

Life's Story & Healings



By
Nellie Poulos

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

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Preface

Realizing that according to nature I cannot be here much longer to witness for God, and with failing strength to get about as I have in the past, I felt burdened to write and leave my testimony of some of the things that God has done for me.

Realizing my inability for such a task, I hesitated; but also knowing that time is swiftly passing and what I do I must do quickly. With a heavy burden on my heart to leave on record some of God's gracious dealings with me, I have attempted to write these lines, by the help of the dear Lord, hoping they will encourage some to believe that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever (Hebrews 13:8), and that He is still doing miracles and healing His trusting children today as when He walked the shores of Galilee.

May God bless you and help this feeble effort to be an encouragement to you is the prayer of the writer.

—Nellie Poulos

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Contents

Part One

Chapter	Page
1. Early Experiences of My Life.....	1
2. Moving from Kansas Near Neosho, Mo.....	7
3. Vision of My Future Companion and Our Moving to Carthage, Missouri.....	17
4. How God Healed Me.....	25
5. My Call to the Work of God.....	45
6. An Experience in Arkansas.....	54
7. Leaving West Plains and My Sister's Marriage.....	67
8. Getting Acquainted and Married.....	72
9. My Parents Coming to California and Ruth Healed of Head Trouble.....	87
10. Father's Last Sickness and Death.....	98
11. Our Moving to the Country.....	102
12. Our First Trip to Oregon Campmeeting.....	110
13. Finishing Our Home.....	116
14. Healed of Paralysis.....	120

15. Getting a Telephone	127
16. Building the Chapel	130
17. Healed of Cancer.....	137
18. Healed of Tumor	140
19. Injured by a Fall	145
20. Verses of Comfort and Encouragement	150

Part 2

21. God’s Protection and Care	175
22. Saved from Train Wreck Through Prayer	179
23. Husband’s Last Sickness and Death	182
24. Moving from California to Oklahoma	187
25. Visit to a Sawmill	196
26. Marching Soldiers at Carthage, Missouri	200
27. Woman Miraculously Delivered from Death Through Prayer and Conversion of Man Who Intended to Rob and Kill a Widow	207
28. Little Things.....	210
29. An Alphabet of Comfort	213
30. “Fear Nots”	217
31. Testimony and Comments	225



Nellie and Gus Poulos - December, 1953

Chapter One

Early Experiences of My Life

I was born in Butler, Bates County, Missouri, March 24, 1890. My Father, James Madison Whiting, was the son of Smith S. and Catharine Whiting and was born in Green County, Ohio, March 30, 1854. My mother, the daughter of William H. and Dorothy Jane Sharp, was born near Indianapolis, Indiana, November 13, 1860.

To my father and mother six children were born, three boys and three girls. The two oldest boys died in infancy, leaving one boy and three girls who all lived to be grown and married. The girls are still living at this writing (May, 1957) but our brother left us a little more than two years ago.

I was a very frail and delicate child from my birth and there was little hope for my life but God saw fit to spare me. At the age of four I fell down the stairs and mashed my nose and face. The fall knocked me unconscious for some time and the bleeding was so bad it seemed I would surely strangle to death. Again God stepped in and spared my life, but this injury followed me and caused much pain and suffering to my already frail body. Much trouble with my head and throat developed from the injury and made it necessary for me to wear glasses at an early age and miss school often. But I loved

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

my school work and would study hard and pray for God to help me and so never missed passing a grade.

My parents were both real Christians. Both of them were reared Methodists, but before I was born they saw the oneness of God's people and the name of His church taught in the Bible. They left the Methodist Church looking for the Bible Church of God. They found some different ones who called themselves the Church of God. No wonder Bro. John in 1 John 4:1 said, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: Because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

They lived on a homestead and away out in the country several years, so we did not have the privilege of meeting the Church of God saints as taught by the Bible and Bro. D. S. Warner until I was a young woman. Oh, how glad we were to meet them! I have found them to be my people ever since.

At the age of six I was convicted for salvation. One day I had disobeyed Mamma and that evening as we knelt for family prayer my heart was very heavy. Father was away from home that night. As we knelt in prayer I told Mamma I was sorry for being naughty and asked her to forgive me and pray for me to be a good girl. As we lifted our voices in prayer I shall never forget the joy that filled my little soul. I was so happy it seemed I could not stop rejoicing and praising God. My oldest sister got rather angry with me and wanted me to stop saying the same thing over so much. I just kept saying, "I'm so happy! Praise the Lord!" My heart was just bubbling over with joy. I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. The next day when Father came home how glad I was to run to him and tell him I was saved. He smiled and seemed very happy. He picked me up in his arms, hugged and kissed me, and prayed for me that God would keep His hand over me all the days of my life. Surely

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

that prayer has been answered so far, for my life has been one of many miracles. I did the best I knew to live for God. The enemy of my soul got the best of me many times in the next years of my life, but I would repent and get back to God; so I was up and down in my living for God.

As time went on I saw I needed something to help me stand. I had been praying for God to give me an experience which would enable me to stand, I had been living a real Christian life for some months when God revealed the light to me that I needed to be sanctified. The first of August at the age of fourteen years I consecrated my life to God and was sanctified. I told my mother it seemed like I was saved and made all over again. From that time I have not gone back in sin, but have found Him to be a present help in time of need.

I got a vision that God was able to heal our bodies as well as save our souls just after I was sanctified, and also many things we had never heard preached. I was sanctified at a holiness campmeeting we heard of and attended for a few days. My folks used coffee and I was used to drinking it for breakfast. They served coffee with the meals at the meeting. I was helping to wait tables and Monday morning before I got to eat they ran out of coffee. It was getting late and they were breaking up camp and packing, so did not take time to make any more. We ate breakfast and started home but I soon began to take a sick headache. Before long I was so sick I had to get back in the wagon and lie down on the bed, as I was too sick to sit up. To go without coffee in the morning would usually make me dreadfully sick. As I lay there so very, very sick, I was praying. God began to talk to my heart in this way; it seemed as if I were asked the question, "Why are you so sick?" I answered in my mind and to God, "Because I did not have any coffee this morning."

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Then it came to me, "Then you are in bondage to it and cannot get along without it so you are sick and in trouble. That is not freedom nor is it food to you. Whom the Son makes free is free indeed." I said, "Lord, I have given my life to you and I want to be free from every chain that binds and if you will help me and heal me, I won't use it." In a few minutes after that I was well. The pain was all gone and I did not care for any coffee. I usually did not get any better until I could get some coffee, but we were traveling in the country with a team and covered wagon and one had no chance to get things along the road. So the Lord was good to me and led me in many things that I did not know anything about.

The last of August I came down with the typhoid fever and lay for weeks between life and death, later taking double pneumonia. My youngest sister took typhoid also and as I was getting a little better, Mother took it, too. My parents had been taught to pray but when they had done what they could, to call a doctor. Even though I wanted to trust God and they prayed with me, yet we knew of no one to send for as instructed in James 5:14, so when I continued so low and unconscious, they called a doctor to wait on me and my sister. He was coming to see us when my mother took sick. She was very critical from the time she took her bed. We burned wood and our supply was very low. Father could not leave for anything because the sick ones were in such a serious condition. He heard of a man some miles away who had wood, so he wrote him about our condition and asked him to bring us some wood. We were living in the prairie country in Kansas at this time. The man was not long in bringing the wood. About noon that day, the doctor had stopped and said my sister was about out of danger and that it would be some time, if nothing else set in, before I would have my strength, but that Mother would not last through the night. He did not think

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

she would last to the turn of the night. She could only whisper very faintly.

The man who brought the wood about the middle of the afternoon was a Christian and trusted God for healing. On learning he prayed for the sick, we wanted prayer—especially for Mother. He went in to pray for her. It looked as if any breath would be the last. He asked her to look to God with us for her healing. After prayer she said, “I’m healed, I don’t have any pain.” Though very weak, she spoke so we could understand her. In less than one half hour she had dressed and walked out into the living room and wanted something to eat. They fixed and brought her food and she ate and sat up for some time. That evening the doctor stopped by the house to leave some medicine for my sister. My oldest sister met him. She said to him, “Doctor, I want you to see my mother.” (Mother had gone to bed.) He said, “No, there isn’t any use; I can’t do anything for her.” But my sister picked up the lamp (we had only kerosene lamps) and started to Mother’s bedroom, saying, “But I want you to see her.” He followed reluctantly, and when he saw her she lay there smiling. He said in astonishment, “How do you feel?” Mother said, “I feel all right; I don’t have a pain.” By this time he had felt her forehead, expecting a burning fever. He said, “That’s strange; no fever; perfectly normal; and time for your fever to be the highest.” Mother continued to say, “I’m healed; they prayed for me and the Lord healed me.” At that he was very angry. He turned and left the room. He went on out and never came back any more.

This incident of Mother’s healing was a great source of strength and encouragement to me. I was so frail and did not gain strength until I had to miss that whole year of school. I was left weak from typhoid and pneumonia and the doctor had given me something that

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

caused me to go into dropsy, so I was in a bad condition most of that winter, but I continued to hold on to God.

Chapter Two

Moving From Kansas Near Neosho, Missouri

In the spring that I was sixteen Father sold our place in Kansas and moved out in the country some miles from Neosho, Missouri. The wind and water had not agreed with my mother where we lived, so he thought the hills, timbered country, and soft water would be better for her.

We found a man, a neighbor in our new location, who was a Christian and a Church of God man, and he was a preacher. He was a good Christian man. There was a church of his faith at Granby, Missouri, and some of the members would come to our neighborhood; in that way we became acquainted with some of them and those we met seemed to believe the Bible so we thought we had found the Church at last.

My eyes continued to give me much pain and were drawn out of shape from the injury I received when I fell downstairs, and as these folks believed in divine healing, that fall Papa and I drove to Granby one weekend to be in services and to have my eyes prayed for. I just felt sure God was going to heal me. I had been wearing glasses for as much as eight years and had headaches most of the time. I could see to read but very little at a time; and as I said before,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

my eyes were drawn out of shape and getting worse. I went up and was anointed and prayed for in the morning service. God was true to His trusting child and healed me instantly. When we got up from prayer the pain was all gone. I could see clearly without my glasses and Papa looked at me and said, "Your eyes are straight." Oh, praise our God! Who would not want to serve such a mighty God? At the close of the service I went outside. It was a bright day; the sun was shining brightly. I had not been able to stand a bright light or the sun. I would have to protect my eyes, but the sunlight did not bother me a bit. It all seemed so wonderful to me.

A short time after this a relative of Papa's came to visit us. He was an optician and was moving to set up business in another place. He had a car and had quite a bit of his equipment in his car with him. He was showing it to Papa and how he could test and measure the accuracy of one's sight. Papa said, "I wish you would test Nellie's eyes." He did, and when he finished, he said, "There is nothing wrong with her eyes. They are as near perfect as you find. There are few who have the eyes she does." Then we showed him the glasses I had worn. He looked at them and said, "You don't mean to tell me you wore these! Why, you were nearly blind. I don't see how it can be."

That same winter I was healed of chronic tonsillitis and serious throat trouble caused by the fall also. My folks had tried the doctors when I was smaller to cure me but they could not. I continued to suffer, at times going ten days unable to speak above a whisper because of the sore and swollen condition of my throat. I also had double curvature of the spine caused from the fall. Doctors had told my parents they could not straighten it and that it would cause me to be an invalid and I would have tuberculosis at an early age. During these times God healed me of that also, and straightened my spine.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I am now sixty-seven years of age, weigh 170 lbs., and have no symptoms of tuberculosis. Who would not want to serve such a mighty God?

I was only a girl of near seventeen but the Lord was real to me and I found real joy in the service of the Lord. My youngest sister and I were both saved and we were the only Christian young people in the neighborhood. We were isolated from any church or Sunday school privileges whatsoever; but every evening we would get our song books and Bibles and sing, read, and pray together. The neighborhood where we lived was quite wicked; much revelry took place among the young folks, dancing, etc.; and the young folks would become very angry with my sister and me because we would not go to their parties nor keep company with the boys. We told them we were Christians and did not dance and drink and such like. We did not care to make dates with the boys as the things they cared for and the places they cared to go to, we did not care for.

As time went on and we had now lived there five years or so, they decided my father was the one who supported us, and if they could get him out of the way they could break us down. We learned that without any mistake they were watching to way-lay him. We had our place for sale, but had not been able to sell. Papa's health was so he was not able to continue the work there. At this time he had bought some feed a few miles away and was to go after it early one morning. It was before day. He had to go down a steep bank and ford a creek to get to the place and there was thick underbrush close to the road. He was driving a team of fractious colts. Shortly after Papa left a heavy burden that he was in danger came over me. I told Mamma and she said the same feeling came over her. I said, "Let's go to prayer." We did, and prayed until our hearts were comforted that God would take care of him. When he came home we asked if

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

he had any trouble or if anything happened. He said, "No, but as I went down the bank to go into the creek the colts snorted like they do at a stranger, and shied and started to run, but I held them and there was no damage done." He wanted to know why we asked.

My brother at this time was a school teacher for the government. He was teaching in the Philippine Islands and was expecting to come home right away. Teachers at that time dressed mostly in white suits. That evening the man who first told of the plans to do away with Papa came. He came in and sat down and looked around. Soon he said, "Where is your son?" Papa told him he was not expected for a week or two yet; that he was not here. "Well," he said, "that's strange: who was with you in the wagon this morning when you were going after your feed?" Papa told him no one was with him; he was alone. Again he said, "That's strange." Papa asked what was strange. He said, "Some of those boys were over to my place today and wanted to know who was at your place. They almost got into trouble this morning. They expected you" he said, "to be alone." That was a bad crossing, so they planned to hit Papa and knock him unconscious and the colts would get scared and run away and kill him. They had it all planned, but as they drew back to make the lick, a man dressed in white in the back of the wagon stood up with a staff in his hand and looked at them and they were afraid. Papa told him he did not see anything and no one was with him; he did not know anything about it. The man said, "I knew you were expecting your son soon and thought he had possibly come in sooner than we expected, and being dressed in white it surely was he, but now I don't know what." I quoted the Scripture in Psalm 34:7 which came so forcibly to me: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Then I told how I felt Papa was in danger and Mamma and I prayed and how God had sent His angel to protect and deliver him from the hand of his enemies.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

As I listened to this man talk and heard him tell the story I have just related and thought of what God had done in sending deliverance, it made my heart rejoice. Thus God led me and taught me how to trust Him for all things even though we were alone and isolated and could not hear the Word preached.

The above incident happened in the fall. In the later part of that winter Father became very sick and was sick some weeks. It was very cold that winter and a very heavy snow fell. Because of Papa's sickness we had to keep plenty of fire day and night and our supply of fuel was getting low. We tried to hire someone to come cut some wood for us but everyone would say the snow was too deep to get out and cut wood. So my sister and I had to cut down the trees and pull them to the house by means of a horse and a chain, then saw it up to burn. We had to do this several days and with the feeding and milking and other work we were about worn out. Papa was better, and up and around the house, but not strong enough to get out in the cold. We had been praying but we went into a special agreement of prayer for God to work and send us help in His own way. We had tried to hire help and now we were giving out with the lifting and working, trying to keep things going. We told the Lord that He knew it was because we were serving Him that we could not get help, and now for Him to show His power and help us.

It was the custom of the neighborhood if any one got sick or were in need, they would go together and get wood or gather their crop or whatever was needed. We knew what they were doing; for someone would pass by and ask how we were. Sister and I would be out sawing wood, and they would say, "Haven't found anyone to cut you any wood, hey?" One day one said, "Well, your God can help you." So we were expecting God to help us.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Two days after we had laid our case before the Lord as Hezekiah spread his letter before the Lord, we got an answer. We had finished our morning work and had come in to rest a while before starting to get wood. It was around nine o'clock when we heard a wagon coming into our driveway. We looked out and there was a wagon with six men and quite a bit of hay on it and a buggy with another man and his wife. We went to the door and invited them in and said we were surely glad to see them but that this was quite a drive with the roads as bad as they were. They had come fourteen miles and some farther. One of the men, a Free-Methodist preacher and friend of ours, said the Lord told them to come. Then they told how the previous morning as one of them was praying the Lord impressed him heavily that the Whiting's were in need of help. (This was the next morning after our urgent prayer.) He was so burdened he got up and contacted another Bro. and told him his burden and asked if he knew anything about us. He said, "I heard Bro. Whiting had been sick and they could be in need." So they got in touch with another and he said, "I'm ready to go, let's go tomorrow." One suggested they put some hay on the wagon because we might be low on feed. They were sure we would need wood, and they brought some food. They said they would leave by five the next morning. They asked, "And now what's your need? We have come to help you."

Tears of joy were flowing from all four of us. Papa told them of our need and our cry to God for help. We all knelt down right there and thanked God for hearing and answering prayer. We had enough hay in the mow to last about two more days, but we had not asked for hay. The Lord sent more than we had even thought or asked for: hay, help, and even some extra food!

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The men went to work getting wood and doing things that needed to be done outside. We ladies began to prepare food for dinner. About two o'clock it began to rain so hard the men could not work outside any longer, but hurried to finish getting the rest of what they had inside, out of the weather. As they were finishing up about two-thirty a neighbor came. Papa met him at the door. He said he came to see how we all were.

They saw a crowd busy around there all day and they wondered what had happened. They had not seen Father out nor us girls and wondered if we were sick or maybe Papa had died. Father said, "No, I'm getting along fine, and the Lord sent these folks in to help us out and encourage us in answer to prayer. See all the nice piles of wood and the work they have done?" Then the man who had felt so burdened told how at prayer he was burdened that we needed help, how they arranged to come, how we were out of wood, had tried to hire someone and could get no one when we prayed for help. God talked to him about coming and now we were all so happy together. He told how His people could talk to God, and God could talk to His people though some miles apart and one not know how the other was getting along. The neighbor left and the folks who came had a good prayer meeting together with us. The rain had melted much of the snow and settled the roads till the trip home was much easier traveling than when they came.

Papa gained speedily and in a few days was out again. In a short time (if I remember right about a week or a week and a half) a man in the neighborhood came and wanted to buy our place. After arrangements were made and papers put in escrow, Papa asked him why he was buying the place. He said, "Mr. Whiting, I'm going to tell you the truth. We've all got afraid of you folks." Papa did not understand what he meant and said, "Why? we would not hurt any

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

of you.” He said, “I know it, but when folks can pray people to come fourteen miles and more to cut wood when the neighbors won’t cut it, and pray an angel to protect them, they are too good to live among such people as us, and since you want to sell and go, we want to help you before God sends some calamity on us.” Father told him the best thing was to get saved and live right and God could answer his prayers too, but they did not want to do that. We moved from there to Carthage, Missouri, but I wish to say the hay they brought that day and the wood that was cut was enough to last us until we moved away from there.

While we were living near Neosho I had a tooth that gave me much trouble so we decided to have it pulled. The dentist told us it was so far back in my mouth that it would be hard to pull and that it could tear the jugular vein as it had such long roots, but the only thing was to pull it, which he did. He had me stay in his office for some time as it bled so freely and then let me go not telling me anything. One root had slightly torn the vein and when the bleeding checked he thought it would be all right and let me go. My father and I soon started home with a team and buggy for a little over twelve miles’ drive. The roads were gravel roads and over hills and part of the way was rough and rocky. A little while before we got home one of the horses saw something along the road that scared him. He pulled to one side out of the main track. Before Papa could get him back the buggy wheel ran over a rock and gave a jar as it rolled off the rock. As it did, blood began to gush from the place where the tooth had been pulled. I leaned over the side of the buggy and the blood flowed freely. When we reached home they brought me a wash pan to lean over to get to the house.

It continued to bleed. It seemed we could not get it checked. It was getting late in the evening and offices and business places all

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

closed. We prayed. About three the next morning I got so weak they fixed a couch in the living room where I could lie down and Mother sat by my bed and wiped blood from my mouth. We had no phone but Father walked more than half a mile to phone for prayer. Shortly after he came back I became so weak I could not speak and what was coming from my mouth was pinkish white. I felt something come over me which I knew was death. The room was full of neighbors. I made an effort to speak, and said, "I'm going." There was no fear of death in those hours and Jesus seemed so very near me. I felt such a quiet assurance in my soul. When I said, "I'm going," Mamma said I just closed my eyes and seemed to quit breathing. My sister and I had been so close it seemed she could not stand it, and Papa turned to comfort her. A neighbor who was a nurse was there and he felt my pulse and heart and said, "She is dead."

Whether in the body or out of the body, as the Apostle Paul said, I cannot tell, but I do know I was taken up to heaven. It seemed I was soaring through the air accompanied by angels and as we neared heaven, tongue cannot tell the beauty and grandeur of the place and the singing was beautiful. It was a song I had never heard before but I knew every word of it. As I stood at the open gate, a messenger came to me and said, "Your work on earth is not done. You will have to go back and work and then come back." I tell you it was all so beautiful and grand I really would like to have stayed, but I came back accompanied by the angels as I had gone away and the singing faded in the distance until I opened my eyes in this world again.

I found my father, mother, and sister by my bed praying for my return, and this is what they told me. Papa, as he was comforting my sister, said it seemed like a voice spoke to him telling him to pray for my return and I would return. He at once left my sister and knelt by my bed and prayed God to give me back to them. At almost the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

same moment, Mother said the Scripture came to her mind of the widow's son who was being taken for burial and Jesus restored him to life and gave him to his mother. She began to pray for God to give me to her. My sister soon came and was united in prayer with them. They said it was more than half an hour from the time I quit breathing, as far as they could tell, before there was any sign of life. Papa had subconsciously laid his hand on my arm and pulse as he knelt to pray and lay his hands on me. The ones who were there hated to force them away from me while they were praying so earnestly, so they kept coming to see if my body was getting too rigid to care for, and would wait a little longer. They had the cooling board all ready to lay my body on in the adjoining room, and all preparations to take care of the body. One said as they came to the bed, "We will just have to take them away and care for her body."

At that time Papa felt a little flutter of my pulse and he at once accepted it as evidence of answered prayer. He said, "No, you can't take us away; she is coming to life." At that he felt a weak pulse beat. The nurse said, "What, a pulse?" He again came and felt me as he had done many times before and in astonishment said it was very weak, but beating. At that I opened my eyes.

I was somewhat disappointed. What I had seen was all so wonderful, but I said, "Lord, help me to finish the work that is mine to do." This vision is a stay and encouragement to me to hold fast when the clouds are thick and Satan is pushing hard against me. I mean to spend eternity in that beautiful place and join in that beautiful singing.

Chapter Three

Vision of My Future Companion and Our Moving to Carthage, Missouri

I wish to relate a dream or vision I had while we were living near Neosho before moving to Carthage that I failed to tell. I do not remember the exact time but I was about seventeen.

I saw lives of many companions ruined by marrying one who promised to love them and they were left alone, deserted and brokenhearted, and I became afraid to think about getting married lest I, too, be left alone and deserted. It seemed one did not know whom to trust, and I feared many or maybe most of the men had become unsafe to trust. In this state of mind and feeling so sorry for some of my friends, I decided I would remain single and be happy with and help care for my parents and live for God. But I was forgetting to let God lead in all things and was setting up my own plans. Through a fear of the disappointment of the future I had my mind fixed. But our dear Lord is faithful to His children and will help us if we let Him. It was while in this condition I had this dream or dreams.

