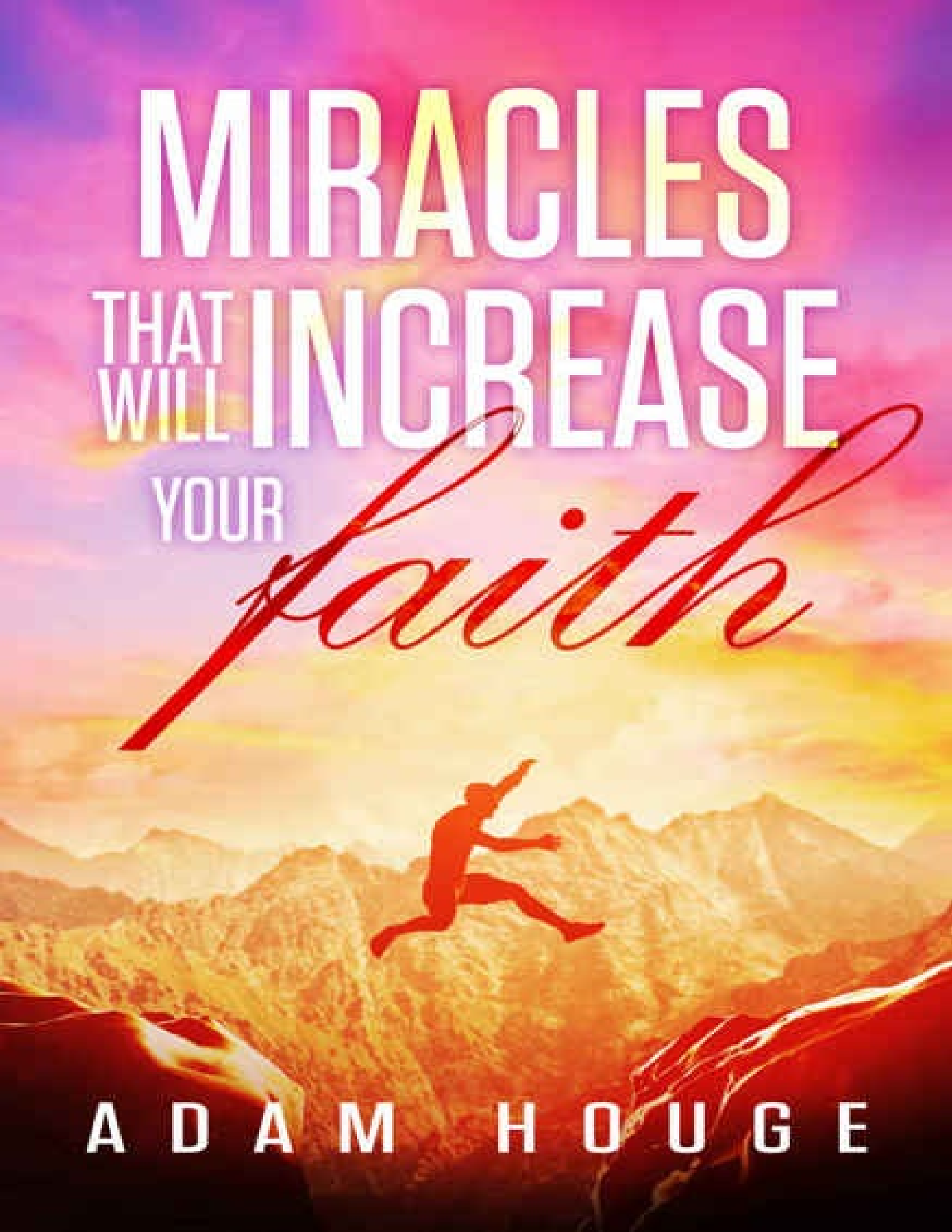
MIRACLES THAT WILL INCREASE YOUR *faith*



ADAM HOUGE

Miracles That Will Increase Your Faith™

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A Better Goodbye

This is a true story that has been verified by authorities all over the United States.

Walter “Snowball” Williams was 78 years old and had been stricken with congestive heart failure. His family knew that he was ill and near death. Hospice had been taking care of him to see him through his last days of life. Walter came from a good family, full of love for both for him and for the Lord. There were many members hoping to say goodbye to him before he died. Then on February 26, 2014, the unthinkable happened.

Walter’s heart gave up early. His family was broken, wishing they could have had just a little more time with him to say goodbye. They called Dexter Howard of the Holmes County Mississippi coroner’s office. Dexter was busy with some daily tasks, which he finished up before heading over to Walter’s house.

He found Walter’s body dead on his bed. He checked him fully and confirmed that his heart had stopped and that Walter had passed away. After a while, Walter was put in a body bag and sent over to the mortician for embalming.

While his family was grieving, they gathered together and prayed. They thanked God for the time they had with him as they secretly wished they could have had a little more time to say goodbye. Then the Lord decided to have mercy on their grieving hearts.

The mortician was going about his day when Dexter arrived. He had Walter’s body set to the side while he finished up his tasks, and he got into a conversation with Dexter about Walter’s details. After a while, they decided to heave the body bag onto the table. It was going to be a standard procedure.

But as Dexter and the mortician were talking, the body moved in the bag. “Did you see that?” Dexter said.

“See what?” said the mortician.

“The body! I think it moved.”

The mortician gave him a funny look. “I’m sure you’re just seeing things again, Dexter,” he mocked teasingly. Then as he turned to open the body bag, Walter kicked again, giving the mortician the fright of his life.

Dexter checked him. “He’s warm again! And he’s breathing!” They quickly

pulled him out of the bag and called an ambulance. God had mercy on Walter's family and gave them a little more time with him! He raised him from the dead!

They gathered around him and sang songs. On a day that they were supposed to grieve for loss, God gave them songs of praise! He showed them the power of His resurrection and His authority over life.

God raised Walter from the dead and gave his family more time to wish him a better goodbye. Eventually Walter did pass away and went home to the Lord.

This miracle is was covered all over the news and can be verified at this link:

Walter "Snowball" Williams back from the dead

Life-Saving Persecution

Sometimes when we're persecuted we're tempted to question God and why He lets it happen to us. But the 400 Christians of the city of Meulaboh, Indonesia, had no doubt in their minds that God uses it all for a greater good.

It was a hot December day in Aceh province of Indonesia in 2004. The Christians were making their appeal before the Muslim authorities for Christmas Day to be celebrated in the city.

"This is now the fourth time we've made our appeal! Why do you refuse to consider us?" said the church leader to the city official.

