(Oral Translation from the Hebrew)*

Analyzing the above verse from an oilman's perspective, Hayseed added his own parenthetical comments

Adding detail to the strike of the millennium, Hayseed predicts that when he strikes oil "It's going to come in as a gusher and God has told me to let it gush for 48 hours, for all CNN and everybody to broadcast it all over the world. When it comes in, people will be able to say that the crazy guy said it was going to happen."<sup>122</sup>

When Ness<sup>123</sup> Energy does strike oil, there is the distinct possibility that this well, because it is so much deeper than the surrounding Arab wells, may actually lower their head pressure and drain from their reserves creating an international furor—a furor that Hayseed says could lead to Armageddon. This thought is reinforced by author Ishak

<sup>122</sup> The Globe Review, 29 December 1999, God's Wildcatter by Matthew Kalman, Jerusalem

<sup>123</sup> The Hebrew word "ness" means miracle.

Ibrahim, who states that Muslims feel that oil is Allah's gift to achieve superiority, to prove the supremacy of Islam, and to subjugate all other religions.<sup>124</sup> Any oil pumped that exceeds national requirements, could miraculously find its way to export. In the early 1970s, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat cut the Shah of Iran off from using the Suez Canal to transport his oil. So, a deal between Iran and Israel resulted in a 42-inch diameter above-ground pipeline from Ashkelon on the Mediterranean to Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba. And there it sits to this day—unused and glistening in the sunshine. If Ness Energy teed off the center of the pipeline and pushed oil simultaneously north and south the combined capacity would be 1.5 times that of the 48-inch Alaska Pipeline.

### **Future**

Nevertheless, the obstacles that Hayseed faces seem insurmountable. Many investment pundits have written off his penny stock and called his venture impossible because of the revenue needed. In fact, Hayseed's initial reaction to Mr. Begin's request that he spud for oil is that he was too small and that a task like that was reserved for the big boys. And that was before he found out that he had to bore nearly 30,000 feet to paydirt. Just recently he lost his lease at Elohim Perazim by Mount Sodom because he was unable to spud in within the prescribed period and his IDECO Model H1500 was sold from under him by Lapidoth Drilling Company to an Oklahoma firm.

Yes, Hayseed has his detractors in both the physical and spiritual worlds, but this is to be expected of a man selflessly committed to helping the Children of Israel when the world is turning in the other direction as witnessed by press reaction to the Battle of Jenin in April of 2002. But Hayseed was always good on third and long, and maybe that is why the Lord chose him for this daunting task. To strike oil, he must cross a veritable mine field of licenses, permits, leases, promises, politics, fund raising, payroll, press, labor, equipment, transportation, and logistics. Each form a link in the chain. In an international corporation, many chains winch the load. When a chain breaks, the remaining share the load. For a small independent like Ness, there is only one chain. One broken link can shut down the operation. These probabilities have made some nay Sayers on Wall Street, but his coming this far has caused others to notice the source of his strength.

Two things should be apparent concerning the unfinished story of Hayseed Stephens. When Hayseed does strike oil by Har Sedom,<sup>125</sup> it will spell the end of the geopolitical system as we know it today and it will not be by his own hand, but that of God. To this Hayseed gives his wholehearted affirmation!

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<sup>124</sup> Black Gold and Holy War by Ishak Ibrahim, Thomas Nelson, 2001, 129 pp

<sup>125</sup> Mount Sodom in the southwest corner of the Dead Sea

*He knew you when  
You knew him nay.  
He met you then  
In tunnel's bay.  
He sent you back  
To come to him  
Be born again  
To his own kin.*

## 19

### Bill Gilde

#### **An Out-of-Body Experience**

Bill Gilde's early life was fraught with hardship, even tragic one might say, but Bill never looked at it that way. To this day, he harbors no ill feeling toward his parents who spun his thread of destiny. Bill was born on 13 May 1929 in Cleveland, Ohio, the second son to Neil and Mary Gilde. Three years later the family moved to the neighboring suburb of Bedford 13 mile west of the metropolis to ride out the Great Depression. Bill's seventh birthday was in conjunction with a national and a family calamity. The nation was grinding to a halt economically and his family was split asunder. The divorce settlement gave Neil custody of the two boys. Mary, distraught over the ruling, kidnapped Bill's older brother, Neil Jr., and began a new life in Canada. Bill never saw his brother again. Within a year, Bill found himself first in a detention home and then in an orphanage in Palm, Ohio. As time went on his father stopped paying him visits, he joined the Navy, was discharged, and married a German girl.

As a truck driver in the mid-fifties, Bill put in long hours while his wife, who did not drive, worked at home. One day after a particularly long haul, Bill arrived home at 11 PM only to find out that his six-year-old son had not come home from parochial school on the bus. Bill got back into his truck and drove to the school. The school was locked, but through the window he could see his son in one of the classrooms. The nuns at the neighboring convent would not come to the door, so he went to the rectory and pounded on the door. Finally, a nun answered the door. Bill demanded to see the priest. Eventually, because of the commotion, the priest came down stairs, and quite bothered by his being roused from bed brushed aside Bill's protestations saying "Big deal. So, he was left alone. Anyways it serves him right. He was being punished for coming in late from recess." At this point, Bill said that his agreement with the school was that they return their son daily on the bus and that this violated the agreement and threatened to withdraw from the school. Not one to be threatened, the priest shot back, "Go ahead. I can replace your son with an out-of-parish student who will pay twice your tuition." Bill turned on his heels picked up his frightened son from the classroom and left the rectory, the school, and the Catholic Church co-instantaneously.



In 1953, Bill began noticing back pains. With time they increased in severity. By 1960 he had his wife routinely massage his back every morning by standing on his lower back and palpating with her feet. Two years later he was examined by a doctor who recommended fusing three vertebrae—standard practice for the time. But Bill would have nothing to do with that. “Make me stiff as a poker?” he would say, “Anyways they have been known to crack.” He refused the medical treatment of the day and continued to suffer pain day and night.

It was a mild Baltimore morning in the Summer of 1962. Bill was struggling as he walked stooped over along Cathedral Street on his way to see the company doctor at Pepsi Cola. Suddenly a spasm gripped his back from head to pelvis. Uncontrollably he collapsed onto the sidewalk at the entrance to an office building. While he was wondering how he would ever get up, a man exited the office and gave him a hand, helped him up, sat him down at a nearby rest, and began talking. He was a doctor—an orthopedic specialist. Dr. Henderson had a procedure that was not accepted by the peers of his day. He would remove the discs and let the body generate scar tissue. Usually that would be enough. Was he interested? Bill would later say that this was the first treatment that made sense. He jumped at the offer. Dr. Henderson said that in two weeks he would finish his internship with two other doctors, and then he could perform surgery. Could he wait that long? Bill said he would.

Two weeks later, Bill literally crawled into the car so Sue could drive him to Maryland General Hospital on Howard Street. After registration and pre-surgical preparations, Sue and her sister saw Bill wheeled into surgery at 9:00 AM. They waited and waited. Finally, after eight hours, a nurse announced that he could be seen in recovery. They had trouble during the operation. His blood pressure had dropped, and they were doing everything they could to keep blood flowing to his brain. So, there was Bill, unconscious with his feet up in the air and his head lowered.

When he finally woke up, his vital signs were normal, and he conversed with the girls before they left. Eventually he had the urge and fearing potential catheterization from his saddle block more than his back surgery, he slid his feet over the side, slowly transferred weight to his feet and, to the astonishment a nurse making her rounds, walked to the bathroom. From that moment on, Bill was never to feel pain in his back.

Two years later at St. Agnes Hospital while being x-rayed for potential arthritis, a doctor noticed the external scars on his back but could find no corresponding indications in the radiographs. So, he asked Bill if he had back surgery and was surprised to hear his story.

So, what happened during Bill’s surgery? Dr. Henderson said his patient shocked the surgical team when he woke up during the operation. Of this, Bill has no recollection. The doctor then gave him an injection with a new drug, which in the Christian doctor’s own words “killed” his patient.<sup>126</sup> It was a new drug, and this was the second time that a

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<sup>126</sup> It is a rare admission for a doctor to say that he had killed his patient. Bill claimed he was an honest Christian doctor and told it like it was. The following morning, Bill was examined by a team of specialists concerning the effects of the drug.

patient had died. It was also the last time that drug was used by Dr. Henderson. An immediate effort was made to resuscitate the patient, restore blood flow to the brain, increase his blood pressure, and finish the surgery.

Bill only remembers about ten seconds of his surgery time. At some point in the operation, he became conscious. He sat up noticing that as he did that his torso left another one lying on the gurney, i.e., he sat up out of his body. Bill then stood up on the gurney and, using his own expression, noticed that his feet were still in his feet. He took a step freeing his right foot and just as he was about to move his left foot a tunnel appeared. The tunnel was anything but smooth having a rough-hewn appearance. Then a voice was heard. As the voice spoke the luminous tunnel glowed white pulsating with each word. Bill knew immediately that it was the Lord talking to him: "*Bill, you still have children. I am not ready for you yet. I want you to lay back down.*"

## **Aftermath**

Dr. Henderson later died of a brain tumor at the age of 52. Bill continued to drive a truck and was never aware of any other doctor using the scar-tissue procedure for back surgery. In 1975 as Bill was driving his truck, he felt a weird sensation in his left leg and foot. It felt unnaturally hot. Maybe he had wet his pants. Pulling off to the side of the road he noticed after removing his shoe that a spur that had been causing him much trouble had mysteriously broken off. The pain was gone and, in a few days, the migrating lump would also be gone. At the time he was not praying for healing, but this he had done many times previously.

In 1982 Bill and Sue seriously started looking for a church to attend. A Lutheran relative ironically suggested a Baptist church on the main street in Linthicum. Bill had lived in town for two years and never noticed this church. Sure enough, there it was. So, they attended a Sunday service and found a home. Within a matter of weeks, they were born again<sup>127</sup> and later baptized full immersion. It is now 22 years later, and Bill still sings in the choir.

*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark 16:16*

## **Dénouement**

Bill was healed prior to his coming to the Lord, i.e., prior to being born-again. His name, however, had been in the Book of Life<sup>128</sup> since the beginning of time. God knew when

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<sup>127</sup> Born Again. *Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3:3*

<sup>128</sup> Book of Life. *And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—Revelation 21:27*

he met Bill in the tunnel that he one day would be saved. Since God is sovereign,<sup>129</sup> he can heal the saved, the not-yet saved, and the damned at his own choosing.

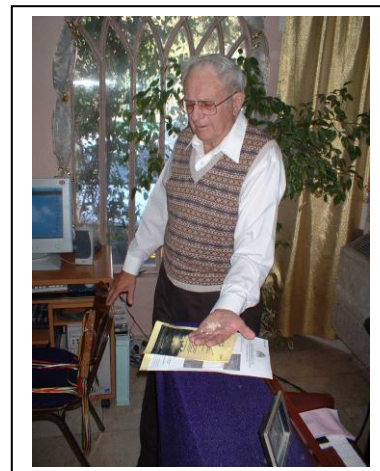
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<sup>129</sup> Sovereign. ...*the blessed and only Sovereign, the King of kings and Lord of lords*--1 Timothy 6:15 RSV

*Two blind churchgoers,  
believed they could see;  
loved the world's mentors,  
and joined the party.*

*Came to the Lord  
on a cold Wisconsin day;  
and,  
like eagles they soared  
forever and a day,*

*Bringing God's manna  
and healing to his people,  
from Norway to Guyana,  
from tent to steeple.*



20

### Harold and Kaye Beyer

The introductory poem is in three stanzas. Like our subjects it aptly describes the three phases of their lives and, for that matter, the three phases of every Christian's life<sup>130</sup> with one notable exception. When the Beyers preach the Gospel, real manna is often manifest for the congregation to see.

#### Unsaved

Harold Beyer was born in Zelandia, Saskatchewan, Canada on 2 April 1925. His parents were Methodists but became Lutherans when they moved to a farming town of 800 people in Clear Lake, Wisconsin. As a child, Harold attended Sunday meetings with his parents. Then at the age of four, his father died throwing a great burden on his mother who chose not to remarry. After finishing the eighth grade, Harold helped to support his mother by finding work outside the home. He grew with the community, practiced farming and secured a job as a milkman. In time, he built a milk-hauling business with two active trucks, which supported his wife and two children, Ron and Sue.

When Harold was twelve years old, Kaye Norum was born on 4 March 1937 in Binford, North Dakota, a town of 200 people. Her father found a pastorate as a Lutheran minister in Harvey, North Dakota, a rather big town with over 2000 people. He moved the family there. Ministerial duties, however, often brought him to other churches. One such church was a Lutheran county church in Clear Lake, Wisconsin. Separated by the state of Minnesota but joined by Interstate 94 linking Fargo with Minneapolis-St. Paul, the commute to this distant church became feasible. It was here that Kaye first met Harold Beyer and his family. Later when she was a senior at Oak Grove Lutheran High School

<sup>130</sup> See Ezra 7:10 and 1 Corinthians 6:11.

in Fargo, North Dakota, she heard that Harold's wife had died. After high school, Kaye took nursing training in Minneapolis where she met Harold who was temporarily living with his mother. Having Lutheran friends in common in western Wisconsin brought the two together and in 1957 Kaye and Harold were married at their mutual church in Clear Lake, Wisconsin. Children by Harold's first marriage, Ron and Sue, were soon joined by their children Julie, Tim, Tammy and Jillene.

## **Saved**

What—churchgoers not saved—and she a minister's daughter? Both Harold and Kaye had "attended" church all their lives. But that was the problem. They were only there in attendance. There was no turning point in their lives. At no time was either born again to serve Jesus Christ as Lord of this earth. With the deaths of Kaye's parents and Harold's mother, both sought new meaning in life. Kaye found that turning point on 11 November 1967 and then Harold two months later on 21 January 1968. Those are the dates, and the place was at a Pentecostal church in Cameron, a larger town about 20 miles distant at the intersection of U.S. Highways 8 and 53. When one is born again, there is always a date and a place of occurrence. Have you ever met a married person who did not remember where and when it happened? The term "born again" is not explained in the New Testament precisely because the term in Hebrew, *yivaleid min ha-mayim* was known and understood by the people of that age. It was a midwife term meaning to be born of water, i.e., to be born after the woman breaks her sack releasing water. There were six times a life-changing event could occur in a Jew's life: 1) becoming a convert to Judaism, 2) being crowned king, 3) at one's bar mitzvah at the age of 13, 4) when married at 18, 5) becoming a priest at the age of 30 and being nominated head of a rabbinate at the age of 50. This makes six—the Biblical number for incompleteness. Jesus added the seventh way to be born again and the only way that merits salvation. Like the others, it too has a date and place of occurrence.

