

JESUS AND ME

A LAYMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE POWER AND MIRACLES OF
GOD

By Jack McGuire

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ENDORSEMENT

Over ten years ago I began attending the same church where Jack McGuire attended. Someone told me there was a member of the church who had a real ministry of healing, and some people in the church had received a miraculous healing from God through his prayers. The name they gave me was Jack McGuire. I jotted down his name in case I ever needed him.

Well, two or three years later I did need him, due to a lingering and potentially very dangerous physical problem. I called Jack. He was very gracious and willing to help. We met and he prayed for me. Praise God, I got my healing! Jack is a humble servant of God and a man of great faith. This is a fantastic book, and I urge everyone to read it.

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Introduction

First of all, I want to make it very clear that I can do nothing without the power of God working through me. I do not have a seminary or college degree – no formal training at all. This book is about what God can do through someone who loves him. I like to think of it as God letting me get in on the fun.

I was born at my grandmother's house in a coal-mining community called Chattaroy, West Virginia. I was raised in Ashland, Kentucky, a small town on the Ohio River. My earliest remembrance was my mother teaching me the fear and love of God. On my mother's side of the family there were God-fearing people who loved Jesus and served him. I am very thankful for their belief in Christ Jesus and their belief in the power and gifts of the Holy Spirit. Their example helped me move into the spirit realm without doubt and unbelief. I received Jesus as my Lord and Savior at the Church of God in Catlettsburg, Kentucky.

When I was about six years old, I prayed and believed that God could do all things. I did not have a real understanding of who He was. I would pray for what I wanted and thought that He was there to help me get it. I remember one prayer; I prayed that He would let me win a big award in baseball. My prayer went something like this, "Dear Lord, I should win this award because I am a Christian and the other guys aren't." I won the award, but I really wasn't giving God much to work with. I never asked what I could do for Him, only what God could do for me.

Right after high school I married my junior/senior high school sweetheart. At that time, everyone who wasn't in college was being drafted into the Army and sent to Vietnam. I enlisted in the U.S. Air Force and was first shuffled off to boot camp and then to Eglin Air Force Base in Fort Walton Beach, Florida. My wife and I spent three years there before I was given orders to go to Vietnam. During that time we had our first child and we were attending church regularly.

After a year in Vietnam, I came home and we settled in Orlando, Florida. We attended church, but not very often. It wasn't long before my wife told me that she missed going to church, and I agreed. We had previously attended Pine Castle United Methodist Church. We decided to officially join and get involved. We signed up for the New Members' Class. Pine Castle UMC was not like any Methodist church I had ever visited. We went to the New Members' Class that was being taught by the pastor's wife, Charlotte Yates. Although this lady would speak very softly and gently, in a few minutes what she said would register and you thought that you had been hit with a brick. After a few weeks in the class, she gave us a piece of paper and asked us to write down all the things, including sins, etc., that bothered us. I was afraid that she would read my list, but I obeyed. She took the papers, prayed over them, tore them up, and then put them in a trash can and burned them.

Ever since I had come home from Vietnam, I had felt like there was a knot in my throat. When Mrs. Yates burned the pieces of paper, I felt as if the knot just came up and went out of my mouth. I had been having a lot of trouble sleeping, but that night I began to sleep like a baby. That was the first time I realized the real power of God. I had just been through deliverance and did not even know what it was.

My wife and I started to attend Bible studies. Then we heard that our lay leader, Tom Nevitt, was going to teach a Bible study on the Holy Spirit and the gifts of the Spirit. We were very excited about this, for we had become hungry for the things of God. So we decided to attend these meetings, and the Spirit of God met us there each week. After the study, some people would go home, but many of us were too excited to leave. That became the time that the Holy Spirit would really begin to work. Tom and his wife, Nellie, would be led to minister to some of us, and the power of God blessed us and taught us many things.

Chapter 1

Learning to Trust God

Our youngest daughter, Marcie, was starting school, and Candy, my wife, was taking her for all the medical exams she needed. One of the test results indicated that something was wrong with the hearing in one of her ears. The first doctor who tested her hearing didn't have equipment small enough for her ear canal, so an appointment was made with another doctor who had the appropriate equipment.

Candy and I had been reading in James, Chapter 5: "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 has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that you may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5: 14-16 KJV).

So on Sunday morning we took Marcie to Pastor Yates' office to ask him to pray this prayer for her. He said that he would be glad to do this, but he would like to do it during the church service during the time for sharing our joys and concerns. He wanted me to share what was on my heart. So during the appropriate time, my wife and I stood up and declared that we wanted to claim James, Chapter 5, and have Pastor Yates anoint our daughter with oil and pray the prayer of faith. He called us to come forward with Marcie. He read the scripture, anointed her with oil, and prayed the prayer of faith. Then we sat back down.

A man named Keith stood to share a joy and as he finished, he turned to us and said, "That little girl is healed." Then he sat down and turned to his wife and said in astonishment, "Why did I say that?"

Marcie's next appointment with the doctor was ten days away. The devil kept trying to tell my wife that Marcie wasn't healed. Candy had to fight with him right up until the appointment with the doctor. The nurse came out and called for Marcie to come in. My wife started to go with her, but the nurse said that she didn't need to.

At this time, Candy was really being bombarded with doubt from the devil, but as the door closed behind Marcie and the nurse, the peace of God flooded Candy. Of course, when Marcie came out, the report was that nothing was wrong with her hearing!

One Sunday as we were leaving church, it was raining. We stood there, hoping that the rain would let up so we could get to the car without getting soaked. I looked up and asked God to make it stop raining. It stopped raining instantly. We got into the car and it started raining again. We drove to our favorite pizza restaurant for lunch, and it rained all the way there. As we pulled into the parking lot, my oldest daughter, Angie, said, "Dad, ask God to make it stop raining." I did, and the rain stopped until we were inside. It rained all during lunch and was still raining when we were ready to leave. Angie again said, "Dad, ask God to make it stop raining." We walked to the car with no rain. But when we got back into the car, it started raining again. Is God great or what! When we pulled into our driveway, she asked again, and I told her we no longer needed God to stop the rain because we had a carport!

It was at this time that I realized I had been so blessed growing up in a church that believed in the gifts and power of God and practiced them. I knew now that I had to be baptized in the Holy Spirit with evidence of speaking in tongues. I was consumed with hunger for more of God. One night before going to sleep, I knelt beside my bed and prayed. I asked Jesus to baptize me in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues. I closed my prayer with an amen, the same as I had always done in the past. I got into bed and for the first time that I can remember, I heard God speak to me. He said, "Get back down on your knees." So I did. I started to pray, but it was no longer English coming out of my mouth. I was overcome with joy and happiness. I got back up into bed and God said, "Get back down on your knees." I got back out of bed, began to pray, and continued to speak in tongues. After a while, he let me go back to bed.

At this point, my life changed. All of a sudden I understood so many things - answers to questions I had been puzzled by. The whole world seemed brighter and clearer. I noticed little things I had never noticed before. Everything seemed clean and fresh.

Chapter 2

Early Ministry

I began to casually lay hands on people who told me they were sick. I asked God to heal them, and they would be healed! God's word was real, and I was learning that I could depend on it. Many people that I prayed for were healed. I began to feel more confident in the promises of God. I thought that all Christians had been doing the same things I was now doing.

One Sunday morning Mrs. Yates came up to me and said that she had told a lady to come and see me. When I asked why, she said that the lady was sick and that I had the gift of healing. I stood there in astonishment! She said, "Well, don't you?" I replied that I wasn't sure. She told me to pray about it. The next weekend, Candy and I were scheduled to go as counselors to North Carolina with the youth group. Each morning I would pray about Mrs. Yates' statement that I had the gift of healing. One morning I was sitting on a rock reading my Bible when, all of a sudden, the pages of my Bible started turning and there wasn't any wind blowing. When they stopped turning, I looked down at the words. One sentence seemed to rise up from the page. All I saw was, "He healed them all." I didn't know what to think, but I was very excited. Now as I look back on that weekend, everyone that I prayed for was healed.

During the day the students were playing on some of the rolling hills outside the lodge where we were staying and, of course, several ended up with scrapes and bruises. I remember a girl from our seventh grade Sunday School class coming to me. Her leg was all swollen around the knee. She asked for prayer because she couldn't bend her knee. After praying for her, she just took off running. God is so good! Several others were healed of things not as visual, but just as important to them.

One day while we were climbing up a cliff, a girl from the high school group slipped and scraped her cheek very badly. She had her best friend bandage it up, because some of the girls were going into town with the youth director's wife to get some supplies, and she wanted to go along. When they returned, she had her friend remove the bandage, which made matters worse because the bandage was stuck to the wound. She now was in real pain.

Her friend came to me to ask if we could pray for her. We were standing in a long hallway with a flight of stairs at the other end going to the second floor. As we started to pray, students came from everywhere to pray with us. In fact, there were so many students in the hallway, we could not even move. We were praying about the pain, but God had other ideas.

As we prayed, one of the students said, "Look – the redness on her face is changing!" Then we watched as the wound shrank and fresh skin appeared on her face right in front of our eyes! God left just a small spot on her face that was not healed. I wondered why God would heal most of the wound and not finish the job. While we were praying for her, a boy was coming down the steps trying to join us in prayer. His name was Scott, and he told me later that the power of God was so heavy that he couldn't get to where we were. He had a cup of coffee in his hand and it was all he could do just to stand.

When the girl whose skin had been healed got back home and was getting into her

family's car, she thought about the small place still on her face. She prayed and asked God to heal it before Easter, because the family always took pictures on Easter. The night before Easter, we had a service at the church. When she got back in the car to go home, she remembered the place on her face. She told God that she wanted it to be gone for Easter pictures. For the first time in her life, she heard God speak. He said, "It's not Easter yet." The next morning, her face was completely healed – not a mark or scar anywhere! God just let us get in on the fun.

Chapter 3

A Lifestyle of Ministry

Over the next few years, I got to see many healings – especially for people with back pain. God let me pray for a young man who wanted to go into the military service. Because he was missing the top of his rotator cuff, his shoulder would just pop out of joint from time to time. The doctor told him that he wouldn't be accepted into the service with this condition. He came and asked for prayer. When he went back to the doctor, the doctor looked at him and said, "I don't know what happened, but everything is all right now."

A high school girl came to me and asked for prayer because she had one leg longer than the other. I had never asked anyone this question before, but I said, "Do you believe that God will heal you?" She thought for a minute and said, "I know that God heals, but I am not sure that he will heal me." I told her to read Proverbs, Chapter 4, verses 20-22 and to call me when she knew God would heal her. A few days later, she called and told me that now she knew that God would heal her. She asked if I would come to the youth meeting and we could pray afterward. I said yes, and we met at the meeting. After the meeting, the youth director's wife and I took the young lady to a quiet, empty room to pray for her. When I had her sit down and hold her legs out together to see how much the length of them differed, they were the same length. We all rejoiced, and I told her that she was healed as soon as she knew God would heal her. Way to go, Jesus!

One day my friend and I were talking in the front hall of the church, when a lady who had sinus problems joined us. We asked if we could pray for her, but she told us that she was a nurse and it wouldn't do any good. My friend asked her what she had to lose, so she agreed. After prayer she was surprised and kept saying that she was a nurse and that this kind of thing was not supposed to happen – but it did.

We were having a men's breakfast at the church one Sunday morning. A man came up to me and asked if I would pray for him. I had talked to him before and had felt that the Lord told me to give him some advice, so I did. I asked if he had taken the advice to heart and followed through with it. He told me that he had not. We went into the chapel to pray, but I didn't think anything would happen because he hadn't done what the Lord had me tell him before. I prayed silently and told God that the man hadn't done what I had told him, but I would pray for him anyway. I could hardly lay my hands on him before the power of God fell on us and he was healed. Then I heard God say to me, "It doesn't matter what you think. I am God."

Another day I was sitting in my office talking to my friend, Ted. My beeper went off and I looked at the phone number and said I didn't know whose number it was. Ted asked for the number and said that he was unfamiliar with it too. I called the number and when the man answered, I told him who I was. The man asked, "How did you get this number?" I told him that it showed up on my beeper. I asked if someone else was there who had called me. He told me that no else was there. With obvious irritation in his voice, he again asked, "How did you get this number?" I said, "Man, I told you; it just showed up on my beeper."

By this time, Ted could see that something was wrong and started praying. The man then told me that he just received this unlisted number, and he had not given it to anyone. As a matter of fact, he was just getting ready to commit suicide. He told me that I would not understand because he had been in Vietnam. I told him that I had been there too. We talked for maybe forty or forty-five minutes. Finally, he told me that he was all right now and thanked me for talking to him. Then he said, "Really – how did you get this number?" I told him that I guess God must have given it to me. He replied, "I believe He did." God's hand is not short, and He can remember phone numbers too.

I was at Candy's parents' house one evening. A man was there who was wearing a neck brace. He told me he had been in the prayer line of a very well-known healing minister, who prayed for him with no results. Then he said that I could pray for him if I wanted to. After prayer he just took off his brace and said, "I am healed." God has instantly healed many backs, headaches and fevers.

While I was painting a house for an 82-year-old lady, she and I had a great time sharing the good things of God. I shared some things that God had let me see Him do and how He often let me get in on the fun. Later she came back to where I was painting and said that she had one leg longer than the other. When she sat down, her shoes showed that one leg was about three to four inches shorter than the other one. I asked her if she would allow me to pray and ask Jesus to fix it. Then she asked me if I thought that Jesus would heal an 82-year-old Baptist woman. As I was almost finished with the painting job, I asked her to let me finish and clean up - and then we would ask Him. I prayed for her, and we watched as Jesus grew her shorter leg out to match the other one. She got so excited that she ran in the other room to get a pair of shoes that had not had the built-up heel put on yet. She put them on and danced all over the house, praising God. She then told me that she had prayed for people all her life but had never thought to pray for herself. Jesus let me get in on the fun again.

On another occasion I was in a wallpaper store buying some wallpaper. While I was talking to the lady who owned the store, a mutual friend came in. We all talked for a few minutes. Then he told me that I should pray for her. I asked what was wrong, and she told me that she was having a lot of pain in her leg, so I asked if I could pray for her. She said that it would be all right, but she had been to the doctor and he had been unable to help her. After prayer she jumped up and said that the pain was gone! Doctor Jesus had done it again.

As I walked into a Costco store, I heard a lady behind the customer service desk tell the other lady that she was having a lot of pain in her back. I stopped and told her I might be able to help her. I think that she thought I was a doctor, so she said OK. I had her sit in a chair and showed her, by the different length of her legs, that her spine was out of alignment. Then I looked directly into her eyes and said, "In the name of Jesus, I command this spine to straighten and the shorter leg to grow out." She saw and felt what God was doing and then got up and started to bend and twist. She looked at me and the other lady and said, "I have no pain." As I left, I heard the other lady ask her, "What did he do to you?" This was just another example of getting in on some fun.

