

FROM JUDAISM TO CHRISTIANITY



by MORRIS
CERULLO

NORTH AMERICAN CRUSADES



DENVER



SEATTLE



SACRAMENTO

From Judaism to Christianity

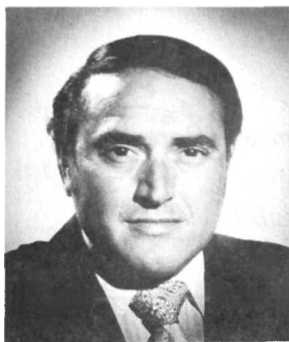
By
Morris Cerullo

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About The Author



Born of an Italian father and a Jewish mother, his early childhood was spent mostly in orphanages. In the Daughters of Miriam Orphanage, Clifton, New Jersey, a strict Jewish orthodox orphanage, Morris Cerullo was trained for many years through the educational system of this institution, and leading rabbis in orthodox Judaism.

When Morris was fourteen and a half years of age, through a unique witness and a tremendous spiritual visitation from God, the Messiah in all His fullness was supernaturally revealed to him.

At fifteen he was brought into the heavenlies and given a clear and unmistakable vision for his life. Morris accepted this vision as God's personal call to him for a world-wide ministry.

This call of God has taken Morris Cerullo into nearly every country of the world to minister God's Salvation and Healing Power.

Some of the largest audiences in the world to ever attend a religious meeting have been recorded in these special evangelistic efforts. (Over 100,000 in a single service.)

These meetings have been attended with an unusual manifestation of God's love and Presence to heal all manner of sicknesses and diseases.

From Judaism to Christianity

Morris Cerullo is president of World Evangelism which is now working in over forty countries of the world. World Evangelism maintains offices in San Diego, California; London, England and Jerusalem, Israel.

... other books by Morris Cerullo
The New Anointing
The Revelation
What Does This Mean?
Breakthrough in Prophecy
Miracles Happen When Someone Cares
Upon Wings as an Eagle
Jesus Christ, Our Great High Priest
Israel: Land of Prophecy
Israel: Key to Prophecy
In this Place
Wind Over the 20th Century
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God's Master Plan of the Ages
Seven Steps to Victory
The Backside of Satan
How to Win the Battle of Life
The Shaking Has Started
Revelation Healing Power
Proof Producers
Confess the Promise Out
How to Take the Limit Off of God
A Guide to Total Health and Prosperity
Two Men From Eden
... and many others

From Judaism to Christianity

A dramatic, moving, true-life story of Evangelist Morris
Cerullo's conversion, call, and ministry.

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"... by stretching forth thine hand to heal, that signs and wonders may be done in the Name of Jesus..." Acts 4:30

CRISTO É A RESPOSTA

*Morris
Cerullo,
Fortaleza
Brazil
Crusade*

Over 350,000 People
Attended This Crusade

"And with great Power gave the Apostles witness of THE RESURRECTION of The Lord Jesus; and Great Grace was upon them all." Acts 4:33



Morris and Theresa Cerullo

EUROPEAN NATIONS FEEL SPIRITUAL IMPACT OF MORRIS CERULLO CRUSADE

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND



BAPTIST CHURCH, MOSCOW, RUSSIA



MALMO, SWEDEN



ÖREBRO, SWEDEN



SPURGEONS TABERNACLE, LONDON



WESTMINSTER, LONDON



Dedication to Mrs. Ethel Kerr

Who, through love, devotion, sacrifice, and faithfulness to her God and to His calling, brought to my heart the wonderful message of the Gospel—Jesus, the Light of the world. My heart shall ever be grateful for her life, and my life shall forever be indebted to hers.

This book has a two-fold dedication. With all the love that I can know, I also dedicate this book to my wonderful wife

Mrs. Theresa Cerullo

Who has faithfully stood by my side in this great ministry of ministries—meeting the needs of lost, suffering, sick humanity. She has sacrificed, labored, and loved.

* * *

"God writes with a pen that never blots; Speaks with a tongue that never slips; Acts with a hand that never fails!"

Introduction

Surely the words spoken to Jeremiah appropriately describe the destiny of Morris Cerullo. **"Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations"** (Jer. 1:5).

FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS, God has ordained a prophet. Never before has there been such a global crisis hour in human history. Men seek a solution, an answer, and for a voice to lead them out of the wilderness of sin and confusion.

It seems that each succeeding crisis is worse than the preceding one. Shadows are lengthening and the word of the prophet has come true, "darkness at noonday" ... but GOD has an answer for every crisis. He has always provided a man, a voice; a leader for every wilderness which man creates.

Men and nations are quick to push the panic button, and confess that there is no way out of their problem or crisis, but GOD ... comes down ... and He has an answer for the world today.

From His exalted throne room the Lord has viewed the sad plight of men, while science probes the universe, seeking to break through space barriers; to overcome the forces of gravity and outer space.

From His majestic vantage point the Lord high and exalted, beholds the "puny" efforts of anti-Christ communism, as it spreads itself over the face of the whole earth.

The great Creator of the universe sees little men struggle for temporary thrones of power and prestige in the face of international upheaval and revolution.

He who prayed in eloquence, "**That they all might be one,**" beholds sadistic divisions between men and nations. Pride, lust, and greed are the motivating forces of evil which seek to separate and destroy mankind for which Christ died and arose; ascended and is coming again.

While all the demons of hell are so busy hastening on to their Armageddon, God has again stepped into the plans and destinies of men. As in every age of history, God has provided a man; a prophet with a message for those who seek divine direction. I believe this man is Reverend Morris Cerullo, who, like his Master before him, is also a "root out of the dry ground of Israel." He has remained "hidden" for a special purpose in the bosom of God for a special work in such a time as this.

The time has come for divine visitation. The time has come for DIVINE INTERVENTION in the affairs of men. The world has come to the place in history when God's mercy demands that He intervene, or the world will be swept away in judgment of apostasy.

In a former day Elijah was sent with a message from heaven. Not with a honey-sweet message of sweet reforms, but with a thundering denunciation of individual and national sins. Israel had reached the place where nothing but a spiritual awakening would avert judgment.

Elijah was the instrument God used to challenge the forces of spiritual rebellion and perversion, and he stood very much alone in this place of divine responsibility. Even though there were one hundred prophets hidden in a cave, and seven thousand Israelites who had not

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bowed the knee to Baal; these were very careful not to identify themselves until they knew which way the popular crowd would go. BUT ... THE FIRE FELL AND THE RAINS CAME ... when ONE MAN, ELIJAH was overwhelmed with the need for a nationwide return to God.

Again, the world ... finds itself in another chaotic hour, and America must have a spiritual awakening!

America must be alerted spiritually! Not for America's sake alone, but because the whole earth is RIPENED FOR HARVEST ... and ONLY AMERICA has the means and wherewithal to reap it.

But this great end-time harvest will never be reaped by sectarian hands, only mildly concerned and without compassion or sacrifice.

The world harvest will never be gathered by opportunists who seek self-glory or the acclaim of men. Jesus said, **"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."**

ELIJAH IN HIS DAY, saw Israel ripening in sin. He saw the responsibility which rested with the leaders, and systems which had captured the hearts and minds of the common people and enslaved them in body and soul. He directed his message to *THE LEADERS OF THE NATION OF ISRAEL* and cried, **"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal be God, then follow him."**

Fence straddling, anemic Christians will never get the great job done. Fleshly enthusiasms, and peppy chorus singing are no substitutes for Holy Spirit anointing, which alone can break the yoke of sin in this crisis hour.

The church world has substituted the "right hand of

fellowship" for the old fashioned Holy Ghost conviction and repentance. How can we deny mankind the right to weep over their sins and to exercise "faith" in a day when over one hundred thousand souls run screaming into eternity daily, without God?

We must not stand idly by and witness the multitudes slipping into the quicksand of sin and do nothing about it. As God's prophet, Morris Cerullo has a heart full of compassion for a lukewarm Church and a lost world. Not only is he compassionate, but he is vitally concerned and desirous that every believer become involved in the gigantic task of ALERTING THE WORLD TO ITS HOUR OF NEED.

Another prophet in another day cried, **"is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any that sorrow like unto my sorrow."**

We must stop playing church, we must get down to the main business of the Church, of WITNESSING TO THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD JESUS AND HIS SOON RETURN.

A TRUE PROPHET "sees things as they are" and also "sees things and people as they can be by the grace of God." America has lulled itself to sleep with a false sense of security as it surrounds itself with luxury and the paltry toys of materialism.

Morris Cerullo believes that the great hour of harvest has come, and it is imperative that America and the nations RETURN TO GOD AND THE BIBLE.

During the past twenty years, since Brother Cerullo's conversion to Christianity, God has led him in a definite pattern of a ministry designed to bring deliverance to the Church and the nations of the world.

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While he has been conscious of the Church and its need for revival, he has not forgotten that he is responsible for reaping the world harvest prior to Christ's return for His Church.

The first ten years of Morris Cerullo's ministry were "years of preparation" such as Paul had in Arabia. The past ten years have been a decade of advancement. During all these fruitful years, he has been faithfully preaching the message of Divine Deliverance... healing for body, soul and spirit... healing for the diseases of mankind. Compassion flowed through him like torrential floods bringing deliverance for man from all the bondages of sin, sickness, sorrow, and satanic influence.

Foremost in the ministry of Brother Cerullo has been the message of HEALING, not only for the diseases of man by a HEALING FOR THE PERSON OF MAN ... THE SPIRIT OF MAN HIMSELF. Not only physical but spiritual healing. To this end, Morris Cerullo lives night and day, giving unselfishly that ALL MAY COME to the saving, healing knowledge of Christ.

Each year of ministry has grown in spiritual intensity and accomplishment. Tent meetings, crusades, united crusades sponsored by various churches and denominational groups throughout the length and breadth of America and overseas. Victory mounting unto victory; greater blessings, greater anointings, thousands hearing the message of life, being converted, filled with the Holy Ghost, and the captives set free.

In January, 1964, in the Island of Grenada in the West Indies, God spoke to Brother Cerullo and began to manifest Himself in a most unusual manner with a double portion of His Spirit upon His servant's ministry.

The most marvelous things began to happen. Blind eyes were opened, scores of deaf mutes were delivered by the Spirit and power of God. Canes and crutches, and all means of artificial conveyance were cast with thanksgiving upon the altars of this Grenada Crusade. The whole nation was shaken! Each day during times of fasting and prayer, God was dealing intimately with His servant. God told him that He was to send him back to America with a new "dimension of Divine healing power" and a new message for the Church that would prepare her for the soon coming of Her Lord. God also revealed to him, that "the same blessing that rested upon his ministry on the foreign field, would be noted upon his ministry in the United States and North America." Words fail to describe the tremendous developments and miraculous visitation in crusade after crusade.

This divine healing ministry entrusted to Morris Cerullo has enlarged on every hand. There is a great spiritual advance in every direction. The *Deeper Life* message is going forth into every part of the world. During this time of enlargement and advance, *Deeper Life* magazine was born, and each month thousands of eager readers are blessed with reports of revival around the world.

"From World Evangelism headquarters in San Diego, literature is being printed and sent out in all directions of the compass into all the earth."

Thousands of homes in the Holy Land have been reached with our literature, depicting Christ as Messiah.

Morris Cerullo's heart is aflame with "FAITH FOR THE FUTURE." He must tell the world about the good news of the Gospel and "A New Anointing of Divine

Introduction

Healing Power" which alone will meet the needs of a sick world and an anemic Church.

Morris Cerullo is a unique man. He is not easily satisfied. He is constantly seeking new and better ways to reach the masses. New tools for evangelism are being devised and put into use. God has spoken to His servant and revealed a most marvelous and revolutionary plan and key which will open whole cities in America to the divine healing ministry.

Christian leaders share Brother Cerullo's vision and enthusiasm in full anticipation of this new and vital approach toward healing the ills of mankind.

It is the hope of Brother Cerullo that the following account of his "transition from Judaism to Christianity" will bless and thrill your life.

Preface

By Mrs. Ethel Kerr

"Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope" (Psalm 16:9).

My heart is indeed glad as I preface these words to Evangelist Cerullo's message. It brings fresh inspiration to my heart as I recall what God has done for him in the past, what He is doing at present, and what He will do in the future.

