

# The WOW [Words of Wisdom] Anointing

Being a book that contains several  
startlingly interesting messages,  
testimonies, revelations, prophecies,  
insights into truths, etc.

edited by  
Brother James  
Knoxville, Tennessee

**Here are the titles of some of the articles in  
this book:**

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# Startling Miracles in Eldoret Kenya, East Africa

In March of 2000, this message was written and sent to me in handwritten form from East Africa by Joseph Wangigi. Joseph wrote:

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In the first part of March, 2000, John K. Nduati, a pastor from Nairobi [the capital of Kenya], came to hold a 4-day crusade in my town, Eldoret, Kenya. There were very many miracles of healing and the word of knowledge was flowing freely. We stood in awe and amazement at what God was doing; the Holy Spirit reigned completely on the crusade ground. I have seen or read about men and women of God with gifts of word of knowledge, word of wisdom, healing, etc.; however, what we saw in Pastor Nduati was startling. What God has given him, I can describe as “a multitude of revelations,” —words of knowledge and words of wisdom, plus prophecy. Following is just a little bit of what I witnessed:

On the second night [I missed the first night], there were thousands of people at the meeting. After the man of God finished his preaching, he said he wanted to start praying for people. He pointed in one direction and said, “There is a woman in the direction I am pointing whose husband is a driver. Her name is Esther; where is she? [A woman lifted her hand.] Please come to the front.” When the woman came forward, this is what she was told: “All the time you have been fed with stolen money. Your husband is a thief. But starting today, your husband will not steal again.”

Then the man of God started calling very many people in the meeting by their own names –first and last names– to come forward. Where the names were alike, God would specify which one he wanted. As this continued for a long time, some people started questioning in their hearts how the man of God knew people’s names. Then pointing, the man of God said, “There is a young man at the back named John. You have been asking yourself, ‘How does he know the names of the people?’ Where are you.” The young man lifted his hand and the man of God said, “Come forward, I will also tell you about yourself.”

When Pastor Nduati finished praying for the first group, all of them received their miracles. Most were so overcome by the power of the Holy Spirit that they fell down. Then the pastor stood and said, “There are forty people in this crusade who have AIDS–HIV positive. Come to the front.” He counted 39 as they came; one was missing. Then the pastor stood and said, “There is a young man back there [pointing] named Philip Ruto. Your girl friend contacted you with AIDS last year, and you have refused to come forward.” I tell you, when his name was called, he ran forward. Everybody in the crusade laughed and clapped. The pastor prayed and the AIDS was gone immediately.

Then the pastor stood and said, “There are fifty women in this crusade who have no children. Come for prayers.” Sixty women came forward. Then the man of God said, “Look at me. If you are here and you have no husband, you may go.” A few women left. Then he continued, “If you are a second wife, you can go.” One woman left. Then he continued, “If in the past you have aborted twice, you may go.” As one woman left, the man of God said to her, “I could not pray for you to have a child because you aborted and threw your kids into a toilet. One of the kids could have become a preacher. You must pray and repent for one year before God considers giving you a child.”

Finally, fifty women were left standing. The pastor then told all of them to move to the right side. Then he said, “If I call your name, move to the left side.” To everybody’s amazement, as though the pastor had a list [he did not have one, he had never met the women], he started to have a roll call: Esther, Jane, Chepchumba,.....etc. As their names were called, they moved to the left and thus they were divided into two groups. To one group, he said, “You, tomorrow start shopping for boys’ clothes. God is going to give you boys. [And to the other group:] You shop for girls’ clothes. God will give you girls.” Then he pointed at one of the women and said, “With you, you will have to buy clothes for both a boy and a girl, because you are going to have twins.” Then the man of God prayed for them.

When the pastor finished ministering, he asked how many people wanted to receive Jesus as their personal savior. About eight hundred people came and received Christ.

### Third Day

Because news spread in town about what God was doing, there were many more people on the third night. After the man of God finished his preaching, he started ministering as he had done on the previous days. From among the thousands, very many people were called by their own names. Many AIDS cases and other problems were healed. I would like to report these three cases:

1. The man of God stood and said, “There is a woman in the direction I am pointing who has a son studying for a Master’s degree in America. You have not heard from him for one month, and you have been wondering what is wrong. Lift up your hand, because I have just received information from America.” The woman lifted her hand. Then the pastor said, “There has been a problem. Your son has been sick, but from this time, which is 10 a.m. American time, your son has received instant healing.” This woman happened to be our family’s friend. We also know her son whose name is Mark. What the man of God said was true. She shed many tears of joy.

2. The man of God stood and said, “There is a woman in the direction I am pointing who does not have a child. The child living with you, you bought. Who are you?” The woman refused to lift her hand. Then the man of God called her by her name and said, “I want to pray for you to have your own child. The child you are living with was sold to you by nurses at Eldoret District Hospital. You paid 12000 schillings for the child. I now want to tell you that the real parents of the kid will come for it next Tuesday at five minutes after ten in the morning.” Two days ago, I met a sister who was with the relatives of the woman, and they have confirmed what Pastor Nduati said.

3. Then the man of God stood and said, “There is a man who was sent in the morning by Satan to come and test me. When he arrived, Satan told him not to be afraid, but to move forward and do his disruptions. Well, he is here now, but all his powers are gone.” To everybody’s amazement, the man went forward, knelt down and the pastor prayed for him. He received Christ.

That night, when the pastor asked those who wanted to receive Christ, thousands lifted their hands.

### Fourth Day

Things continued as on the previous day. I wish I could report to you everything, but I can only report a few cases.

During this day, several blind people received their sight. They walked home by themselves. Then several cripples walked. There was a lot of commotion as people sang and danced for joy. They clapped their hands and praised God. One woman who was lame and could now walk, took the microphone. She led the people in singing and jumping for the Lord. She could really jump high. People cheered the more.

### Robbers

Then the man of God started calling by name those robbers who were in the crusade. He even told when and where they stole, the name of their gang and their gang leader. Many came and received Christ.

Pastor Nduati has a licence from the police to collect illegal fire arms. Those who surrender and receive Christ in his meetings are never arrested. [When I received this **handwritten letter** from Joseph Wangigi, he had inclosed a picture of Pastor Nduati holding a pistol which was surrendered to him by a thug.]

Many people received Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. The crusade was scheduled to last four days, but people refused to let Pastor Nduati go back to Nairobi. People said they would pay his air fare if he would extend the crusade by one day. He accepted and the people became “wild.” with enthusiasm. They cheered, shouted, jumped, and praised God. Again, there were more people attending the 5<sup>th</sup> day than the previous days.

The ministry that I have described continued. Many healed, many needs met. At the end of the 5<sup>th</sup> day, when people realized that Pastor Nduati was going back to Nairobi, mobs ran after him to “touch his clothes,” and they were receiving healing. He had to be whisked away by his security escorts. Otherwise, the people would not have let him go.

Before I conclude, let me tell you a few more things about pastor Nduati. He is a young man, and when he wanted to get married, he told God, “Father, I want to get married. There are many girls. I don’t know what to do.” Then God told him, “Get your vehicle and drive to Nyeri [a town about 100 kilometers from Nairobi]. When you reach Nyeri, go to Nyeri District Hospital. Outside the gate, you will find a woman sitting down. That is your wife.” The pastor did that and outside the gate of the

hospital, he saw a woman doctor sitting. He greeted her and said, “I have been told you are my wife.” The woman simply replied, “Yes, there is not problem. I will be your wife.” Today, she is the pastor’s wife.

As a result of Pastor Nduati’s meeting, the next Sunday the churches in Eldoret were full to capacity because of the very many people who had made commitments to following Jesus at the crusade [including my church]. Glory to God.

Pastor Nduati is having the same problem at his church in Nairobi. His church is full to overflowing, and there is not enough room for all of the people. He doesn’t know what kind of a church building to build.

From what I see, I perceive that God is doing something new in his church. Let us be ready to receive his blessings.

— End of Joseph Wangigi’s handwritten letter —

Later update : On November 17, 2000, Joseph Wangigi wrote about John Nduati’s second visit to Eldoret. Brother Wangigi wrote:

Pastor Nduati came to Eldoret for a one-day meeting on Saturday, November 11<sup>th</sup>. At this second meeting, a number of people testified to the miracles that they had received during Nduati’s first meeting in March 2000, especially those who were prayed for by Pastor Nduati to be healed of HIV AIDS. Many testified to their healing, and some even had doctors’ certificates showing that they are now HIV negative.

During Nduati’s first meeting, he called a woman by her name and said, “You are not living with your husband because he divorced you. Your husband will come back to you.” In a few days, the husband started communicating with the woman. Later he started paying school fees for their children, and later he bought her a new car.

Another woman who could not do anything because she had arthritis was prayed for during the meeting last March. She is now healed and has now gone back to work.

All of the above were from Nduati’s first meeting. Here are some of the blessings that came from the last meeting: A number of people who had HIV AIDS were prayed for. It seems that God has given Pastor Nduati a special gift of healing AIDS.