From Psalms 30:10 and 54:4, we know that the Lord is our helper. In marriage, woman is man's helper: Then the LORD God said, "*It is not good for the man to be alone; I will make him a helper suitable for him.*" –Genesis 2:18 NAS. I know of a specific incident of a man who was told by God that he would send a younger helper to him in his later years to aid him in his important ministry. That helper turned out to be his wife who was 15 years younger. The situation here is similar, Kaye, spry and energetic, was to be the helper to Harold, older and laid back.

## **The Beyer Story**

It was a cold winter's morning in Wisconsin when Harold's driver got to the garage ahead of him, unplugged the line to the milk truck and backed it outdoors off the driveway and down into a ten-foot-deep ditch. By the time Harold arrived, others had backed his second truck up to the end of the driveway and attached a towrope from that truck to the one in the ditch. The upper truck strained while the lower truck spun its wheels on the steep icy slope. There was no movement. The situation was hopeless. While Harold was cogitating what to do next, one of the guys called out: "Well, Beyer,

let's see how good your religion is now!" So, Harold clambered down the slope to get a closer look. As he got to the bottom of the ditch the Lord spoke to him: "Unhitch the upper truck and drive the stuck truck out." What? If the lower truck were spinning its wheels when the upper truck was pulling from firm pavement, what good would unhitching the tow truck do? If the situation were hopeless before, now it would be impossible. But Harold unhooked the towline, signaled the upper truck to leave the area, then got into the cab of the stuck truck and started the engine. As he let in the clutch, he said he could feel two hands pushing on the truck, which seemed to climb effortlessly up the embankment. The workers lending him a hand immediately turned and walked away without saying a word. Harold's driver had just one thing to say: "Boy, that was a miracle!"

So the formula for God's help as shown here is twofold: 1) Do something. (Harold went into the ditch. Then the Lord spoke to him.) and 2) Trust in the Lord. (Harold tried to do something that normally would have been impossible.)

Shortly after Harold was born again, he had an experience that he will never forget. He was driving his milk truck into a farmer's yard when, in his own words, he felt the Holy Spirit come over him. White flakes began to accumulate on his lap. As he approached the farmer's milk cans, he pulled the truck to a stop and got out. The stuff was gone. So, he loaded the cans and started to drive the truck out of the yard. Suddenly the flakes returned. Immediately he pulled over at the end of the drive way, shut the engine and asked the Lord what was happening. The Lord spoke: *This is manna. If you will serve me, you will see signs, wonders, and miracles that others will not see.* The presence of the Lord was so great that Harold became weak and started to cry. Thinking that Kaye would never believe this, he tried to scoop the flakes off his lap with his thermos cap, but it disappeared when he disturbed it. Although he had planned to say nothing of the occurrence, when he got home, his ebullience was such that Kaye asked what had happened that day. He told her and she immediately believed him, but together they did not believe others would be as receptive. So, for thirty years the manifestation of manna remained a private affair within the Beyer family.

On 1 October 1980, the Beyers moved from Wisconsin to Tampa, Florida. Harold worked as a storage manager until he retired in 1997. In 1998 after being a Christian for thirty years, God gave a pastor these words for Harold at a ministers' conference in Venezuela: "This is the beginning of your ministry. You will travel to many countries spreading the gospel, but the Devil will attack you with trial, sickness, and tribulation. When this happens, remember the Lord's words: "You will travel to many countries." Then a missionary for England put his hands on Harold and Kaye saying: "Don't think you are going home to sit. Rather you will be going out to many countries." At the time both wondered at the prophecies, since they were retired and impecunious. How could this be?

Perhaps there are three things of significance here: First, Harold was now retired and could therefore be dedicated completely to the Lord, i.e., be made holy. Prior to this his time had been split between the secular and religious. Second, Christ was thirty years old

when he began his ministry, and now Harold and his wife had been Christians for thirty years. Third, while they wondered at the pronouncements, they did not mock, deride, or laugh.

After they had returned home, Harold was awakened from his sleep by the Lord who told him to name his ministry “We Care for You Ministries.” Then nine months later, their youngest daughter secured a job with an airline company giving her parents flights to virtually anywhere in Europe and the Americas for less than a hundred dollars. Harold and Kaye were excited that lives were about to be used by the Lord. Then quite tragically, Harold had a stroke on 15 October 1998. The following week a second stroke paralyzed the entire right side of his body. Maybe what they heard was no prophecy, but exhortation, for the doctor said that his brain stem had been damaged, and he would never recover. There was no way he could spread the gospel in his present helpless, hopeless, and burdensome state. Beyond hope in state-of-the-art medicine, Harold lay awake in bed on the morning of 11 November 1998. At 3:00 AM, he felt a firm hand on his head and then a voice that said: “I am the God that healeth thee.” The next morning Harold walked to the Doctor’s office by astonished nurses to show an incredulous doctor something he had no medical answer for.

The first We-Care-for-You-Ministries newsletter is dated 16 November 2000 and describes missionary work in a number of countries. They do not seek out particular churches but go to whoever their presence is requested. Invitations usually come from non-denominational churches, Assemblies of God, and some Baptists. In the course of their ministry, I have probed into three healings.

### **A Healing in Tampa**

Viviane Blickensderfer, a 45-year-old woman working for a medical management group in Tampa, Florida was experiencing heart palpitations with increasing regularity. This was not a heart murmur, but a serious electrical deficiency where the heart would receive a spurious signal and begin racing wildly. When Vivian was a young girl, a racing heart episode would last for a few seconds. As a young woman, it took minutes to regain normalcy. Now it could take 8 hours to calm down and she had to be lying supine. Attacks were beginning to occur weekly. The medical options were permanent medication or submission to surgery. So, surgery had been scheduled a month in advance for 6 February 2001.

Should she undergo surgery? She prayed in earnest soliciting the help of her friends and a pastor she knew, but God did not answer. It seemed like he was saying no. As the bottom of January’s calendar approached, she canceled her ablation surgery—an operation that is done with a local epidural while the patient was awake. During this surgery, the heart is artificially excited to race while the discomforting surgery is performed.

That weekend while at her regular church, New Beginnings, the Beyers had their first public ministry there. Manna appeared. Afterwards many including Vivian and her

mother who needed a heart transplant went forward to pray with Harold. As Harold touched and began to pray over her, she felt a heating sensation extending from the left side of her brain to her heart. It lasted for less than a minute and during that period she felt suffused by the aura of the Holy Spirit. She was healed on the spot.

It is now a year later, and she has never had a relapse. Vivian's mother was not healed, but she did find a donor and the surgery was successful. In retrospect, Vivian surmised that the heating sensation in her brain was for the associated electrical problem. She has since encircled a verse from Galatians: *Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh? Have ye suffered so many things in vain? if it be yet in vain. He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?*—Galatians 3:3-5

### **A Healing in Pennsylvania**

Jim Etheridge was a retired sociology professor from the University of California in Pennsylvania. He was 70 years old and in a very bad state. Geroganna, his faithful wife, a 65-year-old retired nurse, diagnosed him as being severely depressed and suffering from memory loss. The depression was in its eighth month, and he was currently on two types of medication (Paxel and Airsop). Geroganna was born again, but Jim had not yet recognized the Lord. Occasionally he would accompany his wife to church, but only to please her. Their son, a doctor, had heard of the healing ministry of the Beyers at the New Beginnings Church of Paul Hollis. He suggested they attend. Geroganna had not heard of the Beyers but decided to go with the specific intention that Jim be healed.

Geroganna drove to the new church because Jim was no longer capable. At the service, both had communion in the form of manna. Then Jim reluctantly went forward with his wife to pray with Harold. They then returned to their pews and commenced singing with the congregation. At this time, Geroganna noticed Jim moving his head and tapping his fingers on his knee. This was unusual.

After the service, Jim offered to drive home. Geroganna hesitated thinking that this would be unsafe, and even if he could drive, he, because of his forgetfulness, would not know the way home from this new church. But he looked so spry, she gave him the keys and without a question, Jim took them home.

But Jim had lived a life of self-reliance, never thanking God for his keen mind and he was not about to start now. He refused to believe that he had been healed and admitted to no change in his personality—a change, which his son called remarkable. Time will tell whether Jim will come to the Lord or lose his healing.

### **A Temporary Healing in Jerusalem**

Lyn Boosozski, a long-time resident of the Baku district of Jerusalem,<sup>131</sup> is an Englishwoman working as a hairdresser and manicurist off the tourist trade. For twenty

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<sup>131</sup> Psalm 84



years she has had a lump in her breast that recently was the size of her thumb. After returning from a Beyer service, she had the inclination to check her tumor. While palpating, she noticed a void where the lump had been. Her immediate thought was that this was a miracle and thanked the Lord.

A follow-up call one year later<sup>132</sup> revealed that the lump had returned.

### **The Beyer Itinerary**

As a septuagenarian, Harold finds travel difficult and increasingly has to rely on his younger wife as his helper. Nevertheless, the two have chronologically made trips to Haiti, Dominica, Jamaica, and Trinidad in the Caribbean Islands, Mexico, Central America, Ghana Africa, Guyana South America, Argentina, Venezuela, the Philippines, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Israel, KY, VA, NC, ME, OH, FL, PA, MD, and DE in the U.S., Israel, France, Spain, Norway, U.S., Saskatchewan Canada, and Australia and are planning future trips to, Ghana, Venezuela, and Guyana.

Since their itinerary is full, they are careful to insure that their schedule is set by God's appointment and not just by invitation. Once they have chosen a destination, the Lord will give Harold a verse or two from Scripture applicable to that particular trip. For their first trip to Israel, the verses were

*I thought it good to shew the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me.—Daniel 4:2*

*Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.—Matthew 18:19*

A newsletter released by Connie Wilson of Mt. Zion Fellowship stated that this is the first time that manna has fallen on Jerusalem. While Harold was in Jerusalem (26 October to 2 November 2001), manna was manifest ten times and healings were reported. Harold says he can always tell when the manna materializes, because he is temporarily overcome by the Holy Spirit. Sometimes the power is so draining he must rest to regain his strength and at other times he is only aware that something is happening. Usually, the manna will appear between the pages of his Bible at Revelation 2:17 while he or Kaye is speaking. Less frequently it has appeared on top of his Bible and on a few occasions within or on his hand as it did at the Garden Tomb and St. Peter's Gallicantu Church. The amount of manna is always tailored to meet the situation. On one occasion, the manna appeared, but the pastor was not receptive to receiving it for his congregation either as a sign or as communion bread. At this time, Harold heard the Lord speak the following words to him: "I will be showing up unannounced in many places, just to test the hearts of men."

The following year (18-29 March 2002) the manifestation of manna occurred 16 times in Jerusalem. The Scriptural verse for that trip was

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<sup>132</sup> 5 April 2002

*So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us.—1 Thessalonians 2:8*

They visited Nancy Bergen, Bill Wilson, and Connie Wilson of Mt. Zion Fellowship, Sister Gwen Shaw of End-Time Handmaidens and Servants Jerusalem, Rev Chuck Flynn, and Rev. Paul Cain. At the conclusion of this ministerial visit, this verse from Scripture was given Harold:

*Behold ye among the heathen, and regard, and wonder marvellously: for I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you.—Habakkuk 1:5*

Having spoken extensively with Kaye and Harold Beyer on the phone, I invited them with Pastor Lyn O’Berry’s concurrence to our Southern Baptist Church in Linthicum, Maryland. They managed to fit us into their tight schedule. Harold does not like to carry on for more than ten minutes, but in that time, he impressed the congregation with his simple life and love of the Lord. God’s promise of “hidden manna” was made immanent by the manifestation of physical manna within the pages of Revelation in his Bible. (I checked his Bible prior to his speaking, and it was free from any trace of material.)

In conclusion, the manna is not *vibhuti* or *charismata*. It is not to be kept as a relic and imparts no grace. Neither should one show any particular reverence to it. It is a special sign given to Christians in these difficult End Times. The phenomenon is a corporeal reminder from God that a born-again Christian who is deprived of bread for preaching the Gospel in the End Times, will be given the sustenance of hidden manna.

### **Is the Phenomenon Legitimate?**

While it is the job of the theologian to teach and propound the doctrine of his Church, it is the mystic saint (suffering seer) in Roman Catholicism who provides peripheral support to a particular cult such as *Marialis Cultus*. The credentials of the mystic saint lie in preternatural manifestations called *charismata*. In Hindu these manifestations are called *vibhuti*. Catholic manifestations take the form of levitation, stigmatization, bilocation, ectoplasmic generation of the host, and clairvoyance. These charismata give credence to the platform that God is imparting revelation to the religion of his choice. An in-depth description of these phenomena is contained in my book *Mary: Past, Present, and Future*.<sup>133</sup> The difference here is that the saints in question are not mystic, neither are they suffering as are almost all Catholic saints. In fact, Kaye apparently broke two bones in her left hand while falling down an embankment on 22 March 2002 at the Dead Sea. The following morning during a Saturday praise and worship service in Jerusalem the glory of the Lord came over the Mt. Zion group and Kaye was healed just prior to a manifestation of the manna. So, in this case, God does not want his seers to suffer.

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<sup>133</sup> *Mary: Past, Present, and Future* by Ron Banuk, Wittenburg Publications, Toronto, 1999. See [rarechristianbooks.com](http://rarechristianbooks.com).

Furthermore, Harold represents no denomination, and the manna is no transubstantiation or consubstantiation. It is not to be bowed down to nor does it impart healing. Some have used the manna to sprinkle from a balcony and others use it for the communion service

In short, the phenomenon is a corporeal reminder from God that a born-again Christian who is deprived of bread for preaching the Gospel in the End Times, will be given the sustenance of hidden manna.