"Because this is a city of Allah under the hand of Muhammad! We will no longer grant your appeals for this request. If you want to celebrate your Christmas, then you'll have to do so outside the city! Your celebrations are not tolerated here!"

With that, the meeting ended, and the Christian group was forced out from before the council.

"We have no choice. We have to gather in the mountains," the leader said to the congregation.

The city of Meulaboh in Aceh province of North Sumatera sat near a mountainous terrain. While the city itself was on the flats next to the Indian Ocean, the city officials designated an area for Christians in the mountains far away from the city for them to practice and celebrate the Christian faith. As inconvenient as it was, the believers weren't shaken by it. They determined to make Christmas a joyous event for every member. Each family agreed to come to the event, feeling compelled by the Holy Spirit to celebrate that day together as one family in Christ.

No one was bothered during the celebration. They enjoyed being together quietly in the wilderness, away from the persecuting hands of the Muslims. They were often treated horribly for their faith. But now God granted them an opportunity to seek Him in peace, and this brought them great joy. The event lasted until late in the night, so every family decided to sleep in the mountains together.

Very early in the morning on December 26, 2004, they were awakened by a tremendous earthquake. The area was prone to earthquakes, but this was the largest that any of them had ever experienced. The Christians continued to stay

in the mountains while they watched the city over the edge of the hills. Shortly after the event, a massive tsunami swept away the entire city, killing a majority of the inhabitants.

But because of their persecution, they were forced up into the mountains where the tsunami couldn't touch them. All 400 Christians from the city were spared; not a soul of them was lost. But the Muslims experienced great casualties.

Some of the Muslims who were rescued from the disaster even said, "The God of the Christians has punished us because we have been rude and not kind to them." Others were astonished and said, "Why did so many of our people die but none of the Christians died?"

The Lord spared those who put their trust in Him because He knew what He would do on that fateful day.

The Lord Sustains My Life

This miraculous journey has been verified by authorities all over the world. It is a true miracle that never ceases to encourage.

Harrison Okene was a man acquainted with God's saving grace, being a firm believer. But his perspective on faith was changed on one fateful night.

Harrison was employed as a cook on the Jascon 4—a Nigerian tugboat that hauled oil tankers across the Nigerian delta. The Jascon 4 was 20 miles off the coast of Nigeria trying to stabilize an oil tanker while it filled up on a Chevron platform. The waters were particularly rough that night because of the storm. Harrison felt uneasy in the waves and the howling wind so he texted his wife asking for prayer. The two lovers had been talking back and forth while he was at work. She hated it when Harrison had to work. It always worried her not being able to go to bed with him at night while he was out on the ocean. But they needed the money, so he took the job.

His wife was encouraging him all night with prayers and texts. He needed to go to bed, so she texted him one last verse that she really felt God laid in her heart for him. It was from Psalm 54:

"Oh God, by your name, save me…. The Lord sustains my life," read the text.

He felt encouraged, then prayed and went to bed.

It was May 26, 2013 at roughly 4:30 a.m. Being the cook, he awoke early in the morning to prepare the crew's breakfast. He was seated on the toilet trying to wake up, still feeling a bit groggy. The lights flickered from the storm as the boat rocked. He looked up at the ceiling and prayed.

Then the lights went out. The whole vessel lurched forward then stopped. The boat was tossed by the waves dazing him as he was thrown from one end of the small cubicle to the other. Some unexpectedly large ocean swells overtook the Jascon 4, flipping it over. It started capsizing, and water was rushing in. Harrison groped his way out of the bathroom. He found a life vest, and some tools and managed to find two flashlights. He ran into three other crewmates, and they tried to find the water tidal (exit hatch). But the boat was sinking fast. A massive surge of water rushed in and overtook the men. Harrison watched as the three men in front of him were picked up and swept away by the water surge. He knew they were dead. Then the water picked him up and threw him into an officer's cabin and into the four foot by four foot bathroom cubicle. He cried out to God

as it filled up with water.

*****

Mrs. Okene was washing the dishes when the phone rang.

“Hello?” she answered.

“Hello, may I speak with Mrs. Okene?” said a man’s voice on the other end.

“Yes, this is she.”

The man got choked up. “I’m sorry, ma’am. It’s about your husband,” he said.

Her heart stood still.

“What happened?” she said with a rattle in her voice. The man tried not to cry.

“Mrs. Okene, I’m so sorry…”

“What happened?!” she yelled.

“The Jascon 4, the boat Harrison was on, sank in the storm this morning.”

“DID HE MAKE IT OUT!?” she screamed. “TELL ME GOD SAVED HIM AND HE MADE IT OUT ALIVE!”

“I’m sorry, ma’am. Everyone aboard died. The boat sank 100 feet beneath the ocean’s surface.”

She fell to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably. They had no children.

*****

Harrison gasped for air. The water came up too high for him to stand. He was struggling to sit on the upside-down sink.

“God, by your name, save me… Lord, sustain my life!” he prayed, shaking in terror as the water kept filling in. “God, please save me!” he cried out. He prayed that God would make the waters stop, and they did. It was a miracle! Now he was trapped in the small bathroom trying to breathe in the air bubble.

The room was pitch black as fear consumed him. So he prayed.

“God, please save me. But if you’re going to take my life, please just take it. I surrender myself to You; remember me Lord. Remember my wife and comfort her. But if you’re not going to take me, then, Lord, please sustain my life.” Then

he put his faith in the Lord.

Harrison remembered his flashlights and pulled one out. He searched around the tiny air bubble but couldn't find a way out other than the little door to the bathroom. He was afraid to swim through it and was trapped by fear. He spent a full day trying to prop his head out of the water and breathe from the air bubble. He couldn't sleep or he'd let go and drown.

After a day he heard a boat overhead and a large anchor drop next to him. Then he heard the sound of divers.

"I'm saved!" he thought. If only he could get their attention. He started yelling and making a ruckus, but it seemed to make no difference. Harrison panicked. He had to get their attention before they left.

So he took a hammer from the tools he had found and broke away the wall. Then he pounded on the metal frame behind it, but they didn't take notice.

"They can't hear me!" he thought to himself. "They'll never find me in this small room in time!"

Then when he heard the anchor pull up and the divers leave, Harrison lost heart.

He gathered up the courage to dive under the door to see if he could find a way out or another air bubble. He found a much larger bubble in the cabin, but he had to tread water to stay in the bubble. So he dove underwater and propped up a rack and some mattresses until he could sit on them. He felt like God was telling him to close the door, so he did and barricaded it.

He was extremely thirsty, and the salt water had stripped the skin off his tongue.