One man was carried to the meeting because he could not walk. He was suffering from AIDS in its advanced stages. After prayers, the man woke up and walked normally, and lifted weights which he had been unable to lift for a long time. Pastor Nduati had him do some physical exercises such as push ups [or press ups].

Many other AIDS cases were healed. Some came to the meeting with crutches or walking sticks. Pastor Nduati “confiscated” the sticks, broke them, and commanded the people to walk in Jesus’ name. They did. He also took away eye glasses from those who were sporting them, and commanded them to be healed. Plus there were many other healings.

As usual with Pastor Nduati, he called people by their names. Again this time there was a man who started asking himself, “How does he know peoples’ names?” Then Pastor Nduati said, “Somebody is asking how I know people’s names. Where is David?” David too went forward for prayers. After the meeting, people followed pastor Nduati wherever he went.

One more Pastor Nduati story from 1999: During that year, Pastor Nduati had a meeting in the Netherlands where he met a young black man from Swaziland, South Africa, who had the AIDS disease. Pastor Nduati took him and healed him. The young man returned to Swaziland and told his father about what had happened to him. His father was the king of Swaziland. He sought out Pastor Nduati and invited him to conduct a crusade in his country. The king sponsored or hosted the meeting in one of the biggest gathering places in the nation, and God blessed.

Pastor Nduati’s address is: P.O. Box 6109, Nairobi, Kenya

All of the above was written by Joseph Wangigi of Eldoret, Kenya, in East Africa, and was printed/published by Brother James of Knoxville, Tennessee, U.S.A.

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## **A Wide-Awake 6-year-old**

Last week I took my children to a restaurant. My six-year-old son asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads he said, “God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets us ice cream for dessert. And Liberty and justice for all! Amen!”

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby I heard a woman remark, “That’s what’s wrong with this country. Kids today don’t even know how to pray. Asking God for ice-cream! Why, I never!”

Hearing this, my son burst into tears and asked me, “Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?” As I held him and assured him that he had done a terrific job and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my son and said, “I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer.”

“Really?” my son asked. “Cross my heart,” the man replied. Then in a theatrical whisper he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), “Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes.”

Naturally, I bought my kid’s ice cream at the end of the meal. My son stared at his for a moment and then did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his ice cream sundae and without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman, saying this is for you. Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes; and my soul is good already.” The End

I loved this story! Please keep it moving.

## **OTHERS MAY: YOU CANNOT**

-AUTHOR UNKNOWN

If God has called you to be really like Jesus, He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put upon you such demands of obedience, that you will not be able to follow other people, or measure yourself by other Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other people do things which He will not let you do.

Other Christians and ministers who seem very religious and useful, may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their

plans, but you cannot do it, and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others may boast of themselves, of their work, of their successes, of their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortification that will make you despise yourself and all your good works.

Others may be allowed to succeed in making money, or may have a legacy left to them, but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold, namely, a helpless dependence upon Him, that He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasury.

The Lord may let others be honored and put forward, and keep you hidden in obscurity, because He wants to produce some choice fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He may let others be great, but keep you small. He may let others do a work for Him and get the credit for it, but He will make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing; and then to make your work still more precious He may let others get credit for the work which you have done, and thus make YOUR REWARD TEN TIMES GREATER WHEN JESUS COMES.

The Holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you, with a jealous love, and will rebuke you for little words and feelings or for wasting your time, which other Christians never feel distressed over. So make up your mind that God is an Infinitely Sovereign Being, and has a right to do as He pleases with His own. He may not explain to you a thousand things which puzzle your reason in His dealings with you, but if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in Jealous Love, and bestow upon you many blessings which come only to those who are in the inner circle.

Settle it forever, then that you are to DEAL DIRECTLY WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hand, or closing your eyes, in ways that He does not seem to use with others. Now, when you are so possessed with the living God that you are, in your secret heart, pleased and delighted over this PECULIAR, PERSONAL, PRIVATE, JEALOUS GUARDIANSHIP AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT OVER YOUR LIFE, then you will have found the vestibule of Heaven.

## Forty Jewish Rabbis Turn to Yeshua [Jesus] in Jerusalem

by Jim Bramlett

Barbara Richmond has kept this amazing incident very private but now feels led to share her miraculous experience in Jerusalem in 1995 involving a group of rabbis.

There is no doubt that Barbara is a totally reliable witness. She is the Director of Women's Ministries at a solid Central Florida church with which I am familiar. I know her pastor. She is a popular Bible teacher, speaker, seminar leader, author and radio host.

In September 1995, Barbara led a group on a tour of Israel, as she frequently does. On their free day, with no scheduled activities, she went with several of her group for shopping into the Old City of Jerusalem. Her friends were in some shops and Barbara was waiting for them outside on one of the narrow old streets. She says, "It was a beautiful afternoon and I was leaning against one of the old stone walls, just kind of praying in the Spirit, and enjoying where I was."

Suddenly, over her left shoulder, she heard a man's voice call, "Barbara." She turned to look, but didn't see anyone she recognized. The only male on that little street was a man she described as "in full black attire, big beard, curls on the side" — an Orthodox rabbi. She thought to herself that he could not have been the one to say her name because they do not even speak to women in public. In fact, she avoided eye contact as she knew this sometimes offended them. She turned back, thinking maybe she had been mistaken.

A few seconds later, she again heard the voice say, "Barbara—isn't that your name?" She looked again, and discovered the rabbi was looking right at her. "Don't be afraid," he said. "Come here." She moved toward him. He told Barbara his first name and said, "I live here in this neighborhood. I wanted to tell you that I am a believer that Yeshua is the Messiah. As a matter of fact, there are 40 of us rabbis in the community to whom, as we have been studying the Torah, the Ruach ha 'kodesh (the Holy Spirit) has shown that Yeshua is the Messiah."

Barbara's heart was so moved by this unusual work of the Holy Spirit that she broke into tears. The rabbi added, "At present we are secret believers, not because we are afraid, but because the Lord, the

Holy Spirit, has not told us to speak out our testimony yet. The Lord has told us to pray for our brethren, so we are meeting at midnight, and we are praying."

Barbara asked the obvious question, "But how did you know me? Why are you telling me this?"

The rabbi chuckled, and replied, "I don't know you. But last night we were praying, and one of the other rabbis came over to me. He put his hand on my shoulder, and said to me, 'Tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, you go to (name of street she was on), and you will see there an American woman with black hair. Her name is Barbara. Give her this message.'"

The rabbi then gave Barbara the message. He said, "The Lord wants you to know that what was spoken over you 26 years ago, He is about to bring to pass."

Barbara was stunned, and overwhelmed with emotion. Only her husband knew that exactly 26 years ago, in 1969, as a new believer of only three months, she had gone to a Full Gospel Businessmen's meeting in New York City where Kathryn Kuhlman, the evangelist with a powerful healing ministry, was one of the main speakers. Barbara had only a momentary personal encounter with her, but Kuhlman pointed her long finger directly at Barbara, as she often did with people, and spoke these prophetic words: "The Lord is going to take you to the nations and is going to do miracles at your hands, but you are going to have to wait a few years to see it come to pass." Barbara had never forgotten this.

He added, "The other thing that the Holy Spirit told this brother is that when you get home from this trip, you will have a letter from Africa waiting for you, inviting you to minister there, and you should go. It is the Lord who is opening this door, and it will be a turning point in your life."

Before they departed, the rabbi asked, "What do you do?" Barbara explained that she was a Bible teacher. He replied, "Oh, would you be interested in just some simple notes that I have accumulated since I have come to see Yeshua?" She said yes, of course, and he later had delivered to Barbara's hotel a collection of handwritten notes of Hebrew and cultural insights into the New Testament, unique insights not evident in the English or Greek words themselves. Barbara considers these notes a treasure, and is sharing them (see below \*).

Upon leaving, the rabbi told her, “When our testimony becomes public, I am sure we will see each other again.”

When Barbara got back home to the U.S., a letter from Africa was waiting for her! It was an invitation to speak, which she obviously accepted. She reports that miracles did, indeed, take place there, and that it was definitely a turning point in her life. Barbara says there are people who know nothing about her Jerusalem experience who have come up to her and said, “Something really changed in Africa. We enjoyed your teaching before, but this is just a totally different plane.”

Barbara has been to Israel since, but has not seen the rabbi, nor has she revealed his name, honoring his request.

I was most touched by Barbara’s closing thoughts: “My prayer is that (this testimony) will cause people to realize the lateness of the hour. When God moves sovereignly like that among the Jewish people (revealing the Messiah and manifesting gifts of the Holy Spirit described in the New Testament) -- and among the most religious of them -- the coming of Jesus is getting close! I pray that everybody who hears this will be taken up with the urgency of the hour.”

(Comment: One wonders to how many more rabbis than the 40 had the Ruach ha’kodesh [the Holy Spirit] revealed the Messiah by 1995, and how many more since then. Only He knows, but He has greatly privileged us to be aware of at least this much about what He is doing.)