### *End of Story*

#### **Reference Material**

##### *Manna in the Old Testament*

Just after two million children of Israel had escaped Pharaoh's infantry by crossing through the Red Sea<sup>134</sup> into Arabia<sup>135</sup> and before they arrived at the Horeb, they put the Lord to the test for the fourth<sup>136</sup> and fifth<sup>137</sup> of ten<sup>138</sup> times. Both concerned manna. Just before receiving the manna, they told Moses and Aaron that it would have been better to have died in Egypt with a full stomach rather than hungry in the desert<sup>139</sup>. So the Lord sent them something neither they nor their ancestors knew anything about. The Lord said: *I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no.*—Ex 16:4. The people assigned a makeup word to the phenomenon calling it *manna*. When the morning dew had evaporated, the manna appeared small and round like the dew it had displaced. It tasted like coriander seed and wafers made with honey.<sup>140</sup> It was whitish, the color of bdellium. They were commanded to gather one omer per person per day and to store nothing overnight. But many infuriated Moses by storing it overnight, causing the camp to stink from rotting manna the following morning. Then they were told to gather two omers of manna on the eve of the Sabbath, to eat one, and store the other, which would not rot. Furthermore, they were not to gather on the Sabbath. But some did, again testing the Lord. This was a foreshadowing of events to come, for it was the second time manna had been used to show that the children of Israel would not be able to keep the law which they had not yet received from Moses on Mt. Sinai. And for forty years<sup>141</sup> the manna continued to fall providing sustenance to the children of Israel. During this period the people were taught that it is not nature that nourishes man, but God through nature: *that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live.*—Deuteronomy 8:3.

The manna finally ceased at Gilgal on the day after Passover when the children of Israel had eaten the grain and fruit from the Land of Canaan.<sup>142</sup> For posterity, an omer of manna was stored in a golden bowl kept in the Ark of the Covenant.

##### *Manna in the New Testament*

In the Book of Revelation seven short letters are written to seven churches. Each church is descriptive of a future age or type of church. Manna occurs in the third letter written to Pergamum, which is descriptive of a church united to the state. This was true at the time of Constantine (313-600 AD) and will soon be true again when the One World Government unites with the One World Church beginning early in the third millennium when Petrus Romanus is pope in Rome.

*And to the angel of the church in Pergamos write; These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges; I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the*

<sup>134</sup> 1 Kings 9:26 identifies the location of the Red Sea.

<sup>135</sup> Galatians 4:25 positions Mt. Sinai in Arabia, the land of Midian.

<sup>136</sup> Exodus 16:20

<sup>137</sup> Exodus 16:27

<sup>138</sup> Ten times the children of Israel put God to the test: 1) Ex 14:11-12, 2) Ex 15:23-24, 3) Ex 16:2, 4) Ex 16:20, 5) Ex 16:27-28, 6) Ex 17:1-7, 7) Ex 32:7, 8) Nu 11:1, 9) Nu 11:4, 10) Nu 14.

<sup>139</sup> Ex 16:3

<sup>140</sup> Ex 16:31

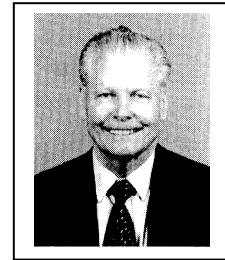
<sup>141</sup> Ex 16:35

<sup>142</sup> Joshua 5:12

*Nicolaitans, which thing I hate. Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; **To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.**—Rev 2 12-17*

When the church once again becomes married to the state in a One World Government, Satan will have his seat there as it is rumored now to exist in the U.N. Antipas, meaning “against all” (idolatry) will once again be martyred. The doctrine of Balam re-emerges as persecution of the Jews, and the Nicolaitans will be at their zenith with a corrupt homosexual priestly caste dominating the laity of the world in a One World Religion. This church will be judged. But there is hope for he who overcomes the temptations of the church-state. The person who leaves this system of economic and religious bondage will be deprived of all sustenance to live being unable to buy or sell. His credit cards will be deactivated, his bank accounts nullified. That person will be in need of hidden manna and the Lord will give it to him for he will truly live *not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD*. Finally, a white stone will be given to that Christian symbolizing his innocence of the wrongs in that Church and his acceptance by Christ.

*He called you away from a job secure.  
Gave you a parish with no grandeur.  
Sent the Holy Spirit to calm your fears.  
Gave you the grace to staunch other's tears.*



*He sent you away miles from Portland,  
Healing God's people from Taiwan to Finland.  
The love you showed in all your stays  
Will betroth you to the Ancient of Days.*

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### **Bob Nichelson**

I was in the study of a beautiful new house in Murphy Texas sitting across a mahogany desk from soft-spoken 74-year-old Bob Nichelson. The tape recorder was on and I was into my second day of taking notes from a man that had been used tremendously by God in the area of healing. This gift of the Holy Spirit is not an end in itself but is always the lever for salvation in either the life of the one healed or an observer. Each story would jog a memory of another miraculous event. And so it went, not as much reminiscing, but as active chapters in salvation history.

Just that morning we had been at Mike Hayes' Covenant Church in Carrollton Texas—a mega church with a multifaceted evangelical outreach and known locally for its diverse congregation. The day before we attended a prayer journey retreat at Eastfield College in Dallas led by RaJean Vawter, a woman with the gift of prophecy. At the close of the meeting, RaJean, who in a locution had been promised the intercession of the Lord at this conference, received prophetic word concerning the personal lives of 40 of the 60 people present. I was given a chapter of Scripture that answered a question I had put to the Lord in earnest prior to the meeting. Others were given direction, encouragement, or answers to important questions in their lives. Two other participants were given Scriptural verses.

Bob was given the pericope from Hosea 2:16-23. It concerns the restoration of Israel during the millenium and revolves around three Hebrew words and their opposites: *Jezreel* meaning to scatter during Israel's diaspora and to sow during the millennium; *lo-ruhamah* meaning there would be no mercy during the period of diaspora and *ruhama* meaning mercy would come in the millennium; *lo-ammi* meaning you are not my people during the diaspora and *ammi* meaning my people restored during the millennium. In Bob's case, the Lord was saying: "*And I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies*"—Hosea 2:19. This was God putting his hand on Bob saying that this man is one of his people grafted into the olive tree. This is a picturesque look forward to the crown<sup>143</sup> that Bob will one day wear and the assurance of salvation in his waning years.

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<sup>143</sup> Crown. The Christian's reward is a crown spoken of in 1 Thessalonians 2:19, 2 Timothy 4:8, James 1:12, 1 Peter 5:4, and Revelation 2:10, 3:11, 4:4, 4:10.

## **Early Years**

On 21 March 1928 Robert E. Nichelson became the second son to Edwin and Gertrude Nichelson in Fargo, North Dakota. Edwin and Gertrude were faithful Lutherans but were not born again until the 1980s. So, the salvation of their children was in the hands of God. In 1950, at the age of 22, Bob married Carol who delivered Gregg in 1954 and Scott in 1956. During her third delivery there were complications and Carol began thinking of her early years. As a thirteen-year-old, she had come to the Lord in a vacation bible school but was actually talked out of the experience by her denominational pastor. Seventeen years later while bedridden after delivering Todd in 1958, she began to turn her thoughts to the Lord and finally return her heart to him.

Shortly afterwards, Carol grabbed hold of Bob saying: “Bob, you have to listen to the radio ministry of this Baptist minister from Minneapolis!” She spoke so strongly, Bob felt he would not have any standing in her presence if he did not at least say he tried. So, he tuned in during his deliveries of foodstuff and soon found he could not turn the dial off. Within two months he was saved. The year was 1958, the same year Bob’s older brother, Vernon, also had a born-again experience.

## **Bob’s Early Ministry**

The American Lutheran pastor in Fargo, Henry Roufs, recognized that Bob’s innate potential contrasted with his shy demeanor, so, as an ex-WWII marine, he was persistent in requesting that Bob begin a fifth-grade Sunday school teaching assignment; then an eighth-grade role; then a layman’s Sunday message; and finally, a layman’s pastorate at two small and distant churches. In this period, their first girl, Nancy, was born in 1963.

Fall was in the air as Bob got behind the wheel for a three-hour drive west on Interstate 94 to Jamestown and then north on state 281 to remote New Rockford just below the Fort Totten Indian Reservation. The plan was to deliver a sermon there and then drive thirty minutes to another similar-sized church, repeat the sermon, and drive home to his wife and three children. But a problem had arisen—fear. Bob got no sleep that night and the ride only embroiled his thoughts of being inadequate, unaccepted, and even worse—an imposter with no right to be there. As he knelt down at the altar and began reading the opening prayers, his reminiscences forty years later say that a miraculous infusion of the Holy Spirit’s grace dissipated all fear before he reached the end of the prayer.

He was invited back four more times to the twin prairie churches. Then the original pastor returned to his post.

Two months passed and an opportunity arose when two more churches found themselves without a pastor: Mini-Lake in Tower City and Our Savior’s Lutheran in Sanborn. On his pastor’s recommendation, he and Carol stood before Loyal Tallackson, President (bishop) of the American Lutheran Church Eastern District of North Dakota in Valley City to petition a permanent lay pastorate at these two churches. The board was unanimous in their approval of the lay pastorate. This in itself was unheard of in those parts. So, in the fall of 1965, Pastor Bob Nichelson began a four-year ministry to the two churches at Valley City and Sanborn followed by a two-year ministry to three churches in Portland and Finley North Dakota where services were heard at 8:15, 9:45, and 11:15 every Sunday. Their last child, Mary, was born to them in 1967.

While at their first outpost, Bob and Carol became involved in the deliverance (exorcism) of one of the most spectacular cases of demon possession on record. I say spectacular because the Lord allowed a dialogue between Bob and the demons that revealed the means by which demons enter, remain, torment, exit, and re-enter the bivouacked soul. This was the first of three unusual aspects of the case. The second was that this event took place in a Lutheran church, a religion with quite a variety of people under their tent, and the third that the tormented individual was a Christian. Glenna Henderson carefully chronicles the events of this yearlong deliverance by a new lay pastor in her book *My Name is Legion*<sup>144</sup>.

What Bob Nicholson learned during this deliverance was that a born-again Christian who carries a demon from his BC (before Christ) days will be given a period of respite following the born-again experience, in which he is given time to build up his faith for the coming assault. A Christian can be severely oppressed by a demon. One coming to the Lord is immediately regenerated, i.e., his spirit is regenerated, not his mind and body, which in the tripartite model of man can still be inhabited by demons. When asked how the indwelling of the Holy Spirit affected him, a demon mockingly replied: "It is not that bad. I can stand it." The various demons within this woman could at times possess<sup>145</sup> her completely. When this happened, she remained conscious, but felt moved aside as her various physical and mental capacities were overridden.

It was also discovered that where there are multiple indwellings, there is a doorkeeper, who will not only open, but entice other demons to enter in, and there is the strongman, who thinks more of himself than do the other demons, but who must be expelled if all are to be cast out. They gain entry by seizing advantage during periods of intense despondency or fear in a person's life and can enter in before the age of two. They can communicate to the owner by locution and, although Satan does not permit this, they can fight internally among themselves. Demons exploit the sin already within the recipient but can themselves be exploited by mockery. A silent demon can often be tricked into revealing his presence and mission by mockery.

It was also learned that although the demons may criticize each other, they are bound to work together as do soldiers, and are very fearful of saying anything against Satan. In the past few years, Satan has become less tolerant of error on the part of his minions. His control among the Principalities is not isolated, but a coordinated effort within a community to seize control of church affairs or a government seat. The individual possession is merely a cog in the overall plan.

In 1972, Bob resigned his lay pastorate with the American Lutheran Church and, with his wife three boys and two girls, joined Howard Canatser at Beverly Hills Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas. The Lord had put Isaiah 54:2-6 on his heart requesting him to expand his tent pegs:

*Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited. Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy*

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<sup>144</sup> *My Name is Legion* by Glenna Henderson, Bethany Fellowship, Minneapolis Minnesota, 1972, 128 pp

<sup>145</sup> Possession. I disagree with the distinction between possession and oppression aside from the fact that the regenerated Christian cannot have a demon-controlled spirit. Externally one sees no distinction. The subject was allowed to see an exocist, but was also allowed to be born again. God can limit demonic control in both the Christian and the non-Christian.

*youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thine husband; the LORD of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the LORD hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God—Isaiah 54:2-6.*

Times were hard in Dallas. Meeting the \$225 monthly rent meant, on many occasions, trusting in the Lord. The landlady was punctilious, demanding the rent by the first day of the month. On one occasion, the balance sheet was zero the day before payment. A speaking engagement brought Bob \$26 that Sunday—not enough for Monday’s rent. But the following morning’s mail brought two separate checks each with \$100. It was during this period that he discovered that God’s healing power could be transferred to machines. When their old washing machine would rattle and grind to a halt, Carol’s laying on of hands would rejuvenate it for another month. Once their car began to run rougher and rougher, but there was no money for a tune up. Bob laid hands on the machine and prayed that the Lord allow the car to run until he could afford something better. The following morning, the car started, and performed as it had when new, and did not need a tune up for a long time.

It was here that Bob became interested in A. Herbert Mjorud [meer oohd], a Seattle lawyer who came to the Lord, wrote many Christian tracts such as *7 reasons Why You Should Be Anointed by the Holy Spirit*, and toured the world annually as a Christian missionary. In 1976, Bob drove from Dallas to Minneapolis to hear Mjorud speak and quite miraculously secured funding to accompany him on his next world trip, which included Hawaii, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, Germany, Finland, and Norway. Later through Gerald Erstine’s Gospel Crusade he would be introduced to Mexico and through the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International to Canada. So he did expand his ten pegs from Finley and Portland each with a population of 500 souls.

One of Bob’s unique works is a 50-page book entitled *Perfect Love Casts Out Fear*<sup>146</sup>. Until I read this book and listened to Bob, I was unaware of the percentage of people, Christians included, who are bound by some sort of fear—the fear of people, failure, darkness, storms, God’s wrath, rejection, sickness, death, the unknown, old age, being left alone, an accident, losing one’s job, full-time service with the Lord, financial disaster, marriage failure, stillborn or deformed delivery, the devil, heights, a child’s safety, water, failing God, hidden fear, fear itself, and government. In Kuala Lumpur, Malasia, a Lutheran bishop stood to be relieved of a personal fear. One hundred of his parishioners stood with him to be relieved of various fears. The bishop represented a Lutheran district that believed in Spirit Baptism and miracles. At that same meeting an excited woman testified to the 300 participants that she was relieved of her fear of public speaking.

