Lester Sumrall
with J. Stephen Conn

MIRACLES DON'T JUST HAPPEN

HAPPEN

HAPPEN

HAPPEN

HAPPEN

MIRACLES DON'T JUST HAPPEN

by

Lester Sumrall with J. Stephen Conn

LOGOS INTERNATIONAL PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Dedicated to my three sons Frank Stephen Peter
whose lives are vitally involved in the ministry of World Harvest.
And to that great army of young men and women around the world who are answering the call to world evangelism.

Contents

Preface
Introduction
1 _ Miracles Don't Just Happen
2 _ Miracles and Transferred Power
3 _ Miracles and Revival
4 _ Miracles and Healing
5 _ Miracles and Deliverance
6 _ Miracles and Divine Guidance
7 _ Miracles and Divine Watchcare
8 _ Miracles and Divine Provision
9 _ Miracles and Money
10 _ Making Miracles Happen in Your Life

Preface

MIRACLES! That is possibly the most exciting word in today's news media. Hundreds of miracle stories and books are available in the bookstores and newsstands of every city.

To this exciting stream of truth pouring forth from the world's presses, I add this volume of amazing miracles. It is written as the result of a direct mandate and challenge from God. It is the story of my life.

While ministering under a large tent in the futuristic capital city of Brasilia, Brazil, I was deeply involved in fasting and prayer. I had just been studying from the Bible how God had revealed to the Apostle Peter his future life.

In my prayer I asked, "God, how shall my end be?"

The Lord did not tell me every detail of my future. Sometimes it is best that we not know. But He forcefully impressed upon my mind Psalm 71:18. At the time I had no idea what that verse was all about. From where I knelt I reached for my Bible and laid it open before me. Turning to Psalm 71:18, the words seemed to shout out at me from the page:

Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

I began to laugh out loud. At least I knew I would live to be an old gray-headed man.

Then the deeper meaning of that prophecy hit me. I was not only to live a long life but God was showing me that my last mission on earth was to show His *strength to this generation.* I was to exhort and demonstrate to the church leadership and laity of this generation the miracle-working power of God.

"... and thy power to every one that is to come." There was the greatest challenge. I was to leave a legacy of God's power to those who would come after me in the ministry.

There are literally millions of Americans who are normal church members, yet know nothing of the supernatural manifestation of God in their lives. My last assignment on the face of this earth is to witness to the supernatural experiences in my life. Every new generation of believers must learn again that the God we serve is a *God of miracles.*

Introduction

"Good morning, this is Lester Sumrall. May I help you please?"

A desperate, sobbing voice on the other end of the telephone line cried out for help. "Brother Sumrall, I have been listening to your program for many years, but this morning I need help. My husband committed suicide last night and I've got to have someone to talk and pray with me."

From where I sat on the couch across the room from Lester Sumrall I could see a tear of tenderness well up in his eye and a waver of compassion choked his voice. He shared caringly with this hurting soul the mercies and love of Jesus Christ.

Before the telephone receiver was firmly back into its cradle, it was ringing again. This time it was a father calling to say that his son had been healed after he called the program for prayer the morning before.

Even prior to this broadcast, which went on the air at 9:00 A.M., Lester Sumrall had been hard at work for more than an hour in the bustling headquarters of LeSea (Lester Sumrall Evangelistic Association) in South Bend.

When he emerged from the studio at the end of the broadcast, a half dozen people were waiting to see him, each with a different need. The headquarters building was a beehive of activity, as it always is. Scores of dedicated staff members work together as an amazingly efficient team whose one driving desire is to reach the world for Jesus Christ. Together they are fulfilling the vision that God has given to Lester Sumrall, a vision of bringing one million souls into the kingdom of God.

Before the morning was over I would rush with Dr. Sumrall to a nearby private airport where a twin-engine plane was waiting to whisk us down to Indianapolis for a ninety-minute telecast, "Today With Lester Sumrall." This live program would in turn be videotaped and sent to more than 225 stations and cable outlets from coast to coast. As our plane bobbed through the clouds above the flat, lush Indiana farmlands, Dr. Sumrall would take the flight as an opportunity to be alone in the back of the plane in study and prayer. Even in the car on the way to and from the airport there would be people riding with him for conferences.

By mid-afternoon Lester Sumrall was back in his office in South Bend. And once again there were people waiting to see him. First there was business needing his attention concerning World Harvest Bible College, and then two members who wanted counsel and prayer from their pastor.

The evening was no time for relaxation. The previous evening he had held a Christian television rally in a nearby community and on the following evening there would be another. But tonight was to be the regular midweek service of Christian Center Church, one of America's great local congregations of which Lester Sumrall is the pastor.

As he took the pulpit that night, I wondered what to expect from a man who had worked so untiringly all day. I wondered what message I would hear from a man through whom God has performed some of the most spectacular miracles of this generation. I was to learn that here is a man who is interested in far more than sensationalism or melodrama. Here is a man who preaches the whole gospel, for the whole man, to the whole world. As an evangelist with a true pastor's heart, he spoke knowingly and forcefully to his large congregation on "How to Cope with Fear." And at the close of the service when hands were laid upon those who came forward for special prayer, one could sense the healing presence of the Master.

Here was a man who had traveled several times around the world, preaching the gospel in over 100 countries and ministering in more than 1000 of the world's great cities. He has pioneered and established full gospel churches in Alaska, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Israel, Brazil, England, Australia, and the United States.

Although he is no longer a young man, Lester Sumrall is going stronger now than when God first called him into the ministry. Compelled by a divine destiny and by the urgency of the hour, he is doing the work of many men. His leadership positions include:

Pastor, Christian Center Church, South Bend, Indiana.

Chairman of the Board, WHMB-TV, Indianapolis, Indiana.

President, WHFT-TV, Miami, Florida.

President, WHME-TV South Bend, Indiana.

President, WHME-FM Radio, South Bend, Indiana.

Editor and Publisher, *World Harvest* magazine.

President, World Harvest Bible College.

These are more than titles which Lester Sumrall holds. They are ministries in which he is totally involved. Besides these positions, Dr. Sumrall has also found time to author more than thirty-five books and many teaching syllabuses. He has produced films, records, and cassette tapes by the hundreds. He has videotaped hundreds of hours of teaching programs which are being telecast daily throughout the United States, as well as in the West Indies, Iran, Brazil, the Philippines, Hong Kong, and Mexico.

Lester Sumrall still finds time to lead annual tours to Israel, a land for which

he holds a special love. His ministry also includes support of more than seven hundred orphans in ten nations and eleven homes. He is constantly in demand as a conference and convention speaker.

At an age when many men are tempted to relax their schedules and glory in past achievements, here is a man who is running faster instead of slowing down.

Brother Sumrall told me that God never does give up trying to save His world and never will. Why should he? "I have made no provision for retirement," he said. "God has been working with man for 6,000 years trying to get him saved and has never quit. We should not get discouraged, because God isn't discouraged."

"This everlasting gospel is not like the Sears catalog. You don't need one for summer and then another for winter. Neither is this gospel for the moon, or for Mars. It is for the Earth, the place where Adam sinned, the place where the flood came. It is for the Earth, the altar of Jehovah, where Jesus died and spilled His blood."

Lester Sumrall is a dynamic man. He has no patience for the mediocre. He believes God for the miraculous. At the same time I found him to be very human. Most of all, perhaps, I was impressed that he is an honest man. He is honest with God, with himself, and with his fellow-man.

I was with Lester Sumrall as a writer working on the book *Run With the Vision* (Logos, 1977), which tells the incredible story of his life. Upon completing that book, I was aware that it ends much as does the Acts of the Apostles. It does not come to a conclusion. It is simply cut off in the present tense, saying that the story is not yet complete.

In a sense, this book is a sequel to *Run With the Vision.* It is not a continuation of that story as sequels normally are. But in this volume Dr. Sumrall talks more specifically about the miracles which have characterized his ministry. He talks about what a miracle is, and how you can make miracles work in your life.

In this book Lester Sumrall explains both from the Word of God and from his vast experience that *Miracles Don't Just Happen.* Miracles for him have not been mere substitution or compensation. His life demonstrates that miracles are not God doing for us what we can do for ourselves. They do not make up for our laziness or unwillingness.

Lester Sumrall has found that miracles are a reality which come as the result of a daring and positive faith. He has not worked hard at producing a miracle. Neither has he spent his life waiting for a miracle to happen. He has simply spent himself, his entire being, in doing all that one human can do, and the miracles have come from God.

There is a distinct parallel between the miracles Lester Sumrall tells of and the miracles which were performed in the ministry of Jesus. Never do we see Jesus using a miracle to accomplish that which was humanly possible.

For example, when Jesus turned the water to wine, He faced six waterpots which were not even full of water. It would have been just as easy for Him to have spoken to the waterpots, "Be full." But He didn't choose to do it that way. Instead He first ordered the servants to fill the waterpots themselves. At the price of much time and physical effort, they hauled bucket after bucket of water from the well until the pots were full to the brim. Then after the servants had done what they could do, Jesus did what He alone could do.

He turned the water to wine.

We see the same pattern in the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Had Jesus so desired, He could have easily spoken to the stone covering the grave, "Roll away." Instead He ordered His disciples to move the stone. That was a job which required a great deal of strain and sweat. Jesus didn't spare His disciples from getting their hands dirty. Then as they stood back from their effort, exhausted, Jesus spoke a miracle into being. He said, "Lazarus, come forth."

God never does by miracle that which we can do by muscle. Lester Sumrall discovered that secret early in life. He has followed the advice that Mary gave to the servants at the wedding of Cana, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

For all of his ministry he has been busy in filling up the waterpots and moving the stone. With a faith that leaves no room for defeat, he has dared to put himself and his reputation on the line. And time and again Lester Sumrall has seen his own extremity become God's opportunity to do the miraculous.

My last interview with Lester Sumrall was in his office at WHFT-TV in Miami. It was just before time for him to go on the air with his daily ninety-minute program of hope, "Today With Lester Sumrall." Although I was somewhat weary from keeping up with this man for the past couple of days, I noticed that he appeared fresh, alert, young for his years, and intense in his mission of world evangelism.

He looked directly at me and with vigor in his voice declared, "Nothing I have ever done, nothing I am now doing, is as important as what I am going to do for God."

Somehow, I believe he's right.

J. Stephen Conn

MIRACLES DON'T JUST HAPPEN

CHAPTER ONE

Miracles Don't Just Happen

This beginning of miracles did Jesus ... and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him. John 2:11

When Moses went to seek the face of God on the rugged slopes of Mount Sinai he encountered an ordinary bush which began to act in an extraordinary way. The fire that enveloped the bush was real, yet it had no power to consume.

Hannah was an old woman who had been denied by nature the right to have children. Yet through the supernatural intervention of God, she conceived and brought forth a son.

Jericho was a city with strong walls which had withstood the ravages of time. They had held fast against both storms and invaders. God's people marched around those unyielding walls for seven days, and then for seven times on the seventh day in obedience to their Lord's command. As they gave a shout of victory the walls instantly collapsed.

Elijah, according to James 5, was an ordinary person. He endured the same human frailties and limitations that plague us all. In faith, Elijah prayed that it not rain, and for three and one-half years the earth experienced drought. Again he prayed that it might rain, but one prayer was not sufficient. He prayed again, and still no rain. Repeated prayer and faith caused the clouds to appear. Elijah's answer came at last in the form of a cloudburst, and the whole earth brought forth her fruit.

These miracles are only a tiny sample of the many recorded in the Old Testament. Then the greatest miracle worker of all times came into the world.

Water turned to wine—loaves and fishes multiplied— blind eyes opened—the dead raised—the stormy sea calmed—these miracles and more Jesus did, and we see their counterparts about us in the world today. We wonder —what is a miracle?

The word "miracle" is used so loosely today that it has almost lost its meaning.

In our generation man has actually walked on the moon. He has fathomed the depths of the oceans. Man has even created strange and mysterious life forms in the laboratory. Through a phenomenal increase of knowledge, as foretold in the Scriptures, man has utilized natural laws to accomplish things previously thought impossible. These are the so-called "miracles" of modern science. But they are not true miracles in the purest sense of the word. All genuine miracles

operate on a spiritual realm which is beyond the domain of science.

In the simplest sense, a miracle is God acting in a way which is beyond human understanding. It is the suspension of what mankind considers to be natural laws.

To put it another way, a miracle is the removal of human or natural barriers so that divine energy flows unhindered. A miracle suspends the natural laws and natural forces so that God may do His pleasure. And God's pleasure is to bless and benefit His creation.

Any way we look at it, we know that miracles don't just happen. They are not the result of man's whimsical and random ideas. They are not man's work at all. Miracles belong to God.

In my travels to over 100 countries of the world I have witnessed the miracle-working power of God and I have found it to be the same among the many scattered tribes and races of the earth.

I have observed that the thing which turns God on to a miracle is man's faith. God can perform miracles simply by His own sovereign pleasure, but He seldom does. Usually we see man cooperating with God to accomplish the impossible. This does not mean that miracles come at the will of man. Miracles are the result of the divine will and the apparent miracle worker is simply God's agent.

When a small boy trusted the Lord Jesus sufficiently to hand Him his lunch, insignificant as it seemed, Christ was able to produce the miracle of feeding thousands of hungry people.

It didn't take a truckload of loaves and fishes to feed the hungry multitude. It took all that one little boy had, plus God.

Suppose that the lad had given Jesus only four of his five barley loaves and one of his two little pickled fish. Would Jesus still have fed the multitude? Certainly He *could* just as easily have fed them, but whether or not He *would* is another matter. I personally tend to feel that the multitude would have gone away hungry if the boy had offered anything less than all that he had to Jesus.

God's Word promises that we can do all things through Christ who strengthens us. However, let us realize that we cannot expect to do all things through Him until He first has all of us. Total commitment demonstrates total faith. To hold back any portion of ourselves is to display doubt.

If God has used me as a channel for His miracle-working power, it is because I have made that total commitment to Him. I have never held the things of this world dear. My entire life has been given as a living sacrifice to fulfill God's will and purpose.

When I purchased the television stations of the LeSea Network it represented an investment of several million dollars. I had no money of my own and my only

resource was faith in God. God told me, "If you have faith to sign the contracts, I will supply the need." When I signed my name it was a total personal commitment. That was all I could do. God did the rest.

If I had feared to make that plunge of faith, the miracles would not have come. Where there is fear, there is no faith. Thousands of clergy and laity lack the manifestation of the supernatural power of God in their lives because they are afraid to trust God completely.

Throughout the Bible we see the same pattern of a person first committing everything to the Lord, and then God using that person to demonstrate His power and glory.

When we reach out to God and step out for Him in faith, we can expect the impossible to happen. No, miracles don't *just* happen. They occur when in childlike trust a man abandons himself to the will of God.

When the widow encountered the prophet Elijah she had only enough oil and meal to make one little cake. She and her son expected this to be the last meal before starvation overtook them. So small would that last meal be that it would take only the fire from two sticks to cook it. But as little as she had, Elijah, the prophet of God, asked her to give it to him. That sounds just like some preachers, doesn't it, asking a poor widow for the last thing she has. But when that woman obeyed the voice of God, she suddenly found her need supernaturally and abundantly supplied for a period of three years.

When David had faith to stand before the mammoth Goliath unafraid, and to cast a small stone, he was putting his whole life on the line. David flung the stone, and as he did, God intercepted it in midair and directed the tiny missile to the one vulnerable spot on the giant's body. David's enemy fell dead at his feet.

When Peter saw Jesus walking toward him on the water he was witnessing a miracle. Like many who see miracles happen, Peter immediately desired to experience the same power for himself. He wanted to walk on the water as Jesus. How thrilled Peter must have been when he heard the Master's voice inviting him out onto the sea.

But what if Peter had tried to walk on the water by faith alone. Suppose he had simply stood on deck of the ship and with all the power of his mind *believed* that he could walk on the water to meet Jesus. Suppose he just kept standing there, waiting for Jesus in some mysterious way to lift him over the rail of the vessel and float him across the waves. If Peter had waited for Jesus to do it all, he would never have experienced a miracle. But Peter cooperated with the Lord. He proved his faith by his works. By his own volition and with his own leg power he jumped over the rail and took the first step across the whitecaps. He did that which was humanly possible. The walking part of the miracle was

Peter's part.

As he walked, God miraculously solidified the waves beneath his feet. That was humanly impossible; it required a miracle. That was God's part.

As long as Peter trusted Jesus, the crests of the waves were to him as the rocky ridges of the seashore. When he began to think, "I can't do this," he couldn't.

It is easy for us today to look at the miracles that Jesus did and say, "Yes, but He was God. I cannot repeat those miracles, because I am only a man."

It is true that Jesus was and is God. Yet I believe that the miracles He performed during His earthly ministry were not performed as God, but as man, through the energy of the Holy Spirit.

If the miracles Jesus did were performed as God, we could not imitate them. We are not divine. If He performed those miracles by the energy and power of the Holy Spirit, however, we can see the same miracles in our own lives because that same power is available to us. We have the same Holy Spirit.

Jesus promised when He departed again to the Father that He would send another Comforter, His Holy Spirit. Acts 1:8 records the last words spoken by Jesus to His disciples before He ascended into heaven. Deliberately He chose this promise to leave ringing in their ears as He left them, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Through the power of the Holy Ghost, men today are able to repeat His miracles. Jesus said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father" (John 14:12).

It is interesting that Jesus said we would do *greater* works. To understand that, we must realize that a thing can be greater in two ways. It can be greater in *kind,* or greater in *scope.* Certainly the quality of miracles we witness today is no greater than that which Jesus did. There can be no greater work in kind than to raise the dead. But in scope men today are able to surpass what Jesus did. For example, through radio, television, and the printed page, I preach to more souls daily than Jesus was able to reach in His entire ministry.

Also, there are several times more souls in the world today than there were in the first century. There is a greater need.

However, let us not be content to merely reach more souls than did Jesus. While we are doing this greater scope of work, let us not forget the first part of that verse, "The works that I do shall he do also."

The works that Jesus did included forty demonstrative "sign" miracles which are recorded in the Gospels. John 20:30 says, "Many other signs [miracles] truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book."

Many sincere but misguided Christian people have believed the lie which says, "Miracles were for Bible times, but not for today." They overlook the glorious future tense of Jesus' words when He declared, "These signs *shall* follow them that believe."

The greatest day for miracles which the world has seen is the day in which we are now living.

CHAPTER TWO

Miracles and Transferred Power

And thou shalt put some of thine honour upon him.
Numbers 27:20

No man departs this life without leaving something behind. The things he has said and done become living memorials. It is more than a memory. He leaves behind the dynamics of his life. If a man desires with all his heart, he can transfer that which God has given him to another.

The potential in the law of association is tremendous. I have seen younger ministers go to an older minister's meeting and later have seen God use that young man in an identical ministry. Because the younger minister had a heart open to receive the same gifts, they were transferred to him.

Elijah and Elisha

Possibly the greatest revelation of this truth is seen in the prophet Elijah imparting his ministry to Elisha. Here we have a biblical precedent which clearly demonstrates God's interest in a transferal of blessing.

The relationship between these two prophets was born when God spoke to Elijah in 1 Kings 19 saying, "Go anoint Elisha the son of Shaphat as prophet in your stead."

Elijah obeyed God and found Elisha plowing twelve yoke of oxen. When Elijah threw his mantle upon Elisha the younger man immediately felt a supernatural desire to go and assist Elijah in his ministry. For ten years the apprentice prophet followed at Elijah's heels. He became known as Elijah's servant. In ridicule someone said, "Is not this the one who poured water on the hands of Elijah?"

Elisha gained intimate knowledge of the amazing miracles which occurred in Elijah's ministry. He learned how God sent rain and withheld rain by Elijah's prayer. He saw how God had raised the dead, and watched as fire came down out of heaven by Elijah's petition.

During this time Elisha's soul was enlarging itself to be filled with tremendous blessings. He developed a deep craving for a baptism of divine power.

At a dramatic moment God suddenly said to Elijah that his earthly ministry was completed and it was time for him to go "home."

Immediately Elijah tested Elisha to find if he was ready to receive the transfer of power. He tried to leave Elisha behind saying, "Tarry here, I pray

thee. The Lord has sent me to Bethel."

But Elisha would not be left. He answered, "As thy soul liveth and as the lord liveth, I will not leave thee."

I have often tried to visualize these two men walking down the dusty road to Bethel. I suppose Elijah looked to the far horizon, realizing that his labors were completed and that in a few hours he would be home with God. Perhaps Elisha looked a little lower with a deep determination in his heart that this prophet would never leave him until there had been a transferal of the divine anointing that had characterized Elijah's ministry.

A second time Elijah tested Elisha. Upon arriving at Bethel the old prophet told his apprentice to stay there while he went on to Jericho. But again Elisha refused to be left behind.

At Jericho, the act was repeated again. But still the young man was determined and he went with the older prophet across the Jordan River.

On the other side of Jordan Elijah looked at Elisha and asked, "Now what do you want?" Oh, the thrill and wonder of that moment. Elisha boldly replied, "A double portion of your spirit."

Elijah answered that it was a hard thing, but promised that if Elisha saw him go away, the double portion would be his.

At God's remarkable moment a flaming chariot with horses of fire came sweeping down from heaven toward the two men. Elijah climbed on board and immediately began to ascend in a blazing whirlwind.

Elisha stood in wonder, staring after Elijah as he disappeared. Down from the celestial heights fluttered an old coat. Elisha recognized it as Elijah's mantle. That old garment was the only tangible inheritance left to the budding prophet after ten years of faithful service. He went over and picked it up and as he did a holy discontent came over him. He tore his own garment to pieces, threw it down, and put on this robe of Elijah's. Elisha did not know where or how he would receive his request, but as he wrapped the mantle around his shoulders he sensed the spirit of the departed prophet.