\*\* UPDATE on the rabbi. A communication from the rabbi to Barbara in late 1997 revealed the stunning news that several hundred Hasidic Jews in Jerusalem now believe that Yeshua is the Messiah! Praise His name! The rabbi says to please pray for them, as when their numbers reach about 50 percent they plan to go public, which could cause great repercussions.

On a related subject: on July 4, 2000, Barbara Richmond [the author of the above message], sent me an e-mail message that read:

Dear Jim,

A few years ago at a meeting of Christian Zionists, an Israeli guest called to the platform and asked to say a few words. When she took the microphone, she stunned the audience with a powerfully brief message: She said only three words and went back to her seat. “Make me jealous!”

In Romans 11:11 Paul wrote:

*I say then, have they [the Jews] stumbled that they should fall? Certainly not! But rather, through their fall salvation has come to the Gentiles, so as to provoke them to jealousy.*

The Mighty One of Israel is calling to his church in this hour to: “Make my people jealous.”

\* Barbara has included the information from the rabbi’s notes in her book, Jewish Insights Into the New Testament.

## **Prison Revival in Argentina**

**by Edgardo Silvano**

**as printed in The Evangelical Beacon**

Argentina’s largest prison is located in the town of Olmos, less than 100 kilometers south of Buenos Aires, the capital of the country. It is a maximum security facility that houses nearly 3,000 inmates. One of the greatest and most dramatic miracles in modern history has taken place inside the walls of that prison.

Until a few years ago, the prison was in total chaos. Crime was rampant. Riots, murders, sexual abuse, extortion and male prostitution were commonplace. The prison was so out of control that by default the authorities turned over the daily running of the place to the mafia and drug dealers serving time there. These de facto leaders chose to reside on the fourth of five floors, which came to be known as the “elephant’s floor” since all the heavyweights lived there. Can you imagine what this place became when the worst inmates were given the run of it? Even a Church of Satan was established on the premises and animal sacrifices were offered regularly. Olmos - as the prison is commonly known - was so impregnable that pastors from the nearby towns had great difficulty getting inside its perimeter.

There is a tunnel that connects the outside world with the prison. A local pastor reported that as he tried to get inside the prison, halfway through that tunnel he would become ill and had to be carried out. Some inmates reported being tormented by demons which, according to those reports, literally materialized in their cells. Satan was in control indeed. However, it appears that the evil one made a gross miscalculation that eventually did him in. This had to do with grace. As you know, grace requires the pre-existence of sin and the greater the sin, the greater the

grace available to the repentant sinner. By those standards, Olmos was more than qualified. This is how it came about:

The miracle begins: In the nearby town of Laplata, a well-known pastor was caught committing a crime and was sentenced to serve time -- at Olmos! At first it appeared that Satan had won: his citadel remained impregnable and a church leader had been publicly disgraced. But the pastor repented and cried out to God for a second chance. And God is indeed the God of second chances. God forgave him and filled him with the Holy Spirit. Now this pastor was determined to see God bring good out of terrible evil. Incensed with a passion for the lost and overwhelmed with gratitude to God for his grace, he became what I call "a spiritual kamikaze". In his attempt to preach the gospel to everyone around, he thrust himself with gusto into the very pit of hell. He witnessed to the mafia dons, gang leaders, drug dealers and even to the Church of Satan priests! Like a kamikaze pilot, he gave up his life in order to cause the most damage possible to the enemy.

Very soon a small group of believers emerged. What Satan must have thought as an impregnable place, now hosted an emerging Christian church. I believe that the anxiety he must have felt about this led to his second miscalculation. A persecution against the Christians was unleashed. If persecution can be brutal in the outside world where existing laws, the possibility of help and refuge, and the availability of the media can somehow mitigate it, imagine the persecution inside a maximum security prison run by the ruthless and fearless. However, God, was in control and the Biblical principle that whatever Satan plans for evil God turns around for good still held. [Sometimes called the Genesis 50:20 principle. For those readers who are familiar with this story, in this verse, Joseph said to his brothers: "You meant it for evil, but God meant it for good."]

The persecution gave the Christian inmates legal grounds to request protection in the form of their own cell block. [Each cell block houses 42 inmates.] The authorities reluctantly agreed and granted the new Christians a cell block of their own on the worst floor. The church was placed in the midst of his [Satan's] control and command center.

Aware that their lives were at risk, the inmates organized themselves as a church. The first order of business was a 40-day fast. They also divided themselves into seven teams of six people each. Each

team was to stand guard every night from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Working in pairs they prayed, read the Bible and moved from bed to bed interceding for each one of their sleeping Christian inmates. After two hours they rotate tasks. This approach became highly effective, not only in protecting their own perimeter but also in infiltrating Satan's perimeter inside the prison.

In answer to those prayers, Miguel Zucarelli, a pastor in town, felt led to apply for a job at the prison. Zucarelli was interviewed by several officials, and all of them said, "We do not want you here, we hate you. If you get the job, we may even hurt you. Get lost!" But Zucarelli persevered and against all odds [except God's], he got the job. As he connected with the emerging prison church, things began to happen. They prayed for and were given one and a half hours a week on the prison radio station, which all inmates hear since the speaker can not be turned down, nor can the station be changed. Very soon the weekly Gospel message began to make an impact on the prison population. This, coupled with intense prayer activity in the Christian cell block, produced mass conversions. Today 44 percent of the inmates are born again.

As soon as 42 new converts are admitted to the church, a cell block is made available for them to move in. A resident pastor is appointed from among the inmates and the same routine of prayer, fasting and night vigils is instituted.

Since no money is allowed to circulate inside the prison, the inmates tithe from the care packages they receive from relatives. Last year a town in Central Argentina was devastated by floods and the church in the prison was able to send relief by using the product of their tithes. They fast twice a week and hold church services every day.

There are 19 cell blocks that occupy the entire fourth floor and 80% of the third floor. Nearly 1,300 inmates have received Christ.

Recent unconfirmed reports state that the number of guards has been reduced from 300 to 30 as a result of behavior standards of the Christians. Normally 50% of the inmates find themselves back in prison following their release. Of the 604 released Christians, only three have returned - less than half of one percent!

During an International Institute which Harvest Evangelism holds in Argentina every fall, we (Army of Intercessors) organized a trip to the prison to meet with the inmates. The prison chapel is too small to

accommodate the growing number of believers, so they had removed all the furniture. More than 800 inmates stood shoulder to shoulder except when they kneel to pray. Their vibrant singing is incredibly moving. One of the inmate pastors said to our group, “If you came to see prisoners, you have come to the wrong place. We are free men, free indeed!” Even though their bodies are in prison, they roam the heavenly places in prayer and intercession!

The above is a short version of this story. A 30-page book with the whole story can be bought at this website:

[http://www.harvestevan.org/product\\_desc.htm?code=1004](http://www.harvestevan.org/product_desc.htm?code=1004)

### **Three Angels Visit a Chemist in Chattanooga, Tennessee**

— Edited by Jim Bramlett

[The editor spent several weeks tracing this incident and confirming it with two reputable Christian leaders, Vincent’s pastor, and finally, with Vincent himself. This story is recorded as precisely and accurately as possible.]

Vincent Tan was born in Singapore of Chinese Buddhist parents. While he was still a young boy in Singapore, one day he was in a library reading a book on nuclear physics. Stuck between some pages in this physics book, he discovered an offer for a Bible course. He ordered the course and after studying the Bible for some time, put his trust in Jesus Christ and committed his soul to him.

After that, he went to a Christian college in the United States and adopted “Vincent” as his English name. He majored in Science and graduated with a 4-year degree. He has been faithful to his church and in sharing his faith with whoever he could.

#### **First Angel’s Visit**

On the night of Thursday, March 25, 1993, Vincent Tan, now a analytical chemist in Chattanooga, Tennessee, was working late in his laboratory to complete tests due the next day. During the evening, he moved his car close to the front door of the building, since there had recently been criminal activity in the area. From time to time, he looked out the window into the almost empty parking lot to check on his car.

At 1:30 in the morning, he finished his work in the lab. As he was preparing to lock the door, he saw a person standing by the passenger

side of his car. Vincent assumed the man was trying to steal his car. He noted that the stranger was of medium build with clean-cut, straight hair, and had on a T-shirt, blue jeans and white tennis shoes. Unsure what to do, he went back into the lab and prayed, “Lord, help me to do what I have to do. Do I have to use chi-sao?” [a form of martial art in which Vincent was proficient] To be extra safe, he looked around the lab and picked up an 18-inch metal rod, held it behind him and stuck his head out the door. He said, “Hi, can I help you?”

The stranger answered, “Hi, Vincent.”

Startled, Vincent asked, “Do I know you?”

The stranger replied, “Not really.”

“What is your name? Who are you?” Vincent probed.

The stranger said, “I have the name of your primary and secondary school.” He added, “I’m a friend. You don’t have to use chi-sao or the rod on me.” His voice had unusual authority, and it seemed he knew the question before it was asked.