All my longings are being fulfilled in the word herein described. God gave me the calling of a pastor, but never allowed me to preach. I longed to reach the multitudes but could never do more than labor in a hidden place. It was in a hidden place that I found Morris Cerullo—a Jewish orphanage.

Before telling you about Morris, I would like to relate how God prepared the way to my reaching him.

It was a strange Scripture that God gave me in revealing His will. **"Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; [betray] not him that wandereth. LET MINE OUTCASTS DWELL WITH THEE . . ."** (Isaiah 16:3-4a).

In God's dealings with me, He never allowed me to reason out His purpose. When He called me I thought of every race but the Jewish race. They, to my mind, were God's chosen people, and I was willing to let it go at

that. When the knowledge and direction came, I could accept it wholeheartedly as from God, for these were never my thoughts. In the matter of **"hiding the outcasts,"** I didn't even know the meaning as applied to my life. As it began to unfold through personal experience, all I could say was "Yea, Lord, You know the way."

In order to feel for the outcast I became an outcast myself, losing home and children. If not for this, I could never have reached the orphanage.

While I was still in my home, the tempest raging, stormy winds fulfilling His purpose, God laid before me the whole plan for my life. Little did I realize then that it was to be fulfilled literally. Later, to ease my heartache, and to cause me to see anew that this strange path was the will of God, the words again came before me and I could see another chapter being fulfilled. I knew then for sure that all was well.

When the winds blew so fiercely in the shelter of my home, which I now felt slipping away from me, I pleaded with God to take me to His heavenly home. I meant it. In the midst of my weeping He answered through the beautiful words of Ira Sankey, inspired by Psalm 25:6:

... Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing, A little longer on the billows foam: A few more journeyings in the desert darkness, And then the sunshine of thy Father's home. Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance, And thou must call them in with patient love: Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains, And thou must follow them wher'er they roam. Not now, for I have loved ones sad and weary,

Preface

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile? Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow, Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while? Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing: Not now, for ORPHANS TEARS ARE QUICKLY FALLING,

THEY MUST BE GATHERED 'NEATH SOME SHELTERING WING. Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,

And speak that Name in all its living power: Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?

Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour? One little hour and then the glorious crowning, The golden harp strings and the victor's palm: One little hour and then the hallelujah, Eternity's long deep thanksgiving psalm.

I realized it was sinful to want to die when God had saved me to serve Him. I asked for forgiveness, and courage to live. **"For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain."** This is not our rest, however, so I determined to live in the power of God.

After this decision, God called me to the Jewish people. I read of their rebellion, but God's Word came to me again in the words of Ezekiel 2-3:

... be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions: be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house.... But thou ... hear what I say unto thee; Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house: open thy mouth, and eat that I give thee ... get thee unto the house of Israel, and speak with my words unto them. For thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech and of an hard language, but to the house of Israel.

It is so wonderful when God speaks. He answers all the little thoughts that enter your mind. When God called me, I said, "Lord, you know I could never learn a foreign language." I thought a call from God nearly always meant a foreign country. Hence, it was so sweet when God said, **"Thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech and of an hard language."**

It was in the capacity of a nurse that I reached the orphanage. God led me from my home in a miraculous way, providing every need. Having faith before me as a banner, He never failed. My needs I made known only to God. Gradually the Lord led me to ministering to the sick, and by the time I reached the orphanage I had some experience as a nurse.

Morris is indeed a chosen vessel for God's use. I was in the home just a short period of time when I knew that the hand of God was upon him. At first I thought perhaps God wanted me to deal with one of the old folks, for they were also cared for there. In speaking to one elderly gentleman about the Lord, he said, "I am too old to understand. If I were younger, perhaps I could grasp it." I realized then that God wanted me to deal with one of the children.

I was not in charge of the children, but I watched over Morris with godly jealousy, knowing now that he was the chosen one. My own suffering was nothing compared with the bitter fight it took to wrest his soul from the hands of Satan.

Morris' ambition as a child was to become a lawyer. He had the most inquisitive mind. He put questions to me that I could never answer without knowledge from God; so keen was his mind. A very timely tract was given him called, *Questions* by James Bennett, a Christian lawyer. This was no coincidence, but the

Preface

leading of the Lord.

Faith is the key which unlocks all the mysteries of the Godhead. Morris believed God for great things, and God met his expectations. One incident stands out clearly in my mind. Morris asked God for a vision. These are his words after a period of suffering: "God, open the heavens and speak to me or let your Son, Jesus Christ, speak to me. I expect to have the heavens open and God speak to me on the birthday of Jesus Christ." No one ever told him about visions, and at that time I did not believe it possible. I was concerned for his disappointment and prayed earnestly for God to meet him. The night passed and no vision came. His only comment was, "Last night I stayed awake and read until 10 o'clock. I am in Acts 10. I fell asleep at 10:30. I tried to stay awake because it was my only hope. Perhaps God didn't think it was the proper time and just put me to sleep." This was his sincere, childlike manner. How right he was, for not many months after, God gave him two visions.

I would like to quote a few excerpts from his letters written to me while he was still in the orphanage. Morris was fourteen years old at the time: "Everything I do now I think God gives me the strength to do it; the knowledge to think it out. Please don't say how good I am learning or how fast I am learning, because God gives me strength, wisdom and power to think fast because He understands the position I am in and knows it is hard for me to carry out the works of God... A funny notion came into my head that I should write to you. I was listening to the radio when a thought came to me that I shouldn't listen to the next program. I thought it was a thought God put into *my* head, so I wanted to show God that the least I could do for Him

was to sacrifice the little things in my life if it is necessary. Maybe it will be some day. I can't say, I hope not, because if God calls I must go."

You can see, I am sure, the power of God behind these words. The Lord had manifested His power in Morris' life in a miraculous way because of his faith and trust.

I know his writing will bring great blessing. My whole heart goes along with anything he undertakes for Jesus.

Chapter 1

A Boy's Misfortune

This is a story of GOD'S WORKS—MIGHTY, WONDERFUL, and MYSTERIOUS.

One usually thinks of misfortune as an act of fate and that we can do nothing to alter the acts of our lives. To a degree this is true. In the case of a child of God, his life is planned. Whether that plan is fulfilled or not is the individual's gain or loss.

One has said, "I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY FATE, THE MASTER OF MY SOUL." Truer words were never spoken. You are captain and master; you control your mind and heart. The course of your life is challenged by fate or providence as you allow them to challenge you. The crisis is reached when you give over your will, one way or the other, for good or evil. You can love or hate. You can want to understand or misunderstand. It all depends on you. The will to obey is the greatest force of the new-born Christian; the will to disobey is the most destroying force of the sinner.

A child, when left alone in the world, is controlled by one of two powers: good or bad, right or wrong, God or the devil. These two powers contend one against the other. Everyone is challenged by these two ways of life, and each must choose which life he will live.

It has been said, "God is a God of love and will never send anyone to hell." To this we will agree. God has not and will not send anyone to hell. However, it is certain that many will go there: this, in spite of God's love. Let me illustrate: Insert a cork in the top of an empty bottle

thus making it impossible for air to get in or out, then throw it into a body of water. As long as the cork is firmly intact, the bottle will remain empty inside. The air is sealed in and the water is sealed out.

Friend, you may be on the ocean of God's divine love all your life, and yet not permit His love admittance by sealing your heart. It is not God's will that any should perish. Hell was not made for you; it was made for the devil and his angels. TRUE! GOD WILL NOT SEND YOU TO HELL! YOU WILL SEND YOURSELF THERE. He has made every provision for the salvation of mankind. He has done all to provide a simple, yet full way of salvation. Jesus said,

"... He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24). The decision is up to you!

I think we will agree that the dearest, closest person to any child's heart is his mother. An orphan is an unfortunate child and more exposed to attack than children with parents. Mother is a protector of body and soul. As a little boy, I had the misfortune of losing my mother. She died when I was at an early age, thus I knew my first tragedy. Friends who knew her tell me she was beautiful, kind, and loving. This lost love was the one great reason for my neglected, frustrated life.

Upon the horizon of Christendom today there is a strong, dynamic emphasis placed upon the care, welfare and training of our young people. Millions of dollars are being spent on the training of teachers who will teach our youth; on methods, on periodicals and magazines of every kind, shape and form that will be of help to our young people. Why all this emphasis in the past few years? Sunday School conventions are growing to the

capacity of tens of thousands of delegates in attendance. Why the emphasis by local pastors upon the growth of their Sunday Schools?

All of us have been gripped by the realization that if we do not get our children and young people to God while they are still at an early age, we will eternally lose them. The Sunday School is the church of tomorrow. We surely need to train our young people for the cause of Christ so that when they grow up, they will not depart from the ways of the Lord. The devil is not sleeping, but seeks every opportunity to produce for his devilish cause.

The report that comes from the F.B.I. is astonishing. Look at the rising tide of immorality, vice, corruption, robbery, murder, licentiousness. Where do you find the largest increase? Among the young people of the world. My friend, the devil is not sleeping! He is awake to every opportunity and snatches those opportunities he can to train a boy or girl while they are small, so that as they grow older, they will be placed behind bars, or at least in a correctional institution. Then, when they reach their twenties they will be thrown into penitentiaries to live and die a life of misery. IT IS ONE CORRUPTED MESS, RULED BY THE DEVIL'S POWER.

Yes, the devil is awake. He was awake many years ago when he saw a precious mother leave the scene, and when he saw a father bound by drink left with five children. He was awake to seize upon the opportunity to train, mold, and shape the lives of those children by his power so not even the mighty power of Christ could penetrate their hard-hearted souls.

Five of us were left behind when Mother died—two boys and three girls. I was the youngest. The first hours

after Mother's passing seemed to be without hope or faith. How very afraid I was. Her death seemed to have brought us to the end of worthwhile living as our dad, an inveterate drinker, had no concern for us. Was there one who cared? Was there one who was concerned about A LITTLE BOY'S MISFORTUNE?

Chapter 2

The Devil's Power

I remember very little of my first experience in an orphanage as I was too young.

At the age of four I was moved to a foster home in Teaneck, New Jersey, together with my brother and three sisters. Here, Satan's power became more noticeable. As a five-year-old boy, I was fast becoming cold and hard. This does not seem possible in a five year old, but Satan was capitalizing on my calamities. He was teaching me well the ways of sin. He made sure I was kept away from Christian influence; I must know only vice, hatred and vengeance. By this time I was called the "problem child," and was in trouble more than out of it.

When the time came to enter school, the principal bought a paddle just for me. It seemed I was hit more with that paddle than if I had been a ping pong ball. I spent more time in the principal's office than in the classroom. The more I was disciplined the more I rebelled.

Then, at six-and-a-half years of age I became a runaway. How well I remember being sent to the principal's office for misbehaving. Over the principal's lap I went, and out came that paddle. WHAM! After the trouncing I stood up, staring her in the face, then turned, and cursing under my breath, I walked from the office. Then all of a sudden it seemed that a voice spoke to me, "You don't have to take this. Why don't you run away?" Making my way outside, I ran down the

sidewalk into the street. Where would I go? I was not seven years old yet, but I knew no joy nor happiness that other little boys experienced. I remembered the swamps. Surely no one would find me there. With hard cold bitterness of heart, I walked along the railroad tracks through the marshes, helplessly, fearing that I would be caught and returned to my boyish prison. Soon an alarm was sent out, the police were on my trail, and I was caught. I cannot explain the mixed feelings that surged through my heart. The police car slowly made its way toward the foster home. What was awaiting me? I knew! But I didn't care! I would do it again as soon as possible. I was soon to be back in the big brown stucco house ... who knows for how long? The police car arrived and I looked up to a tiny window near the roof and saw my attic bedroom where my brother and three sisters all slept. Glancing down from there to the basement window, I saw the cellar which was again to be my dining room.

As soon as the police left, I knew what to expect. Off came the shoe of the woman of the house. Beaten until I fell to the floor, I was sent off to bed without supper. Inside me were curses and revenge for the whole world.

Satan was bidding high for my soul. His power was upon me to influence my life. Was I soon to be sold out to him completely?

Our little family of five was soon to be broken up. My oldest sister, Frances, was married; my brother, Abraham went to the Army; another sister, Pauline, went to live with friends. Only my sister, Bernice, and I remained together.

We were taken from the foster home back to the orphanage in Passaic, New Jersey. Here, at the age of eight, I learned to smoke cigarette butts picked up from

the streets on the way to school. We would smoke them in the school basement.