"God, please give me something to drink…" he prayed as he searched for anything he could find with his flashlight. Then a small Coke bottle came into view.

"Thank you, Lord…" he said as he took a drink.

Harrison's first flashlight died. It was dark and cold. Fear overtook him as he sat there, sullen.

"God, why did you let this happen to me? Please save me!"

He began reciting the last thing his wife had texted him for comfort.

"Oh God, by your name, save me…. The Lord sustains my life."

Then he prayed again. "Lord, please comfort me. Am I going to die? Please talk

to me. Please give me some hope!”

He slumped back on the mattresses. It was getting cold, very cold. He wasn’t wearing anything but boxers, was chest deep in cold water, and had no way to stay warm. He prayed, and somehow even though he was cold, he was still warm. It was a miracle! At the depths that the Jascon 4 rested, he should have had hypothermia, but God was sustaining him.

“Please, God! Light my path before me! Are you taking my life, or are you saving me? Please encourage me, Lord!”

He heard a splash in front of him as some fish swam speedily past his feet. “It’s a shark!” he thought while trying to stand on the mattress to get out of danger.

He pulled out his flashlight and glared in the direction of the noise. As it splashed again, he looked closer. He sighed as he realized it was just another small fish.

He looked around the room for a little while. Then he noticed a book floating on a piece of wood. He took a closer look. It was his Bible! Then He remembered that God’s word is a lamp unto his feet, so he knew that God was lighting the path before him, just as he had prayed!

“Thank you, Lord!” he exclaimed as he opened it up to Psalm 54, where his wife had last encouraged him.

The Lord was encouraging him all night long as he read to Psalm 94. Then he meditated as he put his Bible down.

Harrison examined his hands under the light. The saltwater had stripped the skin off of them, and the pain was excruciating. His flashlight flickered then died. He was alone in the blackness.

Minutes turned into hours as the hours turned into days. He finished the last sip of his Coke then tossed the bottle to the side. It had been almost three full days since he sank to the bottom of the sea. Harrison was getting sick from the carbon dioxide in the air. He was so weak and hungry that he could hardly move. He slumped his back against the wall as he sat on the mattress.

Hours dragged on as he gave up hope. He was waiting to die as the air made him sicker by the moment. The sound of fish splashing would come and go.

He could perceive that the corpses of his crewmates were nearby. He could smell them.

After a few hours he heard another sound. But this time it wasn't divers. Sharks and barracuda were exploring the sunken vessel. He heard something that sounded like a struggle underwater in another room. The sharks were eating one of his crewmate's bodies.

"Oh God, by your name, save me. Lord, sustain me," he started pleading in terror.

The sharks couldn't find their way into his room because he had closed the door. Had he left it open, he may have been eaten.

Harrison was cold and afraid. His thoughts started reflecting on his wife as he waited to die. He imagined what it would have been like to have a child with her. "Lord, if only You gave me a son…" he said, weeping.

"Please encourage me. Why are you leaving me here, God? It's been a full day! I'm starving, my rescuers left me, and sharks ate my friend's body. Please just take my life!" He was certain he was going to die. It felt like a waiting game for him as he sat there waiting to die. Some small fish made their way in through the vents and swam past his feet.

After a while Harrison heard a loud noise in the boat. It was hard to tell what it was because he was groggy. Then he heard a loud noise again. As it grew louder, he realized that it was probably more divers, so he gathered up the strength to dive underwater and hammer on the metal to get the diver's attention. It worked! Something started bashing the door he had barricaded, and it sprung open.

It was a diver! He saw the diver's torch underwater, and he tried to get his attention. He waved at him and tapped his shoulder. Then looking behind him, the diver saw Harrison's hand. The diver had just finished pulling out 10 dead bodies, so he didn't realize Harrison was alive. He reached for Harrison's hand then much to his terror, Harrison grabbed back. The diver stepped up onto the mattress and took off his breathing apparatus.

"You scared me! I thought you were dead!" the diver told Harrison.

Harrison had a look of astonishment.

"Thank you, God, you sustained my life," he muttered.

"He's alive!" shouted the diver through his radio to the commander on the vessel above. The commander wanted to speak to Harrison.

"What is your status and rank?" he asked.

“I’m the cook,” he replied.

“The cook. The only survivor,” the commander muttered.

God saved the humble cook. He gave Harrison hope and encouraged him every step of the way because he put his trust in Jesus Christ.

Harrison’s plight ended in the decompression chamber. Afterward he went home safely to comfort his wife. He left his job and took up a career as a hotel chef, vowing never to go out on the ocean again.

God saved this man who put his trust in Him and carried him every step of the way. It was recorded and proven by South African and Nigerian authorities among many others. The eleventh man’s body was never found, supporting Harrison’s story of a shark eating it.

According to a National Geographic article, accessed on December 4, 2013, Harrison’s deliverance was a scientific miracle. He was competing for air with the water around him. It was exchanging the oxygen for carbon dioxide in his air bubble and, along with his breathing, causing the carbon dioxide to build up quickly. In a 13.5 cubic meter air bubble, he had 56 hours before carbon dioxide toxicity set in. After 79 hours the carbon dioxide levels would be so high that he would have lost consciousness and likely died. Being chest deep in water, he could also have slipped under the surface after losing consciousness and drown. Also, being at a depth of about 100 feet, the water was so cold he should have died from hypothermia. Moreover, at that depth, the nitrogen in the air pocket should have been too dense for his blood and should have caused nitrogen narcosis—a condition that leads to drunken-like behavior and foolish and erratic decisions that can kill the victim. From nitrogen alone, Harrison could have passed out and drown.

In order to survive, Harrison needed to be pulled out between 56–79 hours after going under. He was pulled out somewhere between 60–72 hours—perfect timing during the carbon dioxide build up to survive toxicity. The reason National Geographic called it divine providence was due to the perfect timing. The crew that was there came from another oil rig over 75 miles away. When they arrived, they weren’t looking to save Harrison. They thought he was dead with the rest of the crew and were trying to extract his dead body from the capsized tug boat.

Just like Jonah, God kept Harrison alive for three days under the depths of the ocean then presented him alive to his wife.

The details of the scientific study by National Geographic can be accessed at the following link:

National Geographic Article

One of many of Harrison Okene's interviews can be examined at Reuters.com on the following link:

Okene's Interview with Reuters

You can find more information everywhere on the web through various news articles.

The Finder of the Lost

Janet was praying for an opportunity to share Christ with her neighbor Tammy. She hoped for an opportunity to show kindness and to love on her. So she surrendered her plans to God, but He had a different idea.