My friend Ted and I were supposed to pray deliverance over a man (casting out

demons). This man had been in a mental institution several months earlier. When he came to the meeting we set up, he told us that his doctor had told him not to get prayed for. The doctor was afraid the he would go back into the institution. We sat and talked for a few minutes, and then he said he was having a lot of pain in his back. I asked if I could pray for his back pain and he said yes. As I was praying for him, he said that something strange was happening to him. I asked him what it was. He said that all he could see was a white tunnel between us. While the back pain was leaving, he began to cry and cried for several minutes. Ted and I just sat and prayed silently for him. He got up and said that he felt great. A couple of days later he went to see his doctor. After twenty minutes or so, the doctor said that he didn't need to come to see him any more. When he asked why, the doctor said that there was nothing wrong with him now. We didn't do anything at all, but Jesus surely did.

There is another example of a divine appointment I will never forget. A man who weighed over 300 pounds asked Ted and me to pray for him for deliverance. Ted was unable to make the meeting. I don't like to pray for deliverance without someone else there, but God seemed to be telling me that it would be all right. This man even knew the name of the demon, and it was a mean and forceful one. The man asked if I would please pray for him. First I prayed and bound the devil and all powers and principalities and spirits of darkness in high places. I pleaded the blood of Jesus over the man and myself. I asked him if he really wanted to get rid of this spirit, and he said yes. So I had him sit in a metal folding chair and I asked the name of the demon again. I prayed in the name of Jesus and commanded the spirit, by name, to come out of him. The man told me that the spirit said it wanted to choke me. I said that it could not, and the man agreed that it couldn't. As I was praying, the chair he was sitting on suddenly went up in the air and started going backward. The spirit came out of him and he was free for the first time in years. Sometimes the fun is a little more intense, but the name of Jesus always wins.

A phone call started one of the most interesting "Jesus coincidences" I was ever involved in. I received a call from the church office that a transient was there asking for help and all the pastors were gone. I told them that I would come over and see what I could do. I asked the young man to come over to my office and we would see if we could help him. At that time I was the facilities manager of our church. While we were talking, the young man told me that he could speak seven languages fluently. Fred, my maintenance supervisor and friend, had been stationed in Japan when he was in the military. Fred spoke to him in Japanese. The man looked at him and answered him. Fred and I started to think that this was not a transient. We asked him what was going on and he told us that he was from Australia and was on a one-year, paid vacation. His occupation was making one-of-a-kind jewelry. The government required that an employee doing this job is to have two months of vacation each year. This young man hadn't had a vacation in five years, so he was using all the vacation time he had accrued.

He told us that his father and brother were rabbis and that they could trace rabbis in their family all the way back to Levi. He felt like a failure because he wasn't a rabbi. But as we talked, he told us about discussing this once with his parents. He often went to the temple with his father, and always the anointing of God was apparent in the temple. His mother

asked the father if there had ever been a time when the anointing of God came in the temple when the boy was not present. The husband said no, that the anointing never came when the boy was not there.

As we talked, he shared that he had been having two dreams ever since he was very little. He had one of these two dreams at least three times a week. He told me the dreams, and God gave me the interpretations. Then I believe that God gave me a word that this man was to be one of the 144,000 Jews who would evangelize the world. Since he speaks seven different languages, this seemed to solve one of my problems with how this group would be able to speak to people of many nations.

He told me that he had a back problem, so I told him that I might be able to help. He sat down and I lifted his legs about a foot off the floor by the ankles and showed him that his spine was out of alignment, as his legs were different lengths. While still holding his ankles, I looked him in the eyes and said, "In the name of Jesus, I command this spine to straighten and the short leg to grow out." You should have seen his eyes when Jesus straightened his spine and the leg grew out. He was so surprised. Then we were able to talk about the New Testament. Before he left, he told me that he would read the New Testament. He said that he would read it in the original Greek, not from a translated Bible.

That week while I was at an engagement party, I was sharing with a group of Christian lawyers about this man and his dreams. One of the men stopped me later and said, "This is one of the 144,000 who will evangelize the world, isn't it?" I told him that was what I believed God had told me. Thank you, Jesus, for letting me in on the fun.

Chapter 4

Fun at Home Bible Study

God told me to start a Bible Study for the people in our neighborhood. I thought that no one would come, but I would be obedient to God. So my wife, Candy, and I talked about it. We made up an invitation, I walked the neighborhood, and I put one on each door. We also walked the neighborhood and prayed for God to speak to the neighbors who were to come. The first night of the study, I was wondering who would come, or if anyone would come. We had a full house, and I don't believe that any of them were saved. Each week was so interesting that I could hardly wait for the next study to start, so I could see what God was going to do. People started bringing a Bible to the study, and most of them were brand new or may not have ever been opened. People were getting saved and getting excited about the things of God. One night during a healing service, a lady had a severe sunburn and her husband had a bad back. While praying for the husband, the power of God came down on him and he fell to the floor. This was probably the first time any of them had seen something like this. I explained what had happened to him and was interrupted by his wife, saying that the pain had left her body when he fell to the floor. He could not get up for several minutes, but when he did, his back pain was gone. Each week this couple had brought an old Bible, which they thought was the only real Bible of God. They were amazed to find that their Bible said the same thing as mine. Many other people started to receive healing as the weeks went by.

God kept putting a man named Dave on my heart, and I would find myself walking to his house and talking with him. I guess I had done it so much that one day when his wife was looking out the window, she told him that I was coming down the road. He asked her if I was carrying my Bible. Several days later God was leading me to go see Dave, so I walked over to his house and knocked on the door. Dave came to the door crying, and I asked what was wrong. He told me about several things that were going wrong, and I said, "Well, Jesus can help." He told me that Jesus would not want him because of some things that he had done in Vietnam. I told him that Jesus loved him and would forgive him for whatever they were. He said that if he told me, I would not be his friend. I told him that would not happen. So he told me a long story of things that I can't even remember, because love was welling up in me for him. When he finished, I looked at him and told him that I loved him. This made him cry even harder. I told him that Jesus would forgive him and free him from the guilt. He prayed to receive Jesus. We both got excited, and he felt completely free.

Dave and his wife started attending the neighborhood Bible Study. One night we were listening to a tape that had a man speaking in tongues. I could see that Dave was having a rough time with it, but he didn't say anything, so I didn't say anything either. But the next day when I was outside the house, I looked and saw Dave coming toward me. I knew that I was going to hear what he thought about the tape. After some small talk, Dave wanted to know if he could ask a question about the Bible study the night before. I said that I

thought he might have a question about it. He told me that when the man spoke in tongues, he understood what he was hearing – before the man interpreted it. I was surprised, but I laughed and told him that it seemed God had blessed him with the gift of interpretation of tongues, and I explained to him what that meant. His question was not one that I was expecting, since Dave had grown up attending a Baptist church occasionally.

Periodically, I went to see Dave and his wife and we shared a bit, but every time I asked Dave a question, he asked me to repeat it. So I asked him if he had trouble hearing. Dave told me that he hadn't been able to hear in his right ear for ten years. The doctor had told him that since he had been a truck driver and had the CB turned on next to his ear for so long, it had ruined his hearing in the right ear, and he would not ever hear in that ear again. I told him that we could pray about that, so his wife and I prayed for him. Then I stood behind him and spoke while he covered his left ear. He kept repeating what I said, so I spoke very softly. His wife said she knew he couldn't hear what I said, because she couldn't hear it. Dave said that he did hear me and he repeated what I had said. A couple of days later I was talking to Dave on the phone and asked him how his hearing was. He said, "That's the ear that is on the phone." Praise God. God stopped this Bible Study as fast as he started it, because it was only there for a season. I praise God for all he taught me in that Bible Study and for letting me in on the fun.

Chapter 5

Fun in Sunday School

My wife, Candy, and I were very happy to be in our adult Sunday School class, taught by a dear saint of God, Dick Evans, who has now gone to be with the Lord. Then one day Sara Reed, the Director of Education at the church, asked if my wife and I would teach a youth Sunday School class. I had all kinds of excuses why we couldn't do it, but I told her that we would pray about it. Brother Evans kept saying that some of us should be teaching Bible studies and Sunday School classes and not just sitting in his class soaking up all this information. One after another, all my reasons for not teaching were falling apart. But I had an ace in the hole. My oldest daughter was in the class that Mrs. Reed wanted us to teach. I knew she would not want her parents teaching her class, so I was in the clear. We asked Angie what she thought about us teaching her class, and she said that it would be all right. My ace was "out of the hole" – and maybe turned into a deuce. I went to Brother Evans and told him that God was calling us to teach Sunday School but that I wasn't qualified to do it. Dick turned to me and said, "God doesn't always call the qualified, but he qualifies everyone he calls." Every time that I am called to do something, I remember Dick Evans' statement and the words of the Apostle Paul in Acts 4:13: They...perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men.... (KJV). These two things bring me great comfort.

I told my wife that I could not love a bunch of kids that weren't my own. God blessed us greatly! When the time came for the class to move to the next grade, we had come to love them so much, we had to ask for prayer so we could release them. Then I thought that the next class could never get to me the way the previous one had. Before the first Sunday with the new class, God spoke to me and said that he wanted us to start a "hit list." I asked him, "What is a hit list?" He told me to have the class state their prayer requests by writing them on a chalkboard. After writing them down, we would pray over them all week. We only had a few requests that first week, but God answered all of them. We received a few more requests the second week, and some of the kids stayed after class to make sure they got them all written down. The students were getting pretty excited now and were ready to go for the big stuff.

One had a request that her father would stop smoking, and the next week, he did. There were so many wonderful answers from God that this class became a strong unit. We knew that we were hearing from God.

God really outdid Himself with one girl's prayer requests. She told us that her sister had run away from home and the family had not heard from her in several months. She prayed that her sister would call home, and she called home the very same week. Then she changed her request and prayed that her sister would come home, and within a month she was home. Then her request was that her sister would come to church, and she started attending the youth group. Her next prayer was that her sister would get saved. A few weeks later I was at a youth meeting and was asked to pray for some of the students at the altar. I

had the privilege of leading a young girl to Christ Jesus. A few minutes later the girl from the Sunday School class came to me with tears in her eyes and asked if I had led her sister to the Lord. When I pointed out the girl and asked if that was her sister, she said yes. We rejoiced together and thanked God for his faithfulness.

While teaching a 9th grade Sunday School class, I was asked to explain something that I had learned at a healing seminar led by Charles and Frances Hunter. We were almost out of class time and it was quite difficult to explain, so I asked if anyone in the class had back pain. One young girl told us that she did. I told the group to gather around and watch. I asked her what was wrong with her back. She said she had scoliosis. I knew that her father was a chiropractor. In my mind, I prayed, "God, what should I do?" and He said, "Just pray." So as I prayed for her, God straightened her spine. Later that day I received a phone call from her father. I was hoping that he wasn't mad. He asked me if I had prayed for his daughter that day, and I answered that I had. Then he thanked me. He said that he had not been able to do anything for her, but that her spine was normal now. Thank you, Jesus.

A couple of years later as I was walking down one the sidewalks at the church, minding my own business, God spoke to me. He told me He wanted me to give up the Sunday School class, because He had something else for me to do. I talked to my wife and told her what I had heard. She said if God said it, then that settles it. We told Sara Reed, who was over the Sunday School classes, and she understood. A few months later as I was walking down the same sidewalk, I asked God what it was that He wanted me to do. No answer. Just a few days passed, and I was walking on that same sidewalk again. God said, "I want you to go to Camp Town." Camp Town is a "snowbird" church for six months of the year for Northern folks who live in Florida during the winter months. Our church had become involved by sending someone each Sunday to bring a message and basically pastor the church. I was afraid because I had never given a message to adults or taught them. I reminded God that there was someone else giving the messages, but God was silent. The very next day someone came up to me and asked if I knew that the lay pastor at Camp Town had resigned. Well, I didn't know, but God sure did. I told God that I had never taught adults before. If he wanted me to go, they would have to ask me, because I wouldn't be inclined to ask for such a task. That same afternoon the associate pastor called me to his office. He asked if I had heard that the lay pastor had resigned at Camp Town. I told him that I had heard it. He asked me if I knew of anyone we could send to take his place, and I told him that there were a lot of good men. He told me to pray about the situation and we would talk later. The very next day became later. The associate pastor said that he was thinking we could have three or four men share that ministry. I told him that idea sounded fine. He asked if I would be one of them. I said that I would, but I was going out of town on vacation that weekend. He told me to come and see him when I got back. I came back from vacation and walked into the church main office. The associate pastor said, "Jack, come into my office." I walked into his office and he threw the keys to the Camp Town gate to me and said, "It's yours." I never questioned him or God.

Chapter 6

Camp Town Ministry

The Camp Town ministry is for people who come to Florida from the north to escape the cold weather. There is a community building in the Camp Town complex that allows the church to meet for six months of the year. I now found myself to be the lay pastor. After a few weeks, God seemed to have decided not to let me know what the message was to be until it was time to give it. Many times I would try to prepare a message, but when I got up to give it, He would change it. Many times He has given me the scripture He wants me to use as I walk up to speak! One morning I left my Bible open on the podium to the scripture that I thought He had given me. After prayer, I picked up my Bible and started to read the scripture out loud. As I was reading, I realized that it was the wrong scripture. I said in my mind, "Lord, this is the wrong scripture." He said, "It's all right, I've got it." He has never failed to give me the message He wants, but it never comes early. I guess He knows that if I knew ahead of time, I would get in the way of what He wanted to do. He has never let me down. When I start to speak, the Holy Spirit gives me what I am to say. This way He keeps me very humble and prayed up. Sometimes He gives me information that I didn't even know. Later I will look it up and be amazed.

After I had been at Camp Town for several months, I asked the people to tell me what their church backgrounds were. I think we counted about eighteen different denominations, and yet we get along like one family. God began to speak to me about giving my testimony, which would include the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. I told Him I would, but feared that the next week, I would be there by myself. The next week we had more in attendance than the week before. Praise God! I can preach on any scripture there without fear of someone getting mad. I have to do what God says. It is nice to know that if the Bible says it, the people will accept it.

We have had many answered prayers and many healings. One day I looked at our song leader, and said, "Dottie will lead us in some singing." She replied, "Oh, will I?" So I asked if something was wrong, and she said that her back was hurting. As I helped her up, I said: "In the name of Jesus, be healed," and she was!

One Sunday I was preaching on Jesus being our healer. After the service, a lady came up to me and said that her arm had gotten very warm during the service and still was. She asked what that meant. I asked if she had an injury to her arm. She said no. I told her that the warmth was normally a sign of the Holy Spirit's healing power being present. The next Sunday when I saw this lady, she came running to me. She was wiggling the fingers on the hand that had been so warm. She told me that she was a seamstress and hadn't been able to move her fingers like that for a long time

Several of the women in the church came to the services without their husbands. They were busy fishing, etc. We started to pray for the husbands to come to church with their wives. Now, I get the wives coming to me after church, wiping the tears from their eyes and

saying, “Look at him. I couldn’t get him to come to church, and now I can’t get him to leave!” They have all received Jesus as their Lord and Savior. God is so good.