After a few months there my sister and I were transferred to our last and final orphanage in Clifton, New Jersey, The Daughters of Miriam, by name. There the power of sin took still greater control. It seemed there was nothing I would not stoop to do—no depth to which I would not go.

Again we attempted escapes, each time being hunted and tracked down by police, thrown in the back of their squad cars and returned to the orphanage.

Satan was training well!

It was 2:00 a.m.; the orphanage was quiet. Two boys quietly made their way from their beds through the long narrow corridor. With hearts beating fast, they descended the stairs to the first floor, onto another long corridor which led to the orphanage office where the safe was kept. Like two experienced crooks, they made their way into the office and pried at the safe. It wouldn't open. But wasn't there always some petty cash in the desk drawers? They quietly pulled them open to investigate and sure enough, they found that for which they were looking. In continued silence they made their way out of the office and down to the cellar where they hid the stolen money. Where were they going to spend it? They had almost no opportunity to do so. If you can comprehend this in your mind, you might ask as I have asked myself in the past, "What would make a young innocent boy do this?" I'll tell you, **the devil's power!**

If the devil could make me do this, he could make me do anything. At the age of fourteen there had been almost no sin that had not made its prey upon my life. Surely Satan was gaining victories of sin. At fourteen I was as experienced in the life of sin as a twenty-five

year old might be.

Hear me, reader friend! As the devil dealt with a little Jewish orphan boy, so also will he deal with you or yours. He looks continually for those whom he may strike next. Guard well that which God has given you. Parents, accept your charge! Train for God! Leave no room for THE DEVIL'S POWER!

Chapter 3

Mixed Emotions

Perplexed, bitter, cold, calloused, anxious—none of these words alone can sum up the inward feelings of my wayward heart. Even after putting them all together there still seems to be something left out. What was it? It was the longing, craving, desire that stirs inside, that comes from the deep innermost recesses of one's being. It seeks, searches, desires. One feels it, one knows it is there, but what to do about it is the question. How can it be satisfied?

As it was with me, so it is with you. You want what you seek, desire, search for; yet, how to get it is your problem. You have tried this way and that way, but to no avail. Every road leads to a dead end. Every beckoning hand slaps you down to defeat and despair. Then comes another ray of hope. Oh, this must be it! But again suddenly, hitting another stone wall you stagger and wonder, "Where am I?" You sit down in despair with your mind full of questions. Wandering, pondering, you find yourself at another dead end.

The world sees you stagger right and left. "Look," they cry, "That's So and So," each cry making its resentful impression upon you and you fall to even greater defeats. If they only knew the real YOU ... for you are not at all as you seem to be. In spite of what they see on the outside, inside there is a yearning. Oh, maybe somewhere you will find someone who can see the real you and give help in your distress.

If we were judged on the basis of outward

appearance by God, how terrible it would be, for the outward man is only half of us, and the worst half at its best. There is another side—the inside. This is the side that only God can see and help. He not only understands but helps by His power. This is the difference between the psychologist and Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Many have been the times when we have done or said something which did not properly express our inward man. Should judgment come at that moment you would be condemned. The Scriptures declare that **"God looks upon the heart."** He sees the real you. He alone can still the tempest and give you peace. He can prescribe the remedy for your condition—inward power! Then, and then alone can you express what is in your heart.

These were the MIXED EMOTIONS of a wayward orphan Jew!

Wanderer, O wanderer, where will you go?
Some peace to find, some help to know?
To the cross, O wanderer, and there to kneel,
The Christ you'll find and a peace so real.
There is life for a look at Christ on the cross;
Heavenly gain for the penitent—no earthly loss.
Blindness shall cease and light appear,
Then Christ will come, thy heart to cheer.

Morris Cerullo

Chapter 4

I Met the Lord

In my loneliness and despair, feeling that God was far removed, little did I know I was soon to realize His nearness. Shortly, He was to break the sin barrier in my life. A new light was soon to shine—a new hope to dawn—a new power to be received—a new life to be lived. All this, if I could only believe. How could I learn to believe? Could I learn to trust? Could God really help me? Oh, for reality! For peace! For hope!

What was the difference between this that I desired, and that which I had? I was religious. Had I not studied Hebrew, sat in the synagogue, and listened to the reading of the Holy Torah? I knew the ceremonies and rituals by heart. I enjoyed participating in all the feast days. Had not Saturday found me always in the synagogue for the services? Still, something was missing. There didn't seem to be any joyous assurance or hope in worship; only a flickering that some day Messiah would come. A form of worship does not satisfy the soul. Have you ever sat through a long ceremony and then sighed with relief at its conclusion? "I'm glad that's over!" you exclaim, feeling worse at the end than the beginning.

The Bible declares there is a form of godliness which denies the power of God (II Timothy 3:5).

While in bed one night, overwhelmed with my failure of the past and with no hope for anything better, the suggestion came to this eight-year-old boy to end it all—commit suicide. There seemed to be nothing left for

which to live. This was the devil's last attempt to keep me from the Lord.

Rising from bed I was determined to commit the act. How would I do it? I would jump out of the window. Below was the cement driveway two stories down. In a few minutes my miserable life would all be over. I wasn't scared because I felt it must be done.

Parents, will you stop now and look at your boy or girl? Picture your child at so early an age in this condition, ready to destroy his own life. Imagine your child with no hope or vision of any joy in life. Picture him bound completely by satanic power. This was my picture.

After making full plans I made my way down the long hall to the washroom from which I would jump. I turned for one last look down the hall, then entered the bathroom. Seeing that all was clear, I threw open the window. Soon it would be over. Nothing more to worry about. I would be lying on the pavement below—dead. I lifted my body to jumping position from the windowsill.

The night was still and bright. The woods, only a short distance from the orphanage, could be seen from where I was standing. The cricket could be heard through the stillness of the night. Why was everything so quiet? I began to feel jumpy but I must keep my nerve. I must go through with my plans; there could be no turning back now. My heart throbbed when I looked at the pavement below. Lowering my body for the final spring, I took one last deep breath. At that second my heart stopped throbbing. I felt an unusual Presence. Thinking someone had entered the washroom I gave a quick glance behind me. Although I saw no one, I knew I was not alone. Something was happening to me but I did not know what. The atmosphere all around me

I Met the Lord

seemed to speak peace. Gazing upward I saw the beautiful stars and moon with all their brightness and glory, shining. It all spoke of quietness and peace. I just stared at the heavens. My eyes seemed to be paralyzed by the stars and the moon.

At this great moment I felt a peculiar sensation from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. It went all through my body. My anxious soul was strangely calmed; my fears allayed.

Now I knew I was not alone. Unconsciously I found myself getting back inside the washroom, my eyes fixed upward, my heart greatly calmed by the Presence of Another. No longer distressed, no longer despondent, I made my way down the hall toward my room. The clock now told me it was 2:45 a.m. Forty-five minutes had passed though it had seemed but a few. With soul fixed upward I returned to bed. What had happened to me? Was I dreaming? No, I was awake. Only forty-five minutes before I had left in despair but now I was resting, peaceful and serene. It was not long before I was fast asleep. No anxious fears! No perplexing conflicts! No emotional frustrations!

Awaking early the next morning, I wondered how, why, what? By rights I should be dead, but instead I was alive and feeling wonderful. Little did I realize then as I understand now, that I HAD MET THE LORD!

Chapter 5

A Woman's Faithfulness

It was this night when I had this glorious experience that God saw inside my heart. He saw what His love could do for me. This was His purpose: to bring His love in the form of Jesus to my heart. How could this be done? About the same time I had this wonderful experience, God was working out a plan to bring the Gospel message to my heart.

"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate...." On the basis of God's foreknowledge, knowing that I would accept the message of Christ and later the call, bringing the message of deliverance to the four corners of the world, He, in His infinite wisdom, began to set His plan into operation.

A young woman, Mrs. Ethel Kerr, made her way into a Baptist revival meeting. To look at her beauty one would scarcely think of her as a sinner. Her face shone with fairness; in her eyes kindness sparkled, yet her soul was alive with a longing passion to know peace that could satisfy her heart's cry.

When the preacher finished his sermon, the invitation to accept Christ was given and Mrs. Kerr said, "I will take this Jesus of Nazareth of whom you speak. I want His peace and pardon," and when she did, she left that meeting with something in her soul that she had never known before. Could this be real or was this a play on her psychological emotions? Had she just been stirred by the powerful speaker? In a day or two it would all be over. But no, it was not! As the days went

by, a deeper hungering, longing aflamed itself within her heart. She actually had the **"peace that passeth all understanding,"** for Jesus had said, **"My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you."** The song writer has expressed it thus,

Peace like a river so deep and so broad,
Wonderful peace, Wonderful peace
Resting my soul on the bosom of God
I have peace, sweet peace
Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace
Coming down from the Father above.
'Sweep over my spirit forever,' I pray;
In fathomless billows of love.

Let me divert from my story for a moment to speak to you, sinner friend, backslider, lukewarm Christian. Let God's peace sweep over your soul. Put this book down, close your eyes and say,

*Lord Jesus, I've tried the things which seemed a joy.
They could not satisfy. So burdened is my heart with
sin, Oh, save me is my cry.*

Will you do it right now? Don't hesitate. Right now! God bless you!

Father, each one who kneels to Thee right now and says, "I'll not cry with that angry mob in Pilate's judgment hall, 'crucify Him, crucify Him,' I'll not have this Man to reign over me," but says, "I'll take Thee, thou Son of God, to be my personal Saviour," I pray Thee honor the prayer of this Thy humble servant; let Thy peace flood their soul right now because I ask it in Jesus' Name.

This Jesus of Nazareth was becoming more lovely and more precious to Mrs. Kerr. She had found the

answer to life's biggest problem: "Where will I spend eternity: heaven or hell?" Oh, now she had found the One who had paid the price for her soul to redeem it. Little did she realize she would have a part to play in bringing the Gospel message to a little boy who, through the years, would bring literally thousands of souls to know the Lord Jesus Christ!

After enjoying this experience of salvation, she realized that, as a mother of two children, she must bring them to the Saviour as well as her husband. The children were enrolled in Sunday School, and began going to church with their mother. I shall leave out most of the story of the problems which resulted in their home life because of the personal nature. Suffice it to say, Mrs. Kerr was obliged to leave her home or suffer the loss of her Christ. **"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me"** (Matt. 10:37).

Hardships assailed, but each time God was there to help. God has not promised us a pathway of roses, but He has promised to be with us throughout life's journey, to guide, protect, and bless with His sweet Presence. Mrs. Kerr would walk the streets on many occasions looking for money on the ground, not knowing where her next meal would come from, but each time God, in some miraculous way, would provide for her.

At one time her profession had been practical nursing, so she returned to nursing, to make her own livelihood in a cold and calloused world. After several years of working, testifying wherever she went, and winning souls to Jesus, she felt the call of God upon her life. God placed His hand upon her and called her to work among the Jews. This was a high and noble

calling. She was ready to answer, "Lord, wherever you lead me, I will follow." It was quite a coincidence, for almost all the private people she had previously worked for were Jews.

All at once it seemed as though God had opened the windows of heaven. She received a letter from none other than Dr. Michelson, of the Hebrew Christian Synagogue in California, which, at that time, was located in New York. In the letter he asked if she would like to be a full-time worker on his staff in collaboration with his work among the Jews. This seemed to be Heaven itself opening up to her. How she had longed for an opportunity like this! Was this God answering her prayers? Her heart throbbed as she answered the letter saying, "Yes, I'll come!"

She gave notice to her employer, and made the other necessary preparations. Oh, how exciting it was to look forward to full-time work among God's chosen people, the Jews! She could hardly wait. These years of hardship, toil, care and sacrifice had at last led her to her heart's desire, that of fulfilling the call of God upon her life. The next few weeks seemed like long months, but the time finally arrived. She would take the train the next day for New York.

That night as she was alone in her room, a most peculiar sensation came over her. She felt sick all over her body. Strength began to leave her. She cried out, "Oh God, please don't let me become sick. You know I must go to New York tomorrow to begin my work for Thee. Please help me." God spoke to her in her passion of prayer. "My servant, if thou wilt obey, I will heal thee. Do not go to New York." "But Lord, the door is open. It seems like you have made the way for me." God answered, "If you will obey me and not go, I will heal

you by morning."