Marching straight to the River Jordan, Elisha cried, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Instantly, the waters opened up and he marched through, just as he had seen Elijah do. The sons of the prophets who were observing from the other side exclaimed, "Behold, the spirit of Elijah now rests upon Elisha."

Elijah, a shaggy and rugged son from the hills, was now translated into his glorified, immortal body to live with God forever! A younger man named Elisha must carry on the work of the older man. It was a transferal of divine power by association.

Other Biblical Examples

Another great transferal of power in biblical history was when God directed Moses to transfer his leadership ability by the laying on of hands before the people. The mighty exploits of Joshua revealed the marvelous success of this continuation of God's power from one generation to the next.

In the New Testament we find this wonderfully illustrated in the life of the young man, Timothy. Timothy was an able man of God and a leader in the first-century church. He was reminded that the faith that was in his heart was transferred to him from his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice. Timothy also possessed spiritual gifts that were transferred to him through the laying on of hands (2 Tim. 1:5-6).

Modern Day Examples

Early in my own ministry I saw this scriptural principle demonstrated when Rev. Howard Carter and I were in Indonesia. A church leader there said, "I want to be able to lay hands on the people to receive the Holy Spirit just like you."

Brother Carter replied, "Just stick closely to me for these few months and it will be so." And it was. By the time we had completed our ministry in Indonesia, the church leader was laying hands upon many people, and they were receiving the Holy Ghost. The same anointing which flowed through Howard Carter now flowed through him. **Dr. Lillian Yeomans**

How well I remember three very spiritual and godly people laying hands upon me and praying that God would impart their faith and power to me. The first was Dr. Lillian Yeomans of Manhattan Beach, California. I was only twenty years old at the time and was leaving America for Australia on my first missionary trip around the world. Dr. Yeomans laid her hands upon my head and cried out to God, "Lord, I cannot be a missionary; this young man can. Let him have the faith that is in my heart. Let him have the impetus and vitality that is in my soul. Send him forth just as if I went."

I sensed the power of God flood over my being as Dr. Yeomans prayed that life-changing prayer. I have never forgotten it.

Smith Wigglesworth

A second person who prayed for me in such a manner was Smith Wigglesworth, an Englishman and a man with a successful world ministry. I had known of Smith Wigglesworth for most of my life. I had read numerous articles and books written by and about him.

As I began to travel as a young evangelist and missionary I would hear almost unbelievable stories of this unique man and his miracle-studded ministry.

Rev. Wesley Steelburg told me how he had been present when Wigglesworth

was praying for the sick in the great Glad Tidings Tabernacle in San Francisco. The place was packed with people with many standing around the sides of the building, unable to find a seat. On the platform was a man on a hospital cot and a physician sitting beside him.

Wigglesworth turned to the man and asked, "What do you need from the Lord tonight?"

The man was so near death as he lay there in his hospital gown that he was unable to respond. The doctor sitting nearby said, "This man is my patient and he has cancer of the stomach in the last stages."

Wigglesworth's eyes flashed as if angry with the evil powers which the cancer represented. He cried, "Be healed!" as he hit the sick man with a powerful blow from his open hand in the stomach. The impact could be heard throughout the auditorium as the man collapsed into unconsciousness.

The doctor jumped up angrily and began to shout, "We will sue you! We will sue you! You have killed my patient!"

Wigglesworth looked at the doctor and with authority said, "Sir, the man is healed. Step back and sit down."

The doctor obeyed.

Turning from the scene Wigglesworth continued to pray for other people as they came forward. Within ten minutes the cancer patient got up from the cot and walked around the platform praising God for his complete healing, as the doctor followed in utter amazement.

Smith Wigglesworth was a man of daring Elijah-like faith and was often misunderstood for his unusual mannerisms and abruptness. He would often startle his congregation by saying, "Just to let you see that the Lord is in our midst and His power is present to heal and to bless, we are going to have an exhibition, a demonstration. In the Acts of the Apostles we read of 'all that Jesus began both to do and to teach.' His doing preceded His teaching. Every sermon that Christ preached was prefaced by a model miracle. We are going to follow His example. The first person in this large audience who stands up, whatever his or her sickness, I'll pray for that one and God will deliver him or her."

Those who had been in the congregation on these occasions told me how their hearts quaked as they heard him make that bold announcement, for there would be present scores of twisted, pitiful cases of all kinds of diseases. Secretly his admirers often admitted that they hoped one of the simple cases would stand, and not one of the far-gone cancer victims or deformed cripples.

On one such occasion the audience shook in their seats as, in answer to his challenge, a poor, twisted, deformed man struggled to his feet using two sticks for support.

In his usual manner, Brother Wigglesworth did not bat an eyelash but asked the man pointedly, "Now you; what's up with you?" When the man had answered, Wigglesworth said just as matter-of-factly, "All right, we will pray for you." He had the entire assembly pray with him and then addressing the man again he said, "Now put down your sticks and walk to me."

The man fumbled for a few seconds and then let his sticks fall to the ground and began to shuffle forward.

"Walk, walk!" Brother Wigglesworth commanded, and the man stepped out. "Now run," he shouted, and the man did so as a crescendo of praise to God swelled from the vast congregation and reverberated from the tabernacle walls.

In a large city in Arizona, Wigglesworth made this challenge and a young lady suffering from an advanced stage of tuberculosis rose from her seat.

"Stand out in the aisle," he called to her, and she did so with cheeks flushing. Through the great effort of standing and shuffling that few feet she was gasping for breath.

"Now," he said, "I am going to pray for you and then you will run around this building." He prayed and then he shouted, "Run, woman, run!"

She just stood there trembling. "But I cannot run. I can scarcely stand."

"Don't talk back to me, young lady," he called. "Do as I have said."

She was still reluctant to move, so he jumped down from the platform and ran back to her, urging her to run. The young woman clung to the evangelist until she gathered a little speed and finally she was racing around the big auditorium with no sign of breathlessness. When seen a considerable time later, she was still completely well.

When I traveled for the first time to Australia, Smith Wigglesworth had been there before me. The pastor in Sydney told me how the largest auditorium in that city had been packed with people who came to hear Wigglesworth preach, and God was performing many miracles in the meetings.

Smith Wigglesworth was an old man in his seventies at this time and he wore glasses of the old nose-pinch type which were connected to a gold chain. As Wigglesworth got up to preach one night he reached into his pocket for the glasses and the chain was stuck to his clothing. His daughter, Alice, who was his traveling companion and helper, was sitting in a front row seat just below the platform. Alice was partially deaf and her earphone was unplugged at the time.

Fumbling with his glasses Wigglesworth announced, "Tonight my text is—Alice."

He was calling to his daughter for help but she could not hear him. The large audience numbering in the thousands roared with laughter. Seeing the commotion, Alice plugged in her earphone and realized that her father was in

distress. She ran up onto the platform and helped him unloose the chain on his glasses.

The coarse voice of a heckler shouted out from the vast audience. "Hey, Wigglesworth, if you have so much faith, why is it that you can't see to read and your daughter can't hear you?"

Unperturbed, and showing no embarrassment whatsoever, Wigglesworth looked down at his heckler and replied, "You tell me why Elisha was baldheaded and I'll tell you why I have to wear glasses."

The audience roared with laughter again and he went on to a tremendous spiritual victory with hundreds of people saved and many more healed by the power of the Lord.

Although the ministry of Smith Wigglesworth has become legendary for the countless miracles of healing and deliverance, the beat of his great heart was always and foremost for lost souls. He made it quite plain to his audiences that he would rather see one sinner converted than ten thousand people healed of bodily ailments.

My first time to personally meet Smith Wigglesworth was in England in 1936. It was at a national conference of full gospel churches in Cardiff, Wales, that I was asked to preach in the evening service and Smith Wigglesworth was teaching in the afternoon service. After my first message in the evening, Brother Wigglesworth approached me, introduced himself, and said, "Young man, you need to come and see me."

He was now an elderly ambassador of the cross in his eighties and I was just a twenty-three-year-old single evangelist. I felt that his abruptness was a rebuke to the poor way in which I had delivered the message that evening. Taken aback I said, "Is this for real?"

He assured me that it was and gave me his address. He lived in Bradford in the Midlands, and I was making my headquarters at the time at Hampstead Bible Institute in London.

Two weeks later I had occasion to be in Bradford and anxiously I looked up the veteran warrior of the faith.

When he answered my knock at his door I was immediately impressed with the trim neat appearance he made. In his well-tailored suit he looked more like a prosperous banker or a Philadelphia lawyer than a gospel preacher. Whether in the pulpit or in his parlor, Wigglesworth was always immaculately groomed and looked twenty years younger than his age. He grabbed and hugged me with the strength of a young man. Then just as quickly he released me and stepped back in his abrupt way demanding, "What's that under your arm?"

"It's just the daily newspaper," I explained.

"I don't permit that kind of rubbish in my house," he instantly replied. "Throw it out before you come in. Hitler and Mussolini will both be in hell soon and I don't need that garbage in my house."

I laid the newspaper down and he led me into his living room. There he read the Bible to me and then he prayed. He read the Word some more and prayed again. After this we were served lunch by his daughter, Alice Wigglesworth Salter. As we were finishing our meal he brusquely remarked, "Come back and see me again."

I politely left and in two or three weeks I was back for another visit. Many times over the next several years it was my privilege to be in Smith Wigglesworth's home and I always found him the same. We would read the Scriptures and pray together and then he would tell me of his great revival experiences in Switzerland, Sweden, South Africa, North America, and England. With tears running down his face he would tell me how much he loved his Jesus.

These times were almost intoxicating spiritually. He always talked positively and told the most amazing stories I had ever heard of God's miracle-working power.

On one of these frequent visits I asked, "Brother Wigglesworth, every time I come to see you, you are always the same. How can it be? Don't you ever get sick or feel discouraged?"

He looked me sternly in the eye and said, "Young man, I don't ever ask Smith Wigglesworth how he feels."

Then I asked, "Well, how do you get up in the morning?"

Quickly he answered, "I put my feet on the floor and I dance before the Lord for ten minutes. I just dance all over the room before the Lord. And as I dance I say, 'Lord, this is because I love you, and I want to dance before you in joy for being such a wonderful Savior and giving me such a lovely day.'"

After I had been in his home a number of times and had spoken with him in several conventions, including his own Easter convention in Preston, I made my final visit to Wigglesworth's home before returning to the United States. On this visit, following our usual time of Scripture reading and prayer, he said, "You have come to see me a number of times and I am going to bless you with my spirit."

I knelt and as Wigglesworth stood over me he laid his hands on my shoulders and prayed a fervent, tearful prayer. "God," he said, "let the faith that is in my heart be poured into the heart of this young man. And let the works that I have seen you do be done in his life and ministry. Let the blessing that you have given to me be his. Let the holy anointing that has rested upon my life rest upon his life."

In such a manner he continued to pray a long and fervent prayer. I felt the spirit of this great man flowing into my being and I knew that a new dimension of power would be in my ministry from that point onward.

Howard Carter

Perhaps the man who had a greater influence upon my ministry than any other single individual was Howard Carter of London, England. In my earlier autobiographical book, *Run With the Vision* (Logos, 1977), I have gone into some detail as to how I met this unique man of God and how by faith he and I traveled together into the remotest parts of the earth carrying the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Howard Carter had been a conscientious objector during World War I, and was arrested because of these personal religious convictions. He was placed in solitary confinement in a small, dark prison cell. Yet to him that miserable dark hole became a cathedral of the Holy Spirit. It was there that the nine supernatural gifts of the Spirit and their modern interpretation was revealed to him. From Howard Carter came the fullness of the charismatic renewal which is still spreading rapidly throughout the world to this day. Every book that has been written on the spiritual gifts in the past half-century can be traced back to the influence of this man and the revelations God gave him while he was incarcerated.

While in prison the concrete ceiling above Carter's bed began to leak and because of the cramped quarters he was not able to move his head out of the way of the constantly dripping water. In desperation one night he prayed, "God, stop that water which keeps pouring on my head. I am going crazy."

Carter felt that God answered his prayer by saying, "You stop it."

"But, God, how can I stop it?"

"Speak to it."

Howard Carter opened his eyes wide, looked up to the ceiling, pointed his finger upward, and said, "Water, I command you to go in reverse."

He told me that from the tip of his nose, straight up to the ceiling, the water reversed itself and not one more drop ever came through the crack in the ceiling during all the time of his imprisonment.

Through experiences such as this God began to reveal to Howard Carter the "supernaturalness" of the gifts of the Spirit. In those early days of the twentieth century the gifts of the Holy Spirit were not fully understood even by full gospel believers. Early full gospel writers, relying on traditional commentators and Bible teachers for light, interpreted the supernatural gifts of the Spirit in a natural manner, and so had left their readers in the dark regarding their spiritual

possessions.

Howard Carter slowly began to comprehend the positive supernatural aspect of each of the gifts. It was made clear to him then, and he never deviated from the conviction, that a gift which is a manifestation of the Holy Spirit cannot also be a manifestation of the human spirit. For example, if the speaking with other tongues has nothing in common with natural linguistic ability, then the word of wisdom has nothing to do with the natural wisdom of man. There is undoubtedly a "great gulf[1] fixed between the divine and the human.

Where commentaries had simply said Solomon had the gift of wisdom, the Holy Spirit revealed to Howard Carter that Solomon had an enlarged capacity for understanding which did not function as a spiritual gift and that the Bible did not teach of any such gift and that the Bible did not teach of any such gift as the "gift of wisdom." Rather the Bible speaks of a gift called a "word of wisdom." It was through the operation of this very gift that Howard Carter and I met. Two years before, God revealed to him when, where, and how our ministries would link.

When I met Howard Carter I was barely twenty and he was just over forty. I was a smooth-faced evangelist and he was General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland and president of Hampstead Bible College in London.

Howard Carter and I traveled the mission fields together for a total of 150,000 miles, crisscrossing the earth with the gospel. We rode muleback together for three months across China to Tibet. We followed the world's longest railway across the wilds of Siberia. We shared the cabin of a sinking ship with water eighteen inches deep in our stateroom in the South Pacific. We preached together in churches with mud floors and thatched roofs. We stood side by side in the pulpit of the great Philadelphia Church in Stockholm, Sweden.

Howard Carter's presence was so unassuming that it was easy to miss his greatness. He possessed a smooth-flowing, simple faith. His life demonstrated a quiet trust that had a profound influence upon me for the forty years that I knew and ministered with him. He shaped and influenced my ministry perhaps more than any other man. He was more of a father to me than my own dad.

Many times when we were together Brother Carter would say to me, "You are no doubt my Elisha and will do twice as many miracles as I shall ever do."

If you carefully study the record, you will discover that Elijah did seven outstanding miracles. By further study you will see that Elisha did fourteen recorded miracles. He asked for a double portion and he got it.

My prayer is that the young men of today will have an even greater anointing of God's Spirit than the men of yesterday through a glorious transferal of God's

mighty power.

This desire has compelled me to establish World Harvest Bible College in South Bend, as a vital link with my end-time ministry. Even the writing of this book on miracles is motivated by a desire to transfer to others that which has been given to me. I trust God will use me to bestow His anointing, His blessing, His doctrine, and His power to younger ministers of our time. May the young men of today be the recipients of a double portion of God's mighty power.

CHAPTER THREE

Miracles and Revival

O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years.
Habakkuk 3:2

Through God's grace over the years I acquired many titles. I could properly be called doctor, college president, author, magazine editor, pastor, broadcasting network president, and several other titles. But above everything else, I have always been an evangelist—a revivalist. The church which I saw as a young man, and in most areas still today, is a weak and flabby imitation of the New Testament church. It requires an apostolic ministry to bring genuine revival to a church which has lost its original power and glory.

As I began to travel to mission fields around the world I would talk with numerous missionaries who believed that they were simply planting seed and that another would follow to reap the harvest. In many instances I saw that this was not true. The missionary work was often done in unbelief. This powerless and static "Christianity" sometimes consisted of merely teaching the English language to the nationals. Other missionaries seemed to be satisfied with just a few converts and a tiny cluster of followers around them while the great masses of people were lost and in darkness.

I saw that the evangelists who reaped the great harvests were men of faith who upon arriving in a nation first bound the powers of the devil. These men sensed that the need of the hour was not to "Americanize" foreign cultures or teach people how to eat with a spoon and fork. It was God's hour to set at liberty those who were bound by the forces of hell. They did not hesitate to cast evil spirits out of those in need of deliverance. Through this demonstration of the supernatural power of God entire nations were shaken and thousands of souls were ushered into the kingdom of God.

When one begins by planting the seed of the gospel in its full power and glory, then the people see the miracles of God and multitudes are reached with the gospel.

An Old-Fashioned Southern Revival

Early in my ministry God began to teach me that revivals don't just happen. Genuine revival is a miracle from God. And like all miracles, it comes as a result of a strong and courageous faith.

When I was still a teenage evangelist my sister, Leona, and I went to Charleston, Arkansas, to conduct a revival meeting. Although we held dozens of

such meetings together, this one will illustrate how God began to teach me His plan for miracle revival.

Pastor Keck, who had invited us for the revival, was not there when we arrived in Charleston. One of his relatives was ill and he had gone to be with them, leaving the church in the charge of a deacon by the name of Brown. The pastor had sent us word to go ahead and begin the revival without him, but Deacon Brown said there would be no revival. My brother, Huston Sumrall, was pastor of a church in Fort Smith, Arkansas, some thirty miles west of Charleston, so Leona and I went to stay with him until the following week. The next Sunday we returned to the little church expecting to begin the revival but now the pastor's relative had died and he was away at the funeral. Once again he had left word for us to begin the revival without him but this time Deacon Brown said, "There will be no revival until it rains." It was late summer and Arkansas was in the grip of a heat wave. He felt that no one would feel like coming to church until rain came to cool things down. We returned to the home of our brother and returned again to the little church the following Sunday.

The pastor was back now and the revival began, two weeks behind schedule. As such meetings often went in those days, we had no special time scheduled to end the revival but expected to continue for two to four weeks, however the Lord would lead.

Services were held twice daily, at 10:00 A.M. and at 7:30 P.M. in the wooden-frame tabernacle. The morning service was a prayer meeting attended mostly by women, and the evening service was the main evangelistic meeting. From the beginning there was a very good spirit in the small morning meetings, but the services at night were difficult. I preached my best, but it was a spiritual struggle. Attendance was very small. Deacon Brown, who had opposed the revival, didn't miss a night. He sat in the "amen corner," where any head deacon should sit. That's all he did —just sit. His posture and expression seemed to say, "All right, go ahead and have revival if you can." I felt no flow of support from the "amen corner." The greatest move in the church was the continual flapping of the cardboard fans provided by the local funeral home.

The morning services were better. Although only a handful of the faithful attended, there was a sweet spirit and a genuine hunger for revival. One morning I said to the little morning group, "I feel led to pray for those of you who have not yet received the Holy Ghost." As I began to pray I laid my hand on the nearest lady and she was immediately filled with the Spirit. She reached over and touched the next lady, who also received the Holy Ghost and then reached over and laid her hand on the woman next to her. In domino fashion five ladies were filled with the Spirit, in not much more time than it takes to snap your

fingers five times. I sensed that the heavenly breezes were blowing and revival was on its way.

Not everybody who was praying for revival came out to the morning prayer meetings. One sister of the congregation, Cordia Davis, felt impressed of the Lord to remain at home for the first week of the revival in order to give herself fully to fasting and prayer for an awakening in her community. Although Charleston was a small town, there was much sin and wickedness there.

Mrs. Davis had been fasting and praying for ten days when God gave her a vision. She said that while she was at home alone in prayer she saw the blood of Jesus Christ dripping from the cross and it was right over the church door. She saw some people trying to dodge the blood as they passed through, but all who were touched by the blood were cleansed from sin and their lives were changed. She accepted this vision as the assurance that God had heard her prayer and revival would come to Charleston.

That very afternoon the skies turned black over the Ozarks and torrential rains broke the midsummer drought. The bare dirt which was around the front of the little church turned to mud, as did the streets and yards throughout the community.

I had been caught in the rain that afternoon and I looked like it. The crease was out of my trousers and my cotton shirt had lost its starch. My sister didn't look much better. Attendance had been so poor for the past week that I certainly didn't expect it to be any better that night. I half expected no one would be present and we would have to cancel the meeting. On an impulse I teased Leona, "Let's not change clothes. Let's just go to church tonight the way we are. No one will be there anyway." So just as we were we sloshed down to the little church.

To our utter surprise, that night it appeared the whole town was there. People were standing in the mud in front of the church, the building was packed, folks were standing around the walls, and even the aisles were full. Deacon Brown was in his usual pew with a smug smile on his face. We had to push our way through the crowd to take our place on the platform.

Natural rain was not the only kind that fell that day in Arkansas. God's time had come to answer the prayers of his faithful who had earnestly sought Him and paid the spiritual price for revival. The service that night was alive and going from the very first song. I preached under a heavy anointing and God's blessings were poured out in abundance. The revival continued for several weeks and the entire countryside was affected.

Deacon Brown himself got into the flow of the Spirit and no one seemed to enjoy the revival more than he. From that meeting two of his sons were called into the Christian ministry.

Revival touched the lives of many of Charleston's community leaders. The local dancing teacher came forward sobbing at the invitation one night. Through her tears she told how she had rolled back the carpet and taught her little girl to dance. Now her daughter had come to her saying that she was leaving home and would never see her mother again because she had decided to go her own way and live a life of sin. The daughter said that it was from the dance floor that her morals had been destroyed.

Pa Douglas, one of the most prominent merchants in the little town, also made a full commitment of his life to God. We were holding a baptismal service at a nearby creek and the whole town turned out, including Mr. Douglas. His wife and daughter had been saved earlier in the services. Hundreds of people lined the creek bank and over one hundred waited their turn to be baptized in water.