A man came to church one morning as a guest of a member. During the prayer time, he said that the doctor had told him (after all the examinations) that he had prostate cancer. It had spread too far and could not be removed by surgery. He had an appointment to return to the doctor in two weeks to see what might be done. He asked for prayer, so I anointed him with oil and prayed the prayer of faith. When he went back to the doctor, they ran some more tests. The doctor said that he didn’t know what had happened, but the cancer was gone! The next Sunday he gave the report, and we all praised God together. Thank you, Jesus, for letting us in on the fun.

A lady asked for prayer one Sunday because her doctor had found a lump in her breast. As we prayed, the Holy Spirit fell on her and the power caused her to fall to the floor. When she got up she proclaimed that she was healed. The doctor confirmed it a few days later.

Another time after we had finished the last service of our season, I received a phone call, informing me that one of our ladies was going to have surgery that day. I hurried to the hospital and met her husband in the waiting room. He told me that she was already prepared for surgery, so they would not let me in to pray. I said, “Let’s see.” I walked to the door of the surgical area and knocked. A nurse wearing a surgical mask opened the door and asked what I needed. I told her that I was that lady’s pastor (pointing at her) and I would like to pray for her. She told me to come on in. The lady was still conscious. I talked to her for a few seconds and then prayed for her. Then I went back to the waiting room and waited with her husband. The doctor came out and said that everything had gone well and that she was in recovery. So I prayed for her husband and went back to work.

Two or three months later, I received a letter from them saying how happy they were to be home in Wisconsin. They said they were telling everyone about their miracle. I had no idea what they were talking about, so I wrote and asked them. That’s when I found out that she had a biopsy the day before the surgery. The doctors had found something they wanted to remove. When they started the surgery, it was gone. They told me that the doctors at the hospital were going around talking about her miracle. This quiet couple is extremely solid in Christ. It was very exciting to me to hear that they were sharing their miracle story with everyone. God is still in the healing business!

Our little Camp Town church has had many answered prayers, many healings, and a few miracles. God showed me a vision of a ball of fire with rays coming out from it. I asked Him to tell me what it meant. He said that the fire was our little church and the rays were the people, who shared Jesus everywhere they went during the summer months. Then, when they come back together, they become the ball of fire again.

Previously I did not believe that unspoken prayer requests would be answered, but I do now. One morning we had several people stand up and share how God had answered their unspoken requests. Now, such testimonies are a normal occurrence in our Camp Town church. God knows the heart. I guess that when the heart is heavy and the request is too difficult to speak, God understands it.

On the last Sunday of one season, a lady who never speaks in church asked if she could speak before everyone went back home. She stated that we all knew that she had cancer. "I am OK now, but I really had a very hard time when I first found out. I was at my home in Indiana. I cried and cried, day and night, for three days. After three days of crying, a friend appeared in my bedroom and reminded me of a sermon that Jack had preached here at Camp Town. That friend told me I belonged to God and that I would be all right." Then she turned and looked at me and said, "That man was you. I know that you weren't physically there, but you *were* there." Glory be to God. Is our God good or what?

Many people from all over the country have called our members, asking if our group would pray for them. Also we have received many calls telling of God's answers to those prayers. His hand is not short. The people at this little church are very loving and have been kind to me. They want to serve God and are willing to change as the word of God teaches and guides them. We follow Jesus and the Bible, and His blessings have been upon us. Thank you, Jesus.

Chapter 7

My Grandsons

Everyone at Camp Town knows that I have two grandsons. I now know why they call them “grand.” These boys are the joy of our lives. My oldest daughter, Angie, and her husband, Max, have given us these blessings from God. At this writing, Simon is seven years old and Parker is four years old. My oldest grandson, Simon, after attending a church summer program, not only received Jesus as his Savior but also really believes in the power of God. One night before going to bed, Angie and the boys were praying. They always pray in this order: Mom first, then the oldest boy, and then the youngest boy. When it was Simon’s turn to pray, he asked God to give him the gift to heal, and then he was silent. Angie thought he was finished and called on Parker, but Simon said, “No, Mom, you have to wait for the power to come.” A few seconds later he said, “OK, you can go ahead now.”

Of course, my wife shared this in their prayer time at work, among other stories about the boys praying. A lady who works with my wife had a large bump on her leg, and her doctor was a little concerned about it. She had been praying and asking God what to do. Every time she prayed, the name of Simon kept coming to her. So she went to my wife and asked what she thought about having Simon pray for her. Candy told her that she would ask our daughter. Angie asked Simon. Then he and Parker started praying for the lady every night. Finally, they were able to arrange a day for them to get together. Simon was a little shy when he met her and was asked to pray for her. After Candy explained it all to him, Simon laid his hand on the bump and prayed a very short, simple prayer. The lady said that from the time he prayed for her, the bump got smaller every day until it was gone.

One day something Simon was holding hit Parker’s leg and hurt it, causing him to cry. Angie and Simon bent down to look at it, and Angie suggested that Simon pray for him. Simon said, “Just a minute,” and he went into his room and closed the door. Angie knew he was in there praying and “waiting for the power to come!” In a minute he returned, confident in his faith, and prayed for Parker’s leg to be healed.

At another one of their prayer times, when it was Parker’s turn to pray, he asked Simon to pray for him because his neck was very sore. (Simon was six and Parker was three at the time.) Simon prayed, and the next morning Angie asked Parker how he was, and he said, “Oh, it’s OK now, because Simon prayed.” Simon has now prayed for three people that have been healed. Both Simon and Parker believe that if they pray, God will answer. Parker asked me one day, “Grandpa, how are you doing?” I said, “Grandpa feels great!” And he said, “That’s because Simon and I are praying for you.” I believe it is. Thank you, Jesus.

Chapter 8

Fun While Traveling

Traveling is so much fun! I have had a lot of fun and interesting times in airports, in planes, etc. I have had several occasions on airplanes where God has put me beside people who didn't know Him but had an interest in hearing about Him. I have been able to lead some of them to the Lord. While I was sitting in an airport in Cincinnati, Ohio, reading a book, a man sat beside me and started a conversation. We talked about my favorite subject, Jesus, for most of the time. This man listened to what I had to say with great interest and kept asking questions. It is so much fun when God tells you what to say, and all you do is say what He is telling you.

On one occasion when my daughter, Angie, her husband, and my grandson were living in Seattle, Washington, I was unable to fly there at the same time as my wife, so I had to travel stand-by. I missed my first flight because it was an overbooked flight. I didn't know what to do, so I prayed and God told me to go to a certain desk nearby. I went over to the desk and asked if there was anything I could do to get to Seattle that night. The man looked up the flights and told me there was a plane at the gate right behind me, and I had a slim chance of getting on it. So I went over to the flight gate. They took my ticket and told me to have a seat and they would call me if a seat was available. I sat and prayed and asked God to get me on the plane. They kept calling other people to get on the plane, but not me. It was looking bad but I kept praying, and all of a sudden I heard God say, "Get up and get your bag." I stood up and got my bag, and then the lady at the gate called my name. I was going to have to travel first class, but that was alright with me. I got on the plane praising God.

I sat down and started talking to a young man sitting beside me. I found out that he was a Christian but had backslidden. I was able to share with him and talked about the times I had seen God heal people. He told me that he had a bad back, so I prayed for him and God healed him instantly. He repented, asked God to forgive him, and got excited about getting back to church. About this time the stewardess came up to us and asked for our names. The young man said that he didn't belong in first class. She told him that he had better get back to his seat and that was the last I saw of him, but God had placed him there just long enough to get this young man back in the faith.

After arriving in Seattle, I ran into another problem. My son-in-law was to pick me up at the airport, but I came in on a different flight and he didn't know it. I got in at almost the exact time that I would have arrived if I had been on the original plane. Their phone was to have been installed that day, so I went to a pay phone and called. The line had not been activated yet. I had the address, so I got a taxi and he took me to the apartment complex, which was quite large with many buildings. We were unable to find the building that matched the address. Finally, I told the taxi driver to just let me out and I would find it. As

he left, I stopped, prayed, and said, “God, you know that I have never been to Seattle and don’t know where I am or where their apartment is, so you will have to show me. Which way do I go?” I looked around and saw two adjacent parking areas. I felt that I should go that way and look for their car, which had Florida tags on it. I walked to the parking area and there was their car! I turned around and there, on a window, was a sign with my name on it, telling me that I was in the right place. The reason the taxi driver hadn’t been able to find their apartment was that they were in one of two buildings on this side of the complex which had a different address. The apartment complex had just bought these buildings and hadn’t been able to change the addresses yet. Is God good or what?

The next day we took our daughter and grandson to a shopping center to get some things for my grandson. As we walked, I became very tired. They wanted to go to the other end of the mall one more time. They had to come back by the place where we were, so I told them that I would wait for them there. There was a mattress store with a sign inviting you to try them out, so I did. I went over and laid on one of the beds and fell asleep. A lady woke me up by asking if I liked the bed. I told her that I was from Orlando, Florida, and was not going to buy one but that I was just tired. She then proceeded to tell me that she almost hadn’t come in that day, but she had gone to the chiropractor and felt better, so she came to work. She said that now, though, she was in more pain than she was before going to him. I asked if she would like to see if I could help her, and she said yes. I asked if she was a Christian and believed in the healing power of Jesus. She told me yes – that she did believe in healing and would like me to pray for her. I prayed and she said that the pain had left her body and she felt great. I turned around and there was my wife looking at me. I told the lady that my wife was here and started to leave. As I was leaving, the lady called out and said that her headache was also gone. My wife just looked at me as if to say, “I can’t leave you alone at all.”

One time, on the way to Cuba, I was seated next to a man from Holland. I was reading a book about healing that had just been given to me. We talked and he asked about the book and if I believed in “that stuff.” I got to share many experiences with him and even prayed for him. God healed him and he was dumbfounded. So I shared Jesus with him. He told me that he only went to church a couple of times a year, but he would have to check this thing out. I gave him the book as I finished it. When we left the plane, he was sharing with his wife about all that had happened. I pray that they have come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

On a trip to Indiana and Illinois to visit some of the people who attend the Camp Town church, I was able to pray for many of their friends and God healed them. As I arrived at one house, I could see that they had forgotten that I was coming. They had a good reason to forget. The man of the house had just come home from the hospital and was barely able to walk to the bathroom. I prayed for him. He was feeling better and was able to come to the dinner table by himself. After dinner, we talked for a while and went to bed. The next day he was much better. After dinner, he decided to go for a walk and I went with him. This man was in his nineties and as we walked, he was feeling so well that he started to run on the way back to the house. The following day was Sunday, and if he was able, we were going to

church. He awoke and said that he felt fine and wanted to go to church. After church he still felt good and wanted to go out to lunch. After lunch he wanted to go see his son and his family. When we finally got back home, he was tired, but said that he felt great. The next day I was on my way to the next home I would visit. We said our goodbyes and I left, not knowing if I would ever see him again until I get to heaven. Dig, as he was called, died several months later. What an awesome man!

At one house God had me get up in the middle of the night to chase an evil spirit out of the house. The spirit had been there for many years, but the occupants didn't know it was there – or that the Lord had me chase it out.

At another house the people were very nice to me, and boy, could this lady cook! Their niece came over one night, not realizing that it was the following night she was supposed to come. One thing led to another, and when I shared about Jesus, she had many questions. She was attending a local college, and I guess her friends were trying to talk her out of service for Jesus. They told her that all this Christianity stuff was just a bunch of nonsense. We talked and I prayed for her. All of a sudden she began to cry, but the tears were tears of joy. To this day, I don't know what was going on. When she left that night with a big smile on her face, she thanked me, and I don't know what she thanked me for.

God's hand is not short. I have a good friend who has been a missionary in Siberia, Russia, since 1996. They live in the first village south of the North Pole. Mike and Diane Meagher founded Siberian Mission while serving in the most remote Sakha villages of the infamous Vilyush region. Through teaching English, open evangelism, and training pastors, the Meaghers saw many come to faith and grow in Christ. In an area where missionaries are banned, they bought a large log home, which is now a strategic evangelism and humanitarian center. I have had many unbelievable conversations with him. I am very happy that God has let me have an association with him. Mike is a man that I admire for his willingness to serve in a place where temperatures can go to 65° below zero.

Mike and Diane live in the area where the Russians dumped all their radioactive materials. Mike sent out an e-mail asking for prayer. He had a spot on his nose that was probably the result of all the radioactive material in the area. He said that if even a feather brushed across his nose, it would bleed. He had not been able to get an appointment with a specialist to have it checked. When I received this e-mail, I felt impressed to e-mail a prayer back to him. A month or so later Mike came to Orlando, and we had set up a time to meet. We went to breakfast and then came back to my house. Mike did a Bible study for me and a man that had come with him. After the study Mike needed to go to the airport but told me that he wanted to tell me something. He said he had been waiting to meet with me face to face. He said that after he got my prayer by e-mail and read it, he got up and found that the spot on his nose was no longer sore. In fact, it was healed. Who would have thought God would heal through e-mail? God was letting me in on the fun again.

Chapter 9

Guatemala – First Trip

I've had a chance to go on several mission trips overseas. This is something that I never thought that I would ever get to do. I have now been to Guatemala, Cuba, Uganda, and Zambia. These trips have all been life-changing experiences for me. I want to thank the people of Pine Castle United Methodist Church for being a mission-sending church and for their financial support. Without their support, I would never have been able to go. One thing that stands out to me about third world countries is that they understand the spirit world better than we do here in the good old U.S.A. Demonic activity, witchcraft, and voodoo have been a part of their lives since the time they were born. Many have seen the works of the devil firsthand. Many see into the spirit realm and watch the demons flee when the word of God and the name of Jesus come forth. Then they know where the real power comes from. I have seen many places where animals were sacrificed to the devil. I have seen places where Christian worship and devil sacrifices are intertwined, and the people don't even know the difference.

My first mission trip was to Guatemala to help build a church. Their church buildings aren't the great structures we have here in the United States. Concrete is mixed on the ground. The lumber is sold by the length or width. One board will be 1/2 inch thick and another will be 3/4 inch and another 5/8 inch. Building codes do not exist. There are no inspectors. There are no trucks bringing the materials to the building site. The only plans are in the mind of the builder. Oh, by the way, all the site clearing and digging is done by hand.

The first day we traveled for eight hours on some very nice roads, with 90° turns being fairly standard. We could have traveled the same distance in the states in three or four hours. We rated the potholes in the road by how hard our heads hit the roof of the van. We finally arrived in Nebaj where the church was to be built. One of the first things we did after arriving was to check into a 5-star hotel. We knew it was a 5-star hotel because we could see at least 5 stars through the ceiling. The building was not attached to the concrete floor, so when trucks would go by at night the whole building would shake. The toilet was probably the most fun of all. It was outside with running water, but you couldn't put the toilet paper in the toilet. It had to go in the trashcan right beside the toilet. The drains in Guatemala will clog up with the paper and make the toilet unusable.