Let me interject this thought right here: If Satan cannot get you to fall, he will get you on a wrong vision. If he cannot get you away from God's side, he will see to it that you work where you will do the least good.

Mrs. Kerr had always obeyed God. While her emotions stirred her one way, she cried again, "Where You lead me I will follow." She slipped into bed and slept quietly all night, awaking in the morning perfectly refreshed and healed by the power of God. Praise the Lord!

Now what would she do? Should she sit and wait for heaven to fall into her lap? Oh, no, she must secure another job to support herself. There were only a few dollars left of her money; she never kept a savings that amounted to anything, and had always used her money for the cause of God's kingdom. Securing a morning newspaper she glanced through the "Help-Wanted" ads. She proceeded to answer one, then another, only to have each door closed right in her face. She journeyed back to her room, tired and discouraged, her heart crying out, "Oh Lord, what shall I do? I have obeyed Thee. Now what shall I do? You must help me." Still, it seemed as though the heavens were brass. Resting in her chair and glancing through the newspaper again, she noticed where she had been reading before that she had neglected to see one ad which read—"Daughters of Miriam Orphanage, Old People's Home. Practical nurse wanted."

Have you ever read a portion of Scripture and then slipped over it, but somehow your eyes were drawn back to it? You don't understand how, but that verse seems to jump right out of the page. It is because God wants to impress you with that verse and speak to you from it,

beloved. This is exactly what happened as Mrs. Kerr read the newspaper. This particular advertisement seemed to jump right out of the page. The more she tried to disregard it, the more it appeared God was speaking to her about it. Then she looked up as if someone had appeared in the room and said, "Lord, this advertisement is referring to a Jewish Home, can't You read?" Then, as if in a slight rebuke, God spoke to her and said, "I can read—can't you hear? I want you to answer this advertisement. I will go before thee. I will make a way where there is no way. I have spoken and I shall bring it to pass!"

The next day Mrs. Kerr went to the orphanage and applied for the job. I will not go into all the details here as this alone would be a book in itself. Within twenty-four hours, without many questions, Mrs. Kerr had the job and was moved into the nurses' quarters.

Now God had His key person in place. The only problem was to get the message to my heart and life. It did not take long for Mrs. Kerr to find out who I was. Little did she realize that I was the individual for whom God had sent her there. She thought perhaps it was to one of the board of directors that she was to minister, or even Dr. G—, the Superintendent's husband, or perhaps to one of the old folks, for this was not only an orphanage but an old-age home for retired Jewish people as well. Never did it enter her mind that God wanted one of those little ones, and especially the most difficult one of them all.

After she had been there for several months, waiting upon God for His will, she became restless. One day, while making one of the beds for an aged person, she cried out to God, "Oh God, I have been here so many months already and I have not had one chance to testify

or witness for You. I know You sent me here. Please just show me the reason why, or speak to me and I shall be satisfied." Her childlike faith, trust, and devotion reached heaven. God heard her heart's cry and spoke to her: "My daughter, look yonder to the pathway." Walking over to the window she noticed a driveway that went all around one side of the orphanage. Coming up the walk was a wayward orphan boy. God spoke again, "When that boy was eight years old, I heard a cry from his heart. I saw something which I could get hold of and use for My honor and glory. I purposed that day to bring my message to him. That is the reason why I have led you here." Mrs. Kerr turned away from the window as the boy drifted out of sight. She felt strange. Her throat seemed to be all choked up. She stood still for several seconds while her gaze went heavenward, humbly rejoicing in the Lord. "Oh God, I thank You!

I thank You!" Now she would stay even if it took a lifetime!

The very next day she met me in the hallway and called to me, "Morris, I want to talk to you for a few minutes." I walked over to her. She said, "I have something for you, Morris," and she held out a five-cent candy bar. I took the candy and threw it down and said, "I don't want any of your candy." Then I turned and said, "Leave me alone!" To me this was a new twist. None of the people I knew gave things away, or tried to be kind to anyone. To my thinking, at that particular time, people were selfish and cruel. Hm! I thought. What does she think she is doing? I was hard and tough, and I did not want anyone doing anything for me.

However, this did not stop her efforts to win me. She kept on being nice, always doing things for me, always

buying little things which she thought would bring me a little joy. There was always a smile on her face as she went about doing her work, and she was always as nice as anyone could ever be.

I could not sleep at night but would toss back and forth on my bed. Why doesn't she leave me alone, I wondered. I talked to myself, "What's she after? No one has ever treated me like this before." Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and I couldn't stand her actions any longer without doing something to find out what this was all about. I said to myself, "I am going to go to that woman and find out what she is up to." I waited until late at night when I knew it was well past midnight and no one would miss me in my room. It was about one o'clock in the morning as I slipped down the fire escape and went into the dark night. I walked around the back court a while, until I was sure no one had seen me leave, and then over to the nurses' quarters. There was a special wing of the building for all the nurses and hired help. The door leading into that section of the building was locked. Now the problem was, how to get into her room?

I must see her. My mind was settled and no one could convince me otherwise. I had one thing in mind and that was to find out why she was treating me in such a manner. Her room faced the right side of the orphanage. How was it possible for me to get up there? The thought quickly entered my mind, I could scale the brick wall. I started on my venture slowly but surely, and made my way straight to her window. Her room was half a flight from the ground. Quickly I grabbed the windowsill and knocked on her window—once, twice, and again the third time. No one responded. Surely she must be in her room at this late hour.

On the inside of the room, however, it was a different story. Mrs. Kerr was almost having a heart attack! What would happen to you if you heard someone knocking on your window just a half flight from the ground at one o'clock in the morning? It even entered her mind that perhaps there might be angels out there, but then again a little thing like a window could not stop God's messengers. No, she must face reality. Who was out there? Who could it possibly be? Should she even dare go to the window and look? Finally she mustered up enough courage to go over to the window and peek. When she saw me, she was thrilled, and opening the window wide, she grabbed my hand and helped me in.

Here began one of the greatest discourses of life between two mortal beings. Oh yes, I first threw my darts and asked my questions. But she always had the same smile, the same soft answer, the same restful and quiet spirit. Why? How? What did she possess? What was her secret? All this and more was quickly passing through my mind. That visit was just the beginning.

I visited her again and again and again. Over and over we would talk about the old heroes of faith in the Old Testament. I had heard these stories before for I had studied them in Hebrew school. A rabbi would come and teach us all these things. At the age of thirteen I was Bar Mitzvahed; I took part in all the ceremonies and feast days, the Passover and the Day of Atonement. Oh, how well I remember how we all waited as someone would run to open the door for the angel, thinking perhaps now the Messiah would come.

Had I not known about Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Samuel, and other of the Old Testament characters? Yes, I am sure I knew more about the Old

Testament than most.

Yet, the Moses she spoke about was a new Moses to me. He was not just a general or leader, but he became to me a man of God, full of the love and meekness that our Saviour portrayed. Abraham was not just the wanderer, but a man who **"... looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."** Elijah, Elisha, the prophets, all became alive with the anointing as men who longed to do the will of God; and knew the reality of a God of the living Who is an ever present help in time of need.

Before I was aware of it, a change was taking place in my heart and even in my life. Why, I wasn't getting into trouble as I formerly had! My heart was in the process of being melted. That hard, cold, outward veneer was slowly disappearing.

One day Mrs. Kerr came to me and said, "Morris, it is too dangerous for you to be coming to my room all the time." As she spoke, she took a little black book from her pocket. "Now you don't have to take it if you don't want to," she said, "but I have a little book here I would like you to have. It's a pocket Testament. Would you care to read it for yourself?" "Why sure," I said, "I'll be glad to have it." I was anxious to get my hands on anything I could that would speak about this new way of life.

I'll never forget the feeling I had when I first got my hands on that New Testament. Oh, the thrill, the sensation that went through me. How wonderful it was! Mrs. Kerr also gave me a little pen flashlight, for the only time I could read my New Testament would be at night when everyone else was sleeping. If I ever got caught with it, it would have been hard for me.

At about eleven o'clock each evening I took out my

New Testament, pulled the covers of my bed over my head, turned on my pen flashlight and began reading, first one page, then another and another; one chapter, then another; one book, then another, until that first night I had read through the first four Books—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The message was tremendous. Never before had I heard anything more wonderful.

Here was a Man, misunderstood, beaten, laughed at, scourged, ridiculed, persecuted, mocked beyond degree, and yet there was something of purpose in His actions. He came into this world, yet was not of this world, but He could have had this world.

The only doctrine I had ever learned was "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." I thought the first one to get the first punch in was the one who came up the victor.

This Man's teachings, and His whole life were contrary to anything I had ever seen or heard. Here was a Man who taught men to love one another, do good, and hate evil. He had no clothes but the clothes on His back; no purse of riches but the fruit of His influence on the lives of men and women. He took only a wooden cross as compared to the riches of this world which could have been His. His kingdom was not of clay, hay, wood or stubble, but was the hearts of humanity; His riches were their love and devotion. He was the Son of God!

I read on and on about other great men: Peter, Paul, and John. Oh, I thought how they must have loved Him, to live for Him, suffer for Him, and even die for Him.

I would read until I could not keep my eyes open any longer. My heart was hungry. Here was the Bread of Life! I was thirsty; here was the Fountain of Living

Waters!

Each night I would continue reading and, when finished, I would hide my New Testament and pen flashlight between the mattress and spring of my bed.

God still had more for me, and for Mrs. Kerr as well. She had been attending fine denominational churches until one day she went to what people called a Pentecostal church. Here they preached the same Christ, the same salvation, and the same separated life as fervently or more so than the others, but they had another doctrine about the Holy Spirit, called the Baptism. After attending one service she came and told me all about it. "That is the peculiarity of their meetings," she said. "Praising the Lord aloud and all praying together." She brought me a magazine called *The Pentecostal Evangel*, and wanted to know if I would like to read it. I was happy to take it, for I wanted anything at all to read that would satisfy my hungry heart and my longing for reality.

As usual, I waited until the last check of rooms was made. Instead of reading the magazine in bed, I took it to the washroom and read it under the light by the mirror. After I had finished, I put the magazine in my bathrobe pocket and returned to my room where I removed my bathrobe and hung it in the locker.

The next day, during the morning, they had locker inspection of our beds and rooms. Another nurse, who was checking the boys' dormitory, opened my locker. There, as big as life, protruding from the pocket of my bathrobe was *The Pentecostal Evangel*. Many times we boys would sneak comic books up to our rooms, but that was nothing compared to *The Pentecostal Evangel*. The nurse seized the paper, ran down the corridor and down the stairs, calling the Superintendent. "Look!" she cried,

"Look what I found." Dr. G—took one look at the magazine and said, "I know whose work this is. Go get Mrs. Kerr, and bring her into my office right away." Mrs. Kerr was summoned and taken to the office where she was questioned. She denied nothing but revealed all. She was commanded to go immediately to her room, pack her clothes, and leave the orphanage without saying a word to anyone, especially me.

Her heart felt as though it would break into pieces. Her mind and thoughts were crying torture to her. "Oh Lord, what about Morris?" she questioned. "He has never really made a confession of You as personal Saviour. He has never told me that he loves You or has accepted You."

Mrs. Kerr had never mentioned such terminologies as being "born again" or "salvation" to me. She just spoke of Christ and His wonderful love and let the Spirit of God do the rest. But as I stated in a previous chapter, there are two forces present in the world today: the power of God, and the power of the devil. These change providence and fate in all of our lives depending upon which force we submit ourselves to.

Mrs. Kerr had just walked out of Dr. G—'s office and had taken two or three steps when she heard a loud call, "Morris!" I was walking through the main corridor on my way to the kitchen. Over the office counter, Dr. G—saw me and called. I wondered, as I heard the tone of his voice, what he wanted. Little did I realize what had actually transpired. When Mrs. Kerr heard my name called, she stopped on the stairway and began praying, "Oh, my God! What will happen now?"

When I entered the office Dr. G—said, "What is the meaning of this?" In his hand he held out *The Pentecostal Evangel*. I looked, and I guess I was as

much surprised to see it in his hand as he was to see it in the Jewish Home. I gulped, sighed, and took a deep breath. What was I to say? He had taken me by surprise. He told me I was to forget all this trash which Mrs. Kerr had been telling me, and I would see her no more. At that moment something happened to me. I looked up at Dr. G—and the tears began running down my cheeks. Whenever I had been scolded before, I would rebel, but now, somehow, I wasn't the same hard, cold, tough boy I used to think I was. Something had happened to me. I looked at him and said, "Listen Dr. G —, I don't know anything about what I've read in that magazine; I don't even understand it. Even what Mrs. Kerr has been telling me is not clear. It's so different from anything I have ever heard, but all I know, it's real. It's real!" And then I began to break down and cry as I had never done before, for real tears had never come to my eyes. "It's real!" I repeated, "and you can't take it from me."