### **Miracle in Bob Nichelson’s Ministry**

In the course of Bob’s thirty-year traveling ministry, miracle has come his way as a means of bringing God’s saving grace to others. Some examples follow:

Perhaps Bob’s first encounter with miracle occurred in 1967 while he was a licensed lay pastor in North Dakota. A woman from his church was rushed to a Valley City hospital. Her brain cancer was in its final stage, and she was given 48 hours to live. Bob sat by her side on a Saturday night, opened his Bible, read Scripture, and prayed for the comatose Christian. The following day after the 9:00 to 10:00 AM Sunday service at Mini-Lake, Bob made an announcement that was unusual at that Church. He requested that anyone come forward who was willing to pray for the terminally ill woman. A

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<sup>146</sup> First published in 1984 with Foreword by Gerald Derstine, President of Gospel Crusade, Inc.



handful of people assembled and prayed. That afternoon, he received a call from a relative saying that Alice had come out of her coma at 10:00 AM that morning—the very moment of prayer. Forty-eight hours turned into forty-eight days. Finally, after 88 days, she was discharged from the hospital, but not until the attending physician scrawled onto her medical record: “This was a miraculous recovery!”

It was with trepidation that six chapter presidents of the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International (FGBMFI) agreed to have Bob Nichelson make a circuit of their far-north outreach. They surmised that he might be too preachy with too little testimony for the unsaved. Young Ron Penner, President of the Quesnel Chapter, put his reputation on the line by backing Bob. So, arrangements were made and Bob began his revival in Quesnel, British Columbia Canada a town just south of Prince George. At that meeting, which ran far longer than scheduled, eighteen people committed their lives to Jesus Christ, seven received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and over one hundred received physical and emotional healings. A former Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, who had been an invalid for 20 years because of a beating taken from three young construction workers who were sent to prison for their crime, was in the course of a few seconds restored to complete health.<sup>147</sup> After this meeting, Ron Penner wrote this to the Prince George FGBMFI: “May God richly bless you as you have this modern day apostle with ‘signs and wonders following’ in your area.”

At Prince George, it was no different. Later at a town north of the big city, the meeting went from 7:00 PM to 4:00 AM into the next morning because of the large number and variety of healings. Peter Schlichtt, the FGBMFI President, remarked: “The town of Smithers will never be the same again!”

In another letter, Ron Penner wrote this to a contact in Ottawa Ontario: “I personally had the privilege of traveling with him [Bob Nichelson] for a week. This experience has changed my life. His dedication to Jesus Christ, his strict compliance and beliefs in the Word of God, and his gentleness and compassion for people were an example that will inspire me for a long time.” Why did Ron Penner risk inviting Bob to tour six chapters of FGBMFI? Six years earlier in Manitoba, his mother had a chronic issue of blood. Doctors had been consulted in the past but could offer no help. One morning his mother was so weak, she could not get out of bed. So, Ron called Henry Warkentine, Director of the Christian Enrichment Family Camp at Pilot Mound, Manitoba, and Bob Nichelson to her bedside. As Bob prayed for healing, her discharge was cauterized never to return again. That afternoon, she cooked supper. Ron believes that she was not just healed, but that her life was spared that morning. “All praise to Jesus,” as Bob frequently says.

There are also many cases of spiritual or inner healings in Bob’s prison ministry with the Lehigh County Prison System in Allentown, Pennsylvania. In fact, the local director of this service had experienced three heart attacks because he could not forgive his father’s untimely demise 27 years earlier. With Bob’s prayers, Paul Weiser experienced true forgiveness and was free from future heart trouble. On another occasion, the most feared man in the prison stood for healing from fear along with 25 other inmates.

In Nashville, Tennessee, a 22-year-old man was blind in one eye since the age of four because of a blow his father, a Hell’s Angel, had given him. Bob lay his hands on a man with only dim memories of childhood sight and within the course of one minute or two, his sight was fully restored. The following night, a black soloist was one of ten people wishing to be freed from depression. There was nothing that caused Bob to take a special interest in the man until he met him again in a prayer line a

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<sup>147</sup> Policeman: The following year when Bob was again in the area, he checked on the ex-policeman’s health and learned that he was still in excellent shape.

year later. It was here that the young black man confessed that a year earlier he had seriously been contemplating suicide but was on the night Bob spoke completely freed of his depression.

Only after Bob finished his second four-day meeting with Pastor Gene Mathis in 1984 at the New Covenant Faith Fellowship in Sarasota, Florida did he feel that he was in a “good position” to evaluate the long-term effects of the evangelist’s ministry. These two meetings were the most “spiritually fruitful” he had ever encountered. People were healed of deep emotional problems as well as the overt physical. In his own case, his left leg grew  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch, this eliminating the sciatica he had been laboring under for the last three months. Gene went on to write that Bob’s teaching and preaching abilities were equal to the best of his 28 years’ experience and that “God has given him a unique gift in ministering in the areas of inner healing of the emotions as well as physical healings.” He concluded his letter by saying: “If you desire your congregation to truly grow in a deeper understanding and personal application of the Word of God, and want to see the miracle working hand of God manifested in the healing of their minds, emotions, and bodies, I would heartily urge you to invite Brother Nicholson to come and minister. He has a strong yet gentle and sweet spirit in ministering to the hurts and needs of people.”

In Cuernavaca, a city an hour’s drive south of Mexico City, a 20-year-old woman congenitally deaf and dumb was brought to the church by a relative. After praying over her, she began to hear and then, not just make sounds with her mouth, but talk. At the time of Christ, Jewish tradition said that when the Messiah came, he would perform a series of miracles that had been done by no prophet before him. Jesus performed the first of these miracles when he healed the leper (Matthew 8:2-4). That was why the leper was told to show himself to the priests. Immediately after this the priests began following Jesus. When Jesus performed the second Messianic miracle by casting out a devil and healing a man who was both blind and dumb (Matthew 12:22-37), the Pharisees were forced to take a public stand. They condemned Jesus and committed the unpardonable sin. Later Jesus performed the third Messianic miracle by healing a man who was congenitally blind (John 9:1-41). In Bob’s case, the woman was congenitally deaf and dumb, ostensibly a greater miracle than one already in the Messianic class. Did not the Lord say: *Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father—John 14:12.*

In a small town in B.C. Canada an hour’s drive from Alaska, a 50-year-old woman who had been congenitally blind was healed at a Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship meeting by Bob’s laying on of hands and praying in Jesus’ name. Immediately after being healed, she started to describe the clothes people around her were wearing.

In 1999, while in Cuernavaca, Mexico at a gathering of about 150 youths and a few adults, the Lord gave Bob a strange assignment. He was told to ask those to come forward who wanted a healing for flat feet. Bob had never done or heard of such a healing before, but did as the Lord requested and six people came forward. The youngest was a baby in arms and the oldest about thirty. They were told to sit on a chair and rest their bare feet on an adjoining chair. Bob then placed his hand on their arches and without a tingling or burning sensation, which sometimes accompanies healings, over the course of a minute, Bob could feel the arches assuming their proper shape.

Youth with a Mission, the largest Christian organization in Europe, arranged Bob’s tour of Norway. In the town of Borgen, Norway, the healing for flat feet was repeated. On this occasion two visiting students from Taiwan were so intent on watching the healing, they placed their inquisitive faces within twelve inches of the person’s feet. At still another town in Norway, 15 to 20 people were healed of flat feet. At this same meeting, a woman who had been in continual pain for 14 years because of a skiing accident was brought forward by her aunt. Bob’s three minutes of prayer dissipated Satan’s 14 years of pain. She left the meeting pain free and with a renewed spirit.

A lady in her eighties with poor blood circulation would often call Bob from California when she was laboring. Bob would pray over the phone and the woman would immediately report a warm sensation of blood coursing through her veins and arteries.

In March of 1981, Bob was keeping pace with a very demanding whistle-stop schedule on British rail in the country of Wales. It had rained continually for three weeks. Bob had fought the elements, lost sleep composing sermons on the train, and became run down enough to contract a severe cold. It was Saturday evening and he lay sick in bed with no thought of attending the 7:00 PM Gospel meeting. It was then that the Lord spoke a silent word to him telling him to go regardless of his condition. So, Bob dragged himself to the church gathering and from 7:00 to 1:00 AM everybody who came forward was healed. As midnight approached, the town doctor, who was in the process of losing his clientele, leaned over and whispered into his ear: "Bob, I am not angry at the Lord for taking away my business tonight." The irony of the situation was that the doctor with the help of an Anglican pastor had helped to arrange the meeting and had personally invited a number of his patients. Because of the high level of intensity Bob maintains during the prayer sessions, it was only after the meeting that the thought of medication for his cold re-entered his mind. It was then that he realized that his symptoms were completely gone.

On the west coast of Wales, in the city of Cardigan, Bob had just finished speaking on forgiveness with liberation from resentment, bitterness, anger, and hatred when a 70-year-old man approached and gave his testimony. Sixty years earlier, his parents had told him they were going on a trip. What they did not tell the young boy, however, was that he would be left at a foster home<sup>148</sup> never to see his parents again. For sixty years this man harbored a resentment in him that kept him in a straitjacket. Only now was he free. Jesus had reached into his life.

One hundred and fifty miles north of London, a 60-year-old church secretary had known since her earliest memories that her mother never wanted her. This pained thought was never more than a breath away from her. It enclosed her in an impervious glassine shell. After her emotional healing, she told Bob: "Now I can love other people!"

In February of 1985 a 32-year-old woman in Prince George British Columbia, Canada had scheduled surgery for hip, kneecap, finger joint, and tibia replacements. The replaced tibia would be a steel shaft and all other replacements would be made from plastic. The surgery would be extensive but was required to stem her degenerating condition. As a child, she broke both bones (tibia and fibula) in one leg without getting them set. The bones fused together overlapped causing one leg to be three inches shorter than the other. This in turn induced curvature of the spine, twisted pelvis, a worn-out socket joint, arthritis, etc. While awaiting surgery, the woman heard that a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship was being held in her town and that healings often accompanied the guest speaker, Bob Nicholson. As Susie Martz listened from her seat, she heard a man speak with "such bold authority" that she went forward for healing. Bob prayed over her asking Jesus to heal each area separately: her leg, her knee, her hip, her spine, her shoulder joints, her arthritis, and finally her skeletal alignment! After 28 years of pain, the young woman had rejoined the ranks of the living. Her testimony was like the Samaritan woman at the well in the fourth chapter of John because she induced 60 people to attend to the Full Gospel meeting at various times over the next few days for the specific purpose of healing and all 60 were healed! In the excitement, Susie forgot about her nose, which had been broken for 15

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<sup>148</sup> Foster Home. This story is not unique in the sense that many young children in Great Britain were given up to a community home because the parents were too poor to maintain their upkeep. What is unique is his learned forgiveness in the name of Jesus Christ.

years and had to wait two years until Bob returned in 1987 for that specific healing. When Bob revisited the area in June of 1998, Susie had no signs of her previous ailments.

### **The Key to Revival**

Although God is almighty and can cause revival anywhere at any time and under any circumstance, there is a prescription presented by Reuben A. Torrey and followed by Bob Nichelson.

- 1) Let a few Christians get thoroughly right with God. If this is not done, the rest will come to nothing.
- 2) Let them bind themselves together to pray for revival until God opens the windows of Heaven and comes down.
- 3) Let them put themselves at the disposal of God for his use as he sees fit in winning others to Christ. That is all.

One example of the above prescription is shown in the revival that came to Amman Jordan in 1933 as presented in the Om Saleem story in this book. In this case, revival was sparked by a spirit-filled evangelist called Barnaba Nos, who prayed in concert with Laura Radford, Elizabeth Brown, and the young pastor Roy Whitman.

Another example comes from the Church of the Nazarene in Oxnard, California. After three years of trying every gimmick to increase their attendance, they had only attracted one seeker in the last 18 months. The pastor and his wife were despondent. Then, from out of the blue, one of three old ladies, who had been meeting for prayer each week, shook the pastor's hand on the way out one Sunday morning saying: "Pastor, we have been praying for Revival and God is going to send it." The pastor smiled but had no such hope because of the opposing factions within the church. But on 15 October 1967, the Holy Spirit overpowered that church on that day and for five succeeding weeks sparking the aged, the youths, and everyone affiliated with the revival.

Bob thoroughly believes in this prescription and asks that prayers be said prior to his arrival at any meeting.

### **Aftermath**

In 1994, Bob's faithful companion of 44 years died. Carol had been there from start to finish. She stood with him before Loyal Tallackson when Bob petitioned a permanent lay pastorate in North Dakota. She was there to cast out the unclean spirit from demon possessed Glenna Henderson<sup>149</sup>, and she wrote his newsletters to the end<sup>150</sup>. Bob mourned her passing, but realized it was God's will and quickly focused anew on his mission outreach. Three years later, Bob married Donna Roebuck, the daughter of a street preacher. My brief appraisal of the situation is that much of what Bob accomplishes today, God willing, is done with Donna's help.

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<sup>149</sup> Cast Out Demon: Bob Nichelson cast many demons out of Glenna Henderson some more than once after re-entry. Carol was always there praying with him. This particular demon was perhaps unwisely cast out by Carol while Bob was in the adjacent room.

<sup>150</sup> When Carol died, Mary, Bob's younger daughter assumed the responsibilities of publishing the newsletter.

In earlier times Bob Nichelson would have been known as thaumaturge<sup>151</sup> and in another Church<sup>152</sup> he would be a prospective candidate for canonization. So, what is the point of his gifting by the Holy Spirit and *cui bono*<sup>153</sup>? His miracles have come under many roofs. He is a partisan to no denomination. His revivals and prayer sessions have been called “meetings” and have often been arranged by evangelical organizations and held offsite from church grounds. Two benefit here: The church gains, and the individual willing to publicly display his faith gains. The individual learns that while private prayer is necessary *where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them*—Matthew 18:20. A Holy Spirit inspired gathering like those of the apostolic first church can be the cause of filling one with the Spirit and finding the joy of the Lord. A temporal organization or Church wishing to enhance its prestige with the name of a famous healer will be the loser as will be the Church too fearful that this evangelist will not fit their mold and might pray too far<sup>154</sup>. An individual too embarrassed or fearful to walk forward to ask the Lord’s healing for a bad back, a tumor, flat feet, or other malady will miss out on healing grace the Creator is longing to give through the humble intercessory figure of Bob Nichelson. God rewards actions that display faith and his church is that point of convocation.