We walked to the site where the church was to be built and found out that the land had not been cleared of all the weeds and other debris. We had not brought tools for clearing the property since it was supposed to have been completed. So we went to eat at the orphanage that Missionary Ventures had established. While we were eating, we found out that the property where the church was to be built hadn't even been purchased yet. The Guatemalan man who ran the orphanage for Missionary Ventures said that the owner was in a village not far from there, and he would see him that night. So we went to bed not knowing what was

going to happen the next day. The next morning when we arrived at the job site, the land had already been cleared. Some native Indians had been there since four o'clock in the morning. The man who owned the property had already been there, and because the land was cleared, he was trying to get more money for it. The man who ran the orphanage and had gone to see him the night before convinced him to go ahead and put his X on the contract.

We found out the dimensions of the proposed church and then marked where the footer should be dug. After we had the footer dug, we started carrying large rocks to put in the footer. A lady from the church saw the footer and went and got a broomstick and measured the area for the benches. Then she ran and got the pastor. He told us that we needed to make it a little wider. So we filled in one side and dug a new footer to make the church wider. When the footer was finished, they laid the first layer of rocks inside it. Then the natives mixed the concrete on the ground. The first layer of rocks was covered with the concrete mix. Then they continued to put down another layer of rocks and more concrete until the footer was ready for the building.

That is when the rain started. It rained – and rained some more. We would work whenever it stopped raining. That night in the 5-star hotel, I had a vision of an Indian witch doctor on top of a hill. I shared this with some of our group, but we could not understand how this could have anything to do with us. The next morning we asked the missionary, who was our guide, if this was of any concern to us. He said that there were over three hundred witch doctors for every pastor in that valley. As each day passed, it would rain on and off all day long. One day while it was raining, we talked about the witch doctors and decided that they may have something to do with all the troubles we were having. We were way behind on building the church. Our time was running short, and soon we had to leave to go home. We prayed and bound the devil and all powers and principalities and spirits of darkness in high places, including the witch doctors. It stopped raining almost instantly and hardly rained again during our work time.

Plans were drawn up for the trusses while the rest of us put up the supports. The plans were drawn on a piece of white paper and hung in a tree. Extension cords were used for power to cut the lumber for the trusses. The cord had to run a little over three hundred feet to power the circular saw. The building started to come together very quickly. In fact, when the roof was finished, we had time to take up a collection for siding for the church, which wasn't in the original plans. Working with us were Indians, who had machetes that were so sharp one could shave with them. We sent our pocketknives home with them and they would sharpen our knives for us at night. They came back so sharp, they could cut lumber almost as well as one could cut it with a power saw. We built the church, had a dedication service, and left a day early. Thank you, Jesus.

The last night in town, an Indian lady, who sold hand-made jackets, asked if my friend and I would come to her house to pray for her daughter. These Indian people don't normally ask strangers into their homes. The guide, my friend, and I went with her to her home. When we entered the room where her daughter was, we saw an Indian pastor praying for her. The girl's body was stiff, as she was lying on the bed. We joined the Indian pastor praying for her. The Indian pastor prayed in tongues and his native tongue, while my friend and I

prayed in tongues and English. When the girl suddenly sat up, we all praised God. After we left the house, my friend asked the missionary guide if we prayed anything like the Indian pastor. The missionary guide turned a little pale and said that we were praying the exact same words. Glory be to God.

As we started up the mountain to go home the next day, we were having a little trouble, because of all the rain from the last several days. After we made it to the top and started down the other side, the missionary told us that if we had waited another day, we would not have been able to make it up the mountain. Some of us have been able to return to this area on subsequent trips. Since that first year, they have had to tear down some walls to expand the church. They will probably have to do it again, because the church is already full again.

Chapter 10

Guatemala – Second Trip

My next trip to Guatemala was with the youth director of our church and several of his students. Other students from Guatemala City joined us. They had never been to the part of Guatemala where we were going. It was a cultural shock for them, as well as our students. The youth director and I were taking turns bringing the message in the services. The students wore clown suits and put on skits for the younger boys and girls. One evening we both received the same message from God. It was the youth director's turn to bring the message, so we combined our efforts to fulfill what the Lord had given us. After the message he planned to call on me to explain to the people that we were going to pray for them and were going to break the devil's curses over them. About this time things got interesting. All of a sudden the lights went out. After we had a couple of our vans pull up and turn on their lights, we continued to pray and minister. An old lady walked up to the youth director and said that she had seen a man dressed in black come into the church and pull a hood up over his head just before the lights went out. The youth director asked her if the man was there now. She said, "Oh no, when you took authority over the devils, he left."

We went into a town where their main god was a big black rock, with little black rocks all around it. We had a missionary doctor with us. He said that every time he had come to this town, something bad had happened. So we decided not to minister in this town, but we would eat lunch and leave for another town to minister in. God had other ideas. It took a very long time to have lunch and then there was not enough time to go to the other town. So we decided to hand out tracts and try to minister in this town. While some people went back to the van to get the tracts, a girl from the Guatemalan youth group asked if I would pray for the healing of her back. I prayed and God instantly healed her. She became very excited and started telling me what God had done. We were standing on a street corner with many people all around. I looked at her and pointed to the crowd. I said, "Don't tell me, you tell them." She started to speak, and it sounded like she had a microphone. She said, "You want to see the power of God? He just healed me." Because a large crowd gathered all around us, the cars in the road had to stop. Traffic was blocked and everyone was listening to her. I walked over to the church where the big black rock was worshiped. It was the biggest church in the area. There were men swaying around big pots full of strong-smelling incense. One of the Guatemalan boys came running and told me to come quickly. I ran with him while trying to find out what was wrong. When we were back to where the crowd was, he told me they wanted to receive Jesus. I told him to pray with them because he knew the language. Then he said, "But there are so many!" God is so good.

Another one of the Guatemalan girls was walking and talking to her friend, who told her that she had never heard from God. Just a few steps later, God spoke to her and said that a little girl was hurt and needed prayer. The two girls walked around the corner and there

was the little girl. She had an old dirty bandage wrapped around her foot. Many of the students gathered around while the doctor took off the bandage to examine her foot. One of the students asked me if we could pray for her and, of course, the answer was yes. The girl's foot had been run over by a truck and the skin had been torn off the big toe. One of our youth girls looked behind the little girl and saw three idols standing up. We had already started praying. She looked at the idols and said, "In the name of Jesus, you can't stand before the living God." The idols fell over! A short time later she looked, and there they were, standing again. She said, "I told you that you could not stand before the living God." The idols fell over and broke. As we continued to pray for the little girl, one of the students said, "Look – the black and blue color is going away!" Then another said, "The skin is coming back on her foot!" About this time the doctor went to get our van. While we were watching, God put the skin back on her foot. Then someone else said, "Look – the toenail is growing back out!" Our awesome God healed the little girl. The man who owned the store behind the place where the little girl was healed had spent several days in Guatemala City, trying to find out if the Christian God was real. He walked out and asked to receive Jesus. That day he met Jesus. Is God good or what?

In another town we decided to do some street ministry in the town square. All the students were busy handing out tracts and sharing Jesus. As I looked over, I saw one of our Guatemalan youth who appeared to be frightened. I saw that he was with a soldier who just happened to be carrying a rifle. I walked over to see if I could help. I asked the student what was wrong, and he said the soldier was drunk. When I asked him if he had told the soldier about Jesus, he said no. I asked why not? He spoke to the soldier and told him about Jesus. The soldier was very interested. He asked the soldier if he would like to receive Jesus as his Lord and Savior and be forgiven of his sins. The soldier said that yes, he would. They prayed the sinner's prayer together and when they were finished, the soldier made the most unforgettable statement I think I have ever heard. He said, "I may be drunk, but I just felt the living God come into me." God looks at the inside, and I was looking at the outside. With God, all things are possible.

Chapter 11

Guatemala – Third Trip

My third trip to Guatemala was to be a very rough and possibly a very dangerous one. There was a war going on in Guatemala, and the rebels were all over the mountain ranges where we would be. We flew from the U.S.A. to Guatemala City and spent the night. The next morning our group flew in two small, three-passenger planes, with the pilot making four people in each plane. My seat was further up front than I had ever been before. I sat right next to the pilot, and at one point he asked me to move my leg so he could get to one of the control knobs. When we got to the Nebaj area, we had to fly through an opening between the mountains. Nebaj is in the valley and these mountains are in excess of 10,000 feet above sea level at the top. Once we passed through the opening in the mountains, we had to wind our way around and down to the airstrip. As we taxied up the runway, soldiers with rifles came out from everywhere to welcome us. Wow, an armed escort! We spent the night at the orphanage that Missionary Ventures has in Nebaj.

Early the next morning we traveled in the back of a pickup truck as far as the road was smooth enough for a vehicle. Then we walked up and down mountains for a week. We had a doctor with us who took care of the medical needs of the people in these remote villages. We helped him with the medical clinic. Then we would have a church service for the people.

This just happened to be the rainy season, and some of the missionary people thought that we might not be able to complete this mission. So we prayed, and they prayed for us, that we would be able to do the job. As it turned out, it only rained each evening while we were sleeping, but back in Nebaj, it rained all day. Just like God! We had a couple of horses to carry our gear. Our diet was cheese and peanut butter crackers, trail mix, nuts, and the oranges that we found along the way. In some of the villages we did find Pepsi Cola! The villages each had a well that was dug by the United Nations, but we could not drink the water without some tablets or the water purifiers that we carried with us. We filled up our canteens at these wells and from the river, and we were glad to have the water. We slept in whatever building the villagers used for a church. At least we had a roof over our heads. The dirt floors were swept every day and were very hard. One night I bruised both of my hips while sleeping on that floor.

These mountains were so steep that the doctor had to take care of a man who fell out of his cornfield. It was pretty much the same thing in each village. The doctor would check the patients and tell us what medicine to give them. Then Pastor Blake and I would pray for them. In the first village at the top of a very steep mountain (which I had a very hard time getting up), I had to go to the bathroom. The toilet area was so small that I could barely get in it. Then you had to stand over a hole in the dirt and take care of business.

At another village, that pastor had built a church big enough to hold the entire village. He and his family were the only Christians in the whole village. He had set up a sound

system that could be heard all over the village and beyond. Of course, the speakers just happened to be on the outside of the building, so everyone could hear the news about Jesus. The whole sound system was powered by a car battery, and each week he would travel twelve to fourteen hours to get the battery charged for the next Sunday service. His faith and determination would put most everyone I know to shame. The next day we prepared for the clinic and ministry service. We waited a couple of hours but no one came. We believed that the evil spirits were keeping them away. So Pastor Blake and I went over to a pole barn building, fell on our faces before God and bound the devil, all powers and principalities of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places. We told them to loose the people of that village and set them free. We then asked the Holy Spirit to bring the people. Before we could finish praying, Pastor Blake's son came running over to where we were and told us that we needed to return to the church because the people were coming. That evening our friend, the missionary guide, spotted eight to ten teenage boys standing about fifty feet or so from us. When he got their attention, he was able to get them to come over where he was and he talked to them about Jesus. A few of these boys came to know the Lord Jesus.

The last village that we were going to had never had a white man in it. In fact, a Guatemalan pastor had gone to that village a year or so before and had been chased away with a machete. We had met a man traveling to that village on our journey through the mountains. We told him that we would be going to that village in a few days. I guess he told them that we were coming, because they were expecting us. They also knew that we had a doctor and medicine with us. It was a long hard climb up this mountain. I had a very hard time making it, but my buddies helped me. They were already up the mountain and were yelling that they had Pepsi up there. They knew that I liked Pepsi and so they gave me a little incentive. When I got up to the top, it was between 10:30 and 11:00 a.m. and we were looking *down* at the clouds. The natives told us about the wild monkeys in the woods behind the village.

We set up the clinic with the doctor. We gave out the prescribed medicines to the people, who were very thankful. All of a sudden one of the guys came out of a hut with Pepsi for all of us. We were in a place where no white man had ever been, but Pepsi was already there. Pastor Blake gave a message about Jesus, and some came to Christ.

After leaving that village, we walked for several hours up and down the mountainsides. We talked about still having to climb another mountain to get to the village that we were to stay in that night. It was one of the earlier villages that we had already stayed in, and there wasn't to be any ministry. We were only going to sleep there. One of the natives that traveled with us said that his uncle had a house nearby and he would let us spend the night without climbing up the mountain and doubling back the next day. So now we had a choice of going up the mountain to sleep and back down tomorrow to continue our journey, or we could *not* climb that steep mountain and stay with his uncle. We made an executive decision and went to the uncle's house. The uncle wasn't at home and we were unable to get into the house. There was a little horse stable that would accommodate most of our group, but two or three of us would have to sleep outside. I asked the missionary where the bathroom was, and he told me to follow the path behind the house and I would see it. See

it, I did! It was the most beautiful view I think I have ever seen from a bathroom. Right in the middle of the path was a toilet with no walls around it. There were mountains and trees in every direction, and nothing else!

We were basically out in the middle of nowhere, and no one knew where we were. When we awoke the next morning, a native Indian woman with her baby was standing about one hundred feet from where we slept. So much for no one knowing where we were! She had a sick baby and had come to see the doctor. One man in our group was having trouble with his knee, and the doctor had to give him three shots in it so he could walk. When we walked out to where we had come into the forest, there was a truck waiting for us. What a welcome sight!

The next day we loaded up on the little airplanes and flew back to Guatemala City. The runway was on a mountain, and at the end of it, the mountainside dropped off hundreds of feet straight down. This causes the plane to dip down as it leaves the runway, before it can start to climb. The people in the second plane saw our plane seemingly fall off the end of the runway and thought we were crashing, until they saw the plane appear again as it gained altitude and started circling around. It did not instill them with confidence! When we got back to Guatemala City we wanted to go to a good restaurant and get a hot meal, so the missionary took us to a nice restaurant where they had beef. To this day, we don't know if the beef was that good or if it seemed so good because of what we had been eating for a week.

Chapter 12

Cuba 2000

Wow – what an experience to go to a communist country! My pastor, Blake Lorenz, had met the Cuban Bishop at a pastors' conference in the United States. Pastor Blake had been invited to speak at the Methodist annual conference in Cuba, and he asked me to go along. When we arrived in Havana at the airport, we immediately felt the oppression of communism. There were soldiers everywhere as we were taken into a big room to have our visas approved. We had photocopies of our visas, but someone from the Bishop's office was to meet us with the originals. That person was nowhere to be found. No one could speak English and we didn't know what to do. We decided to try to go through with the photocopies. We went up to the counter and gave the soldier the photocopies and hoped that he wouldn't know the difference. That didn't work. Now the soldier seemed to question us, but he couldn't speak English and we couldn't speak Spanish. Things were very interesting for a few minutes, but finally a female soldier entered the room and she spoke English. We told her that someone from the church was to meet us there with the visas. She looked at the copies. She told us that she would see if she could find them, because they weren't allowed to come into this area. Praise God, she found the person and came back with our visas, so we cleared that area and went to get our baggage. By now, our baggage was very easy to find, because everyone else had found their baggage and left the area.

The lady from the Bishop's office led us through the crowds to the van. She told us that Pastor Blake was to speak in about two hours. We were taken to the Bishop's office area where they also had rooms for people to stay. We cleaned up in a hurry, not knowing how far we would have to travel to get to the church. We ran downstairs and a lady asked us to follow her. She led us to a dining room, where they had prepared a dinner for us. We were worried that we would be late for the service until they told us that the church was right next door. That first night in the church, our pastor gave a good message and closed the service. A lady, who knew our guide, came up to the front where we were. Pastor Blake was busy, so I talked to her and found out that she had a back problem. Next thing I knew, I was praying for her and God healed her.