One autumn morning Janet was trimming bushes. She looked up to see Tammy in her front yard looking around frantically in the grass. She felt inclined to help her.

“What are you doing, Tammy?” Janet yelled out.

“I’m looking for my ring!” she said, panicking. “I can’t find my wedding ring anywhere! I was raking leaves, and it fell off somewhere in the grass.”

Janet helped scan through her neighbor’s grass, but after a while, she felt convicted to pray.

“Tammy, maybe we should ask God to help us.”

“Why would He do that!? I’m sure He has better things to do,” she said, mocking Janet’s Christianity.

“Please, Tammy…God is real. Pray with me, and maybe He’ll help us find it.”

Tammy sighed then reluctantly held her hand. “This is ridiculous, Janet. There is no God.”

“Well, let’s find out,” Janet replied with a smirk.

“Lord, please show us where Tammy’s ring is. You know where it is. Father, please show us.”

Janet felt immediately compelled by the Holy Spirit to go to the other side of the yard where they hadn’t looked. She felt the Spirit tell her to reach her hand deep into one of the piles of leaves. There, under the brush, her fingers immediately grasped the lost ring!

What an amazing opportunity that turned into to share Christ! God truly is the finder of lost things, not only with rings but a finder of lost souls.

A Heavenly Answer

Stephen's life fell apart, and he was begging God for answers. He had family problems and issues with friends and was so poor he could hardly afford food. His hardship caused him to get mad at God. Rather than having faith, he found himself questioning God and became irreverent toward the Lord. Then his life changed in one night.

The ominous clouds loomed above as Stephen made his way to the grocery store. He was on his last dollar but needed something to eat. He bought himself a sandwich then ate it in the parking lot. The clouds above didn't look good.

"That reflects my life right now," Stephen thought with a sullen attitude.

As he reflected on his situation, his anger was aroused against the Lord again. He walked out into the middle of the parking lot then started to pray out loud.

"If You're so good, then how could You let this happen to me?" Stephen said angrily at the sky. "I just spent my last dollar, and I have no idea where I'm getting food after this! WHERE ARE YOU, GOD!? WHY DON'T YOU HELP ME!?" Stephen yelled out loud, shaking his fist at the sky. His behavior was gathering the attention of some onlookers.

"I can't even see the evidence of You in my life!" he continued saying to the sky as the small crowd began to think he had lost his mind.

"I will believe in You! Just reveal Yourself to me! Why should I respect You with the things You let happen to me!? If You're so good, then show me You're real right now!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a lightning bolt streaked out of the sky and struck a couple feet away from Stephen, throwing him back like a ragdoll.

Now full of terror, he repented of his sins and chose to believe the Lord rather than blame Him. Later, all his trials worked together for good.

Two Feet on the Ground

Sharon was a sincere believer. But her entire concept on faith was changed in a day.

She was sitting at her cubicle on the eighth floor of a ten story office complex when the trouble began. The smell of smoke quickly filled the air. An employee several floors below her had secretly smoked a cigarette but didn't put it out properly before flicking it in the trash can of an empty office. The fire consumed the whole room before anyone discovered it. It was raging wildly out of control, and the building needed to be evacuated.

The fire alarm rang, jolting everyone to their feet. They made their way to the stairs, but the smoke was too thick. Sharon's supervisor decided it would be safer to ascend to the roof. It was the typical protocol for fire emergencies for everyone on the upper floors. A helicopter was summoned to rescue those stranded above.

Sharon was in the back. Hundreds of people crowded the roof waiting to be airlifted to safety. Little by little, the helicopter rescued people for about 45 minutes.

Then Sharon felt the Lord speaking to her: "Don't wait for the helicopter. Just jump."

She looked over the edge and saw the ground over 100 feet down. Smoke billowed up in her face and eyes, causing her to fall backward choking.

"This can't be God. Only an insane person would jump over that," she thought.

She continued waiting for the helicopter with the now much smaller group of people.

The helicopter spun around and tried to land, but the smoke was too thick, and it had to pull away. Then it came back around and lowered a ladder. A couple people grabbed for it, but the helicopter couldn't sit still from all the smoke. Sharon waited a little longer for it, but she and the group of people with her were choking. The smoke was so thick that some of the people were passing out. The rescuers did all they could but were powerless to save them. All of them were left on top of the burning building to die.

She flashed back to the Bible study she had attended a couple days prior. It was a study on faith.

“What exactly is faith? And how do we know when to have it?” the preacher had asked the small group.

“Faith comes by hearing the word of God!” one person answered reciting Romans 8:14.

“That’s right. And how does the word of God come to us?” continued the preacher.

“When God talks and by the Bible,” said another voice.

“Right. So then the point is to know and discern when God is talking to you then to obey His voice when you’ve figured that out. Sometimes our own hearts like to mimic God, but if we obey that, it will be with disastrous results.”

She contemplated the meaning of faith and looked at her surroundings. God wasn’t telling her it was over; her own heart was clinging to the hope of the helicopter, but she just needed to trust the Lord. She peered over the edge again then looked at a group of old woman holding each other, choking and crying. Then she prayed.

“If I stay, God, I know I’m going to die. If I jump, I’m going to die. But if You’re telling me to do it, then I believe that all things are possible for You.”

She ran with all her might and leapt over the edge of the wall.

“God, save me!” she cried out as she took a leap of faith.

She fell over 100 feet then landed with both of her feet on the ground. She was unharmed and landed right in front of a crowd. The people around her stood in astonishment, and she immediately glorified the Lord and witnessed to them sharing the gospel with each of them.

Many people died on that roof that day. But Sharon put her trust in the Lord, and through faith, He saved her.

The God of the Angel Armies Is Greater

James suffered terrible persecution. He, his wife, and his infant son fled their home state for fear of their lives. There was a man that hated God who was threatening to kill James for being a preacher. He tried to file a restraining order but was warned by authorities that it wouldn't save his life. Then as he prayed, God told him to run for his life.

He listened to the Lord and fled the state to find safety. But after several months the man stalked them and hunted down James' wife. So God came to him again and told him to run for safety. When they found a safe place to stay again, everything started falling apart.

A bill from his son's birth went to collection and caused the credit cards he was living off of to get cut off. He lost about $150,000 in cash, credit, and belongings that were repossessed after he couldn't pay for them anymore.

He was in a foreign state and started looking for help. He reached out to some churches for help, but they all had insufficient funds and programs. Some were afraid to get involved with his plight, so he sought help from the government.