There are some churches that refuse to schedule Bob Nichelson as speaker. Their reasons fall into three categories. A very few maintain that God does not heal outside of the Bible. But the majority with the most articulate speakers propound that yes, God does heal, but the Gifts of the Spirit did not continue past the apostolic age and therefore no one man can claim that ministry. Consequently, if a person does claim that ministry, he should be avoided. Finally, there are those who believe that it is possible to have the gift of healing, but because they have never seen a healing first hand, would think that the possibility is remote. These people would not invite an evangelist with this gift to their church fearing the embarrassment of failing to produce a demonstrable healing. They believe that too many would have expectations let down and that this would be more damaging than the scattered healings. They tend to use the term “faith healer,” but claim not in a disparaging way even though the reverse may be true. They are also quick to point out the misdeeds of televangelists, but rarely do they point to failure to attain a critical mass of parishioners getting right with God before calling on a revivalist. In this category are those who are apprehensive to opening the door to the Holy Spirit who just might behave in an uncontrolled manner—un-Lutheran, un-Baptist, and un-Episcopalian, etc. These people are beset by fear, and fear is Satan’s cornerstone.

Bob’s gift of spiritual healing sublimates the fear of man and the fear of things into the fear of God. When this happens, a physical healing is often the unexpected result.

### Postscript

The above story was written while my wife and I were living in Maryland. Three years later we moved to a high-desert California home in Antelope Valley, which by coincidence was close to Sommer Haven, where Bob Nichelson had been making an annual retreat for years. The house is owned and run by 90-year-old sister Agnes, who has built a food relief service that distributes about 25,000 meals per month to the hungry. The lady, who was told by the Lord she would live to 100, has met in private audience with Pope John Paul II and has received a commendation from President George W. Bush. On Easter Sunday morning, Patricia and I swung by to hear Bob conduct the service.

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<sup>151</sup> Thaumaturge: a miracle worker or wonder worker such as Gregory Thaumaturgus (c213-c270).

<sup>152</sup> Church vs church: When capitalized it represents a temporal rather than spiritual order.

<sup>153</sup> *Cui bono*: Who stands to gain from this?

<sup>154</sup> Pray too far: Mark 16:17-18 is an example.

While we were talking, a 70-year-old Mexican lady entered the room and began bubbling over about her recent healing and asked to give her testimony.

That Wednesday she had a heart attack and was taken to Lancaster Community Hospital in an ambulance. Before the ambulance arrived, however, she called Bob at Sommer Haven, because Agnes had spoken of his gift of healing. Bob prayed for all her described symptoms before the emergency vehicle arrived. During the ride to the hospital and after being connected to the instrumentation, the technician mentioned that her heart looked normal. This was impossible because she had high blood pressure, aortic complications, an abnormal heart, and a previous stroke. After her three-day-stay in the hospital for observation and diagnostics, she left with a normal heart and a gall bladder that had been regenerated. (Her gall bladder was surgically removed by Dr. Chung of Mojave years earlier.) She was elated and no longer needed her nitroglycerine pills and other medication. Finally she ended her gushing testimony and asked if Bob were there since she had never met him face to face. Super-reticent Bob was sitting right beside me the whole time without saying a word. Finally he said: "Jesus be praised. The Lord heals!"

Hannah: Your name means grace.  
 Elias: The meaning is the Lord my God.  
 Aghaby: You made love your mace.  
 Om Saleem: You were the mother of peace.



Hannah Elias Aghaby

**Om Saleem**

What follows is the incredible story of Om Saleem (1893-1958), an Arabic housewife known as the Seer of Little Zion. I did not interview Om Saleem, as I have the other people in this book, but I have talked on two occasions to Pastor Roy Whitman (1904-1992) who was present in Amman, Jordan when the visions took place in 1933. I have also talked many times with three sons of the scribe to these visions, Bashara, Nazih, and Zuhair Kawar. They presently have custody of the numerous notebooks containing the minutes of the visions, which were written in Arabic. I have personally inspected these old notebooks, and have read some of the rare English entries in fading ink among a sea of Arabic words. The brothers are concentrating their efforts on publishing an Arabic edition of these minutes. The English version will follow later. I have also spoken with numerous Christian relatives of the Kawar family to confirm the authenticity of this revelation. I have heard the personal testimony of a close friend of the Kawar's who displayed the blood mark for a few hours in a fashion similar to that shown on four occasions by the Seer of Little Zion.

Monday, 11th September 1933.

لا تتركين ذلك صرح - امين  
 فويتا انتم: - نعم ساعده في ذاكري  
 لا انساها اني 11:29 - نعم - ساطير نعم  
 كل ذلك - نعم - انا بين نعم - نعم  
 اهتيت هذا - الحمد لله يا رب المجد لك  
 يا رب - ساعد لي يا رب - صديا -  
 لها قلب وروحها عنت ساعدوا  
 بلورا 11:34 - اربا القدره (الحي) سياتر  
 استر بين الام - اربا القدره الي  
 شمس لك على اقل من لا  
 Above spoken by Om Saleem while  
 under the power of the Spirit and heard  
 by her daughter Selme and myself and  
 written down by me - Selme supplying  
 words I missed.  
 The following is the account of the  
 vision.

رأيت نبي على سطح البحر ورأيت به  
 على سبيل الله اتي به ذلك البحر ولنا  
 الايمان بان فلركة . وقفت الفلركة

One of the Few English Entries

Why did Jesus Christ appear to an Arabic housewife in Amman, Jordan? Why not Jerusalem, the holiest city on earth, or Rome, the "City of Seven Hills," or, since we are now in the nuclear age, a city more imbued with political and economic power such as New York or Geneva, or, as a New-Age gesture, to show that all men are brothers, to New Delhi? God has his reasons, and they are grounded in Scripture and the land of Jordan.

To this region of the earth, God will establish a refuge for Jews during the Tribulation. When the Anti-Christ wars against the ten nations (Daniel 11:40-45), he will kill three kings (Daniel 7:8,20,24): the Syrian king of the north, the Egyptian king of the south, and the Mesopotamian king of the east. Israel, "the glorious land" will be invaded, and many Jews will seek a place of refuge.

Nevertheless, there will be hope for Zion. Historically there has always been at least one country that the Jews could flee to in times of oppression. This concept is not taught in Judaica, probably because some Jews fail to see the protective hand of God in preserving the children of Jacob. But the facts are there. When Israel was experiencing a famine, God arranged Joseph<sup>155</sup> to be prime minister of Egypt and influenced pharaoh to give Jacob the Land of Goshen. When, three hundred years later in 1500 B.C. they became oppressed, God gave them the Sinai Peninsula as a place of purgation and then the Land of Canaan. During the dispersions caused by the Assyrians (722 B.C.), Babylonians (586 B.C.), Persians (400 B.C.), Greeks (323 B.C.), Ptolemais (270 B.C.), and the Romans (73-300 A.D.), the Jews always found cities of refuge. When the island of Cyprus was evacuated of Jews in 117 A.D., they found refuge in Alexandria, Lycia, and Jerusalem. When England expelled their Jews in 1290 and France in 1394, safety was found in Germany. In 1492, Sicily and Spain shipped the Jews to Holland, Turkey, and Morocco. In 1555, the Jews expelled from Rome went to Holland. When Poland was dissolved in 1804, the Jews went to the Pale of Russia. In 1881, they left Russia for Palestine and the USA. In 1948 Jews from Iraq, Yemen, Aden, and Tunisia left for Israel. But where will the Jews go after the anti-Christ invades Israel (Daniel 11:41 and Revelation 11:1-2)?

The Bible shows that the anti-Christ will have political control over every country in the world except one—a nation that at that time will be kind to the Jews. That country is the same insignificant state that declared war on Germany in 1939<sup>156</sup>.

The Bible speaks of Edom, Moab, and Ammon (Daniel 11:41), but the modern name for these territories is Jordan. It is to this land in the region of Mount Seir (hairy mountains)

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<sup>155</sup> Joseph. Research by Ron Wyatt claims that Joseph was known as Imhotep under pharaoh Joser. See [www.wyattmuseum.com](http://www.wyattmuseum.com),

<sup>156</sup> When World War II was breaking out, England, New Zealand, Australia, and France declared war on Germany. The date was 3 September 1939. Prince Amir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan also declared war on Germany, but no record will be found of this in most history books. The reason for this tiny state's declaration of war was Germany's flagrant anti-Semitism. Both Arab and Jew are Semites. This prompted Hitler to make a public display of the issue. Standing with his aides before cameras and a map of the Mid-East, he asked where Jordan was. After being shown, he quipped that he would add a few marks to the defense budget to cover the disturbance. Six German paratroopers were dispatched to Jordan. They were immediately captured and spent the remainder of the war as POWs.



at Bozrah<sup>157</sup> (sheepfold), possibly by Petra (rock) that Christ himself will return to save the repentant Jewish remnant.<sup>158</sup> By doing this, Christ will fulfill Zechariah 12:7 and save the "tents of Judah first" before saving Jerusalem itself. But how will Jordan be available as a Jewish refuge?

The Bible is silent on this issue. It was not until 1933 that mankind learned how God would lay the groundwork for this plan. He would establish his own church in Amman, Jordan through seer Om Saleem (1893-1958).

## Early Years

Om Saleem was born in 1893 as Hanneh Elias Aghaby into the Greek Melkite Rite Church with archdiocese in Petra. At that time, the three million people of the Trans-Jordan were 95 percent Sunni Moslem and four percent Catholic (Greek and Roman). Only two incidents are known of her early life. As a child of twelve, she met William Booth (1829-1912), a Methodist Minister, who was the founder and first general of the Salvation Army. The year was 1905 and Booth was an aging 76, but the event changed Hanneh's life.

The second incident occurred after marrying Bashara Mutanis Kawar. Following the birth of her first son, Saleem, she had a dream unlike any she had had before. (Since her oldest son's first name was Saleem, in the Arabic world, she became known as Om Saleem, and her husband was called Aba Saleem.) One night while Om Saleem was asleep, the Lord, for an unexplained reason, showed her the way through side streets and alleys to a certain residence. Curious as to where this might lead, she traced the path on foot the following day and knocked on the door of the house at the end of the trail. An eighteen-year-old girl called Alià swung open the door. Her deadpan look changed to immediate surprise. She spoke first: "You're the lady I saw in my dream! You've come to explain to me the ways of God!"

The two became friends, and after a few visits, the girl came to know Jesus Christ. Her father, however, resented the continual intrusion of this born-again Christian into his household. Later, a sign from God so moved the father that he confessed the Lord Jesus Christ. As is so often the case, when the head of the family comes to or falls away from the Lord, the rest of the family will follow. In this case, the entire household came to the Lord<sup>159</sup>.

Just prior to the above incident, there was a split in an Orthodox church in As Salt, an ancient city just west of Amman. Some of the members wanted to re-establish the early

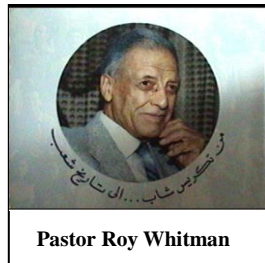
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<sup>157</sup> Bozrah References: Micah 2:12, Matthew 24:16, Revelation 12:6, Revelation 12:14, Isaiah 33:13-16, Isaiah 41:17- 20, and Isaiah 65:8-16

<sup>158</sup> Jewish Remnant. Romans 11:5 the unrepentant remnant and 11:26 the repentant remnant

<sup>159</sup> Paul spoke this to the jailer: *And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house*—Acts 16:31. An example was given by John: *So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house*—John 4:53. See also Acts 11:14 and 16:15.

church atmosphere. So, they invited three missionaries who had just moved into their area to form a new church. The two women were Laura Radford and Elizabeth Brown, Assemblies of God<sup>160</sup> missionaries. The third member, new to the area, was twenty-two-



year-old Roy Whitman, the son of an American missionary and great-grandson to the American author Walter Whitman (1819-1892). Roy was born in the Belgian Congo and schooled in England where he became a minister. These three, however, were not able to kindle the spark of God until Barnaba Nos, a Spirit-filled evangelist from Egypt, brought the spirit of repentance to the congregation.

Later that year (6 June 1926), Radford and Whitman began their ministry in Amman fourteen miles to the East. Their work in the coalescing capital<sup>161</sup> of the Trans-Jordan began as it did in As Salt--unsuccessfully until the arrival of a Spirit-filled catalyst. This time the catalyst was Om Saleem. Her ministry began on 3 January 1933.

## The Night of the Apparitions

On the night the apparitions began, Pastor Roy Whitman was visiting the pastor of the neighboring Christian community in As-Salt. In 1933, As-Salt was the largest city in the Hashemite Kingdom with a population of 18,000 Muslims and a few hundred Christians. Roy had planned a weeklong revival in As-Salt helping his good friend Pastor Saul Benjamin. Later in the week, he would return to the church he had established in Amman seven years earlier. On Tuesday night (3 January, 1933), Roy told Saul that a strange power had come over him as he was praying. The Holy Spirit's presence was so intense, he felt a manifestation was imminent. He did not have long to wait, for the following morning, a call came from Amman, a town with only 5000 people at the time. It was Ibrahim Kawar, a young member of the Kawar family that lived upstairs from Pastor Whitman. He was ecstatic. His mother, Hanneh Kawar (Om Saleem), had a vision just a few hours ago in the early morning hours. People were now gathering at his house from all around and Roy Whitman was entreated to come quickly to oversee the matter. Roy was overwhelmed, but he was also committed to the revival and could not think of leaving until Friday. That night, Roy preached about the Blood of Jesus and on Thursday night the topic was the Second Coming—two very relevant sermons considering what was happening 30 miles away in Amman.

<sup>160</sup> Assemblies of God. Of all Pentecostal denominations, the Assemblies of God is the only one that professes in its creed the Election of Israel according to Romans 9-11.)