Now Vincent was really startled. No one, not even his best friend in this country, was familiar with chi-sao, nor did anyone even know that he knew it. Also, there was no way the stranger could have seen the rod behind his back. Vincent later reflected that the stranger had used terminology (“primary and secondary school”) of Singapore and not the terminology used in the United States, and that name of his school back in Singapore was St. Gabriel. The stranger was saying that his name was Gabriel!

“How do you know that?” Vincent asked.

“I know,” the stranger replied. “By the way, Mum is fine.” Vincent was startled again. Just the week before, his sister had called from Singapore saying that his mother had heart complications, and Vincent had been quite worried about her.

Gabriel continued, “You love the Lord very much, don’t you?”

“That’s right,” Vincent replied.

“He loves you very much, too,” Gabriel said. Then he added, “He is coming very, very soon.” He seemed to emphasize the “very soon.”

Vincent answered, “That’s great!”

Gabriel then asked, “Can I have a cup of water?”

Vincent said, “Sure,” and turned momentarily to get him the water. Then he decided to invite the stranger inside to drink from the water

fountain. He turned back to invite him inside—but Gabriel was not there. He had suddenly and unexplainably vanished! Vincent had not turned his head for more than three seconds. There was no place for the stranger to have gone.

Puzzled, and not wanting to go back into the lab, Vincent laid the metal rod down by the front door and headed to his home outside of Chattanooga. When he came back to work later that morning, he wondered if he had dreamed the whole experience. As a scientist, he wanted to prove whether it had really happened. When he got to the building, he found the metal rod lying by the door just where he had left it, and he knew he had not been dreaming. Upon entering the lab, the first thing he did was to lock himself in the rest room and kneel in prayer. “Show me what to do, Lord. I know what I remember. If I’m supposed to share it, I must believe it myself,” Vincent pleaded. He then sat down at his computer and recorded every word said and everything that had happened.

That night, March 26, 1993, in a dream Vincent relived the whole experience, seeing himself, and word for word hearing the whole conversation. He awoke at about 3:30 a.m. and wrote down every word in the dream and the description of the stranger. What he wrote from the dream confirmed every detail he had written earlier. Also, a week after the experience, he learned that his mother had received needed surgery and was recuperating nicely -- and that the medical decision about her improved condition came a week earlier at about the very same hour as he was talking with Gabriel!

On July 29, 1993 I asked Vincent what effect this experience has had on him. He said he believes more strongly now that we should be ready every day for the Lord’s coming, and not worry about which day He will come. He said the experience has intensified his dedication, causing him to spend more devotional time than before, wanting to know more about God and be closer to Him. For some time, even before that experience, Vincent said he had been asking God, “Am I ready, right now?” Now, more than ever, each one of us should be asking that same question.

### **Second Angel’s Visit**

On Thursday, December 23, 1993, Vincent had an encounter with an unnamed angel. Like the above, the following is an accurate record of exactly what happened and the words exchanged that were spoken.

However, this second angel referred to two incidents that had happened to Vincent some time before. To understand the angel’s words, first we will look at these two incidents:

### **First Incident:**

In July, 1993, Vincent had a dream in which he saw himself standing at the door of a big room. He saw many candles, but not all of them were lit. He asked himself in the dream, “Why the unlit candles?” Then he heard a sad voice behind him saying, “If only all of them were lit.” He turned around but didn’t see anyone. A week later he had the exact same dream. Vincent shared the dreams with his Bible study group, and said he hoped someday the Lord would show him the meaning of those dreams.

### **Second Incident:**

Three months later in October, 1993 a stranded motorist waved Vincent down and asked him to jump-start his car. Vincent stopped but did not have a cable. However, Vincent asked the man if he believed in God. The man asked, “What can God do?” Vincent told him he believed that God could help in any situation such as this if we ask Him. So Vincent prayed out loud for God’s help. After he prayed Vincent noticed a coat hanger on the road. Somehow, he figured out a way to break the coat hanger in two and use one part to connect the positive terminals and the other part to touch the two auto bodies together as ground. The man’s car started. He looked at Vincent and said, “You sure have a powerful God!” Vincent said, “I sure do. All we have to do is believe in Him.” The man said, “I’ll have to think about that,” and left. Two days later, Vincent got a jumper cable for his truck.

The angel’s visit came about two months later on December 23, 1993. Shortly after 11 o’clock at night, Vincent was in his truck returning home from visiting a friend near Chattanooga. About four miles from the friend’s home, he saw a truck alongside the road with its hood up and with an old man, estimated at about age 75, standing in front of it. Vincent was always wary of stopping for strangers, and believed one must really be led of the Lord in order to do so, but he felt he should stop. He walked up to the man and asked if anything was wrong, to which the man replied that he had a dead battery. Vincent asked if he could help in any way. The man asked that Vincent go get his

jumper cable out of the truck. Vincent was surprised that he said this, as if knowing that Vincent had a jumper cable, especially since he had only recently obtained one. Vincent himself had forgotten that he had the cable, but when the old man told him about it he remembered. It was very dark and Vincent had to use his flashlight to see to connect his end of the cable. Then he turned around to discover that the man had already connected his end, even in the dark and with no flashlight. That seemed impossible, and Vincent was startled.

Vincent said, "I need to do something first." The man looked at him and said, "I did it already." Vincent said, "Did what?" The man said, "I placed the bricks by your tires. That's what you want, isn't it?" The man had no way of knowing that Vincent had two bricks in his truck or that he wanted to block his tires with them because he didn't trust his hand brake and because the gear would have to be in neutral to start the other truck. Vincent checked and discovered that the man had placed the bricks behind the exact same tires that Vincent wanted.

At this point, Vincent was convinced that this was not a natural person. And after the experience in March, Vincent had decided that if the Lord ever gave him the privilege of another encounter with an angel, he had many questions he wanted to ask. But he had a sudden feeling come over him and some force caused his mouth to be kept shut. He was not able to say anything except to respond to whatever the old man wanted or said.

Vincent was now ready to start the truck, and the old man said, "Can we wait in your truck and have my truck charged up?" Vincent agreed and they sat in his truck. The old man spoke first and said, "Can we pray? God can work miracles—even starting a car with a coat hanger." (The previous incident with the coat hanger job was a car and not a truck!) Now Vincent was further convinced that this stranger must be an angel!

The old man prayed: "Oh most holy and powerful God in heaven, we know you are coming very, very soon. Help us now in your own time and way. In Jesus' Name. Amen." Vincent said the man's voice was so powerful and assuring that it sent chills through him. After the prayer the man asked Vincent, "Do you believe the Lord is coming soon?" Vincent said "Yes". Then the man said, "He is coming very, very soon, and we need to be ready now and always." Then he said, "Can I use your

Bible?" Vincent agreed, then without any word from Vincent the man reached into the glove compartment for the Bible, already knowing where it was located.

The man asked Vincent, "Do you read your Bible.?" Vincent replied that he tried to read it every day. The man said, "That's very good. It's unfortunate that many do not do that. Having Bible studies is like being in a big room with many candles that are lit." Vincent knew he had God's answer about his dreams six months earlier. The unlit candles meant many people were not spending time studying God's Word! By now Vincent was sure that this was an angel.

It was very dark, but the man took Vincent's King James Bible and, without searching, flipped immediately to the exact page, to Matthew, chapter 24. Then Vincent shined the flashlight on the page as the man read verse 36: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." He then jumped down to verse 42: "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Then again, as if knowing exactly where the page was, without searching he flipped to John, chapter 14, and read verses 1-3: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Then again, he amazingly flipped directly to Revelation 3, verse 11, and read: "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." With that, the man put the Bible back in the glove compartment. Vincent reflected that all three passages, that everything the man said was about the Lord's return.

After the reading, the man said, "The truck is ready." He started the truck and Vincent said he would follow him for awhile to make sure everything was okay. The man said, "Thank you very much for your help. By the way, I left a small token for you. It will be enough to fill up your car tomorrow." That was strange, because there was no way for the man to know that Vincent had a car in addition to his truck. Vincent followed him about a mile with the man's tail lights clearly in view, then as they were going around a curve, he suddenly vanished from view. He and his truck just disappeared. Thinking his vision may have been

obstructed by trees or something, Vincent went back the next day during the daylight and retraced everything. There were no trees or anything obstructing his view. There was no human explanation.

Also the next day, as he always does on Friday, Vincent went to fill his car with gasoline. He had forgotten what the man had said about leaving a token “to fill up your car tomorrow.” Vincent put \$2.32 worth of gas in his car, then tried to round it off to \$2.35 or \$2.40. But he could only get it up to \$2.34 and it stopped. It just would not take more than exactly \$2.34.

Vincent then left to visit a friend’s house, but remembered that he had left the friend’s Christmas gift in his truck, so he went back home. When home, Vincent decided to clean his truck a bit before leaving. While doing so, he found some money on the front seat, passenger’s side, underneath his glove. The money consisted of two one-dollar bills, a quarter, a nickel, and four pennies—exactly \$2.34!”