About two o'clock in the morning I saw a young man appear to me. It was a head and shoulder with about half of the upper part of his body. He was smiling and looking at me. He never said a word

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

but I knew he wanted to tell me something and as he disappeared I awoke. I did not know what to think, for me to have a dream like that and I could not think of any one I had seen or known who looked like that. I prayed about it and soon went back to sleep and never thought any more about it. I did not even think of it the next day, so it could not have been on my mind to cause me to dream about it further. But the next night at the same time the same young man appeared the same way and as before, he disappeared. I awoke. I was somewhat troubled this time. I began to pray mightily. I told the Lord I did not understand this and if He wanted to get something to me to help me to know, and if the enemy was working in dreams to bother me to rebuke it. I prayed for some time and lay down and went to sleep and as before, I never thought of it anymore. But the next night at the same time I dreamed I was at a big campmeeting. We were having a good meeting and a minister in my dream, a very close friend of ours, came to me and wanted me to come to one of the saints' homes and meet a young man who wanted to get acquainted with me, and who wanted a Christian companion. He continued to tell me how this young man from the old country was not accustomed to dating and courting as we were and he wanted me to go make his acquaintance. I told him I was not seeking to get married, but he said, "You can get acquainted." So I did, and it was the one I had seen the two previous nights. As I sat down to talk in my dream, it was not long before arrangements were made for marriage. In my dream I saw myself walk down the church aisle and was married to this young man by this preacher before a large audience. As the marriage vows were finished I awoke and sat up in bed. It had all been so real it seemed as if it had happened. I thought, "Since I did not know the preacher and I did not know the young man, what could this mean?"

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Then I realized I had not asked God about my life in the future. I was planning it myself. On my knees in earnest prayer to God I promised to seek Him to guide my life. I said, "Man can be so deceptive we are not able to know the heart of man but thou canst, and while I do not feel able for such a thing as to choose a life companion, yet if you can get more glory out of my life married than single, it's your life; but you will have to do the choosing." I prayed and thought about the details of the dream [of which I cannot take space and time to go into] until the rest of the family awoke. While I could not understand it, I felt God wanted a submission of my life to His will, which I renewed to God that morning. My mother felt it was a vision of my future life.

As I said before, we moved from Neosho to Carthage, Missouri. This was around 1911. There was a congregation of the same kind of people who prayed for my eyes at Granby there. We were very glad to be where we felt we could go to church services and have the privilege of being with God's people. We had not lived there very long until we saw they did not teach all the Bible, and they would recognize and fellowship those who did not live up to what they taught but were crooked in their lives and dealings with their fellow man. We could not endorse that. We were considered members of that congregation and I was Sunday school teacher. We had been going there for a time, but we felt we could not go on, because it was not what we thought it was. One night at prayer meeting I got up and acted as spokesman for the family and told them we were quitting. We told them God's church did not knowingly uphold wrongdoing and since getting acquainted with their teaching more clearly, we could discern it was not the Bible Church of God. They tried hard to convince us we were wrong in quitting, but we told them we had been studying their teaching and praying over this matter and it was not a hasty move. We were

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

deceived in what they believed. Some had told us things they did not believe and teach, and we were not, nor ever had been in favor of such teaching.

We were not very well acquainted there and did not know what we would do, but we soon heard of a campmeeting going to be held there. It was a big camp ground and we learned it was the Gospel Trumpet people from Anderson, Indiana, followers of Bro. D. S. Warner. We had longed to meet some of these people, so could scarcely wait till the meeting started. We went on Sunday. There was a large crowd, but we were greatly disappointed. There was so much worldliness and it seemed a spirit there to make money. To sell something was more important than souls. The Bible was preached and we enjoyed the preaching but the spirit of the world that prevailed in most everything was sad to us. We secured quite a bit of literature at this meeting as we went different times. It was, as far as we could discern, just what we believed but a spirit of exaltation was there, and a void of power and lack of the presence of God in their services.

We thought, “We don’t know what to look for now,” as we had been told if we would meet those people they believed like we did, but there was something wrong and we could not be free in such form of worship and worldliness. I am glad God knows His own and He will not leave us alone.

In a few days a woman came to our house wanting to engage customers for butter. My mother told her she would take some to try and if she liked it she would be a regular customer. They had a short conversation and as she left Father said, “That woman looks and acts so pleasant, I believe she is a Christian.” She was also dressed very neat and plain. In a few days she came to deliver the butter. When Mother looked at it, she said, “If your butter is all like this, you have

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

a customer.” She said, “It is, and if you don’t like it I don’t want you to buy it.” She was so nice and pleasant and friendly, yet she was without any light talk or joking. After she left Papa and Mamma were talking of her manner and appearance, and Papa said, “When she comes again I am going to ask her if she is a Christian and where she lives and try to get acquainted with her. She is different than most people we meet.”

In about a week she came again to deliver the butter. She asked Mother how we liked the butter. Mother told her she was glad to get it, for we had not been long moved from the farm and she did not like the butter we bought at the stores. Mother wanted to know where she lived and what her name was. She asked where we were from and in conversation she was asked if she were a Christian and what church she attended. She answered she was a Christian and that she was a member of the Church of God. Papa asked which one and where they had meetings. She said they were having meeting in her brother-in-law’s home near her place, and asked where we went to church services. Mother and Father told her no place now, and some conversation followed. She said, “We will see you again.”

The next time she came she talked with my folks some more and invited us to come to meeting. We had no way of conveyance at that time and she told us her brother-in-law would come with his horse and buggy and get us if we wanted to go. We accepted the invitation and enjoyed the service very much, although there were only a very few in attendance. From that time we attended their services and in two or three trips found them to be the people we had been looking for. They were the Church of God people and believed and taught as Bro. D. S. Warner taught. We learned in a very mild and humble way of the terrible division that had recently taken place between them and the Gospel Trumpet, whose

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

campmeeting we had attended and were disappointed in. We learned they had all worked and worshipped together but because of worldliness and other things the Gospel Trumpet had accepted, they could no longer work together. We acknowledged the truth they were teaching and the lives they were living and found we were just automatically one of them. Oh, we were very glad we had found what our souls were looking for! We have been at home and satisfied ever since. The enemy has brought some grievous things in since then to hinder the work of God, but, praise His dear name, He has kept His church and His people in the good old way, teaching the doctrine which was once delivered to the saints.

The sister the Lord used to help us find His people was Sister Nola Porter, now gone on to her reward. I want to say we were closely associated with her for a number of years and found her to be a faithful friend and sister. The Lord later called her to the ministry and she died at her post of duty.

It was not long after this until these folks rented a building in town just a few blocks from our place to hold a meeting, and told us an evangelist, Bro. W. H. Shoot was coming to hold the meeting. My mother, sister, and I went. Father was not feeling well and was not able to go.

We walked in and sat down near the front. They had a platform up in front and a row of seats behind the pulpit where the ministers and workers sat. Just before the meeting started, a young man walked in and up the aisle to the platform and sat down. I had never seen the man before and had not met him, but as soon as I saw him I recognized him as being the one who in my dream at Neosho had introduced me to, and later married me to, the young man that appeared to me. A strange feeling came over me and I said to myself. "O Lord, what does this mean?" But I sat quietly, thought, and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

listened closely. The preaching was wonderful and with power. After meeting we were introduced to Bro. Shoot, but no one knew what was going on in my mind, and I did not know what to think, myself. After we had started home, my sister and mother were talking about the meeting and how much they enjoyed it. My sister said, "Nellie, how did you like the meeting? What's the matter, you have not said a word?" I said, "Oh, the meeting was good, I enjoyed it; but that preacher is the one I saw in my dream at Neosho who introduced me to that young man, and we were married." She said, "He is?" Mother said, "We may find the young man around somewhere." Now this had been around six or seven years since I had had the dream.

We had a good meeting. Some souls were saved and several received help. They continued to rent the building to hold regular services. It was a vacant store building. Bro. Shoot moved to Carthage and was pastor of the congregation. We became very close to him and his family. Father was in poor health and they were in our home much of the time. The work grew and God blessed, but we never mentioned a word to Bro. Shoot about the dream. It was a secret between me and God, for God to work out as He saw fit.

Later Bro. Shoot moved to Oklahoma and the church bought a building downtown where we had services. Part of the building was used to print a little paper called The Herald of Truth, that was moved from California to Carthage. The Lord blessed us and there was a nice group of young people in our congregation, maybe fourteen or more at one time.

There was a campmeeting held each year in a big tent. Another big tent was used for the dining room and the grounds around looked like a small city of little tents to care for the saints who attended the meeting. We all just moved as it were, to the campground and ate

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and slept there so we wouldn't be hindered in getting all the good of the meeting. Now I think of the dear old faces as we used to meet and work together! Old Father Robinson, Bro. Winn, Mother Winn, Father Bolds, Bro. and Sister O. B. Wilson Sr., Sister Josie Winn, Bro. and Sister Anderson, Bro. F. M. Williamson, Bro. Willis M. Brown, Bro. George E. Harmon, Sister E. Turner, and many others as we met together and worked and listened to the old time truth.

Chapter Four

How God Healed Me

For over five years I had been employed in a shoe factory making shoes. I had recently left the company I first worked for to go to work in a new building in town which was more convenient and also better pay. This is where the incident I am about to relate happened.

I will just reprint here a tract that was printed with some testimonies of the accident and healing:

While living at Carthage, Missouri, I was employed in a shoe factory, and while working on July 1, 1920, I suffered with severe heat prostration which caused me to be seriously injured. The building was not properly ventilated, air shafts and fans not yet being installed.

It happened in this way: It was a very hot day and a severe storm came up, making it very sultry and hot and raining terrifically. The building had to be closed on account of the storm, and with no air shafts or fans, it became very suffocating, and different girls began to feel faint and sick.

A little later the storm abated and the sun shone very hot. I was a stitcher and sat where the hot sun reflected on me; being already

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

faint, I became blind and sick. Not knowing what was the matter with me, I got up and went to the wash room, hoping to revive myself a little. As I reached the wash room door everything turned black. I could not see a thing and felt very sick. I felt my way to a nearby window and leaned on it—that was the last I knew for a time. The girls who were in the room and did not know I was sick, said I stepped to the window and immediately fell backward, striking some racks, turning over a chair, and falling on a concrete floor on the back of my head. The “first aid” was called, but could not revive me, so the company called a doctor. He said I had heat prostration and they must not attempt to move me until the cool of the evening, when I was taken home in an ambulance. I was still unconscious and remained in that condition all night and most of the next day, rallying only a few minutes at a time. Another doctor was called, who pronounced me loaded with heat and injured, which affected my nerves and body. He said I could not live.

I was hurt on Thursday afternoon, and Saturday evening I went into convulsions and lock-jaw, which was so bad that it can't be described. I would draw back until my head and feet would meet, my hands also drawn closed, and a strong person could not straighten me. My jaws would lock until they broke pieces off my teeth, which were solid and strong.

My injuries were found to be a crushed head (a place on the back of it as large as the palm of my hand was crushed where it struck the floor), causing hemorrhages of the brain. The vertebrae in my neck from my head down to my shoulders were all out of place and two other places in my spine injured. One place on the back of my neck was out of place so far I could bury my two fingers between the bones. I could not raise my head nor hold it up myself, neither

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

could I turn myself over in bed, and when I was turned, those sitting by could hear the bones grit together in my neck.

My limbs were also in a curved position and could not be straightened. The left knee also was hurt, a large knot forming on it. My suffering was indescribable. I was not able to feed myself so had to be fed. Sometimes I would go for several days at a time, unable to retain any food at all. Thus I remained, sometimes getting a very little better, sometimes getting worse, for eight and a half months, or until March 14, 1921. During this time many prayers had gone up for me. I want to say right here, that eight and a half months was a time of learning precious lessons of faith and trust, and of God's gracious dealings with His trusting children.

The 14th day of March had been a day of extreme suffering. It was thought by many that the end had come. One neighbor said I could not possibly be alive at 9 p.m., but praise the Lord, our God has all power. I had lock-jaw and was unconscious for about four hours, and Mother asked Bro. Edgar Nichols (then a near neighbor) to go for some of the saints. Bro. Willis M. Brown, Sis. May Jackson (Sis. Cecil Carver), and Sister Kathrine Gubser (Sister Ray Key), and Brother Nichols returned. They said it looked like I was dying. Bro. Brown said, "Let's pray," and he prayed, asking God to restore me to consciousness. When they had finished prayer I was conscious but unable to speak. They prayed again asking God to loosen my jaws and tongue which was immediately done. We rejoiced over what God had done and talked for a time, then they spoke of going, and Bro. Brown asked me if I wanted prayer for a good night's rest before they left. I said, "No, I want you to pray for God to heal me." He asked, "Do you believe He will heal you?" I said, "I do." He then anointed me, and they laid hands on me, and prayed according to James 5:14. When they had finished prayer, they immediately began

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

singing, "She only touched the hem of His garment, as to His side she stole." And as they were singing these two lines, I felt the healing power of God go through my entire body. Ease came into my suffering body instantaneously, and I felt the dislocated bones slip back into place, and glory filled the room, and as they finished the last words of these two lines, strength came and I arose into a sitting position, raising my hands above my head in every direction, shouting the praises of God. I tell you it was a time of rejoicing. After a few minutes, Bro. Brown said, "Sister, can you walk?" I said, "I believe I can." He said, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk." And I arose and walked across a room fourteen feet wide and back with someone just holding my arms, as I was somewhat weak and almost had to learn to walk, I had not been on my feet for so long. I was healed about 9:00 p.m. I rested good that night and the next morning arose and dressed and was about the house that day, and testified to what God had done for me. I had from fifteen to twenty-five and thirty visitors a day for the next week. They came to see me walk and hear my testimony. I soon gained my strength and was able to do hard work.

I have since married and am the mother of three happy children.

—Mrs. Nellie (Whiting) Poulos

Highland, Calif.

Below is an extract taken from an article written by Bro. Willis M. Brown, now deceased.

A young lady who resided at Carthage, Missouri was overcome with heat in a shoe factory and fell on a cement floor. She was taken home to her parents in an unconscious condition and she lay that way for some time. The Lord impressed me to visit her. After arriving at the house and talking divine healing for some time, I

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

prayed for the Lord to encourage this sister and increase her faith, then left.

Later, she sent for prayer. Bro. Fowler and I went to see her and she was suffering very much. We laid on hands and prayed. She took a spell and her head drew back. I cannot describe on paper just how bad it was. In a night or two her folks sent for me to go and pray for her. Sisters Jackson and Gubser, Bro. Nichols and I went. She seemed to be about dead; her jaws were locked, her eyes closed, and she was shaking as if she had a chill. I spoke to her and she did not notice me. We prayed the Lord to loosen her jaws and He did. We prayed again for the Lord to give her ease and she praised the Lord for answering prayer. I suggested that we pray for the Lord to give her rest, and she asked to be anointed and prayed for her complete healing. I asked her if she had faith for her healing, and she said she did. Faith began to bound up as we prayed and I asked God to connect the joint in her neck and put every organ in order, to heal her and bring her out of bed. She was lying on her back at the time. After prayer, we sang a verse of the song, "She only touched the hem of His garment," and she raised up, sat up in bed, throwing her hands above her head shouting, and turning her head in every direction and saying she was healed. I asked her if she was coming out of bed, and she said she felt she could. I told her to come and she arose to her feet and stepped out from her bed.

Testimonies of others who witnessed the healings:

In regard to Nellie's healing, I will say she has it told as near as I could tell it. We are her parents, who had to turn her head on the pillow and feed her. She was helpless, but God was good to us, and will say if anyone will trust Him, He will do the same for them. She just raised up off her back and raised her arms up over her head and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

began shouting praises to God. We were all happy at such marvelous healing, but God is on the giving hand. Will say to all, "Trust God."

—Clara and M. J. Whiting

I know this testimony to be true. I was living at home and was present at the time this healing took place. I was one who helped care for her during all her sickness of eight and one-half months. Her suffering was great—seemed death was going to claim her many times and at the time she was healed it seemed she was in the jaws of death. I am her baby sister.

—Mrs. Edith (Whiting) Sturgis

Bloomington, Calif.

I was present when Sister Nellie (Whiting) Poulos was healed. I lived within a few blocks of her home during the eight and one-half months that she was in bed, and knew that she was in a very critical condition.

One night Bro. Willis M. Brown was called to pray for her. Sister Katherine Gubser, Bro. Edgar Nichols and I went, also. Prayer was offered twice and each time she grew better. After a while she said, "I am ready for complete healing." We knelt in prayer and Bro. Brown asked God to completely heal her. He began to sing, "The Hem of His Garment." She threw her hands over her head and sat up in bed without any help, shouting and praising the Lord. The glory of the Lord came down and filled the room. She was helped to her feet, and with help, walked across the room and back.

I have met Sister Nellie twice since then; in 1937 and again in July, 1939. She is well and strong, and God is using her in preaching the Gospel.

—May (Jackson) Carver

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I was a witness to Sister Nellie (Whiting) Poulos' healing, which was one of the most wonderful I've ever witnessed. I was one who held her by one arm as she arose from her bed, walking and praising God. The day after she was healed, I felt that I should go to her and encourage her for fear her faith might fail, and she met me at the door combing her hair. Her healing was just as miraculous as she states above.

—Katherine (Gubser) Key

I have told in the above tract how I was injured and how God healed, but I feel it would be pleasing to the Lord to relate some of the experiences I had during that eight and one-half months.

As I said, I was hurt on Thursday and on Saturday I began having convulsions. I had been prayed for and when I was conscious I was praying and meditating.

My father was very frail in body and at this time my sister was almost an invalid and I was the support of my sister, father, mother, and myself. Father was able to do very little in helping to care for me, but he was so concerned about me and my suffering. As frail as he was, he would arise from his bed at night and come to my room to see about my welfare, stand by my bed, and in such fervency of spirit weep and pray for me. It was touching to see him. One night, as I was conscious most of that night, I lay praying, asking God about my healing, and what He wanted me to do. About 4 a.m. God spoke to me and said, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Psalms 103:13. The vision of my father flashed before me, and his love and fervent prayers. I said, "Yes, Lord," as it seemed a new vision of God's love opened to me. Then I said, "But father can't reach my case to help me, but you can. What do you want me to do?" The answer, almost like someone had spoken to me, it was so plain: "Submit yourself into my hands and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

trust me.” I did not know what it meant but God had made me understand He loved me and pitied me as my father, and as I said “Yes” to God that night not knowing the future, God comforted my heart.

I had a great desire to go to school and get a better education that I might be more useful in His hands. It seemed my having to work made it impossible, but when God does something He does the best. Just so, God let me be in His school to better prepare me for my future life. It was hard but the lessons learned then will never be forgotten.

One of the first lessons I learned was in conversation, conduct, and dress. I had tried to live a faithful life in the more than five years I had worked in the factory among all classes of people, and to me it seemed I had not accomplished anything. Many times they made fun of me and remarked because I would not take part in their light, frivolous talk and smutty remarks. I thought I was one of the girls among the girls, but the first of the week after I was hurt, my forelady and one or two other girls came to see me and brought some beautiful flowers, a small basket of choicest fruit (I still have the little basket, though faded and worn, it tells a story words cannot tell), and some money sent to me from the girls. My forelady went on to say, “Nellie, we are all sorry for the way we made remarks about you and want you to know your life has been so different it has had an effect on us and many times we knew you were a Christian but wanted to see if we could make you mad. We are all sorry and want you to forgive us. If I could just be as happy as you are and live like you have. I’d give anything.” I said, “Belvia, you can, just give yourself to God.” But she was not willing to bear the reproach of the cross and they, though unsaved, encouraged me not to give up. They visited me and brought flowers and gifts as long as

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I was sick. The lesson God showed me was, it is our business to live for Him and not bother what others think about it. To bother and wonder about the influence could bring discouragement and discouragement in whatever form it comes, is from the devil. From that day I have endeavored to do my best living for God, and “when you have done your best, let Jesus do the rest.”

I could see to read but very little, for it seemed as if a cloud or smoke were over my eyes all the time, which was caused from the injury.

I always liked flowers which are one of God's marvelous creations. The next day after I was hurt, flowers were sent to me, and the entire eight and one-half months I was down, I was not without flowers in my room. Most of the time my room looked like a real flower garden; all of them placed there by kind friends and associates of mine. As I said, I was always fond of flowers but these seemed especially beautiful to me and were a real comfort to me as I lay and looked at them.

All kinds of sizes and colors of flowers made me think that it was no wonder the flowers and grasses of the field were used in the Word of God as a comparison to man's life. (Isaiah 40:6-8; Psalms 103:15-16; Matthew 6:28-30, and other Scriptures.) Some lives are so beautiful and filled with fragrance. Some only become tiny buds and never come to maturity. As flowers of all sizes and colors make a beautiful bouquet, so God's creation of mankind of all the different races and colors and sizes, from tiny babies to old age, go to make up God's bouquet of human life and God loves and cares for all. If we are to be like Him, we cannot have race prejudice nor hatred against our fellow creation. He created all and says there is no difference between them. “There is neither Greek nor Jew,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.” Colossians 3:11.

Some flowers have no sweet fragrance and are so full of nettles and thorns one does not care to be near them. Just so, some lives are full of sin and it makes them cross, profane and unkind; they are like the nettles, thistles, and briars and it is unpleasant to be around them.

Again, flowers and plants may be fresh and beautiful this morning but let a burning heat and wind blow upon them a few hours and they are wilted and gone. Just so, life is very uncertain, today we may be flourishing with health and in a few hours be gone. Heart attacks, accidents, or something unexpected come upon us and take us away. No wonder Jesus said, “Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” Matthew 24:44.

Also, I learned it is not always the value of the gift, but the spirit that prompts the gift that counts most. To illustrate, I will relate an incident that happened about two or three months after I was hurt: There was a little boy of about three or four years, who lived in our block just above us. He seemed to think a lot of me and was very sorry for me. He was faithful to come see me every day. He would sometimes slip up to the side of my bed and say, “Miss Nellie, I’m sorry you are sick,” in such a sympathizing way it really made me feel his sympathy. One day he was looking at the flowers in my room and asked his mother why I always had so many pretty flowers? His mother told him that Miss Nellie was sick and couldn’t read much and her friends wanted her to know they were sorry she was sick and brought flowers for her to look at.