During the excitement of it all Mr. Douglas "got the feeling." In his eagerness he did not get in back of the line but just plunged into the creek, suit, tie, shoes, watch, billfold, and all. That didn't do much for his reputation as the most sober and conservative businessman in the community. The saints on the creek bank joined with the angels in heaven, rejoicing as Pa Douglas buried it all in water baptism.

Unusual and glorious things happened during those weeks of revival. One afternoon at the home of the lady with whom we were staying, we were startled by a commotion in the back yard. The lady had been doing her wash at an old tub and rub board in the back yard when suddenly she looked up to heaven and the glow on her face became that of one being transfigured. She began to shout, "The New Jerusalem! The New Jerusalem!" She jumped and cried as she described the beauty and splendor of the foursquare city which she was seeing in a vision. It seemed so real she caused everyone around to want to go to that heavenly city with her.

God was moving in such a miraculous way that members of every church in the area were coming to the services. As a result the other churches in the community didn't have enough of a congregation to even hold services, so one by one they temporarily closed their doors and joined in with us.

But even in the midst of revival, there were those who turned their backs on God and resisted the tug of the Spirit on their souls. A prominent dairyman in the community attended the services almost every night, but he would not yield his life to the Lord. Several times after the services I would go back to this man and plead with him to come to God. His answer was always the same, "No, I have just a few more things to straighten out first. I can't be a Christian and get even with some people the way I want to. Just give me a little more time."

The dairyman's time was much shorter than he dreamed. Less than two weeks later I received word that this man had been hit by a refrigerated transfer truck and was instantly killed. Cordia Davis, who had received the vision of the blood dripping from the cross over the church door, related how this man had been one of those she had seen dodging the blood. In her vision she said she had screamed to him, calling him by name, "Don't miss the blood. Get under the blood!" But he dodged every time.

In her vision she also had seen a gray casket rolled into the church and positioned in front of the pulpit. When this man's casket was rolled down the aisle and placed in the front of the altar we noticed that it was a somber gray.

One night a young girl in her late teens was among the seekers at the altar. While she was praying, her brother was standing with a group of young ruffians outside the church. One of his friends chided him, "When are you going to go in there and get religion? Your sister is down at the altar getting saved now." He pointed inside the open window to where the girl was praying.

"No sister of mine is going to get tangled up in this kind of religion," he announced as he stormed into the church. The crowd was so tight that he had to push his way to the front. Grabbing his sister he pulled her up from her knees, threw her across his shoulder in feed sack fashion, and pushed his way out through the shocked crowd. In front of his cheering friends the young man scolded his brokenhearted sister and dared her to ever go back to an altar of salvation again.

A few days later this same young man was plowing in the field behind his house. The sun was shining, but a tiny black thunder cloud formed over his head. From that little cloud came one thin bolt of lightning, striking him dead and setting his clothing on fire, while his parents watched from the farmhouse window.

The community learned that the blessings of genuine revival are usually accompanied by God's judgment upon those who willfully and stubbornly reject Him.

After several weeks of blessing, the time came to close the revival services so that I could travel on to another appointment. However, as we were packing the car to leave on a Monday morning, a large number of people gathered around and begged us to stay. They did more than beg. Some actually laid down on the car and wept saying, "You can't leave town yet. I have loved ones who aren't saved yet and are going to hell." Another would plead, "Well, I'm not where I should be in God yet either. Please stay for me." Someone else would begin to cry, "And I haven't received the Holy Ghost."

We unpacked the car and announced that the revival would continue for

another week. The next Monday morning the same scene was repeated and thus the revival continued on every night for a total of seven or eight weeks.

Looking back on such early revival crusades I realize now that those experiences were as much for my own benefit as they were for the people to whom I ministered.

God was teaching me to trust Him completely and to take authority over the power of the devil.

Towns like Charleston, Arkansas, were the training ground which prepared me for revival in the world's greatest cities. I found that God's power was just as real in St. Louis, Detroit, Mexico City, Hong Kong, Manila, Jerusalem, Brasilia, South Bend, and literally a thousand other cities around the world.

David killed the bear and the lion before he ever faced the giant. And so God showed me that if He could bring revival to an entire community, this same power could shake a great city, and even an entire nation. The anointing of the Holy Spirit which touched me in little cities and towns throughout the southern United States was the same anointing I later felt when I preached to thousands of souls in the great outdoor crusade in Manila, Philippines. And it is the same anointing that today enables me to minister daily to millions by way of radio, television, and the printed page.

Genuine revival comes when God's people use the authority He has given them. That authority is a power which causes the devils of hell to tremble.

When we become the children of Jesus Christ the blood and the book become our authority. Whenever I cast out a devil I say, "By the blood of Jesus I come against you." All of the forces of hell cannot stand against the blood of Jesus.

Our authority is also based upon the written Word of God. When a man makes a promise it is subject to being broken because of man's inability to fulfill his word. There is no inability with God. The promises of God's Word are fact. They are divine law which cannot be broken.

Jesus taught this authority in Matthew 18:18, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." There are many shameful things going on in the church today because we allow and do not forbid them. Many churches and ministries are powerless and unfruitful because they fail to speak with the authority God has given them. When we do not exert our God-given authority, we must suffer the defeats of the devil.

Wherever the church of Jesus Christ binds the power of Satan and sets men free in Jesus' name, there the church will experience genuine and continuing revival.

CHAPTER FOUR

Miracles and Healing

They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. Mark 16:18

There are more sick people in the world today than ever before in history. In an age of more and better medicine, highly trained physicians, modern hospitals and clinics, sophisticated instruments and futuristic technology, there are more sick people.

Those who are sick are not just in the backward, undeveloped nations with poor sanitary conditions, inferior food, and few modern conveniences. Neither is increased illness limited to areas of overcrowded population, severe climate, or ignorance and superstition. Sickness and suffering runs rampant even in the world's so-called "advanced" nations.

Most hospitals are so overcrowded they have to put patients out in the halls. People jam into doctors' offices and wait for hours looking for help. Billions of dollars are spent by the sick and suffering each year in their struggle to get well. Many of them get worse instead.

The good news is that Jesus Christ came to earth to heal. He was and He is the healer. Acts 10:38 tells us, "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him." Jesus said of himself, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4:18).

Jesus taught us by word and example that there is no prepackaged routine for receiving one's healing. He didn't anoint everybody with oil; He didn't lay hands on everybody; and He didn't put mud in everybody's eyes. In so doing He showed us that all healing is divine, regardless of the method employed.

Mother Healed of Breast Cancer

As a young child, one of the first miracles of healing I ever witnessed was that of my own mother who was healed of breast cancer. It was shortly after World War I and mother was in her mid-forties with several young children at home.

There appeared on mother's breast a large open sore about the size of a silver dollar. It caused her much pain. Many nights she cried herself to sleep from the physical agony. Surgery in those days was crude compared to today. Her doctor

of many years said that an attempt to remove the cancer would probably mean that death would just come sooner. The doctor dressed the sore and kept it clean but offered little hope.

The pain became so unbearable one night that mother walked the floor until the early morning hours, crying out to God to relieve her of her torture. It was almost sunrise before she fell exhausted across her bed and went to sleep.

That very morning in a dream mother said that Jesus walked through the door into her bedroom. Looking over her with great compassion He reached down and tenderly touched her on the chest. The next morning mother told my unbelieving father about the dream and said that she was going to be healed. Dad was skeptical.

A few days later he asked her, "How is your cancer, dear? You haven't mentioned it lately. Are you suffering much?"

Mother answered, "Well, really I had almost forgotten about the cancer. The pain is gone." Immediately she went into her bedroom and took off the dressing which covered the malignant sore. There to her horror and also to her great joy was an awful looking thing which could best be described as resembling an octopus. It had a center from which several tentacles reached out and the entire thing lay there black and ugly in her hand. As she looked down she noticed that a fine sheen of new baby pink skin already covered her breast. The cancer had literally dropped off her body.

Mother lived for more than forty years from that day. Cancer never broke out on another place in her body. At the age of eighty-seven she died peacefully of natural causes.

Grandfather Healed After Stroke

Another outstanding healing in our family was of my Grandpa Chandler who lived in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Grandpa went downtown on business one day and while he was walking along the street he suffered a stroke, falling to the sidewalk. The police officer who found him also knew my uncle, Charlie, who lived in the same city. The officer took grandpa to Uncle Charlie's house.

We lived thirty miles north of Hattiesburg at the time in the city of Laurel. Charlie loaded grandpa into the car and brought him to our house. When they arrived grandpa was in a pitiful condition. His stroke had been so severe that it left both legs, both arms, his speech, and his bowels all paralyzed. With the help of some neighbors we got him into the house.

Mother, Uncle Charlie, and some other family members got into a little argument as to what to do with grandpa. Mother said that all she knew to do was to call for some of the members of her church to come and pray. The others

thought medical help would be better, so grandpa was carried back out to the car and hauled to the hospital.

At the hospital mother found our family doctor and told him about her father. The doctor looked at her and said brusquely, "Can't you see these halls? Do you see that we have beds everywhere? Everything is filled." It so happened that there had been a train wreck in Laurel earlier that day and the hospital was overrun with the wounded and dying.

Mother pleaded, "Please doctor, do something for my father. He is only fifty-five years old and I love him."

Going out to the car, the doctor saw that grandpa was conscious and aware but unable to move or speak. After examining him he turned to mother and said, "Mrs. Sumrall, your father doesn't have long for this world. If I were you I would take him back home and make him as comfortable as possible until the good Lord takes him home."

After that no one in the family objected to mother calling in the Christians to pray. There was nothing else they could do.

It was summertime and all the windows of the house were open, allowing the neighbors to hear. Next door lived a young man named Campbell who claimed to be an infidel. When the praying got loud he walked over to the fence where my sister was playing and asked, "Louise, what are they trying to do to the old man?"

Louise looked up in her childish way and said, "They are praying for grandpa. He has had a stroke and the doctor said he is going to die, but my mother said that the Lord is going to heal him."

Mr. Campbell laughed and said, "Well, I guess when they are through with him the old man will be able to jump a ten rail fence." He turned and went back to the rocking chair on his front porch.

The next morning when grandpa awakened he forgot his paralysis and cried out to my mother, "Betty, Betty, where are my clothes?"

"Pa, are you all right?"

"Certainly I'm all right," he bellowed. "Didn't you pray for me? Didn't you ask God to give me a miracle?"

Now grandpa was a staunch churchman. However, his pastor was one of those who preached that the day of miracles is past. It is a good thing grandpa didn't believe his pastor or he might have never been healed.

Grandpa got up, dressed himself, and walked into the kitchen where he devoured a big breakfast. He then walked out the back door to inspect the garden. As he did the man next door called out to my mother from the fence that separated his yard from ours. With tears in his eyes he apologized for the way he

had talked to my sister the day before. He confessed that what he had witnessed convinced him that there must indeed be a God who answers prayer. Weeping almost convulsively he asked, "Mrs. Sumrall, will you pray for me? Pray that I will come to know God like you do so that when I come to the end He will accept me as He has accepted you."

Grandpa lived a strong and vigorous life for thirty-two years after that without ever having another stroke.

Such unmistakable miracles of healing no doubt planted a seed of faith in my youthful heart which would bear fruit in my ministry in years to come.

From the time God first called me to preach as a teenager, I have always preached divine healing according to the Bible. God has honored and confirmed His word as I have seen literally thousands of people healed of every disease and malady imaginable.

The Woman with a New Tongue

One of the most remarkable healings of which I have knowledge is of a woman whose tongue was restored after surgery because of cancer.

I met Mrs. Williams several times when I lived in England. She lived in Walstow in the Midlands. Her neighbor, Rev. Elisha Thompson, was a professor at Hampstead Bible College in London. While I was visiting in his home he took me to meet this fascinating lady who lived next door to him.

I was so excited about Mrs. Williams's testimony that I invited her to appear with me at several of my crusade meetings. One night in each revival would be designated "Miracle Night" and I would have her share with the audience the testimony of her miracle tongue.

Mrs. Williams had had a sore on her tongue which festered and grew steadily worse. A surgeon in Liverpool diagnosed it as cancer and prescribed surgery at the local hospital. Her tongue was cut off at the base. For approximately twelve years Mrs. Williams lived without a tongue and without the ability to speak. During this time she reared two daughters. She communicated with her husband, children, and neighbors by writing on a pad which she always kept with her. In the town of Walstow, Mrs. Williams was well known to hundreds of people as "the woman without a tongue."

One night she attended a revival meeting which was being conducted in her city. Mrs. Williams had a bad cold that night and went up to have the evangelist pray for her. When the evangelist asked, "What do you want?" she suddenly realized she had left her pad and pencil back at her seat and was unable to tell him. Pointing to her throat was all Mrs. Williams could do.

Laying his hands upon her head the evangelist prayed, "O God, give this lady

the desire of her heart." As he prayed Mrs. Williams began to choke. Something began to move in the back of her throat. Right there on the platform a new tongue formed in her mouth within a few minutes. She began to speak, to the delight and amazement of the local citizens who knew her.

This miracle of healing involved a creative act of God almost beyond human comprehension. The fascinating thing about it to me was that when Mrs. Williams would open her mouth one could clearly see where the old flesh and the new joined. It was as if they had been welded together. As she told her story and showed her tongue to the people in my crusades throughout England, great faith was born in the people's hearts to believe God for personal miracles.

Healed of Oriental Dysentery

I have learned that it is not enough to preach and believe in healing for others. There have also been times when I have had to believe for my own healing.

While in China with Howard Carter, we traveled to visit some former students of Mr. Carter's who were doing missionary work among the Lisu tribal people in Yunnan Province. To reach this remote region we went by boat from Hong Kong across the Gulf of Tonkin to Hanoi in the area which is now North Vietnam. From there we traveled inland on a remarkable railroad built by the French across the towering mountains. After following the winding rails for three days our primitive steam engine pulled into the station at Kunming, capital city of the province of Yunnan. From there we traveled three months by mule into the vast mountainous interior of Tibet. In this remote hinterland we ministered the gospel to Chinese, Tibetans, and isolated tribal peoples. We had been warned by the American and British consulates that we would have to be careful for our lives. There were no hospitals and no medicine was available in the scattered villages. In our seventeen-mule caravan we carried our own food and our own cook.

It was while sojourning in this distant primitive land that I became seriously ill with oriental dysentery, bleeding at the bowels every thirty or forty minutes. We had no medicine of any kind.

The dysentery seemed to be getting progressively worse in spite of our prayers. I was seized with fever and was growing weaker continually.

By the third morning of my sickness I was so weak I could hardly hold onto my mule and my appetite was completely gone. I allowed my mule, that I had named Henry, to fall behind. No one in the caravan noticed when at 8:00 A.M. I slipped off my mount and fell faint and exhausted under a large bush beside the trail. I was too sick to care about the warnings of tigers, snakes, or bandits which

infested the area.

When I awoke it was almost noon and I was startled to notice that I was completely alone, except for Henry who I had tied to the bush. I moved my body and thought, "I don't feel any pain." I touched my brow and realized that the fever had broken. That morning on a lonely mountainside in Tibet, God touched me and I was made completely whole.

In the three and one half hours I had slept, the caravan had left me far behind. It was almost dark before I caught up with them in a little village. For several more weeks we continued our muleback trek and not once did any symptoms of the oriental dysentery reappear.

I enjoyed perfect health for the remainder of our trip around the world. A full year later, I was speaking in a church in Mobile, Alabama. Here I was invited to dinner in the home of some old friends. The lady, a schoolteacher, asked me after dinner, "Do you keep a diary?" She quoted a date one year past and asked if I would read to her what I had done that day.

I opened my journal and read where that was the day God had healed me in Tibet. As I read the brief account the schoolteacher began to cry. She showed me her own diary where on that exact date God had spoken to her that I was dying and in desperate need of prayer. She told me how she had gone into deep travail and begged God, "Don't let Lester Sumrall die. Please, don't let him die." She did not even know where I was.

The amazing thing was that at about 11:00 P.M. God spoke to her saying, "Lester Sumrall lives." When it was 11:00 P.M. in Mobile, it had been 11:00 A.M. in Tibet, the same hour in which I awoke to find myself completely healed. That event reinforced my awareness of how one part of the body of Christ exists with another part and how much we need one another. Miracles often come to one part of the body because of the intercessory prayers of another.

Sister Healed of Muscular Dystrophy

My younger sister, Leona, who has ministered with me off and on since we were both teenagers, was stricken with an incurable crippling disease when she was still a young woman. It happened while I was doing missionary work in South America.

Leona first suspected that something was wrong when she began having fainting spells and her vision appeared to be failing. The spells gradually became more frequent and then the twitching began. She experienced uncontrollable muscle spasms. Soon the muscles in her body began to die. First the second finger on her right hand dropped and hung like a limp rag. Then the first finger fell, followed by the ring finger, the thumb, and finally all five appendages

dangled lifelessly from her right hand.

The wrist muscles succumbed next. She lost the ability to do simple things like turning a doorknob, combing her hair, climbing stairs, and even feeding herself. Unable to properly control food to her mouth, her weight plummeted down to eighty-eight pounds. She turned to the medical profession for help. Nine physicians examined her and all gave the same diagnosis—muscular dystrophy. There was no known cure. They said that she would need a wheelchair soon.

Almost three years after Leona first noticed the symptoms of her disease she visited revival services at a full gospel church. That night would have a profound effect upon the rest of her life.

Leona was an evangelist herself and believed in prayer and the healing power of God. However, in three years she had not been able to receive her healing and she was discouraged. When she shakingly struggled up to have the evangelist pray for her that night, she did not ask for healing. She just wanted prayer that God would give her encouragement.

When her turn came to stand before the evangelist, he looked at Leona and commanded, "Young lady, raise your hands!" Lifting her hands all the way up was a physical impossibility. She just stood there silent and embarrassed.

Again the evangelist commanded, louder this time, "Young lady, raise your hands!"

At that moment Leona says she seemed to hear another voice from within saying, "Lift your hands toward Jesus and it may be that this time He will take hold of them." Forgetting her pride, with much jerking and quivering, she began to raise her weak, useless, limp hands. Like a coiled spring suddenly loosened, her right wrist straightened. The palsy ceased and she began to walk back and forth praising God. Just about everyone in the congregation, except the visiting evangelist, knew Leona and how sick she had been. While the people wept and rejoiced, some actually standing on their seats to see better, the perplexed evangelist kept asking, "What has happened? What has happened?" The pastor's wife told him of the miracles which had taken place.

It was the following day before Leona's left hand and wrist straightened. Day by day she began to gain strength.

Leona wrote a letter to me as I now pastored the South Bend Gospel Tabernacle in South Bend, Indiana, telling of her deliverance. Even though she praised God for restoring her crippled limbs, her letter showed a lack of total faith. She wrote, "But I know that I do not have much longer to live; I want so to preach again." She asked if I knew of some pastor who did not know how sick she had been who would be willing to schedule her for a meeting. She said, "I am afraid that as weak as I am, when the anointing comes and the travail and

compassion for souls begins to move upon me, I will not be able to hold up under the strain and I will die. But I must preach again."

Upon receiving her letter I immediately called my sister long distance and said, "God has given us a miracle and we are not going to lose it. If you want to die in someone's pulpit, then come die in mine."

She protested that she did not have enough strength to handle her own Bible, but I insisted that she come in faith. We had pitched a gospel tent and were in the midst of a total summer crusade.

The first night Leona preached for about ten minutes and was completely exhausted. She eased off the platform and I gave the altar call. Each night her sermons grew longer. Then one night Leona said that as she arose to walk to the pulpit she felt someone walking by her side. This invisible presence was so real that she stood in the pulpit trembling with excitement, unable to read her text. The voice of the Holy Spirit spoke to her from over her right shoulder and said most emphatically, "You shall live and not die!"

The unction of the Holy Ghost came upon Leona and for forty-five minutes she preached powerfully with great anointing. She has been going strong ever since. Today Leona and her husband, the Rev. James Murphy, are an important part of our ministry at WHFT-TV in Miami.

The Healing of a Young Chinese Girl

During the years my family and I lived and ministered in Manila, Philippines, God gave us literally hundreds of outstanding healings. One which stands out in my mind is that of a young Chinese girl named Marcy.

Marcy's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Go Puan Seng, told of the great sickness of their beautiful and talented seventeen-year-old daughter. Dr. Go was editor and publisher of the *Fookien Times*, the largest Chinese language newspaper outside China.

Marcy's problem started when she began dieting to lose weight. As she dieted her nature slowly began to change. For example, before she had played the piano but now she was beginning to bang it violently with her fists. On one occasion while playing with her cat she suddenly choked it until it died and dropped it on the floor. Her temper became such that she was extremely difficult to live with.

Marcy's parents, being wealthy, employed the best doctors they could find in an effort to help her. Marcy's diet seemed to go out of control and she continued losing weight until she dropped to about sixty-four pounds. The doctors began to feed her intravenously just to keep her alive.

On my first contact with Mr. Go he invited me to his home for a garden party

attended by all the employees of his newspaper plant. He asked me to give a talk to the approximately two hundred people present.

At the party Mr. Go introduced me to a frail little girl, emaciated until she hardly looked human. Her discolored skin was stretched taut over her protruding bones. This was his teenage daughter, Marcy. Her father said that she had not eaten solid food in about three months. Although she was in very poor condition, she was not bedridden. She had enough strength to roam the house and garden, often raging like a maniac. Mr. Go asked if I would pray for his daughter.

Immediately I sensed that this was not a case in which I could simply say a little prayer and walk out. I told him that I felt the need of *special* prayer, for I offered to fast and pray for two days and then return to minister to her.

Then, to make sure I heard correctly, I asked, "You mean she has not had anything to eat for three months?" He confirmed the fact by saying that doctors and nurses had been feeding her intravenously.

Suddenly I was surprised to hear myself telling Dr. Go, as if by divine instruction, "You will prepare a special meal. When I am through praying, Marcy is going to eat."