### **Third Angel’s Visit**

Vincent had another amazing experience in the early morning hours of Sunday, September 13th 1998. He had been working late in his chemist job again to finish some urgent jobs. He left work at about 1 o’clock in the morning. When he got outside, he suddenly realized that he had left his keys on his desk, but was not able to get back inside because of the automatic lock on the door. So now he could neither get back inside, nor drive his truck. He prayed that the Lord would unlock his truck, but nothing happened.

He walked across the street to a pay phone but discovered it had been vandalized. He remembered his cellular phone in his backpack and took it out. Vincent then realized he had left the battery at home to be recharged, of course, it could not work without a battery. Nevertheless, he prayed and asked the Lord to allow him to make one call. As soon as he prayed, he noticed the phone miraculously lighting up, and he called a friend to pick him up. The friend agreed to do so. Vincent then sat down by a doorstep of the lab and waited. A little while later a police car drove up and stopped. The policeman asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m waiting for a friend,” Vincent replied. He told the policeman his situation, about the prayer to open his truck, and the call to his friend.

The policeman replied, “Your friend isn’t coming.” He noticed Vincent’s Bible, and added, “That’s a good book to read.” Some

conversation ensued in which Vincent disclosed his faith and his belief that the Lord is coming “very, very soon.”

The policeman replied, “I believe the Lord’s coming is very, very near too.”

At that very moment, a call came in over the policeman’s radio and he said he had to leave. Before he left, the policeman remarked to Vincent, “Why don’t you pray and ask the Lord to open the door to your lab?” Vincent said he watched him leave, while praying silently.

Vincent said, “I had barely finished praying when the lab door miraculously opened. I immediately stood up and turned around towards the door and noticed that someone had pushed the lock bar and opened it from the inside. I held on to the door and turned to look at the police car and noticed he was not to be seen, even though I had taken my eye off him for only a few seconds.”

Vincent got his keys and drove away in his truck. He drove by his friend’s home and noticed both their vehicles in their driveway. He assumed that they must have gone back to sleep, forgetting him.

Vincent said, “I decided to go on home—believing I may have actually spoken with an angel.” The next day he checked with his friend whom he had called and who had promised to pick him up. The friend did not remember anything about the call!

Here we have:

- (1) a cell phone that miraculously works without a battery,
- (2) a mysteriously appearing and disappearing policeman who said “I believe the Lord’s coming is very, very near,”
- (3) the policeman knew in advance that the friend would not pick Vincent up,
- (4) after the policeman told him to pray, the door opened miraculously from the inside even though no one was inside,
- (5) a friend promised to pick him up, but neither he nor his wife could remember the telephone call. The whole episode is no doubt supernatural.

## A Phone Call Arranged by God

This incident took place before the third angelic visit. On Saturday, April 6, 1996, Vincent was awakened at 4:30 a.m. with a burden to pray. He slipped to his knees beside his bed for a few moments, after which he returned to bed and to sleep. He arose later, and at 7 a.m. began his morning prayer time. At 7:30, as he was still praying, the telephone rang. So as not to be disturbed, he decided to let the answering machine take the call.

For some strange reason, the answering machine refused to take the call. The telephone kept ringing, as though demanding to be picked up! Vincent discovered that the answering machine was, indeed, on, but that it was not taking the call. He decided to go ahead and answer it. He also noted that, oddly, his Caller I.D. failed to show the number of the caller.

“Hello,” Vincent said. Surprisingly, the other party also said, “Hello.” Again, Vincent said, “Hello.” Again, the lady on the other end said, “Hello.” Vincent asked, “Do you want to speak to me?” The lady said, “No.”

Vincent then asked, “Then why did you call me?” The lady said, “I didn’t call you.” Vincent explained that his phone rang and he had answered it. The lady said the same thing happened to her—that her phone rang and she had answered it. Vincent told her his name, and she said her name was Doris, and that she was in Iowa. They both concluded that somehow their lines must have become crossed, causing this freak mishap.

But in another surprise, Doris asked, “Are you the same Vincent who had an experience with an angel?” Vincent said yes. She explained that she and her mother had read about Vincent’s story about a year ago in an article I had written. Doris went on to say that six months ago, her mother was diagnosed with cancer and only given six months to live. She said that every day for the past six months her mother had prayed that she would be able to meet or speak with Vincent before she died. In her prayers about this, she had claimed the promises of Jeremiah 32:27, which says, “Behold, I am the LORD, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me?” and Jeremiah 33:3: “Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.” A few years ago, Vincent had also claimed these same promises.

Doris explained that her mother was near death, and how that very

morning, at 3:30 a.m., Iowa time (the exact same as Vincent’s prayer at 4:30 a.m., Eastern Time) she was awake and felt led to seek the Lord and remind Him of her mother’s request. She asked if Vincent would speak with her mother, to which Vincent agreed.

Her mother was bed-ridden, so Doris decided to put Vincent on the speaker-phone, which took a few moments to set up. Finally, after waiting, Vincent heard the mother’s weak but audible voice. The mother thanked Vincent for talking with her, and then asked if he would please personally repeat for her his angel experiences. Vincent patiently took about the next 45 minutes describing to her the incidents in detail. At the end of his description, Vincent heard the mother say weakly, “Praise the Lord. Amen.”

This was followed by silence. All was strangely quiet. Vincent waited, thinking that Doris was taking him off the speaker. After a few moments, Doris broke the silence and came back on the regular telephone. “Praise the Lord,” she said. “My mother just died.”

Vincent now says, “I was so overwhelmed with mixed emotions. I did not know whether to be happy or sad.” He says he decided to say goodbye so that Doris could be with her mother. In the shock and emotion of the moment, Vincent didn’t think to get Doris’ telephone number for follow up. But he says, “I know that the Lord has His reasons for us not getting each other’s numbers. Why He would not let her number flash on my (Caller I.D.) screen is still a mystery. Yet I am amazed at His miraculous action in ringing both our phones at the same time. As I ponder over the event, I am grateful to the Lord for His loving kindness. It just encouraged my faith to trust Him even more, knowing that in the fullness of His time, He will answer our prayers.”

Vincent added the following, a message I believe not just for me, but for all who read this:

“I hope that this will be an encouragement to you as it has been to me. I know that we will see Doris’ mother in heaven when we all will be able to know the answers to our questions. The Lord is coming very, very soon. As we near the final hours, I know that His presence is even now and evermore with us. May the Lord continue to bless you. Let us be ready now, for His coming is very, very near.”

The above story can be found at:

<http://www.geocities.com/bramlett2000/angels.html>

## **An Anointed 8-year-old!**

Source : Revival Now International Website

This report comes ‘hot’ from Santiago, Chile; where there has been another extraordinary move of the Holy Spirit. This move took place during a youth ‘summer camp’, followed by a Vineyard-sponsored open conference in Santiago city. Both in the youth camp, as well as the city conference, every leader and pastor attending said, “...they had never seen it in this way before”. The youth entered into prayer ministry with a hunger that was moving to watch. Weeping, joy, shaking, falling, wailing, —all were common place. Young men eighteen years old would be praying for other younger boys of thirteen or fourteen. But the tenderness with which they ministered one to another was most touching. The older ones would pray, all the while weeping and tenderly stroking their faces of their younger brothers. There was none of the gender foolishness that so pervades the culture of North America. Even after lights out at 2:30 a.m., the guards could still hear the youth praying one for another, and weeping before the Lord. Many decisions and fresh dedications were made.

Another interesting point was that this was the first interdenominational camp of it’s kind. Previously it would be either all Baptist youth, or all Pentecostal youth. In a country of fourteen million people and four thousand denominations; factions and divisions are rampant. But here were a thousand people from every denomination and group, and the presence of the Lord seemed to make us all—just one body! Once the camp was over, many of the youth came back into Santiago to continue on with the open conference. On Saturday Wesley Campbell preached on the theme of revival and there was a definite feeling of anticipation in the air. But the real break-through came in the ministry time. After a message on “Revival Impartation and the Filling of the Holy Spirit”, the entire congregation gathered in groups to pray one for another. For a time it was much like normal renewal ministry times with many being physically touched, and some lying on the floor, etc. But then God began to move on the children.

One little girl - Maria Jose, eight years old, was especially moved upon. She was on the floor violently shaking, and beside herself with heat, and the presence of God. The uninitiated could even say, “she

looked frantic”. Knowing that some onlookers were confused and concerned, I went down to try and help in facilitating what God was doing. I assured the parents and onlookers that this was the Lord, and not to be frightened. Maria continued manifesting great heat, and crying out “fuego, fuego (fire, fire)”!

Having seen this same drama many times before, I said, “pick her up and have her lay hands on the other children”. She laid her hands on a nine-year-old girl named Barbara, the daughter of the Roger Cunningham, the conference co-ordinator, and missionary of twenty-one years. In moments Barbara was on the floor and would be seriously impacted for the next two hours as God spoke callings into her life. Maria then laid hands on , the seven-year-old daughter of a Chilean church planter named Catalina. She became strongly overwhelmed and awoke, with teeth chattering for the rest of the night (three hours). She was unable to talk and could only motion of the angels she was seeing, and of an open vision of a great volcano of God’s, love its fire being spewed out over everyone. Later when her mother asked her more, Catalina said, “I saw many, many, angels throughout the building - some with golden wings. They had very, very white chests”. Her mother could hardly drag her away from the building.