The next morning we were to leave on an all-day drive to a pastors' conference. We carried our bags downstairs, only to see that the kitchen crew was already there and had prepared breakfast for us. What loving people they are. The conference was for the Methodist Church pastors and lay leaders of the entire country of Cuba. When we arrived at the conference and settled into our room, a young man was assigned to us to interpret and help with whatever we needed. He was to stay in the same room with us and go wherever we went.

Cuba is a nation turned on for Jesus Christ, and God moves greatly in the spirit in a mighty way. Pastor Blake was going to speak at the meetings each night. I told the Lord that

if I was there just to pray for him and not to speak, that I would be glad to do it. Since this conference was for the pastors, their wives, and the lay leaders of the churches, I thought that my job was to help my pastor and pray for him. I had been told that only ordained pastors would be used to pray for people at the conference, but God had other plans. That night, the man who was our interpreter told me that he and some friends of his had been studying healing in the scripture. He asked if I knew anything about healing, and I was able to talk and share with him for about an hour.

The next morning we went to breakfast, which was prepared right there at the conference site. Waiting for us was the young lady we met at the airport. She was also assigned to help and be our guide. The interpreter told her that she needed to have me pray for her. I asked what was wrong. She told me that she was having pain in her back and asked if I could help. I told her that we could pray and see what God would do. We prayed and God healed her instantly. Then she said she wanted me to pray for her sister. I said sure and asked where she was. She told me that she was at her father's house. I told her that when she arrived here, we would pray for her. Little did I know what God had in mind. I thought her sister had scoliosis. I had seen God heal it before, so it would be fun to watch him do it again.

During the day when the Cuban Bishop was having his business meetings and working on the assigning of pastors to their new churches, our guide and interpreter would take the Bishop of Mexico, Pastor Blake and me sightseeing. This particular day after sightseeing, we told the driver, the interpreter, and the Bishop's assistant we would take them to a certain high-class restaurant, which they could not afford. After much discussion, we convinced them to go. I think that they really wanted to go, but thought that it was too expensive. By American restaurant standards, it was an inexpensive meal, but the food was very good and the service was excellent.

After we left the restaurant, we did some more sightseeing. Then we stopped in a housing area. We stopped at our guide's father's house, and there was a birthday party going on. We went up to the house, where most of our guide's family was attending the party. She had been the only Christian in the family for about five years, and she had not been allowed to join the family gatherings. Her oldest sister had just become saved, and now she was allowed to come and visit. When we entered the house, our guide came to me and asked if I wanted to pray for her sister in the room where everyone was celebrating or in another room. I told her that it didn't matter to me, but wherever it was, I wanted her to be with me. She asked her sister if she had a preference, and her sister wanted to be prayed for in the room where the party was going on. Through the interpreter, I asked the fourteen-year-old girl if she had scoliosis. She said, "No, I have an extra disc in my back." At this time I prayed in my mind and said, "Lord, I have never prayed for something like this." The Lord told me, "It's OK, I've got it." So I prayed and the spirit of God came upon us. The little girl jumped up with tears streaming down her face and clung to me. I asked her to do something that she couldn't do before without pain, and she said, "I am." She had never stood without pain in her life. She told us that she had been to the best doctors and hospitals in Cuba to no avail. I asked her if she wanted to receive the Jesus who just healed her. When she said yes, I asked

the Mexican Bishop to lead her to Jesus, since he spoke the same language. He was happy to do so.

While he was leading her to Christ Jesus, God kept pointing her father out to me. When he finished, I asked the father if he wanted to receive Jesus. After several seconds, he said yes. While the Bishop of Mexico prayed with him to receive Christ, God would not let me alone. I knew that God wanted me to pray for the father. I asked if he had any sickness, but he said no. I told him that for some reason God wanted me to pray for him and asked if that would be all right. While I prayed with the father, the Bishop of Mexico led two more of our guide's family to the Lord. As I finished praying with the father, he started to yell that his dizziness was gone.

About this time Pastor Blake said that he felt he needed to give his testimony. He was a baseball player in the Chicago Cubs organization. Pastor Blake gave his testimony and then led another girl from the family to Christ. But God wasn't through yet. He now kept showing me this tall muscular young man, so I asked him if he would like to receive this Jesus, too. He just looked at me for many seconds and finally shook his head yes. The father had already decided where they would all go to church on Sunday.

We left in the van and we were praising God for all that He had done. Our guide said that we didn't understand what had happened in that family. We replied that yes, we did. There were six people saved and two healed. She said again, "You don't understand." She proceeded to explain that the tall, muscular man was with the secret police, trained by the Russian KGB. We asked her what would happen to him, and she said that she didn't know. So let's see, two people healed, six people saved and one of them with the secret police! God sure did some changing in that family that day. Just God letting us get in on the fun.

At each service after that, when it was time to pray, the Bishop of Mexico would come over to me and say, "You pray and I will catch." I wasn't supposed to pray for people at these events, but who am I to reject the request of a Bishop? Many people were healed and went to the ground under the power of God. I have no way of knowing how many people were healed or from what, because there were just too many. This continued throughout the conference.

The worship was so exciting. Everyone was dancing and praising God to the utmost. The Bishop of Cuba even got Pastor Blake and me dancing with them. This praise and worship lasted for two hours or more. There were four praise teams and they would take turns leading the singing. When one team got tired, they would step aside and another team would take their place. You could see why God is moving in Cuba with praise and worship like that. The evening service would start at 7:00 p.m. and go on until 1:00 to 2:00 in the morning. When the service closed, the praise teams would continue for another twenty or thirty minutes. The early morning service would start at 7:00 a.m., but the praise teams would start about 6:30 a.m. It was tiring but so much fun, and the excitement was just overwhelming. Electricity filled the air, and everyone was expecting God to move – and He did. People showed up early and left late. They wanted to be involved in God's praise and worship. I believe the angels of heaven joined in this wonderful exhilaration of the only true God. There is no way to explain how invigorating this praise and worship is to one's soul

and spirit.

We had finished the conference about 2:00 a.m. and were going to bed, when a man came to Pastor Blake and said that the Bishop wanted to see him. The Bishop told Blake that after he finished a business meeting, we were to go with him back to Havana. The van was packed shoulder to shoulder with people, and we drove all night. We returned to the place where we stayed on the first night, just behind the Cuban Bishop's office area.

The next day was Sunday and Pastor Blake was to preach in the Bishop's church. We hurried to our room, showered, and changed clothes. I *think* Pastor Blake gave a very good message, because it was all I could do to keep my eyes open.

Then we were taken to the Cuban Bishop's residence for lunch with his family. We had a great meal and I really enjoyed listening to the talk about what God had done. The Bishop told us of the two times that the Cuban government had tried to kill him. He still has a bad leg from the time they ran him off the road and over a hill while he was riding a motorcycle. The government had him arrested to try to ensure that the conference would not elect him Bishop. The church stood behind him by telling the government that they would wait to elect their Bishop when he was released from jail. The church in Cuba is becoming a real thorn in the government's side. Then the Bishop looked at me and told me that the next time we came, I could pray in the meetings. God is good.

The next church we went to was in a very bad area of Cuba where there were lots of drugs, alcohol, and witchcraft. It is very hot in Cuba and we had been sweating at all the meetings. Now they were telling us that this church was much hotter than all the others. A young pastor was going to the church with us to interpret, and he was a little concerned about the heat there. I told him that we could ask God to give us a breeze and help us out. The young pastor looked at me like I was crazy. When we arrived at the church, it was packed with people standing all over, around the walls, behind the speaker, and even sitting on the floor. Our reception was a little chilly. It seemed that their pastor had scheduled skits and other activities to limit our time. Pastor Blake preached an anointed message, so much so that their young pastor, who was an interpreter, just stood there after the service. I asked him why he wasn't praying for people and he answered that he couldn't. I asked him why he couldn't, because he was a pastor and knew the language. He looked at me and said that he couldn't even stand up because of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. He sat the whole time during the ministry. Pastor Blake and the local pastor were praying for people, while I stood and watched.

Then Pastor Blake met a lady with a bad back, and he told her to go and see me. She came over and started talking in Spanish, but, of course, I don't speak Spanish. A man walked up and said that he didn't speak English very well, but if I wanted, he would try to help. I told him that he spoke English a lot better than I spoke Spanish and that I would be glad to have his help. I started praying for this woman, and other people started to get in line behind her. God healed her. The next four or five people all had back problems, and God healed them all.

A lady came up and said that she had flat feet and that she wanted arches. I thought, "God, I have never prayed for this. Please help." She received the arches on her feet

instantly and became very excited. I then prayed for several more people for their backs and other ailments. Then another lady said that she, too, had flat feet and wanted arches. God is so good. She received arches and left, giving praise to the living God. I kept praying for people and all were healed. What a thrill it is to see God at work!

The interpreter then said that his son was next. He showed me his son's finger, which was almost at a 90° angle to his hand. I asked what had happened, and he said that they were not sure. I put my hand over the boy's finger, prayed, and asked Jesus to fix it. He did, and the boy's finger was normal.

I then looked around and saw that the interpreter and I were the only ones there. I asked where the pastors were and found out that they were in the pastor's office having refreshments. They had left me alone and had gone for refreshments, so I joined them.

On the way back to where we were staying, I asked both my pastor and the Cuban pastor how the temperature in the building had been. They both looked at me, and the Cuban pastor said that he had never been to that church before and not come out soaking wet. My pastor said that he had wiped sweat one time, and that wasn't very much. God just keeps the fun coming.

On the last day we were to leave at 9:30 a.m. to go to a little house church. We got up and came down for breakfast, and after that the fun started again. We went into the lobby area of the Cuban pastor's office to wait. A couple of men were standing on the porch talking and one was complaining about his back. It just happened to be our driver, who had been driving us all week. He couldn't speak English but understood being prayed for. I had him sit in a chair and started to pray for him, when all of a sudden he jumped up from the chair and was bending over and jumping up and down. He was praising God and rejoicing as he went back outside to tell his friend he was healed.

The driver brought in another man who had a bad back, and guess what Jesus did? He healed him too. They were now going out into the streets, bringing in people who had bad backs. Two of the Cuban Bishop's workers came out for prayer and were healed.

As things were calming down, I saw my pastor, the Mexican Bishop, and two other men coming towards me. They told me that one of the men was in depression. The man with the depression was in front of me, my pastor was behind him, on my left was the Mexican Bishop and on my right was a man that I didn't know. I didn't have a clue what to do, but the spirit of God rose up in me, and I began to speak in tongues. The other men joined me. A great anointing fell on the five of us. The man was instantly healed or delivered, whichever it was. All five of us, who were under this great anointing, were deeply moved. The man was praising God with everything that he knew to do.

The other man, that I didn't know, stepped up to me and said that he had been baptized in the Holy Ghost while we were praying. I told my pastor this, and he said he thought he had heard him praying in tongues. He asked me if I knew who he was and I said no. He told me that he was a Bishop from another country. So there I was, a layman, who was not supposed to be praying for people, getting to pray for a man with my pastor and two Bishops from other countries. God has a great sense of humor.

The man who was supposed to pick us up at 9:30 a.m. finally showed up at 11:30, but

I don't think that he was late at all. There were at least 11 people healed while waiting for him. God letting us get in on the fun.

Chapter 13

Cuba 2001

Cuba seemed to be a lot different in 2001 than in 2000. When we arrived at the airport terminal, I didn't see any soldiers with rifles, as I had last year. We had no problem clearing customs and all the questions about the suitcases full of medicine were much easier. Cuba just seemed to be more open. Last year the housing restrictions were all but impossible. Now the government has given the Cuban Bishop permission to build his own house. The Bishop had been asked to meet with high government officials, to discuss how some matters would be received by the church. One pastor had received permission to build a 1000-seat sanctuary, which was illegal when we were there in 2000. Then, they would have had to buy a house and use it as a church. The Bishop said the government had seen that the church was not trying to come against them. They noticed that the church was helping in a lot of ways. Maybe this was all for the dollars that could come from tourists coming into their country. The church is growing and the people are very excited about what God is doing.

It's hard to believe, but the Christians seem to be even hungrier for Jesus than before. The excitement is pure love for Jesus and His love for them. They want anything that is of Him. They arrived early for services and tried to get a seat up front. They would be early for a 7:00 a.m. service, after being up until 1:30 or 2:00 a.m. the night before.

Praise and worship is integrated with a desire to be close to Jesus. When praying for them, I could see a hunger to be close to Him. So many times I just said, "Jesus, you see their hunger. Please touch them," and He did.

If you were willing to pray and they thought that the anointing could be passed to them, they would ask with tears running down their faces. I prayed with many who came with tears and makeup running down their faces. They were in God's presence and all their sins were magnified in his presence. All they could do was cry and repent. I have been that close to God once. I can remember the intense light on my life, which showed how dirty it was. All I could do was cry in his presence. It was wonderful, but earthly purity is dirty in the presence of a Holy God.

The God of the universe is alive and moving with great power in Cuba. There were 300 missions pastors at this conference. Missions pastors are pastors of churches started in houses, because it had not been legal to build a church in Cuba. There are signs and wonders happening in these house churches. Most of these churches are growing, with new believers coming in constantly. At some of these churches that we visited, we saw people standing outside because they couldn't get into the church. They would also evangelize the people by going up and down the road. They asked people to come and see what is happening. Then they would stand beside them, encouraging them and explaining it to them. These pastors are hoping that they can attend pastors' school, so they can learn to serve our God more

effectively.

The pastor who had received permission to build a 1000-seat sanctuary has two buses going out and bringing people to church. Getting to build this church is a miracle! He has three services on Sunday. He had started 28 house groups for people to meet and praise God, and this is in the area that is heavy with witchcraft. Jesus is winning, and Satan is not. Glory to God.

Pastor Blake was anointed and moving in the power of the Holy Spirit. Wow, it sure was fun and exciting to see my pastor moving while under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. He is surely called to this work. Never have I seen him as anointed as when he preached in Cuba. He preached several times under this great anointing of the Holy Spirit. The first day after preaching, the anointing fell and he spoke in tongues. A lady came up and told him what God had said through him and what He was doing. At the end of another service, the Holy Spirit spoke to Pastor Blake and told him to get water. He asked the interpreter to get some large bottles of water. Pastor Blake started throwing the water out into the crowd, and it seemed to be the power of the Holy Spirit falling on them. Pastor Blake asked for more water and kept throwing it on the crowd, and the power of God kept flowing. The Cuban Bishop got so excited that I thought he would burst.

God spoke to me in my early morning prayer time and said that the anointing for the service was on Pastor Blake and that I was to have him lay hands on me to transfer the anointing. God said that I would receive the anointing to minister to the people. Pastor Blake was under such a great anointing that when he finished the message, he was exhausted and was not able to minister as much as usual. Many people came to Christ. Praise God! My pastor was free to move without people criticizing him or not liking the way he was doing it.