A few days later he came to me with a small bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered and said, “Miss Nellie, I brought you some flowers, they are all I could find. I hope you like them.” I accepted them and thanked him and then his mother told how after he had

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

asked her about the flowers he said one day, "I wish I had some flowers to take to Miss Nellie." She, not remembering what had been said about the flowers said, "But, Sonny, we have no flowers," and that was all that was said. That day she was busy with her work and all at once thought she had not noticed him for an hour or more and went to look for him. He was along the fence looking for flowers. When he saw her he said, "Mamma, this is all I can find." She asked, "What are you doing, Son?" He said, "Mamma, I'm picking flowers" (as he looked up with a smile) "for Miss Nellie." His mother, not thinking of the disappointment it would be to him, said, "But, she has a lot of pretty flowers and I don't know if she would care for yours." The smile left and tears filled his eyes as he said, "But, won't she think mine are pretty? I want to do something to let her know I'm sorry she is sick and you don't have any I can take. I have hunted a long time to find these, I think they are pretty." So she went and washed his face and came with him to bring the flowers. As I looked at the tiny blossoms and heard the story and saw the eager little face, it brought tears to all who were in the room. I reached my arm and kissed him and assured him that Miss Nellie thought his flowers were nice, and the spirit that prompted the time and work to show his care was a lesson to all present. I thought, too, maybe I can't do as much for God as others but He wants our best, and when we do our best He knows it and will appreciate it even more than I did the flowers. The little bouquet was put in a glass and placed on a table near me. It seemed they lasted many days and, as different ones looked at and remarked about them, the story was told of the little boy who wanted to show his love and I prayed many times, "Lord, help me to show my love to you and others as I should."

My injury was of such a nature and my condition so serious that many came to see me, to see if a person could really live and be in

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

such a condition as I was. Even doctors and nurses came from adjoining towns to see me. Thus the word spread of my critical condition and that I was not doctoring.

Friends and neighbors were very kind to us and brought things needed to help care for me and make me as comfortable as possible. Thus daily, it seemed, I learned something new of God's goodness and care to His trusting children. But the enemy, in like manner, did not fail to work and even started reports about us which were hard to bear, and especially so in our weakened, sick condition, but God stood by us.

As we had no income and were dependent on my work, we also learned what it meant to trust God for our living, but we found Him true to His promise. We did not have a variety of things all the time to eat, but He always provided something. I could eat but little, mostly broth of some kind. At the time I am about to relate, times were hard. There were just ten cents left in the house and Mamma was expecting to order a ten-cent soup bone that day to cook for me the next day; but before she got it ordered I went into convulsions which lasted for some time. When she could get away it was too late to get it delivered that day so she had no way to get it and nothing to fix for me to eat the next day. She was greatly troubled and came to me and asked, "What shall we do?" She told me the condition. She was so troubled she was weeping. I said, "Mother, let's pray." I did not know what to do. It looked dark but I was learning God could help us some way. She knelt down by my bed and we prayed, telling the Lord our condition, our trust in Him, and how we were unable to help ourselves and pleaded for Him to help us in some way. I felt sure He had heard our prayers and that He might bring something to our mind to do or send someone in who could get the soup bone for us, but the day wore away and the night came. Mother said, "Nellie,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I don't know what to do." I said, "Trust God, I don't need it tonight; we do not know what tomorrow may bring," not having the slightest thought of what might happen. The enemy would suggest, "You say you trust God; now you have nothing you can eat and you are already very weak." I said, "I do trust God; He fed Elijah by the ravens and He can make a way for me somehow." The dear Lord comforted my heart.

The next morning around five or five-thirty the neighbor adjoining our place came to the door and handed Mother a package saying, "Here is a young chicken for Nellie. We went to a gathering at the other side of town last night and the man who gave me this chicken told me that yesterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, he was going about his work on the place and it came to him to kill, dress, and send that sick girl a chicken and send it by the neighbor of hers who would be there that night. He said he thought little of it but it came to him the same way in such a short time he went and told his wife. She said, Well, I expect she would enjoy it for the paper said she was a working girl and supported her parents. We can get it ready and ask Mr.—about it when he comes tonight." "Mother burst into tears and told him how she did not get to order the meat, I was so bad, and how we prayed and that it was the very time we were praying that God was talking to his heart." We never saw the man and never heard of him only this time but God knew where he lived and that he had nice, fat chickens and he sent me one. I need not tell you how I enjoyed that chicken and instead of eating broth off a soup bone I had a rare treat of chicken. Thus God cared for me and taught me how to depend on Him for all things.

In the awful spells of lockjaw, I broke pieces off some of my teeth and one was so bad it exposed the nerve, causing toothache. A dentist who had done some dental work for me lived beyond our

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

place. Mother phoned to ask him if he would come by the house and put some kind of filling in it to keep the nerve from being exposed. He put a temporary filling in it and told Mother if I had another spell of lockjaw and it came out to call him and he would stop again and take care of it. This happened at different times. He told me he would keep it filled that way until I was able to come to his office and have it taken care of.

He did not tell me then, but he told me after I was healed that he never expected to see me out of that bed. He had talked to the doctors who had been sent to examine me and they told him I would never be any better and was likely to go at any time. He said on one occasion he did not see how I could seem to be so cheerful and be sick so long and suffer as I did. I told him Jesus could help us. After the Lord healed me, I went to his office to get my tooth filled. He seemed surprised to see me, but I told him the Lord had healed me. I told him how it happened and how I got up and walked and all about my healing. I did not know he was an infidel and did not believe in God, but he stood and listened to me. I did not see him any more for some time, for in the year of 1922 or 1923 we moved away from Carthage. I heard later he became sick and had to give up his business. Then later he was back in business, but that was all I knew about it until the summer of 1928.

I had been to campmeeting in Oklahoma, and was on my way home south of Springfield, Missouri, where we were living at that time. I had to change trains and lay over for several hours at Carthage. I had a tooth that needed filling and as it was twenty miles to the nearest dentist from where we lived, I decided I would go to my old dentist. Dr. Butchers, while I waited; which I did. When I entered his office he looked up and saw me, then came to meet me with his hand outstretched to shake hands. As he did, he said, "Well,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

this is Miss Whiting, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, Sir." He said, "Miss Whiting, I have something I want to tell you," as he grasped my hand, tears streaming from his eyes and his body almost trembling with emotion. I said, "Dr. Butchers, what is it?" He was a strong, stout-built man, very calm and not emotional in disposition. I shall try to relate the conversation that followed as nearly as I can remember.

He said, "Do you remember the time you were hurt when you lived here at Carthage?"

I said, "I do."

"Do you remember when I would come to your house to fill your tooth?"

I said, "Yes, Sir, I certainly do."

And he continued, "You later came to my office to get your tooth filled and you told me all about how God had healed you and that you were well."

I said, "Yes, I remember it all."

He said, "Well, I don't suppose you knew it, but I was an infidel. I did not believe there was a God, and I would not let anyone talk to me about God, but when you came into my office that day I was surprised to see you for I had talked to the doctors who had examined you and they said you would never be any better. When I would tell you I was fixing your tooth until you could get to the office, it was to encourage you. Then when you came and said God had healed you and began to tell what had taken place, I could not tell you not to talk to me about God. You had suffered very much and somehow I could not help but listen. Something had happened, "but there is no God," I said to myself. You moved away and I took

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

sick, my health continued to fail, and it seemed the doctors could do nothing for me. I had to give up my practice and still I grew worse. At last the doctors sent me to the mountains, hoping to prolong my life. I had a special nurse to care for me. They said I could not last more than three more weeks. I was sitting in a reclining chair by my tent door thinking of my condition and how soon I must die.”

“My nurse came and asked if I felt I could be left alone a little while for him to take a little walk.” I told him yes. Somehow I felt like I wanted to be alone and as I sat there thinking, “the doctor says I can’t live,” you, Miss Whiting, came before me as you said God healed you. The doctor said you could not live. You said God healed you. Something happened, you are a well woman. It seemed I saw you as you lay on that bed and then as you stood before me. “God healed me,” you said. I wondered, “Have I been wrong? Is there a God and a heaven?” Something overcame me and I do not know how, but somehow I got off my chair and was on my knees in front of my tent door. I did not know how to pray but this is what I said: ‘O God, if there be a God, that God Miss Whiting trusts in, if you will save me and heal me I will serve you. “A calm came over me. I felt so different. I arose feeling so different in spirit and body. My nurse came back and there was such a change in me that he was astonished, and in less than three weeks I gained very fast. I was a well man and back home and in about three months had resumed business again. I am a happy man and your sickness and healing and your testimony were the means of my salvation.”

When we consider the value of one soul, that is worth more than all the world and “God’s way is best if human wisdom a fairer way may seem to show,” we would be more willing for God to have His way with us. We too many times shrink from suffering (which is natural) not realizing or sometimes not willing to suffer a little for

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Him who suffered for us. And if, in our suffering, as we submit to His will He can use us to get a message to someone, we are still working for Him. He knows best how to get to honest souls.

Some years later I received a letter from an old friend which told that Doctor Butchers was dead. She said he took sick and only lasted a few days and on his dying bed, said, "Tell Miss Whiting I'm going to heaven. I'm so happy, and her being sick and getting healed was the means of leading me to God. Tell her I expect to meet her in heaven."

A short time before my healing, Bro. Willis M. Brown was in Carthage, and came to visit me. After talking of God's healing power and goodness to all of us, he had prayer. As he was about ready to go, he asked how we were getting along financially. I do not remember the answer I gave but he saw we were in need, and he handed me five dollars to get some things I needed. I could not keep back the tears of gratitude as I thanked him for it. A little more than a week later he was at our place and related how when he was there and gave us the five dollars, he had only six dollars and he felt impressed to give five dollars. He was to leave Carthage soon and planned to buy some clothing he badly needed with the five dollars. When he felt impressed to give the five, the enemy whispered, "Give the one, you need the five. The one will be all right." As the struggle went on in his mind, he asked of our financial condition and he said by the answer we gave he felt sure we needed the money. He handed the money to me resolving to do without the things he planned to buy. When from the heart you make a sacrifice for God you never lose. In one week from that time he received letters containing money amounting to twenty-five dollars and each had felt impressed to send him some money. He said they did not usually send him any

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

money and each letter was dated after he had given me the money. God rewards faithfulness in whatever we do for Him.

About three weeks after I was healed I needed to go to town. On the way home my legs began to draw and pain me. When I was about three blocks from home I could not touch my heels to the side walk. I had to walk on the ball of my feet and toes. Every step I made the enemy would whisper, "You see, you are not healed; see how your limbs are drawing back up again. You are not healed." I said, "But I know I was healed." Thus I struggled for the three blocks home and I was suffering so, it seemed I could scarcely make it home. Tears were falling.

I walked straight to my room. I was having a real struggle with the enemy. I fell on my knees by the side of my bed and called mightily on God for help. I told the Lord that if I were never able to walk another step I knew He healed me that night by the power of God. I said, "I will not accept the accusation of the devil that I am not healed. I know you healed me and I don't know what is the cause of this, but you can deliver me from it. But if I never walk I mean to still tell that you healed me." All the while the enemy kept telling me, "You see, you are not healed." But as I resisted him, called on God for help and held to my healing the Lord came to my deliverance. I got up and walked out of that room as natural as anyone could walk, and that, without pain.

I believe many victories in healing are lost because we fail to continue to hold to what God has done for us. I do not mean to claim healing if you are not healed. That only brings reproach and is not holding on in faith. But when God really does something for us and heals us, then in the time of trial when the enemy tries to get us to doubt our healing we say, "Well, I guess I was not healed," we are doubting what God has done for us and giving the enemy a chance

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

to overcome our faith. In the healing of severe cases especially, I find the enemy will contest our healing and many times in these tests, the pain will be as great as before healing. When God has delivered from pain or fever and given a real healing, then later the affliction seems to reappear and the enemy suggests you are not healed, give him a positive answer and mean it in your very soul. "I KNOW GOD HEALED ME!"

There is one more instance I want to relate before leaving lessons learned and experiences during my sickness: that is about a pair of shoes. After lying for eight and one-half months, my feet were tender. As I was just a working girl with heavy responsibilities I did not have an assortment of shoes. I had a good pair of high shoes I wore when I went out to work but that was all. After I was healed they hurt my feet and it seemed the more I wore them the more they hurt. I did not have any money to buy others. I was learning to tell God about my needs and this was really troubling me, so I took it to the Lord in prayer. I told Him how these shoes hurt my feet and asked Him to help me get some other shoes or make my feet so these I had would not hurt them. After waiting in prayer over the matter for some time, one day the thought came to me that I didn't have any shoes yet. I answered in my mind, "No, but I expect some." "Well, if you get any, they will be old ones and you should have some nice ones." I realized that voice was the enemy wanting to discourage me and I said from the depths of my heart, "Lord, if you see best to send old shoes, all right. You know how to help me and please, Lord, send me some shoes."

A few days later my sister was across the street at a neighbor's house. The neighbor asked what size shoes Nellie wore. She was not sure, but told her what size she thought I was wearing but that they hurt my feet since I was healed. The neighbor brought out a pair of

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

white oxfords and said, "I have this pair of shoes; if you think she could wear them and would care for them, take them." My sister told her I would be glad to have them. She said, "Take them and see if they fit her. I thought these would be more comfortable and cool for her, summer coming on, and I can't wear them. They are too small for me."

Sister came home with them and I hurried to try them on. They just fit and were an expensive pair of shoes, just worn enough to slightly break them in. The soles looked like new. I never had owned such a nice pair of shoes and they were such comfortable ones. I never have had a pair of shoes to last as long as those. God knows our size, and just where we live, and just what we need, and when God does something for us. He does it the best. Don't be discouraged if the answer to your prayers has been delayed. God knows and He says in 1 Peter 1:7, "the trying of your faith is more precious than gold." We all know how valuable and precious gold is. Pray on.

Chapter Five

My Call to the Work of God

A few months after I was healed God began to talk to me about preaching the Gospel. I felt I could not do this; not because of rebellion in my heart against God's will, but I felt my insufficiency, slowness of speech, and my responsibility toward my parents and sister who were dependent upon my support. When I thought of my parents, the fact was at once brought to my mind of who took care of them and me the eight and one-half months I was sick. If God could care for me eight months, couldn't He do it for a lifetime if necessary? He made me to understand if I let them stand in the way how easily He could take them out of the way. I said, "Lord, make me to know some way beyond the shadow of a doubt if it is your will." I picked up my Bible to read a Scripture. It fell open to Mark 16, and my eyes fell on the 15th verse; "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Those words seemed to stand out in large bold type. For some days, every time I would pick up a Bible, no difference which one, it would fall open to that text and my eyes would catch those words. It seemed I could not get away from it. One day I went to my room to read and pray. I knelt by my bed and picked up my Bible as I had been doing since I asked God to make me know some way if it were His will. As I lifted up my Bible it opened to the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

gospel.” They looked so large, they seemed magnified several times their natural size. I broke into a flood of tears and told the Lord He had done so much for me I did not want to be a disobedient child; but what could I say or do that would make me of any use? He again caused my Bible, (as I was holding it in my hand) to fall open to Isaiah 61. When it fell open I looked down and read verses one through three. I could tell what He had done for me, delivering me from the prison house of sin, setting me free from the hand of affliction, and His care for me. I was in my room for some hours. I said, “Lord, if this is really you—it seems to be, but I do not want to be mistaken—cause others of your children and ministers to know it and speak to me about it.” I had not mentioned a thing about my having a Scripture or thoughts of any future work to anyone. This was all between God and I. That same week we were at a cottage prayer meeting. (Bro. Brown was back in town and had been for a short time.) After service Bro. Brown came to me and said, “Sister Nellie, you’d better begin to get busy to do what God is wanting you to do.” I said, (trying to appear ignorant of what he meant) “What?” He said, “God did not heal you and leave you here just to live on. He healed you for a purpose and you know and we do, too, what He is calling you to do. You had better not resist Him. Move out and get busy for God.” That same night another minister came to me and said, “Sister Nellie, the enemy would try to hinder you from doing what God wants you to do. We feel God’s hand on you and know He healed you for His work.” Another sister came and said, “Sister Nellie, be true, do what God is calling you to do. That testimony of your healing is a message alone. Go and tell what God has done for you.” Others spoke to me from time to time and I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that God was calling me to His work. I did not start preaching for some time but I studied and prayed as much as I

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

could and as ways opened, I attended meetings that were being held and would testify to what God had done for me.

In the summer of 1922 or 1923, some folks came to Carthage who lived at West Plains, Missouri. They visited us and told of how there were some saints there but they were discouraged and being scattered, some in town and some in the country until there were no services and some had given up living for God. They wanted us to go there as they felt we could be of spiritual help to them. There were different kinds of work we could get to do and yet be so we could have time to visit and do personal work. If we would go they would take my sister and me back in the car with them. As I had felt the Lord wanted us to leave Carthage, we prayed over this matter and decided to go. We enjoyed our trip to West Plains and when we arrived we met an old couple, Bro. and Sister Mantz, who received us gladly into their home. They wanted us to feel free to stay and look for work there and especially get acquainted with the scattered saints there. They had a son, his wife, and family who were not saved but loved the saints. They phoned them to come meet us that evening. Bro. Mantz and his son had a grocery store in West Plains. A man who worked for them whose home was in the country, stayed nights with them excepting on weekends when he went home. Bro. Mantz, son and family and this man were there that evening. We talked of God and began singing and it resulted in a prayer meeting. Oh, how we all enjoyed it! The brother said, "Oh, if my wife and children could be in something like this, how they would enjoy it!" The son said, "It would be nice if we would go out there. I'll take my car and take you if you can go." Arrangements were made to go the next night and seven grown people and two children loaded the car the next evening and drove several miles over some rough roads to the place. We found a large family and some grown children home waiting for us. They were so hungry to be in some kind of service.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

We had prayer meeting and insisted on all who were saved to be free to move for God. There were some real singers in the group and my sister was a good singer and song leader. As we began to sing those good hymns the glory of God came down. It was a time to be long remembered. After prayer I read some of the Word and testified and exhorted to faithfulness. As the testimonies went forth under the anointing, one of the girls, a young lady who had backslidden burst into tears and said, "I want to be saved, pray for me." She was wonderfully saved. We felt our trip to West Plains was not in vain, whatever we did about it in the future, considering the value of one soul. This was Wednesday evening if I remember correctly.

Before we left there they asked, "Why can't we have prayer meeting at Bro. Mantz's Sunday evening and get the others to come out?" (meaning the ones we had not yet met.) Arrangements were made to have meeting Sunday evening. The rest of that week we visited some and also looked for work. It seemed we had a great love and concern for those people and we felt we would like to stay among them. Sunday evening there were fifteen or more who came out who seemed eager to be in meeting. We told them, there were enough saints there to have regular services and that they should not forget the assembling of themselves together. There was an elderly man, Bro. Newviel, who came and preached for them sometimes. An old feeble minister lived in West Plains, but he had been away for three months or more with some of his relatives who were sick. When he was at home he was not able to get out much of the time. Since there was no one to go ahead with the services they had quit having meeting, but saw the need of having it and wanted us to go ahead and help them. Mid-week and Sunday evening services were arranged. Word was sent to the folks we had come with who lived eight or more miles out in the country. There were three precious young ladies, and the man and his wife who were saved in their

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

family. They had not been saved but a short time. This Bro. Newviel I mentioned, had held a meeting in their neighborhood and they had gotten saved. He lived in the mountains some distance from there but tried to get to their schoolhouse once a month and have meeting. The next week my sister and I each got a job of housework as there were no factories or public jobs there. We wanted to be free in the evenings so we could visit and go to meeting. The Lord blessed in the services. After we had a few services, some who had given up sought God and were saved.

In about three or four weeks we saw the need of being free to go pray for the sick etc., as many calls were coming for help. My sister and I prayed about it and decided we would quit housework, and rent a little place where we could do washing and ironing. There was quite a bit of that we could get to do. Then we could stop and go when urgent calls came and do our work at night if need be, just so we got the work out on time. Bro. Chestnut, the elder minister who lived there, came home that fall and was a real encouragement to us. He was not able to get around much but was a good counselor and instructor. We found ourselves able to do more with his encouragement and advice when we, at times felt our inability to go ahead. He could not drive across town to be in service many times, but he would phone and say, "I'll be praying for you and holding up your hands."

We had never yet attempted to preach. On Sunday evenings we usually read some Scriptures and talked, then had testimony. That fall, since Bro. Newviel could not get down to fill his appointment, he sent word to announce that my sister and I would take care of the services. He told us he was depending on us to fill the appointment. It was just services in the morning; but, oh, it seemed like so much to us. The saints in town encouraged us to move on out. I tell you

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

we called mightily on God. There were no saints there except for one family, but God helped us. From then on we began to move out in preaching from time to time. We traded our equity in our place in Carthage for a place in West Plains and that fall Father and Mother moved there. We lived in the same block Bro. Chestnut did. Soon the services were moved to our place as we had a large room and no way of conveyance of our own. Then Bro. Chestnut and our parents could attend more easily because it was close to home.

The home we bought didn't have built-in cupboards nor cabinets. Soon after our parents came we began to build cupboards and closets. We were working on one in the kitchen and had hung the doors to the upper part, but the corners had not been finished or sanded. Since we badly needed the use of this space we hung the doors and were going to finish them at our first opportunity. This day had been a very busy day and Mother was preparing the evening meal while my sister and I were trying to finish the day's work. Sister had just stepped into the other room when Mother went to this cupboard to get something from the lower part of it. The door above had not latched and was swinging open enough to hit her just as she raised up. I turned around in time to see it, but was too far to reach it and did not have time to tell her before she hit her head right on the sharp corner of the door; as she hit the door, blood gushed and she started to fall unconscious. I jumped and caught her before she hit the floor and checked the fall, but she had cut a blood vein in her head near the temple. The blood was all over her face and running down over her and into her mouth. The cut was like a V shape and stood open. It was about one-half inch each way and the blood spouting at each heartbeat. As I sprang to catch her I called to my sister to get a washcloth and come quickly. She and Father came in. She handed me the washcloth and I tried to keep the blood wiped away from her ear, mouth, and eyes as much as I could.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Father was a man fervent in prayer and it seemed my sister could move heaven when she prayed. As we knelt there praying for God to stop the bleeding and help us, the place began to close like someone closing a door, until it was completely closed. The bleeding stopped and Mother opened her eyes. We helped her to her feet. God had healed her. Mother and I went to wash and change clothes and my sister cleaned the blood from the floor and off things in the kitchen. We came in and Mother helped to finish the meal although we wanted her to sit down. She said God had healed her and she was all right, only a little weak. That was Monday evening and Wednesday evening was prayer meeting. When a carload came in, one of the young men who always called her Grandma, said, "Grandma, it looks like you have scratched yourself with a pin. How did you do that?" By this time it was healed and only looked about like a pin scratch and had never been sore. She told them what had happened. The young man said, "That is a miracle." Normally the shape and size of the wound would need stitches to hold it together, and now in two days it was almost completely healed until one could barely see where it was.

Thus we continued our work, washing and ironing and working for God. There was a school at West Plains but there was poor laundry service, so we soon had a good work doing laundry for the boys who attended school during school months. That gave us more time to get out in meetings in the summer months. The ones we did work for through the summer months soon arranged to get their work done when we were away from home, so the Lord blessed us and we did quite a bit of traveling in the summer months with others helping in the meetings.