Soon, children everywhere were either weeping profusely, shaking, prophesying , or resting peacefully in the Spirit. But the intensity increased. The more Maria Jose prayed for others, the more completely she became taken over by God.

What happened next was absolutely amazing. Maria went into an ecstatic state — like she became a catalyst for ‘raw Spirit power’. Her little eight-year-old body began to manifest with prophetic mime, displaying the very things that she was praying for. Without speaking she began to approach grown adults in the crowd. She would blow on them and wave her arms up and down over their bodies, indicating that God’s Spirit was upon them and covering them . They would collapse limply to the ground. She began to discern giftings and callings upon the people she would pray for. In follow up, we later found out that many were already ministering in the gifts Maria mimed out, or they were already praying for those things she was imparting — dancers, worship leaders, preachers, those who would speak in tongues, the list went on and on. After an hour the power began to increase even more. Now the

crowd began to press in. Boldly Maria pointed at an American pastor fifteen feet away and waved her hand at him. Instantly he was flung backwards into the wall and collapsed on a stack of chairs. She pointed at his worship leader, not knowing who he was or what he did. She began to mime worship gestures, and penetrate him with her eyes.

Pepi told me later, “. . . I can’t believe it. I just came to stand on these chairs to take a picture. And I looked down there, and this little girl looks up at me. Then I saw her pointing at me, and I think, ‘Ah, that’s kinda cute’. But then she pulls my hands and starts beating on me like the drums. She began to drum with her fingers on the palms of my hands. I just lost it, because although I lead worship with guitar, the drums are my first instrument, the passion of my life. They are really how I express myself in music . . . . I tell you, it was the authority in her eyes. If she would have told me to stand on my head I would have done it.” It was like being with Jesus. But it was Jesus in a little girl. The people crowded round to touch her, and follow her every move. Bodies falling, women crying, even cold sceptics, and unbelievers overwhelmed by the power of God!

One man, David, who had made a profession of faith years before but hadn’t come to church for ten years, was drawn to the conference. The little girl came up to him and just looked into his eyes. Later he said, “I could not resist the look in her eyes. It penetrated to the deepest part of me, and I fell back and I felt peace and rest”. That night David rededicated his life, and brought others on Sunday.

On it went, until after 1:00 a.m. Reluctantly people began to go home shaking their heads. As I said in the beginning, no one had ever seen it this way before. Whether the local Chileans, the Veteran Vineyard missionaries of over twenty years in Chile, or the visiting conference speakers - everyone agreed something awesome had just happened. For me, probably the thing that amazed me the most was that this little girl began enacting the same gestures, and manifestations that God had released in our church ten years before. In those days during our initial impartation, we actually learned to prophesy, and interpret what was going on by the involuntary supernatural prophetic miming in the bodies of those who were so touched. It was that outpouring which released a major prophetic visitation and localized revival (see Wesley Campbell’s book “ Welcoming a Visitation of the Holy Spirit”, Creation

House, 1996).

Now again, here in another country, in another language, and in a body that was not yet born when we first witness such an outpouring, it’s all happening again - and it is the same. What a great God! Needless to say, by Sunday the church was packed as news had spread through the night and early morning. Many more visitors came and the air was filled with anticipation . Again the ministry continued with similar power, and that night the youth were begging to extend the meetings.

Written by Wesley Campbell on location, Santiago Chile

### **FOUR HUNDRED CHRISTIANS MIRACULOUSLY PROTECTED!**

This is a testimony as to how God protected His own during the Asian Tsunami – December 26, 2004. In the town of Meulaboh, Indonesia, there were about 400 Christians who wanted to celebrate Christmas on December 25th but were not allowed to by the Muslims. They were told to celebrate Christmas on a high hill outside the city. After celebrating Christmas, they stayed overnight on the hill. So it happened that when the Tsunami waves hit that city, the 400 believers were on the mountain and were all saved from destruction. Now the Muslims are saying that the God of the Christians punished them for forbidding the Christians from celebrating Christmas in the city. Others are questioning why so many Muslims died while not even one of the Christians died. by Bill Hekman, Pastor, Calvary Life Fellowship

### **The Pigs Don’t!**

One day a poor backwards farmer went to a big city. He sat down in a restaurant close to a group of young men who looked at him as though he were an alien from outer space. When his meal arrived, he bowed his head and thanked his heavenly father before eating.

One of the young men decided he would have some fun with the old farmer. He spoke loudly (so everybody could hear him) with a sophisticated voice (so he could impress everybody with his own suaveness) and said, “Hey, Pop, does everyone do that where you come from?” The old farmer also spoke up with a big booming voice so that everybody could hear him, and said, “No, son, the pigs don’t.”

## A Politically-Correct Poem

Since the Pledge of Allegiance and The Lord's Prayer are not allowed in many public schools because the word "God" is mentioned, a school child in Arizona wrote the following NEW school prayer:

Now I sit me down in school  
Where praying is against the rule  
For this great nation under God  
Finds mention of Him very odd.  
If Scripture now the class recites,  
It violates the Bill of Rights.  
And anytime my head I bow  
Becomes a Federal matter now.  
Our hair can be purple, orange or green,  
That's no offense; it's a freedom scene.  
The law is specific, the law is precise.  
Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice.  
For praying in a public hall  
Might offend someone with no faith at all.  
In silence alone we must meditate,  
God's name is prohibited by the state.  
We're allowed to cuss and dress like freaks,  
And pierce our noses, tongues and cheeks.  
They've outlawed guns, but FIRST the Bible.  
To quote the Good Book makes me liable.  
We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen,  
And the 'unwed daddy,' our Senior King.  
It's "inappropriate" to teach right from wrong,  
We're taught that such "judgments" do not belong.  
We can get our condoms and birth controls,  
Study witchcraft, vampires and totem poles.  
But the Ten Commandments are not allowed,  
No word of God must reach this crowd.  
It's scary here I must confess,  
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.  
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:  
Should I be shot; My soul please take!

## Healing Oil from the Hands of an 8-year Old Girl

Source : Revival Generation Website

We have just concluded our 4 day conference, on Killington mountain in Vermont, with Jack Taylor and Randy Clark. The impartation of anointing exceeded anything I have ever experienced. At times the room was filled not only with the cries of the intercessors, worshipers, and receivers - but also the cries of terror at the awesome presence of the Lord. To me the atmosphere was so Holy during some ministry times that all I could do was bury my face in the carpet, afraid to even lift my head to look around. I know now, at least to some degree, what the fear of the Lord feels like.

The last night of the conference saw us without our two main speakers as both Jack and Randy had to leave to fulfil other commitments. My father, Jim Schneider Sr., (pastor of Pleasant Valley Community of Prayer and Praise in Groton, Connecticut) took over the speaking responsibilities with a powerfully prophetic word from Isaiah 60. It became apparent from the very start of the service that God was about to take us to a new level - and He did - in a big way!!!

As we were going into our ministry time Brad Bradbury, our children's conference leader, confronted me with eyes as large as saucers. - All week long the children (ages 4-12) had been receiving an even greater impartation of anointing than the adults, including healings, mass manifestations of gifts, prophecies, deliverances etc.— all this had been overseen with nonchalance by Brad. (He has ministered in this kind of authority to children in both North and South America.) Now he was standing before me quite distressed - I knew something big must be going on. He told me that we had a little girl upstairs with oil literally dripping off of her fingertips. Realizing the significance of the sign we interrupted the service to ask anybody in need of healing to move across the hall to an overflow room.

At least 150 people with physical problems lined up in front of this eight-year-old girl and allowed her to pray for them (with the permission of her parents). The release of power was off the charts. Some people were literally thrown back before she could even touch them. Occasionally we would stop and just minister to the child and as we did you could watch the oil regenerating itself on her fingertips and palms. The highlight of the night was when 20+ pastors gathered around her and had her lay hands on us to receive an impartation for healing.

Larry Randolph prophesied over Vermont 3 years ago that there would be a revival of healing here that would touch the nations. - If this is that I want it recorded that it came with the pastors on their knees receiving an anointing from the hands of an eight-year-old girl.

## **Does God Answer the Prayers of an Atheist?**

A famous atheist once pronounced a curse on himself: “If there is a God in heaven, I call on him to see to it that my grave is infested with snakes forever.”

Fifty years after he died, someone read this self-condemning curse, and decided to check out this atheist’s grave. After finding out where he was buried, he traveled to that location. There he found so many snakes around the grave that he could not even get close to it.

God help those who take God lightly!

## **Three Chaplains**

A prison chaplain quit the chaplaincy. Before he quit, he gave this description of the chaplaincy: “When I started in the chaplaincy it was a Christian ministry. Later it became psychological counseling. Now it’s all politics.”

Another prison chaplain made this statement before he quit: “I feel safer among my men than I do among the administration.”