I had my own time of God letting me in on the fun. I prayed for many people without an interpreter, and the power of God was falling all over. I didn't know what was happening, but the power of God was moving in a mighty way. I know that many people got up, thanked me, and praised God, but I didn't have a clue why they thanked me. Several people came to me a day or two later, when I had an interpreter, and told me of pain leaving their bodies.

I will not forget what God did with me on the first night of the conference. I saw a lady who was not up dancing and praising God like everyone else. God kept pointing her out to me, but there wasn't a way for me to get to where she was because the crowd was so great. I told God that if he would get me beside her, I would be glad to pray for her. About that time someone in the crowd got so excited that he just started running, and the people had to make room for him. Well, several others started running, too. We were moving from here to there and praising God. I turned, and guess who was standing beside me? That's right – the lady. I asked her if there was something I could pray about with her. She spoke to me in broken English and said that she had a very bad leg. I asked again, and she said again that the leg was very, very bad but that I could pray for her. I prayed, but she seemed to have very little faith.

I also prayed for another lady who had cancer in her stomach, and a great power came over her. I prayed for a lady who had a lot of pain in her stomach and had not been able to

have children. I found myself saying to the husband that they would have children. There were many more things that God was doing that night, but these are the ones that stick in my mind.

As I went to bed that night, I asked the Lord to please confirm some of this work for me. The next morning I went back to my room after the early praise time. I had gone to bed at 2:00 a.m. and got up for praise at 7:00 a.m. At breakfast, I told Pastor Blake and his wife about what God had done the night before. At the morning service, Pastor Blake told the people that if any of them had been trying to have a baby, they should come up after the service and I would pray and they would have a baby! I looked at the pastor's wife and said, "He didn't just say that, did he?" And she said, "Yes, he did." Women were dragging their husbands down to the front, and there were so many of them that I didn't finish praying until the next service was about to start.

At the 7:00 p.m. service that night, God answered my prayer. The lady who had the bad leg and had not been able to dance and worship came and asked me if I remembered her. I had an interpreter this time and said, "Yes, I do remember you." She said that when she got up that morning, she had no pain, and she had been dancing and praising God all day. I found myself saying, "God loves you so much", and she looked at me oddly. I said it again, and she looked as if she were shocked. I told her that God had shown her to me and let me know that I was to pray for her. I told her that God had set it up, a long time ago, for her to be healed last night. Then I said, "God surely loves you," and tears came down her face. I can only believe that, for some reason, she didn't think God loved her, and it was overwhelming to find out that He did.

Another lady came up and told me that she had inflammation in her legs and feet. I prayed with her and Jesus showed up and she fell to the floor under the power of God. When she got up, she praised God and said that the pain was gone as she danced all around. Just God letting me get in on the fun. The last night of the conference ended at about 2:00 in the morning.

We went back to Havana to our rooms in the area behind the Bishop's office. This area, by the way, was very nice, and the service was better than any hotel. After the Sunday morning service we were taken to the Bishop's home for lunch. During lunch, the Bishop told us something that really stood out to me. He told us that so many people came from the states to minister but spent their nights at the bars, smoking Cuban Cigars. Now we knew why the pastor at that one church last year had given us a less than enthusiastic reception. This was the same church we would be going to tonight. We had already been invited to have dinner with the pastor and some of his leaders. A little different reception than last year!

When we arrived at the church that evening, we were greeted with great joy. We talked about the new church they were building and about what God had been doing during the past year. The pastor started the service, and then the praise team took over and we had great praise. There were more people in the building this year than last year, if that were possible. It's a good thing that they were given permission to build a new church with seating for 1000 people.

Pastor Blake was anointed, as usual, and gave a great message. After the message when it was time for ministry, the pastor of that church, my pastor and I were very busy. The aisles were full of people wanting prayer. After a while the pastor of the church just sat down and watched Pastor Blake and me. God was moving in power and doing incredible things.

A small boy had bad headaches, and God showed me that his body was twisted from a fall. I prayed and commanded his spine to straighten in the name of Jesus. God straightened his spine and the boy said that he didn't have any more pain. People would come up for prayer and then go get their children, bring them up, and ask for them to be blessed. A lady was helping a man come up for prayer who was painfully dragging his leg. He told the interpreter that he had a broken leg. God healed him and he ran all over the room. Now that's getting in on the fun! Thank you, Jesus.

The next day we were going home. We got everything packed and went downstairs for breakfast. The lady who served us each day while we were in Havana asked if we would pray for her, her daughter, and her mother. She then told us that when we had come last year, she knew we were different from the other people who had come to minister. She said that the year before, when she first saw us coming down the sidewalk, she saw fire on Pastor Blake's mouth and fire on my hands. When we prayed for the three of them, the lady who cooked for us fell into one of her cabinets under the power of God. God healed them all. A few minutes later, as I was reading my Bible while waiting to go to the airport, one of the Bishop's secretaries came to me and asked for prayer because she was having bad pain in her mouth. God removed the pain and she was fine. Praise God.

The biggest difference I see between the U.S. and Cuba is that they are a lot hungrier for God in Cuba. A one-hour service is just not enough. They come to the service to worship and praise the living God – not just to fulfill their duty. They don't have to end the service for more important things. God is all that is important. To be in His presence and to seek His face is all that matters. Just walking into the service and hearing them praising God with such love brought tears to my eyes. You can see why God is alive in Cuba.

In Acts 4:13 it says, "Peter and John were called unlearned and ignorant men so they marveled at them and took knowledge that they had been with Jesus." (KJV). I am an unlearned and ignorant man, but after this week, I know that I have been with Jesus.

Chapter 14

Cuba 2006

Las Tunas, Cuba, was going to be one fun time. The lady who was working to get the visas for us told us that it was hard to get religious visas. I was added to the team last on this trip. All of the team had already applied for their religious visas, and no one was sure they would be approved. The lady said that to ask for a religious visa for me would hurt their chances of getting one. If I didn't get a religious visa, I wouldn't be allowed to speak and/or minister in public meetings. At the time the money had to be sent in for the visas, Bob, our trip leader, decided to send the money for mine with the other religious visa applications and see if it would maybe slip through. When the visas arrived, they were all religious visas, including mine.

We arrived in Cuba, cleared customs, and went to get our luggage. After almost an hour, we were still missing four suitcases. We asked one of the lady soldiers if she could check on it for us. She came back and said that there were four pieces of luggage from our flight still being held by customs. We were missing four and they were holding four, so we guessed that they must be ours. Soldiers came out with our suitcases and called Bob over to have them opened. They then decided to check several of our bags. In total, we spend three hours having our bags opened and gone through. Welcome to Cuba!

After a drive of an hour and a half, we were in Las Tunas to see what miracles God had in store. He had already preformed one in getting me a religious visa. We arrived at Pastor Ranier's house, where we would be staying. The pastor's senior staff, the interpreter, the pastor and his wife, and a few other people from the church were all there to greet us. A lady came out and started calling everyone by name, so I thought that she had met everyone but me, as I didn't know her. Then she called me by name too. Later, I found out that Bob had been e-mailing them a biographical sketch of each of us, along with our pictures. It was really easy to make friends, and it seemed like we had known each other for a long time. It's great to have family all over the world, and I hope to meet as many as I can before going to heaven.

Before church we were able to rest for a little while and then have something to eat. To talk about the food would be beyond my vocabulary. Each and every day, three times a day, we sat down to a beautifully decorated table of very good food. One of the men would make roses out of radishes and adorn the table with other artistic creations. It was a treat to see what he would do next. We were treated like we were foreign dignitaries, but with a lot more love. Pastor Ranier and D'enela, the worship leader, both are medical doctors who gave up their practices to go into full-time ministry. Pastor Ranier will be known all over the world if God tarries. He is a very impressive man of God and very humble. The church had about 170 members, but the week before we came, 100 people received Jesus as their Savior. While we were there, about another 50 came to Christ.

Transportation was by foot or by walking (that's what the pastor jokingly told us). There were also bicycles with seating carts attached or horse carriages. Most of our travel was done on foot, but we only had short walks most of the time. Richard, our missions director, has a bad back and also a bad ankle. One of the church members had one of those bicycles with a cart, so he volunteered to help Richard be able to attend all the meetings when we had to go very far.

The church services were really fun. The praise time was wonderful and very lively. The worship leader was obviously anointed, and each and every service was full of worship and praise to Almighty God. The people were excited about us being there but even more excited about our God. People sang and danced before God with all their might, including men, women and children. The worship would last about forty-five minutes to an hour. This worship was one of the times in my life when God seemed to be right there with us. Pastor Blake would then teach on the Holy Spirit. He has a gift for evangelism and gave a very anointed message each night. The Holy Spirit was there in each and every service – in fact, His presence was electrifying.

When the prayer time came, I was excited to see what God would do. I can't remember which things happened at which service, but I will try to tell what happened during our week there. I can only tell of things that I know, so I cannot tell you all the things that happened through others. I had the privilege to pray for many, many people, and I know that there were over 100 who were healed. Some of the healings were for backs, legs, eyes, ears, stomachs, diabetes, epilepsy, AIDS, necks, arthritis, depression, and flat feet. Many others were healed without me knowing the details. My interpreter was Veronica, a lady from the congregation. Veronica spoke a little English and sometimes could only tell me the area that was affected. I couldn't have ministered without her.

On the first night, a man who was totally blind came up for prayer. I asked Jesus to restore his sight. I watched as the foggy look in his eyes began to go away and pupils started to appear, but he still could not see. The next night he came again, and God started to clear up his eyes and lighten the pupils, but he still couldn't see. The third night he came, and I could now see myself in his eyes, but he still couldn't see. The last night after the service, when he came up to say goodbye, he stopped and said that he now saw light and shadows of people moving. He was sure that God would finish the job within a few days.

A young man who couldn't hear was brought up for prayer by his mother. I prayed and asked Jesus to heal him. His mother asked him a question, and the boy turned to his mother and said that he could hear her. Many ears were opened during the meetings. Many people with one blind eye came up for prayer, and Jesus healed them instantaneously. A lady came up who had been through surgery on her knee, and I prayed over her legs and asked her to stand. She indicated that it was her knee and not her legs. I finally got her to stand, and she said that Jesus had removed all the pain.

A couple of the women came with their husbands and asked for prayer to be able to conceive a baby. Well, we'll see what God does with that! A lady came up holding a little girl about three years old, whose right arm was several inches shorter than the left one. We watched as Jesus slowly evened them up. The next night she was back and showed me that

the arms were still even but that there wasn't any strength in the right arm. Jesus to the rescue – her strength was restored! Her mother told me that the whole family had received Jesus as their Lord and Savior because of what God had done for the little girl.

A lady came up with arthritis in her hands and shoulders. I said, "No problem," and Jesus healed her. She must have gone back and told all her friends, because I prayed for a lot of arthritis after that. I started to pray for another lady with arthritis, and God stopped me and prompted me to ask her if she had any unforgiveness toward someone. She looked at me for a few seconds and finally said yes, but said she couldn't forgive him. I told her what the Word of God says about forgiveness and that if she would choose to forgive, Jesus would help her with it. She started to cry and said that she would choose to forgive. She prayed and asked God to forgive her first and to help her forgive through Him. She was healed instantly and cried and thanked Jesus. Now folks, that's FUN. God is so good! When another lady with arthritis in her hands asked for prayer, I felt impressed to just slap her hands and the arthritis was gone. That was something new for me, but I'm learning to hear God's voice and simply obey.

There was electricity in the air all over the church. Many people came to receive their prayer language, and the Holy Spirit was there to grant their requests. I danced with an 83-year-old lady when God touched her with His healing power. Now that's fun. Little girls, 7 to 9 years old, came for a touch from God, and he didn't disappoint them.

We split up into teams and visited house churches and Bible studies. I got to go with Pastor Ranier. Everywhere we went, there were sick or hurting people that I got to watch God heal. Several people, who were at the homes and saw what God had done, received Jesus as their Savior.

While we were out one day, D'anela wanted us to meet her mother, so we went to her mother's house. Her mother was in need of prayer and God healed her. She had a friend with her who received Jesus and was also healed. She said that she had a friend who lived on the third floor who needed healing, so she went to get her. God healed her friend, and she said that she had another friend who lived on the first floor who needed healing. The lady on the first floor was holding a baby, and it was the baby who needed healing. No problem for God. It was like this at almost every house. D'anela then took us to her 84-year-old grandmother's house. This lady had more energy than the whole bunch of us. She could do anything she wanted to and insisted on making and serving Cuban coffee. God healed her, and the lady who was with her was healed and received Christ.

One day a lady from the church came to the pastor's house. She wanted us to go and pray for a friend who was into Santeria (a spirit/witch type of religion). Her friend had a dream the night before, and when she awoke, she started destroying some of the items of Santeria worship. This lady was very well-known throughout the region for her work in the Santeria religion, but she had a stroke a few months before and couldn't talk. When we went to the house and talked to the lady about Jesus, I was asked to pray for her. I asked her if she would like to pray to receive Jesus as her Savior, and she shook her head yes. I had Pastor Ranier lead her in the sinner's prayer. Then I prayed over her and over her room, and she spoke to us. Praise God. That night, she had the first good night's sleep in months. We then

prayed for four other members of the household to receive Jesus. A teenage boy was also healed.

Back at the pastor's house one night, I was talking about healing and answering questions. I told Dara, one of the team members from our church in the U.S., that I would show her something, because I thought she had a problem with her back. When I prayed, God healed her and she was so excited. She got D'anela, whom I had mentioned had flat feet, to have me pray for her. God healed D'anela by giving her arches in her feet. He also healed the pastor's wife and the man who served us at the dinner table. The pastor had asked that I pray for him to receive this gift of healing and miracles, but I never could get alone with him. Finally I got to pray for him at the airport just before we left. I could feel the power of God going between us, and so could he. What I really like is that God does all these great things, and He lets me get in on the fun.

Chapter 15

Uganda

I always thought, like so many, that if I gave myself totally over to the Lord, He would send me to Africa. Well, here I go to Africa! After a short airplane ride of well over twenty hours, we arrived in Uganda. This would be a very interesting trip. There were three people with us who had never been on a mission trip. The Lord had impressed upon me during one of our prayer times, before leaving the U.S., that I was to make sure everyone was baptized in the Holy Spirit. So I had asked in the weekly prayer time if everyone had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. There were some questions. After a few minutes of answering the questions, I found out that God had put a hunger in each of their hearts about this very thing. So the ones who had not been baptized in the Holy Spirit, with the evidence of speaking in tongues, received this baptism and were now ready to go and face the demonic spirits we would be confronted with. This team was made up of men and women who had been Christians for some time and wanted to experience more and more of God. We prayed for several weeks about this trip, and when we left Orlando we were a team. Many questions were in our minds: What would Africa be like? What kind of accommodations would we stay in? Three members of the team had never been on a mission trip. We wondered how they would handle the conditions of a third world country? Two of the people going with us were women, one white and one black. Each of us felt that God had called us to go on this trip, and we were all excited. We all knew that God would be with us, and He was.