After I had said that it scared me. I knew that she was not capable of eating a heavy meal after so long without food. It could be fatal from a natural standpoint. Yet I believed that it was God who was directing the situation.

I spent the next two days in fasting and prayer, crying out to God to heal and deliver Marcy Go. Early on the third morning I drove out to the Go estate. As the guard opened the gate for me to enter, Marcy began to rant and scream, "I won't see him! I won't see him!" She ran and hid. The girl had not been told that I was coming to pray for her.

By the time I parked my car, Mr. Go and his wife were walking out of their house, heads shaking, saying, "We're sorry, she refuses to see you now."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I have fasted and prayed for two days. I have come to pray for Marcy. May I go and find her?"

"Now listen," Mr. Go warned. "She is dangerous. We don't know what Marcy might do. She may try to harm you."

I looked at him intently and said, "I'll make a deal with you. If I slap Marcy or spank her, or whatever I have to do to her, if you will forgive me, I'll forgive you for anything she may do to me."

A big smile broke across the newspaperman's face and he laughed aloud, "It's a deal!"

Although I had never been inside the Go's home, I did not wait for them to guide me. I began to look through the house, calling, "Marcy! Marcy!" I went down into the unlighted basement and there in the shadows I saw a little stooped

form with her head buried in the corner. I reached over to her back and said gently, "Marcy, I have come to pray for you."

The moment I touched Marcy she sprang up and in the semi-darkness I saw the gleam of a butcher knife as she slashed out at me. Quickly I grabbed her tiny wrists just as the knife touched the front of my shirt. She was not strong and I easily shook the knife from her bony fingers. It was then that the real battle began, a battle of the Spirit.

Marcy's parents were members of a large downtown Protestant church but they had never seen such a struggle where the power of God came against the demonic forces of hell. I began to rebuke the demon spirits that bound the poor girl and ordered them to come out in the name of Jesus. For about an hour the spiritual struggle continued, then suddenly I felt divine release.

Taking the girl in my arms I tenderly explained to her, "Marcy, we love you, and Jesus has set you free. Now we are going to rejoice and praise God for what He has done for you."

Marcy's personality already showed a dramatic change. She now demonstrated a loving and appreciative spirit.

After a short time of rejoicing and praising the Lord I said, "All right, now it is time to eat."

Although the Gos had several servants, including professional cooks, they had ordered a large caterer to bring out an enormous banquet with at least a dozen courses of food. What an act of faith! It was a beautiful array of delicious Chinese food. Marcy began to eat and her parents were almost hilarious with praise to God.

Suddenly Marcy looked at me and said, "It is going to all come up in my plate."

I became indignant at the devil who was putting doubt into her mind. I said, "If that food comes up I am going to open your mouth and force it back down with my hand. Now you keep your food down!" I laid my hand on her stomach and prayed, "God, open these intestines, create and multiply the digestive juices, and let this stomach settle, in Jesus' name."

We completed the meal without further incident and Marcy showed no ill effects. After eating I took Marcy by the arm and led her into the large garden. With just the two of us walking among the trees and flowers I taught her how to pray, how to praise God, and how to rejoice in the Lord.

The Spirit of God began to radiate in Marcy's life and she became a new person. She quickly regained her health.

Within the next few years Marcy completed her education in Manila and went on to the University of California. There she met a very capable young

Chinese man whom she married at the Presbyterian church in Berkeley. When I assisted the pastor with the wedding he could not believe that this lovely, healthy, glowing bride had weighed only sixty-three pounds at the age of seventeen.

Today Marcy and her husband have several beautiful children and God has blessed their family.

Healing for You

Often I have been asked, "Is it always God's will to heal?"

To answer that question one must go to the Bible for his source of truth. The Bible teaches that the church today is the "Israel" of God. In the Israel of the Old Testament, as long as God's people were in the wilderness and living under the cloud of God's presence, there wasn't a weak or sick one among them. God specifically promised that He would not allow any of the diseases of Egypt to come upon His chosen. The only time that God's children found themselves in jeopardy was when they were in rebellion against their heavenly Father.

In the New Testament Jesus never refused to heal any person. If it were God's will for people to be sick, it seems that somewhere along the line Jesus would have told someone who came to Him for healing, "I can't heal you. You are supposed to be sick."

In all of the tens of thousands of people with which Jesus dealt, not once do we see Him saying anything like that. To me this is one of the greatest truths of the Bible. Not one time did Jesus say "No" to those who came to Him for healing.

The promise, "By his stripes we were healed," is all inclusive. The provision was made for every person and every disease. In giving the great commission to His disciples Jesus said, "They shall lay hands upon the sick and they shall recover."

Expect Divine Health

When one looks at the Bible honestly he sees that God *expects* to heal His people. When we expect to be healed, we see God's power demonstrated in our lives and bodies.

People are often sick because they expect to be sick. On one of our tours to the Holy Land, I was leading a group of over eighty people when about half of the group became ill with dysentery. No one was seriously ill, they were just very uncomfortable. Al Smith, a young man who now pastors a church in Chicago, was in the group. When asked if he had dysentery he replied, "No, I don't have it, and I have news for you. I'm not going to get it."

Some of the tour members became upset with him for what they thought was

an arrogant attitude. They came to me and asked if I would speak to the young man.

I replied, "Yes, I will talk with him, but let me talk with you too. He *isn't* going to get dysentery."

"Why isn't he?" they asked.

I answered, "Because he has faith he is going to stay well." As soon as this young minister had discovered that others were sick he instantly spoke against it. He refused sickness.

Too many people expect to get sick. If they hear of the Russian Flu, the Swine Flu, or the Hong Kong Flu they say, "I'm afraid I am going to get that." And the thing they fear often comes upon them.

This is something I have had to face as an international minister, rearing my three sons in places like Hong Kong, Israel, and Manila. All of my boys went to school in those places and were exposed to many germs for which they had no built-in resistance. Especially when they accompanied me to my crusades, they came in contact with people in the last stages of tuberculosis and leprosy and others with high fever and contagious diseases. I had to decide whether or not I was going to be afraid of disease, and I chose not to be afraid. I always allowed my boys to mingle with the people to whom we ministered. I just prayed, "God, we are here as your ambassadors and I want none of this filth on my family." My wife and boys all enjoyed continuous excellent health, because that is what we expected from God.

Even though my children were healthy, we had an occasion to see the healing power of God at work in the life of my oldest son Frank. Just over two years after my wife and I were married, God gave us our first-born. About the time Frank began to learn to talk, we discovered that he had a problem with stuttering. When he became excited, he stuttered more. This continued without improvement until he was in his teens. It became a matter of real concern.

At that time Oral Roberts came to our area for a crusade of which I was the chairman. The meeting was a tremendous success as people came from every direction to pack the 8,000-seat Northside Gymnasium. Brother Roberts was at his peak and many wonderful miracles took place during the crusade.

On his own volition, Frank decided to go through the prayer line one night. He told Brother Roberts, stammering as he did, "I am Rev. Sumrall's son and I stutter."

Brother Roberts said, "I used to stammer too, and God healed me." As Oral laid his hands upon him and prayed, the power of God came upon Frank and set him free. He was instantly and completely healed. From that day to this I have never heard Frank stammer again.

Why Are People Sick?

A question which has perplexed the human mind for centuries is, "Why are people sick?"

There have always been those who blamed God for illness, thinking that the Father would use infirmity to chasten His children. Job's comforters thought God was punishing him, but they were wrong. Some questioned Jesus as to "who sinned" to cause a man to be blind from birth. Their question was based upon a false assumption.

They assumed that God had caused the blindness. Jesus replied that neither were to be blamed. He just healed the man for the glory of God. Today people still blame God for such things and they are just as wrong now as they were then.

While pastoring in Hong Kong, one of my members fell down a flight of stone steps and broke her ankle. One of the other members of my church went to visit her in the hospital and said, "All right, confess it. Tell me what you have been doing wrong."

The injured church member said, "I haven't been doing anything wrong."

The other argued, "No one would ever fall down a flight of stairs unless there was sin in her life."

As their pastor it became necessary for me to get the two ladies together and say, "We don't permit this kind of judging and arguing in our church." I explained that the devil could have pushed the sister down the stairs and not God. I had to teach them that these things are not evidence that there is sin in one's life.

Sickness comes upon people for different reasons. It seems to me that most sickness is the result of the way people live. Most people mistreat their bodies through improper diet, lack of exercise, etc.

Some sickness comes upon people because of the devil. When Jesus ministered to the woman bent over with the infirmity of many years He specifically said that she was bound by Satan. Jesus set her free from the power of the devil.

Actually, when it comes to healing, the reason for sickness is not important. God is able and willing to heal anybody, regardless of the cause of the illness.

No man has been called to play God by telling people why they are sick. When we try to explain all of the mysteries surrounding the "why" of human sickness, we are going beyond our human disposition. Even Jesus did not usually bother to explain why people were sick. He just healed.

Whatever the cause of one's illness, it is a part of the curse. As long as a

person pampers and comforts sickness it feels very much at home with him. But, through Christ, when one hates, despises, and rejects sickness, it has to leave.

It is not even necessary to get sick to die. When Smith Wigglesworth passed from this life at the age of eighty-seven, he didn't even feel bad right up to the moment he went to heaven. One night in church he just slipped off to glory while the choir was singing, just before he was scheduled to preach.

Moses was 120 years old and on the day he died he climbed a mountain. He had good eyesight with which he looked all over the promised land. But instead of going to the promised land that day, he went on up to heaven.

In Jesus Christ we can live a long and vigorous life all of our allotted days on earth, and then pass peacefully through the gates of death into our eternal home.

CHAPTER FIVE

Miracles and Deliverance

And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils. Mark 16:17

Being reared in a full gospel church, I can remember seeing the sick prayed for and healed from my earliest childhood. Yet, for some unknown reason, I cannot remember having seen a demon-possessed person prayed for and delivered in a public meeting.

If a person became mentally uncontrollable he was usually placed in an insane asylum. Somehow the ministers of that day saw no relationship with divine healing, mental illness, and demon possession. Not having heard a sermon on deliverance of the mentally disturbed nor receiving any instruction on what to do for a demon-possessed person I was completely uninitiated for such a task.

Learning to Cast Out Devils

In Indonesia on the island of Java, when I was twenty-one years of age, I was first confronted with a demon-possessed person. I had recently arrived in the country and this was my first meeting in Java. As the Javanese congregation sang in their native tongue I recognized the melody of some of the songs but could not understand the words being sung.

It was during the very first song that I noticed a girl, eleven or twelve years old, slip off the front bench onto the floor and begin writhing like a serpent. The congregation kept singing and the song leader did not even look toward the girl. It seemed I was the only one concerned about her. Green foam began to come from her mouth, covering her chin and upper lip. Still no one seemed to notice. I presumed that this was something which had happened previously.

There were five or six hundred people crammed into the meeting hall and I could hardly believe that no one seemed to pay any attention to the girl on the floor making snakelike motions. She would look up toward the platform, grin a silly grin, her eyes would dance like demons and that foul green foam would belch from her mouth. She would move back three or four feet, wiggle around and move back up toward the platform again. This continued for about thirty minutes, and the girl was simply ignored by the worshipers as they sang and prayed. Within me a divine urgency was building up to the bursting point. When I was introduced to preach, my interpreter and I walked toward the pulpit. Then, rather than greeting the people as I had planned, a divine unction poured from my heart. Looking at the little creature I cried, "Get up and sit down!" My

interpreter was so startled that he did not respond. The girl was illiterate and knew no English. It must have been the spirit within her who understood me. Instantly she wiped the green froth from her mouth with her arm. She climbed up onto the bench where she sat like a mummy not moving a muscle for forty-five minutes while I preached. At the close of my sermon, and without premeditation, I looked at the girl and commanded the demon spirits, "Come out of her." Then addressing the girl I said, "Be free in Jesus' name."

As I spoke that transfixed look left her. The rigidity of her body relaxed. She smiled. As the girl became normal and looked around, a wave of rejoicing flooded over the congregation. Again my astounded interpreter had not said a word. It was therefore the spirit who understood what I had said.

Later I sought to evaluate this new experience. I knew that it had given deliverance to the meeting because when the girl obeyed me and sat on the bench the entire congregation was brought to a place of readiness to receive the word of God. When I commanded her to be free, it brought a tremendous victory into the meeting. Afterwards scores of souls had thronged to the front to receive Christ as their Savior.

I talked to Rev. Howard Carter about the incident. We were traveling together but he was not in this particular meeting with me. He related other instances where he had seen spirits cast out of possessed people. This became our topic of discussion for the next several weeks. In Indonesia there were more witch doctors than medical doctors. Men and women commonly took their domestic problems as well as their health problems to a witch doctor. Curses of black magic were an everyday fact of life in every village. Almost daily we met new situations of demon power which had been unknown to us in Christian lands.

Another Experience in Java

A few nights after that first experience I was preaching in another village on the island of Java. Again the mission hall was packed to capacity and extra chairs had been put down the aisles. As I entered the front door and began to walk down the crowded aisle I felt a gentle tug at my sleeve. I stopped and looked down into the grinning face of a woman who said, "Sir, you have a little black angel in you, and I have a white angel in me."

My immediate thought was to smile and walk away but something within me revolted. I turned to her quickly and said, "That is a lie. I have a white spirit within me, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and you have the devil within you which is black and dark." Then, addressing the demon spirit I spoke firmly, "I command you to come out of her!" As I said this, I laid my hands upon the woman's head.

Her eyes glared strangely, her face contorted, and suddenly she was released. Everyone in the building could feel the deliverance of the woman as they saw her countenance change.

Rather than continuing to the front of the church I asked the woman, through my interpreter, "How long have you been bound by the devil?"

She said, "Fifteen years ago I went to a witch doctor and the evil spirit has been in me from that day to this. But I am free of it right now."

This seemed a strange confrontation with the devil. I was just walking in the door of this church where I had never been before when I met this situation. Yet I felt if I ignored it I would be defeated in my preaching. I knew this spirit would rise up against me again during the sermon and that the only means of victory was to face it and win a spiritual battle. I did not have time to consider whether I was capable of exorcising the demon. I did not have time to think if it was the right thing to do. I did not have opportunity to consult with anyone as to what was wrong with the woman. She did not seem to be out of order in any way. It simply seemed that there was a battle that was inevitable to be fought on that battleground and I knew there could be no victory for the cause of Christ unless I was willing to do battle. The wonderful thing is that it brought tremendous release of spiritual blessings to the whole meeting. When the people saw that the visiting minister was not afraid of the devil it brought great faith and victory to the entire assembly. Many were set free from demon power before the night was over.

Howard Carter and I ministered for three months throughout the island of Java and we had several more encounters with demon spirits. The greatest thing I learned was that it was not me personally in the conflict but it was Christ within me.

Also, it was not the possessed person with whom I battled but the devils within them.

I discovered there was no reason for fear because God never loses a battle. I found that though the possessed might scream and tear themselves they did not seek to harm me or touch me. In most cases the demons wanted to run away and not confront me at all. My authority for exorcism was found in the Word of God. The great commission of our Lord and Savior commanded His disciples, including those in the church today, to cast out devils (Mark 16:1517). This became my Gibraltar of spiritual strength.

From these early experiences in the Orient, which I believe came providentially, I discovered that when I faced a deep problem and the kingdom of God was challenged, God always came through and performed mighty miracles to set the captive free from Satan's power.

Demon Powers in Poland

Arriving in Europe from the Orient, I was speaking to a meeting in Poland. I had never been there before and did not speak the Polish language. On the front row of the packed auditorium was a woman who repeatedly said "Hallelujah" in a shrill eerie voice. It cut my spirit when she would say this. I noticed the local people did not seem to mind. Constantly through the song service and prayer the woman interrupted everybody. I knew that I would not reach the people with my message unless she was silenced. Though she seemed to be religious, it was hindering the meeting.

The first thing I did upon entering the pulpit was to look down to her and say, "Would you please shut up!" My interpreter was so taken aback that I had not greeted the people as he had expected that he just stood there speechless. But the woman, who could not understand English, began to bark like a dog. The people were amazed because they had not realized that it was an evil spirit which had prompted the woman's behavior.

I looked down at her again and said to the demon powers, "Now, I command you to come out of her!" In that instant she was set free by God's power. The service was now blessed with great freedom of the Holy Spirit.

This is the manner in which I came to understand the exorcism of evil. It was exercised when Christ was challenged.

A Young Man Delivered in St. Louis

Upon my return to America, the gift of discerning of spirits was operating through me freely to recognize people who needed to be delivered. One of my first meetings back in the States was in the St. Louis area. A pastor asked if I would visit one of his parishioners who had not been able to speak in over three months. The young man came home from a party one night and was unable to explain why he could not speak. He refused to write about his condition.

I went with the pastor to the home. As we walked in the front door his mother was saying, "Speak to me, son— speak to me, son! Oh, please speak to me, son!" The young man, about twenty years old, looked well and healthy but simply glared at his mother. She then explained to me, "We don't know what's the matter with him. He eats well; he sleeps well; but he won't speak."

The young man looked at me with the most impish grin one could imagine and I realized immediately his problem was caused by an evil spirit which had attached itself to him. Without any hesitation I reached over and put my hand upon him and said, "You dumb spirit, come out!" Then I commanded, "Speak to your mother."

The son turned to his mother and spoke for the first time in over three

months. Then he talked with all of us and we praised God for his deliverance.

A School Teacher Set Free in Indianapolis

In Indianapolis, Indiana, another pastor asked if I would go with him to pray for one of the families of his church, as the mother was ill. The doctors had not been able to diagnose her illness. Upon arriving at this home where a mother and her daughter lived together, I found I could not pray. I knelt beside the afflicted woman's bed but I could not close my eyes.

I said, "There is something strange in this house."

The mother replied, "Well, what could it be?"

"I don't know," I answered as I began to walk about the room. I noticed a stack of magazines and by impulse reached down to pick one up. It was the journal of an ungodly cult which has its base in New York City. The daughter, who was a high school teacher, explained, "I have just returned from Father Divine's heaven in New York and I saw the mighty miracles that he performs. Now I communicate with him by my spirit. In fact, he asked me to go to Australia to open up a heaven for him. He said that he would never write or cable me but that we would communicate every day by spirit."

I looked at her and said, "You have received the spirit of that impostor which is of the devil. It has become in you a spirit of sorcery. You are not communicating with Father Divine but with evil spirits. I cannot pray for your mother until you get rid of these things."

The young teacher became willing to have the foul spirits exorcised. As I commanded them to go in Jesus' name the mother also was instantly healed.

I did not go looking for problems or seek out those who were possessed or oppressed of the devil. But as God brought me across their pathway I was not afraid to be God's instrument in setting men and women free.

The Disappearing Boy

One of the strangest encounters in my travels in more than one hundred countries of the world took place at Knox Memorial Methodist Church in Manila, the oldest Protestant church in the Philippines. I was conducting a three-night salvation and healing revival.

In the prayer line one night stood a Methodist pastor, Rev. Roman Quisol, with a youth about twelve years old and his parents. When I approached them for prayer, the pastor said that the boy, Cornelio Closa, Jr., was a bad boy in that he disappeared. I thought he meant the boy ran away so I suggested to the parents that a good paddling might remedy the matter.

The pastor looked bewildered. "Brother Sumrall, you do not understand," he said. "This boy disappears into thin air and might disappear right now from my

hands."

Suddenly I felt a cold chill ripple over my whole being. By looking directly into the boy's eyes I could see that he was demon possessed. I laid my hands upon him and asked God to break the circuit of evil power so that this demon spirit would not be able to re-enter the boy.

I prayed for his salvation and for his distressed Roman Catholic parents. The agony of the prayer exhausted me physically, but I knew that God had answered with deliverance. From that moment Cornelio never disappeared again.

A short time later I was visiting with Pastor Quisol and inquired further about this strange boy. He explained that the child's father was an old friend who had served with him in the United States Navy. Mr. Closa had told the minister that in the past year his son had mysteriously disappeared and reappeared about one hundred times. He said Cornelio would be sitting in the dining room with the family and simply dissolve into thin air without a window or a door moving. Or he would be sitting in the front room with his brothers and sisters playing and suddenly the children would cry, "Cornelio is gone!" He could not be found in the house or on the street.

The Rev. Reuben Candelaria, then superintendent for the Manila District of the Methodist Church, made an appointment with the Closa family for us to visit them. It was a day of rejoicing. They gave us a fine example of Filipino hospitality and, after refreshments, we settled down to talk to Cornelio about his strange disappearances.

Cornelio told us that about a year before this time he had been walking across a nearby field on his way home from school. He saw a girl about his own size. She wore a white dress and was very pretty with beautiful long flowing hair around her shoulders. As she approached him she smiled and said, "Please go for a walk with me."

Cornelio naturally consented. Then when the beautiful girl touched him, to his amazement, both of them became invisible. They could walk for many hours, even all night and all day, and not become weary. And when she would embrace him again, he would return to his normal body.

Cornelio would vanish from many places. Sometimes he would disappear from the schoolroom and might reappear in the same spot a few hours later. This so upset the teacher and pupils that the principal had Cornelio dismissed from the school.

He would vanish from his home, sometimes in the evenings when the whole family was sitting together behind locked doors.

On one occasion, he was playing with the other children in the living room. It was in the evening and the doors and windows of the house were already

locked. The gate in the front yard was locked too. The children suddenly cried out, "Cornelio is gone!" Everyone looked around the room and in the rest of the house. They unlocked the doors and looked in the yard and down the street, but could not find him.

Two nights later, while the family was sitting in the living room, at about the same hour he had disappeared, he reappeared upstairs. When the parents heard someone upstairs they asked, "Who is that?"

Cornelio answered, "It is I. I am now going to bed."

The entire family became frantic. Not only were they afraid of what had happened to their little son, but they were afraid to tell the police. They did not want their names in the newspapers nor did they want multitudes of curiosity seekers crowding around their house to see the strange thing that was happening.