Another prison chaplain made this statement: “We have a lot of really bad people at our prison. We also have some prisoners.”

## **Serving God in the Sunshine**

It was the worst storm anybody could remember! It sounded as though the lightning bolts were striking in the front yard and the back yard! Already the power was off. Everybody was huddled in a corner shaking with fear—that is, all except for grandmother who sat in her usual rocking chair by the front window reading her Bible.

Finally the storm was over. “Grandma,” little Johnny asked, “weren’t you scared during the storm?”

“No, son,” she answered, “I served God when the sun was shining!”

## **Putting Things in Perspective**

If you kill one person,  
You’re a murderer.

If you kill a million people,  
You’re a great general!

If you rip off somebody,  
You’re an armed robber.

If you rip off millions of people,  
You’re a great politician!

If you turn a kid into a street gangster,  
You’re a reprobate.

If you turn millions of kids that way,  
You’re an award-winning movie director!

## **Finding True Happiness**

Once there was a woman who had two daughters. She taught each of her daughters all of the ways of love. One daughter used her mother’s teachings to please herself. The other daughter used her mother’s teachings to please her husband. Which of the two daughters do you think found true happiness?

## **Are You Plagued by Evil Thoughts?**

If so, these four should help you:

— 1 —

Please answer this question: When an evil thought [an adultery] comes into your mind, isn’t that a temptation rather than a sin? And if it is only a temptation, then you haven’t sinned, have you?

— 2 —

And, answer this question: When a true Christian man sees a beautiful woman, shouldn’t he be able to admire her beauty without lusting for her body?

— 3 —

When an adulterous or pornographic thought comes into a man’s mind, it might take him a few minutes before he realizes he is being tempted and expels that thought. However, as he continues down

through the years drawing closer and closer to the Lord Jesus, it takes him less and less time to expel the evil, tempting thought. That is called spiritual maturity. It should not take a mature believer more than 2 or 3 seconds to expel such a thought.

— 4 —

Once a man who had been in prison three times for sexual crimes, asked me: “Since sexual desires are natural, how can a man be free from sexual lusts or temptation?” At that moment, the spirit of God gave me a reply which really helped him. I explained to him that healthy sex is normal; but when a man is a slave to his own sexual lusts, that is a demonic stronghold. The demonic stronghold can be broken and the normal sexual desires remain. He accepted that answer, earnestly sought to live a good, clean Christian life, and within the next few years, he grew into a good, strong believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and married a lady of a similar mind set.

## **Our Father In Washington!**

A prayer for our school children written for a Washington bureaucrat:

Our Father who art in Washington,  
Hallowed be thy flag,  
May thy welfare check come.  
May thy bureaucratic will be done  
In mid-America as it is in Washington.  
Give us our daily hand out,  
And forgive us our late tax payments  
As we forgive politicians who rip us off.  
Lead us not into war,  
But deliver us from street criminals.  
For thine is:  
The executive authority,  
The legislative power,  
And the judicial finality  
From which there is no appeal!  
AMEN!

(Please — no one show this prayer to any bureaucrats  
—they may have our children praying it in school!)

## **Can God Protect His People in Times of Tribulation?**

This story came from Hiroshima, the city that was destroyed by an atomic bomb during the Second World War. A believer in Hiroshima wrote:

On the night before the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the largest family in our church received an emergency call that their father was dying, and the whole family left Hiroshima to attend to their father in another village. Another family in our church also left town for an emergency. On the morning that the bomb was dropped, several ladies in the church felt that they should get together to pray—not knowing why. The place where they gathered was in the basement of a house [the safest place to be during an atomic attack—again, not knowing why they were gathering in a basement]. They gathered early in the morning—again, not knowing why they were gathering at such an early morning hour. At the same time, a elderly lady who lived on a near-by mountain requested some of us men to move some furniture for her. We left before sunrise, not knowing the real reason we were leaving town at such an early hour. Almost the whole congregation was out of town or gathered in the safe haven of that basement.

While I was on the top of the mountain moving the furniture, I saw a lone airplane coming over Hiroshima—never imagining that this plane was about to drop a bomb that would reverberate throughout history for who knows how many centuries. I thought it was just another plane and thought no more about it. I had just stepped between two rocks when the bomb detonated—having no understanding of the real reason I was stepping between two huge rocks at that very moment in time. We were thrown to the ground, as the whole world passed around us. We thought this was the coming of the Lord!

When we went back into Hiroshima, the whole town was gone, but the basement where the ladies had been praying was intact. We had to dig them out, but we found that not one was hurt.

In this story, we get two lessons:

1. God is well able to take care of those who love him and obey him, and
2. Many things happen in our lives without our knowing the real reason behind them.

For these two reasons, we ought to give continuous thanks and praise to God Almighty.

This story came from a book marked “Hiroshima.” I was not able to find the author’s or publisher’s name or any other documentation for this story. If any reader knows the name, author, or publisher [either in English or Japanese], I would like to document this story. Please contact me at:

Brother James e-mail: [Use the address in the Catalog](#)

## Does God Arrange Phone Calls?

I’m sure this is the wildest experience that I have ever had in my life. I’m still flabbergasted over this event that could have been arranged only by God.

Several years ago, I was driving on Interstate 75 near Dayton, Ohio, and had my wife and children with me. It was about that time that one of my sons said: “Hey, Dad let’s get some pizza!” I turned off at the next exit, Route 741, where one sign after another advertised a wide variety of fast foods. “A sign,” I mused. “That’s what I need, God, a sign.”

My son and daughter-in-law had already maneuvered the second bus into a pizza parlor’s parking lot, and they stood waiting as I pulled up. The rest of the family bounced down the steps, while I sat staring into space.

“Coming?” Barbara asked.

“I’m not really hungry,” I told her. “I’ll stay out here and stretch my legs.”

Barbara followed the others into the restaurant, while I stepped outside, closed the bus doors, and looked around. Noticing a Dairy Queen, I strolled over, bought a soft drink, and ambled back, still pondering. I was exhausted, but I wondered, “Are my doldrums a sign of permanent burnout?”

A persistent ringing broke my concentration. The jangle was coming from a payphone in a booth at the service station right next to the Dairy Queen. As I approached the booth, I looked to see if anyone in the station was coming to answer the phone. But the attendant continued his work, seemingly oblivious to the noise.

Why doesn’t someone answer it? I wondered, growing irritated. What if it is an emergency? The insistent ringing went on. Ten rings. Fifteen.... Curiosity overcame my lethargy. Walking to the booth, I lifted the receiver. “Hello?”

“Long-distance call for Ken Gaub,” came the voice of the operator.

I was stunned. “You’re crazy!” I said. Then, realizing my rudeness, I tried to explain. “This can’t be! I was just walking down the road here, and the phone was ringing....”

The operator ignored my ramblings. “Is Ken Gaub there?” she asked. “I have a long-distance phone call for him.”

Was this a joke? Automatically, I smoothed my hair for the Candid Camera crew that must surely appear. But no one came. My family was eating pizza in a randomly-selected restaurant just a few yards from where I stood. And no one else knew I was there.

“I have a long-distance call for Ken Gaub, sir,” the operator said again, obviously reaching the limits of her patience. “Is he there or isn’t he?”

“Operator, I’m Ken Gaub,” I said, still unable to make sense of it.

“Are you sure?” the operator asked, but just then, I heard another woman’s voice on the telephone.

“Yes, that’s him, Operator!” she said. “Mr. Gaub, I’m Millie from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. You don’t know me, but I’m desperate. Please help me.”

“What can I do for you?” I asked. The operator hung up.

Millie began to weep, and I waited patiently for her to regain control. Finally she explained: “I was about to kill myself, and I started to write a suicide note. Then I began to pray and tell God I really didn’t want to do this.” Through her desolation, Millie remembered seeing me on television. If she could talk to that “nice, kindly minister, the one with the understanding attitude....”

“I knew it was impossible because I didn’t know how to reach you,” Millie went on, calmer now. “So I started to finish the note. And then some numbers came into my mind, and I wrote them down.” She began to weep again. Silently I prayed for the wisdom to help her.

“I looked at those numbers,” Millie continued tearfully, “and I thought—wouldn’t it be wonderful if I had a miracle from God, and he has given me Ken’s phone number? I can’t believe I’m talking to you.

Are you in your office in California?”

“I don’t have an office in California,” I explained. “It’s in Yakima, Washington.”

“Then where are you?” Millie asked, puzzled.

I was even more bewildered. “Millie, don’t you know? You made the call.”

“But I don’t know what area this is.” Millie had dialed the long-distance operator and given the numbers to her, making it a person-to-person call. And somehow she had found me in a parking lot in Dayton, Ohio.

I gently counseled the woman. Soon she met the one who would lead her out of her situation into a new life. Then I hung up the phone, still dazed. Would my family believe this incredible story? Perhaps I shouldn’t tell anyone about it.

But I had prayed for an answer, and I had received just what he needed – a renewed sense of purpose, a glimpse of the value of my work, and electrifying awareness of God’s concern for each of his children – all in an encounter that could only have been arranged by his heavenly Father.