I well remember how we used to go to Birch Tree, Missouri, and stay in the home of Sister Lizzie Harper, a minister who cared

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

for the work there, and hear her tell of God's wonderful power and His healing. God had delivered her from a large gallstone measuring three and one-half inches one way and four and one-half inches the other. We saw the stone. We loved to listen to one of the brothers as he would testify about how God had saved him from drinking, and what He had done for him. I loved to hear him tell how God saved him. He said that one night he passed by the church on horseback pretty drunk, saw the lights, and decided to go in and see what was going on in there. He went in and they were having meeting. He sat down on a back seat to see what they did. By the time preaching was over and the altar call made, he was under conviction, as drunk as he was, and went forward for prayer. The saints soon learned he was a rough man and was carrying a revolver all the time intending to kill a man the first chance he got. They prayed and labored with him until sometime after midnight when God wondrously saved him. He immediately wanted to see the man he was carrying the gun for, and fix it up with him. He got on his horse and started for the man's house.

He arrived there about 4 a.m., rode up in the alley, and got off to hitch his horse. For some reason the man had risen early that morning and stepped out in his back yard. When he heard the man speak to his horse, he recognized his voice and thought he had come for trouble. He could not get to the house without being seen, as it was bright moonlight and he did not have his gun with him. He did not know what to do. He tried to hide behind some bushes and shrubs, hoping to be unnoticed, but the man whom God had saved saw him. He finished hitching his horse and walked into the yard calling to the man by name. He told him that he need not be hiding, because God had saved him and he was sorry for the way things had happened. He asked the man to forgive him and went on to tell him he loved him. At first the man did not know if it were real or not but

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

saw he could not hide, so walked out from his hiding place. As he did, the saved one grabbed him in his arms, weeping and confessing and telling how happy he was and how he loved him. It broke the man's heart whom he had gone to see. He knew something had happened to him and he fell to his knees and asked for prayer, saying, "I want salvation that will do that for a man." Instead of that back yard being the place for a shooting duel, it was turned into a praying ground. Dear ones, that is just what salvation will do for a person. No need to profess to be saved with something in our hearts we cannot forgive or someone we just cannot feel right toward for some things they have done to us.

Chapter Six

An Experience in Arkansas

We lived at West Plains for about three years or more, but I want to tell another instance that happened before we left. We had met a sister at campmeeting while we lived in Carthage and had corresponded with her since. She was isolated and her husband was unsaved. She wanted to have a meeting but he would not consent. She kept praying. At this time they were building a nice, new home. The kitchen and bedrooms were finished but cross petitions were not in the front of the house, making one large long room, with a big front porch going across the entire front of the house. One day we got a letter from her. She said her husband had given consent to use the front of the house for a meeting if she would get those girls she had talked about to hold it, but nobody else. He gave her a small amount of money to send us to help pay our way there. He said that we could stay there, but he would be no further responsible for us nor the meeting. We did not have the money to go and had never held a meeting by ourselves, so felt it was too big an undertaking with no saints or no one to help us. We wrote and told her we did not feel we could go. By return mail we received a very touching letter, saying, "Girls, I am sure you did not pray about it before you wrote. This is a Macedonian cry for help. God has caused my husband to consent to you, and only you can come. You may not

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

feel able, but any kind of service will be food to me and I know God is in it." She gave instructions to get to her place as her husband said he would not meet the train. It arrived in the morning, and we would have to take the mail hack in the afternoon run. She gave the name and address of a friend of hers in town. We were to go there until time for the mail hack. When we finished reading the letter we all went before God in earnest prayer. The sister told of her mother who had not been privileged to be in a saints' meeting in years, and was planning on coming to be in the meeting. We told the Lord all about it and if He wanted us to go, to open the way and make it plain to us.

About that time, or a little later, a young minister who had moved out in the country and had been attending the meeting came and told us he was leaving for a while to work at Hoxie, Ark., as work in West Plains was scarce. Mention was made of the letter we had received. If we went, we would have to leave in about a week or week and a half. He gave us the address where he was going and said, "If you go, let me know and I will be at the station so I can hear directly from my family. I would like to know if you go. I feel it would be good for you to go." The more we prayed and looked to the Lord about it the more we felt He wanted us to go, but we did not have the money. He made us to know it was His will for us to go, so we prayed for the means to be supplied. Arrangements were made for the trip. We got some extra work that week but not enough. We owed two dollars and twenty-five cents at the grocery store and were supposed to pay it that week. I told the grocery man we were called out of town and asked if it would be all right to pay him when we returned, or as soon as we could. He said, "Yes, and if your parents need anything while you are gone tell them to get it." I thanked him and praised God, for we had nothing to leave with them and I felt it was just the Lord working.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The day came for us to leave and we still did not have enough money to take us through, but we were still trusting. We knew God had made it plain He wanted us to go and He would make a way somehow. My sister said, “Well, we have read of God sending help by someone walking up to them and handing them money or their finding some at the station; maybe that is what He wants to do.” Time came to leave and we called the taxi. It was in the night and all the way across town and we had no other way to get to the station. It was getting close to train time and no taxi. We called the office again and they said the taxi had left for us, and should be there. Train time came. We called the station to learn if the train had left, and they said it had not arrived yet. The enemy was sure talking big by this time: “You were so sure God wanted you to go. First, you do not have the money—that should be enough—and now train time, and no way to get there. If it were God He would make a way. He is a sensible God and does not do such foolish things.”

We were on a party line and our neighbor was a salesman who often called the taxi to catch this train when he made his trips. About this time the phone rang, but it was his ring. My sister picked up the receiver to listen, saying as she did so, “It’s the taxi, trying to find who called.” Sure enough, the taxi driver asked him if he had called a taxi to catch the train. He said, “No, I called no taxi,” half mad at being disturbed. The driver continued, “But someone did and I can’t find them and I called the operator to know who called. She did not know, only someone on that line had called and I thought it might have been you.” At that my sister spoke up and said, “We called a taxi to get that train.” He wanted to know where we lived and she said next door to the man he was talking to. He said that they gave him the wrong directions, he was on the other side of town and had been looking for us for about an hour. He said he’d be right out. My sister said, “It’s past train time, and we will miss the train.” He said,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“I am where I can see the block signal and the train has not entered the block yet, I can make it, be out and ready to go.” So we were.

He was there in a few minutes and we were on our way. I was glad I was saved, for he really drove and it seemed to me he went around the corners on two wheels, the car swung so. As we drove up to the depot on one side, the train stopped on the other. It was a fast train that just stopped and did not stay. The driver said for one of us to run and get our tickets and the other one go to the train and he would try to hold it until we got there. I ran to the ticket office and my sister went to the train. The agent said, “I will sell a ticket to Hoxie, you have to change trains there and I don't have time to make up your ticket.” By that time I had the tickets and they had my sister and baggage on the train. As I was going to the train, it began to move. The conductor caught me by one arm and the brakeman by the other and fairly lifted me on. When we got seated my sister said, “We did not get to the station or get a chance to get the rest of our fare.” I saw God had a hand in our being late. The enemy might have reasoned us out of going on, but in our hurry we boarded the train and were on our way. It seemed everyone aboard was asleep and as we talked it over we asked God to provide for us in His own way and help our faith not to fail.

We arrived at Hoxie about 4 a.m. and the brother was there to meet us. We were glad to see him as it was a strange place to us and we were not used to traveling on the train. It was getting close to train time and he said, “Do you have your tickets all the way through?” We said, “No, we almost missed our train; the taxi missed the place and we just got our tickets this far.” There had been nothing said about our condition of not having money to pay all our fare but I was surely praying. It was a real test of faith. At that he handed us some money and said this would surely help us a little,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

that we might need something on the way, for he felt impressed he must help us a little. He said he got his pay the night before and did not expect it until this day, but was glad, as he felt he must give us something. I looked at what he had handed us, and said, "Praise God, now I can get our tickets and have seventy-five cents left." He asked, "You did not have money to buy your tickets?" I said, "No, but we knew God said go, so we expected Him to get us there." As I purchased the tickets and the agent handed me a fifty-cent and twenty-five cent piece, it looked very good to me and my faith increased. I said, "Lord, you can provide the rest of the way." It cost seventy-five cents each on the mail hack and now we only lacked seventy-five cents to take us to our destination. We boarded the train and were soon on our way. On the train we quietly thanked God for what He had done and asked Him to be with us and make us a blessing.

We were soon at our place to get off at Judsonia, Arkansas, and asked how to get to the lady's address that was given us. It was about three or four blocks so we picked up our suit cases and walked over there. They gave us a hearty welcome. She prepared a nice dinner for us. We were still telling the Lord we were waiting on Him to provide a way to get on to where we were going. We sat down to eat and were about halfway through eating when someone knocked at the door. She went to the door and as she opened it she exclaimed, "Why, Press, come in, I am surprised to see you." He asked, "Did the girls get here?" She said, "Yes, we are eating dinner. Come in." He said, "Well, I would like to meet the girls, but I don't have much time." They came in and she introduced us. He said, "Well, I am glad to meet you. I have heard Esther talk so much about you. When I left this morning, she wanted me to come by and get you but I told her I would not. But as I came on my way I became anxious to meet you and know if you had arrived. I am now going on a business trip

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and will be home tomorrow. The boy came along to take the wagon and some feed home, and if you don't mind riding in the wagon on a spring seat and are not afraid to ride behind a team of mules, I will tell the boy to come by and pick you up." We said, "Yes, that will be fine and we will be glad to go." He said, "That way you won't have to wait so long and I know you don't have too much money and it might run you short to go on the mail hack." We said, "That's right, we will be glad to go in the wagon." "The boy will be by in about an hour then, and we will see you tomorrow," he replied. "I know Esther will be surprised to see you coming with the boy and I know you will have a good time together."

We arrived, but instead of Esther being surprised, she was looking for us. As her husband drove away after telling her he would not bother about getting us, she went into her bedroom and went to earnest prayer for God to change his mind and cause him to get us. She told God that He knew our scarcity of means, having to work as we did, and she did not know if we had money to pay our way on the mail hack. We were praying in town for God to open a way for us. Later when he learned about it, he smiled and said, "That's why I got so concerned about the girls; prayer was on both ends of the road and I did not know it, but it was too much for me to resist."

Neighbors along the way saw us in the wagon and supposed it were we, for she had it well announced that we were coming. That evening a number of folks came in to see, and to meet us. We talked awhile, then sang and had prayer. The meeting was announced to start the next evening. They left, but Sister Esther and we sat up and talked of our trip and of how God had brought us there; then we really prayed for God to work. Oh, we felt so helpless. Oh, yes, I forgot to say that evening a lady, as she was fixing to leave, handed us some money. She said, "I understand you left your parents at

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

home. Send this to help them out while you are away.” It was enough to pay the grocery bill we had left and some left for them. You cannot tell what this meant to me, for no one there knew anything about it. We sent a letter off with the money in it the next day.

The next day her mother came. Press got home in the morning, and it was a busy day getting ready for the meeting. The furniture was moved out and the long room was seated by using round blocks of wood that had been sawed to split and burn. These blocks were set up and boards to use in the building laid on them. He made enough seats for about one hundred people, saying that was more seats than would be used. A small table was used for a stand on which to lay my Bible. Time came for service and people began coming in. One would wonder where they came from. The seats were all filled and some chairs and boxes were brought in to seat the people that night.

There was good order and good attendance that night. The morning after we had had three night's meetings, Press called us in; when all were seated (he, his wife, her mother, my sister and I) he said, “Girls, I want to talk to you.” (By this time his wife had told him the story of how God provided the way for us to get there.) He said, “I am leaving early in the morning on a business trip and will be gone two nights. There is a rough gang in this neighborhood and there has not been a meeting held here in years. After two or three nights' meeting they run them out. I am not trying to scare you but you are likely to be mobbed or rotten-egged, or whipped any time. That's one reason I had it in my home. I felt it my duty to tell you, and I think it would be good to close the meeting while I am gone. You can announce it tonight and if you want to, you can start again after I get home. What do you think about it?”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I sat for a moment or so, and said, “Well, this is your home and we respect it. What you say we will do, but you know when a meeting is going with the interest this meeting has, and you stop it, that kills the interest of the meeting. We had just about as well close now as to do that. I am not afraid to go on with the meeting. I know God sent us here to hold it, and I am not afraid to trust God to take care of us. But, as I said, this is your place and we do not want any damage done. We will do what you say, but for ourselves, we are not afraid.”

He looked puzzled, sat in silence, then said, “No, I can’t say for you to stop it. I would be afraid to tell you to do that. I would not dare to put my hand on God’s work. I will have to leave it up to you. What do you say, Esther, don’t you think we’d better close?”

She said, “Press, I told you God would take care of things. I do not care to close but I am willing to do whatever the girls say.” My sister said that she felt it would ruin the meeting to close it. She hated to see it stopped.

He asked, “Mother, are you afraid?” She answered that she was not. He said that it was all right but that the mob was almost sure to come and especially since they knew it was time for him to be away. He asked what we would do when they came? The answer was that we would trust God.

“I told Esther to write and tell you before you came, but she so very much wanted you to come so I decided to tell you after you got here. I did not think you would want to go on with the meeting if you knew it.”

I told him that God had sent us there and God was able to take care of the mob.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

He said again it was all right; he was afraid to stop the meeting, so he'd leave it with us women.

We had a good meeting again that night and announced meeting for every night the rest of the week. Press left early the next morning. As usual we came together to read and pray. Esther began to tell how her husband was astonished at our willingness to go on with the meeting. She said he was not afraid for the place but he thought he would have no trouble in getting the meeting stopped. She told him that this was the first time the saints had had meeting and God would stand back of His people. We talked and learned there was a gang who had agreed to not allow meeting of any kind in the neighborhood. We read and went to prayer. I want to say right here, it was prayer, not saying words. We were made to know we faced cruelty if we continued the meeting, yet had decided in our hearts God sent us, and we knew our God whom we served was able to deliver us; but, if not, we would obey God rather than men. By this time the crowds had increased until they had made all the seats they could, seating about one hundred seventy-five on the boards and then around the front on chairs, boxes, and blocks of wood another twenty-five until I scarcely had room to stand to preach.

In our prayer that morning, each one really prayed, claiming God's promises and pleading His help. The glory of the Lord was in our midst and it seemed the angel of the Lord strengthened us. I was the last one to pray. As I prayed, I asked God to keep His hand over us and give us wisdom and boldness, to protect the property and people that might come that night, and if they would not stop otherwise to paralyze the hand that would be lifted against us. We got up from prayer feeling as calm and assured as if we knew nothing about it. When we arose, someone knocked on the door and Sister Esther went to the door. A neighbor was standing there who

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

claimed to be a Christian. Sister Esther said, "Good morning, you should have been here a little sooner. We had a wonderful season of prayer." The woman, who was so pale she looked as if she were sick, said, "I heard most every bit of it." She added, "I am in a hurry, I must go." She told us her errand and left. Sister Esther could not understand her strange manner or the look on her face. We learned later she was scared and hurried home to tell her husband (she knew he was in the mob gang) to have nothing to do with it that night. "Those women were praying for God to paralyze and strike down those who try to do harm," she told him, "I mean they were praying."

Meeting time came and the crowd gathered. The two nights previous the room would not hold the people and they sat on blocks of wood and stood on the porch. A large, portly man, who had never been there before, came in and sat on the front row of seats in front of a window and near the door. From the appearance of things there seemed to be about as many outside that night as there were inside. The Lord blessed in the meeting and everything was quiet. The service was over and as we were speaking to the people we reached and shook hands with this man on the front seat. He had been very attentive all the way through. As I shook hands and made his acquaintance, I said, "We are glad to have you out with us tonight." He replied that if I knew why he was there I might not be glad. I wondered in my mind just what he might mean, but said, "Well, I don't know, but I am still glad you are here."

He said, "I am the leader of a mob gang. I had a gang of forty men here tonight expecting to take you out and hang you to that tree." (Pointing to a tree across the way.) "At my signal while you were preaching we were to take you out. I am noted for nothing being able to stop me. A gang of us have resolved together we will not have meeting around here. We also heard you folks were praying

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and that we had better be careful; I said, 'I'm not afraid of a woman's prayers.' But from the time I entered this place something came over me and I could not harm one of you for anything. I never heard such singing! It is like angels and the prayers are prayed like you expected what you asked for." My sister, who was standing there said that we did. "I never heard or saw anything like it," he told us. "I sent word outside to the boys it was off for tonight and they felt that way too. I want you to know you will not be hurt. Press told us you were going on with the meeting. Go on and no one will harm you." He was there from that time on and kept order and would not allow any smoking or talking outside during services. We saw the rope. Thus God delivered us from the mob in answer to prayer.

There was very little visible results in the meeting although the interest and attendance was good all the way through. One young man who attended the first of the meeting was at the altar to be saved, but had to leave and go back to his work without being satisfied. He seemed very concerned but he did not get back anymore for the meeting. Others received help.

After leaving the enemy worked hard to discourage us. He would say, "Now if the Lord had wanted you to go as you thought He did, there would have been more done. See all the hardships to get there and almost mobbed," etc. We would pray and say, "Lord, we do not understand, but help us to keep it all committed to you. We did our best in trying to do your will and as for the mob gang, we thank you for deliverance."

A few weeks later we received a letter from Sister Esther. As nearly as I can recall, this is what she said: "You remember the young man who was at the altar different times during the meeting, and we wondered if he got saved? Well, he did. He was recently in a car wreck and taken to the hospital in a critical condition. I heard

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

about it and went to see him, wondering about his spiritual condition. When I walked into the room and he saw me, he began to praise God for sending me to see him. He said, 'Do you know where those girls are that held that meeting?' I told him, 'Yes.' He said, 'I want you to write and tell them God sent them here. I never heard before how God could save and give such peace and happiness. I never stopped praying although I never got back to the meeting, but they instructed me and quoted me Bible until I saw what to do. That night after I left the altar and the meeting, some things came to me that I had to do. I left the altar praying and decided that night after I left to go to my work that I was going to do anything to be saved. The next day or two the Lord saved me. I have been so happy; it's better than they said. Now I got in this accident and am not going to be here long. Tell them their coming to Arkansas to hold that meeting is the cause of my going to heaven. I'm very glad they came.'

At that point I said, "What a liar the enemy of our souls is." I knew God told us to go. Think of the value of one soul, for the Bible says, what will it profit if you gain the whole world and lose your soul?

She went on to say, "He has been a real missionary, talking to and praying for others. There in the hospital six or eight were saved through him and when the boys told of his leading them to Christ he said, 'It's all because the girls came, it's really them. Tell them I am so happy.' He went on to his heavenly home the next day or so rejoicing in his Saviour. This has been a source of encouragement to me. If we do not see many visible results at the time, we do not know how God has carried the seed sown to some honest soul."

We heard indirectly the captain of the mob gang was saved later, too, but never received positive word about that. It is our

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

business to obey God. He did not command us to save souls, but to preach the Word, and when we have obeyed Him the responsibility is on them, not us.

Chapter Seven

Leaving West Plains and My Sister's Marriage

We lived at West Plains about three and one-half years when we sold our place and moved to Willow Springs, Missouri, where we lived a few months, meeting some severe tests and trying circumstances, which we will not relate, later moving to Arkansas near my brother. Father was in very poor health at this time, so the responsibility of the packing and selling off part of the stuff and making the move fell on me. My brother was a widower with two small boys, making a family of seven to cook, wash, iron, and sew for. My sister had a breakdown previous to this and was not able to do much. It was too much for me and I became very sick the middle or latter part of the summer with high fever and spinal trouble. It looked as if the end had come but after about three weeks the dear Lord reached down His hand and again touched and spared me.

As soon as I was able to travel and get back, we went to Searcy, Arkansas to hold a meeting. It was here that Sister Esther's mother lived. We were able to hold the meeting around Thanksgiving because my brother had left for his teaching job and my sister was getting along much better. They could not get a building suitable so got the use of the court room to hold the meeting in. It was a nicely seated room.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The woman was a saint but her husband was a prominent Methodist, a respected, well-known man in the town. He treated us very nice and seemed to think well of us. She was a real saint, so motherly, kind, and such a devout praying Christian. We stayed in their home during the meeting and surely enjoyed their kind hospitality.

There was good attendance and good attention. We had a good meeting, some taking a stand for the truth from other places. There was one outstanding night to me in that meeting I shall never forget. The messages in general were on repentance and what it meant to be a Christian. The crowds had been pretty well the same people attending. One morning about the middle of the meeting I began to look to the Lord for a message and a text. The text, "Preach the Word" came so forcibly to me, and what it meant to preach the Word. "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." Revelations 22:18-19. To me it seemed an unfit message for a revival. I had never preached a message along that line, and I thought it was the enemy trying me. When breakfast was called I told them I did not care for breakfast and I stayed in my room in prayer and searched the Word. The more I looked for an appropriate text the more Scripture I found on the duty of a minister and the result of failure to obey. I prayed and looked earnestly to God.

Just a while before noon I went out into the other part of the house. The sister wanted to know if something were troubling me. I told her it seemed the enemy was against me and told her about my struggle. She said she would prepare lunch as I was no doubt hungry, not having breakfast. I told her no, that I did not want anything to

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

eat for I felt like waiting on God. She said she was going to continue to fast with me. She knew I must have had a burden when I did not come out for breakfast and she went into an agreement of fasting and prayer with me. My sister said she did not care to eat and as the woman's husband was not coming home that day for lunch we went together in prayer for God to direct and help me.

After a while I went back to my room thinking surely the Lord would give me something else. As I prayed and opened my Bible to read, it seemed all I read was empty. As I would say, "Lord, give me something," it would come so clearly, "Preach the Word." and a flood of thoughts. I could not understand it; but said, "Lord, I submit it into your hands and still trust you to give me something."

As I walked out into the living room the sister looked at me smiling and asked, "How is it by now?"

I answered, "The same. I can't seem to get anything else. I never had anything like it, and I know that it is not fitting for the crowd we have been having."

She said God could give me something else if He wanted me to have it, that He knew what was needed and for me to just leave it with the Lord. She said she would prepare something to eat as her husband would soon be home, and that I needed to eat something before I went to church services and we would wait on the Lord.

Supper was over and we went to our room to prepare for services. Once more I went before the Lord and asked Him to rebuke the enemy of our soul, stand by us, and help us in a very special way and give us just what was needed that night. I felt an assurance in my soul, but still felt God would give me a text before time to take the pulpit. I submitted to preach what was on my heart if He did not.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

As we walked to the place of meeting and drew near the place, the sister stepped up to me and whispered, "Has God given you anything else?" When I replied that He had not, she said, "He will give you whatever is needed."

Meeting began and I was still earnest in prayer and troubled in spirit, for a larger crowd than usual was there and many, many new faces. A message on what it meant to preach the Bible seemed to me so unfitting. We arose from prayer and sang a song. The time had come to preach. I arose from my seat and stepped to the stand. As I did I said once more, (I did not want to be mistaken and knew even then He could give me a text) "Lord, what shall it be?" It was so clear it seemed those about me could almost hear the words spoken, "Preach the Word." Upon that, I opened my Bible, read my text, and began with boldness to preach. I explained what the Word was and given by God, our responsibility to live and preach it both by our lives and from the pulpit; the punishments pronounced upon those who failed to do so, and what Bible salvation would do for people. I never preached with more liberty and anointing than I did that night.