I asked Cornelio if he ever felt the body of this little girl. He said, "Yes, she was always cold and never felt warm."

I questioned him further if she only enticed him in a sweet way or if she was demanding. He looked at me with a kind of frightened look and said she would grab him and become very angry, demanding that he obeyed her every wish.

Then I asked him where they would go. He said they went to the movie theaters and as no one could see them, they would walk right in without paying. They also sometimes went to restaurants and he said they had visited the Philippines International Fair being held in the Luneta. But mostly they loved to travel through the woods and take long walks in the country.

Mr. Closa, a United States Navy man with a record of nineteen years, would verify Cornelio's story. When he would reappear and tell his family about going to a certain cinema, the father would rush down and see if his story was correct. It was always true.

I asked Cornelio what this little girl thought of his parents and he said she did not like them because they were against his disappearing.

I asked him if anyone else had seen the girl. He said that he was the only one who could see her and that she was standing near him most of the time.

At this point I drew my chair close to Cornelio and said, "When you looked directly at the face of this creature, could you not see that she was not a girl at all?"

He looked surprised because I was the first person who had ever questioned this. He answered, "You are right. She is not really a girl at all."

I continued, "When you looked really close into this creature's face could you not tell that it wasn't even young?"

Again he looked surprised and said, "Yes, she was not young at all."

"Then," I said, "this was an evil spirit to torment and ruin your life. Finally it

would have destroyed your soul in hell."

Cornelio said, "Yes, many times she asked me to go away and never return but I was afraid to give consent." Then with a radiant smile he added, "I never thought I could be free and now I am happy to be delivered. I used to see her all the time even before she used to touch me and ask me to go away with her. The night you prayed for me she was standing at the church door begging me to come to her. But I have not seen her since you prayed for me and I am glad that God has set me free."

It has now been several years since Cornelio was delivered. Today he is a normal young man. Through this experience many of his family came to know Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior.

I realize that to share an incident as incredible as this is to invite many skeptics to doubt. I would find it difficult to believe myself had I not been there and thoroughly authenticated the facts from several reliable sources.

Rev. H. A. Baker of Formosa, veteran missionary to China and author of several books, became intensely interested in this miracle. He had dealt with demon power for many years in the Orient. When Reverend Baker was traveling from the United States to Formosa, he stopped in the Philippines for a couple of days in order to interview this young man. In company with the Methodist bishop he spent two days thoroughly investigating the veracity of this story.

Mr. Baker wrote: "There is no question in my mind as to the reality of this affair as you have recorded it. To the thinking mind, this is a wonderful revelation of the realities of the invisible world and this healing shows the reality of miracles as in Bible days. Facts are facts, truth established by sufficient evidence. Cornelio Closa, Jr., was able by spirit power to pass into a state of conscious invisibility, move about independent of material matter and again return to normal condition."

The Deliverance of Susie Carrillo

Demons are not always exorcised as easily and as quietly as had been in the case of twelve-year-old Cornelio. A much more dramatic deliverance was the case of Susie Carrillo. I first met Susie when she was fifty-one, thirty-six years after she had become possessed.

By her own account Susie had spurned a suitor at the tender age of fifteen. The man in his rage had threatened to invoke witchcraft against her and to have a spell cast over her.

Down in the wild border country of southern New Mexico, where her father regularly ran the border with bootleg whiskey to supply the customers in his sleazy dance hall saloon, black magic had an open field. Many of the people in

that region still followed the primitive Indian cults. Voodoo and black magic commonly crossed both national, tribal, and religious boundaries.

Small wonder that Susie Carrillo fell victim of the spell. She changed rapidly from a normal healthy girl to a sickly invalid who in the past thirty-six years had been taken to countless doctors, witch doctors, fortune tellers and hospitals—all in vain. She had been diagnosed as having everything from creeping paralysis to schizophrenia.

The young girl began to see three dark forms by her bed. Terrified, she could no longer sleep by herself. At the same time, as she became more and more mentally disturbed, the devils would not permit her to enjoy the company of other people. At their wits end, unable to find a hospital that would take the disturbed girl, her family had her locked up in Las Cruces city jail. But the jailers soon put her out. As long as she was in the jail, prisoners and guards alike claimed they could hear a voice coming over the water pipes saying, "I am Lucifer and we are many." They dared not turn out the lights at night because of the sense of evil present.

As the years went by, Susie's condition had steadily worsened. She would be seized by uncontrollable fits of rage and at these times would beat her daughter, Maria, unmercifully for no good reason. The demons within Mrs. Carrillo would also beat her own abdomen, moving from place to place. One could see the effect of the evil powers within as they pinched, pummelled, and tormented the woman until she would spit blood.

In her desperation, Susie Carrillo had sought prayer for deliverance many times, all to no avail. Then she read the amazing story of Clarita Villanueva, the girl who was bitten by demons in the Philippines, and how God had used me to bring deliverance. (The deliverance of Clarita captured headlines in newspapers around the world. I shared this story in detail in my recent book, *Run With the Vision,* Logos, 1977.)

Scraping together her savings, the desperate Spanish-American woman boarded a train from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to South Bend, Indiana, where I pastor a church. She made the entire 1400-mile journey with her head wrapped in a towel; the demons would not permit her to show her face.

These are the circumstances that brought Susie Carrillo to South Bend where I first met her in the prayer room of Bethel Temple (now called Christian Center).

Hundreds of spirits laid claim to this poor woman. Seldom have I fought against such resistance from the forces of hell. Their hold was so strong that it took several spiritually exhausting sessions to bring her to total deliverance. Helping me in the battle was a whole corps of ministers and staff from our

church.

As I laid my hands upon Susie and commanded the devils to come out, she would scream with the excruciating, spine-chilling shrieks of another world. I recognized these haunting sounds as the cry of demons doomed for eviction.

Different spirits left at different times. Some would attempt to reassert themselves, only to be thrown back by the greater power of an almighty God.

In one of several verbal battles before final victory was wrought, I caused the demons to speak openly through their victim's lips and reveal their natures, their motives, their origin, and their fears.

"The power of hatred is my strength," one demon declared bluntly. This was the strongest demon apparently, for he did most of the talking. He claimed repeatedly, "My name is Lucifer and we are many." I rebuked this demon and said that he was lying. "Lucifer," I pointed out to the troubled woman, "is too busy to be possessing you in person."

Many times during the casting out, the dislodged spirits would call upon the name, whispering, "Lucifer, Lucifer, Lucifer!" as if in supplicating prayer for help.

Other manifestations were just as uncanny. "I am a serpent," the chief spokesman of the demons told me. To prove its point, it would take control of Mrs. Carrillo's tongue and literally rattle it like a rattlesnake. I do not believe a human being could have reproduced the speed and sound of this horrible manifestation.

As I adjured the demons at other times they would howl like wolves and bark like dogs. Quantities of foam would come to the victim's mouth. When expulsion was imminent through the name of Jesus, these tormenting spirits wailed, moaned, and pleaded like waifs in a storm. The unsuspecting might even have taken pity on them, so frail and lost did they seem at times. Yet suddenly they would rise up in brutal defiance to hurl Susie to the floor.

When she first arrived in South Bend with her daughter, Susie Carrillo could not read God's Word. Each time a Bible was placed in her hands the demon spirits would close her eyelids until she could not see. One spirit claimed to be a demon of hypnotism that controlled her mind. Certainly in the earlier sessions her lucid moments would fade away and her mind would cease to function except as the demons spoke through her.

Later, as the devils lost their hold, she began to actually read whole Scripture texts aloud. The transition from torment to peace in Susie's life was unmistakable. When her deliverance was complete, the victory smile on Susie Carrillo's face was reward enough for our efforts.

One of the most glorious moments was when, after twenty years of being

forced by demons to eat in isolation, Susie ate before some fifty Christians in the church fellowship hall. Her own daughter especially wept with joy. It was the first time in Maria's life she had ever seen her mother eat.

Louise Wolf

This was only one of several startling instances of deliverance which have taken place in our church prayer room. These spiritual conflicts and victories cannot be planned, but we have learned to be instant for the battle at all times.

Returning to the church from lunch, my usual pattern when I am in South Bend is to go immediately to my office.

For some unknown reason on this particular day I walked into the prayer room instead. There in the center of the floor lay a pile of dirty clothing. An unpleasant odor permeated the room. My first impulse was to kick the rags over against the wall. Just as I drew back my foot to do so, I was startled to see a hand.

I questioned the person, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

A miserable looking little woman lifted her face from the rags and said, "My name is Louise Wolf. I am tormented and I heard that if I would come here I could find some peace."

I recognized at once that the woman was demon possessed. It looked as though her matted hair had not been combed in months. The stench indicated that she had not seen a bathtub in many weeks. Dried food was caked on her face and filthy sweat beads covered her neck. Dried bowel waste was on her clothing. She was wearing a pair of blue jeans which belonged to her husband, who was perhaps thirty years older than she.

I instructed Louise to go home, take a bath, shampoo and comb her hair, put on a clean dress, and return the following night to the mid-week prayer service.

When she returned she was clean on the outside but she still looked terrible. After ministering the Word that evening we went into the prayer room and I began dealing personally with this lady. As we prayed the entities which were within her rose up and I soon found she had many unclean spirits dwelling in her body. We battled these spirits in several different sessions over a period of about two weeks. The demons would seem to leave for a time, then when she was alone they would manifest themselves again. Louise said that one spirit in particular would shoot her with arrows.

Mrs. Tomlinson, a Sunday school teacher and a dear woman of God who lived at an angle across the street from the church, showed Christian love and kindness to Mrs. Wolf. One day the two of them were sitting in Mrs. Tomlinson's back yard waiting for the church hour to arrive when Louise began to cry, "Oh,

they are attacking me. They are shooting me with arrows!"

Mrs. Tomlinson jumped up crying, "Where, where?"

Louise pointed to her bare legs and Mrs. Tomlinson said that she could clearly see blood flowing from under her dress. The Sunday school teacher invoked the power of Jesus' blood and the demon forces retreated.

One more session in the prayer room that night gave Louise complete deliverance. She has lived a beautiful Christian life from that day onward. She and her husband became faithful attenders of our services. The whole city knew about the degenerate condition of this woman. The great change God had wrought in her life was a powerful testimony to thousands of people.

Demon Activity in the Last Days

The experiences I have shared in this chapter are living proof that Satan is alive and on the loose, "Walking about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. 5:8).

For generations many blind leaders of the blind have been teaching that, although Jesus cast out many evil spirits, the day of humans being possessed of the devil is past. Nothing could be further from the truth. In reality there is more demon activity on earth today than there has ever been before in the history of the human race.

The Word of God specifically says, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils" (1 Tim. 4:1).

This prophecy includes a time element, "the latter times." Those words were spoken by the Holy Spirit for the Church. We are living in those latter times right now. He tells us that some shall depart from the faith and rather than just becoming a backslider or wayward in their spiritual lives that they would actually give themselves over to "seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

Almost every day someone who needs help combating an evil spirit calls my office from somewhere in America. Continually letters come to me from those who are tormented by the devil. They need deliverance. Psychiatry cannot set them free. Philosophy and education cannot deliver them. Pastoral counseling alone will not suffice.

Only the omnipotent power of the Holy Spirit can overcome the forces of the unholy spirit of the devil. This power is available to anyone who will seek it. God is no respecter of persons.

The book of Revelation gives the account of Satan being cast down to earth from the heavens. "Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! For the devil is come down

unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12:12). This Scripture confirms that there will be greater demon power on the earth in the final days of this dispensation.

In Revelation 16:12-16 there are three unclean spirits which possess the dragon, the beast and the false prophet— the trinity of hell. God says they are spirits of devils working miracles and will go forth to deceive the entire world. They will ultimately gather the kings of the whole earth to Armageddon.

Again we read that up from the bottomless pit will come swarms of evil creatures to torment mankind.

It seems to me that the greatest need in the spiritual world is for men and women to understand how to have authority over devils, to control them and cast them out.

Some in the church have tried to taboo the ministry of exorcising evil spirits. Many ministers have turned their backs on the truth, trying to substitute mental health programs and insane asylums for a deliverance ministry. Yet there is an ever growing need for the ministry of setting people free in the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Lord has revealed to me that there will be millions of people in our modern world who will need deliverance from evil spirits in the days just ahead of us. Occultism, witchcraft, fortune telling, astrology, and spiritism will greatly increase.

The church of Jesus Christ must prepare herself for the greatest spiritual battle of the ages. We may boldly march into the conflict "because greater is he that is in *you*, than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4).

CHAPTER SIX

Miracles and Divine Guidance

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.
Psalm 37:23

One of the most prevalent questions on the minds of Christians today, clergy and laity alike, is "How can I know the will of God?"

The devil provokes men and women to fret over this question. The will of God is as simple as breathing. Every child of God is in the will of God unless he has intentionally violated what he knows to be God's will.

It is impossible to be out of the will of God if one truly loves God and does whatever God has asked him to do. If God has never asked a person to do anything, then that person can safely assume he is already doing God's will.

For example, at this moment my three sons, wherever they are and whatever they might be doing, are in my will. This is true because I love them and trust them and believe they are capable of doing whatever they should be doing. If I should want my sons to come to me, I would telephone and ask them to catch an airplane and fly to wherever I am. Then if they refuse to come they would be out of my will, even though they were in my will doing the very same thing a few minutes earlier.

This was true of Elijah. The prophet was in the will of God while he was alone in the wilderness by the brook Cherith. Then when God spoke and said it was time to get up and go, if Elijah had refused to move he would have been out of the will of God. The same place that was God's will for Elijah on one day was out of God's will the following day.

As far as I know, from the time I was seventeen I have never been out of the will of God simply because whenever God said to do something, I didn't hesitate. I just did it. Whether the task was difficult or easy made no difference. Whether it would take a moment or years to accomplish did not matter. Even if God's instructions did not make sense to me I would immediately say to myself, "God knows more than my mind knows." So I have done whatever God said to do without trying to decide if it seemed the sensible thing to do.

Almost everything I have ever done for God seemed wrong from the natural standpoint. When I started out to preach at the age of seventeen, people said that it was wrong because they thought I needed a Bible school education. I began preaching anyway and from the very beginning started raising up churches which to this day stand as memorials to the wisdom and power of our allwise

God.

At the age of twenty when I started around the world with only twelve dollars in my pocket that seemed like anything but the smart thing to do. The minister in San Francisco who took me to the ship tried to discourage me from going up to the very moment of my departure. But I knew what God had told me to do and I refused to listen to man.

The first church which I built in South Bend was to be a structure that would cost one hundred thousand dollars. We began construction with only four thousand dollars in the bank and with no hope of a loan. All of the people in our church were either poor or working class people. In the natural I thought it was a foolish thing to do, but God said to start building. Six months after we moved into the new building it was completely paid for. God performed many miracles to bring this about.

When God told us to go to Israel to live, my family and I just packed up and went. It was not the logical thing to take a wife and three children to that politically unsettled country. We lived through a war without trying to escape the country and God took care of us.

I have found the will of God to be beautiful, loving, and easy. I have never prayed, "God, what are we going to do tomorrow? Tell me about next year." I have simply thanked God for the day in which I lived, and praised Him that my steps were being directed by Him for that day. I believe that if we will just walk each day by faith, whether the Lord tells us anything specific or not, He will guide our path.

God Led Me to Pray for a Priest

God is interested in the small details as well as the big plans for our lives. In these seemingly insignificant everyday things of life we see His great and beautiful plan unfolded before us.

For example, one morning when I walked into my office in South Bend my secretary said that there was a man in the hospital who wanted me to come pray for him. I picked up the note but did not recognize the man's name. Upon arriving at St. Joseph's Hospital I went buzzing up to the fifth floor to the room where I thought the man was. I walked into the room and said to the man lying there in the bed, "How are you, brother? I have come to pray for you." He said, "Thank you very much," and bowed his head and closed his eyes. After a beautiful time of prayer I looked down at the man and asked, "Who are you?"

He answered, "l am a Catholic father from Notre Dame University."

"I am sorry, sir, I must have made a mistake," I said, taking the piece of paper from my pocket and looking at it. I was in the right room but on the wrong

floor! The man I was looking for was on the fourth floor and here I was on the fifth.

The priest said, "Don't be embarrassed. I have been praying for hours that God would send someone here to pray for me. You have come in the will of God. When you entered the door something told me that you were the man whom God had sent."

Had I made a mistake? Was it merely a coincidence? Certainly not. The will of God was for me to pray for that Roman Catholic priest. God didn't have to hit me in the head or scream at me; He just guided me to the right room. After I prayed for the man on the fifth floor and God healed him, then I went down and prayed for the man on the fourth floor.

The will of God is like a beautiful stream which flows so easily when we are God's children. It is something we just do without premeditation or worrying about it.

Again, if my three sons were to jump up every morning and come running into my room crying, "Oh, my father, Oh, my father, what are we going to do today?" I would say, "Well, it looks to me like you had better go back to bed and get some rest."

God doesn't want us to scream at Him all the time. He just wants us to love Him and to flow with the life He has given us until we get to heaven. It is a beautiful, simple, and good life when we just go about our business trusting God to order our steps.

Don’t Question God

Once I firmly decide upon a course God wants me to take, I never again discuss that decision in my mind. I don't feel it would be right to do so. If I am a spiritual person, yet continually question my own decisions and change my mind how can I say I trust God? If I tell a man, "I will meet you tomorrow at two o'clock," I don't then say to myself, "Now wait a minute, should I do that or should I not? Was I right or was I wrong?" I simply begin planning my day to be at the agreed upon place at two o'clock, and when the hour arrives I meet my appointment.

When the Lord asked me to resign the pastorate of one of the largest full gospel churches in America and go to the Philippines to raise up a new church, without hesitation I said, "Yes, God, I will go."

The first person I told of God's leading toward Manila was my wife. She was amazed but willing. She wondered what would happen to our church. I called the deacons of the church together and tendered my resignation. They wept with sorrow. The deacons offered me a raise in salary and a new car if I would stay. I

answered, "Brethren, you have missed what I have just told you. I did not ask for more money or a new car. I came to inform you that God has told me to go to the Philippines. He will give you a good pastor."

Not once between the time God told me to go and our arrival in Manila did I question in my mind whether I was doing the right thing or not. Even if problems had arisen I would not have wondered if I had really heard from the Lord. I would have just said, "Devil, you are trying to stop what God has started and you had better get out of the way." Then I would have demanded the devil to depart in Jesus' name.

Knowing God's Voice

People often ask me, "How can you know the voice of God?"

God's voice is not normally audible. I cannot say I have ever heard the voice of God with my natural ears, but I have had a keen sense of divine direction from the time I was first saved until the present. Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice" and "My sheep know my voice."

Sometimes the words are like thunder on the inside of my being, reverberating through my soul. At those times I have been very confident that God was speaking to me, although I am sure no one nearby could have heard the inner voice.

Even when God asks something of us that is humanly impossible or when He chastens us, we can be sure the voice of God will always be positive and full of love. The Father's voice will always be Christ exalting. The voice of the devil, on the other hand, would tempt us to be selfish, to be proud, and to do things to promote self rather than God.

Above all, God's voice will always be in harmony with His written Word, the Bible. One can be absolutely certain that any voice which contradicts or violates the Word of God is not the voice of God.

Too many people expect God's voice to be spectacular. In 1 Kings 19:11-12 we see where Elijah learned that God's voice is often so quiet that men may tend to ignore it. These verses say, "And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

If one lives humbly before God he is bound to recognize that God is directing or speaking to him. This is beyond our natural comprehension. "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" (1

Cor. 2:14).

As God weaves the tapestry of our lives in the Spirit, it is so smooth and easy that the miracle of it all sometimes goes unnoticed. Then at other times God's direction comes so dramatically and in such an unusual manner that the miraculous implications are more obvious.

Guidance for a Primitive Church

One such incident occurred while Howard Carter and I were traveling by muleback for three months in the remote hinterland of Tibet, China, and Burma. There were no hotels or other places of accommodation for lodging and we stayed in "horse inns." These were frame buildings which housed the horses and mules on the ground floor and the guests slept above in the hayloft. A charge was levied for the livestock and the men who owned the animals were allowed to stay free.

One night in such a loft we had opened our army cots and were preparing for sleep when three men with lanterns began to climb the ladder looking for us. These men were Christians who had traveled two or three days on foot just to talk with us. We asked them, "How did you know where to find us?" No one in that part of the world knew how far, how fast, or in which direction we were traveling.

They answered, "We were praying and God told us that if we would travel on this road for these days that at this point we would find foreigners who would help us resolve our local church problems. Our congregation is terribly divided over some issues of doctrine and discipline. As the elders of the church we have come seeking your judgment and we will take back the word to our people."

We got up and sat around the flickering lantern talking with these precious brethren until the wee hours of the morning. After we had finished discussing their problems with them and giving them Scripture to support our advice, we asked if they would like to lay down and sleep for the rest of the night.

"Oh, no," they replied. "When you have finished telling us all that we need to know, and when we have agreed that we each understand what you have said, we will immediately walk all the way back home to tell our people." They told us that lookouts would be waiting to send up signals to gather the people to hear what the white brethren had had to say.

This was a phenomenal "Acts of the Apostles" type miracle, where a native church sought guidance and the Holy Spirit spoke to them with directions as to where they could find someone who would give the answers they were seeking.

Whether it be in a remote primitive land or in a modern bustling city, wherever and whenever men trust God, the supernatural is performed.

Guidance Through Spiritual Gifts

Through the supernatural gifts of the Word of Wisdom, the Word of Knowledge, and Discerning of Spirits, God often guides His people in specific situations. These three gifts are often referred to as gifts of revelation because through them God often reveals His will to His people.