My heart overflowed with joy. “Barb,” I exclaimed as my wife climbed back into the bus, “you won’t believe this! God knows where I am!”

God also knows where you are. Place yourself in His hands, concentrate on knowing His will for your life, and he will never forsake or forget you.

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## Haiti

### —A Nation Is Delivered from Demonic Oppression!

The following report from the Haitian bishop Joel Jeune recently reached us via Gerry A. Seale, General Secretary of the Evangelical Association of the Caribbean and Regional Coordinator of the AD2000 Movement. The report was made available by missionary David

Schmidt. The following is an extract from bishop Joel’s own words (although translated into English from a German version of the original):  
Satanic blood covenant 206 years ago

“On 14 August 1997, God’s people in Haiti experienced a historic victory over Satan, a milestone in winning our country back for God. The reason lies in history. The slaves brought here from Africa have suffered incredibly for many years. Their masters acted with the blessing of the Catholic church, which declared black to be the color of the devil. Hence, they reasoned, black slaves have no soul. For this reason, the slaves turned disappointedly away from God, and called to their African gods for help. On 14 August 1791, a slave leader by the name of Boukman called a secret meeting in a wood called Bois-Caiman near Cap Haitien, which was attended by a large number of slaves. They celebrated a Satanic ceremony, sacrificing a pig and drinking its blood, swore to serve the devil and dedicated Haiti to him. Up to the present, Haiti’s historians have all attributed Haiti’s achievement of political independence in 1804 to this ceremony. For 206 years, Bois-Caiman was a very holy place, a high place which could only be entered by witch doctors during Voodoo ceremonies. For 206 years, they have been meeting there every 14. August to sacrifice to Satan.

### Mobilization to fasting and prayer

Today, ‘the pearl of the Antilles’ is a land of suffering, poverty, political tension and instability. A number of Christian leaders, including Paul and Gerald Clerie of ‘Vision: Haiti’ and Christian leaders among the large numbers of Haitians in the USA, Canada, France and other countries, called Christians to unite on 14 August 1997 to pray and fast that Haiti would return to God. In Haiti’s towns, villages and mountains, Christians came together to fast and pray, held victory marches in the streets and a large event in the capital from 6am to 10pm during the holy invasion.

### Holy Invasion

Our church members started their march in front of the President’s palace and marched for 6 hours to the place where the Satanic ceremony took place 206 years ago. We had informed the government and media of our intentions weeks before the event, and were told that the witch doctors would be there, as they were every year. When we arrived, they

had hidden themselves, unable to directly confront the Christians. It was a significant spiritual battle to reach the tree under which the pig was sacrificed in the original ceremony. We formed a Jericho march, circling the magic tree seven times. On the seventh time around, God gave many people a vision of the devil fleeing from the area. The Christians were overjoyed. We canceled the Satanic contract and broke the curse, before celebrating communion and dedicating the area as a place of prayer. We also declared 14 August to be a national prayer day, on which people should pray that Haiti will return to God.

## Reactions

On the same day, several witch doctors were saved during the events in the capital. Three days after our holy invasion, the witch doctors returned to Bois-Caiman to bring their sacrifices and call on the spirits. After days of effort, nothing happened, because we had commanded the spirits never to return and dedicated the area to Christ.

The witch doctors complained to the government and media. At first, the government also protested, speaking in a press release of ‘terrible damage to a Voodoo holy place in which no Christian had set foot for 206 years.’ The US ambassador was shocked by the government’s attitude, publicly declaring his displeasure, and the media made much of the event, asking us for interviews day and night. By the grace of God, the government relented and respected our legal right as Haitians to gather at any place on Haiti, including Bois-Caiman, where they now allow all Christian groups to meet. The place is now very popular, and local Christians gather there daily for prayer and fasting. All Haitians now know that the country no longer has a pact with the devil; the contract has been canceled, the curse broken. Churches who initially opposed us out of fear of persecution, have now joined us. Visitors to Haiti sense a fresh atmosphere in the country. God will completely change our country spiritually, economically and socially. We are already calling it “Haiti, G.C.” [G.C. stands for God’s Country]

Source: Bishop Joel Jeune  
via Gerry A Seale, e-mail gaseale@caribsurf.com

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## A Buddhist Monk Raised from the Dead<sup>1</sup>

In 1998, a Buddhist monk died. A few days later, his funeral was held, at which he was to be cremated. From the smell, it was obvious that his body had already started to decompose - he was very clearly dead! Hundreds of monks and relatives of the dead man attended the funeral. Just as the body was about to be burned, the dead monk suddenly sat up. The events shocked the whole region. Over 300 monks became Christians and started to study the Bible. Cassette tapes of the monk’s report were distributed throughout Myanmar. The Buddhist hierarchy and the government were soon alarmed, and they arrested the monk. He has not been seen since, and it is feared that he was killed to keep him silent. It is now a serious crime to listen to the tapes, because the government wants to put a damper on this sensational testimony. Text of the taped message follows:

My name is Athet Pyan Shintaw Paulu. I was born in 1958. When I became 18 years of age, my Buddhist parents sent me as a novice to a monastery. At 19, I became a monk, entering a monastery, where I was instructed by probably the most famous Buddhist teacher of the time, who was killed in a car crash in 1983. I was given a new name when I entered the monastery. I tried to deny my own selfish thoughts and desires; even when mosquitoes landed on my arm, I would let them bite me instead of brushing them away.

When I was about 40 years old, I became very ill, and the doctors diagnosed a combination of Malaria and Yellow Fever. After a month in hospital, they told me that they could do no more for me, and discharged me so that I could prepare myself for my death. Back in the monastery, I became ever weaker, and finally lost consciousness. I only discovered that I had died later: my body started to decay and smelled of death, my heart had ceased beating. My body was put through the Buddhist cleansing rites.

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<sup>1</sup>The authors added: We heard of these events from a number of Burmese church leaders, who investigated the reports and have no doubt as to their authenticity. We report them in good faith after checking their authenticity as much as we could reasonably be expected to do.

I found myself in a powerful storm which blew everything away. Not a single tree, nothing was left standing. I was in an empty plain. After some time, I crossed a river, and saw a terrible lake of fire. I was confused, because Buddhism knows no such thing. I did not know that it was Hell until I met Yama, the King of Hell. His face was that of a lion, his feet like snakes, and he had many horns on his head. When I asked his name, he said “I am the King of Hell, the Destroyer.”

I then saw the saffron-colored robes of Myanmar’s monks in the fire, and upon looking closer, saw the shaved head of my former teacher who had been killed in a car accident. “Why is he in the lake of fire?” I asked. “He was a very good teacher.”

“Yes, he was a good teacher,” said Yama, “but he did not believe in Jesus Christ. That’s why he is in Hell.”

I was then shown another man, with long hair bound in a ball on the left side of his head. He also wore a robe, and when I asked who he was, I was told “Gautama” (This was the Buddha’s name. Buddha is an honorary name meaning “The Enlightened One.”). I was distraught. Buddha in Hell, with all of his ethics and moral character?

“It is not important how good he was. He did not believe in the eternal God, so he is in Hell,” answered the King of Hell. I also saw Aung San, the revolutionary leader. “He is here because he persecuted and killed Christians, but mainly because he did not believe in Jesus Christ,” I was told.

Another man was very tall, wearing armor and carrying a sword and shield. He had a wound on his forehead. He was larger than anyone else I could see, around 22 feet tall. The King of Hell said “That is Goliath, who is in Hell because he mocked the eternal God and his servant David.” I had never heard of either Goliath or David.

Another ‘King of Hell’ approached me and asked “Are you also going into the lake of fire?”

“No,” I said, “I am just here to look.”

“You are right,” the creature said. “You only came to look. I can’t find your name in the book. You’ll have to go back to where you came from.”

On the way back, I saw two paths, one wide, one narrow. The narrow path, which I followed for about an hour, soon became pure gold. I could see my own reflection perfectly! A man calling himself Peter told me “Now go back to tell the people who worship Buddha and other gods

that they will end up in Hell if they do not change. They should believe in Jesus.” He then gave me a new name: Athet Pyan Shintaw Paulu (meaning: Paul who returned to life).

The next thing I heard was my mother crying. “Son, why are you leaving us now?” I realized that I was lying in a coffin. When I moved, my parents cried out “He’s alive!”, but the others around them did not believe them. When they saw me, they were frozen with fear, and started shouting “It’s a ghost!”

I noticed that I was sitting in about 3½ cups of an odorous liquid, which must have come from my body as I lay in the coffin. I was told that I was about to be cremated. When a monk dies, his name, age and the number of years of his service as a monk are inscribed in the coffin. I had already been registered as dead, but as you can see, I’m alive!”

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The above story is available at this website:

[http://hills.ccsf.cc.ca.us/~jinouy01/lifeafterdeath/monkstory\\_long.html](http://hills.ccsf.cc.ca.us/~jinouy01/lifeafterdeath/monkstory_long.html)

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