Meeting dismissed and we started to leave the stand. The man with whom we stayed, stepped up to me and said, "You surely had the right message. All the leading preachers in town came out tonight. It could not have been better, come and meet them." I was introduced to, I suppose, twenty-five or thirty preachers. I can't tell you how little I felt, a little unlearned woman and many of them were educated and D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s, etc. They acknowledged it was Bible and if people, preachers, and all would live up to it, it would be a different world. They heard and knew two girls were holding the meeting. Many of them did not believe in women preaching and they came to see.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The lesson I learned was that God knew the crowd and the message that was needed for the occasion. Our duty is to obey.

After the revival closed we stayed at Searcy a short time, having Bible studies and services. As we waited on the Lord and saw the need of the ones who had taken their stand for the truth and who wanted us to move there, we went home to make arrangements and soon moved to Searcy for a while. After moving, we had Bible study and prayer meeting and did much personal work. We held meeting in new and isolated places in Arkansas. While living there they sent for us to go back to Southern Missouri, to help in some meetings, which we did.

In February of 1928, my sister decided to marry a man we had met when we were in Missouri. It seemed it was hard for me to give her up, we had been together and worked together so much. Sister Watson (now Sister Key), who was visiting in our home said, "Sister Nellie, the Lord will not leave you alone. Before a year He will give you a companion."

My sister got married and that spring we moved back to Southern Mo., to be near her as I had no one to attend meetings with and could not go alone. When we got there the house we were supposed to occupy was not ready so we stored our things and went to her place where we stayed that summer.

Chapter Eight

Getting Acquainted and Married

I had felt for some months we should go to the Oklahoma State Campmeeting that summer. Plans were being made for us to go when we were at Searcy but we moved out in the country where I could not get work. I said, “Lord, if you want me to go, you will have to open the way.”

The man my sister married was a widower and had some grown children. That summer a son and his family came to see them. A short time before they were to leave, the son was talking about their trip home and their going through Oklahoma. I asked what part, and he said they would go through Tulsa. That was where Bro. and Sister Barton lived. (Bro. Barton was backslidden at that time but we called him Bro. Barton.) Edith, my sister, asked them if they would have room for an extra passenger and how much would it be to Tulsa. Turning to me she said, “You could stop at Bro. and Sister Barton’s and go from there on to the meeting, couldn’t you?” I said I could if they had room and if I had time to get ready. He said they would have room for one and that all it would cost was to be ready to leave Sunday, right after dinner. I think I had about two days to wash, iron, mend, and pack. I had worked hard Saturday and packed my suitcase and had everything ready to go.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

His wife was not there when he said I could go get ready. I really felt God wanted me to go and was very happy for the way. His wife was spending the last few days with her folks, a few miles from us. Late Saturday afternoon just after I finished getting everything together, they drove in, and the son said. "Nellie, I have bad news for you." I asked what it was. He said, "We are not going to have room to take you. I am sorry, but my wife did not know about your wanting to go and she told a man, a friend of ours, he could go. He has a job back there and had no way to go but hitchhike. He is going to work and get money to send for his family. She told him he could go. We talked it over, and since he is a man with a family we'd better let him go; yours is more a pleasure trip." I told him that it was all right. He said, "I am sorry to disappoint you, since you wanted to be in the meeting." I said, "That's all right. If the Lord wants me in the meeting He can make a way for me yet. I am glad for the man to go and get work."

I was so sure I could not go with them I went in to unpack my suitcase, but company came and stayed so late I did not get it done that night. The next morning by the time the work was done it was time to go to Sunday school. So we just left the suitcase packed. Sunday school was over and we were all out in the yard ready to go home when someone came up to Lawrence (that was the name of the son) and said something to him. I was standing nearby but did not know the man and paid no attention to them. Lawrence said, "Nellie, did you hear that?" I said I did not. He asked if my suitcase was still packed and I told him it was. He said the man who was going with them had received a message that changes were made, he had no job, and for him not to come, so that left the place open for me. He thought that the Lord must have wanted me to go because I had said the Lord would open a way for me if he wanted me to go.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I said, "All right, but I am sorry the man lost his job." We went home, ate dinner, and loaded the car. We were soon on our way.

When we arrived at Bro. Barton's home they were surprised to see me, not knowing I had moved back to Missouri. They gave us a hearty welcome. We enjoyed our visit there and I shall never forget it. While I was there Sister Barton and I were talking about things, my sister getting married, and so on.

I asked her to pray for God to give me someplace where I could be in meetings and get work to care for myself as I could not at my sister's since she lived out in the country. Sister Barton said, "He will give you a home, but it may be in the way of a man." I replied that I did not care to get married. But she said, "That may be God's way to give you a home." I scarcely knew what to think or say but said no more, she seemed so sure.

The campmeeting started the last of that week and we went on to it. We enjoyed the meeting. I was invited to stay and attend the Shawnee Campmeeting which followed the State Campmeeting. I went home with Sister McMakin until the campmeeting started and then had a room at Mother Tacker's, closer to the tabernacle.

The young peoples' meeting was at 9:30 a.m. just before the morning service. I had been attending these services. One morning after the meeting was over, some of the young people came to me and asked if I would like to go to town with them. They had decided to walk to town before the next service. The service had been short that morning and they had a little more time than usual. I looked at the time and saw we could not get back until after the next service would be under way so did not go. As I sat there in the tabernacle I noticed a few moments later that all the young people had left. No one was there except Bro. W. H. Shoot, who came in just before the young peoples' meeting had closed and was sitting across the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

tabernacle, and an old man, a stranger who had come and sat on a bench just outside the tent. I was very bashful and timid and when I saw I was alone I rather hated to sit there for that length of time, so I dropped my head in meditation as to what to do. It was very hot outside and I did not have time to walk to my room and be back in time for service, but decided to go out and walk a couple blocks or so and come back about time for the people to begin to gather. I reached to pick up my books to leave as Bro. Shoot walked to the seat in front of me. As he did he said, "Good morning, Sister Nellie." I had not noticed him coming, I was so absorbed with my thoughts until he spoke. After speaking he said, "I would like to talk to you a little if you have no objection. I have been praying God to give me a chance to talk to you if He wanted me to, for three or four days and now since we are almost alone I felt it was a good time." I consented, asking him what it was.

At the same time the enemy was accusing, "Now you see you have done something wrong." I did not have any idea of what I had done. I learned the enemy is an accuser of the brethren and he will accuse of something wrong but not locate the wrong. When God condemns He shows just what one has done wrong. I had an open heart and if I had done wrong I wanted to know what it was and was anxious to know.

To my great surprise when I said, "What is it?" he answered, "Sister Nellie, you know I came home from a trip in California just before the Oklahoma City Campmeeting. Well, there is a young brother there I am acquainted with who is a Greek. This last trip I stayed in his home with him. He feels the Lord is going to give him a Christian companion and he prefers an American girl, as he feels she could be more help to him than a Greek. The Greeks are most all of the Orthodox religion. They do not know about the Bible way

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and he wants a Christian woman to be a help to him. He speaks broken English, but is a nice looking, strong, young man. He has a job and has bought a nice little four room cottage and furnished it. He is living there expecting God to give him a companion. While I was there this time he told me about it and asked me to pray about it with him, and as I traveled about I might meet someone I could help him to get in touch with. As you were standing talking to the young people the other morning I sat down across the tent and the Lord spoke to me. 'There is Bro. Gus' wife.' I said, 'No, Lord, you know how she is so reserved and is never seen going out; how could I talk to her? I am sure she would say no.' 'But again, That is Bro. Gus' wife.' I said, 'Lord, you know what a poor place this is to talk to anyone alone, and if you want me to talk to her give me a chance so I will not have to embarrass her, by speaking to her so others might wonder what we were talking about.' I do not know where everyone is this morning but God said, 'I have made the way,' so I am telling you. This is not matrimony. I am asking, if God opens the way for a company to go to California as we hope to do this fall, Bro. and Sister C. E. Orr and myself, would you go and stand a chance to meet this brother? Or if the company does not go, would you consent to correspond with him? I do not want you to answer me now. You pray about it and give me an answer before the meeting closes." He went on to say that this brother, being a Greek, many of their customs and ways were different to ours and if we met he would be ready to talk about what was on his heart and mind and not wait to get acquainted and court. "Now I have done what I felt God wanted me to do, and it's left up to you. Will you promise me you will pray before you give me an answer? Not just think it over?"

I said, "Yes, I will," not knowing what else to do, but feeling in my mind that I did not see how it would go any further. I realized why the young people had decided to leave without a reason and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

why I did not go. God had ordered it that way. I was so surprised at Bro. Shoot's talk, and I never once thought of the dream I had years ago about getting married. The morning service soon started and the words, "There is Bro. Gus' wife" and then, "Will you promise to pray about it?" kept coming to me. I was in trouble! "What does this mean?" I would ask myself. Meeting was at last over. I admit I did not remember much of what had been said, even as hard as I tried. My mind would again be interrupted with the words the Lord had spoken through Bro. Shoot, "There is Bro. Gus' wife; Will you promise to pray?" I found myself anxious to get away and pray, for I could not understand. The dinner bell rang, but I went to my room—my heart more disturbed all the time.

I wanted to talk to the Lord. I went and fell on my knees. It seemed I did not know how to pray, but I burst into a flood of tears and said, "Lord, what does this mean? I need you; help me, and calm my troubled soul." As I continued to wait on God I told Him how I wanted to do His will, that I did not want to rebel but He knew I was not seeking an earthly companion. I asked Him to comfort my heart, and as I promised Bro. Shoot to pray, for Him to give me an answer to give him. I did not want to consent to write to him for fear it would lead to marriage. As I said this, the Lord began to talk very definitely to me.

"Correspondence is not matrimony. Did you not promise if I chose you a companion you would accept? And how do you know this is not the one?" Then my dream all came afresh to me. I sat back on the floor and thought. It was the campmeeting where I heard about him and it was Bro. Shoot that told me about him in my dream, and he was of a different nationality. Then Sister Watson (Key) said last January, God was going to give me a companion. Sister Barton, on my way to the campmeeting said God was going to give me a

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

home, but it might be in the way of a man. And again, "Correspondence is not marriage. Don't say no; give God a chance; if you want to refuse, you could later. Be careful."

I got up, washed myself and looked at the time. The afternoon service was going on. I did not realize I had been there so long. I got ready and went on to service.

The next day or two passed. I think it was the last Saturday of the meeting Bro. Shoot came to me and said, "Sister Nellie, we are not able to arrange the trip to California as we had hoped. Bro. and Sister Orr cannot go at this time. But I plan on leaving soon after this meeting and I will see Bro. Gus in about two or three weeks from now. What shall I tell him?"

I had not only prayed that afternoon but I was still praying for God to make His will plain and work it out. I said, "After much prayer and what you said I have decided it will do no harm to correspond. That is not saying I will marry." He said, "That is right and I feel sure you have done the right thing." It seemed a feeling came over me that God was working and was going to provide for me.

Sunday evening I started home with Sister Ella Mae Hughes' and her father in a car, going as far as Galena, Kansas. There I stopped for a few days to visit an old-time friend we had known since I was a child. She was very close to us and interested in my welfare and that of the family. While there and talking of the family affairs I felt I should not keep my secret of the future and told her what had happened at the campmeeting and that I did not know what the outcome would be. She said, "Nellie, it surely is the Lord. You have been faithful to your home and parents, now Edith has married and you are alone. I think it would be wonderful. You need someone to help you and be with you. We have been praying God to give you

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

a companion and so have your father and mother. I had a letter from her since you have been away. Oh! she will be glad to hear it.” Before I left she gave me material for a new dress and other things to help me get ready for my trip, for she felt sure I would soon go, and asked me to let her know what I did.

I went on home and told my parents what happened. They felt sure it was of the Lord but still I did not know what to really think, so I went to fasting and prayer and asked the Lord if it were His will, to work it out so I would know it without a doubt. If it were not His will to hinder it in every way. I fasted most of the time for three weeks, going as much as four days at a time without food or water.

In about two and one-half weeks I received a letter. I believe in the third letter I received, he asked me if I would come to California if he would send me a ticket. He was working and it was hard for him to get away. He could send the ticket and we could meet each other and get acquainted and talk over the future better than writing. He had made arrangements for a sister minister with whom I was acquainted (she had attended campmeeting at Carthage at different times) to meet me and take me to her home, if I would come. It was at first a big step to go so far away and among strangers, and not even know anything about the man or his ways whom I was going to see.

But by this time I was definitely sure it was the will of the Lord for me to go. I wrote and told him I would go, and began making arrangements for the trip to California. Of course, there was nothing definite about our getting married. No one knew there might be any such thoughts except my father and mother and sister. My brother-in-law did not even know it, but he was a great hand to tease. When we told him I was expecting to make a trip to California he just supposed I was going for meetings. He asked how soon I would be

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

leaving. I told him they wanted to know if they sent me a ticket if I would go, and I wrote them I would, so if I got the ticket it probably would not be long. He wanted to know how long I planned to be gone. I told him I did not know. He laughed and said, "Oh, you will go out there and meet some good looking man and never come back to live here. What you say?" I said, "It could be possible." He never once thought of my doing it.

In a short time I got a letter giving me instructions about how to go. Bro. Shoot knew I lived twenty miles from the nearest railroad and could not easily get the information. He gave the address of the sister and told me to wire her what train I would arrive on and she would meet me. They had wired money for the ticket and expenses which would be at the depot waiting for me. In closing, he said he expected to see me soon.

I finished getting ready, and early the morning of October 1, 1928, I bade farewell to my folks and got in the car with a neighbor who was taking me to the train to start on my long journey to California; not knowing altogether where I was going, but I knew the Lord said to go.

I arrived at San Bernardino, for that was my destination, the morning of October 4th. The sister met me at the station and took me to her home. I was very tired after the long journey. The last night on the train there was a big snow storm in the mountains. Something went wrong with the heating system and we were some hours without fire. Almost everyone on the train took severe colds and coughing. The sister prepared a good hot meal. After eating and visiting a while, she put me to bed to rest.

That evening after Bro. Gus, as they all called him, came home from work, he ate, dressed, and came over to meet me. So far everything had worked according to the dream I had at Neosho and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

how I was about ready to really meet him. He came in and I was introduced to him. He was exactly the same man I had seen only his hair was a little darker. How could I doubt it was God picking a companion for me? Although I had never met him before, he did not seem like a stranger to me. We sat down in the living room together and all talked awhile. The sister and her husband used to live back east and he was quite interested in asking about the meetings I had attended and the different ones he knew, but Bro. Gus had little to say.

After while the sister took us to a room to ourselves where we could talk and be alone. He soon began to tell me he was glad to meet me and how he had prayed God to give him a Christian companion. When Bro. Shoot came back and told him about me, he decided he would like to meet me and talk things over, and if we did not feel it was of the Lord for us to come together, all right, but if we felt it was of the Lord we could make arrangements better than by writing. He went into detail about his desire for a companion and why he preferred an American girl; how he had prayed even after he wrote me and asked God to make me not willing to come if I were not the one for him and to make me willing if I were the one. Different things he had asked God to work out if I were the one, God had done so in answer to prayer every time.

He asked me to express myself if I had any answers to prayer. I told him briefly of how I prayed at the campmeeting and since, and I felt it was of the Lord for me to come and that I had a dream when I was a girl living at Neosho, Missouri of meeting a young man. He said, "Am I the one?" I said, "Yes, when I met you tonight you looked exactly like the one only your hair is a little darker than his was." He said, "Sister, surely God is in this. At that time I was in Greece and my hair was lighter just as you have described. You lived

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

at Neosho, Missouri, at the time of the dream and Bro. Shoot was living on a claim in Colorado. None of us knew anything about the other. Now here we all are in California together. It is a miracle the way He has brought us here.” We had been in the room talking for a long while when we came to this point. At this time he asked me if I were willing to be his life companion.

After all was fixed and settled that it was of the Lord, he suggested we just make arrangements for the wedding and get married right away. He was alone and I was away from home and it would make it better for both of us. I was a little surprised at making all arrangements at once, but decided it would be all right. We thought we could have a quiet wedding, as I was a stranger and didn't know the people, or just where arrangements could be made to have the wedding. We called the sister who was waiting in the living room, to help make arrangements. At first she could scarcely believe we had things fixed for a wedding. Upon convincing her we had it fixed, she said God had really planned it before we met. They had a little chapel in San Bernardino and at once she suggested we be married there since all the saints there and many of the men he worked with, would want to attend. Brother Shoot was to hold a meeting starting in a few days so October 14th at 4 p.m., or following the Sunday afternoon services, was set as time for the wedding and a reception following at his home. The next ten days were busy days getting ready for the wedding.

We did not expect very many at first, but soon learned that a number of old acquaintances who had moved to California, now lived in Los Angeles, Whittier, and Glendale. When my old friends learned I was out here and planning to marry Bro. Gus, who was very well known, we had a large crowd for a small building. The

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

day of the wedding was a beautiful day and it was estimated there were two hundred or two hundred fifty present.

I want to say right here, God has blessed our lives together and after thirty years we are much closer to each other than when we started life together. Although we were happy then, we are much closer now. Each year weaves a new link that binds us closer to each other.

He did not kiss me until after we were married although he saw me and was with me every day after my arrival, going places, buying things, making arrangements and doing things for the wedding. One evening, a day or two before we were married, he said, "I have not asked you for a kiss nor do I intend to until after we are married. Then you will be mine and we can kiss as often as we want to." I said, "That is all right." He told me after we were married that he did not care to be kissing me before we were married and he was afraid I would have refused him if he had asked.

This looseness in courtship and lying in each other's arms and kissing and kissing is not good. Many a precious young person's downfall has started in being too free with a friend. Keep yourself in your place and if you get married you have a lifetime to love each other, and if you don't, you are better off, for we need to know how to control our affections. I want to say to young and old, it pays to wait on God. Don't get in a hurry. When you get in a hurry it is often lust instead of love and that will not stand the storms of life, but love will. If you are a Christian you may say, "Oh, there are so few Christians and they claim to be saved." The question should be "Is God in it?" If not, wait on the Lord. If you are a Christian you are not your own and should be willing to submit your life into the hands of One who sees and knows the future. Some say, "I do not want to be an old maid." You had better be an old maid if God does not have

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

it otherwise than to marry some unsaved man who may desert you for another. In that case you'd be left alone anyway and may backslide and lose your soul. When you choose your way on any line you cannot have the favor of God on your life as you would have if you let Him choose. You had better live twenty years together and be happy than to be together fifty years and be unhappy. Let us quote Bro. C. E. Orr in *The Instruction of Youth In The Christian Life*:

“When two are in love, it is difficult to determine the will of God. There needs to be a perfect yielding to the will of God. It is one of the most difficult periods in the history of man for him to yield his will to God. Many have thought they had, but were mistaken. A young man says, “I thought I had my will entirely surrendered to God, but when I prayed and my lips said, “Lord, Thy will be done,” my heart said, “But give me Betty.” Watch your heart, young Christian. Do not give too much heed to what the lips say. Listen to the heart beats. Does it beat in perfect unison with the will of God? God wants you to be guided, not by your feelings, but by His providences, by the counsels of true friends, and by the good, sound mind He is willing to give you.”

Here is a poem my father composed just after I left home to get married.

Nellie's Departure

Dear Nellie was the last to leave our parental fond embrace.
And to choose another in our place.
But at last she has gone to the Golden West,
Where she has found a cozy nest.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Where oranges bloom and flowers and fruit abundant grow,
Away from winter's cold bleak winds of ice, sleet, and snow.
There she him did find,
Who is with her of one faith, one heart, one mind.

So Gus and she may be a blessing to those they meet,
In private homes or crowded streets;
By living a pure and holy life,
Above this world of sin and strife.

And so we wish them joy and peace and love,
At last a home in heaven above.
In life we wish them health and golden store,
How can we wish them anymore?

I want to relate an incident that happened much later, for the encouragement of others. After I became pastor here, a girl in our congregation grew to the age of desiring a companion. She was a good Christian girl and we all loved her. There were very few young people in California at that time, who were saved, and if one got saved he (or she) almost had to stand alone as far as young people were concerned. One day she came to me and talked to me about her burden. She wanted to live for God and if she did it looked like she could not have a home of her own, for there just weren't any Christian boys. After talking I said, "Sister Alta, put God first." She said that was what she wanted to do. I said, "God knows the future and when He sees you need a companion He can provide you one. When He saw Adam needed a companion He created him one and He can save one just for you if you keep all submitted to Him." She said that was just what she meant to do and she did. We had prayer and asked God to help her and provide for her future life for her good and to His glory. Time went on and she continued to live for God. One day her brother came to town to visit them. He had with

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

him a young man who was practicing to be a prize fighter and had come to town to take lessons for fighting. Prayer meeting night came and her mother, Sister Davenport, asked them to come to meeting. They did, but the young man had never been in a meeting like it. Sister Davenport, being a great hand to invite folks to meeting, asked him to attend Sunday night services. He liked our way of having meeting and began attending regularly. When we held a revival, a short time later, he got saved, gave up his training and really lived for God. Later his affections were turned to Sister Alta and in time they got married. As he grew spiritually and learned of the doctrine of the church, the Lord called him to the ministry. Many of you know him and his family and his earnestness for God. It is Brother Calvin Hobbs. His wife has told me, "Sister Poulos, you said God could give me a companion if He had to save one just for me and it seems He did just that."

Chapter Nine

My Parents Coming to California and Ruth Healed of Head Trouble

The next spring, in May, I went back to visit my folks and get my things I had left at home. There were no saints' meetings there and they got hungry to be in church services. The following September my parents moved to California to make their home with us. My husband was glad to see them and have them with us. He could not have thought more of, or have been nicer to his own parents than he was to mine. My father had longed to be in California for a long time and he felt it was in answer to his prayers. They enjoyed it here very much, especially the mild winters and the privilege of going to church services.

The 23rd of December our first child was born to us. It was a hard struggle and the doctor wondered if I would make it, but God stood by me as I continued to trust in Him and He brought me deliverance. I lacked three months of being forty years old when our first child was born. She was a little sunbeam in our home and we called her Ruth, praying she would be as Ruth of old in the Bible who would not be separated from God's people.

The following July my parents moved to Pomona, where they were trying to get an old peoples' home established. They had a nice

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

unit of three rooms and could do their own housekeeping. They had church privileges there and were only thirty miles from where we lived.

In April of 1931, the Lord gave us a son whom we called Theophilus (a Greek name meaning a friend of God) Gus. He was called Junior by most people when he was small and later Gus. He loved the Lord from childhood and was saved at an early age and lived for God much of the time during his school life. Before he was out of school God called him to the ministry. He spent much time in prayer even though he was very busy with school duties. Many times I would hear him in prayer in the hours of two and three o'clock in the morning where he had awakened and slipped from his bed to talk to God.

In September of 1931 we moved to another place in San Bernardino where we had more room. It was a better place for us, having a better lot, and it was closer to my husband's work.