If the church of Jesus Christ as a whole would move into this spiritual dimension there would be no need for fortunetellers, crystal ball gazers, Ouija boards, tea leaf interpreters and all the paraphernalia which the devil uses to deceive the people of our generation.

God's Word expressly forbids dabbling in the occult. Those who seek spiritual guidance from any source other than God are guilty of violating the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" (Exod. 20:3).

Our entire world realizes that we are now engulfed in the greatest wave of black magic and witchcraft the world has ever known. One reason for this is that the church is not operating the gifts of the Spirit, the weapons of our warfare, which would stop the devil's counterfeits dead still.

It is especially important for a minister who is in charge of divine worship to have these gifts operating in his ministry. By the Holy Spirit is sometimes the only sure way one can know how to handle certain situations which may arise.

I was in attendance at a prayer meeting in Dyersburg, Tennessee, when an opportunity was given for people from the congregation to testify to what God was doing in their lives. A stately young woman, a stranger to everyone present, stepped in the back door, stood, and announced, "God sent me here with a message for you people tonight." She made some very strong statements to the effect that God would not bless the church if the people refused to hear her.

While she was still standing, a little woman sitting on one side of the auditorium stood, without even turning around to look at the self-proclaimed prophetess and said, "You are a harlot. You are from St. Louis, Missouri. You are in this town living with a man to whom you are not married. You boasted to him that you would come to this little church, deceive these people, and collect an offering for yourself. If you do not repent you will die in your sins."

The fear of the Lord came upon the entire assembly and men and women began to fall on their faces crying out to God to save the woman. While the people were praying she vanished into the night, never to be seen again.

On another occasion while I was conducting a revival meeting in Green Forest, Arkansas, I was staying in the pastor's home. The meeting was well advertised with overflow crowds packing the church every night. We were experiencing a tremendous move of God in the services.

One morning a man appeared at the pastor's door and asked to speak with Lester Sumrall. He told me, "I am a deacon in the Assembly of God church where I live just ten or twelve miles from here in the next town. My pickup truck has broken down on the edge of town and I need ten dollars to get it repaired." He told me that he was a businessman and that when he got home that evening he would send me twenty dollars. Outwardly he was very humble and said that he would be most appreciative for any help I could give him.

In my heart I felt the Lord was telling me that this man was an impostor and a liar. Yet I didn't want to believe it, he was such a well-dressed and clean-shaven person. In the natural I was willing to give the money to the man but I thought I would question him to test the voice which kept telling me "no."

I asked him, "Who is your pastor?" The man gave me the correct name of the pastor of the church which he claimed to attend.

I asked again, "How many did you have in Sunday school last Sunday?" Again he gave me an answer which was in line with what I knew the size of the church to be.

Within my spirit I argued, "Now Lord, this man is apparently honest and has a legitimate need." The voice within spoke back, "No, he is a con-artist and he is a liar. You are not to give him any of my money."

On an impulse I invited him to walk with me down to the corner. As we walked he continued to talk glibly, sounding more convincing all the time. And I continued to wrestle with the seemingly unreasonable negative feelings I had toward him.

When we got to the corner he asked, "Well, are you going to let me have that money?"

At that instant, before I was able to answer, the local Baptist pastor walked across the street toward us. He raised his hand in greeting and said, "Hi, Sumrall. What are you doing talking to one of my deacons?"

I spoke back, "He's not your deacon; he is an Assembly of God deacon. He had a breakdown just outside of town here and I am going to loan him ten dollars to fix his truck."

"Oh, no," the pastor said, "he is a Baptist deacon. I just loaned him ten dollars to fix that truck a few moments ago."

When I turned to face the man he was turning the corner running full speed out of sight. The Baptist's mouth dropped open as he exclaimed, "I just lost ten dollars."

Walking back to the house I wept as I prayed, "Lord, I am so sorry to have something in me that would rise up and think I knew more than you. You had to get that Baptist pastor up out of his office and bring him across the street in order

to show me that the man was a phony and that you wanted to stop him."

Throughout the Bible we see many instances of revelation gifts in which God discerns the spirit of man or reveals a word of His knowledge to His servants. In 2 Kings 6, we see how the prophet Elisha revealed the alien armies of Syria coming against the king of Israel. While sitting in his own house he told the king how the armies would attack and how he could confront them. The Syrian king accused some of his close associates of treachery, but they assured him it was not them but the prophet of Israel revealing his military tactics.

In the New Testament the Lord Jesus exercised this gift with great authority. For example, the first time he ever laid eyes on Nathaniel He said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! ... Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee" (John 1:47, 48). The day before Jesus ever saw this man with his natural eye he had seen him sitting under a fig tree through a word of God's knowledge.

One of the most forceful instances of this gift in operation was when the Apostle Peter discerned that Ananias and Sapphira were lying about the amount of money they were bringing to give to God. Peter had no natural way of knowing that these church members were being dishonest. Yet, through supernatural insight he declared that they had lied, not to man but to the Holy Ghost. Ananias and his wife, Sapphira, lay dead in the same hour in which they had tried to deceive God.

Throughout God's Word we read of men such as Abraham, Moses, Philip, Paul and others whose lives were directed by divine revelations.

If We Are Following God—We Don’t Have to Know the Future

God does not always reveal to us the future. He often leads in such ways that it is years later before we are able to look back and see how His hand was guiding us all along.

For example, when I first moved to Indiana to pastor the South Bend Gospel Tabernacle I was unknown in the community and our little church had only about forty or fifty adult members and about 100 children. No bank or loaning institution in the city would loan us money for a new church building. However, Mr. Henry Eckler, a Roman Catholic and owner of Eckler Lumber Company, extended us $25,000 in credit for building materials.

Within weeks after moving into the new building we were able to pay him in full without borrowing a dime.

A few years later Mr. Eckler died and his sister came to me saying, "The family has gotten together and decided we want you to live in my brother's

house."

At first I told her there was no way I could do it. The Eckler estate was a beautiful house and acreage on the south side of the city. The house had been hand built by the finest Swedish and German craftsmen in the late thirties. Hundreds of magnificent trees dotted the lovely ten acre estate. Mr. Eckler hired two men just to tend the garden.

When I first refused her offer Mr. Eckler's sister insisted, "But you *have* to live in his house. Our brother is in purgatory because of his life and we have decided this is the only way to get him out."

"But I don't believe in purgatory."

She replied, "I didn't come here to argue with you. It doesn't matter with us what you believe. It's what we believe."

"But I already have three lots on the south end of town on Michigan Street where I plan to build."

She said, "I know where your lots are and they are not a very good home site at all. There is not a tree on one of your lots. Why don't you sell them and move into our brother's place where the trees have already been growing for seventy-five or a hundred years?"

When I had purchased my three little lots I had paid a total of only about twelve hundred dollars for them. Now I was able to sell that property for nine thousand dollars to a furniture store. With that money I made the down payment on Mr. Eckler's house and his sister made a mortgage for me to finance the remainder through a local loan company.

My church decided that their pastor should have an allowance for housing so they began to make the payments for me. There I was living in one of the most beautiful homes in the area and to be truthful I wasn't sure I liked it. The place was too large and fine compared to the parsonage. After I moved the old parsonage was torn down to make room for a church parking lot.

In ridicule a few people began to call me "King Sumrall." Yet I had asked for nothing and had done nothing on my own to get the house and property.

A short time later I moved my family to Israel for six months and allowed Rev. Robert McAlister, who took my place in South Bend, to live in the house God had given us. Two years later we moved to Hong Kong for two and one half years to raise up a church and later we returned to

Manila, Philippines, to pastor the second time. During the first several years that we owned the house we lived in it less than three other pastors of the South Bend church.

Finally when God commissioned me to return home to live permanently in America the Lord asked, "Will you give me this place for a church?" I called our

family together and told them what the Lord had laid upon my heart. I asked my wife and three sons, "Are you willing to give our property for a church?" My wife recognized that this represented her only security outside of Jesus. My sons knew that the property would one day be theirs. Yet they gladly agreed to give the property, so we deeded it to the church free of charge. We have never had any regrets over that decision.

Today the original ten acres has been expanded to more than twelve as the church has been able to acquire some adjoining lots.

When I first purchased this property on East Ireland Road it was just a narrow county road out in the country. Although it was a lovely home site, it seemed like anything but an ideal location for a church. Over the years Ireland Road has evolved into a heavily traveled four-lane highway and is one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city. It is a choice site not only for Christian Center Church but also for World Harvest Bible College and the international headquarters for LeSea (Lester Sumrall Evangelistic Association). This includes editorial offices for World Harvest Magazine and the throbbing nerve center for our rapidly expanding television network. And I still enjoy living in the same big white house on the hill, although it does not belong to me. But then does any man really own the house in which he dwells or are we not all simply stewards of that which God has entrusted to us?

Looking back with the perspective which time has brought, it is clear to see how God has ordered our steps from the very beginning.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Miracles and Divine Watchcare

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91:11

God watches over His children. From earliest childhood I have seen the hand of God's watchcare over my own life. Even when I was just a little boy Satan must have had some idea of God's plan for my life and ministry because on several occasions he tried to destroy me before I could grow to maturity. In an earlier book I have told how God miraculously spared me from several close scrapes with death in childhood. Without repeating any of those instances here, I can testify of several other miracles of divine watchcare. (See *Run With the Vision*.)

The Raft That Drifted to Sea

When I was still quite young our family lived in a house overlooking St. Andrews Bay and the Gulf of Mexico in Panama City, Florida. In those days I lived in my swimming trunks as much as any other clothing during the summertime. Most of the neighborhood boys did the same. We spent many long, lazy summer days playing at the beach.

One day some of my friends and I built a homemade raft of scrap lumber and some empty, fifty-gallon oil drums we found. It was our plan to take the raft out into the bay and use it as a platform for diving and swimming.

There were about ten of us boys involved in the project and we were having a great time, busy with our hammers and nails. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when we launched our vessel into the bay. We were diving and laughing and totally absorbed in our activity until about four o'clock when one of the boys yelled, "Hey, look! The tide is carrying us out to sea!" We looked up and to our horror and dismay the houses on the shore appeared like toys far in the distance. Two of the larger boys who were strong swimmers immediately dove into the water and began to make their way toward shore. I was the largest of the six or eight boys who stayed on the raft. These fellows were only about eight to ten years old and they began to scream and cry, "Lester, don't leave us. Don't leave us. Please don't leave us!"

Although I felt that I was strong enough to swim to the sandbanks alone, I could not bring myself to leave these terrified little friends with tears running down their faces.

As we drifted further from shore the waves got higher until they began to

break over the raft. I ordered the boys to lay flat on their bellies and hang on in order to keep from being swept overboard. We were all extremely frightened and felt that our doomsday had come. The sun was now sinking swiftly toward the western horizon and we knew that darkness would be coming soon. I can't remember that any of us prayed. We just hung on to the creaking raft with the salt spray bursting over us and fervently hoped that we would somehow survive.

Then one of the boys looked up and yelled, "Hey, I believe the houses are getting closer."

We looked up and to our great joy realized that the tide had turned just in the nick of time for us. We were drifting in toward some old fish houses about two miles down the beach from where we had launched our raft. When we got close enough that I felt the boys could all reach the sand I said, "All right you guys, get off of here. But remember one thing, you must never tell your parents who you were with or you will be in trouble."

After the last one of them dove into the surf, I did the same, swimming to shore. It was after dark when I arrived home, exhausted.

Mother asked where I had been and I only answered, "You wouldn't believe it if I told you." It was a long time later before I shared the incident with her.

Was it a miracle? Some may say that the tide turns every day and we were just lucky. Yet somehow I have always felt that more than just good fortune was involved in that little episode. Whether God uses a natural phenomenon or the supernatural, I believe that more times than those for which we give Him credit, He watches over and protects His children.

So often I have contemplated how men and women need the tide to turn in their lives. When the tide turns the whole world turns in the proper direction. Those contemplating suicide, those who are suffering, those at the point of despair, can see the tide turn in their situation if they will only permit the God of the tide to take charge of their lives.

That day on the raft was only representative of many instances when I have experienced a miracle of God's loving protection. Throughout my ministry, in many dire circumstances, I have been made to remember that we have an omnipresent God who watches over His own.

Falling into a Volcano in Java

On the Indonesian island of Java, Howard Carter and I were staying in the home of a Dutch banker while ministering in his city for a few days.

Our host informed us that Indonesia has more live volcanoes than any other area in the world. One evening he asked, "How would you like to look down into the crater of a live volcano?" I was excited by the opportunity to behold such a

formidable spectacle of nature.

The banker took the day off from work and early the next morning, around four o'clock, we took a picnic lunch and drove by auto out of town to the foot of a lush tropical mountain. We rented horses and began the ascent up the towering slope. By mid-morning we had climbed to the edge of the crater where we looked over the side. Boiling lava was leaping up like liquid hell in the pit far below us. The stench of the sulfuric fumes was almost overpowering.

I climbed out to the tip of the grassy ledge on my knees and gazed for a long time, mesmerized by the awesome sight. The fascination of this movement of the black caldron was hypnotic. I did not particularly notice that the ground underneath the ledge had been eaten out by the living inferno beneath it.

Suddenly I was aware that the ground beneath me was giving way, as in a slow-motion fantasy. In the next moment I felt myself falling through the air as the ground on which I was standing broke away completely and began to plunge toward the bubbling lava two hundred feet below.

The banker, who was standing just a few feet behind me, grabbed at my shirt with lightening reflexes. That small-framed man threw me backward over the top of his head with superhuman strength and we went sprawling on the grass together, coming to rest about twenty feet from the fragile rim of the volcano. I looked back to see that where I had been kneeling a moment before there was now a gaping hole about the size of a grand piano.

As we got up and were brushing ourselves off the banker said, "I warned you to be careful."

"I see what you mean," I replied, and I thanked him profusely for saving my life. But both of us knew that someone greater than any human had been watching over us that day.

Airplane Crash in Mexico

While ministering in the bustling metropolis of Mexico City, I heard the news of a new volcano, Paricutin, which had just been born in the hinterland of that country. Being fascinated by such things, I decided to take a day to have a look at this news-making spectacle which had erupted without warning from a cornfield and buried an entire town. Reports were that the cinder cone was already four hundred feet high and still growing as rocks and liquid fire continued to belch out of its mouth.

At the airport in Mexico City, I bought two tickets, for my interpreter and myself, on a local mail plane which also carried six or seven passengers. I rode up in the cockpit with the pilot. Our first stop was a mail drop at a little grass airstrip. When we landed I was horrified to see that the plane's brakes were not

working properly. The pilot pumped furiously and somehow managed to bring his craft to a stop. He then got out to work on it. Using a file he tinkered with the brakes for a few minutes, then with a sigh said, "There, that ought to help it." I wasn't so sure the pilot knew what he was doing. However, I had no real choice but to get back into the plane and fly toward the next stop.

On our second landing the brakes were not any better.

They seemed worse than before. Luckily our landing strip was in a cow pasture where the pilot had plenty of room to let the plane roll until it came to a stop. "This is dangerous," I warned him. "You are going to have to reverse the props to stop it the next time."

The pilot assured me he could handle it and we took off for our third leg of the trip which was to Paricutin, my final destination. On this landing the pilot did not come in as well as he had at the previous two stops. He let the plane down in the middle of the grassy field and by the time we got to the barbed-wire fence at the end of the runway he was still rolling at about forty miles per hour.

"Do something, man!" I yelled. "Hurry, turn this thing around."

He turned it around all right, and when he did the little plane flipped and turned over twice. When we came to rest I was unhurt but the door was twisted and jammed. I kicked out the windshield and climbed out quickly, afraid that the fuel tank might explode at any moment. I then ran around and forced open a door and began pulling out the passengers. They were cut, bruised, and bleeding, but none were too seriously injured. The one who seemed banged up most was the young man who was traveling with me, serving as my interpreter. He came out vowing, "I'll never fly again! I'll never fly again! I'll never fly again!"

The following day I had to use some strong persuasion, and a fervent prayer, to get my interpreter on another small plane to fly back to Mexico City. He trembled with fear. God delivered him, for that same man is still in missionary work and has flown tens of thousands of miles by airplane since our incident at Paricutin. He mastered his fear of flying which could have become a phobia to dominate his life.

Sinking Ship in the South Atlantic

On another occasion when Howard Carter and I were doing missionary work in South America, we were traveling from Joinville up to Santos, Brazil. It was a two or three days' journey up the coast on a freight boat carrying a heavy load of logs. The man who owned the boat was a good Christian man and we were his guests. We anticipated the trip as a good time to relax and rest while traveling between preaching engagements.

On our first night out at sea such a storm arose as I had never seen before in

my life. Fierce winds caused the sea to stand up on end like a restless chain of watery mountains. Our one-hundred-foot ship looked like a peanut by comparison to the monstrous waves. Billows began to break over our ship and salt water penetrated every crack and crevice of the old vessel. Even our cabin on the top deck filled with water to a depth of about twelve inches. As we bobbed and tossed I watched my hat and my Bible floating back and forth across the room, but it was all I could do just to hold on to my bunk. Everything in the ship that was not firmly secured was literally turned upside down. The interior of the ship was wrecked.

The captain came to our room in a state of near hysteria and screamed three words, "We're sinking! Pray!"

I did pray, but things didn't seem to improve much for all that night and for most of the next day. Finally the storm subsided and with great effort our ship limped into the harbor at Santos. We were barely afloat with eighteen inches of water over the plumb line.

During the ordeal we had fasted of necessity. The cook had laid in his bunk vomiting from sea sickness throughout much of the trip. In fact, everyone on the ship had been sick except Howard Carter and me. When we pulled into port the captain thanked God for sparing our lives. He, more than anyone else, knew that the angels of God had wrought a miracle and caused us to survive.

Lost Over Alaska

One of the most amazing times I have experienced the watchcare of protecting angels was in Alaska. It was January and I had just finished preaching a revival meeting in Fairbanks. My next preaching appointment was in Nome, on the Bering Sea. The only way to travel was by a mail plane which had skis instead of wheels.

In Nome it was interesting to see how the Eskimos lived with their houses completely covered by snow with a tunnel dug for an entrance way. They said that very little heat was needed because of the insulation provided by the snow. The hardy natives made their living almost entirely by fishing through the ice.

I preached in the school in this frontier town and enjoyed a very successful meeting with many blessings from God.

The young bush pilot and I were the only ones on the plane as we took off for our return trip to Fairbanks. I sat in the copilot's seat next to him.

Shortly after takeoff the pilot looked down and sighted a pack of wolves stalking a herd of reindeer. He nosed the plane around and circled in low, maybe thirty feet above the frozen tundra. Taking his rifle from behind the seat the pilot would tip the plane's wing, take a bead on a wolf, and fire. In about a dozen

shots I saw three or four wolves drop in their tracks, marking the spot with a crimson stain on the snow. The pilot told me he received a bounty for every wolf he reported killed. I found the entire episode to be very exciting.

When the pilot had dispensed with the wolf pack, we climbed to a higher altitude and headed back toward Fairbanks. The little plane carried no sophisticated radar or guidance equipment and the pilot was accustomed to finding his way by sight.

After we had been flying for several minutes the pilot turned to me and said gravely, "Sumrall, we're lost. We went around so many times back there chasing those wolves that I lost my sense of direction and I don't recognize any familiar landmarks." He explained that we were so close to the magnetic pole that the plane's compass was not reliable. To compound the problem, darkness was quickly settling over the landscape.

Hoping for a simple answer I asked, "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I don't even know which direction we are flying. Mt. McKinley is south of us and if we hit that we are goners for sure. Then if we go too far to the north and miss Fairbanks, there is nothing up there except tundra, and our gas would give out and we would be dead. We've got to at least find a small river to put this plane down for the night." The pilot was clearly frightened and it was rubbing off on me.

The long winter night began to settle in and it was soon too dark to clearly make out objects below us. Our fuel gauge was showing just a hair above empty.

Turning to me again the pilot asked, as if to assure himself, "You're a preacher, aren't you?"

"Yes," I swallowed.

"Well, you had better pray. If you don't, we're not going to make it."

I had already been praying silently but now I bowed my head and unashamedly prayed aloud, "Now Lord, we don't know where we are, but certainly you do. Help us, Lord. Guide us!"

After I had thus committed our situation to the Lord we sat in silence and waited for several tense moments with no sound but the drone of the engine and the whistle of the wind.

"I think I see some lights over there," the pilot suddenly blurted and he veered the nose of the plane to the left. Soon we saw below us the dark silhouette of an Eskimo village situated along the banks of a frozen river.

The villagers must have been startled by the noise of our plane. They knew that no one was supposed to be in the air after dark. The quick-witted Eskimos began to light up dozens of lamps and line the side of the river as we circled overhead. I have never seen a more welcome sight. The lights seemed no

brighter from the air than so many fireflies, but they were bright enough to reveal the outline of the only smooth place available for a landing.

The plane nosed downwards and before we expected it hit the river with a tremendous wallop. The impact jolted every bone in my body and every bolt on the plane. We must have bounced fifty feet back into the air. I don't think we even slowed down and the plane just kept on flying.

As we circled for another approach the pilot said, "You had better pray harder. If you don't, we're not going to get this thing down."

By now everyone in the whole village of about three hundred was out beside the riverbank with a little lamp of some kind. Where the river was we could only see darkness. We knew it was there only by the flickering lights which the Eskimos held. Once again we hit, not nearly so hard this time, bouncing about five feet and then coming down again with the wonderful scraping sound of our skis running across the ice. Finally we came to an uneasy halt and turned the plane around, bringing it back to the village.

There was a lot of rejoicing and celebrating in the little village that night. No one there had ever seen anything quite like it. The pilot especially just couldn't get through thanking God for sparing his life.

The postmaster of the little village took us in for the night. The next morning we were able to gas up and take off, arriving back in Fairbanks within an hour.

Bullets and Blessings Under a Brush Arbor

I was conducting a revival in the Oklahoma oil fields as a very young evangelist. Some of the people in that part of the country in those days were very rough and their lifestyles were marked by violence.