But the homeless shelters were full for over a hundred miles, and social services could only give him food stamps. He eventually found a job then lived out of his car in a parking lot overlooking the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. He lost everything, was running for his life, was trying to protect his family, and now was homeless with his pregnant wife and one-year-old son.

His family had nowhere to go without any hope of a future. They were threatened by police several times that if they didn't get a home, child protective services would take their child away for neglect.

But they weren't homeless for carelessness or out of a personal choice like some people in the world, whom the police confused them with. They were hated, hunted, alone, unloved, without help, and left for dead. They had no choice but had to live in their car until James could earn enough money to get them back on their feet.

Then one night they parked in the parking lot they always slept in. He was talking with his wife as they looked out at the stars. He kissed her goodnight, and she fell asleep. While she was sleeping, he snuck out of the car and held his baby, as he often did. He cried over him and sang his little boy's favorite song while he looked out at the mountains.

“Savior, you can move this mountain. My God, you’re mighty to save. You are mighty to save. Forever you’re the author of my salvation; you rose and conquered the grave. You can conquer my grave,” he sang.

Then he cried as he considered his personal mountain.

“Lord, please help me,” he prayed, weeping over his baby. “Please give my son a future, and don’t take my baby away.”

He kissed his son goodnight then laid him down in an infant carrier to sleep. He quietly slipped back in the car and looked out at the night sky. “God, I know you’re greater than my circumstances. I know you’re bigger than social services and can help me keep my baby. I know that you can give me a home and a life again. I know that you can stop that man who chased me all this way. But I don’t know why You didn’t. I feel like King David being chased by Saul, homeless in the wilderness.”

“Please look on my affliction and comfort me. Please remind me that You’re greater than my circumstances!”

“God, maybe if You’re willing, please, will You encourage me? Will You show me an angel or something? You led me here! Will You remind me that You’re for me and that no one can stand against me?” he said as he wept.

When he finished praying, he looked back up at the stars. He imagined with wishful thinking that one of them flickering in the distance could be an angel watching over him as he sat in the valley of the mountains. Then a song came on the radio shortly after he prayed:

“You watch over me in the darkest valley. You watch over me when the night seems long. You teach me to see the way before me. You watch over me. You watch over me.”

The Lord was speaking to him through the music and comforting him in his circumstances. Then he heard God speak to him saying, “I will take care of you.”

As he was comforted, he continued dreaming of angels. He didn’t know why God led him into this valley of life; it didn’t make any sense. But he knew that if God brought him there He would carry him out, so he stood firm in the faith.

Then he meditated on the Scripture which says,

“Therefore we also, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which so easily ensnares us, and let us run

with endurance the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and has sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider Him who endured such hostility from sinners against Himself, lest you become weary and discouraged in your souls." (Hebrews 12:1–3, NKJV)

He knew that God was calling him to keep his faith. He knew he needed to endure his cross for following Him. Jesus was calling him to press on because the Lord was going to finish his faith. Then he considered how he endured the hostility of a psychotic man.

As he meditated, he slowly fell asleep looking up at the stars.

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He was awakened by a thunderous sound. He passed it off as an approaching storm and tried to fall back to sleep. But the thunder didn't stop. It grew louder and louder until it sounded like a military jet just a short distance from his car. Looking up, he saw several angels roaring in thunderous power over the highway. They were made of fire and roared like powerful jets as they flew back and forth and in circles near his car. James sat in awe of the sight.

"My Lord and my God," he said while trembling, "You sent Your angels!" He stared in disbelief as he watched them loop around and dance in the sky. Several more angels joined the flight as they roared over the highway and back around to James again. The ground trembled as they passed by. Their bodies flickered like fire and howled like thunder overhead. Then they flew off into the distance, and as they sat in the sky, they looked like flickering stars in the distance. One flew off and landed on the mountain in front of him. The angel continued to stay there like a flickering fire all night long.

From that night forward James saw the angel on the mountain overlooking him until his trial ended. He wasn't afraid of his persecutor finding him anymore.

James likened the angels to God's military jets. But unlike a jet, the angels are intelligent and can rip a real jet apart. This world has presidents and kings over armies, but they are just like the soldiers—being men. God isn't just a king to the fearsome angels James saw. The Lord is their God even as He is our God. James was comforted when he saw with his own eyes that God is the most powerful person ever and that His military is more powerful than any man could ever create. He was protected by the army of the King of kings and by the King Himself—the God of the angel armies.

Through time the Lord worked his situation out and gave him a home with a backyard for his son to play in safely. James did have a run in with child protective services, but they confirmed his authenticity and rather than taking his child away, they helped him get a home. His persecutor eventually gave up and left him alone, and James chose not to press charges. After a few years God rebuilt him financially, and in just one year, God gave him over $150,000 in investments—exactly what he lost.

God watched over Him and worked his trial together for good, restoring him after several years of faith.

Just Here to Say Hi

Jack was sullen. His life had hit rock bottom, and nothing was working out for him. He lost everything and had no job, no food, and no money. He lost some friends who seriously hurt him, and he was broken, looking for God in his life. He was along an old country road when it happened.

Jack was driving home from his mother's house when he started to pray.

"God, I need you. I've trusted in you with everything I am, but nothing is working out. Help me."

He passed a corn field and made a stop at a stop sign. Then he continued praying, "Please encourage me, Lord. Please show me an angel, or let me entertain one. I just need some encouragement," Jack said, sobbing with his head over the steering wheel.

As soon as he finished praying, his car died.

"God, I just asked you to encourage me! How does this encourage at all?!" He found himself angry with the situation. His attitude was sour, but he tried to compose himself. He didn't have any money to fix his car, had no idea what was wrong with it, and now was stuck almost two miles from the nearest source of help. Looking at the road behind him, he decided to make the trek back to his mother's house.

It was cold and cloudy, and it looked like rain was coming. So he put on his zip-up hoodie. As he walked along the road, his broken prayer quickly turned into an angry one. He was mad at his circumstances and was begging God for encouragement.

"Lord, please just show me that you're watching over me and that you'll work it all out!"

Looking up at the road, he saw a man in the distance jogging alongside the empty highway coming his way.

"God, please encourage me. I just need to know that you are with me!" he continued praying.

The man was now much closer.

"Gosh, I'm in no mood to talk to this guy, and I can just feel it he's going to say hi to me," Jack thought to himself. The jogger's big smile was a dead giveaway.

He was a happy-go-lucky man who wanted to greet everyone he saw.

So Jack looked away from him and stared out at the open fields. “This isn’t going to work; he’s still going to talk to me.” He looked across the wide highway then decided to run across to the other side to avoid the man. He put his hood on to hide his face then looked at the ground to ignore him.