<sup>161</sup> Coalescing Capital. Amman disappeared from history in 1300 reemerging in 1878 when the Ottoman Turks resettled the site with Russian refugees. Amman grew into the capital city between 1921 and 1946.

Finally, Pastor Whitman returned to his home, a tri-level house on the Italian Hospital Street next to the Roman Theater. He lived on the first floor just above the farm animals, which were on the ground floor. The Kawar family lived above him while the owner, Salim Jacob Jammal, lived in the third-floor penthouse. The first child of Bishara and Hanneh Kawar was Saleem. They had five other children, Jamil, Ibrahim, Aemile, Selma, and Widad. When Roy Whitman and Saul Benjamin arrived at the second floor of the dwelling, Om Saleem still had the blood mark of a bird with open wings on her forehead. It was the first of four such occurrences. The following morning (Saturday), the image was removed as is recounted in the text that follows.

The dynamic events of that cold January night were later retold by the seer's oldest son, Saleem B. Kawar (1912-1988) who at the time was a twenty-one-year-old clerk in a department of the Trans-Jordanian Government. Later he became Captain in the Jordanian Arab Legion<sup>162</sup>, the secretary to Lieut-Gen. John Glubb<sup>163</sup>, and a Southern Baptist minister and missionary.

### **The First Apparition**

It was nearly midnight. All were asleep in a single room. Om Saleem, Aba Saleem, and Aemile, aged five, were asleep in the same bed when the mother of the house was jarred from her sleep. Someone was shaking her shoulder. She assumed it was Aemile wanting a drink of water. He had done this many times before. As she raised herself up on her elbow, she suddenly noticed a person standing by her bed. He was radiant white. His face shone like the sun. As she started to tremble, he spoke: "There shall come to pass great tribulation. Fear not. The Lord is with you." Then he raised his hand over the family and said: "May this family be blessed." In his other hand was a cup. He dipped three fingers into it and said: "This is a sign to you." Removing his moistened fingers from the cup, he passed them over Om Saleem's forehead saying: "Stand and give glory to the Lord." As the apparition<sup>164</sup> ended, Om Saleem shrieked, and cried out saying, "Give glory to the Lord. Hallelujah, praise the Lord!" The whole family was jolted awake. Thinking mother was dreaming, they tried to calm her down. She resisted their efforts saying she was not having a dream. "Didn't you hear the voice?" she said. "Look. There's something on my forehead." They quickly brought a lantern to her bedside and, sure enough, between her hairline and eyebrows from one end of her forehead to the other there was a bloodstained image of a bird about an inch high.

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<sup>162</sup> Arab Legion. This was Jordan's armed forces.

<sup>163</sup> John Glubb. He was the British army officer who had been Chief of Staff of the British-equipped and financed Arab Legion. In March of 1956, he was dismissed by King Hussein, who was acting out of recently kindled Arab nationalist sentiment.

<sup>164</sup> Apparition. Be careful to distinguish among apparition, vision, and dream. An apparition comes to a seer via his normal senses. If his glasses are missing, he will not see clearly. If an object is placed between him and the subject, he will not see the apparition. A vision comes directly to a seer's mind, bypassing his senses. This is also true of a dream. But a dream occurs while the seer is asleep, and a vision while he is awake. So in a certain sense, a dream is a sleeping vision and a vision is a waking dream.

Word traveled quickly through the early morning streets of depression-era Amman. By 2:30 A.M., neighbors were already entering the Kawar residence to see the blood mark<sup>165</sup>. Arabic newspaper correspondents drifted by later that morning and picked up the account. The Christian community in Amman was electrified by the events at the Kawar residence. It has never been the same since.

Four days later at 2:00 A.M., she had her second apparition. During this apparition, the bloodstained mark was removed by the Lord. More apparitions followed. A summary of all revelations by month and day in the year 1933 are as follows: 1/3, 1/7, 1/8, 1/9, 1/10, 1/16, 1/18, 1/19, 1/25, 1/29, 2/4, 2/7, 2/9, 2/10, 2/11, 2/15, 2/17, 2/20, 2/23, 2/24, 2/27, 3/1, 3/6, 8/26, 8/30, 9/27, 9/29, 10/4, 10/9, 10/17, 10/18, 10/19, 10/21, 10/22. Twenty-three occurred in the first half of the year and eleven in the latter half while a few revelations did occur after that. The encounters with the Lord usually began while the seer was asleep and oblivious to her surroundings. Sometimes she was awake, but under the power of the Holy Spirit. She would begin speaking or singing out loud. This would rouse the family. Her eldest son, Saleem, a clerk in civil service with the Trans-Jordanian government, recorded the messages in Arabic with an ink pen on 4-inch x 6-inch lined notepads.



Notebooks Kept in a Briefcase



A few of the Many Notebooks

Although she spoke only Arabic and a little English, she would often sing or speak a few short sentences in German, French, Hebrew, Greek, Italian, English, Turkish, Syriac, Romanian, or Armenian depending, for the most part, on what language the foreign observer would speak. After the second apparition, people would wait in or by the Kawar residence in anticipation of a deific encounter. At the time of the final vision on Sunday, 22 October 1933, there were 60 people waiting in anticipation of the event. When a foreign language was spoken, Saleem, the scribe, could not record this. If Pastor Whitman were recording, however, he could transcribe English, German, and Greek. (I have personally read some of the few English transcriptions.) The seer would then repeat the foreign text in Arabic. Consequently, there were two indications to verify the seer's

<sup>165</sup> Blood Mark. Catholics might use the word “stigmata”, but there was neither wound nor pain.

translations. By comparing Pastor Whitman's English, German, and Greek to the native Arabic and by interviewing a foreign observer who also spoke Arabic. The correspondence was always perfect. In some cases, the seer would have complete memory of the dream after having been awakened. In others, there would be no recall. The concept of *sensus plenior* (*splen*) was also evident. *Splen* means that the seer, on occasion, could not interpret what she was shown in a vision without the help of Christ, an angel, or the Pastor. This was true of Biblical seers and was especially true of Om Saleem, a simple housewife of the depression years in Amman Jordan, who was shown visions of foreign lands, future armies, politicians, and Church officials.

When the seer, in a trance, asked or answered questions, the scribe would hear this portion and copy it down longhand. On most occasions, Christ's or the angel's response was reiterated slowly by the seer so that the scribe could copy the words down. On a few occasions, the answers were repeated a second time by the seer when, unbeknown to her, the scribe faltered. At other times, the words of Christ or the angel were not repeated, and the scribe would have to interview the seer after she emerged from her trance. In a few cases, the seer spoke so fast, that the scribe could not keep up with her.

The objective of these visions was to establish a church in Jordan that would in some way be instrumental in providing the Jews with sanctuary during the Tribulation. The approach used by Jesus to accomplish this objective was threefold:

- 1) Give instructions for a "first church" format with teachings on how to receive the Holy Spirit by surrendering your heart to the Creator.
- 2) Give glory, honor, and reverence to God.
- 3) Give prophecy relative to the "Last Days" or End Times.

The Lord wanted the church to take on the format of the "first church" also called the "church of God." On 3-1-33, he said: "Behold, you shall see the first church if you remain steadfast in me, and I will cause you to prosper in all you seek."<sup>166</sup> Again on 3-6-33, he said: "Strive for the spiritual gifts; bring back the first church; you shall find that which shall please you; you shall lay your hands upon the sick and they shall be healed...the evil spirits...shall come out."

In contrast to what Marian seers report, Jesus said: "I desire not outward prayer. I desire that you repent with all your heart. I am he that searches your consciences."—(3-1-33)

In contrast to the religions of the day, Jesus said: "I don't want outward appearances; I don't want rituals and sects; I want a heart surrendered to me in everything; I want you doing my will."--(3-1-33). Again of 10-19-33, he said: "...I do not desire denominations.

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<sup>166</sup> Pastor Roy Whitman. *Signs and Wonders in Rabbath-Ammon: Being an Account of Divine Visitations in Amman, Trans-Jordan*. P.O. Box 1677, Amman Jordan: The Co-operative Printing Presses Workers Society, 1933. The complete transcription of this text including a version redacted and annotated by Ron Banuk can be found at [www.kawars.com](http://www.kawars.com).

I do not desire sects. I desire believers who have surrendered their hearts to God and do keep the commandments of the Lord."—(10-19-33). In other words, Jesus has no need for well-organized Churches, be they Catholic, Lutheran, or Presbyterian, nor does he have need for a High Church Movement or a One-World Church. He does want the Holy Spirit to pervade the believers of his first church.

In contrast to those preachers who refrain from fire-and-brimstone messages, he said: "Not everyone who speaks in tongues is of God....He who strikes men with terror and causes their bodies to tremble is of God."--(1-20-33).

Concerning the Trinity, he said: "To God the Father, and to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost, let the whole inhabited earth be prostrated, and worship."--(2-27-33).

Regarding the imminence of his return, he said: "Behold, I come quickly. **Behold you are in the last days.**"--(1-10-33). Almost every vision has reference to the last days or last age. On 8-30-33, he said: "These are now the last days, and I will pour out my Spirit upon everyone who has returned to me, and I will manifest wondrous works among you." This was said in reference to Acts 2:17-21 which springs from Joel 2:28-32. It means that the power of the Holy Spirit is presently being distributed among church members with more intensity than ever before in history.

Regarding the timing of the Rapture, he said: "Then I will gather my people, says the Lord, and great trouble shall come to pass."--(2-7-33). This means that the Rapture will precede the Tribulation.

Om Saleem received the external impression of blood on her forehead four times. They were on 1/3, 1/16, 1/29, and 2/10 in 1933. The significance of blood was revealed on 2/23 when Christ said: "O foolish soul, I have done this sign that you might understand that there is no life without blood...so there is no salvation without blood." This complements Hebrews 9:22b: "*...without shedding of blood is no remission*" as well as the pivotal verse of the entire Bible as found in Leviticus 17:11: "*For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.*" As to why it was in the form of a dove and on her forehead, on 2/15 he said: "The Spirit moves around like a dove and settles on the head of the true believer." From Luke 3:22a, we read: "*...and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him...*"; and from Ezekiel 9:4b we learn why the mark was placed on her forehead: "*...and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.*" In contrast, Satan will set his own mark upon the foreheads of those who give allegiance to him<sup>167</sup>.

The prophetic comments by the Lord are directed toward the worldwide End-Time Christian community. In one of Christ's discourses, he said that the Catholic Church and other major religions were corrupt. But if one really thinks about this, is it not what Christians have been saying for centuries? Did not Christ say: "*I am the way, and the*

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<sup>167</sup> Satan's Mark. See Revelation 13:7, 14:9, 14:11, 16:2, 19:20, and 20:4.

*truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.*"--John 14:16. To this, major religions add tradition and mediation. Did he not also say: "*For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.*"--1 Timothy 2:5. How then can Catholicism (Roman or Greek) be correct if as additional mediators they use Mary, the saints, and the Church with its sacraments? Did not the apostle Paul say to the Colossians: "*Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.*"--Colossians 2:8. If this is true, then how can the source of truth in the Catholic Church be both Bible and Tradition? Obviously, then, there is nothing controversial about what Christ said in his revelation to Om Saleem, since it had all been said before.

The Lord told her in 1933 that Israel would again be a country in 1948 and that in 1958 the foundation would be laid for the final One-World Government. He named many future regional wars with Israel, their combatants, outcomes, and dates. He showed her how the Japanese would war against the Americans and how 57 years into the future, a consortium of world powers would be assembled under the auspices of the future One-World Government for the first time to war against a small country called Iraq. The Lord prophesied that in 1979 a new and terrible disease (AIDS) would begin to sweep the world. More importantly, Om Saleem related that the anti-Christ was to be born on 23 November 1933. When he turns thirty, he will inaugurate his ministry by killing a great leader, and when he turns sixty, he himself will be a great leader and will with time assume control of ten kingdoms. Eventually Christians will recognize this great world leader for who he is and point him out to the unbelieving masses. Christians will be raptured within one year of recognition leaving behind corrupted Catholic and other major religions. Seven of the ten horns will form an alliance of countries loyal to the pope. Calamities will befall the earth. The Third Temple will be rebuilt. When Christians come to Heaven, they will see, among many other rooms<sup>168</sup> (mansions) prepared by Jesus, three of special note--one for Mary Magdalene, one for Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus, and one for Mary the mother of Jesus.<sup>169</sup>

To these End-Time prophecies, we are admonished to regard the words of Paul to the Thessalonians in 51 A.D.: *Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*--1 Thessalonians 5:20-21

Regarding the dates in the prophecies mentioned above, it should be noted that they are reckoned at Jerusalem. This means that in the U.S., the afternoon of the 22nd is the 23rd in the Holy Land. The great leader predicted to be killed was of course John Fitzgerald Kennedy, President of the United States. He grieved the hidden government by not wanting a war in Viet Nam, by planning to dash the CIA into a thousand pieces, not supporting the Bay of Pigs invasion, discoursing directly with Khrushchev, and making the statement that he would follow the U.S. constitution rather than Canon Law or the dictates of Rome. This was the price he paid.

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<sup>168</sup> *In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*--John 14:2-3

<sup>169</sup> Three Marys. The sequence of narration has particular significance.

It is interesting to note that Bashara and Nazih were grade school children on this date. They knew nothing of the prophecy. But their father, Saleem Kawar, told his children to come home without stopping right after school, because something bad was going to happen. When the children returned home that afternoon, they learned of the assassination of the U.S president. It was not until the two children as adults in the seventies, read the prophecy, that they understood what their father had known on the morning of 23 November 1963.

The date of the Rapture is not given. It only says that it will occur within one year of the revealing of the Anti-Christ. I presume this means recognized by the Christian community because the world at large will not see him as such.

Throughout this book, we have seen God at work using the hands of ordinary people like you and me. That is why in the Christian community, we are all called saints. In the Catholic Church, however, this is not the case. Only thaumaturges (miracle workers) are officially called saints. Indeed, Satan once tried to entice Om Saleem with a promise of fame, but she quickly saw through his ploy. "Join the Catholic Church," he said, "and I will make you a great saint!" She is a great saint, in Christ's church as is every humble believer.