The meeting was being held under a brush arbor, a makeshift affair of poles and branches situated close to a well-traveled road. During my message one night we could hear the sudden squealing of rubber against pavement followed by a sickening thud. Someone began to yell, "A man has been killed! A man has been killed!" I heard another voice say that a drunk had staggered out in front of a speeding automobile.

Taking advantage of the situation I made a strong altar appeal: "Here this man was drunk. He had given his life to the devil. Now he is dead and in hell." Passionately I invited sinners to come to an altar of repentance. As the wail of sirens faded in the distance several souls wept their way through to an experience of the new birth.

The next morning a car pulled up in front of the house where I was staying and three or four sullen-faced young men got out. They rapped angrily at the door and demanded, "Is Sumrall here?"

I had no idea who the young men were but answered, "I am Lester Sumrall."

"Come out here. We want to talk to you."

No sooner had I stepped out the door than they said, "We are going to kill you."

"What for?" I stammered.

"Our daddy got killed last night and he wasn't drunk."

"Oh," I said apologetically. "I'm sorry. I am glad he wasn't drunk. I didn't mean any offense."

"Yes, you did," one of the boys said belligerently. "You preached a whole sermon against my daddy. People told us you did. Now we are disgraced in this town because you told everybody our daddy was a drunkard."

The truth is several witnesses testified that the man *had* been drunk when the accident occurred.

One of the brothers pointed a finger at me and threatened, "We are going to get you." With that they piled back into their car and burned rubber as they squealed away.

I arrived at the brush arbor half an hour early that night and already about a hundred people had gathered for the service.

Just as I walked up I heard someone asking the pastor, "What are we going to do?"

"I'm going home," he answered. "Somebody is going to get killed here tonight." He left.

It was still fifteen minutes before time for the meeting to start and the people were obviously scared. Some of them began to come up to me and express their concern asking, "What are you going to do?"

"What do you mean, what am I going to do?"

"There is a man who says he is coming to kill you tonight," they informed me. "You talked against this man's father and he has vowed to kill you."

"In that case," I said, "let him kill me." Since the pastor had already left I got up and started the singing, led in prayer, and finally began to preach. During the service people would speak out and say, "There is a man out there behind a tree with a pistol and he is going to shoot you."

After a while I got tired of these interruptions and announced, "Listen! God is with me. Any man here who pulls a trigger tonight, God will strike him dead. I dare you to do it."

As I spoke, the fear of God came upon that place and the audience sat open-mouthed in stunned silence. I finished my sermon and gave the altar call. Two or three seekers came forward to pray and as they did I walked back through the crowd. The expression of a grim-faced young man caught my attention. I said,

"Young man, God is talking to you tonight."

"How do you know?" he rebutted.

"God tells me He is talking to you."

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No, I don't, but God does."

"I am one of those brothers," he confessed. "It was my dad you were talking against."

I had not recognized the young man until that moment. To me it was no coincidence that I had felt led to speak to him. "Listen, fellow," I said, "I am not a troublemaker. I am just a gospel preacher. You don't need to hate God. You don't need to hate me either. But I've got news for you. I don't know where your daddy is, but I know you are going to hell if you don't get right with God."

He broke and began to weep bitterly. I led him down to the altar and as he knelt in the sawdust he was joined by dozens of his Oklahoma neighbors who came weeping their way through to Calvary. It was a great spiritual victory for the entire community.

Touring Through the Seven-Day War

At 1:50 P.M., Saturday, October 6th, 1973, Syria opened a barrage of gunfire on the Golan Heights and invaded Israel with her mighty T-62 Russian tanks. It was Israel's most holy day of the year, Yom Kippur, and the entire nation was at worship. Within minutes, every city and town in Israel heard sirens scream and the Middle East was again at war. Finally eight Arab nations joined in the carnage to regain lost territory and conquer the state of Israel.

As the teletype at our radio station in South Bend, Indiana, told the story of the new hostilities, I had to make a decision regarding a tour I had scheduled to depart New York for Israel in just two days.

I had been in Israel during the Sinai war in 1956. At that time I was living in Jerusalem with my family. Even when the American ambassador and consul themselves had both departed the country and urged my family to do the same, we had chosen to stay. To my knowledge we had been the only American family remaining during the war.

God had protected us that time and I knew He was able to do it again.

When our tour group got to New York we found that a young lady who worked for the tour company had already changed our itinerary and was sending the group to Turkey. I called my people together and announced, "We are going to the Holy Land. This woman here has nothing to do with it. This is my tour. We are flying out of here tonight and going to Rome first and from there to Israel."

We got to Rome all right, but there were no flights going into Israel. Every airline had canceled. Our group flew next to Athens, Greece, where I asked, "Is anybody going to Israel at all?" An Israeli El Al Airlines official answered, "Yes, we are going, but we don't have any passengers to take. We are flying empty."

I said, "How would you like to take sixty-seven people?"

"We would love it," was the reply.

I asked the man to call Jerusalem and see if we would be welcomed. I then called my people together and told them, "Now I am going to Israel in spite of this war between the Arabs and the Jews. If you want to go with me you may, and if not you can either stay here or return to New York." Only two people dropped out of the tour and returned home. Each of the others signed a release of personal responsibility for the tour company.

What a thrill it was to set down at ten minutes past midnight upon Israeli soil at Lod Airport. There were no custom formalities—-just a big welcome.

We found Israel surprisingly quiet and tranquil. Ours was the only tour group in the whole country and every hotel was closed. They opened a fine hotel in Jerusalem just for us and brought us a bus driver from the Sinai battlefront to drive us through the land. Never in more than thirty trips to Israel have I been treated more royally. We were visited at our hotel by the Israeli minister of tourism who expressed his appreciation for our presence. Our only inconvenience was the nightly blackouts, but they weren't too inconvenient because our group held special prophecy studies in the evening.

I have never seen a group enjoy a tour more. We will never forget the night in Jerusalem when we met in an underground auditorium with a local group of believers made up of many denominations. The meeting room was down steep steps with no outside windows. Again the blackout did not hinder us.

One night in Jerusalem, I took a group of our men for a walk to the Old City at about midnight. We were stopped by a military jeep which threw its lights on us, and I immediately said, "We are Americans!" Otherwise we just spoke to the machine gun-carrying soldiers as we passed them at every corner.

In the daytime we could watch the dashing jets as they flew toward Syria over the Sea of Galilee or down the Mediterranean coast toward Egypt.

Sleeping in Tiberias we heard the roar of the cannons as one of the largest tank battles of history was being fought. Some 1,500 tanks at one time were engaged in conflict. We saw many of these captured Russian tanks being pulled back into Israel for repair to use in the Israeli army. We were permitted to photograph war zones and captured equipment as well.

We were able to visit all the points on our itinerary except the Dead Sea, which was near the battle zone. Our pilgrims were taken on a boat trip across the

Sea of Galilee near the Golan Heights, never doubting that God was watching over us.

As we were departing Israel on the following Monday we heard the news of Sunday's United Nations Council cease-fire resolution. The war was over and Israel was the victor. Knowing Bible prophecy, that was no surprise to us.

Sixty-five happy people returned to America with a renewed assurance that God watches over His own.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Miracles and Divine Provision

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:19

When I started out around the world on an extended two-and-one-half-year missionary journey at the age of twenty, with only twelve dollars in my pocket, it wasn't a very smart thing to do from a natural standpoint. But God's wisdom is greater than man's and He had ordered me to go.

Just before leaving on the trip I had been ministering at Glad Tidings Temple and Bible school in San Francisco. The pastor, Dr. Craig, was the one who took me to the ship terminal to board the vessel which was to carry me across the Pacific to Australia on the first leg of my journey. Dr. Craig commented, "It must be wonderful to be a wealthy young man going around the world."

I said, "Yes, that *would* be wonderful."

Then he asked, "Do you have sufficient funds?"

My only reply was, "God knows what I have and need."

Dr. Craig then became concerned and suggested that maybe I should make an itemized list of my needs and reconsider whether or not I could afford to make the trip. I told him that such a list wouldn't be necessary because I needed everything.

The veteran pastor looked at me with sympathetic eyes and remarked, "Young man, you may go to China and starve to death."

I told him, "If I do, just send over a little stone and inscribe on it, 'Here lies Lester Sumrall—starved to death trusting Jesus.'"

That was my farewell from America. What Dr. Craig did not know was that I had already been learning to depend upon God to supply my needs since I had entered the ministry full-time three years earlier. Even before I preached my first sermon, on the way to that very first revival, God had provided my dinner by causing the car I was riding in to stall under a tree full of ripe persimmons. I had trusted Him for every meal and every other need from that day onward and never yet has He failed to provide for me.

Miracle Ticket in Australia

The first place I preached on that 'round-the-world trip was in Melbourne, Australia. During the week of revival services I was not given an offering or honorarium for expenses. The pastor just thanked me for preaching and commented, "It must be nice to be a rich young American and going around the

world." I did not tell him that I didn't have enough money to buy a train ticket to my next preaching engagement. The only person I told about my need was my heavenly Father.

After preaching the last night of the meeting in Melbourne I returned to the room in the home where I was staying and spent most of the night in prayer. I wept, reminding God that I was twelve thousand miles from home without money to get out of town. I prayed, "Lord, I don't have any money so it is no use to go to the train depot. I am just going to stay in this room and I will not leave until you provide my need. If I die here, God, then that's your business."

The next morning at about seven the family with whom I was staying asked if I would like to join them for breakfast. I told them I was not eating. I do not know whether they had been able to hear me praying during the night.

Another anxious hour and a half passed. I had my suitcase packed but I would not leave the room.

Then at about 8:30 A.M. a man knocked at the front door and asked my hosts, "May I speak to Rev. Sumrall who was preaching in our church this week?" They directed him to my room.

He asked if he could come in and I opened the door to him. Cautiously he began, "I couldn't sleep last night."

"Neither could I."

Apologetically he offered, "Now we know that Americans are rich and we know that you don't need anything. But the Lord spoke to me last night and said that you were going to a certain city. Is that right?"

"Yes," I answered, "I am supposed to preach there tonight."

"The Lord told me you don't have a ticket. Is that true?" Then before I could answer he added quickly, "If you do have a ticket then I will never again trust this impression which I feel is from God."

I said, "Well, you can keep on trusting because I don't have a ticket."

Then he explained, "The train you will need to take has seats available by reservation only. Early this morning I felt impressed to run down and make a reservation and buy a ticket for you. But I didn't think it was because you didn't have money. I thought it was because you didn't know you were supposed to make a reservation."

I told him that I *didn't* know it was a reserved train, and I didn't have any money either.

That Australian man began to weep joyously. He told me, "This is the greatest moment of my life, to know that God actually spoke to me about someone else's need."

I began to cry and rejoice with him. He grabbed my suitcase and together we

headed for the train station.

Provisions for Journey into Tibet

When Howard Carter and I were conducting a crusade in Hong Kong we were finalizing our long talked about trip inland China to Tibet. However, I did not have the money that would be required to book passage on the boat to Hanoi and then on the train for three days to Yunnanfu, and then hire the needed mules and buy supplies. I did not tell Brother Carter about my need but I committed the matter to God in prayer. Inner doubts were telling me to just let him go alone while I stayed behind and held meetings in Hong Kong. I resisted the idea however, because if Brother Carter should be hurt or killed in that dangerous region, I might never know what happened to him. Not only that but each of our ministries so complemented the other with my leading people to salvation and praying for the sick while he taught the converts of the deeper life and led them into the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Though we traveled together as companions, Howard Carter and I never discussed our personal finances. He never knew what I had and I never knew what he had. We both were trusting God for our individual needs as we traveled together by faith.

Howard Carter was from an affluent British family and the people of Great Britain are more conservative than most Americans. One just didn't discuss intimate matters or intrude into another person's privacy. I was traveling with a man whose father had been a successful inventor and he himself was both an inventor and an artist. He had exhibited in the royal academy of art by the time he was twelve years old. When his father died he became relatively wealthy. Because of his consecration he had given all of his inheritance to support Hampstead Bible Institute in London. God had miraculously put together the unlikely team of Howard Carter and Lester Sumrall. I knew that I must make the trek with him into Tibet, but how my needs would be supplied only God knew. I had almost no contact with America at this time.

I was praying for the sick during my meetings in Hong Kong, laying hands on each individual in the long lines who came for healing each night. A little Chinese woman, who looked to me much like all the others, came through the prayer line one night. However, I can't say that I particularly noticed her.

The following evening she returned, accompanied by three servants who were all carrying large wooden crates. She came to me and said, "I understand you are going to Tibet."

"Well," I answered, "we are at least talking about the possibilities."

She told me that in Tibet only native foods were available, and not too much

of that. She had brought three crates of canned California fruits which she said I would need for the journey. Later we were to really praise God for that fruit, for our survival in the hinterland would have been most difficult without it. Then as the woman turned to leave she handed me a sealed envelope.

I thanked her and put the envelope into my pocket, thinking maybe ten dollars or so would be in it, but I still wasn't sure I was going to be able to go to Tibet.

When I got back to my room I opened the envelope and there to my great delight was enough money to finance my entire ninety days into Tibet and back with a little to spare.

I later learned that the Chinese lady was the wife of a general from mainland China. She had come to Hong Kong for a very special and expensive operation. The next day after I had prayed for her she had gone to see her doctor who examined her again and said, "I can't explain it but you don't need the operation any more. It is all different now." The money she gave to me was that which she had brought to pay the surgeon. She paid the Great Physician instead.

Soles for Souls

The shoes which I had been wearing for about a year and a half since leaving San Francisco wore completely out in China. I purchased a pair of Chinese shoes, but was unable to find a size large enough for my big American feet. Although they never did fit properly they looked nice enough. I wore those Chinese shoes from China to Japan, across Siberia and Russia, to Europe and into England.

Brother Carter and I never preached together in an English-speaking country. Once in Great Britain I was on my own again. Since this was not considered to be a mission field we split in order to double our outreach.

This was still during the Depression and for a revival service I would often receive ten shillings or sometimes one pound (two or three to five dollars in American money). With the expenses of travel, it was impossible to save anything. I didn't see how I would ever get enough money to buy a steamship ticket back to America.

I prayed, "Now, Lord, here I am stuck in England and I need the money to get to America. Nobody knows it but you, Lord. And I am telling you because you already know what I need."

I was scheduled to preach in a small church in a little town in the Midlands. When I arrived, the pastor's wife greeted me by saying, "There is a parcel here for you, Brother Sumrall." I wondered, "How does anyone know I am here?" I hardly knew where I was myself.

I graciously accepted the package which did not have a return address or even a postmark to show where it had been mailed from. Opening it I was surprised to find a beautiful pair of shoes. Still doubting the miracle that was happening I said, "Now wait a minute. How are these supposed to fit me when I don't even know my own size?" In those days I never bought shoes by size but by trying on different pairs until I found one that fit.

The shoes were handmade and of the finest leather. Anxiously I tried on the left foot and it felt better than any fit I had ever had before in my life. Then I tried on the right shoe and to my dismay, my foot would not go into it. Doubt sprang up and said, "See there, you should have known this was just too good to be true."

Disappointed, I reached my hand into the right shoe only to discover that in the toe was a roll of English pounds wrapped in a piece of paper. I counted them out, an equivalent of two hundred fifty American dollars! This was the exact tourist-class fare I needed to cross the Atlantic by boat. God had met both of my needs.

To this day I have no idea who could have sent the shoes with the perfect fit as well as the exact fare of my passage to America.

A Miracle Paid the Architect

In the great city of Manila I had selected one of the most highly acclaimed architects in the Philippines to draw the plans for the facilities of the great evangelistic center I had come to build. I had found and purchased a B-52 airplane hangar which had been left from the war. This became the framework of the building. From that shell the architect's job was to design the footings, the two ends with their fifty-foot-high windows, and arrange the interior including the platform and balcony. It was my determined plan to pay as we built without borrowing money for that great building project.

One day I received a sizable statement from the architect requesting payment. I did not have the required money and had no place from which to borrow. With a discouraged heart I decided to go talk with the architect who had become a good friend and explain that he would have to wait for his money.

I arrived at the architect's office which was located on the compound of his very lovely and impressive home with its landscaped grounds and swimming pool in Caloocan.

When the architect answered the door I noticed that his eyes were red as if he had been crying. As politely as possible I said, "I have come to talk some business with you."

"I can't talk business," he replied. "I have had two children. One I have

already buried and now the second child is very ill. For three days the doctor has been unable to break the fever and he is not expected to live."

"May I pray for your child?" I asked.

"Certainly you may," the Roman Catholic layman said, and led me from his office into the large nursery where the child lay dying. A physician, a uniformed nurse, and a servant were all in the room with the child.

I requested them to please stand back. Then kneeling beside the child's bed I gently laid my hand on his fevered brow and rebuked the disease, "Fever, you come out of this child. Come out now! I command it upon the authority of the great commission and to the honor and glory of God."

Then speaking tenderly to the child I said, "Little child, be healed." A peace that passes all understanding came over me and in my heart I had the assurance that God had performed a miracle.

Sitting back in a chair three or four feet from the bed I directed the servant to bring me a cold soft drink. As I refreshed myself and talked to the architect for just four or five minutes, we watched with joy as the child moved his head and rolled over to one side. Then in a moment he hopped out of bed, picked up a toy, and began to play. The doctor rushed over and felt the child's forehead. He announced that it was cool. The fever was gone.

In amazement the architect could only exclaim, "My God, my God!"

After a few minutes we walked back into the office. I was ready to explain to the architect that I could not pay him when he directed me to have a seat and wait a moment. He was writing something at his desk.

Twice I began saying, "Sir, I have a little business with you." But he kept writing. I was becoming a little irritated that he was ignoring me.

Then when the architect finished writing he smiled and handed me a piece of paper. It was a copy of my bill and written across it in bold black letters was "PAID IN FULL."

I could hardly believe it. I looked at him silently for a moment then asked, "Are you going to let me tell you what I came to say?"

He answered, "Sir, you don't have to tell me anything. Your account is paid in full."

God is a great and good God. I have learned that whatever my need, the price for that blessing has already been paid in full by Jesus Christ at Calvary. Every good and perfect gift is freely available to us as a gift of His grace.

CHAPTER NINE

Miracles and Money

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. Luke 6:38

When I first entered the ministry my total worldly possessions consisted of not much more than a few clothes crammed into a little cardboard suitcase. The total receipts from my first week of preaching was only about thirty cents. Certainly I was not entering the ministry for the money.

However, I was soon to learn that it takes money to build churches, to travel in missionary work, and to reach souls with the gospel of Jesus Christ. Modern radio and television stations, printing presses, large church buildings and Bible colleges cost a lot of money. It is enough to stagger the imagination of a boy who grew up in a working class southern family during the Depression.

Through the years God has brought me to the place where today I sit at the head of a ministry with assets totaling many millions of dollars. We operate on a budget which demands thousands of dollars daily. Yet my personal possessions still are little more than they were when I began the ministry. I do not own a house or a car. I am content with my salary which is sufficient to live on from week to week. I have simply never permitted myself to love money.

But God has given me a compassionate love for lost souls and in order to reach these masses I have had to learn to believe God for millions of dollars.

I did not immediately begin believing God for large sums of money. First I had to learn to trust Him for a dollar, then a hundred, and then enough to build a church, a radio station, and finally a network of television stations to beam the gospel to literally millions of people. Like David of the Bible, I had to conquer the bear and the lion before facing the giant.

Miracle Money to Buy a City Block

When I first accepted the pastorate of the South Bend Gospel Tabernacle, one of the first things I did was to move the congregation out of the little inadequate building where they had been for years and into a tent. That summer we conducted an eleven-week revival crusade with services every night under the canvas. Meanwhile I sold the old church building and began to look for a suitable lot on which to build a new church.

I found what I considered to be the nicest location in the city, a square block of vacant land on the main street of town. I went to see the man who owned this

choice site at the corner of Michigan and Ewing. He was asking forty-five thousand dollars. By faith I told him, "God wants me to have that lot and I will give you thirty-five thousand for it."

"Now wait a minute," he said. "You can't be putting a price on my property."

"Oh, yes I can. God wants me to build a church there and I want it for thirty-five thousand dollars."

"How do you want to pay for it?"

Now I really stuck my neck out. I told him, "I have ten thousand dollars that I will give you now, and if I don't have the rest of the money in sixty days you can keep the ten thousand dollars."

He said, "You've got yourself a deal."

As I walked out of the man's office the devil jumped up onto my shoulder and said, "Now where are you going to get twenty-five thousand dollars in sixty days?" I didn't really worry about it. I was convinced that God was leading me and if I didn't know where the money was coming from, He did.

The property to which I committed myself had had a big "For Sale" sign on it for about a year, but there had been no one seriously interested in buying it before. Now just three or four days after we put the ten thousand dollars down I received a call from a man who said, "I would like to buy a little piece of that city block you bought on the corner of Michigan and Ewing."

I answered, "None of that property is for sale. I am going to put a church on it."

"Now you don't have to be a dog in a manger," he said. "You don't need that much property just for a church." He told me that he knew the property was very expensive and he needed only a hundred feet frontage on the corner.

"All right," I consented. "I will let you have the property you need for thirty thousand dollars."

"Nothing doing!" he huffed. "I'm not going to pay any thirty thousand dollars for a hundred feet."

"O.K." I said. "I will make you one more offer, and this is final. Don't ever call me again unless you have a check for the amount I am going to tell you right now. I will give you the property for twenty-nine thousand dollars."

"I'll take it," he said. Then he agreed to have the same architect who was designing our church draw up the plans for his furniture store. That way the two buildings would be built to complement one another.

I met the man at the courthouse a day or two later and he gave me a cashier's check for the full $29,000. With that I paid off the balance we owed on our lot and had four thousand dollars with which to begin our new building!