About two years later the Lord blessed us with another girl in January, 1933, whom we called Esther. My life had been despaired of from almost the first. The last four months, what little stirring about I did was on crutches. I was looking to the great God of heaven for my help and He did not fail me. The doctors felt sure the child and I could not both make it and maybe neither of us would live, but God spared us both. When my husband said, "What shall we call her?" I said, "Her life is spared in a miracle as was Queen Esther and her people; let's call her Esther."

My Father was growing old and quite frail in body. They needed to be close to me where I could help care for them, but our house was not large enough to enable us to give them a room to themselves. Papa was very frail in body and the noise of three small children would disturb him and prevent him from getting his needed

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

rest. He was very bad with gall stones and hard spells of Suffering. We tried to find a place close to us to rent for them, but could find none. Husband was working nights at this time. For some months I would get my work done and things ready at home and take the train Saturday morning for Pomona. I would help Mamma Saturday and Sunday with her work, wash, iron, clean house, and help care for Papa; then come home Monday evening. Husband took care of the children and the things at home while I was away. This was very hard for me, trying to do the work at two places and it was hard for my husband too. The folks needed someone with them all the time.

We had a family of five and were making payments on our place and wages were very low. We did not know what to do about my parents. One day Bro. G. E. Harmon and his wife were visiting us, and we were talking about it. They could not continue to live where they could not get help when needed, and I could not hold up going back and forth, and we could not find any place nearby. We had room on our lot to build, but where could we get the money? Husband asked Bro. Harmon to tell him something to do. Bro. Harmon said, "Bro. Gus, you are in a close place. I can't tell you anything. You have your hands full with your family and times like they are, and it seems the old folks will have to have something done." You see Papa and Mamma, according to the law at that time could not get aid of any kind and it was two more to completely support and provide a home for. "But," he continued, "if you can make any plans to get material to build a house for them, I'll see that it is built and it won't cost you anything to build it."

We all went to earnest prayer and I went to work to see what I could do. I went to a lumber man and told him I wanted to build a room on the rear of our lot for my parents who were not able to be alone. I told him the size of our family, that they, too, would be

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

dependent on us, the amount of our payments, how much my husband made and where he worked. I wanted to know if there were any way he could help us. He asked what kind of payments we could make on such a close margin. I told him they couldn't be very much but what we figured to try to pay. He thought a few minutes then said, "You are working on a very close figure and if all goes well you might be able to make it, but you have good intentions, and are doing a good work and taking a big responsibility on yourselves. If your husband is willing to undertake it, I will help by letting him have the material. It won't require much material to build one room." So he figured the room to be 16 feet by 16 feet. He told me where to get the building permit and the blueprint. We soon had things underway. We sent word to Bro. Harmon and he told us to get the foundation in and inspected and if we could have it ready by Saturday to let him know and he would have a crew of brethren come and would start the building. I went ahead and had the lumber sent out and let Bro. Harmon know.

No one said a thing to my parents as it was to be a surprise for them. A neighbor of theirs said, "That's wonderful. When you get ready I will take my truck and move them. I want to do that for them." Another acquaintance who had a large easy riding car said he would go and get them, as we didn't have a car. Thus God began to provide for them.

Friday evening Bro. A. E. Harmon and another brother came to have everything lined up and ready to start work by the time the others got there the next morning.

One thing happened I shall never forget. Bro. Gene (as we always called him) is a carpenter and a real mechanic. He knows how to build large expensive homes so a small house 16 x 16 meant nothing to him to build. The first thing he did was to ask for the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

blueprint. When it was handed to him, he went to the shade of a nearby tree, looked it over carefully, got up and said, "All right, let's go to work. We have to build up so many inches before we can lay the floor." San Bernardino restrictions are that the floor must be so many inches from the ground. We had a good foundation and it had passed inspection, but according to the blueprint it was not high enough from the ground to lay the floor on. Bro. Gene knew how to go ahead and build on the foundation because he was a good carpenter. He did not know what San Bernardino restrictions were until he looked at the blueprint.

I thought all would be well if we were just that careful about our spiritual building. The Bible is our blueprint. When we go to do something, if we see first what the requirements are in the blueprint, the Bible, it would stand inspection and save much time that might be wasted in tearing down and rebuilding to make it pass.

The next morning fourteen more came. We had a crew of good carpenters that day: Bros. G. E. Harmon, Gene Harmon, E. M. Zinn, Youngblood, and Myron Forbes, who were first class carpenters that I remember, besides others who worked as carpenters and their helpers. It was an interesting sight to see those men at work that day. Some were laying floor, some were laying out for the sides of the room, some were nailing it together, some were cutting rafters and some were making window and door frames. All were happy. Some were singing, some saying praise to the Lord, and some wondering what Bro. and Sister Whiting would think and say if they knew this.

I prepared dinner for seventeen men with the help of one sister. I tell you, it was a busy day for all of us. By the time they left that evening the walls were up, siding on, roof all finished, windows and doors in, and the wallboard on overhead. Bro. and Sister Harmon came back Monday to finish.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I believe it was Tuesday afternoon they took my sister, who had come from Missouri to see Papa and Mamma, and me down to Pomona to move them. Bro. and Sister Harmon went in and soon Bro. Harmon said, "Bro. Whiting, I brought the girls down to take you home with them". He supposed he meant to take them to my place to visit while my sister was there. He said, "It's quite a trip for me to go, I would hardly get over it until I would have to come back again." But I said, "You won't have to come back, I've come to take you home with me. Sister and I have come to move you." He replied, "You don't have room for us, with Edith here. Where would you put us?" We said, "We have a place prepared for you!" Then Bro. Harmon told him what we had done. They felt it was too good to be true. Tears of joy were flooding both of them. I said, "A car will be here in the morning, to take you and Mamma to my place." I told them who would come for them and also who was coming for their things. It was a time never to be forgotten. My sister and I soon started packing dishes and getting everything together.

The next day we moved their belongings but did not get things straightened up so they could stay in their house that night. The following day things were put in place and they went to their home. It was not a modern home with water in it, but it was comfortable with lights and gas. Mamma could cook her own meals and live at home. I could be with them, in and out to help her and if she needed us she could get us. They were very happy and thankful for it. God blessed and made us happy to see them so happy. This was the first of June.

That fall our oldest girl started to school. Scarlet fever got in school, but was in such light form that the children were not very sick, so at first they didn't realize what it was. Ruth was one of its victims. She came home with a light fever, a little flushed and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

breaking out, but not enough for us to realize it was anything serious or unusual. In a very few days she had severe earaches and her ears gathered and began running pus. About that time the school learned what the disease was and called me about Ruth and told me to contact a doctor and see what it was or they would have to send the health officers. I called a doctor who knew our faith and had taken care of me when our babies were born, but he found no signs of scarlet fever on her. Esther was not feeling well and was lying around that morning. He looked at her and she was taking it. On inquiry about the case, it was the right time for her to take it from Ruth. On closer examination he found some scales and where she had a light case of it. She had run and got warm at school; had taken cold and the scarlet fever had settled in her head and mastoid glands. She was a very sick child.

Esther did not have it very severely so we were only put under quarantine about two or three weeks. My husband was quarantined out and I in, but I had a bedroom off to itself and the doctor said as sick as Ruth was and Esther down, for me to be left all alone with three little children was not safe. He had found me trustworthy, so he instructed me to fix that room and let my husband sleep there. That way my husband could get out to continue work and also bring groceries and things I would need. We did that, but I had the care of the children day and night, and all the washing and ironing by myself. Ruth's head continued to get worse.

We wrote my oldest sister in Iowa asking if she could come and help a while as Mamma and Papa could not do their own work. I could not get out, nor could I leave the children to help them. She came and cared for our parents and cooked food, washed for husband, and brought cooked food to me, which was a great help.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The men at the shop became very angry because we did not doctor. One evening when he went to work the boys said, "We won't work anymore with Gus. How do we know he can go home and come to work? He has to go home because they are not doctoring or we will go home!" They were not afraid of him but wanted to cause trouble because we were trusting the Lord. His foreman came to him and said, "Gus, I am sorry to send you home but there is nothing I can do about it. Tomorrow you go to the doctor and get a permit for you to work and if you bring me a work permit they can go home if they want to, you can work." He did and the doctor wrote him a permit. It was his order for Gus to sleep at home and there was no danger to anyone.

In a few days the quarantine was taken down but Ruth was getting weaker and thinner. Her ears continued to run and had to be washed and dressed every twenty minutes. Her face and head swelled until she could not open her mouth. We had to pour a little liquid between her teeth with a teaspoon to feed her. Pus was coming out all around her fingernails and toenails. She was a mere skeleton—her hands looked like toothpicks covered with skin. She was naturally a very plump and pretty child.

The men continued to put heavy persecution on my husband and were extremely angry with him. They were trying to make him realize he had waited too long now and that nothing could be done for her. They decided if he would call a doctor and try to do something, all right; but if not, as soon as word was received she was gone, officers would be sent and he would be taken for manslaughter and abuse, and he would not be able to see the child, nor attend her funeral. It looked like she might go anytime. He became so burdened he scarcely knew what to do. He could not work any longer.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

My sister and I were watching over her frail form, washing away the pus which seemed to constantly flow from her ears, down over her face and beautiful hair, and washing those boney little hands and feet that were constantly losing blood and pus. I tell you it was a trying time! Husband came home. Mother and Father were sitting in the room with us. I looked up and asked Husband if he were sick, he looked so pale. He said, "No, but I just can't work." Then he told how the men had again informed him of what they were going to do. He thought of me, the children, Mamma and Papa, and how hard it would be on us and he just could not work. What should we do?

The right counsel in a crisis will many times save a soul. He wanted to trust God, but if he did, what were we willing to do? Mamma immediately and unfalteringly said, "Gus, trust God." But he asked, "If I do and she dies and they send me to the penitentiary what will you folks and wife do?" She replied, "If you do go, God will make a way for us. He always has and He won't fail us now." I said, "If God permits you to go to the penitentiary [again thinking of the value of a soul] it would be for a purpose and maybe you could get help to some lost soul. But God is able to heal her and frustrate their plans. Commit her wholly into God's hands and be willing to say from the bottom of our hearts, Thy will be done, "God will help us." He had not felt he could give her up. As we prayed that night and submitted all to Him, we sought Him to go before us and fight our battles. Again we asked Him to show His mighty power and heal our child. He knew we meant to trust Him. She seemed to get relief and went to sleep.

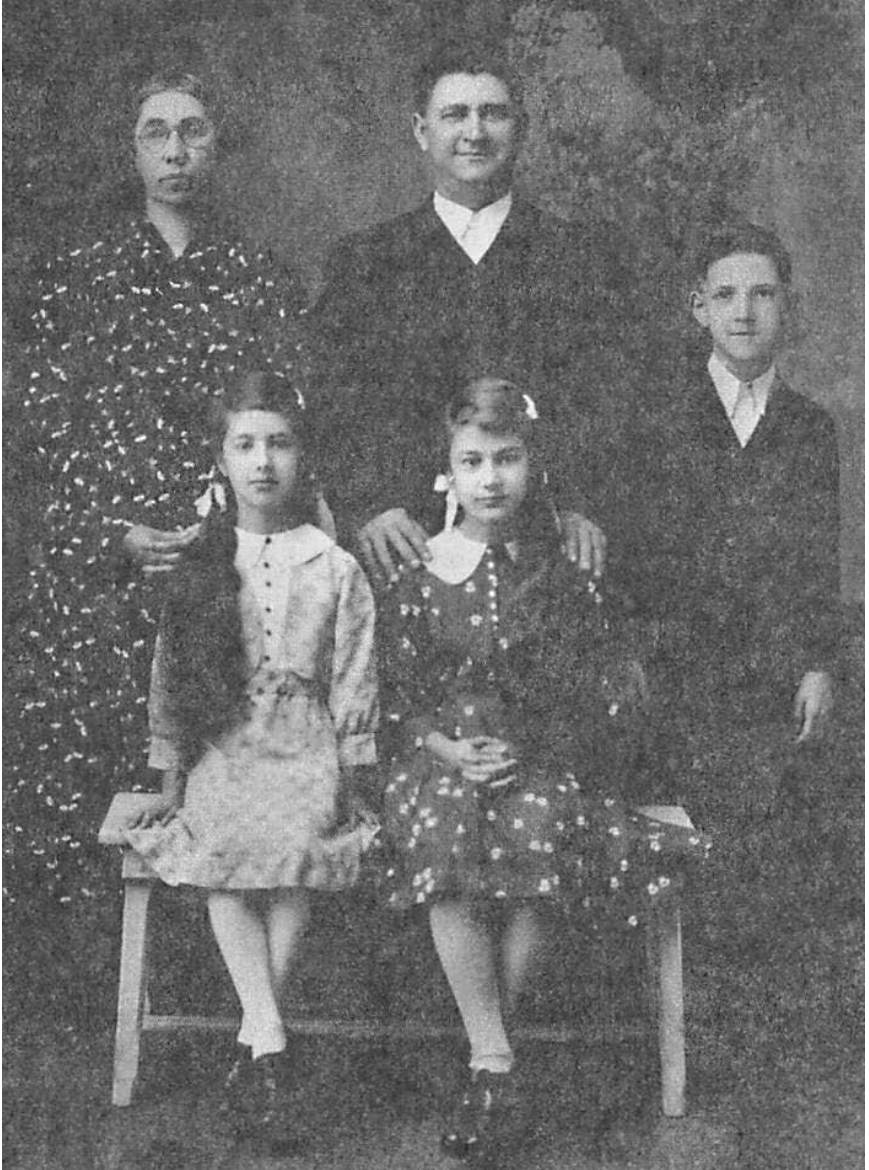
There was a little spot on the side of her face close to her ear that was swollen bad and seemed to stay the same for several days. The next morning I noticed it looked more like a boil coming to a

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

head. By Sunday morning it looked as if it were getting ready to open. Her ear was still running. My sister, husband, and I had gone to the kitchen to try to eat a little around noon. We sat down and had started to eat when Ruth called, "Mamma, my ear and face is running!" I jumped and started to her and that place had opened. Pus was coming from a hole in the side of her face like water running through a straw. I grabbed a roll of cotton and tore off a piece and began to wipe the pus. Husband and Sister had followed me. She took the roll of cotton and began tearing it off and handing it to me while Husband held a wash pan for me to throw the waste cotton in. As the pus ran, the swelling in her face slowly began to go down like the air leaking from a balloon. I never saw so much pus come from one person. The three of us continued to work until we had used a little more than one and one-half large rolls of medicated cotton. After the swelling had gone down it looked like the skin of her face was stuck to the bone. There were two holes right together just in front of the lower part of her ear and just below her temple where the pus had come from. The running in her ears was gone and she could open her mouth a little. In about half of an hour, more pus had gathered and it began to run again. We used about another half roll of cotton.

From that time on we had no more trouble with her ears, fingers, and toenails running. God had cleared her of it and she began to amend and eat. The bone on the side of her face looked sunken and saucer-shaped. It looked as if it would be a big scar and the side of her face disfigured. It was wonderful how God took care of it all. It was not very long until her face began to come to shape and a very few years until only a small scar was left and you would scarcely notice that. Thus, God again fought our battles and gave us the victory and manifested His mighty power.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS



Gus and Nellie Poulos, Esther, Ruth, and Gus Jr.

Chapter Ten

Father's Last Sickness and Death

The first of the following June which was in 1936, Father became much worse. The first of July he took his bed which was his last time to be up. He suffered greatly at times but was very patient in it all. It was a real testimony to all who knew him. One day he was suffering intensely and we were doing what we could to make him as comfortable as possible. It seemed Husband could not bear to see him suffer so, and said, "It's just too bad to see Papa suffer, I can't understand why he has to suffer like this." Papa was in such great pain he could not speak but as soon as he got easier and could talk, he turned, looked at Husband and said, "Gus, it's not too bad or God would not permit me to suffer this way. He knows best and does all things well. This is nothing to what He suffered for me. Shouldn't I be willing to suffer for Him? He died for my salvation. Don't feel that way but just continue to pray."

When he wasn't in too much pain he was talking about the goodness of God or quoting some Scriptures or singing a verse of song. Thus he continued constantly growing weaker for six and one-half months or until January 14, 1937. He knew his time was drawing near. He would tell of God's wonderful love and admonish those who were saved to be faithful and tried to persuade the unsaved to seek his God. He trusted God fully for both soul and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

body. The last few weeks of his stay with us he was too weak to talk much. Frequently you could hear him say, "Praise the Lord," or "My blessed Jesus."

We were at his bedside much of the time both day and night. After he was too weak to sing he would call and ask us to sing. He so much enjoyed to hear singing. The afternoon, the day before he left us, he had called me to sing for him. As I sang one song after another he looked very happy. His breath was real short and we felt the end was very near. His breathing got easier and I felt I needed to go home and see about the children. Sometime before, we had a doorbell installed with the push-button at Mamma's house and the bell in my house so Mamma could call me anytime day or night without leaving Papa. Soon after I left the house Papa looked toward the ceiling and smiled sweetly and said, "Look, Mamma!" He pointed his finger up and toward the window. She looked, saw nothing, and asked, "What, Papa?" He said, "They are so pretty, don't you see them?" She said, "No Papa. What is it?" Bending close to try to catch his words he said, "It's Jesus and the angels. Can't you see them?" She told him no, and he looked disappointed but was too weak to say more. He just lay looking as if watching them.

She had at once rung for me for she felt sure he was going when he first spoke, but he rallied again and lasted through that night and the next day. We watched each move of that fast fading form. He was unable to speak and had not for some time. During the night of January 13, he turned and looked at each one in the room as if he were telling us good-bye. He did this just as the hands of the clock turned to twelve. He turned his eyes in the direction he had seen the angels. He had one hand across his breast and one by his side. As he lay thus and looked up, a light shown about his head and his face was shining and he spoke again, "Oh, praise the Lord it's my blessed

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Jesus,” closed his eyes and quit breathing without a single struggle, just like turning off a light.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.” Revelations 14:13.

He left us at the dawning of January 14, 1937, at the age of 82 years, 10 months, and 16 days. Although he had no earthly inheritance to leave his children I felt he left us an inheritance of untold value. A life of patience, trust, and faith in God. His last words were of such consolation and comfort to us—“Praise the Lord, it’s my blessed Jesus!” The smile and light on his face, as he spoke those words, were something he left to us which money cannot buy.

It was very cold and rainy and when we came home from the funeral all three of the children were coughing that evening. I thought they had taken cold from being out in the cold and damp, but in a few days I found they all had a severe case of whooping cough which was very trying on my already grieved and worn-out body. Husband had never had whooping cough and he took it also. It seemed some days I could surely go no farther and one of the children would begin to cough, vomit and strangle and I would call on God for help. He proved the promises true to me, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be,” and “The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms,” Deut. 33:25, 27. Everlasting arms! Arms that never wear out or get tired. I could lean hard on them and they never failed me. Oh, praise God for such a friend and Saviour. I am so glad I learned of Him and accepted Him as mine and He is my friend still.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Mamma was very sad and lonely for if Papa had lived until the first of June they would have been married 60 years, and it was 60 years of happy married life. I lived in the home with them most of my life and they never had an argument that I ever remember. When misunderstandings would arise he would always say, we better pray and let God fix it for us. He was so kind and considerate of his family.

In 1938, we got a car and that gave us a better way of getting around and going places. It wasn't too long after that until we accepted the call to go to Pomona on Sundays to preach for them, which was a distance of thirty miles. We continued going there for about two and one-half years, missing only about two or three services during that time. It was quite a responsibility to get up every Sunday morning, prepare breakfast, dress three children, and help Mother get ready with my husband's help and get there for Sunday school and meeting. Much of the time we taught a class and preached.

There are many precious memories of which time or space would not permit us to tell; also some sad memories.

Chapter Eleven

Our Moving to the Country

It was during this time that the Lord was talking to our hearts about moving out of town, for the ones who had moved into the neighborhood and the change it had made was not good. We did not want our children reared among drunkards and wrong environments. We had looked for a place but had found none we could handle that would be suitable for Mother, and we had to make a place for her. We told the Lord we had done all we knew to do; if He wanted us to make a change He could work it out.

During the winter of 1939, my brother who lived in Arkansas came to visit us. He was thinking of moving to California. One day he asked me to go with him to the County Superintendent's office to see what his prospects would be for teaching, as he was a professor. Coming home we passed a real estate office. He said, "Let's stop here and see if they have any small places of five or ten acres for sale." We did. He asked and the man had only one, out in a windy district some distance which we would not be interested in. As we turned to leave, an elderly like man who was sitting there with a pair of glasses on reading a newspaper looked up, pulled his glasses down toward the end of his nose, looked over them and said, "Maybe you would be interested in my place I have for sale." We stopped and began to make inquiry as to the location, price, water,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

etc. I told him from what he said about his place we might be interested if my brother wasn't, for we would like to get an acreage too. That was more ground than we cared for but all together we might work something out. He made a date to take us out to see the place.

The folks my brother came to California with went home earlier than they expected so he did not get to go see the place. He decided to not bother about it, but told us to go ahead and do whatever we wanted to. It seemed to me it was just God's way of getting us in touch with this man. He was a well-to-do man with much property and orange and grapefruit groves, but that one piece of property was away from the others. It was at first a twenty-acre piece. The man who had previously owned it had dug a good, deep well and put in irrigating pipes when this man bought it. This man gave ten acres to his daughter. Some of them had gotten a Farm Loan on the entire twenty and now another man had the ten he had given his daughter. The improvements were all on it. As he showed us the place and told us about it, we told him we liked the place. It was in a corner and a good well in California was the expensive thing.

But we would not buy it as it was. The loan, well, and all would have to be divided and if it were, on the terms he had offered, we would take it. Arrangements were made to go to the title company to sign a contract, as this was late in the evening. We went to the title company and he laid out the outline of our plan to them. He said "Well, it will be legal and can be divided if the Federal Land Bank Company will divide it, but I have done business with them for years and I have never known them to divide a loan. I have known them to refuse, but let's try." Turning to us, the owner of the land said, "I don't know why I want to sell this property, I don't need to, but I just feel I would like to see you folks get it." We signed a contract

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and he went to a local Land Bank Agent here in town and told them about it, wanting it divided so each party would be responsible for his own. The agent said he would send to headquarters and see what they would do about it.

We went home and Husband, Mother, and I went to prayer. We told the Lord He knew all about it and the future. If He wanted us to have it to cause those men to be willing to divide it, if not to stop it.

In about two weeks we received word to go ahead and sign the deeds and send them the papers. They would divide the loan and make papers dividing the well giving half the well with rules regulating use of the same. This was done but it took three months to get all parties concerned and all work done. They were very slow, but when they finished it was really fixed.