“HI! HELLO! HI!” yelled the overly jovial jogger from the other side of the very wide highway. Jack cringed. He hated this man’s joy. He was having a bad day. But at the last moment, he decided to be polite and gave a friendly wave. “HI!” Jack yelled loudly so the man could hear him. The jogger grinned ear to ear and had a look of accomplishment.

Jack continued sullen and more upset than ever. “Why couldn’t that guy leave me alone? Couldn’t he tell I was avoiding him?” he thought in his aggravation. “That was just so weird. Seriously! Who does that, waving and yelling from the other side of a highway?” Then Jack looked back in disgust at the man. But the jogger was gone.

Jack stood there astonished. The man had vanished, and there was nothing but fields as far as the eye could see. Then he felt the presence of the Lord, and he understood that he had just entertained an angel!

He was now more encouraged than ever. Upon arriving at his mother’s house, he gathered the help of his mechanic brother. After looking at the vehicle, his brother determined there was nothing wrong with the car. He put the key in the ignition, and it started immediately. Jack never had another issue with the vehicle for as long as he owned it.

God stopped him and made him walk along that road for encouragement.

God’s Beautiful Foreknowledge

Jenny prayed that morning that God would help her understand the concept of predestination and His foreknowledge. She wanted to see the evidence of it in her life.

Later that day she decided to donate her children’s clothes.

“I wish I had a girl,” she said to her husband.

“God gives us what he gives us!” he replied.

“I know. But after three boys, I’d sure like a girl. Maybe we’ll have one next time!” Her heart was set on it. She had three boys, and the next one just had to be a girl. Jenny looked at her husband with a smile as she put the finishing touches on the box.

“I really am going to miss these baby blue newborn onesies.”

She held her youngest son’s blue onesie as if reminiscing. Then with a sigh, she packed it away along with the others.

“Maybe you’re right!” her husband said. “Maybe we will have a girl. Besides, I think she’d look cute with little pink bows in her curly hair,” he said, daydreaming with his bride.

“I’d like it. I want someone to share girly things with,” Jenny replied.

“We’ll have her next! She’ll be just as pretty as her mommy!” he said, flirting a little with his wife.

He packed the last box in the van then piled the family in the vehicle. At the donation counter, Jenny’s husband felt resisted by God.

“Jenny, I don’t think God wants us to donate these baby clothes.”

“Why? We have no need of them! Are you sure you’re hearing God?”

“Yes! He is very adamant that we need to keep these,” he replied.

“Well, maybe there’s another family that we can give these to, and God wants them to have it,” Jenny suggested. “I’m kind of glad that I can keep these memories a little while longer,” she continued.

A few months went by, and that family Jenny was waiting for never came. Then after five full months, she became pregnant. It was a boy! AGAIN!

God knew months in advance that Jenny would have another boy. Those clothes suited her young child well and saved her family money. But most importantly, it was an answer to her prayer. God showed her husband months in advance that they were in fact going to get pregnant and have another boy—even though they were certain the next one would be a girl. It was a true reminder of God's perfect foreknowledge that even before the child was made, God knew its gender.

God’s Donut

Michael had two friends who didn’t know the Lord. He was praying that God would reveal Himself to them that morning, but he never expected the way God would do it.

He was driving with his friends when the incident happened. It was in crowded, bumper-to-bumper traffic on southbound highway 41 just after a football game in Green Bay, Wisconsin. The traffic was always terrible after a Packers game. But today seemed a little worse than usual.

Just a few cars ahead of him, there was an SUV weaving in and out of lanes and cutting people off, almost causing an accident every time. Michael was concerned that he’d end up in a pile up, so he looked for an opening to pass. Having a new all-wheel drive performance vehicle, he felt he could handle the road. As soon as the lane opened, he floored it from 60 to 90 in under two seconds. Just as he was about to pass the SUV, it changed lanes again, clipping Michael’s car and forcing him sideways.

His vehicle was now going sideways at over 90 mph and was about to roll in bumper-to-bumper traffic. His two friends were screaming from the backseat, but he cried out, “LORD, SAVE ME!”

No sooner did the words come out of his mouth than the traffic split into a pattern. He passed through the opening and did several donuts in the traffic pattern around multiple vehicles, missing each of them by inches. His car continued down the snowy median going around 70 mph backwards as he passed traffic. But he continued drifting across the median and was coming over the edge into the crowded oncoming lane. Then he cried out to God again, “LORD, SAVE ME!”

As soon as he said that, his vehicle was somehow pushed back into the median, and it stopped in a deep snowbank. His friends sat in the back seat astonished and white as ghosts. They had no idea how they had made it out alive. But it gave Michael an opportunity to point out that every time they were about to die, he cried out to God, and God saved them. The situation testified to God’s saving strength, and his friends believed.

What seems most incredible is that after all of that, he only had a single flat tire. His three-inch chrome exhaust, which was scooping up the snow and ice at 70 mph, didn’t even have a scratch.

The Prayer Hunt

Bill was a hunter. He loved the smell of the forest and the peace of the wilderness. He often spent his time deep in the forest with the Lord, secretly praying or reading his Bible. And finally it was opening day for deer season. He decided to take his unsaved brother along and prayed for an opportunity to share the Lord with him. But little did he realize the thrill God was about to give him.

It was dark out when they arrived. He always prayed before entering the woods, and he invited his brother to pray.

“Lord, I pray that you’d bless me today as I meditate on you. May you keep us safe, and if you’re willing, I pray that you’d send some deer our way.”

“Why do you pray that, Bill?” his brother asked. “God won’t do that!” he continued.

“Sure He will, you’ll see!” Bill retorted.

“God doesn’t care about stupid deer,” his brother rebutted.

“I don’t know,” said Bill, “but I know He cares about me and always meets with me in the woods. You’ll see.”

They walked out to their separate stands and spent all morning without seeing anything. His brother was getting too cold, so he decided to walk around to push some deer to Bill. But it didn’t work. So he met up with Bill and started mocking him out loud.

“Where’s them deer, Bill? I don’t see God answering you’re prayer!” he said, laughing.

“Shh!” hushed Bill. “You’re going to scare them all away!” he whispered.

But his brother wouldn’t be quiet, so Bill gave up, and the both of them started talking loudly. After a while, Bill suggested they pray again.

“Lord, please send those deer if You’re willing! If not, I accept Your will. Otherwise, please show my brother that You hear my prayers and answer those who love You.”

Suddenly two bucks and several doe jumped out of the woods in the distance and were running across the field. Bill and his brother picked up their guns and unloaded their weapons at them but missed every time.