A Church That Faith Built

With only four thousand dollars and absolutely no promise of a loan, we broke ground for a new church building for which the first stage would cost one hundred thousand dollars. In the meantime a spirit of revival continued in our church without a building. Winter came and I moved the growing congregation, now twice its former size, out of the tent and into a rented third-story dance hall downtown. In miraculous ways God supplied the money for our new church as it was being built.

A very old man lived across the street from the lot where we had pitched our tent. I do not believe the man attended church anywhere, but he would sit on his front porch and listen to our services.

One day the old man sent word across the street that he wished to see me. Going over to where he was sitting in his rocking chair I asked, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Reverend," he asked, "will you take me to the bank in your car?"

I considered myself a busy pastor with a building program in progress and was just a little perturbed that this gentleman who had not attended our services should put such a demand on my time. However, I agreed to take him.

We went to a downtown bank. The old man moved so slowly that it irritated me. There were a lot of things I needed to accomplish that day and here I was wasting my time. As he stood at the teller's window doing his business I sat across the room on a bench near the door.

Unexpectedly the old man turned to me and asked, "Preacher, what do you need?"

I couldn't imagine what the old man had in mind so I answered, "Sir, I don't know that I need anything."

"Well, you need money, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I do need money for my new church building."

Again he asked, *"How much* do you need?"

This was becoming embarrassing to me. Other people in the bank were listening and I didn't consider it any of their business how much money I needed. I told him "I don't know exactly how much I need."

The old man motioned for me to come over a little closer and asked, "Would three thousand dollars be enough for today?"

Now I was so excited I could hardly contain myself. Three thousand dollars was the exact amount that I needed to pay construction bills which were due that very day. Here I thought I was just bringing this man to the bank to deposit his Social Security check and instead he gave me the exact amount that I needed, far

more money than I would have imagined that he had.

On the way home from the bank he explained that he had been watching me and listening to my sermons and he just wanted to help. He told me to keep up the good work. Several times after that first incident this elderly gentleman had me take him to the bank and each time he would give another three or four thousand dollars. Through this the Lord helped us to keep our building program moving ahead when other resources were exhausted.

During the building of the church one of our members, Mr. Shenifield, a bachelor in his sixties, became a real help to me. He would hang around the building project to do whatever little odd jobs were needed. He would also come over to my house to trim the shrubbery, cut the grass, or anything else that needed to be done.

One Monday morning at about seven o'clock our doorbell rang. I answered it and there stood Mr. Shenifield. He was a small hunchbacked man and had an asthmatic condition which caused him to breathe heavily. He asked, "May I come in?"

Groggily I said, "Now, Brother Shenifield, you have all day to talk to me. I worked so hard yesterday and I am so weary. Why would you wake me up at seven o'clock on Monday morning?"

"God told me to."

"Well, if God told you to, come on in."

As he entered the door I noticed that he was carrying a greasy, brown paper sack that looked as if it contained his lunch. Once in the house he said, "I couldn't sleep last night. The Lord kept telling me that I was supposed to help you because you have needs financially."

"The Lord is right," I told him. "We do have needs trying to build this church without a loan and trusting the Lord to send in money on a daily basis. But you know that by listening to me from the pulpit."

"Yes," he said, "but God spoke to me last night and said that I was supposed to help you."

Brother Shenifield was a precious man and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. He actually became an integral part of our building program with the numerous odd jobs he accomplished. I consoled him, "I think you help all the time, Brother Shenifield. I appreciate you for your love for the ministry."

"You don't understand," he said. "The Lord told me to go through my house and pick up all the money I had laying around and bring it over to you. It is in this bag."

I graciously accepted his offering, thinking it might amount to fifty or sixty dollars. Then he asked, "May we lay it on the table and count it? I haven't

counted it yet."

We went to the dining room table where he turned the bag upside down and shook it. Out fell a small mountain of crumpled ten- and twenty-dollar bills. My eyes simply bulged out. When we finished counting we had exactly three thousand dollars.

I remonstrated with Mr. Shenifield, "Weren't you afraid to have money like this in your house?"

"No," he said. "I hid some here and I hid some there over the years and last night the Lord reminded me where I had hidden money. This is what I found and the Lord says He wants you to have it."

We walked into my office and I showed him a note on my desk which was a bill due that very day for three thousand dollars. The little man wept and said, "Can you imagine that God would speak to such a person as me and that I would have in my house the exact amount of money to meet the need. This is certainly a miracle."

A few years later Brother Shenifield died and went to his eternal reward. I preached his funeral in the new church sanctuary. The property he left behind was willed to the church and with it we were able to partly purchase the furniture store next door to our church which was already going out of business. Because the store had been architecturally designed to match our church, it was ideally suited for a much needed educational wing.

Another outstanding miracle of finances came one morning when my doorbell rang. I opened the door and there stood a lady whom I had seen in church a number of times but I wasn't well acquainted with her. She was crying. I said, "Good morning. Is there something wrong?"

"Yes, there is," she blurted. "Your preaching makes me so angry. You preach so hard at the people."

"Well, I'm certainly sorry," I defended myself. "I only preach what I think the people need. I only preach the truth."

"You preach so hard at the people, it makes me so angry," she choked again. "But God told me I must bring you this one thousand dollars." And she handed me a check.

I thanked her and accepted the check saying, "I hope you will learn to like my ministry." Once again the thousand dollars was needed to pay bills for construction which were due that very day.

With many more such miracles God helped us to build our thousand-seat sanctuary. Within six months after the dedication the church was debt free.

Miracle Financing for Our Present Facilities

When I arrived back in the United States to live permanently after having lived overseas as a missionary for several years, I did not have a church or even an office to work out of. I was fifty years old and my whole life had been given to others.

At that crossroads in my life a minister friend of mine told me bluntly, "Sumrall, you're fifty and you're finished."

My only answer to him was, "If you were God I would believe you, but you're not God."

When I prayed seeking direction for my life God assured me that I wasn't finished—I was just getting started!

"But Lord," I prayed. "I have given my total ministry away in America and overseas."

God impressed me, "You sign for whatever challenge I present to you. You are my child and I will cover the financial need every time."

My family and I had donated our house and ten acres of land to build a new church on East Ireland Road in South Bend. We contracted with the Hickey Construction Company to draw up a large building which would serve both the new congregation as well as headquarters for LeSea. With no collateral but faith I signed for the construction to begin.

Immediately I wrote to my friends on my mailing list of *World Harvest* magazine. A number of our friends sent money to us. I also preached everywhere I could and received offerings but still we were far short of the large amount needed to complete the project.

Having just returned from several years on the mission field, I had few contacts and did not know where I could get a loan to complete the building. I had not even *applied* to a bank for a loan.

One afternoon I was standing in the large halfcompleted building—just some walls without a roof. It was a ghastly looking thing at that stage. It had been raining and everything was wet.

As I stood there wondering how God would provide for the building to be completed, a man wearing rubber boots and a business suit came walking in through the mud. He introduced himself to me as a vice-president of the American National Bank. American National is now a twenty-six story skyscraper downtown, the tallest structure in South Bend.

"Do you have a loan on this building?" the banker asked.

"No, we haven't."

"Do you wish to take out a loan on it?"

I told him that we needed to make a loan but I did not say how desperate our situation really was. We did not have any money at all.

"We have just had a board of directors meeting," the banker said, "and we have decided that we want your business. If we made you a loan would you move your accounts into our bank?"

I didn't want to laugh in the man's face but we didn't have any accounts to amount to anything. We were just operating on a day-to-day basis by faith that God would supply the need.

"Yes, sir," I said. "We will move our accounts into your bank if that's what you would like. But I don't believe you would loan me any money."

"How much money do you need?" he asked.

"One hundred forty thousand."

Enthusiastically he exclaimed, "That's exactly the amount we have already agreed to loan you. Come on down

He loaned us the money. We moved our accounts. And the building was completed to the glory of God. It is now debt free.

The Many Miracles of Television

It has been several years now since God first gave me the mandate to bring one million souls with me to heaven. I knew from the beginning that I would never be able to win a million on a personal basis or just by preaching in churches and auditoriums. I must join hands with thousands of partners and use the mass media. At first I did this through the printed page. Then I made five motion pictures and distributed them worldwide. Next we built a radio station, which is still on the air twenty-four hours a day broadcasting the gospel. Through all of these God was preparing me for the greatest challenge of my life, that of building from scratch a network of full-time Christian television stations.

The one vital obstruction to such a venture of faith has been in the area of finances. Anyone could build a network if he had a billion dollars. But it has taken a long and continuing series of miracles to do it by faith.

If I had fully understood the tremendous expense and complications of television I may have never entered into it. But when God opened the door for me, I didn't ask any questions. I just grabbed hold of the opportunity knowing that the God who had called me to win a million souls was able to make the way.

I was in Washington, D.C., at a radio convention when a man approached me and asked point blank, "Would you like to have a television station?" Having no idea what I was getting into, but believing that God was leading, I answered, "Yes, of course."

He said, "Well, I would like to give one to you." This man was the owner of a bankrupt station, Channel 40 in Indianapolis.

A few days later I was in Indianapolis to begin negotiations for the station.

The man wanted to *give* me the station all right—its debts were $990,000 plus interest. The facilities soon went off the air for several months with the building and equipment in very poor repair.

Through some tough negotiations and a series of miracles which would take too long to tell about, we were able to take over the station by paying $56,000 in cash and agreeing to accept many of the liabilities of the former station owners. Two banks joined me in the venture, the American National Bank in South Bend and the Union Bank in Windfall, Indiana, which already held the mortgage. Today that station with expanded facilities we have built, plus a lot of new equipment, is valued at close to three million dollars.

But securing the station was only the beginning. Before we could go on the air the Federal Communications Commission required that we give evidence of being able to operate for six months without taking any money into the station. We did not have that kind of assets, but because of our good relationship with our bank and their faith in us, they sent a letter to the FCC promising to underwrite us. It is another miracle when a bank will take a step of faith with a church and risk hundreds of thousands of dollars in a venture which from a natural standpoint is not a good business practice.

Our second station in Miami and our third in South Bend were likewise started by faith. When I signed for each of them I had no money. I was just obedient to the injunction of God which had promised that if I would sign my name in faith, He would make it good.

But the real miracle of the television stations has not been the miracle of Lester Sumrall alone. It is a miracle shared by literally thousands of partners who have supported us in this work. And these partners each have their own miracles story to tell. God has blessed them as they have blessed us.

A case in point is that of a doctor's wife in Newcastle, Indiana, who accidentally turned her dial to our channel one evening. Her attention was arrested by the Holy Spirit and she became a regular viewer, but she did not want her husband to know she was watching. She was afraid of what he might think if he knew his wife was developing an avid interest in spiritual things. She would listen for the garage door to open to signal her husband's return from his office so she could quickly turn off the television before he entered the house.

One day she was absorbed in our daily ninety-minute program, "Today with Lester Sumrall," and she did not hear her husband enter. When he walked in the door and said, "Hi, Mary Lou," she was startled and jumped to turn off the set. This made him curious and he asked what she was watching.

It was too late to hide it now so she turned the program back on and asked him to watch with her. Our first telethon was on at the time. After watching for

just a few minutes the doctor could see how his wife was moved and he surprised her by suggesting, "Why don't you call in and pledge for us to give $100?" She did.

The doctor and his wife continued to watch the telethon and God began to deal with their hearts more and more.

Before the telethon was over they had given three thousand dollars. Although the doctor and his wife were not vital Christians they both became avid viewers. They may have never come to a church to hear me preach, but through television I was able to come into their living room and share the Good News of Jesus Christ with them every evening. Through this they have both become born-again Christians and have been filled with the Holy Spirit. As they have continued to support the Lord's work, He has richly prospered them.

Certainly the largest part of the money which has bought these stations and put them on the air has come in thousands of small contributions from ordinary working people. We have never had one or two major wealthy supporters or a large philanthropic foundation behind us. However, there have been a few occasions when large donations have come unexpectedly. And always they have come just in time to meet an urgent need or to help us enter a broad new door which God has opened to the ministry.

For the Miami station we needed to raise over four hundred thousand dollars cash in order to close the sale. My local church, Christian Center in South Bend, sacrificially gave over ninety thousand dollars of that. The Evangel Temple church in Houston where Austin Wilkerson is pastor gave sixteen thousand dollars. Rev. Tom Reid's church in Buffalo, New York, gave twelve thousand dollars in one offering. One of our regular supporters, a doctor in Washington state, passed away and bequeathed to our ministry almost one hundred thousand dollars. Without these gifts the "Miracle of Miami" would not have occurred.

The South Bend station required a larger cash outlay than ever, $485,000 at one time to the bankrupt court. Of this we borrowed $150,000 from the American National Bank. To help raise the remaining money a doctor friend in the Indianapolis area gave us a house which he had tried to sell but had been unsuccessful. However, when we gave it to God's work, before we had completed the paper work to change the property to our non-profit corporation, we had sold it for $65,000. Without that miracle and a lot of others like it, we would not have been able to put the third station on the air.

The Key to the Windows of Heaven

Sometimes people ask why God has blessed me to raise so much money. To answer that truthfully I must say that I have not just *chosen* to be blessed, but

God has chosen me for this vital ministry. However, without my responding to God in total confidence, trust and faith, the work would go undone. It is not an automatic thing.

If there is a secret as to why God has blessed me with finances it may be because everything God has ever given me, I have in turn given to the people. Neither I nor my family has ever profited personally from the Lord's work. I have never held any strings to any of the many churches I have established and have never tapped into them as sources of revenue. I have not yet received any monetary payment or wages from the television or radio stations. My family lives off the salary I receive as a pastor.

I have never forgotten what a Chinese Communist said to me while I was in his country many years ago. At that time China was full of Christian missionaries. The Communist told me, "We are going to take China away from you Christians because you are selfish. You teach your people to give only ten percent while we teach ours to give one hundred percent."

When Stalin died, five or six of his monthly paychecks were found lying around his office. He wasn't concerned about money. He was driven by a motive greater than material things. How much more should the call of God compel us forward for His high purpose. Only selfishness keeps Christian ministries from reaching the whole world today.

Personally I have not made provision for getting old by subscribing to Social Security or any other retirement plan. I have only made provision for living and working to fulfill the calling of God on my life. I know that God is good and will take care of me and my family if we have given everything to Him.

I do not necessarily recommend that anyone else live as I have. That is between them and God. The Creator has never had but one Solomon, one David, one Apostle Paul, and God will never have but one Lester Sumrall or one YOU. God's will for me may not be His will for any other person. The Father creates people individually as He chooses. Man's responsibility is to seek and find His will, and live in it.

Also, there is an element of faith which God respects. Just recently I signed my name again to an order for more than a million dollars in much-needed television equipment for our stations. I did not have any money when I signed but as the equipment is delivered God is supplying the means to pay for it. Many other ministers have told me they would not stick their necks out like that for fear of failure.

Where there is fear, there is no faith. The two simply do not go together. Those who fear deny themselves the right to experience the full blessings of a miracle-working God.

CHAPTER TEN

Making Miracles Happen in Your Life

But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. Mark 9:39

Most of this volume has been a testimony of some of the miracles from God which I have experienced in my life. A strong conviction of the leading of the Holy Spirit has prompted me to share these supernatural blessings.

Our generation has a desperate need to witness genuine divine miracles. The devil is deceiving many today with counterfeit miracles through spiritism, occultism, etc. It is time for the world to know the present reality of a supernatural God. He is the same today as He has always been. The God of miracles is NOW!

However, one cannot necessarily pattern miracles in his own life after those he has seen in the life of someone else. God deals with each of us individually. We do not know the omnipotent mind as to why and how He chooses to perform certain miracles in the lives of individuals. A doctrine of miracles cannot be based upon testimony. It must be based upon the Word of God.

Let us look at some of the biblical principles whereby God's people have found their personal miracles.

Hearing a Testimony

Jesus' disciples understood the value and power of a testimony for preparing the hearts of the people to experience the miracle-working power of God. When Peter and John witnessed the supernatural they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts 4:20).

One of the most effective ways of bolstering our faith for the miraculous is by hearing the testimony of what God has done for others. It is right to expect that the God who is no respecter of persons will certainly do the same for you that He has done for someone else.

Reading and Preaching the Bible

The Bible is divine revelation to man. As we read God's Word we are inspired and challenged by the record of many centuries of divine miracles. All that God has done, He will do again. The divinely inspired Word of God can create an attitude for miracles in every heart, making it fertile soil in which God can perform the supernatural. "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. 10:17).

When the Word of God is declared without compromise God confirms that

word with signs and wonders (Mark 16:20).

Prayer

It has been said that God does nothing except in answer to prayer. As one reads the Word of God he sees that miracles come through men who pray. I am convinced that God actually desires to do far more miracles for us then we ever realize simply because we do not pray. When the early church stood in need of a miracle, Acts 4:24 says, "They lifted up their voice to God with one accord." Acts 4:31 gives the result: "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness."

Fasting

When Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan and the Holy Spirit descended upon Him, He was led immediately by the Spirit into the wilderness where for forty days and nights He fasted in preparation for the miracle ministry which was to follow. The same Spirit which led Jesus to fast will also lead the followers of Jesus to fast on occasion.

When Jesus' disciples were unsuccessful in exorcising the evil spirits which possessed a young man, Jesus told them, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting" (Matt. 17:21). The fasting prayer is the only way in which some miracles can be obtained, especially over evil spirits.

Obedience

Preceding Jesus' first public miracle of turning the water to wine, His mother told the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it" (John 2:5). It was through their unquestioning obedience that the miracle was accomplished.

Many have not experienced the fullness of the Spirit in their lives because of disobedience. In Acts 5:32 the Apostle Peter spoke of "the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him."

Believe

When Abraham was an old man and his wife, Sara, was well beyond the age of childbearing, they had a miracle son. The baby did not come naturally and it was not by accident. It happened for one reason—they believed God. Hebrews 11:11 says, "Through faith also Sara herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised."

Jesus said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 9:23).

Make a Date for a Miracle

The woman with an issue of blood who sought Jesus said in herself, "If I

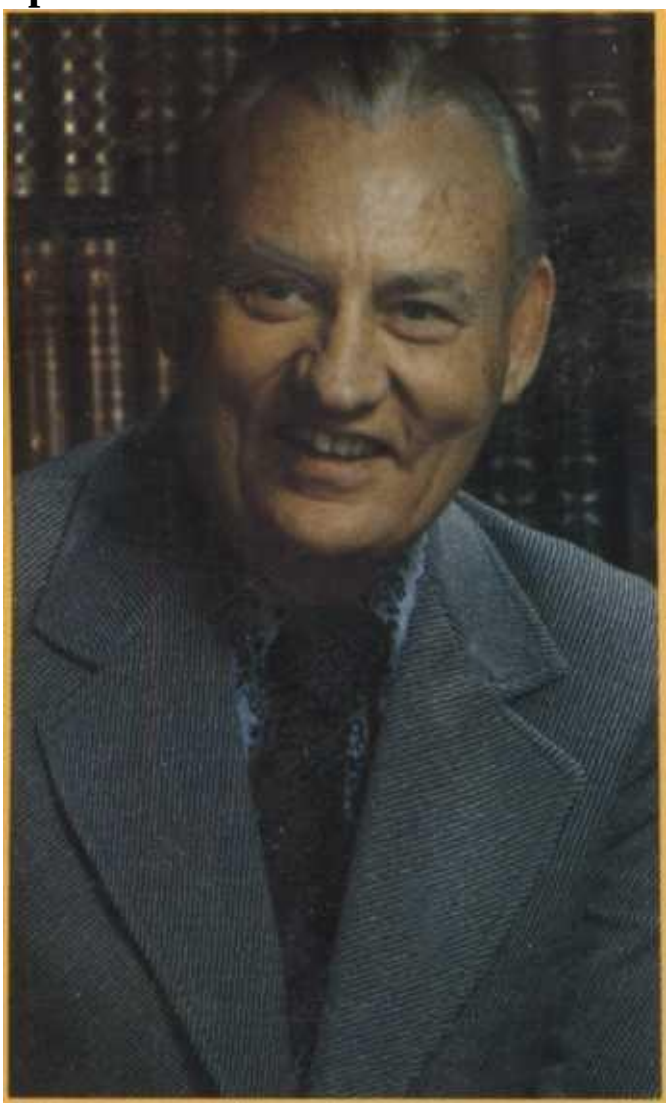
may but touch his garment, I shall be whole" (Matt. 9:21).

Her determination was, "I will search for Him. I will find Him. I will touch Him. And upon touching Him I *will* be made whole." She made a date for a miracle, and she was not disappointed.

If you will make a date for a miracle with the same expectant determination, neither will you be disappointed. In Jesus Christ miracles are NOW!

“Any way we look at it, we know that miracles don’t just happen. They are not the result of man’s whimsical ideas. They are not man’s works at all. Miracles belong to God.”

Following the highly successful *Run With the Vision*, Lester Sumrall this time explains what miracles are and how to make them work in your life. Using as evidence the innumerable miracles he has witnessed throughout his ministry, he shows you how to make miracles a real* ity by learning to exercise a daring and positive faith.



Lester Sumrall is president of Le Sea *(Lester Sumrall Evangelistic Association, Inc.), with its*

international headquarters located in South Bend, Indiana. He ministers by *magazine, radio, and TV to millions of people each week around the world. He, his wife and three sons live in South Bend, Indiana.*

P369-9

ISBN 0-88270-369-2 **LOGOS INTERNATIONAL**

Plainfield. N.J. 07060 in Canada: G.R Welch Co., Ltd.. Toronto, Ont.; in U.K. and the Continent: Ken Dickson, Ltd., Ascot, Berks.; in Australia: W.A. Buchanan Co., Brisbane, Queensland; in New Zealand: G.W. Moore, Ltd., Auckland

Cover Design: Lin Bachert