We arrived in Uganda and had a very easy time clearing customs and getting our bags checked. We had a bag handler take our luggage to the van that had been sent for us. A local man who had come to take us to the hotel was not with us at that time, and we decided to go ahead and tip the bag handler. When the local man joined us, he said, "Oh no, that is more than a month's pay." He said that now they would expect it from all Americans. He took us to a motel where visiting missionaries stayed, and the accommodations were the nicest I had ever stayed in on a mission trip.

I was really looking forward to this trip for another reason. My best friend, Paul Fannin, was going on his first mission trip. His wife, Doris, is a nurse and had given him lots of instructions about what to do and not to do, what to eat and not to eat (especially if he didn't know what it was), and told him he had better not come back with some kind of disease. I think that she was more scared than he was, but he took her words very seriously. Paul and I were to be roommates, and we always have a lot of fun together. Paul and I are a lot alike, and we both operate in the gift of healings.

Jeff and Sally Martin were the other first-timers on this trip. Jeff was taking over as the lay Director of Missions at our church and thought that he wanted to go on a mission trip before taking this job. When God told Sally that she was to go, she told the Lord that they had been planning on having a third child. After much prayer, God told her that when she

came back, he would give them another child. Paul came up to Sally at one point and told her she was going to have a child and it would be a girl. She was surprised, because she and Jeff hadn't told anyone that they were trying or that God had told her that she would have a child after they got back home. When they got back home, Sally was pregnant within a month, and I just saw the little girl the other day.

Althea, another member of our team, is from Jamaica and has been on several mission trips. We changed her name while we were there. She had a bad back from a car accident and was on medication, so we were helping her with almost everything. When she saw the hairstyle of the Ugandan pastor's wife, she liked it very much. The next day the pastor's wife sent three ladies to her room and they spent many hours doing her hair, so from that time forth we called her Queen Althea.

Pastor Blake and I, who have gone on many trips together, were the last two members of the team. We were guided around by two of the resident missionaries from Missionary Ventures.

The first morning we went to Pastor Jackson's church, where they have up to twenty thousand in attendance. The church is, in Pastor Jackson's words, "the ugliest church in the world." It started out as a small church, which just kept growing. Every time the number of people would outgrow the space, they would start to build walls with whatever building materials they could find. When we were there, you could see that the roof had been enlarged many times, even on poles in areas where there were no walls. The ground was uneven, because they were continuing to expand the interior seating capacity and level the ground as they went along. Maybe someday they will get to put up some walls. It still was quite an impressive sight to see. There were people all around the church doing things when we arrived that first morning. But what interested me was a prayer team near the back. They were singing and praising God, and it was so beautiful that you could feel God's presence there. I noticed that there was space in their circle for one more person, and I couldn't help it. I had to join them. I worshiped with them in tongues for about fifteen or twenty minutes, but it only seemed like five. Then one of our team members came and told me that we had to go. I later found out that the group would meet first thing each morning to praise and worship God. It really gave me a good feeling about being in Uganda.

We then traveled away from the city to meet with some other pastors. We had a service in one of the churches. We met Pastor Patrick and saw the addition that he was building to his church. We went to the new third floor, where they were starting to put up the walls. I looked on the horizon and saw a mosque with a gold dome that had been built by one of the Arab kings. I received a message from God for Pastor Patrick – that the ground around them would belong to the church and that mosque had also been given to him. Then, I received another message that the mosque would become a place for children and would be run by Christians. Pastor Patrick had already started two orphanages with about two hundred children and was schooling them. His school was so highly respected, that some of the Moslems wanted to send their children to the school. He told them that they would be taught Christianity, and they still wanted to send them.

Pastor Patrick had started over four hundred churches in Uganda and the surrounding

nations. This man is very humble and God is using him greatly. He invited us to his house for lunch. It was a modest house but nice, and after lunch we talked for a little bit and found out that his wife had malaria. She had gone to her mother's house because he was so busy. We asked if we could pray for him and his wife, and he was happy for us to do so. We prayed, and God met us there. Pastor Patrick was so under the power of God that he couldn't stand up. We had to leave him laid out on the floor with his helpers. The next time we met him, he told us that his wife had come home healed. Is God good or what?

Next we went to Pastor John's church and had a service there. After the service the people in the church moved the furniture outdoors and set up a meal for us. I was blessed of God to get to pray for a blind couple, but I never found out the results. These people come expecting to get healed, and so when they are healed, it is not a big surprise. While we were there I had to go to the bathroom, so I was led behind the church and behind some trees to the enclosed toilet. I walked in and there was a hole in the ground. When I came out, there were ladies waiting with soap and water to wash with and a towel to dry my hands. Everywhere we went, the people were very kind and very happy to serve us.

Then we went back to Pastor Jackson's church in Copalla. People came from everywhere, both from inside and outside the nation, to see what was happening. This nation's president has declared Uganda a Christian nation. They have prayer meetings in their football stadium, and even that place isn't big enough. There are more people praying outside the stadium than inside.

This nation still has a very large population that is into witchcraft and devil worship. The evil spirits here are much more openly evident than anywhere I have been. On many occasions, we would hear the demons screaming when the Word of God was preached and the name of Jesus mentioned. Several members of our group had never seen this reaction before. Each one of them was moved to a greater level in their faith and was used of God to minister to the people. We saw places where witch doctors had come to Christ and had set fire to their articles of worshiping the devil. Speaking of fire, there were fires all the time, everywhere, filling the air with smoke. Both day and night, they burned wood to make charcoal and they had fires to make bricks.

We were now ready to start ministering at Pastor Jackson's church for the rest of the week. Pastor was out of the nation, but he left us in the great hands of his wife and associate pastors. The people were, again, as nice as they could be to us. If we needed anything, they tried to give it to us. Every night at the services we were overwhelmed with the number of people who came to worship and praise God. At each and every service, people were coming forward to receive Christ when the altar call was given. Many of them had been Moslems. Many healings were happening at the same time and most without interpreters, so we didn't know what happened in many cases. At some services, there were as many as 2000 or 3000 people coming up for prayer, and of course, there were only six of us. But we did know about a lot of things that were very exciting for us to see.

My friend, Paul, prayed with a lady who had an eye problem. She had one eye where the pupil was not visible. While praying, they watched as the pupil moved into view and started twitching, and then the pupil just went right into place. Praise God. Another time,

Paul prayed for a man with spots on his face and the spots disappeared. Paul told the pastor's wife about it, and she told the man to go to a doctor to be checked out, as she thought it might have been leprosy. Each of the others who had been praying saw many healings and moves of God – too many for me to know the details. God let me get in on the fun too, but for some reason he told me to remain silent much of the time. But I did know that several backs and legs were healed, and a few who couldn't hear out of one ear had their hearing restored.

At one service, God had me preaching about demons and their loss of power when we stand on the name of Jesus and his blood. Paul told me later that he and my pastor were talking about the demons being stirred up with the message. We had an altar call and many, many people came for prayer. We were all very busy praying with people over their problems. I had a lady come up to me who was deaf in one ear. As I was praying for her, she started to receive her hearing. Then I heard loud screams coming from the crowd. God spoke to me and said that I was to cast out this demon, because he was coming against the message I had given. I continued to pray for the lady, and in my spirit I heard the demon saying to me, "Oh, you're too busy to deal with me." This continued a couple of times before I could finish praying with the lady. Immediately, I went across the room toward the screaming sound. I was told later that I was almost running. I asked the person ministering to him if I could take over and that person said yes. Later I learned that the demon spoke to the person ministering to him, called him by name, and said that he would kill him. Four men were holding the man to keep him still, and it was all they could do to restrain him. I normally put my hands on each side of a person's face and pray. I was told later that I actually slapped the man on both cheeks. Anyway, I got the attention of the demon and bound it in the name of Jesus. I was told that we struggled for a few minutes before I got control of the situation. I then told the demon that I wanted to talk to the man, and immediately the man himself was present. I asked him if he wanted to keep the demon or get rid of it. Guess what? He said yes, that he wanted to get rid of the demon. I had him tell the demon that he belonged to Jesus and that he didn't want it to stay. I then spoke and commanded the demon to come out of him, and just like that, the demon left. Of course, it was a little more exciting than that, but that's what happened. I was exhausted and the service was over, so I went over to the area where our group was gathered. Someone handed me a bottle of water. Then someone told me to turn around and look. I turned around and there was the man, whom the demon had been cast out of, dancing and praising God. Is God good or what? I think all of us were surprised at the number of people who came to Christ and how many of them had been Moslems.

One night my friend Paul was going to preach about the arrows that Satan shoots against us, so he borrowed a couple of arrows for props. The next morning when they came to get Paul and me for breakfast, we were lying on our beds, each of us with an arrow sticking up from our armpit as if we had been shot. We all got a big laugh over it. Just having fun.

The next morning when we were getting ready to leave for the airport, I remembered that I had forgotten to get my medication out of the refrigerator in the office area. It was still dark because it was about five o'clock in the morning. We were going to be leaving in about

thirty minutes. So I packed my suitcase, got dressed, and went to the office to get my medication. I had forgotten that they had watchdogs on the property. When I got down by the office area, I was surprised to hear the growling of the dogs! There I was, face to face with two watchdogs that didn't seem too happy to see me. I thank God that He put in my mind not to run but to talk nicely and sweetly to them. So as I shook, I talked to them very softly and very sweetly, and they just lay back down and left me alone. Then I was able to go on to the office and get my medication, but I don't think I will ever forget that blessing of God.

Chapter 16

Zambia 2002

I was really looking forward to going to Zambia, because a couple from our church, Delbert and Sandy Groves, were the missionaries there, and they would be hosting us and taking us around with them. I had Delbert's e-mail address and was e-mailing back and forth with him. I told him of my expectation of the healings and miracles that were going to take place. He was not sharing my enthusiasm and would only say, "We'll see." I told him that I had seen God do great works. I had been praying and felt sure that God was going to do many things.

Pastor Blake and I were going to Zambia straight from Uganda. We were meeting two ladies from our church at the airport in Zambia. We didn't know that the trip from the airport would take eight hours. It made for a long day! Driving on those roads after dark was a frightening experience, because there were no light poles and there were people walking all along the road in various places. When it gets dark out there, it is dark! All the way back to the missionary's house, Pastor Blake, the missionary and I talked about the places that we would go. The missionary voiced some doubt that any healings or miracles would happen. At that time, he also told us that the District Superintendent was not a believer in healing and miracles.

The next day we were to get settled in, rest, and then go to the District Superintendent's house to have dinner with him and his family. We found out that not many mission teams came to Zambia, so we were very anxious to meet a real Zambian family and to eat with them. Little did I know how much fun and the level of hospitality and love that we would experience. We were treated like kings and queens. Everything that happened to us was as if we were royalty. We were instructed to fill our plates with food before any family member could get theirs. Then they opened the drinks for us and took care of our every need. After dinner the family sang and danced for us. This was an extended family that included their children and grandchildren. The ages ranged from three or four years old up to adults. Everyone knew their place in the family. We had a great time with them that night, but it was getting late and we were to minister in a church the next day. The lady of the house got up and took the children into the other room. I thought that she was putting them to bed. In a few minutes, the children and adults members of the District Superintendent's family came back into the room singing and dancing with great smiles of joy on their faces. They had a gift for each one of us, and they were genuinely thrilled to be able to give us a gift. There is no way to say how overcome we were with their hospitality. On the way home that night, the missionary and his wife told us that the feast they had for us was their food supply for a month. When we got back to where we were staying, it was not hard to talk us into going to bed. We turned on our fans, pulled down the mosquito nets, and went to sleep.

The next morning we got ready and went to the main house for breakfast with Delbert and his wife. As we were getting ready and loading up everything, the District Superintendent arrived, and we were on our way. The females in our group would work with Sandy teaching the children. Delbert, the District Superintendent, Pastor Blake and I were to conduct the service in the sanctuary. By this time, the District Superintendent had informed us that there was another church that we were to minister to on that same day. This was a surprise to Delbert – and to us. But things like that happened in Africa. Pastor Blake preached a very anointed message, as he always does when on the mission field. Then we had time to pray over the people for the Holy Spirit to come into their lives, followed by a time to minister to them for healing. When we got everything ready to call the people forth, each of us had an interpreter, and mine just happened to be the District Superintendent. One of the first people who came for healing was a man with back pain, and God healed him. Then there were about four men in a row who came up with back problems of some sort. God healed each and every one of them. I turned to the District Superintendent and asked who was next. He said, “Me!” I asked what the problem was that he wanted Jesus to heal, and he said it was his back. I knew all this was not just a coincidence. He didn’t believe in healing, he was my interpreter, and five men in a row had back problems! I guess I’ll just call these “God-incidents.” As I prayed for him, he became a little excited, and then we went on praying for other people. As we finished and the church pastor was to close in prayer, the District Superintendent jumped up and took over. He reminded the people that they knew what he had told them about this healing stuff. He had told them it was not right, to avoid it, and not to let it into the church. “Well,” he said, “I want to repent in front of you and God, because I was wrong. My back was healed during the healing service. Bring me a ball and I will kick it for you!” He reminded them how he had always had trouble getting up and down, so he sat down and then jumped up. He was shouting and praising God. We also had a man who could not hear receive his hearing at that service. At every church we went to, the District Superintendent would get up and tell the people about his healing and ask for forgiveness for telling them that it was not real. At the next church that day, some of the same things happened and everyone was praising God. So much for no healings going on!

The following day as we were driving to the next village for a service, the District Superintendent said that he had high blood pressure. I said, “Well, we can pray for that right now,” and God healed him of it right there in the truck in the middle of the road. His doctor later told him that his blood pressure was normal, and every checkup since then has been normal.

During the next few days, many people were healed and many were saved. At one service I saw a lady, who could not walk without her cane, throw the cane over in the corner and walk out. Then a man who could not see began to see things and was able to move around without help. Later he said that he didn’t see like he did when he was young, but he was able to get around without assistance and his vision was getting better. A mute man spoke for the first time in years.

Then the District Superintendent let us know that he had scheduled us to be in another village the same day. It turned out that he had doubled up our schedule every day, but we

didn't mind because that is what we were there for.

Delbert had special carts built for people who couldn't walk. He gave them out at no cost, and he even included a little tool kit so they could repair it themselves. One man, who had received a cart, had been able to go back to work because of it. Another time Delbert had taken a cart to a man, and as he was leaving, he saw the man sharing Jesus with all the people who had gathered around him. Is God good or what?

Chapter 17

Zambia 2003

There was a great deal of anticipation from Delbert, the District Superintendent, Pastor Blake, and me about this trip to Zambia. We were all excited about what God would do. Many churches were asking for us to come to their church to minister. The pastors of the churches we ministered in last year wanted us to come back. It was wonderful to see the District Superintendent and Delbert and his family again and, of course, to eat Sandy's good cooking. It is really nice when you can go all the way to Africa and still get a home-cooked meal. Delbert wasn't bad, either, with the T-bones on the grill. Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention that they do have a swimming pool and there is a nine-hole golf course nearby. It sounds like we didn't do any work, but it was nice to spend a couple of hours relaxing. After all this fun, we were off again to conduct services.