After the deer got away, Bill turned to his brother and said, “SEE! I told you God answers prayer!”

His brother sat there looking humbled.

“I see that,” he said in astonishment, “but I also see that we actually need to have the skill to shoot them!”

A Walk Through Time

Alex was late for practice. He was in the church band and was supposed to meet up early for the Wednesday youth group. But instead, he had to finish up his janitor job at an old office building in the middle of nowhere.

“Where is he!?” Alex thought as he looked up at the clock. It was a ten mile drive, and he only had fifteen minutes to get there. Then the phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Yeah, Alex, it’s David.”

“Where are you?!”

“Sorry, man, I’m having car trouble. I can’t get you.”

Alex’s composure turned glum.

“Can anyone else pick me up? It’s a ten-mile walk to church!”

“I can’t get ahold of anyone. I’m sorry.”

Alex was not looking forward to the walk. It was a hot summer day, and he didn’t have anything to drink. He grabbed his bag, and as he headed out, he prayed, “God, I don’t know how, but I believe all things are possible for you. Will you make a miracle for me so I can still get to practice on time?” He was hoping David would send someone to pick him up as he walked along the road.

At first Alex enjoyed the Montana scenery as he took a peaceful walk. But before long, the heat was getting to him, and his friend still didn’t send anyone.

“God, please! Make a miracle. Will you send someone? Tonight’s an important message, and I want to be there!”

But after a few miles, it was apparent that no one was coming to get him. He gave up all hope of anyone coming and just accepted the fact that he was going to walk along the hot country road. At least he could get a ride home from someone at church.

Alex arrived tired and covered in sweat. All the cars were gone accept a couple of his friends. He went inside and found his friends working on the equipment and instruments.

“You guys need help cleaning up?” he asked.

“You look like you’re the one who needs some cleaning up! Why are you coming here all nasty like that?” his friend Mitchel mocked.

“Because I had to walk from work to here.”

“WHAT!? Wasn’t David going to pick you up?”

“He was, but his car broke so I had to walk,” Alex replied.

“Well then, how did you get here so fast?” his other friend Willie piped in.

“Fast? What are you talking about? I was walking for hours.”

“That’s impossible! It’s still 10 minutes till practice, and you look terrible!”

Somehow God warped time in answer to Alex’s prayer and caused him to arrive only five minutes after he left. And luckily for him, the church had a shower!

The Lord Has Been Merciful to Me

Dave was a missionary preacher. His ministry funded thousands of orphanages and relief efforts all across Africa. Without fail, every time he entered Africa, God blessed him through the native residents' faith more than he could bless them.

It was a hot Tanzanian summer day. David's good friend Ambakisye lay sick from malaria. There was no medicine available, and his friend was about to die.

"Ambakisye, I'm doing everything I can. I won't stop until I save you from this!" David said, trying to reassure his friend.

"Only God can save me," Ambakisye replied with a great struggle. It took every last ounce of strength for him to talk.

David was heartbroken. He had tried everything, he could, but he knew he couldn't save his friend.

"It's okay," Ambakisye said with a small twinkle in his eye. "I've been waiting for Him. God will come. God will have mercy on me!"

Several days passed, and his illness took a turn for the worst. He was dying on his bed, and Dave knelt down, praying over him. He was accepting the fact that Ambakisye was going to die. He began releasing him to the Lord in his heart because he knew that there was nothing he could do.

Just then a young African man came walking into the small village. He wore tattered rags for clothes and was very dirty. No one in town knew the man, but he walked through the town and straight into David's tent.

"What are you doing in here?!" yelled a villager standing in Dave's tent. But the man in tattered rags ignored him.

The man started speaking in Swahili to Dave's sick friend, "Ambakisye! The Lord God has heard your prayer. I am his prophet, and he sent me here to heal you."

"Get out, you imposter!" David yelled, understanding the man's language.

"You have a great deal to learn about faith David," said the man in English.

Dave was stunned. This man couldn't have possibly known his name.

"Ambakisye! The Lord tells you to rise! Now, my brother, take my hand, and

Jesus shall make you well!” Then the man grabbed his hand and Ambakisye stood up straight, perfectly healed.

Ambakisye leapt and danced and worshiped God out loud, all while Dave stood there in astonishment.

Then the dirty young man spoke to David: “You Americans have much to learn about faith. Too many of you are distracted by money and idle entertainment. Next time, David, listen to the Spirit of God, and you’ll know whether He intends to kill your friend or not.”

“How can I listen when I can’t hear?” David replied.

“How can you hear if you’re not listening? Search for the voice of God. From it comes faith. Don’t be distracted by your circumstances or by your life. Listen to the Spirit, and focus on Him. He has all the answers.”

Dave was humbled by this poor young man. After he finished speaking to him, the man departed and was never seen by them again. Ambakisye knew God would heal him, not because he had hope but because he felt the Spirit telling him inwardly. Even though he was about to die, he still believed, and God had mercy on him. Ambakisye’s name literally means “God has been merciful to me.”

God’s Fire Department

The storm from the previous night had knocked down trees and branches everywhere. Ryan thought it would be a perfect time for a bonfire to clear up his yard. He invited the whole church and decided to make it a spectacular event. But little did he know how awesome God would make it.

Ryan lived out in the country in a small country home that sat on one beautiful acre of Wisconsin farmland. It was getting dark when his friend Ben arrived. He was the first guest and helped Ryan start the fire.

They piled up wood and leaves about twenty feet wide by three feet high with a couple pallets to top it off. Ryan poured gas all over the structure then lost his lighter. By the time he found it, much of the gasoline went airborne. Ryan was twelve feet away from the pile when the explosion happened. Both he and his friend were thrown back several feet.

His grass was on fire everywhere, and the two of them had to stomp it all out. This party wasn’t going well from the start.

Before long the entire church showed up, and everyone was enjoying refreshments and fellowship. The group continued piling kindling, newspapers, and other flammables on the fire. At one point, the fire became so large that the neighbor from a half mile away came down to see if Ryan was okay. He saw fire coming over his garage and thought his house was burning down, but it was just the height of the flames from the bonfire.

But then it happened. While Ryan was talking with his neighbor, a gust of wind picked up whole sheets of newspaper and deposited them on the roof of his two-story house. At first he tried to put them out with his garden hose, but the water didn’t reach.

Now the problem was that the storm had broken off the dry branches from the tree next to his house and put them in large piles all over his roof. The kindling burst out in flames, and his roof was starting on fire.

Ryan was frantic. He didn’t have a ladder high enough, and he lived so far out in the country that half his home would burn down before the fire department would come.