Mrs. Kerr smiled as she made her way up the stairs to her room to pack. Her work had been accomplished. Now she was satisfied in her heart. Oh, how good God had been to her to allow her to hear this declaration of my feeling before she left the orphanage, "I know it's real, I know it's real, and you can't take it from me!" These words kept ringing in her ears. Now she was certain that God would take care of me and complete the work He had begun in my heart. This declaration was her reward for her great untiring labor of love for the Master. It was all she needed. Her faithfulness, love, and devotion had been well worth the assurance of the salvation in a little wayward, Jewish orphan boy's heart.

Chapter 6

My Escape

Now began the testing time; my proving ground. A scientist may work long and hard on a theory only to find out that it is a failure in the proving stage or testing time, and perhaps years of research and strain are seemingly for naught. So with everything in life: it is all put on the proving grounds to be tested and tried. All Christians, I mean people who are really born again by the power of the Son of God, have gone over the testing grounds. Their faith has been tried. They have proven God to be true, and God has proven them.

Yes, the trials and testings came to me too, almost to the point where I could not bear it anymore. What did I know about the power of God? I have heard many sermons since then on the power of Jesus' Name, but at that time, I didn't even know how to pray in the Name of Jesus.

The loneliness of having lost Mrs. Kerr could have been greatly overcome through that relationship with Jesus' Name. All I knew was that I had something. If you had asked me what it was then, all I could have said was, "I don't know, but I know that it's real and you can't take it from me." Persecution came, difficulties arose, but my testimony rang true. I felt I would never deny Him. How could I deny something that was real?

Why, I even had the opportunity of leading another boy into the same relationship, though after I left the orphanage he fell prey to the enemy. I did not know

enough to tell him and lead him on. I still needed to find out more for myself. He was not rooted and grounded, and therefore could not walk the way after I left.

Many people have asked me in my travels, "What happened after Mrs. Kerr left you at the orphanage?" There are many things I could stop here to say, but for legal technicalities, and perhaps involving people to a detrimental degree, I shall leave it alone. You too may be wondering how a fourteen-and-a-half-year-old boy could stay true under such intense persecution. There was but one thing that kept that orphan boy true and that was his heart beating out the emotions of an inward experience, "It's real, it's real, I know it's real. I cannot, I will not deny Him!"

Little did I realize the stage was being set for my escape out of this orphanage. One day after I had been in the basement receiving punishment, I said, "I have not fought back all this time, but if you lay your hands on me once more, I am going up to that front door and I am going to walk out and you are not going to stop me." I shall never forget that night. I had nothing but the shirt on my back and not a penny in my pocket. I walked up the stairs with Dr. G—right behind me.

I never knew what the Scripture meant where it said, "... **therefore have I set my face like a flint** ..." but I believe if I had looked to the right or to the left I probably would not have left the orphanage that night. I walked up to the main corridor which bypassed the office and stopped. When I stopped, Dr. G—was only a little ways from me. I did not turn around to even see what he was doing but kept my eyes on those two front swinging doors. I did not run. I walked just as a normal person would walk down the street. At any moment I expected a hand to reach out and grab me. I was sure

someone would stop me. I walked and walked and could hardly believe it when my hands were touching those two front swinging doors. I put my hands on them, threw them open wide, and there I stood on the outside. Friend, you can think what you want, you can say what you want of this supernatural event that took place that night.

You may draw your own conclusions. All I can say is I am serving God today as a testimony to what happened that night. I have been serving the Lord since I left the orphanage and have never had to return there. Oh, thank God! For He is able to deliver and make a way for His own. He is truly a good God!

Little did I realize the experience I was in for. Not having a penny in my pocket, nothing but the clothes I wore, I stood on the front steps of the orphanage. It was pouring rain, thundering and lightning. I had nowhere to turn, not a soul in the world to whom I could go for help and comfort.

Chapter 7

A Walk With God

I had never really been afraid of anything, but this night I was truly fearful. I walked down to what is known in Clifton, New Jersey as Main Street. This is a street that runs from Patterson to Clifton, Passaic and East Rutherford, right straight through. It is just one shopping district after another, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the whole State of New Jersey. I stood on a street corner wondering what was to become of me. I never knew what it was to really pray, but there on the street corner that night, and for the first time in my life, I lifted up my heart to God in prayer—a simple little Jewish boy's prayer!

A runaway orphan boy who wanted God; the rain beating down on his face drenching his clothes, his heart trembling, his whole body shaking with fear, what was to become of him? Where was he to go? Oh, God! And with this feeling raging in his innermost being, he lifted his eyes toward heaven and prayed as only he could have prayed, "Dear God, if there be such a person as Jesus up there in the heavens, please let Him be with me now." And as if the mightiest of winds blew open a door it seemed as if all of heaven lighted on my being. All over my body I began to feel the mighty Presence of God. I did not understand it, but did I need to? I knew God had heard my prayer, and that Jesus truly was in the heavens and now He was with me. I felt surging on my right side the tremendous power of God, and then on my left side another tremendous sensation of the power of God, and there I stood on that

street corner with the rain, lightning and thunder. Scared? Oh no, now every bit of fear had left me. I stood there feeling powerful and strong. No, I did not know it then, as I knew just a little later that when I prayed God sent two angels, one on my right side and the other on my left to take charge of this fourteen-and-a-half-year-old Jewish boy lest he dash his foot against a stone.

I did not know any hymns, but something strange began to happen right there on the street corner for I began to sing. You say, "What did you sing?" I do not really know for it was an angelic song, a song of the angels. I stood there with the greatest feeling of joy ever to possess a human heart. With God's Presence all around me I began walking down Main Street. I walked and walked and walked, down every curb, across every street, through every light with a real song in my heart. I continued to walk, feeling God's power on my right and left sides, singing as I went: walking and singing, walking and singing with God's Presence all around me. Oh, words cannot describe the tremendousness of this great experience!

Surely, Bible days are here again and God is moving upon His servants as in the days of the prophets and disciples.

There was nothing terribly strange about this experience except that all the time this boy was walking down the Main Street, singing and feeling God's power, he never once had his eyes open from the time he uttered that simple prayer to God.

Being led by the two angels, I walked for almost two-and-a-half to three miles. I knew I had walked for quite a while but I did not know where. I was too overjoyed in the Presence of God. When I had reached a

certain place something strange happened. I did not know where I was, for I had not opened my eyes as yet, but just as quickly as this wonderful Presence of God had come to my life, it left, first from one side and then the other. I stopped singing and walking. My heart began to tremble with fear. I cried within myself, "Oh God, please God, don't leave me."

And then I opened my eyes, I found I was in Passaic on the same Main Street. I was standing in front of a theatre called the Montauk Theatre. There, under the lights, your mind will never imagine what my eyes saw. Standing in the rain under an umbrella, an arm's length away from me, was none other than Mrs. Kerr, the woman who had brought me the message of Jesus Christ in the orphanage. She had been standing there for several hours waiting. She was to go to church this night, but while dressing she felt definitely led of God not to go to the service. After a while she knew why. I was on the phone speaking to her from a friend's house, who lived up the street from the orphanage, the Costkyk family. (Little did I know then, that they were also born again Christians. Praise God for His wonderful leadings.) We arranged to meet in front of this theater. I did not tell her on the phone what had happened. How would I get to her? I had no money for the bus-fare. Praise God, He has ways and means of transportation and He provided supernaturally.

Oh, Beloved, only a few hours before I was cold, lonely, hungry and in despair. Shortly after meeting Mrs. Kerr I was in a warm, Christian home with dry clothes on my body, and a warm meal in my stomach.

Dear reader friend, God is a good God. I have lived on faith, by faith, and through faith ever since that day I walked out of that Jewish orphanage.

From Judaism to Christianity

God had struck a death blow to Satan in my life. **"Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."** God rose the Victor. He made a way of escape as He said He would; all this for a little Jewish orphan boy.

Chapter 8

The Gifts of the Spirit Given

This was the beginning of my new life. Little did that fourteen-and-a-half-year-old Jewish boy know what God had in store for him. The experiences were to be varied, the trials many. The pitfalls and snares of the enemy that would come against him to snatch his soul away from God would be frequent. The intimate blessing of feeling the personal Presence of his God was to be known to him. The voice of God which speaks from heaven into the human soul was to be heard, and the power of God in the human body was to be felt.

On Sunday, a few days after my experience of coming out of the orphanage, I was invited to go to a place of worship. This was to be my first real experience inside a church.

When I left the orphanage, I went to stay with Mr. Maurer, the brother of Mrs. Kerr, who had brought me the Gospel message while I was still in the orphanage. Mrs. Kerr had also taken the Gospel message to her brother and sister-in-law and they had received Christ into their hearts. They had been attending a church in Patterson, New Jersey called Bethany Assembly of God. When Sunday morning came, Brother Maurer approached me and asked if I would like to go to church that morning, as it was their custom to attend Sunday School, the morning worship service and the evening service as well. Of course, my heart was crying to find out more about my God. I thought this would be an opportunity for me to investigate this new found relationship.

I was much impressed as, just a young lad, I made my way to the big church on Broadway in Patterson. The church, seating about 1,000 people, had recently been purchased from the Presbyterians and had been valued at one million dollars. One stained glass window alone is estimated at thirty thousand dollars. The church had been started in a very humble way in just a little storeroom; from there to a small church building on Pearl Street, and then to this big beautiful edifice.

You can imagine how I felt as I entered this great church with Brother Maurer and his family. As we went into the main auditorium, I surveyed the long rows of pews. Brother Maurer had a certain place way down in the front where he was accustomed to sitting for all services. As I followed behind him nervously, I wondered if he was going to walk right up on the platform. My heart was beating fast. I could hardly wait for him to pick out his pew and for all of us to sit down. In a few minutes the most unusual service that I had ever attended in my life was to begin.

God's blessing was upon the people in this church. The minister, the late Rev. David Leigh, went to the platform and the song service began. Brother Leigh was indeed a man of God. Being an Englishman, he was not prone to be emotional as some people define emotionalism in religion today. However, in a few moments' time there was to be an unusual move of the Spirit of God that would sweep over the entire congregation. In the midst of the song service a man in the back part of the auditorium began to raise his hands and praise the Lord aloud. As he shouted "Hallelujah!" I nearly jumped three feet out of my seat with a look of wonderment on my face. I turned around in the seat, looking back and forth all over the

auditorium. The praises of God began to swell from His people. Not understanding this unusual demonstration, I thought, "How did I get myself into this?" I looked at Brother Maurer and saw beads of perspiration break out on his forehead. Have you ever taken a friend to a Pentecostal service and prayed, "Lord, you know Sister So-and-So always gets so blessed; she just shouts and shakes and makes so much noise, please help her to keep quiet or she will drive my friend out of the service"? This is the way Brother Maurer was praying that morning. However, instead of it being a quiet service, there was a mighty demonstration of the Spirit of God. After the song service Brother Leigh came to the pulpit to deliver his message. Brother Leigh had always been considered a reserved Bible teacher. However, this morning the coals from off the altar of God touched his lips and set him aflame with the Holy Spirit. Never had I seen a rabbi conduct himself in this manner. My head was going to the right and to the left as I tried to keep my eyes on the preacher. First he was here and then he was there. I said to myself, "Why doesn't that man stand still and preach? Why does he have to jump around like a kangaroo?"