On this trip, we were going to villages that were quite far out, and some of them were in the middle of nowhere. God, again, did great and mighty things in the first village that we went to visit. Pastor Blake preached on being set free of the demonic influences in our lives and how the power of God is greater than anything Satan could do. After the message, we prayed for each and every one of the people to receive the power of the Holy Spirit. When we had finished the prayer time and we were about to start the healing service, one lady didn't sit down like everyone else. She just stood and cried. The interpreter asked what was wrong, and she said that she was very ashamed because she had a demon. They asked her to come to the front, and I was asked to pray for God to set her free. God blessed us and set her free immediately, showing the people how powerful the name of Jesus is. We all praised God and prepared for the healing service. During that service, two blind people received their sight, many backs were healed, and one mute lady spoke. I believe that everyone we prayed for at that service was healed and set free of demonic influences.

One little boy had not been able to sleep in his own bed because he said a ferocious, big black dog would be there and would frighten him all night. His grandmother stayed in the room with him one night and found that very thing to be true. Of course, there was not really a big black dog in the room, but a demonic spirit. After the service that day, the lady put this little boy in his bed and he slept wonderfully. When he awoke, the mother asked about the big, black dog. The boy said that it was gone. Is God good or what? That night we stayed in the homes of pastors and church members.

The next village was several hours away, and the roads were not very good. People were hungry for Jesus everywhere we went, and many came to Christ. Many of them had been Moslems. At this church we saw the mighty hand of God at work again. There were many people healed of all kinds of things. Many people with malaria came up for prayer, and many brought their babies who had malaria. The fevers were instantly gone and the people were healed. Then God led me to pray that malaria would not come back on their

bodies anymore. I believe that God has given them supernatural protection. Another blind man received his sight. Many diseases left bodies, and people were able to do things that they could not do before. Many backs and stomachs were healed, and arms and legs were healed. God was touching everyone with his love and mercy.

Then we went to what Delbert called “The End of the Earth,” preaching and ministering in the name of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of the living God. We traveled about eight hours on a dirt road and only saw about three or four other automobiles on the whole trip. Periodically, but not very often, there would be a very small village consisting of four or five huts. While driving by one of these villages, we saw an eagle swoop down and pick up a chicken and fly up into a tree with it.

After eight hours of riding, we came over a hill to see the most amazing reception that I have ever had the privilege of witnessing. All over the street, there were the people singing and dancing, dressed in their best native clothing. They would sing and dance up to the truck, then turn and sing and dance down the road toward the church. They continued to do this all the way to the front of the church. I don’t think that the President himself has ever had a reception like that. We had a service each evening for three days, and people came from everywhere. We found out that some were walking twenty miles to get to the service. Then they would walk back to their village to tell their friends what God was doing, and they would bring their friends back with them the next day.

Many, many people were coming to Jesus and being set free from demons. The demons here were not as openly evident as in Uganda, but a lot more open than in the United States. There were so many people being healed that we could not count them. One night after preaching the message, Pastor Blake was very tired and could hardly speak. So he sat down during the ministry time. A blind man came and sat beside him, and the Lord told him to pray for the man. He started to pray and the man received some sight. I got to pray for an elderly lady whose back was severely bent. God touched her, and she was able to move around some. A little boy had broken his wrist, and God healed it and made it normal again. People were healed of all kinds of sickness and diseases, but the main thing that got my attention was the number of people who were asking to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. This same scenario was repeated each day, and there was never a dull moment. One night after going to sleep, they came and got me to pray for a lady who was helping to take care of us while we were there. She had some kind of problem with her back and had been in pain. As I prayed for her, the power of God came over her and she fell to the floor under it. The next morning she had no pain at all.

We left to start back to Delbert’s house. This time the long journey was filled with the joy of what the Lord had done. When we arrived back at the house, there were messages from the village, talking about all the miracles of God.

At 6:30 the next morning, about a half hour after we left, people were showing up at the house that we had stayed in, asking where we were. They were told that we had left. The people were upset and said, “Why did you let them leave?” The blind man was there and was totally healed. The lady whose back was severely bent was standing up straight. The

District Superintendent came to the house and said that his phone had been ringing off the hook. We were receiving e-mails and phone calls all morning. God was just letting us in on the fun.

Chapter 18

Zambia 2005

Our next trip to Zambia was to hold a Holy Spirit conference for the pastors. All the Methodist Pastors were invited, along with their lay leaders. Other pastors from other churches asked if they could come and, of course, they were told yes. This whole trip was to be at the Groves' missionary compound. Delbert had worked all year building a large pole barn building with a concrete floor, setting up areas for the pastors, their wives, and the lay leaders. We all were on the church grounds, so we could spend more time in ministry and less time traveling. I was given the 6:00 a.m. service each morning, my pastor taught after breakfast and after lunch, and then we shared the evening service.

These services were so well-received and everyone enjoyed them so much, that everyone came for every service. During the break time I would be pulled aside by some of the pastors to explain more about healing. We all ate together, so we also answered questions during the meals. Because of having all the meetings in the same place and not having to drive to different places, we accomplished two things: First, the people were able to receive all the teaching instead of only what they would hear if the meeting was held in their village. Second, the training could go into many different areas of ministry, and we would also have time to answer questions. We felt that the conference was very successful. The people attending wanted to go out into the streets and evangelize everyone, because they were so fired up. Many asked to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to be open and available for the gifts of the Spirit.

On the way home from Zambia, I was seated next to a couple that did not know Jesus.

By the time the plane took off, he was their Lord and Savior. They asked questions for over an hour straight, and then several more times during the trip. Remember, these are not short flights.

After arriving home, we started to receive e-mails from Zambia about what had happened. People were calling the District Superintendent and Delbert, asking what had happened to their pastors. They said that the pastors were different when they returned home from the conference. Now they were excited about the gospel, and it seemed like they were on fire. These reports kept coming in for weeks.

When we were there the year before, God had told me that he was claiming Zambia for Himself. On this trip, the pastors were telling me that God had claimed Zambia for Himself. To think that God would bring pastors to one location, feed them in the Word, send them out to take over a nation for him, and let us be involved in a small way is almost unbearable. He is so good to allow us to get in on the fun. Praise God for His mercy! A dream of the District Superintendent and the missionary had become a reality. All the prayer and hard work, along with a lot of people helping, brought forth an amazing conference for this country. God hears prayers and answers them.

Chapter 19

Zambia 2006

In April 2006 I attended another Holy Spirit Encounter in Zambia for all the Methodist pastors in the nation, plus several pastors from other denominations in Zambia and the Congo. In all, we had about 200 pastors, wives and key lay people in attendance. Delbert Groves and his wife, Sandy, our missionary friends in Zambia, along with their son James, his wife, Kelly, and their two sons, were our hosts. They have built a complex that we in the United States would call a “retreat center plus.” Everything has been built on their property, including a large meeting room, a computer training center, guest houses, a print shop equipped to print all materials needed for anything (Delbert was a printer in the U.S.), a work area for women who have been trained to make banners for the churches, a P.E.T. shop where they make four-wheeled carts for people who are without the use of their legs, and a kitchen. The kitchen is at one end of the meeting room, where some of the Zambian women volunteer to come and cook three meals a day for the pastors and other guests.

The only thing they still want to do is to build dormitories for more people to sleep in, which they are hoping to build next year at a cost of about \$ 20,000.00. This would seem to be a small amount, but all the missionary agency gives them is a salary. This whole project has been built through Delbert’s prayers and God putting it on people’s hearts to give. They operate with very little money, but are doing so much. They make their own block, pour their own concrete and have built everything themselves. This is in addition to the ministry they do all over the nation. I have not seen so much accomplished with so little before in my life. It’s like the old saying, “We have done so much, with so little, for so long, that we can do the impossible with nothing.” I know that God is blessing this ministry, because there is just no way all this could happen without His leading. This is a very good ministry to sow seed into. Their needs are great, but their God is an awesome God! I have only touched on the things they do for the people of Zambia and their love for God’s people in Africa. Before the conference was over, some people ministering in another African nation gave \$10,000.00 toward the project. Is God good or what?

We arrived in Ndola, Zambia, after a short thirty hours of travel. Just 45 more minutes in a van and we were in Kitwe. This is my fourth trip to Zambia. Pastor Blake and I have been all over Zambia, but this trip was to be different. When we arrived at the complex, all the travel was over because all the teaching would be on site. Pastor Blake and I had decided that we didn’t need to go sightseeing but just be there for ministry. I always question whether I am to go to Zambia again or if I am to stay home and let someone else go. Does God really want me there, or do I just want to go? My answer came quickly, because almost as soon as we got to the New Life Center (the Groves’ compound), one of the natives came running up to me, calling my name, and gave me a big hug. They will never know how much that meant to me.

There were five people in our group from the U.S. and a missionary to Ghana,

Michael Mozley, who met us there. He is a friend of Pastor Blake, and now a friend of us all. Pastor Michael is in charge of an area of Africa with his mission-sending group. He is a great “people person,” and we all enjoyed ministering with him. He also did a great job of teaching. Pastors Blake and Michael did most of the teaching, but they did allow me to do the early morning sessions. As you know, my ministry is mostly in healing and miracles, but as anyone who knows me is aware, I like to talk about the Holy Spirit.

There is really no way to tell everything that happened, because our purpose was to teach and let the native pastors lay hands on the people and pray for them. They were a little nervous at first. They would pray long prayers, pleading for God to heal or answer prayer. I spoke to some of them and told them to speak the healing and then let God work. If a person would get healed, God would have to do it anyway. I told them that God was on their side. All they had to do was claim James 5:13-16: “Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms. 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 has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that you may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” (KJV). Daily, you could see them growing in confidence. The pastors couldn’t wait to get up and pray for the people. I know that as they go back to their churches, God will meet them and miracles will begin to happen.

I did get in on the fun a few times. I had several people who knew me come and ask me to pray. Several pastors asked for prayer for God’s anointing to heal their people. I prayed for a few people who could see, but not very well. They asked for their sight to be made right. God was good, and they were seeing much better moments later. A few people with back problems came and were healed.

There was a little girl who was all crippled up. She was not even able to sit on a chair. Her ankles and knees were frozen, her back was crooked, her arms and hands were unable to function, and her feet were crossed. I started praying for God to straighten her feet. They would straighten, but a few seconds later they would go right back to being crossed. The first night, we were able to see her feet straightened and her ankles loosened. The next night, she actually was standing up on her feet with help. But again, her body would go back into the crossed position. We bound the demons and got some success.

I told Pastors Blake and Michael that I was going to fast until God showed me what was wrong. The next day while driving to lunch (which I was not going to eat), God spoke to me and said that the mother had to be set free first, and then the daughter would be set free. I told the Pastors and Delbert what God had said, and they told me that He had told them the same thing. This little girl was about ten and had been crippled for two and a half years. We prayed, and God set the mother free. Then, we prayed for the little girl, and her arms and hands were working, her feet were straight, her ankles were free, her back was straightened, and her knees were free. This little girl was so excited that she was pushing down on the chair with her arms so she could get up. We helped her up, and she could stand for a few seconds. She kept getting up and trying to walk, but she didn’t have enough

strength and body control to walk yet. I believe that, by now, she is walking.

There were many local missionaries who came to an evening service. Pastor Blake and I had been asked to pray for a young lady who was having horrible problems with allergies and other medical symptoms. We prayed with her for a couple of hours, casting out all kinds of demons. It all went back to her childhood and some other tragedies in her life, like the death of her first husband. She had bad headaches all the time, along with the allergies, and was in a constant state of discomfort. We saw her the next day, and there was a big smile on her face and her whole body was full of joy. She knew that there was more work to be done and wanted to finish it that evening. Pastor was unable to be there, so Nancy from our team went with me. We prayed for her for about another hour and a half. As far as we know, she has not had a problem since. God was so good, just letting us get in on the fun. The lady's husband saw such a change in her that he, too, wanted to go through deliverance. His only took about half an hour.

God kept showing Pastor Michael and me that we were to pray for one of the members of our team from the United States. We told that team member that God had told us, individually, that we needed to pray for them. God worked in a mighty way. He healed some deep wounds and set the person free. It never seems to fail – when you go somewhere for God, He always has great things to show you, if you will let him.

Chapter 20

Conclusion

I have participated in two mission trips to Zambia and one to Israel in the last couple of years. Every time it is the same – God letting me get in on the fun! Pastor Blake and I have had the thrill of training pastors and leaders in how to hear from the Holy Spirit, enabling *them* to get in on the fun. Pastors have been praying for the sick and seeing them healed, casting out demons, and preaching the Bible, believing what it says. They have been acting on what the Bible says and not just talking about it. They are teaching their people what they have learned and letting them know what *they* can do to get in on the fun.

The last couple of Zambia trips were to hold pastor training conferences. After some of the pastors had put their training into practice, we talked to them about what was happening in and around their churches. They spoke about how excited the people were about Jesus. One pastor told us that he is no longer afraid of witch doctors. In fact, he has had several witch doctors come to his church and ask him to set them free from witchcraft and lead them to the Lord Jesus. He also felt led by God to confront the head witchdoctor of the region and tell him that if he didn't renounce witchcraft and come to Jesus, he would be dead within ninety days! In sixty days he was dead.

It took three to four years to really get them to understand the Bible verses about Satan being under the feet of Jesus. One of the pastors asked me what to do if a man came to him who was under a spell. He said that a man had come to him and asked for help because the witch doctor had put a spell on him, and the pastor had actually seen the man standing in front of him divided into three small persons! This had really frightened the pastor, and he wanted to know what to do in such a situation. Immediately the Holy Spirit impressed upon my mind, "Break the curse." When I told him this, the pastor said that the witch doctor was very strong. I asked him if Satan was under the feet of Jesus, and he said, "Yes." I then asked him who the ruler over the witch doctor was, and he said, "Satan." But he kept telling me that the witch doctor was *very* strong – not like the witch doctors in America. I asked him again, "Who is the ruler over the witch doctor?" He again told me it was Satan. I then said that if Satan is under the feet of Jesus and Jesus gave us the authority over all things, then the witch doctor is under *our* authority. I told him that the witch doctor only had authority that we give him. It finally started to sink in.

After we returned home, we heard story after story about the great things God was doing. Another pastor told a story about waking up and hearing loud mourning nearby. He asked his wife what was going on, and she told him the man next door had died. After a few minutes, he let her know that the Lord told him to go and pray for the dead man. He went next door and asked if he could pray over the man and went into the room where the dead man was. He prayed like the Lord had told him. The man rose up off the bed, and everyone there rejoiced! There he was, getting in on the fun. We heard many great testimonies about

the wonderful things God was doing.

You see, God is not impressed with who we are, because we are only there to get in on the fun. We are not special and have no power of our own. God will let each and every one of us get in on what he is doing if we will let him. Too many people don't believe that God talks to us any more. The Bible says that He is the same yesterday, today and forever. Jesus told us that we would do the things he did – and greater. If people will listen to the Holy Spirit and do what He says, they will get in on the fun.

Listen, pray and spend time with God. Receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit and follow Jesus. I would like to conclude this book by saying, “Come and get in on the fun! Your life will never be the same.”