Ben looked up at the clouds.

“Why don’t we pray for rain?” he said.

“God doesn’t work like that!” a friend mocked.

“I can’t wait for God to send rain; I need to call 911!” Ryan said frantically as the blaze grew.

“Look at the situation! You have no choice but to pray for God’s intervention. Your house will burn down before the fire department comes,” Ben replied.

Ryan continued to ignore Ben. “I need to figure out a way to get on my roof with a bucket of water. There’s gotta be a hatch from my attic.”

Ben rolled his eyes at their disbelief then prayed out loud. “Lord, Ryan needs You right now or his house will burn down. Please, God, have mercy and send rain in the name of Jesus to put it out.”

Immediately, it started to sprinkle, and the flames were slowly doused.

Ryan stood there in awe.

“I can’t believe it! God helped me!”

“Nah, it was in the forecast. There was a possible chance of rain tonight,” said a mocker. “I heard it on the radio.”

“But did the forecast say it would rain as soon as I said amen? Maybe you should increase your faith. God helped you because we prayed,” Ben said to Ryan.

God committed a true miracle for Ryan. Open your eyes to see the works of God in your life. Don’t let others try to explain it away. If you ask for the Lord’s help and He replies, give Him the glory He deserves.

Because I Have a Use for It

David was back in America at his headquarters for international relief. His crew had just finished loading the 40-foot shipping container with relief supplies and a little over 5,000 vaccines.

He had everything planned out. The container was going to a particular country in Africa, and its recipients were waiting for it. Just before calling the semi to haul it away, he prayed over it, as was his custom.

“Lord, I just ask that you’d bless this container to those who’ll receive it. I pray that it would reach the hands of those whom you want to have it. I ask that your perfect will would guide it and that your protective hand would be upon it that Your children may have what they need.”

In Africa, relief containers are often stolen by the governing authorities. This is almost never publicized as the non-profits who send aid there fear losing the much needed donations. If people knew this fact, they wouldn’t want to send anything more. So Dave would pray for God’s protection over the container’s goods. God always did protect, without fail.

Dave was about to call the semi. He had his phone in hand when the call came. Not a phone call but a call from God. The Lord spoke to his heart.

“Do you really want My will to be done with this container?”

“Yes, Lord,” David answered.

“Then do not send it to Africa. Send it to Sri Lanka.”

This made no sense to him as he had absolutely no ties with that country.

“God, why do you want me to send it there?” he asked.

“Because I have a use for it.”

David decided to obey the Lord and called a particular port somewhere between India and Sri Lanka. He was able to get ahold of an official there who agreed to hold the container for an unspecified amount of time until it would be sent where needed. The official kindly agreed to watch after the container and keep it guarded.

Several months had gone by, and God hadn’t said anything. Dave’s ministry sends relief containers constantly throughout the year, but this one really stuck

out in his mind. He had begun questioning whether he heard rightly from the Lord or not. A long time had passed, and it seemed that no one had a use for the vaccines in the container. It almost seemed like a waste. He considered bringing it back up to Africa, but then the Lord spoke.

“Leave the container; don’t move it.”

Now, without a doubt, Dave knew he heard God. So he left it alone even though it didn’t make any sense to him.

December had now come. It was a beautiful tropical day in Sri Lanka when it happened. It was a 9.3 earthquake. After shaking for a good period of time, the epicenter threw out a massive tsunami headed directly for Sri Lanka and India. The devastation was horrible, and news of it came to Dave.

Now not only was he concerned for the great loss of human life, but he considered the well-being of the container that could help the survivors.

The day after the tsunami, he received a phone call. It was the official who was watching over his container. It survived the tsunami, and now there were about 5,000 Christian missionaries on the border waiting to enter to share the gospel and relieve the suffering among the survivors. The problem was that an epidemic of a particular disease could break out from all the sitting water. The missionaries by law were not allowed to enter the border unless they were vaccinated. But the vaccine they needed was the EXACT vaccine that the Lord told Dave to send months prior to the disaster. The container was also stationed in the exact port that the 5,000 missionaries were waiting to enter at. God set up the perfect circumstances, and now Sri Lanka and India could receive the Gospel message and the aid they needed immediately. All the vaccines were used, and every single missionary was able to enter.

The Miracle Girls

Darren was at work when he got the call. His wife had been sick, and she was pregnant with twins. Their due date was late September, but his wife had gone into labor two and a half months too early.

“Are they going to make it?” Darren asked the doctor.

“We have had babies born this early before. I can’t guarantee anything, but with a lot of medical attention, they can survive.”

Darren started crying.

“I’m sure…” the doctor started. “I’m sure that God has a plan for this and these will be your miracle girls,” he said, trying to comfort him.

Before long, his twin girls had grown and survived after the extremely premature birth. He finished out his six weeks of paternal leave and was now back on the job.

“Darren!” said Julie, Darren’s wife.

“What?! I’m running late for work!”

“Honey, you need to get me those diapers for the girls. They’re completely gone, and I need to change them both now.”

“I can’t; I don’t have time! I’m going to be late!”

“How can you expect me to walk several miles to the store with these two girls?!” said his now angry wife.

Darren sighed. He knew he was going to get written up for being this late. Not only was he 15 minutes late, but now he needed to make the trek through the New York City traffic down to the local grocer, wait in line forever, then come back. It was going to take at least 45 minutes. He was going to be more than an hour late.

“Fine. I’ll do it. I hope I don’t lose my job,” he said. Then he hurried out the door.

After helping his wife take care of his twin girls, he bolted off to work. He couldn’t get ahold of his supervisor to let him know he was going to be late. No one was answering the phones. It was very strange. The office was always full at this time.

But without a second thought, he sped off to work. But when he got closer to work, traffic was stopped. Here he was in the middle of lower Manhattan, and everyone was parked on the street, standing outside their vehicles. They were looking up in awe at the smoke.

Darren decided to walk around the corner, and then he saw it. The World Trade Center had been hit by a passenger jet. He sat in awe as he realized that the impact site was exactly where his office was. Had he been on time, and if God hadn't hindered him, he would have died.

Had his girls been born on time, he would have been sitting at his desk when the plane hit. But because his girls were early, he was late. God used Darren's horrible trial to save his life. His little twin miracle girls saved him from the 9/11 tragedy.

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About The Author

Adam is a preacher, teacher and Christian author. He is a devoted husband and father of 3 boys. Through his travels he’s seen the need for a new awakening and a new revival: A revival of the heart. Come join Adam on this journey of redemption and experience God like never before!

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