It was the custom in that church that after the Sunday service was dismissed with prayer the pastor would make his way to the back of the auditorium to shake hands with the people as they left the service. Instead, the pastor that particular morning felt led of the Holy Spirit to call all the people down to the altar for prayer. The Spirit of God was moving in such a great way that almost everyone responded. Little did I realize that my presence had somewhat to do with this outburst, for you see the church had been praying for God to save my soul and to bring me out of the orphanage for quite some time. Now when they had

seen me walk into the church that morning with Brother Maurer and Sister Kerr, they knew that God had answered prayer in a wonderful way. After the people made their way to the front of the altar, Brother Maurer looked at me with perspiration still heavy upon his face and said, "Would you like to go down to the altar?" I looked toward the altar and then again at him. It seemed to me I was almost at the altar right where I was sitting. I said within myself, "I have come this far, a few more rows surely cannot hurt me." I went and knelt at the altar. The first time I ever prayed inside a church I prayed scripturally, for the Bible declares that we should **"Watch and pray."** I put my hands over my face and separated my fingers so I could see what was going on. I would bow my head in prayer, then lift it up and look around at others. I can tell you one thing, I was doing more watching than praying.

Indeed, this was unusual to me yet why should it have been? Had I not for years studied under leading rabbis? Had I not gone to Hebrew school? Had I not been a student of the Old Testament? Of course I had. The experiences of the Jewish people in the Old Testament had left vivid impressions upon my mind: the experiences of my people and how they had followed after God with the praises of God upon their lips, their hands raised in holy faith before Him, and their knees bowed before the altar in expressions of humility and sincerity before their God. Why was this to be so unusual for me? From the beginning of records we can find accounts of man's dealings with God and God's dealings with man. We find inevitably the spontaneous praises of God coming from His people, and the command coming from God for that praise. However, I had never had the privilege of having this experience visually before my eyes. But now I had seen it and felt

it. I had not classified this as fanaticism or emotionalism, but when I saw these people praising God and worshipping Him, I knew they had something for which my heart was longing. I knew that through their sincerity they had an experience of reality with the Lord. Could I too feel that intimacy greater than I had experienced during these last few days with God?

Many people over the years have tried to stifle the moving of the Spirit of God in their midst, making rational claims of emotionalism and fanaticism. We need never fear the true power of God's Spirit. We need not fear the true moving of that power in our lives. We should welcome the Spirit's power and moving, and let our lives be open to the moving of the Spirit of the Lord. There is only one thing which makes me different from my fundamentalist friends in the ministry and that is this: I am a Pentecostal believer. If I take this away from myself, I am no longer different from them.

For the past fifty years there has been a tremendous move of the Spirit of God. America and the whole world has received this message of Christ and the power of God's Spirit. So phenomenal has been its moving that we are ingrafting now the four corners of the world with this message. Obscure places, churches, behind railroad tracks, have moved out on Broadway and the main streets of town. Theaters, large auditoriums, which formerly used their entrance lights to glitter for the world in announcement of some talent who was to come to a certain city, now use their lights in announcing great evangelistic efforts being made in that city. They have declared in their glitter to the passersby that "Jesus saves, Jesus heals, Jesus baptizes with the Holy Ghost, and Jesus is coming soon." Pentecost indeed has moved out on Broadway. The words of the Prophet Joel

are being fulfilled when he said, in speaking of the last days, "... **I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh....**"

I did not understand the move of the Spirit of God that morning, but I did not mock or laugh at it. As I have stated before, I knew these people had something from God, and it made me feel that I wanted to receive the same experience.

I returned to the church that Sunday night to experience in that service the move of God in my life. It was that night when the gifts of the Spirit of God were to be given to me. After the preaching was finished and the altar call given, no one had to ask me, "Would you like to go down to the altar?" I was the first one to step out of my seat. I walked to the front of the altar and knelt under the big pulpit. As I began to pray with lifted hands, praise to the Lord fell from my lips; tears of humility flowed down my cheeks, so grateful was I that God had saved my soul and that I had found Jesus as the Messiah of the world. I was so thankful that God had removed the scales from my eyes and allowed me to see, as few of our Jewish people see, Jesus, the Son of God.

I had not been praying long, perhaps for a period of ten minutes, when I felt as if a hand had been placed upon my forehead. Something charged through my whole being and I fell prostrate to the floor. I had never heard of anyone lying on a church floor before. I had never heard the terminology people use, "slain by the Spirit of God" or "under the power of God," but there I was under the influence of the Holy Ghost—strange to me, without knowledge or education regarding such things. I felt so embarrassed; I wanted to rise but could not. All I could do was let the praises of God surge from my being, and glorify and magnify the Lord.

The Gifts of the Spirit Given

I began to see a vision of the sky. It was beautiful. In a few moments, out of the sky came drops of water, large drops. What was so peculiar about this vision, was that each drop of water had a word written across it in a language I did not recognize or know. As these drops came closer to me, they encompassed my whole being. In a matter of about ten minutes I was speaking in an unknown heavenly language. God was gloriously baptizing me with the Holy Spirit according to the promise of God.

Acts 2:38-39:

Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

This was just the beginning of what would turn out to be one of the most wonderful nights in my entire life. We stayed in church until about one o'clock in the morning, speaking in tongues and magnifying the Lord of glory!

When we arrived home, none of us could sleep. Such a Spirit of God prevailed upon me that all I could do was pray. Up until this time, Sister Kerr and Brother Maurer and his family had just been dabbling in Pentecost, but when they saw God baptize an innocent young boy who knew nothing of His power, they decided this must be of God.

Brother Maurer fell to his knees. Sister Maurer and Sister Kerr dropped to their knees as the power of God moved in that house in an unusual manner. All knew that God wanted to do something more before the night

was over. In the early hours of the morning the Spirit of the Lord came upon me. I stood to my feet and began to speak in tongues and interpret those unknown tongues by the Spirit into English. This continued for some time, hence God had not only baptized me with the Holy Ghost but had given the gifts of speaking in tongues and interpretation as well. Amazement filled the faces of those present as the glory of the Lord shone from my being as the brightness of the sun. I stood magnifying the Lord. Oh, what a joyous experience for this young orphan boy. But the end was not yet, for in a few minutes I was to experience a demonstration from heaven that surged through my whole being. I began to give forth prophecies under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. God let it be known that His stamp of approval was upon my life, and that He had called me to do a special work. Before the clock struck six in the morning God had filled me with the Holy Ghost and had bestowed, through the Spirit, the gifts of speaking in tongues, interpretation of tongues, and prophecy, all in one glorious night. Praise the Lord!

I could tell you experience after experience that would thrill your soul; they would be books in themselves. However, I do want to tell you the glorious heavenly vision God gave me at fifteen years of age.

I had gone out into the ministry as a part-time preacher, preaching for Youth for Christ organizations, and holding youth rallies in civic clubs and high school auditoriums. I preached in all types of denominational churches to hundreds, and saw many people saved by the power of God in just a few months' time. I did not know the first thing about homiletics or Biblical introduction. Perhaps that is why God honored my simplicity!

The Gifts of the Spirit Given

One of the greatest struggles of my soul was to give up my earthly ambitions and to enter the ministry. "Oh," you say, "Wealth." No, I am not talking about wealth, for I could have had all the wealth I could possibly use had I not entered the ministry. Ever since I was a little boy, I had a desire in my heart to be a lawyer. When I got saved, that desire was intensified because now, I thought, how wonderful it would be if God had a Christian lawyer, someone whom His people could go to with their problems and burdens, and someone they could trust and know he would be honest with them.

When I preached around the State of New Jersey in these functions for various activities, I was preaching on the average of three to four times a week. I will never forget the time I preached in a Baptist church in Nutley, New Jersey. By the time I finished speaking, the pastor, his wife, and about thirty-five of their members were wondrously born again by the power of God.

But still I fought the call of God. Each time I preached, I knew that the touch of God was upon my life; I knew God was calling me to do a work for His people. My heart was so burdened as I saw the sinful condition of the world, and the lost and dying came before my eyes. Scarcely did I give an altar call without the tears running down my cheeks as I stood there pleading and begging with souls to give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ; accept Him as their Lord and Saviour before it would be eternally too late.

One night God dealt with my soul. I had come to the climax in my Christian experience.

Are Bible days truly here? Does God change? Is He really **"... the same yesterday, today, and forever"**?

An experience transpired in my life that changed the course of my being, changed my ideals, my desires; my ambitions. This was a heavenly vision.

Acts 2:17-18:

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.

Chapter 9

My Heavenly Vision

I knew nothing about seeing visions or hearing God's voice. I had never seen a vision or known much about this particular manifestation. At this time I was only fifteen years of age and out of the orphanage only six months.

However, being a chosen vessel of God, God ordained that I should be brought into the heavenlies, see His glory face to face as did Moses, and hear His voice as did the early prophets.

Twice in my life I have felt the hand of God upon my forehead: once when I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and again this time I am about to relate.

As I was in prayer one evening at the Bethany Assembly of God in Patterson, New Jersey, I felt the hand of God come and press itself on my forehead. In a moment of time I was again slain in the Presence of God. I do not know exactly how long I lay there, but it seemed to be quite some time before the vision began to unfold before my eyes. It was strange, indeed, for I was not taken into the heavens immediately, but it was after the vision began that my spirit lifted from this earth and was taken right into the heavens.

As I tell you this vision, remember that I am a human vessel trying to relate to you a most holy experience. I feel my inadequacy to put on paper this unusual experience. The best way I know how to begin is to tell you how this phenomenon appeared. It came slowly at first, one scene, then another, each piece

fitting into place like a puzzle until the complete picture was formed.

From one end of my eyes' vision to the other appeared a beautiful blue sky. It was like a haze which came before my eyes. The unusual thing about this was, it did not have white running through it as you would expect to see when looking up into the sky. Just to look at it gave the feeling of something supernatural. I wonder if I can convey to you as I am writing this book, the feeling which came over my soul. When the vision began to appear, I became very nervous, at first unable to understand or comprehend what was taking place. Prostrate before the Spirit of God, my heart beating rapidly, it seemed a thousand thoughts ran through my mind. I thought perhaps this was heaven. I had heard of the Second Coming of Christ and that it was soon to take place. I wondered if the trumpet of God had sounded and we had been caught up to meet the Lord in the clouds of the sky. Yet, I reasoned that it could not be, for I was fully conscious that I was lying here on earth prostrate before God's Spirit.

The next scene that appeared startled me for I saw stretched from one end of that beautiful blue sky clear to the other end literally thousands and thousands of people. They came before my eyes in rapid succession. There was something unusual about this mass of humanity for they were not together haphazardly as you would expect to see a sea of people, but they were seated in even rows in a semi-circle, row upon row upon row, as far as my eyes could see, literally tens of thousands of people. In the midst of my feeling of wonderment I was further amazed, for, right in the very first row of that mass of humanity, I suddenly saw myself sitting with the rest.

My Heavenly Vision

From the moment I saw the vision of myself, I lost complete contact with my body on earth. It was as if I had looked into a mirror and then became part of the picture I had seen, for in a moment of time my spirit was snatched from my earthly body and taken into the heavenlies. You can imagine the pulsating feeling which began to vibrate through my whole being. I knew for sure I was in heaven. Seated with that sea of people in this heavenly atmosphere, every eye set as a flint straight ahead. Something occurred in this mighty manifestation of God that even now causes my heart to pulsate. I pause in holy awe in uttering these words to you through the pen. Before that sea of humanity appeared a manifestation of the Godhead. I am not going to tell you that I saw Jesus with long brown hair and a beautiful beard, and nice long white robe. I would not discredit anyone who has seen a vision like that, for another's vision could have been just as real as mine. Directly in front of that great mass of people in the height of an average man, about six feet tall and two feet wide, there appeared a great flaming ball of brightness and glory; it had no physical human features about it at all! There were no eyes, there were no ears, no nose, no mouth, no hands and no legs, but just a great flaming ball of brightness and glory. When it appeared, I began to shake with that host of people who had also seen the same manifestation!

There had not been a sound made up until this time, for this tremendous Presence commanded the reverence, quietness, and attention of everyone. Its very glory was indescribable for it shone as ten thousand suns, and a million moons. I cannot describe its color nor is my vocabulary adequate to describe its glory, but it stood there in its crystallization of glory and brightness which caused the whole heavens to light and

shine with its radiance.

The next portion of the vision which took place is very hard to describe with pen. Just as you would take your right hand and arm, and stretch it forward; a ray from that tremendous bright light of glory came from its right side and that ray came right in the direction I was sitting. The light struck my body. I felt every muscle of my whole being paralyzed by its glory. Before I knew it I was standing on my feet and that light which had paralyzed my body was drawing me, and I was walking towards the Presence of God. Can you imagine the sensation that struck my innermost being? I felt as Moses of old who stood before the burning bush and took the shoes from his feet because the place where he was standing was holy ground.