### **Prophetic Warnings**

Are there previous examples in history where God has given prophecy to his church to warn his people of pending disaster? I know of two such instances. The first comes from Scripture itself. In 61 A.D., Luke, the Evangelist and close companion of Paul, wrote:

*And in these days came prophets from Jerusalem unto Antioch. And there stood up one of them named Agabus and signified by the Spirit that there should be great dearth (famine) throughout the entire world: which came to pass in the days of Claudius Caesar. Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea: which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul--Acts 11:27-30.*

Claudius Caesar reigned from 41 to 54 A.D. Josephus records that the great famine occurred in 46 A.D. The Christian community among the 500,000 people of Antioch was ready for the event because the Holy Spirit was in constant contact with his people of the first church.

The second example is told by author, Demos Shakarian (1913- ), in his book *The Happiest People on Earth* (Baker Book: Grand Rapids, Michigan 49516; 1975). Demos tells the story of Russian Pentecostals who came across the mountains to Kara Kala in Armenia. Among them was Efim Gerasemovitch Klubniken. In 1853 when Efim was eleven years old, he took part in a seven-day prayer vigil. During the vigil, the boy had a vision. Sitting in a stone cottage at a rough plank table, the illiterate boy used pen and paper to copy beautiful Russian script and a few charts that he saw in his vision. The



prophecy said that the Turks would kill hundreds of thousands of Armenians in the near future. Those that wanted to survive should travel as a group to the United States' East Coast and from there to California. Those that did survive emigrated in 1900. The persecution came in 1914. It is estimated that a million Armenians were killed.

Today many Turks deny that a persecution occurred at all. But the testimony of an Arab that I have met in writing this book, a man who wishes to remain unidentified, refutes these denials. His father was an intern in Istanbul, Turkey when WWI broke out. As a surgeon, his skills were in demand. He was drafted into the service, but not before his Christian name, Tanous (Anthony), was changed to a more Islamic name. An Armenian was then assigned to him as his designated assistant. One night, he awoke to a noisy commotion. When he reached his assistant, he found him dead and members of the Turkish Army disappearing into the night. Shortly after that, he deserted the Turkish Army and joined the Arab revolution lead by King Faisal as a revolt against the Turks.

So, the writings of the illiterate Boy Prophet came true.

There is also historic numerical significance to the very date of the birth of the Anti-Christ. He was born on 23 November. Why that date? Satan never selects a date haphazardly. On this date, Otto the Great (912-973) was born. In 962, he established the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, thus reviving Charlemagne's Empire as the first German Reich. At the time this empire was called Sacrum Romanum Imperium Nationis Germanicae. The Anti-Christ too, was born on this date and will soon re-establish the revived Holy Roman Empire in its ultimate form.

There is also Biblical significance to the numbers 23 and 93. The number 23 signifies death<sup>170</sup>. The twenty-third time that Noah's name is mentioned (counting two possessive forms) in verse Genesis 7:23, death is implied. The twenty-third time the name of Abraham is mentioned in Genesis 19:27, there was death to Sodom and Gomorrah. The twenty-third time Jacob's name is mentioned in Genesis 27:42, and Peter's in Acts 9:34, death is the subject. This may be the reason why the number 23 is enigmatic among the occult.

Many times, in the Bible, a number retains the significance of the sum of its components. As an example, 10 represents law and 13 rebellion. Law plus rebellion equals death just as 10 plus 13 equals 23. Since there is no clear example of gematria for the number 93, it can only be speculated that seventy, representing universality, and 23, representing death, sum to universal death. In other words, the year 1993 will inaugurate the beginning of a period of worldwide death. Perhaps this is why the "93 current" is so sacred to Crowleyites and why international terrorism has been on the upswing since then.

## **The Second Coming and the Rapture**

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<sup>170</sup> Vallowe, Ed. F. Biblical Mathematics: Keys to Scripture Numerics. Forest Park, Georgia 30050: Ed. F. Vallowe Evangelistic Association, 1992, p140

There are two distinct events in eschatology relative to Christ's return: the Second Coming and the Rapture. The sign of the Second Coming of Christ is discussed in Matthew 24:29-30<sup>171</sup>. While there is no present knowledge of this date, there will be in the near future. When the Anti-Christ makes a covenant with the Jewish people (Daniel 9:27), the Tribulation will commence and there will be seven years until the Second Coming. Finally, when the Abomination of Desolation<sup>172</sup> occurs in the middle of the "week" (7 years), there will be only 1260 days or 3 ½ years left until that remarkable event.

The Rapture is discussed in Matthew 24:36-42<sup>173</sup>. It is here that the Bible says: *But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only*—Matthew 24:36a. Jesus in his humanity under a state of kenosis did not know the future date. He does now, of course. The Bible further states:

*But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be*—Matthew 24:37-39.

In the days of Noah, the Lord gave mankind 120 years warning of the impending judgment.<sup>174</sup> The people, however, soon forgot or ignored the warning as they ate, drank, and married. But Noah remembered and was later given a specific 7-day warning of the impending disaster.<sup>175</sup> And so it is today. The long-term warning was the birth of the Anti-Christ on 23 November 1933. If the duration is 120 years, then it agrees remarkably with dates given in the next story. The short-term warning in this case is for Christians who will identify the Anti-Christ and know that the Rapture will occur within one year.

After receiving a vision of the End Times, Daniel, a prophet in sixth century Babylon, said rather exasperatedly to the Lord: *"And I heard, but I understood not"*-- (Daniel 12:10a). The Christian need not close the Book with an uneasy feeling fueled by Daniel's *sensus plenior* (lack of understanding), however, for six centuries later, the Book of Revelation arranged many of these events in an understandable chronological order. And nineteen centuries after that, the Om Saleem prophecies added a few missing dates for the Christian community. But looking back to Daniel 12:10b we see that *"...none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand."* For this reason, those lacking the saving grace of Jesus Christ shall read these words and scoff, but the wise shall heed them. The majority of New Agers that follow the World Savior with unparalleled elan and resurgent Nazi enthusiasm in the next few years will not understand that the Coming One represents Satan.

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<sup>171</sup> Second Coming. See also Mark 13:24-26 and Luke 21:25-27.

<sup>172</sup> Abomination of Desolation. See 2 Thessalonians 2:3-10, Revelation 13:11-15, and Daniel 12:11.

<sup>173</sup> Rapture. See also Luke 21:34-36.

<sup>174</sup> One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Year Warning. Genesis 6:3

<sup>175</sup> Seven-Day Warning. Genesis 7:4

### **Three Signs**

In summary, there are three major signs to be given by God during the End Times. The first is the revealing (*apokalupto*) of the identity of the Anti-Christ from 2 Thessalonians 2:3. This sign is meant for and will be believed by Christians alone. The second is the Rapture (*natzal*) itself from John 14:1-3, 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18, and 1 Corinthians 15:50-58. This sign is meant for the 144,000 Jews that will be converted to Christ and preach the worldwide revival during the first half of the Tribulation. (See Matthew 24:14 and Revelation 7.) The third is the Abomination of Desolation (*shiqquts shamem*) from Daniel 11:31 and 12:11. When the Anti-Christ commandeers the rebuilt Jewish Temple, sits in the Holy of Holies, declares himself to be God (2 Thessalonians 2:3-10), and later when the False Prophet places a moving image of the Anti-Christ in the Jewish Temple (Revelation 13:11-15 and Daniel 12:11), this will be a sign reserved for the remaining Jews who have not yet received Christ as their Messiah (*Mashiach*). (See Matthew 24:15 and Mark 13:14.)

### **Pastor Roy Whitman**

A glowing testimony to the veracity of these prophecies is the clean, God-filled, and humble life of Pastor Roy Whitman. After being co-scribe to the Om Saleem prophecies, he continued to preach first-church principles in Jordan all his life. In the eighty-eighth and final year of his life, this man was living an active life using an old-age home in Mafraq as his base. Often times he would be gone for a week on end preaching in the neighboring town of Amman making it difficult for me to reach him on the phone. Toward the end of December 1992, he was given a vision, which warned him of his pending death three days hence. He quickly called his friends together, made the final arrangements, issued his bequeathments, and gave instructions for his departure. Above all, he did not want any mourning after his demise. Three days later, on Christmas morning, he lapsed into a coma. By evening he was dead and in the arms of the Lord. Memorial services were held at Arabic Christian communities in Amman and California. No one really mourned. But tears of happiness were in many Christian eyes knowing full well that shortly they too would be enjoying his bliss.

Why was Pastor Whitman told that he would die in three days and not four days or one day? Here again there is Biblical significance. Three is the number of resurrection and divine completeness.<sup>176</sup> Roy Whitman's life was complete in God's eyes and his spirit was ready to be resurrected with the Lord in three days.

### **The Dead Sea Scrolls**

Before we conclude this chapter on Om Saleem and the Lord's prophecies, it would be well to compare her revelations with those recently unearthed. Discovered in Jordan between 1947 and 1956 were papyrus and leather documents that have come to be known

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<sup>176</sup> *ibid* pp 53-59

as the Dead Sea Scrolls. These 800 documents were written between 200 B.C. and 50 A.D. primarily in Hebrew, but also in Greek and Aramaic. One hundred twenty-seven of these documents are Biblical texts, containing the oldest known versions of the entire Tenach, or Old Testament. What they show, according to Rev. Eugene Ulrich, professor of Hebrew Scriptures at the University of Notre Dame and a general editor of the scrolls, is that "the traditional Biblical texts that most people find translated in their Bibles, no matter which version it is, have been handed down amazingly accurately over the last 2000 years." While I take exception to portions of certain versions of the Bible, I do agree with Ulrich. Yet, the profound hubbub created by the restricted access to these documents imposed by the scholarly team of translators was interesting to watch. First two scholars from the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati actually reconstructed the texts with the help of a computer from a concordance. When you think of it, this is an amazing effort, and for what? Then when the Huntington Library in San Marino, California released a complete photographic set of the scrolls to qualified scholars, the Israeli Antiquities Authority protested along with many other scholars.

This shows how important the Word of God is regarded by believers and non-believers alike. The 127 documents contained essentially nothing new, yet the entire world was intensely interested. In this regard, it is well to reflect on just how important the prophecies of Jesus Christ as given to Om Saleem really are. They neither revise nor add to the inspired Book of Revelation. But they build on and reinforce Scripture, and they add exhortations applicable to the Christian community at this moment in history, called the End Times.

## **Salvation**

Are you ready? Do you know for a fact that you are going to Heaven? If there is the slightest bit of doubt, then you are not yet on track! That is because the promise of Salvation is so simple that there can be no doubt as to your understanding it and knowing whether you believe it with your heart. If a pogrom were to be decreed by the New-Age, One-World Government, and One-World Church militants in your neighborhood next week, would there be enough evidence to convict you as a Christian? Aside from attending church twice a month, how does your life differ from those around you? When the Rapture comes within a year of the emergence of the Anti-Christ, will you find yourself in church the following Sunday, thus compelled to go through the dreaded Tribulation? Do you fear death? No Christian fears death. God loves those that trust in him so much, that he would never let anyone die ahead of his time or prior to the accomplishment of his mission provided that he prayed daily for guidance in doing the Lord's will.<sup>177</sup> The Christian's reward is to die peacefully as did Pastor Roy Whitman, or if it be in contesting your faith then sufficient strength will be given to you as a martyr. John Hus (1372-1415), a reformer, comes to mind. So intent were his executioners on burning him at the stake, they poured so much oil over the fagots that the saint died from smoke inhalation prior to the sting of the flames.

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<sup>177</sup> Lord's Will. See Romans 12:2 and 1 Peter 1:14.

How can you find inner peace when five billion souls are about to go through the most trying time in the history of this planet? The Bible shows that there is but one way to Heaven:

1) Admit that you are a sinner.

*...for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God*  
--Romans 3:23

2) Believe that only the Lord Jesus Christ can save you.

*Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*  
--Acts 4:12

This means that there is no other mediator than Christ Jesus (I Timothy 2:5)--not the Virgin Mary, not the saints, not Mohammed. Believe not in rituals, sacraments, rosaries, medals, images, symbols, novenas, processions, masses, penance, good works, Tradition, priests, and man-made commandments.

3) Repent! Turn away from all sin fettering your spiritual life.

*I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*--Luke 13:5

4) Confess and believe that you have been redeemed by the Lord Jesus Christ who shed his blood, died on the cross, and rose again from the dead.

*...that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.*--Romans 10:9

You must believe that only Jesus Christ can save you--no other saint, prophet, miracle worker, healer, holy man, living being, or dead spirit can save you or, for that matter, must be obeyed for salvation.

5) Ask God to save you.

*For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*--Romans 10:13

6) Ask Jesus Christ to be the Lord of your life.

*...present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.*--Romans 12:1-2

If Jesus Christ is truly the Lord of your life, you will talk to God many times during the day especially when trouble threatens, and decisions must be made. You will read the

holy Bible daily and ask the Holy Spirit for guidance in interpretation (illumination). Worship at a church where the Bible is the inspired and infallible Word of God--not at a Church where the ecumenism of the One-World Church is taught. Finally, be baptized (Matthew 28:19) as an adult (Mark 16:16), not because it will save you (It will not.), not because it imparts grace or remits sin (It does not.), but because it is Jesus Christ's command, and you now love him so much that you will do whatever he says. Submitting to Jesus' will in baptism must be a conscious act on your part. This cannot be done if you are an infant or child, and Confirmation at a later age casts your initial mistake in concrete. If being baptized as an adult is too embarrassing, imagine how the Messiah felt being flogged naked at the post, dragging his cross through streets lined with jeering spectators, and being crucified with thieves. He loved you this much. What will you do for him?

Do this, and a mansion will be built for you in Heaven.

*And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse, and He who sat on it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and wages war. 12 His eyes are a flame of fire, and on His head are many diadems; and He has a name written on Him which no one knows except Himself. 13 He is clothed with a robe dipped in blood, and His name is called The Word of God. 14 And the armies which are in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, were following Him on white horses. 15 From His mouth comes a sharp sword, so that with it He may strike down the nations, and He will rule them with a rod of iron; and He treads the wine press of the fierce wrath of God, the Almighty. 16 And on His robe and on His thigh He has a name written, "KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS." NASU—Revelation 19:11-16.*

## 23

### Om Saleem: Page 666

The Om Saleem prophecies from 1933 and 1934 were collated from a collection of 40 notebooks into a single huge Arabic document of about a thousand pages in 1973. The collator was Saleem B. Kawar, a Southern Baptist missionary. Forty years earlier, Saleem B. Kawar was the principal scribe, who wrote down the prophecies as he heard them from his mother, Om Saleem.