That same spring during Easter vacation, I took the children and made a trip to Oregon to visit old Bro. and Sis. White and to meet a few isolated saints there. Bro. White had told me about them and wanted me to come. We got there on Saturday. Sunday was the day they met at one of their homes in Mill City to have meeting. They did not meet every Sunday. We were very glad we could meet the saints in a body and be in service with them. Bro. White had no way of conveyance, only as one of his sons took him, since he was getting too frail to drive. They were supposed to have morning and afternoon services but after morning services they insisted on taking us to Bro. White's home that afternoon to get our things and announce meeting for Sunday night and all of us stay and have meeting that week. I told them I was supposed to be back and have the children in school Monday but they said to stay and have meeting as many nights as possible. As we prayed and saw the need, we stayed and did not get home until Monday. The children went to school Tuesday. The Lord blessed and we learned to love the saints

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

there very dearly. That was the first time we met Bro. and Sister Stover.

After coming home we planned and made arrangements to build a house on the ground we were buying. We refinanced the place we had in town to get the money to start as we had not been able to sell it yet. We planned to build a house thirty by forty feet. We hoped to dig a basement and build another porch and room later, but when God works, He works things out in a way that we do not see or know how it's done. When we began talking to the man about the foundation and how we hoped to have a basement later, he figured and said, "You will save a good bit by doing it all now, for you have to make a foundation for the house and later you cannot use it for the basement. If you dig the basement, its wall will make a foundation wall for the house by doing it now." The carpenter told us it would not cost too much more to extend it now, the extra floor and roof being the greatest expense. So we decided to put up the frame. We could wire, plaster, and finish later as it would look better and be cheaper also. Different friends and brothers figured and advised. But the time came when we needed a carpenter.

One day at all-day meeting in Los Angeles I said, "Bro. Gene, we need a carpenter; how about it?" Bro. Gene said "Sister Nellie, we are covered with work and we expect to be all summer." Bro. Gene Harmon and Bro. Myron Forbes were working together for another man who contracted houses for building and we had hoped they could do our building. I told him I did not know who or where we could get a carpenter but we would pray for God to give us one, not having the slightest idea how God would work.

We took it to the Lord in prayer and told Him our need of a carpenter. We did not know anyone we could get and for Him to get us in touch with the one He wanted to do the work for us.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

In about two weeks we got a phone call from Bro. Gene. He said their work did not look very good after all and they were finishing up the job they were on when we were talking to him. He stated they would have time off but were not sure how long. It would be time to build the garage and if we wanted them to, they would come and build it and that would give them some place to keep their tools. By that time they would know how their work for the contractor would be. He failed to get the work he expected which would keep them busy all summer. So we told them to come and do what they could—it would be that much—so they did.

By the time they had the garage finished they had no work, so made arrangements to start the house. If the contractor got some odd jobs, which he hoped to, they would stop and do the work for him and then come work on our house whenever they could. We told them to go ahead as we knew of no one we could get. They worked that summer as they could and hurried in August to get it closed in, and the doors and windows in. There were no partitions in, only two by fours where partitions were to be. It was one large room. We did not have time or money to finish as we wanted to get moved in order to get the children in school without having to change them.

We moved to our new home Labor Day 1940, without the house being wired; only the lights were brought to the porch, where I washed, and also, the kitchen. Anywhere else in the house, lights were on an extension cord. We moved in, set the furniture, and nailed up quilts for temporary partitions and places to dress. In December we got the sink connected in the kitchen and the bathroom fixtures in. We got heavy cardboard, like mattresses were shipped in, and cut and nailed it to the wall making partitions for us. We were very busy dividing our house into rooms. It also made it very comfortable so we got along very well. Many things being

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

unfinished was quite unhandy, but we were happy for we felt the Lord was in it all.

Although the neighbors were not Christians, most of them were extremely kind and nice. It was a nice neighborhood and the schools were much better than in San Bernardino. A school bus picked the children up at our door, took them to school, and brought them home, thus taking much burden off me, getting them to and from school, especially in bad weather.

We worked hard and had many financial and spiritual burdens at this time. That winter just before Christmas my nerves and strength gave way. I was not able to do my work, nor keep the children in school although I was able to be about the house part of the time. Sister Fern Fortner (now Stubblefield) came to be with us for a while. She was a good, young Christian woman and loved children. We were glad we could have her with us. Shortly after the holidays I took worse and was confined to my bed, my heart and nerves being in a very bad condition. At times it seemed as if I might leave this world.

Many thought I would never be up again. My trust was in the dear Lord. It was while in this condition I received a letter from one of the saints in Oregon, wanting to know if I would come hold a campmeeting for them in July, I believe it was. They did not have money to send for a preacher and they had been praying about a meeting and wanted one very much. They felt impressed to write me and if I would consent to come they would make arrangements to have a campmeeting and would announce it in the "Faith and Victory" paper. They had no place to hold it but would have it on Sister Busch's place near Scio. She had a large house and a garage and shed which they could clean up and use for a kitchen and dining

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

room. They could get slab lumber cheap and would build a place for services.

When the letter was read someone said, "It doesn't look like you will even be here by then. What are you going to tell them; you can't come?" I told them we would pray about it. Husband said, "She is thinking about going, no doubt, aren't you?" I said, "I do not have the slightest idea what to do. It does not look like I could go but I am some better than I have been and God knows. These folks want an answer and God can give us an answer." We began to pray for God to give us something to write these people.

The next day or two I called Sister Fern and dictated a letter to them. We told them of how very sick I was and had been, but felt like telling them to go ahead and make arrangements for and announce the meeting. If the dear Lord spared me and gave me strength to get there we expected to go. Transportation would not be a problem as my husband worked for the railroad and I could travel any distance without expense.

They began work for the meeting, planting gardens to have garden vegetables for the meals. Most of them had cows and Sister Busch had a locker. They began making butter and storing it in the locker so there would be enough, and many other things were done.

As we prayed and continued to look to the dear Lord, He gave us strength. Although this was not an instantaneous healing this time I continued to gain strength and was soon about my home duties. There was sewing for the children to be done that we might have clothes and things ready to go for the meeting. They announced the meeting in the paper and that Sister Poulos from California was to be there. Not long after that Bro. Darius Gibson wrote me inquiring about the meeting. Bro. and Sister Allen, and he and Sister Gibson were traveling together in meetings then and had felt led to make a

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

trip to Oregon but had not yet known just where to go. When they saw the campmeeting announced they felt interested and wanted to know more about it.

We wrote and urged them to come and told them the need of a meeting in that place and of our need of help from ministers for a campmeeting.

Mother was well satisfied with living in the country and liked it very much. She was now past eighty years old but was quite spry and could walk and get around well for her age. She wanted to make a trip east to visit my youngest sister and brother who lived back there. My oldest sister had moved that spring to California. Mother said she would plan to visit Edith and then attend the Monark Springs Campmeeting and from there, on her way home visit my brother. She would be home by the time I was. She planned the trip by bus but I felt it was too big a trip for her by herself at her age and tried to persuade her not to go, but we could not.

The day came for her to leave and we took her to the bus. She bade us good-bye and took her seat. She seemed very happy and was smiling and waving at us as the bus pulled away. A sad feeling came over me. I tried to smile as I waved good-bye but I was choking to keep back the tears. I stood and watched her as long and as far as I could see her, feeling I might never see her sweet face again. Husband and my oldest sister who were at the station with us said, "Oh, you just hate to see her go and make the long trip. She will be alright."

Chapter Twelve

Our First Trip to Oregon Campmeeting

In a few days we left on our trip to the Oregon Campmeeting. We had a nice trip and the children enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery. Bro. White's son met us at the station and took us to his home where we stayed a day or two while they finished getting things ready for the meeting. We went to the grounds Friday morning.

Since the building we were to hold services in was not quite ready, we gathered in Sister Busch's living room. We sang, read a Scripture lesson and had prayer. Then all who could do anything to help, went to work to finish the building, etc. There were only a few to work but they were all very happy. They had the work finished so that all but a few who were working on the building, gathered back in the living room for 2:30 service.

The Lord met with us in a very special way in this first service and continued to bless through the entire meeting. That evening the building was finished and we held the night service there. Several in the neighborhood came out.

The next day Bro. and Sister Gibson and family and Bro. and Sister Allen came. We surely were glad to see them. The preaching was going forth under the anointing of the Holy Spirit and souls

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

were getting interested and some beginning to seek the Lord. One of the sisters had an unsaved husband who was a cook. As they were making arrangements for the meeting and had no one to do the cooking, he said, "Well, I will go and cook for you and help you out that much. I would kinda like to go and see what goes on there anyway." This was a real answer to prayer, for that was their big problem and they never thought of getting him. He was really a good cook.

The building that was used for a kitchen and a dining room was close to the building where we had services and the one in the kitchen could hear all the services. As well as I can remember it was about Tuesday or Wednesday morning after we had sung, taken prayer requests, knelt down to pray, and someone started to pray; I saw this man walking down the aisle, weeping. He went to the altar and knelt down. As we arose from prayer he arose to his feet and said, "I want to be saved. I cannot go on like I am. I am not fit to cook for such people as these and I cannot prepare another meal until I am saved." He turned, fell at the altar, and began to pray. Bro. Allen and Bro. Gibson went to the altar to pray with him. As they did, a young man arose who was sitting in the back and came to the altar. I arose and told anyone else who needed God to come on, we did not need to wait for preaching, "Come and get saved." Several came and were saved that morning. The entire service was an altar service. As some would get saved and testify and shout the praises of God, someone else who was almost persuaded would come. It was a wonderful service. I do not remember for sure if it were in this service, but believe it was, that a man eighty years old and his aged wife, who had never attended a saints' meeting and had never been saved, were both saved.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

We had no special day for healing and no day set aside for fasting but I do not believe I was ever in a meeting where there was more healing done. People were prayed for and healed all during the meeting. It was common to miss different ones from the table where one or more were out fasting and praying for the meeting.

One night toward the last of the meeting some kind of holiness folks came intending to cause confusion and hinder the meeting. God knows how to fight our battles for us and during the song service a storm began to gather. By the time for preaching a real storm was on, thunder, lightning, and the wind blowing. These folks became frightened, got up, and left with their families. The lights went off but no damage was done, and no one was hurt, except one elderly lady whose folks were attending the meeting. She was there with them as they were taking care of her. She would not come in but she liked the singing and would sit in a chair under a tree close to the building. She was sitting there and about the time these other folks left, lightning struck this tree and came down the tree to the ground and struck her. Her son had just gone to see about her and got there about the time the lightning struck. He called the saints to pray for her. God healed her, and she got saved right there. The meeting went on undisturbed and we had a good service.

Twenty-five were baptized the last Sunday of the meeting. I do not remember how many took part in the feet-washing and communion services. Monday we started for home.

For a few years we went back each summer and helped with a campmeeting there. The Lord provided them with ground and a building at Jefferson where they moved and still hold their annual campmeeting and assembly meetings.

During the campmeeting in Oregon I became greatly burdened and concerned about Mother's welfare. I became so burdened for

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

her I requested prayer about it. I continued to feel burdened and felt something was wrong with her. During the meeting I had written my two nephews who were living in Northern California to meet us at the train and we would visit them a few days, as it would be on our way home. I was so concerned about Mother I considered going straight home and not stopping at my nephews; Monday morning before we left I received word from Mother. She had been sick but was better. She planned to go to my brother's who then lived in Arkansas. Although still burdened I tried to feel, after hearing from her, it was the enemy trying to burden me down. I tried to dismiss it from my mind but could not altogether.

We started home and on the train Ruth became very sick. When we got to my nephew's we were still around five hundred miles from home. We decided to stop and let Ruth rest and visit them. With the three children and one sick it was pretty hard traveling alone. We had a nice visit and enjoyed the scenery of nature. They showed us the beautiful caves and large, solid, smoked-glass mountain and many other things. We wondered how people could doubt God as we beheld His creations and the beautiful handiwork of God.

We arrived at Colton, a small town near San Bernardino, where we got our train for Oregon and Husband was there to meet us. I was a little surprised but glad to see him. He was working and we usually would get a bus and go from there on home but this time he got off work and met the train to take us home. He looked pale and bad and I asked him if he had been sick. He said, no, and that he was all right. I asked about my sister, who lived in Iowa but had moved to San Bernardino, and about the place and things in general. All was well but I did not ask about Mother for I thought I had just heard from her. We drove on home and when we got in the house he said, "Nellie," so calm and tender, "I have bad news for you." I asked,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“What?” Then he told in such a nice way, Mother was gone. He had received a telegram stating that Mother was taken to my brother’s and had only lived three days. When he said, “Mother was gone,” he said my entire body turned the color of chalk and I stood like a marble statue. I could not speak and stood thus for five minutes or more. The children became scared but Husband was praying. My nerves were not very strong and being tired from the burden of the meeting and the trip home, he feared for me in the shock of the news of her death. If she had been sick we might have expected it but she was to travel by bus and go to my brother’s. She took worse and they made a bed in a car and took her to my brother’s.

Well, I began to talk. It was about noon and I would have to leave that evening to get there for the funeral. It seemed I must go. Husband said, “I will help you all I can if you go, but I’d rather you did not try to go. Mamma is gone; you can’t do her any good. You are weak and tired out and Ruth is sick. You can’t take the children. With Ruth sick you will be anxious about her. It’s a long trip to make and come back so soon alone, but you make your decision.” I said, “Let us pray.” We went to prayer for God to comfort our hearts and help us to know what to do. I naturally wanted to go for her funeral very much. But God comforted my heart and my children needed my care. If I went I could do her no good and the over rush to get ready in such a short time was too much for my strength. He reminded me of when she left He let me feel I would never see her again, and I thought of my burden that something was going to happen to Mother. I tried to think it was the enemy but I believe it was God trying to prepare me for the future. If I had understood, I would have been prepared for anything. Now I was expecting to see her the next day or so and was not prepared as I should have been for the shock.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I gave up going and tried to take up the cares of life. We had always been close to each other and we had lived together most of my life. I really did miss her. I am very glad we can live so we can be reunited with our loved ones who have lived for God, with all the dear saints and the old prophets and apostles, never to part again. We will be singing the praises of our dear Saviour together forever and forever. So Mother left us and went to be with Jesus on July 25, 1941, at the age of 80 years, 8 months, and 12 days.

Chapter Thirteen

Finishing Our Home

Soon after we built our house and moved in, World War II broke out. It wasn't long until it was very hard to get many things as they were rationed. Among these was wiring to wire the house, so we could not finish our house until it was wired for lights. We waited, hoping the war would close and things would be released, but as time went on we lived here two winters, or maybe more, with cardboard partitions and using extensions cords to have light. The extension cords had worn until they were unsafe to use and it was costly and hard to replace them. The cardboard was torn and it would cost much to try to heat the place another winter as it was; it looked as though something had to be done. We prayed and decided to apply for priority to get wire. We wrote to the rationing board and applied for wire. They sent us word that we had to meet a government man who came certain days to interview those who wanted rationed articles.

We met in one of the court rooms and it was two-thirds or more full of people waiting to be interviewed. As we sat and he called the names one by one and interviewed them, they would be rejected. Husband said it didn't look like we had any chance at all. I said, "Pray." We were the last, I believe, to be called. Only two or three had their requests granted out of all that number, so in a natural way

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

our chances looked very uncertain. I asked God to be with us and put words in our mouth and help us.

The man began to question us, first asking what we wanted. I told him wire to wire our home. He asked if we thought we would get it. I said, "I hope so, that is why we are here." He then asked when we built and I told him. He asked why we did not wire and finish then. We told him because of lack of means and also it was time to get the children in school, and how we had used extension cords and cardboard partitions as a temporary substitute. Then the war broke out and we hoped to wait until it closed, but our extensions cords were unsafe. Without light I could not get Husband off to work or the children to school. I did not know what to do, but ask for wire. He asked a few more questions and then said, "How much wire do you need?" We told him and he filled out a paper and handed it to us and told us to go get wire. We walked out, went to the electrical shop, and ordered the wire. We took part of it home with us then. I find my Jesus the best business partner and counselor one can get. Husband and one of the men he worked with began at once to wire the house, working evenings after they got off work and soon had it all wired.

Then came another test of faith. We went to the lumber yard to order the button board to get ready to plaster and they said, "We have plenty of button-board but you have to have a priority to get it." "Oh," I thought, "all that trouble to go through again and wait to see if we get it." But there was nothing left to do but write the rationing board again. The men had to tear all the cardboard down to do the wiring and the place was quite torn up. I wrote them a letter that evening and told them I was sorry to bother them again, that we recently had been given priority for wire to wire our house and did not know we needed priority for button-board or we would have

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

applied when we got the wire. When we went to buy it they told us we would have to get priority.

It usually took two weeks and sometimes more to get an answer but to our surprise it was only two or three days. They told us we did not need a priority to get the button board. It was scarce and we might have to shop around some to find it, but if we found any, to buy what we needed. When Husband came home we went to the place where they had told us they had plenty. When we went in the same man we talked to before came to us. We asked if they had button board. Again he said, "Yes, we have plenty, but it takes a priority to get it. You have to get it through the ration board and you have no priority, have you?" At that I handed the letter from the board to him and said, "I think this will help us out." He looked at it, his face turned red and he picked up a pen and order sheet and asked how much we needed. We made our order for plaster, button board, and all we needed to finish our house. He told us he would send it out first thing in the morning. We went home happy, knowing God had again helped us in our time of need. We soon had our home finished.

All who are old enough, remember about the gas rationing during the war. It was during this time I was quite busy answering calls to visit the sick and needy and especially in hospital and jail work. They said it was a good work and allowed us gas for this and for Husband to go to his work. We had been allowed this amount of gas for some time and we needed more gas many times to be able to fill the calls, but did the best we could with what we had. One day we received word that our gas had been reduced and received only stamps enough to take Husband to his work, with no extra gas to go to church services, get groceries or go anywhere.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Husband and I took our stamps and went to the ration board. They sent us to the man who issued the stamps. He talked to Husband a little and told him he would have to see and talk to another man there. We went to his desk and he asked Husband what he wanted. Husband told him they had cut our gas until we could not get along on it. He talked and questioned about the use of the gas and Husband told him the amount it took to go to his work and that was all they had allowed him with none to go on to buy groceries for his family, to visit, or for church work. He asked what kind of visiting? Husband replied, "Visiting the sick, hospitals, and jails, etc." He said, "You don't have to visit and do that, do you?" in quite an independent way. Husband said, "No, we do not have to for there is only one thing we have to do, and that is to die. But my wife is a minister, and God has called her to this work. He has blessed her in it and she is willing to give her time and strength to help others. If you do not furnish stamps to get the gas she can't go. We will leave it with you and you will be the one to fix it with God for her not going."

He sat there a minute or two then wrote a few marks and figures on a piece of paper and said to take it to the man who issued the stamps and see what he would do for us. We went back to him and he asked how many stamps we needed. Husband told him how many we had been getting and he handed us a book larger than any we had ever had. Husband thought he made a mistake and told him it was more. He said, "Take it and use it. We do not want to hinder your good work." So God supplied extra gas for the work as long as gas was rationed.

Chapter Fourteen

Healed of Paralysis

My youngest sister, who lived in Missouri, moved to California the winter after Mother's death in July, and built a two-room cabin on our place to live in. Her husband did not like it here so they went back to Missouri the next May, I believe. The following winter their little girl did not get along well back there and the doctor advised them to bring her back to California, which they did. They came to Pomona this time where they thought my sister could get work. They lived there for a time, later moving to Santa Ana. While there my sister became unable to hold a steady job so they bought lots at Bloomington, near my oldest sister, and built a house on them. My brother-in-law was very frail and was anxious to get moved into their home. On Saturday some of the relatives and acquaintances were going to take some things for the home and help them move, but they were not quite prepared to do so; therefore they did not really get moved in until the first of the following week.

A few days previous to this, I had taken a bath and was getting ready to take the bus to town to meet husband when he got off work, as I wanted to purchase a few items, also attend to some business matters. The children were at school and I was alone. As I got out of the tub I slipped and as I fell, hit my right side across the tub. I could not get up at first, but finally got up after praying and asking God

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

for help. I dressed and got ready for town although my side was hurting very much. I thought the pain was caused by only an external bruise, but as I reached for the handrail as I boarded the bus, I almost lost my breath. I then realized I had broken some ribs. They were quite painful, especially when I used my arms as I went about my work, but I looked to the Lord and asked Him to take care of it.

Since we didn't have a church building to hold services in, the few saints here were using our home for a place of meeting. We met on Sunday mornings and had afternoon services the second Sunday of each month with a basket dinner.

My sister had gotten moved and things straightened up. Saturday I had been busy getting the place ready for services the next day. Brother and Sister John Wilson, who were then living in Pomona, had come to be with us on Sunday. My older sister's husband drove in and told us that Arthur, my younger sister's husband had had a stroke and was not expected to live. Gus Jr., my son, accompanied him as he left for home, and in a short time we were also on our way there.

It was raining but we got there as soon as we could. It was only about twelve miles from where we lived but we arrived too late—he had already passed away. As they carried out the lifeless form I thought, "Life is truly like a vapor." He had apparently been feeling better than usual and had just finished his bath and sat on a chair in the kitchen. He had been talking to my sister and as she turned about at her work, she heard a noise. She turned and he was starting to fall from his chair. She jumped and caught him but he was limp and helpless and could not speak. Her little boy called a neighbor man who helped put him in bed. They called a doctor who told them there was no hope. In about three hours he was gone. That was November 11, 1944.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

No wonder Jesus warns us, "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. 24:44.

Telephone calls were made and telegrams were sent. We brought my sister and the two children home with us for the remainder of the night. Sunday morning we left the children and the services for the day with Brother and Sister Wilson and took my sister and her children to Bloomington to take care of everything. She then stayed with my oldest sister until the funeral which was Thursday morning. We got up and had breakfast, did chores and were getting the work done when I became very sick. I went in and sat down in a rocking chair and was soon unconscious. I remained unconscious for more than one-half hour. When I began to arouse, I opened my eyes and Husband and the children were around me praying. Husband asked what was wrong with me. I made two or three efforts to speak but it seemed, I could not use my tongue. It seemed stiff. I told them I did not know what was wrong, but I felt numb and sick. I was sitting where I could see the clock and it was the time we were supposed to be at my sister's. I began to tell the children what to do to get ready and told Husband to help me to the bedroom. I had not yet tried to get up, but felt too weak to go alone. He helped lift me to my feet and when I went to make a step I could not move my right foot or limb. I realized then I had had a stroke and told Husband that I was paralyzed. I was standing on one foot. My right one would not hold me up. He was greatly surprised and when he saw I could not use my limb or walk he said, "What shall we do? You can't go like this." I said, "We must do something. We don't have a phone and neither do they. They will be looking for us. See if you can get me to the bedroom. If you can get me in the car you can go and you and the children can be there. Sister has enough to worry her and enough grief without any of us not being there to let her know why." I was thinking only of my sister and her sorrow.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Husband put my right arm around his neck and put his left arm around me to hold me and with his left foot he would push my right foot forward a step and then hold up my weight while I took a step with my left foot and so on until he got me to the bedroom where they helped me comb my hair and dress. Then they helped me to the car. I was numb and sick feeling but did not think I might have another stroke. Husband was afraid I was not able for the trip but did not know what was best to do. We drove to the funeral home as it was getting late. They had arrived with the family and they were at the door to go in when they looked up and saw our car so they waited as we stopped. They came to the car to see what was wrong. The children had been crying, for Uncle Arthur had just died with a stroke and now—will Mamma go, too? Husband told them I had a stroke this morning and could not walk. We would park the car and he would stay with me but we knew they would not know what was wrong and had no way to let them know but to come. The ones at the funeral home said, “We can get her in and she will be more comfortable and be in the service.” They placed me in a large comfortable chair and I attended the funeral.