I was walking in the heavenlies toward the manifestation of the Presence of God, for this light was not just the glory of Jesus, but it was the glory of the Godhead: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I walked toward the Presence until I got right to the place where the light was. I was now standing perhaps an arm's length from this bright light.

Up until this time in the vision there had not been one word spoken, not one sound made, only the sequence of scenes, all forming to make this great picture.

While standing next to the manifestation of God's glory, I cannot describe that feeling of ecstasy, that sense of complete fullness which came over me. Surely I felt that **"my cup runneth over."**

Then, to my amazement the Presence of God which had been so near me moved about a foot away. When this happened, perplexing, conflicting emotions began to engulf me. I had felt so wonderful that the Presence of

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God had drawn me by His power right to His side, but now my heart ached as He moved a step away from me. I could not understand this. Then my eyes were drawn to the place where the glory of God was standing in the heavens, and right where He had been standing there was a hole in the sky in the form of two footprints. It was as if someone had taken a knife and cut a hole in a great big cake of cheese and one could see right through it. When I looked through these footprints, it was this that I saw, and this that I heard that changed the course of my life and caused me, as a fifteen-year-old boy, to dedicate my life to winning souls for Jesus and to bringing deliverance to the afflicted. I saw coming up through the footprints the very flames of hell. I saw them rising and rising until they were literally burning right underneath the hole which had been made by the Presence of God. In the midst of those flames were multitudes of lost souls. No mortal tongue can describe the anguish. If a messenger were sent straight from hell to warn the sinner, man still would not comprehend the awful anguish and torment that awaits the unsaved in that dreadful place. Oh, the screams and the cries of these anxious souls! Surely sin grinds. The Bible declares Samson "**... did grind in the prison house ...**" (Judges 16:21) as the result of sin. Throughout the endless ages of eternity these souls would be continually reminded through the torment of their souls of the awful sin of rejecting God's love and mercy.

I heard the cries of sons and daughters who had rejected parental guidance and were now crying aloud that their mothers' prayers might yet snatch them from the burning. I heard the cries of mothers and fathers. I heard the cries of the backslider and truly "**... it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it,**

to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them” (II Peter 2:21).

Oh, the screams for another chance, the cries and prayers that were now going up, but there was no answer. Truly the Word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void for God has said in Proverbs 1:24 **"... I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded."**

My heart began to burn with a compassion for the multitude. I knew what I had to do. I put my feet into the indentations that had been made by the Presence of God, and to my utter amazement my feet fit perfectly into those footprints. They were the exact size. I stood in these footprints with a sense of deep satisfaction, for God, you see, had called me in this vision, had shown me the need, and then left the choice up to me. There was only one thing needed and that was my complete surrender to the will of God! I would be the hedge; I would stand in the gap. My life would make the difference between thousands of souls falling into the pit of hell, and thousands of souls walking through the gates of glory. As I was standing in those footprints, answering the call of God, I felt a warm sensation all around my back. As I turned, that bright light was right by my side, for when I put my feet into the footprints I moved closer to the glory of God. That ray that drew me to the Presence of God was now glowing all around my shoulders. It made me feel strong. It took away fear and nervousness, and seemed to give me an unusual power.

Up until this time in the vision there had been no spoken word from this light, but now a voice spoke forth and said, "My son, arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Thou shalt not be afraid for thou shalt not stand in thine own strength,

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neither shall thou stand in thine own place but thou shall stand in the place I have made for thee and my strength shall uphold and guard thee."

The very last scene which took place in this wonderful manifestation: with the powerful force, that glorious Presence of God had begun to shoot rays of bright light and glory all over the heads of that sea of humanity. Then the last words the Presence of God spoke to me were these, "When thou shalt see My glory in the midst of My people know then that I am there in the midst of thee to bless thee as thou shalt minister to my people."

In our campaigns it is not an unusual thing for the glory of God to be felt and seen by God's people night after night. During the past several years the fulfillment of this vision has been intensified, and the very words God spoke to me in the heavens several years ago I discovered were in the Word of God. Isaiah 60:1-5:

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

Many people have wondered why God has not sent

me to the Jew. God had declared to me that the souls of the Gentiles would be converted through my ministry. In the campaigns we have witnessed many mighty manifestations of the power of God where in a single service as many as 500 people have answered the altar call. Up to three hundred were gloriously baptized with the Holy Spirit in one service, and many have found deliverance from fears, from anxieties, and from all manner of sicknesses in these meetings.

Before going to the platform each night, I spend time with the Lord, never setting my feet on the platform unless I feel this Presence of God and am assured that He is with me to minister in the midst of the people.

While I am writing this book, at this very moment, I can feel the holy Presence of God's divine glory. I believe that you, too, can feel it. Whatever your need may be at this very moment, if you are able, I want you to drop to your knees. If you are in need of God as your Saviour, cry out, "Oh Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." If you are a backslider and have found it hard to serve God and have gone away from Him, right now ask God to allow His arms of mercy to ingraft your soul and return to the Cross of Calvary for pardon from your sin.

Oh, I can feel God's Presence saving souls as they read this. Those of you who have a need in your life spiritually, believe God right now for He is **"... the same, yesterday, and today, and forever."** The Bible says, **"... let God be true but every man a liar ..."** Denominations rise and fall. Organizations ascend to make interpretations of their own on the Word of God, but God says,

**... If any man shall add unto these things,
God shall add unto him the plagues that are**

written in this book: And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

Revelation 22:18-19

At this very moment, forget all of your own philosophy and theology, and let the God of love and power do something for your life. He will take you into the depths of the spiritual realm of the things of God and thereby strengthen your spiritual life.

For those of you who are afflicted physically, I am praying for God to heal your body even now as I feel the glorious Presence of God. Believe with me that from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet you shall be made whole in the Name of Jesus.

I believe that at this very moment God is meeting your needs as you have read of what God can do in this, our generation.

Chapter 10

Concept of the Deeper Life

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1:1).

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth" (John 1:14).

The translators of the version known as the King James Version dedicated the verbal translation to the King with a wish for Grace, Mercy, and Peace through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

Paragraph two of THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY stated,

But among all our joys, there was no one that more filled our hearts, than the blessed continuance of the preaching of God's sacred Word among us; which is that inestimable treasure, which excelleth all the riches of the earth; because the fruit thereof extendeth itself, not only to the time spent in this transitory world, but directeth and disposeth men unto that eternal happiness which is above in heaven.

The Lord God of the Universe has laid it upon my heart in these last days to again bring to the attention of earthly Potentates the imperative need to give heed to the LIVING WORD OF GOD, THE WORD MADE FLESH, JESUS CHRIST, OUR ONLY LORD AND SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

Thus saith the LORD, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man

glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I AM THE LORD which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the LORD.

Jeremiah 9:23-24

It is with a sense of humble obligation I commend to the minds and hearts of mankind this concept of THE DEEPER LIFE BIBLE with a fervent prayer that Christ will be formed within you.

Far too long the Church has been termed "invisible." Her timidity has been a reproach and her barrenness a shame.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Revelation 22:17

And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

I Timothy 3:16

The Apostle Paul said,

It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, To REVEAL HIS SON IN ME, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood:

Galatians 1:15-16

God is calling upon His people to enter into a NEW DIMENSION OF LIFE, THE DEEPER LIFE of

Christ in you the hope of glory. ... And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise. Now I say, That the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; But is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father. Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world: But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son: and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.

Galatians 3:29; 4:1-7

Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, Cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers, That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly place, Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, Which is his

body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

Ephesians 1:15-23

The Prophet Joel clearly defined the hour in which we live as **"A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains:"** and he further enlarges with,

And it shall come to pass afterward, and I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit. And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the LORD come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the LORD hath said, and in the remnant whom the LORD shall call.

Joel 2:2; 2:28-32

GOD SAID ... "You must minister to each one ... as though they were your very own."

With these words a whole new world of ministry is opening unto me. I am so grateful that God speaks to me. The Calling of God has directed my steps to many nations of the world including Africa, Brazil, West Indies, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Haiti, Philippines, Hong Kong and many other countries.

In the month of January 1964, while on the Island of Grenada, God gave me the clearest directive of my life. THE LORD SAID, "Son, My Church is sick ... physically

and spiritually. They have relied on the arm of flesh; they have not found ME in my Healing Stream. Tell them the God of Elijah still lives and longs to breathe life into them: That there is nothing too hard for me. I want my people well, physically and spiritually. It is time to come out of the wilderness and into my promised land."

How small I felt before God as my heart trembled at the task laid upon me. HOW TO GET GOD'S PEOPLE HEALED? Not only physically but spiritually as well. We must reach the real person, the inner man and take his eyes off the arm of flesh and on the power of our resurrected Lord.

The Lord spoke again and said, "I am going to send a new anointing of Divine Healing Power upon My Church to heal her." Little did I realize how great this need was. I hid these sayings in my heart waiting for God's time of fulfillment.

We are grateful to God for medical science and doctors who have done much to alleviate the suffering of humanity across the world. I personally have prayed for hundreds of doctors and their families for whom medical science had no help. They had done all they could through pills and drugs and surgery, but, alas, there is no cure for multitudes, in the natural. Are we to abandon the helpless, the hopeless, the impossible cases? Those who continue to exist only because some drug keeps their pressure intact or some pill stimulates them momentarily. Where is the Balm of Gilead for God's children?

The Christian who makes up the BODY OF CHRIST, His beautiful bride, does she need to turn to a stranger? Has the husbandman of the vineyard made no provision for His own? "Naaman," cried his servant,

"Don't disobey the prophet of God!" "I won't dip seven times in that foul river Jordan," said Naaman. "Are not the rivers of Damascus much cleaner, Who does that prophet Elisha think he is?" "But," replied the servant, "If he had asked you to do some mighty noble thing, would you not have done it? Why not this humble act?" Oh, beloved, will our God share His glory with another? Is His power not sufficient for our need?

The rivers of Damascus were called Abana and Pharpar. Translated they mean, "highest skill, highest knowledge, human stability, human skill, human efficiency." You see this is where man's tendency is, to lean on the natural. Can it be that here is where the impossible is done? No. A thousand times, no! **THERE MUST BE ANOTHER RIVER TO SWIM IN.** A river where unlimited resources flow, where the impossible is made possible; where we know as we are known. "No, Naaman, no divine life in the natural! If you want your leprosy healed, you must turn to the River Jordan." Jordan means "RIVER OF GOD."

Here we discover **THE DIVINE MANIFESTATION OF A NEVER ENDING SUPPLY.** Here is a flow which carries the source of all beginnings and ends, **THE RIVER OF GOD.** Here and only here is leprosy cleansed; blind eyes opened, deaf ears unstopped, cripples made whole, and cancers melt in the **RIVER OF GOD.**

It is true we have never really seen what God wants to do for His Church in its fullness. We have limited our unlimited God. **GOD HAS SPOKEN!** "Minister to each person as though they were your very own. Each child as if it were your child, each adult as if they were your own mother or father. Each young person as if they were your own brother or sister. In this way only can

you minister TRUE LIFE."

WE MUST NOT LIMIT HIM! To understand Him and His limitless power, means to see Him as He is. We cannot understand God through the natural. **"Nicodemus, you must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth."**

God has given to man five natural senses; to touch, to smell, to taste, to see, to hear; however, man does not reach God through these natural senses. A natural man cannot see God in His reality as He is. Neither can he receive Life, Deeper Life in this way. **"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are Spiritually discerned."**

We need not make excuses for our God. Nor relegate Him to the psychiatrist's couch to do His work. He is unlimited in power, unparalleled in Glory. "Our God is able," cried Daniel, facing lions, "Our God is able," cried Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego facing the fiery furnace. "Our God is able," cried the Father of Nations—Abraham, who accounted Jehovah more than sufficient to perform what He had spoken.

All these saw through the Spirit, by the Spirit, and received through the Spirit. They possessed the KEY TO GOD which unlocked these circumstances, THE SUPER SENSE, the "SO GREAT FAITH" of the centurion (Matthew 8:10). Oh, that we too could see, so that all our struggles would cease. THAT there is a WALK BY FAITH, A REST FOR THE CHILD OF GOD. It is not in their own power, but in Jesus, the Only Eternal Source of ALL THINGS.