By chance, one might say if one did not know better, the end of page 665, all of page 666, and the beginning of page 667 contain the most devastating End-Time prophecies in the entire collection. As far as I know, this page is unknown outside the immediate family and is published here for the first time. I have done my best to interpret the described events in terms of Biblical imagery.

The dates in the prophecy are given as Roman numerals. My interpretation is that these numerals have a single reference base date—the year 2000. So, the Roman numeral XXX is taken to mean MMXXX or 2030. This may not be correct<sup>178</sup>. The birth of the Antichrist in 1933 is not taken as the reference year. That year would be significant only for personal events in the life of the Antichrist like the years of his temple ceremony<sup>179</sup> and the year of the beginning of his ministry at 30.

Within these prophecies that only confirm Scripture is an interesting pericope concerning dissention within the church and how the presence of the wicked can postpone blessings for believers in a church setting.

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<sup>178</sup> The author has expressed in *The Anti-Christ and the Rapture* that he feels that his appearance will be much sooner in light of secular literature and world events.

<sup>179</sup> Benjamin Crème (b 1922), the supposed John the Baptist of the Antichrist, mentioned that he witnessed this event in London just after WWII. The person was 12 years old in 1945. *The Reappearance of the Christ...*1980.

Rather engaging conversation by the Lord shows dramatically the concept of *sensus plenior* sometimes shortened to *splen*. It becomes readily apparent that the seer had little understanding of the prophecies given to her.

### **Tuesday Night, 30 January 1934**

The hand of God was upon my mother. She was having a vision. An angel had appeared and took her to a place where she was shown more than she could easily remember. She heard voices like thunder<sup>180</sup> and saw three beasts,<sup>181</sup> no four<sup>182</sup> passing by—beasts as big as a horse.<sup>183</sup> Their hair was long as a horse's mane and their tails were like swords.<sup>184</sup> In fear she fell to the ground nearly unconscious. Then the angel said: With these beasts, God is about to strike the world. She woke up, and fought off returning to sleep for fear of encountering the beasts.

### **Thursday, 1 February 1934**

[This is the continuation of the vision on page 162 of the original notebooks<sup>185</sup>.] After the vision, the Lord told her that he would not give his secrets to anyone but true believers. Then an angel came and took her to a place where there was a deep pit. She was about to inquire about the pit, when she saw blood coming from a faucet on a pipe. She said: What is this blood? The angel raised his hand as if he were swearing and said: I swear by the Living God that the blood<sup>186</sup> of the wicked people will flow like this and be poured into the pit. She trembled.

Then the angel showed her a group of her friends saying: These are your friends. They are arguing over you. Some like you. Some do not. But they act as though they like you and you truly like them, and yet they go and cause confusion. They are your enemies. She said: Yes, I know. The enemy caused this.<sup>187</sup>

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<sup>180</sup> *Thunder*. Figuratively this is the voice of God: *After it a voice roareth: he thundereth with the voice of his excellency...God thundereth marvellously with his voice* (Job 37:4-5).

<sup>181</sup> *Beasts*. This word, more than any other has various meanings and is characteristic of Revelation: *And when those beasts give glory and honour and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever* (Rev 4:9).

<sup>182</sup> *No Four*. This is a Biblical figure of speech for emphasis called  $x/x+1$ . It was not used by John but was used 43 times elsewhere in Scripture: *There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not* (Proverbs 30:18). *For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear* (Proverbs 30:21).

<sup>183</sup> *Horse*. The horse as an engine of war is used symbolically in the Book of Revelation: *And thus I saw the horses in the vision* (Rev (:17).

<sup>184</sup> *Sword*. This word is prevalent in the Book of Revelation: *And the remnant was slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth* (Rev 19:21).

<sup>185</sup> *Page 162*. This was the page reference in Saleem's attaché case filled with the original notebooks. When recompiled later into a 1000-page Arabic manuscript, this was page 665.

<sup>186</sup> *Blood*. The blood of the saints will be avenged: *And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth* (Rev 6:10)?

<sup>187</sup> *Friend/enemy*. This interesting pericope shows the trials that Om Saleem was going through in announcing God's Word in the role of a prophetess.



Then she looked and saw groups of people carrying copies of the *Signs and Wonders*<sup>188</sup> booklet and rejoicing for her. Some people were reading. Some listened while it was read. Some were meditating. The angel said to her: These are the people who were touched by the heavenly messages. You do not know about these people. Thousands were touched. She said: Let me go back<sup>189</sup>.

Then she went back to Jesus Christ. The Lord said to her: I will show you secrets, but do not tell anyone because the secrets of God are only for the people who fear him.<sup>190</sup> Then she looked and writing appeared to her in Heaven. The Lord said: What do you see? Can you read this? She said: What is this? He said: This is not X X X. They are letters. The Lord said: Inform Pastor Whitman. She said: Yes. I will tell him, but she continued to ask about the letters: Is it a secret? The Lord said: These letters represent 30 years until the appearance of the Anti-Christ<sup>191</sup>. It looks as though the letters are on fire, she said.

The Lord said: Why did you call that wicked woman here? If she were not called here, I could have given you many more secrets. The presence of the wicked postpones the blessing for believers<sup>192</sup>. There is little time to impart more secrets. The girl will be back soon, but I will delay her. She said: What do I see? Do you want to delay her?<sup>193</sup>

He said: What do you see now? Do you know how to read it? She said: No. What is this—XXXV? I do not know what it means. He said: After 35 years Kingdoms will rise up and forge unity with the Anti-Christ.<sup>194</sup> Do you understand what that means? She said: Yes. I understand.

He said: Do not tell anyone. She said: I will not tell anyone. He said: But tell Pastor Whitman.<sup>195</sup> She said: I do not know exactly how to tell him, and I will forget. He said: Write it down for him. She said: You want me to write it down? Does he know how to read these letters? He said: He knows. He knows very well. These are Roman Letters. She said: Roman? He does not know Roman. He said: All that you have to do is to give it to him.

She said: Just what do I have to do? He said: Warn him from (People's names have been deleted.) because they will cause you to fall into trial. Especially be warned this very

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<sup>188</sup> *Signs and Wonders*. This document compiled by Pastor Whitman was distributed among the Christian community within months of the first series of visions in 1933. It represents about 3% of all that was recorded.

<sup>189</sup> Initially the Lord was talking to her, so she wants to return to him.

<sup>190</sup> *Secrets*. This is the reason why only a small portion of the Lord's words were published. The remainder was targeted strictly for the Christian community.

<sup>191</sup> *Appearance of the Anti-Christ*. The Anti-Christ was born on 23 November 1933. This and other details were given to Om Saleem prior to the birth of the seed of Satan. Although the Anti-Christ began his ministry 30 years after his birth as did Jesus, the XXX referred to here is from base year 2000, i.e., 2030.

<sup>192</sup> *The presence of the wicked postpones the blessings for the believers*. This is a thought-provoking concept for Christians are enjoined from not removing the tares from the field (Mt 13:29), yet, at the same time, they are to judge the sinners within their community. *It is actually reported that there is immorality among you, and immorality of such a kind as does not exist even among the Gentiles, that someone has his father's wife. And you have become arrogant, and have not mourned instead, in order that the one who had done this deed might be removed from your midst* (1 Cor 5:1-2).

<sup>193</sup> The seer had divergent thoughts.

<sup>194</sup> After when? After the appearance of the Anti-Christ or after the reference for XXX meaning 5 years later? Probably 2035.

<sup>195</sup> *Do not tell anyone but Pastor Whitman*. Obviously, there would come a time when Pastor Whitman's transcriptions would be made known as were the restrictions in Daniel 8:26.

week. She asked: Why lord? My life is tortured. The Lord said: Do not be upset and influenced by what people say. Just sit down and tell him everything. She said: No. No. I will not let my life be upset. You know. Just follow me when I go about. Come and see what I do.<sup>196</sup> The Lord said: Do not worry. Soon I will give you rest from them. When, she asked. But the Lord did not answer.<sup>197</sup>

Then another letter appeared to her, and the Lord said: Now look at these letters. She said: I do not know what they mean? I can read it in English, but I do not know the meaning XXXVII.<sup>198</sup> The Lord said: At this point there is going to be a war in which ¼ of the world will die. Even though you do not understand, just write it down for the pastor. Because this will be understood in the coming years<sup>199</sup> and it will strengthen the believers<sup>200</sup>. She said: I am afraid that he will not understand the meaning. He said: No. He will understand. All that you have to do is give it to him and he will understand. If you decide not to tell him personally, just write it down and he will understand.<sup>201</sup> She said: I am afraid that I will forget. He said: You should write it down today so you will not forget. Then she said the following in English and people who were present heard her: Three Xs, V, Double I (XXXVII).

Then she saw other letters. The Lord said: Look at those letters. She said: Four Xs. She said: How beautiful this writing is. I am afraid I will forget my Lord. The Lord said: At this time there will be hunger. One quarter of the world will die. He said: Look at these letters. She looked and said: Four Xs, IV (XXXXIV)<sup>202</sup>. She said: I cannot remember all of this. The Lord said: In these years there are going to be plagues. Do not tell anyone. She said: No. No. No. I will not tell anyone.

Then the lord asked: Read those letters. She said: Yes. I will read it, but what is the use? I will forget it all. XXXIX,<sup>203</sup> she said. If I forget it what can I do. Oh my Lord. The lord said: In these years there is going to be plague of locusts.<sup>204</sup> Let him write it down immediately.

Then the Lord said: Read these letters. She said in English: V Double I (VII). Then she said: If they were Arabic letters, I could have memorized them. I cannot remember them. The Lord said: These letters are 7 years after seven years.<sup>205</sup> There is going to be an earthquake and ½ of Jerusalem will be ruined.

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<sup>196</sup> *Follow me...see what I do.* This simple woman's face-to-face prayer shows that she is walking with the Lord.

<sup>197</sup> *The Lord did not answer.* Just because one is standing face-to-face with the Lord, does not mean he will reply immediately.

<sup>198</sup> XXXVII. The World War in 2037 could be termed WWII or a WW of the End Times.

<sup>199</sup> *Will be understood in the coming years.* In 1933, this prophecy was secret. When I talked with Pastor Whitman in 1992 the prophecies were not foremost in his mind. Today the situation is different, and the next phrase shows that they will "strengthen believers."

<sup>200</sup> Believers. This is God's reason for the prophecy.

<sup>201</sup> *Just write it down.* Actually, the scribe was writing it down. That means that this is inspired. See Rev 10:4.

<sup>202</sup> XXXIV. Famine and plagues in 2044 strike the second quartile.

<sup>203</sup> XXXIX. Locusts pillage the earth in 2049. God's "great army" of locusts (Joel 2:25) strike whomever is left.

<sup>204</sup> *Locusts.* And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power (Rev 9:2-3).

<sup>205</sup> *Seven years after seven years.* This is the 7-year period beginning 7 years after the last date, 2049, or 2056. During the 7-year Great Tribulation, the earthquake will take place.

After she saw the seven years, she saw letters written in blood and said: Why now I see letters written in blood--not like before. Why is it written in blood? Five Xs, V, Double I (XXXXXVII)<sup>206</sup> I cannot remember why. Why is it written in blood? He said: In the year 57, blood will run like a river in the middle of Jerusalem. God will start pouring his anger upon the world. And he said: Woe, woe<sup>207</sup> to the world. Enough Lord.<sup>208</sup> I cannot bear to see more. My heart is torn. I do not want to see any more. If the people are convinced of these facts, they will be shamed and repent. The Lord said: The people will be convinced, but they will disregard these facts.<sup>209</sup> God is able. He is merciful. Blood will bring Justice.<sup>210</sup> She said: How dreadful are your deeds! How beautiful when grace and justice meet!<sup>211</sup> She was shaken with fear and said: Have mercy upon me Lord!<sup>212</sup>

### Summary of Possible Dates:

- 2030 Antichrist becomes known
- 2035 Kingdoms united
- 2037 World war in which 25% die
- 2044 Hunger and plagues (25% die)
- 2049 Locusts
- 2051 Begin Great Tribulation (Great Earthquake destroys 50% of Jer.)
- 2057 Blood flows in Jerusalem
- 2058 End of Great Tribulation and Second Coming

### Summary of 7-Year Intervals

#### 2030-2037

<sup>206</sup> XXXXXVII. In 2057 blood will flow in Jerusalem. This is not necessarily the blood referred to as being "bridle-deep" in Rev 14:19-20.

<sup>207</sup> Woe, woe. The term "woe, woe, woe" is used as the seventh seal is opened for the six trumpet judgments at the end of the first half of the Great Tribulation. The term "woe, woe", however, is not used until Rev 18:10-19 in reference to the great city, Babylon.

<sup>208</sup> *Enough Lord. It is enough; now, O LORD* (1 Kings 19:4).

<sup>209</sup> *Convinced...but disregard.* This concept is very similar to that expressed by the rich man's five sons in Luke 16:19-31 concerning the rich man in Hell and the beggar called Lazarus in Abraham's Bosom. The story concludes: *And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead* (Luke 16:30-31).

<sup>210</sup> Blood and Justice. The Bible links the word "justice" (Strong's #6666) with the word "judgment" very frequently, but never "justice" with "blood" although the inference can be drawn because *the sword of the LORD is filled with blood* (Isaiah 34:6).

<sup>211</sup> *How beautiful when grace and justice meet.* This is a beautiful and pithy remark. It summarizes God's mercy to believers and justice to those that do not choose Jesus Christ. It also shows that God will avenge the saints. Similar imagery is seen in Psalms: *Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other* (Psalms 85:10). Close linkage is also seen in *but to do justice, to love kindness* from Mica 6:8 and *justice and fairness* in Col 4:1.

<sup>212</sup> *Have Mercy on Me O Lord!* In Scripture we have: *Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I am weak: O LORD, heal me; for my bones are vexed* (Psalms 6:2). *Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death* (Psalms 9:13).

2037-2044

2044-2051

2051-2058

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<sup>4</sup> For the seven verses that define this term see the *Anti-Christ and the Rapture*.