They believe God... . It was accounted unto them for righteousness. God holds out to you today an end for all your struggles, an end for all your despair and defeat, and unanswered prayer. **"Man has nothing in himself but that he receives it from above."** We cannot by mere mental assent, assert faith, the super sense which brings God down to where we can SEE HIM, UNDERSTAND HIM, HEAR HIM AND REACH HIM.

Can man create the supernatural? No-No-No. Do we create peace, joy, love in our finite beings? Of course not. If we could, we would not have needed to come to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. We came to Him empty. No joy; no peace or love. We hungered and thirsted. We began to drink at the River Jordan, God's RIVER OF LIFE. Something happened to us. We received peace. **"My peace I give unto thee."** We received "Joy like a river" and full of glory. We received love, "Shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit."

Now if we cannot create love, joy, peace, what makes you believe you can create the greatest of all fruits and gifts of the Spirit: FAITH? Can man by mental assent to Scripture, create in mind, the power by which devils obey and are driven out, by which crippled legs are untwisted, by which cancer is removed, and new organs restored in bodies, broken and bleeding? Impossible—man has nothing in himself. So as with these other manifestations of His love, we receive—Peace, Joy, Love. We are now the recipients of the greatest of all gifts—FAITH!

"Abraham," said Jehovah, **"I am your El Shaddai. Walk before me and be thou perfect."** No man can do this—not even Abraham. But God said, "I am your El Shaddai." The word El comes from the Hebrew word Elohim, which means God or strong one. The word

Concept of the Deeper Life

Shaddai comes from the word used in the Old Testament which refers to the breasts of a woman. However, not any woman. It is only used when it refers to the breasts of a mother. You see it is from a mother's breast that the little new-born baby receives its nourishment, its life, to live, breathe! The baby sucks the life out of the mother who gives it freely! God said, "Abraham, I am your eternal nourisher. I am your Strong One, your Life giver. Abraham, draw your power, your strength, your life from Me!" Oh, Beloved, here is our perfection for body, soul, and spirit. Here is our never-ending supply. Here is our source. **DRINK AT THIS FOUNTAIN NOW.** Hear the Master say to you, **"Whosoever drinketh at this fountain shall never thirst."** Oh, for water that truly becomes life. Here it is. **"This water that I give him shall be in him—a well of water, springing up into everlasting life"** (John 4:14).

Ephesians 3:17, 18, 19, 20:

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us ...

O' VICTORY ... INDESCRIBABLE ... O' LIFE DEEPER ...

Romans 6:13: "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead."

Romans 8:11: "But if the spirit of him that raised

up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in you."

Jesus opens the Book in the synagogue and exclaims, **"The Spirit of The Lord God is Upon Me ... because he hath anointed me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised"** (Luke 4:18)... Again read the words, **"TO SET AT LIBERTY THEM THAT ARE BRUISED."**

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob ... all waiting the redemption of their bodies ... see ... Jesus ... walking down the corridors of death. From the devil he takes away the Keys and with one mighty thrust, opens wide the doors of captivity and death. Through the space of the past... into the atmosphere of tomorrow and eternity he leads sons and daughters, as glorious blessed Lord into glory.

So ... this same victorious Lord comes into our beings now to open all prison doors of sickness, despair, doubts and death of spirit to bring us into the atmosphere of faith, out of ourselves into Him.

Now is your time, Beloved, to rise in resurrection power with the newness of His life divine.

Three times in my life I have known what it is to have God speak to me in a personal... intimate way ... each time a new fresh anointing came upon my life to help me help those who are in need. I will never forget in 1956 when God showed me how the Gift of Miracles would work in my life. From that time on I began to witness to this message in the crusades and instantly MIRACLES and healings took place by the hundreds. Goiters, tumors, ruptures, cataracts, deaf ears, crippled

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short legs all responded to the miracle word of divine healing. There appeared upon me a special anointing of God from that day to this for a manifestation of this power.

All through these years now I have been conscious that this is and has been a flow of Christ's life. An exuding of His Power and that without the Presence of THE MIRACLE WORKER the miracle would not have been possible.

This has brought me to a deep consciousness that DIVINE HEALING AND MIRACLES are in essence an impartation of His life. Allow this deeper life to manifest itself in you!

How? Through the recognition of His lovely, victorious, abiding presence.

GOD NEVER DOES ANYTHING TO US, FOR US, BUT ALWAYS THROUGH US. All our struggles are fading now before this concept. Man has nothing in himself but that he receives it from above. Our struggle for FAITH TO BE HEALED ... ENDS NOW. We live by faith, His faith ... while we live by Him . . . He lives our lives for us.

Like the woman at the well, Jacob's Well, we hear the words fall from the Master's lips, **"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting LIFE"** (John 4:14). HERE IS THE DEEPER LIFE. HERE IS THE HEALING STREAM. The source is JESUS. We partake, we drink, but when we do we assimilate THE DIVINE LIFE from His artesian well there is no greater power than this, there is no greater point of contact than this, HIS PRESENCE. HE IS OUR LIFE. WE SUPPLY THE

FORM... OUR BODY.

There has always been a conflict through history concerning who Jesus was. I once heard a beautiful illustration of a watch. A man held it up and said, "Isn't this a beautiful watch?" The gold was brilliant and beholding it you saw a lovely crystal, hands, and numerals. It was a beautiful time piece of craftsmanship, but... was it the watch? No! All you could see was the exterior. The watch was the inner nucleus on the inside; the intricate machinery that keeps precision time.

"Whom do men say that I am?" asked Jesus. Some replied, **"Elijah come back."** Still others denounced him as a devil ... yet ... the multitude ... looked ... looked ... and looked but yet never really caught sight of who He was ... They saw what he did, but did not see Him. They heard what He said, but did not hear Him.

Jesus' LIFE was in essence THE MANIFESTATION OF DIVINE LIFE flowing through the form of man. The Word became flesh ... they saw the body, the exterior ... the form ... the face, the hands but not the inner flow of God. Jesus said to Phillip, **"Have I been so long time with thee and thou hast not known me?"**

Can it be possible that we too, can supply a form, a body unto the Creator, that as in Christ, so in us a divine flow of life will come—come with all of its healing resurrection glory and be made manifest to and through us?

I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.

Galatians 2:20

Concept of the Deeper Life

Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

John 12:24

Yes, He is our life, THE DEEPER INNER LIFE ... too long we have lived. We have ruled. Now he cries, "Turn over the reins to me." We have made chaos of our own beings. Ruling . . . we have become sick. Reigning we have known defeat. But now ... today a new King ... sits on the throne of our hearts. Self no longer rules. He supplies, He cannot fail. . . we become ALIVE FROM THE DEAD. RESURRECTION POWER FLOWS THROUGH US. It quickens every fibre of our being, bringing sight, hearing, strength to every faculty of our being.

The Key to God

And so I find it well to come
For Deeper Life to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
And from the silence multiplied
By unseen forms on either side,
The realm that time and sense has known
Recedes, and leaves us God, alone.

I invite you now to "Come Apart" into HIS PRESENCE. You will confess like the Psalmist of old, "While I was musing, the fire burned." Here we discover that "Above all receiving, is the realization of THE PRESENCE."

In HIS PRESENCE we are not conscious of either "up or down," but we rejoice in the ONE WHO IS EVER-PRESENT and WHO WILL NEVER LEAVE US

OR FORSAKE US.

AFFIRM WITH ME:

Even now, I visualize "God's Presence" flowing like a mighty stream into my being. In the "Stream of God's Presence" is Divine sufficiency for every need. This very moment God's Presence is overflowing my whole being, bringing Divine Health and giving me strength to be "complete in Him." I see myself as God sees me, I am A WHOLE PERSON!

LET US PRAY:

Eternal God, we bow before Thy Presence. Thou Who has made us for Thine own pleasure. Who hast purchased us with Thine own blood. Delivered us from the power and penalty of sin. Destined us to be conformed to Your own Image. Purposed that 'In Thee we should live and move and have our being.' Dethrone all self, remove all self. Endue us with Thy Spirit Mantle, Cover with Shekinah Glory. Fulfill and fill full our earthen vessel, With the Treasure of Thine Ownself.

Let the 'inner man be renewed day by day,' Let the outward man reflect the 'inner likeness.' Cause our finite minds to mirror the Infinite, until 'We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the GLORY OF THE LORD, are changed into the same image From GLORY TO GLORY, even as by the Spirit of THE LORD.'

'For Thine is the kingdom and the Power and the Glory forever.'

AMEN.

The Deeper Life of Prayer

Prayer is worship; and worship must be offered to God in spirit and truth. Prayer, therefore, is a spiritual exercise, which must be spiritually fulfilled.

This means that prayer is the exclusive right and privilege of those who have been Spirit-born, that is, Christians. An unconverted man may call upon the name of the Lord and so be saved. But this calling is not prayer, in the scriptural sense of the term. Prayer, then should be regarded by the Christian as a great and precious gift from God. It should be held, therefore, as such, and hence should be cherished, nourished and developed by every possible means.

Effective prayer is that which is offered to the Father, in the name of Christ and in the power of the Holy Spirit, and which also is confident and expectant, because it is based upon the knowledge of God's character and the certainty of His promise.

The highest reach of prayer is when the subjective element is at the minimum and the objective at the maximum, that is when the one who prays, does so, not because of what he may get from God; but rather because of what he may give to Him.

The Privileges of Prayer

1. How to pray:
 - a. In secret. Matt. 6:5-6
 - b. Everywhere. I Tim. 2:8
 - c. All the time. Luke 18:1; I Thess. 5:17
 - d. With confidence in God's knowledge. Matt. 6:8
 - e. With assurance of Spirit's intercession. Rom. 8:26, 27
 - f. With boldness. Heb. 4:15, 16
 - g. With confidence. I John 5:14
 - h. With assurance. I John 5:15
 - i. With praise. Phil. 4:6; Col. 4:2
2. For what we may pray:
 - a. Subjectively:
 - (1) In temptations. Matt. 26:41
 - (2) In afflictions. Jas. 5:13
 - (3) For wisdom. Jas. 1:5
 - (4) For Christ's coming. Mark 13:33
 - b. Objectively:
 - (1) For all men. I Tim. 2:1
 - (2) For kings. I Tim. 2:2
 - (3) For enemies. Matt. 5:44
 - (4) For saints. I Thess. 5:25; Jas. 5:16
 - (5) For the sick. Jas. 5:15
 - (6) For labourers. Matt. 9:38; Luke 10:2
3. "Amen": "Finally"
 - a. Be strong. Eph. 6:10.
 - b. Rejoice. Phil. 3:1
 - c. PRAY FOR US. II Thess. 3:1.

Prayer Requests

The Bible also teaches us to pray for one another.

I want to share the burdens of your life. I want to pray for your needs.

Right now sit down and open your heart to me in a letter, and I will personally pray for your needs.

Friend, I believe God answers prayers.

I will personally answer your letter with God's Word for your needs.

There is no obligation, and your letter is held in strict confidence.

We want to be a blessing in your life. Write me today.

My Personal Decision for Christ

Lord Jesus, I know that I'm a sinner and that I cannot save myself by good works. I believe that You died for me and that You shed Your blood for my sins. I believe that You rose again from the dead. And now I am receiving You as my personal Saviour, my Lord, my one hope of salvation. I know that I'm a sinner and deserve to go to hell. I know that I cannot save myself. Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner, and save me according to the promise of Your Word. I want Christ to come into my heart now to be my Saviour, Lord and Master.

Signed

Date

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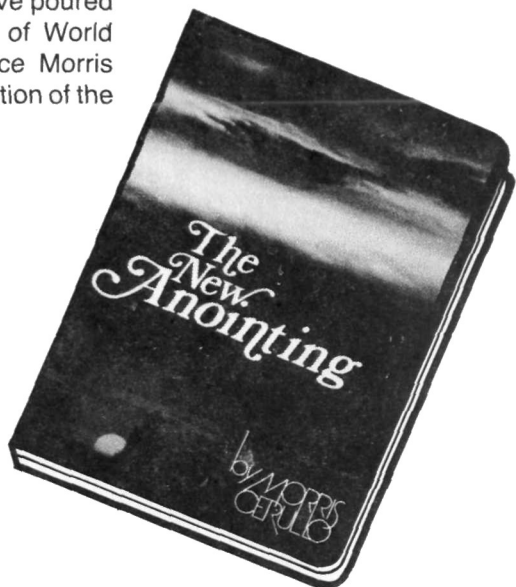
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