After the services were over we all (quite a few acquaintances and saints) went to my oldest sister's home. While there I lapsed into unconsciousness again. The saints prayed for me and I rallied but did not receive use of myself. My brother-in-law had lost a sister with a stroke some time before this and different ones insisted we call a doctor to examine me as I was in a bad condition. A doctor's examination was then all that was required by California law, but if a doctor wasn't called it caused much complication and trouble.

On our way home Husband stopped and called the doctor who had taken care of me when our children were born. He knew our faith. He said he would be out that evening. When he came and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

examined me he said it was caused by cerebral hemorrhages of the brain. He could not tell the cause of the hemorrhages without x-ray. He said it might be better and then it could go on with other strokes and become fatal. I told him I had fallen about two weeks ago across the bathtub and believed I had broken some ribs. He examined and said, "I say you have. You have had four broken in two but they are doing fine. Nature has done a perfect job of setting them." Husband asked, "Does nature usually do that good a job?" He smiled and said, "No, when they are broken like those, they usually lap or cause trouble. But that is a perfect job." When I said God did it he smiled again. He told Husband it would be good to make application for a phone. We should have one even if I got better.

I continued about the same for about two weeks; one or another of the children staying with me. When I got a little better and was alone a few days I had another stroke which left me with little use of my right hand, too. At this time Sister John Wilson came and stayed with me. I did not seem to get any better and had to sit in my chair or be in bed all the time. After she was here a few days, I took worse and could not keep anything on my stomach, not even water, for two days. The children had come in from school when I had another stroke. Sister Wilson and the children got me in bed. My right hand was drawn down and my arm out of shape and my mouth drawn down to the side of my face. Sister Wilson sent one of the children to a neighbor who had a phone to call Husband to come home at once.

He came and they continued to pray. Then he begged the Lord to let me speak to him one more time. I soon opened my eyes and he asked me how I felt. With difficulty I made him understand I was going unless God helped real soon. They found I could slightly move the four fingers on my left hand but no feeling in my left side

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

from my waist down and none in my entire right side. They could pinch or strike me and I could not feel it and my breathing was very short and difficult. Soon I lapsed into unconsciousness again. It was now getting dark and Husband wanted to call some of the saints to come. It was one-quarter mile to the nearest phone and he did not want to leave me. He hated to send the children alone so asked Sister Wilson if she thought she had better go with them. Then she told him, "Bro. Gus, send the children. She is dying and I don't want to leave you alone. Any breath may be her last." The children went and called. I lay in a dying condition for about two hours when a carload of the saints came. They all prayed and anointed me. As they held on to God for me in a short time I regained consciousness and soon was able to speak. Feeling began to come into my body, my mouth went back into place and my breathing was becoming normal. My right hand and arm were drawn and could not be straightened. I told those who had come, "I want you to see this hand and arm, how they are drawn for a testimony of God's healing power, for I believe He will straighten this, too."

It was now getting late and the Lord had given me a definite touch. The children were very tired and had been under such a strain for so long, they persuaded them to go to bed. One of the sisters had gone to the girls' room to comfort them. Husband and some of them had gone to the kitchen to get a drink. At this time Sister Beulah Harmon, who was sitting by my bed, and I were the only ones in my room. She was talking of how God healed me when I was hurt in the shoe factory at Carthage and that He was the same today. As we were talking I felt my fingers loosen and straighten and the muscles in my arm relax. I said, "Oh, Sister Beulah, look, my hand is straight!" And as she went to lift the cover I raised my arm up into the air without any help. My fingers were straight. She and I both burst into tears and shouting, and the others in the house did not

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

know what had happened. They came running to see what it was. When they saw me waving my arms and using them it caused a wave of rejoicing and shouting. It was a wonderful time. When the shouting ceased I called for my clothes and they went out. I dressed and walked out into the living room and as I did another wave of praising God swept over us. We all rejoiced, some weeping, some leaping, and some rejoicing in one way or another. It seemed there could be no end to rejoicing and praising God.

Husband and Sister Wilson had eaten nothing and I had not been able to eat for two days, so Sister Wilson said, "Sister Poulos, don't you want me to fix you something to eat and bring to you? I am sure Brother Poulos is hungry and could eat something now after all of this." I said, "Yes, I would like to have something to eat. It is quite late and after this long drive I expect all of these folks would like something to eat. Prepare it, put it on the table and I'll go to the food this time. I've had it carried to me six weeks now. I'll go to the table." She and the sisters soon had something on the table and called us to the kitchen. I sat down and ate a good meal but every little bit, it seemed we could scarcely eat. First, one then another burst out with praises to God. It seemed we could not part; God was very real and had done so much for us. We were singing, shouting, and praising for some time. It was in the morning hours when we parted, happy and encouraged in the Lord; again witnessing that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, healing today as when He walked the shores of Galilee.

Chapter Fifteen

Getting a Telephone

A short time after this Husband made application for a telephone. They told him they were hard to get and it was only ministers, railroad men or sickness that were getting priority for phones. It took a doctor's signature to get it for sickness. He said, "We ought to get one then, for I am a railroad man, my wife is a minister and that's the main reason for our wanting a phone. Also, Wife is not very well and has bad headaches and the doctor said she needed a phone." They gave him an application blank to bring home and fill out, telling him to state all three reasons and see if we could get one. We filled it out and told the Lord He knew our need; how we desired a phone in order to get in touch with people who needed help and how many times, with the children in school, I could be saved long, tiresome trips if we had a phone. We asked Him to take over and work it out. We felt sure it would be a great help and blessing to us if we could get a phone. In about three weeks a man knocked on the door. When I went to the door, he spoke and asked if we were the folks who applied for a phone? I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "I do not see how you can have any chance at all to get one." I inquired, "Why? we surely need one. It is a quarter of a mile to the nearest phone. Many times Husband works overtime, also at night and I am here alone with the children with no way to get help." He

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

said, "That is true, I can see you need a phone. If a phone line ran close to you, you could get one tomorrow, but there is no line near you. The company will have to bring a line one-half mile, and for a quarter of a mile of that distance, set posts to put the line on. To set that many posts and use that much wire for one phone is not likely. I am sent out to investigate and make a report. It is so far to the nearest phone and they are private lines. We have to bring a wire from Baseline to your place and can use the posts as far as they come but there are no posts the last quarter mile."

I said, "You see our need and tell them and do the best for us you can." He said he would and left.

I again went to prayer. I told the Lord He was still doing miracles for His people and how much time and strength I could save if we had a phone and that as this man made his report, to work; the poles and wire did not mean anything to Him.

About two weeks later I heard a noise of trucks as if unloading something. I went to the window to look out and they were unloading telephone poles and men were digging holes. The telephone company's truck was in front of the house. I stood and looked in wonder as a man came to the door. I went to the door and he wanted to know where we wanted the phone in the house; we were the ones who were getting the phone, weren't we? I said, "Yes, we applied for one but had not learned if it had been granted." He said, yes, and that they had the line nearly done. I showed him where we wanted the phone. He remarked, "This is unusual to bring a line one-half mile for one person's use. If wire were anywhere near we could understand, but to set posts and come this far is out of the ordinary. I don't see how they did it."

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

It raised quite a stir among some of the neighbors who wanted phones and could not get them. They came to us to see what we did. We told them how we made our application and prayed. They said they did not pray. We told them we felt we got ours just in answer to prayer. They agreed that it must have had something to do with it.

Oh, how we praise our blessed Saviour for being so mindful of His trusting children. I depend on Him for help in so many ways, even in my housework and about my regular duties of life. If I lose something or forget where I put it, I often ask the Lord to help me remember, or help me to find it.

One time I had a good thimble that just fit me and was comfortable for me to use, but one day I went to get it and could not find it. I looked everywhere I knew to look. I had some heavy mending to do and needed it very much. At last I said, "Lord, you know where that thimble is and you can help me find it." I got my work and sat down in a big old arm chair I liked to sit in to mend. I had taken the cushion out of this chair and looked it over. When I sat down I leaned back to think if there were any place else I could look to find my thimble. As I did I pressed my hands down on each side of the cushion down into the upholstery, something I had never done before. At the same time I was thinking and meditating and not realizing what I was doing. As I did that, my middle finger went right into the thimble I was looking for. When I felt it I brought up my hand with the lost thimble on it. I said, "Yes, Lord, you knew where it was." Although I could not see it He knew how to guide my hand to find it and I praised Him for it. Someone may say that it was just an accident. I say, no, it was not an accident or happening, it was direct answer to prayer.

Chapter Sixteen

Building the Chapel

The following summer, if I remember dates correctly, after my brother-in-law's death, we did not have services at our home because I planned to be away from home and in meetings that summer. After our state campmeeting a tent meeting was held at Fontana where some souls were saved. One day about the close of the tent meeting, Bro. Davey came to me and said, "Sister Poulos, we have had a good meeting and the Lord has given us some souls. We need a place to have meeting and keep them fed. I wondered if we could announce and have meeting in your home again?" I answered, "Yes, it's the Lord's home. We are willing to use it for His work." He said, "I know it's a lot of work to get a home ready for services every Sunday but the Lord will bless you. I don't know of anywhere we can have meeting. We feel you should go ahead and take over the work. You are the only minister here. We feel God is laying this work on your heart. We and others will be there to help all we can, but we are looking to you to go ahead with it." I felt the burden of the work and was willing to do all I could to help but preferred someone else to go ahead. Soon God made it plain to me and other ministers for me to accept the work here. Before the meeting closed it was announced there would be Sunday school and preaching each Sunday morning, morning and afternoon services

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

each second Sunday with basket dinner at our home and cottage prayer meeting each Tuesday night.

The church at Whittier loaned us some folding chairs they were not using. Bro. Fingerly brought them to our place. Each Sunday morning we rearranged the furniture and seated the living room and the dining room for services and the bedrooms for Sunday school rooms.

As time went on we rented a building in San Bernardino and held a revival. The seed was sown and some were saved in this meeting. We saw the need of a church building but we all were only working people and it seemed there was no way to get the money. We had a congregation, though small in number, who knew how to pray. We took our need to the Lord in prayer, and told Him how we felt. If we had a building in town we could reach more people and get more children in Sunday school than where we were. We were quite crowded in the house and asked the Lord to guide us.

Soon we felt impressed to start a Building Fund where we laid aside all we could to get enough money to make a payment on a lot. After that, while the others worked, Sister Davenport and I would get together and pray and look for a lot that would be suitable and one we felt was reasonable to buy. As last we found the lot where the chapel is today. As the others of the congregation looked at it they all (as well as I remember) were in favor of purchasing it. We signed a contract for it, made a payment with the money we had saved, and made monthly payments on it.

When people learned we were buying a lot and planning to build they wanted to know where we expected to get our money. We told them we did not know but were looking for God to help us. People thought we were crazy and would never get it accomplished. One day the remark was made to Sister Davenport, "What do you

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

few, poor little folks think you can do? You don't have anything to build with." Sister Davenport told them, "No, we don't have anything but we're serving a great big God and He has plenty and as we do what we can, we expect Him to help us. It's His work anyway and we are just working for Him." They did not know what to say but watched to see how it all came out.

The next step: we figured what it would cost to build a stucco frame 30 x 40 feet. With the approximate cost we began working and praying to find where we could borrow the money to build and pay for it in monthly payments. We soon learned loan companies or banks did not loan to churches because if they failed to pay, it was hard to close in and get the money out of church buildings. So many different ones had to raise the money to make the payments they usually failed. I thought that was a bad record for church people. If anyone kept their word and payments it ought to be church folks. We began to pray for God to direct us in getting the money. We did not know where to go but God did and we asked Him to help us. Oh, I am so glad I have learned on whom we can depend!

In two or three weeks a brother came to San Bernardino for a few nights' meeting. He said, "You folks surely need a church house." We told him we knew it and proceeded to tell him of our buying a lot and how much we needed to borrow to build, the size payments we felt we could make, and the plan of the building. We were waiting to find someone who would loan us the money. We did not know anywhere to get it.

The next day he went to see the lot. After seeing it he said, "Sister Poulos, I've been praying about your need and I know a man who has the money. I believe he will let you have it." He asked if I knew the man or had asked him? I told him no, I did not know him or anything about it. So he continued. "I'll tell you what to do. You

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

write this man and tell him I told you about him. Tell him about your lot, the size of it, how much you want, your payment, the size and kind of building, and its arrangement. I'll write a letter and put in with yours and see what he says. I believe he will let you have the money."

I do not know what the brother wrote in his letter but I do know in a few days we got a letter from him and in it a check to start the work, and that he would send the rest in a few days. Bro. E. M. Zinn came and we had a business meeting and drew up our bylaws, chose trustees and officers, and incorporated so the church could do legal business as a church and that it would not be the property of individuals.

We then finished paying for the lot and had it in the church's name. There was a lot of work to be done; the lot to be re-zoned for a church, permits and blueprints to get, and many things to do. Sister Davenport and I went together and worked and prayed and at last they were ready to lay out and get ready to start the building. Gus Jr. and Sister Davenport's youngest son were in high school and would come from school to the church grounds and work. Bro. Edward and Husband, after getting off work, and others as they could, all worked faithfully.

In the fall we had the chapel so we could have services in it but we had no seats. The saints had bought the grounds for a camp ground at Pacoima but the buildings were not up. They had bought some chairs on sale to have in seating the tabernacle. They told us to send a truck down and get the chairs to use in the chapel until we got seats or they got ready to use the chairs. We were very grateful for this. In September, 1948, we moved into the church building and had a revival. The building was not all finished but we could use it

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and finish as we could. We had used our home for regular services at this time for more than two and one-half years.

The following spring we got seats made and God really blessed in getting them. When we built we thought to put a movable partition and have private Sunday school rooms as we did not think we would need the entire room for meeting. The Lord blessed with our services and Sunday school until we needed the room and never put in a partition.

There were times of testing that followed but God blessed and helped and the dear saints were willing to sacrifice and work that we might have a place to worship. At times there were only three in the congregation who had work but they gave and kept up the payments and did without at home and put God first. We never missed or were late sending a payment for which we praise God. It is needless to say we were blessed in our services and in our souls until we could scarcely wait from one service to the next to meet together, and were there waiting when time came to start service.

As time went on and more children came, we did not have enough room for the children. The Lord had blessed us and we had the chapel paid for. We came together to counsel what to do. When a decision had to be made we all met together and prayed and counseled as to what to do. We decided it would be good to build an annex to the building which we set out to do. We went to the bank who had been handling our church account and borrowed two thousand dollars with some of the brothers cosigning for the Church and proceeded to build.

It seemed trouble had just begun. The state highway was coming through not far from the chapel and an overpass over the freeway was on our street. We contacted the highway department to know if the overpass would come or interfere with the church

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

property as we needed more room and planned to build. They told us to go ahead and build, for they would not interfere with us at all. We started our building and were getting it pretty well closed in when we went to prayer meeting one night and found surveyors' stakes set within three or four feet of our entrance, taking the entire front of our churchyard. A note in the mail stated they wanted to contact the trustees. We saw we really had something to face and unless God helped us in some way it would ruin our property and also the way of entrance to the chapel. We learned it would leave us about two or more feet below the overpass grade to come off that grade to get into the church house. We wanted them to buy us out because for a public place it would be unsafe to enter off the grade and was also reducing quite a bit of our parking space. They would not do that as they said it would not close us in enough to justify their buying us out. Then they tried to buy a vacant lot adjoining us where we could have parking space and entrance but the man who owned it would not sell it reasonable enough for them to buy it.

Weeks and months passed by and we met many times trying to come to an agreement, of which space would fail us to tell. We told them we could not sign something that would endanger the people's lives and ruin the property. If they forced it, that would make them responsible. We closed the annex in and used it that way until we could see what they would do. We held on to God. Head officials of the state were called in counsel and a change of plans was made. The overpass was set back until it did not take any of our church property and stopped at the property line. We went ahead with our building and now have it paid for.

The winter of 1959, they finished the overpass, and it makes the church house stand out more vivid to view than it did before. It was only holding on in prayer and God that did it for us.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

In June of 1948, our oldest daughter, Ruth, graduated from high school and was married to Donald Joiner of Hammond, La. He was Bro. F. M. Williamson's grandson. That fall they went to Hammond where Donald had another year of college. After he graduated they moved to San Bernardino where they have made their home since.

Chapter Seventeen

Healed of Cancer

I had continued as before, after my strokes, to have bad attacks of headaches, many times getting so severe I would have to go to bed. Sometimes the pain in the top of my head would get so severe I would become unconscious. One day when I was combing my hair I noticed a lump on the top of my head. It was small but sore and ugly looking. I said little about it but it continued to grow. I had only shown it at this time to one or two whom I asked to be agreed with me in prayer, for I felt sure the way it pained and looked, it was cancer. They said they did not doubt it was.

In the spring, Bro. Pruitt, and a company were in California holding meetings and they came here to hold a meeting. By this time the place on my head had grown until I suppose it was as large around as a good sized walnut and at times very painful and would take spells of bleeding. I showed it to them and told them about it. They said there was no doubt, it was cancer. I was anointed and prayed for. It continued to grow rapidly, becoming very painful, itching and burning down the sides of my neck and face. It now would form a soft place and swell all the way around the sore about the width of my finger, itching and burning. That would burst open and bleed and run. At once it would become a sore just like the other.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Then in a few days a soft place would swell and repeat as before. I was still looking to God to do something for me.

One night at prayer meeting I got up and told the congregation the condition of my head was getting serious and it was now growing very fast and painful. In the last two or three days a spot on the right side of my face had appeared just like the one on top of my head was at first. At the rate it was going I would not be here long but I knew God could heal. Sister Davenport got up and said, "Saints, let's get in earnest about Sister Poulos. We need her and we know God can heal her. We have been praying but that is not enough. Let's lay aside our bread and water until God does something for us and gives us an answer." The Church as a body went to fasting and prayer and fasted several days when God witnessed to us He had heard prayer and wonderfully blessed our souls. The place continued to grow very fast for about two weeks. From the outward appearance there was no change but we all continued to stand on the promise God had given us and would not look at symptoms or conditions. One morning when I arose and went to fix my hair a great change had taken place. It was drying up and loose scabs peeling off part of it. In a few days the place on top of my head was healed, but the place on the side of my face was quite a place, as big around as a nickel or larger and protruding like a wart.

As we were looking at the top of our head and praising God for healing, the enemy whispered, "You are not healed, look at that place on the side of your face. It's just drying up there to break out and spread further." I said out loud, "You are a liar and the father of lies. What does that little place amount to for God? He's healed the top of my head and He will take care of that, too." It went on about a week. One morning I went to wash my face and the knot was gone. There was just a little pink place on my face where it had been.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Oh, what a mighty God we serve! I wonder how people get along who do not trust and serve Him? It must be a miserable, unhappy life.

My hair had become quite grey at this time and I want to say God did such a wonderful job healing my head that much of my hair as it grew back where the deepest sore was, came in black, not even grey. Today there is quite a bit of black hair mixed with the grey there. I have never had any signs or symptoms of cancer since, as far as I know.

In February, 1952, our youngest daughter, Esther, was married to James Hardy of Plymouth, Indiana. About two years later they moved to Indiana where they have lived since.

Our son was in gospel work a good deal of the time after he was out of school, as the Lord called him to the ministry before he finished school. On January 18, 1953, he was married to Dorothy Davis, daughter of the deceased Paul Davis and Sister Hattie Dean of Guthrie, Oklahoma. Bro. Max Dean has been like a father to her, however. They moved to Anthony, Kansas, where they lived until he was called back to California by the government to serve his time as a Conscientious Objector and they have made their home in California since.

Chapter Eighteen

Healed of Tumor

I had a growth in my abdomen for a while but it had not given me much trouble and did not get much larger. About the first of January I noticed it was growing and continued to grow fast until soon it began to be a real burden and hindrance to me. I prayed earnestly about it, but it continued to grow. I thought it was a tumor growing in my stomach as it was getting where I could eat but little at a time. One of my sisters came over to see me and begged me to go with her to her doctor and let him with his machine see what it was. She knew I would not want to do anything but just be examined. She would feel so much better satisfied if I would do that. I told her, no, I did not care to. We continued to pray.

One afternoon in prayer the Lord witnessed to me He was going to heal me but it would be a fight of faith. He gave me the Scripture in Luke 18:1-8 of the widow and the unjust judge. Verses 6, 7, and 8: “And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.” That evening a sister told me as we talked on the phone, that God had given her the same Scripture. She said, “God will hear if we do have to cry for some time.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

That evening when some saints were visiting me, one of the brethren said, "Sister Poulos, we may have to do some crying and waiting, but I believe God is going to heal you." Then he told me what God had given him that afternoon while he was praying for me, and the Scripture. I said, "Well, that's three of us God has given the same Scripture to about the same time this afternoon." We were not together and no one knew anything about what the other was doing, so we continued to pray.

I was increasing daily in size. Some days I increased an inch around in size in twenty-four hours; but, of course, I did not gain like that every day. My breathing was getting very difficult and I could not wear my regular clothes.

My sister had asked me different times to let her doctor see me. One day Husband said, "Nellie, I think it would be good to let that doctor see you. Some of the men were talking to me today at work and they say, 'You don't know what's wrong with her. You say she had cancer but a doctor never saw her. It could have been just a sore.' Brother Brown sometimes got a doctor's examination for a better testimony. What do you think about it? I am sure they will not influence you or turn you from trusting God." I said, "I don't know; I have it settled what I am going to do about trusting God."

In a few days my sister was over to see me again and was anxious to know what kind of growth it was and what was wrong. After waiting on God I felt it would be good to be examined, so I could tell what God had delivered me from. Although I continued to get worse I believed God had given me a promise of my healing and was going to heal me.

I want to be understood. I do not believe in running to a doctor in most cases for an examination. God knows, and if you are trusting God He will take care of it. Many times in serious cases the enemy

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

will take advantage and discourage you when you learn how serious it is. If God can get more glory by us having an examination, then God can help us to understand what His will is in this matter.

When Husband came home from work one evening we decided we would go over to my sister's. I could not take more than one-half glass of liquid at a time and no solids. She took us to her doctor. There were no shots, no medicine. He took my sister and me into the booth and gave my sister a chair and I stood there. He turned on the machine and said, "You have a large water tumor. Your stomach is all right." I asked, "Why can't I eat then?" "Because," he said, "the tumor has it mashed flat together so there is no place for food. All your organs are mashed out of shape and the tumor has reached your lungs and heart and is pressing them. Every beat your heart beats, it is beating in a bag of water and it cannot hold up long under such hard labor." Then he pointed out thin places in the tumor to my sister where it was about to burst, and said something should be done at once. He did not think it would go three days before bursting and a week at the longest. If it did burst it would drown my heart and be almost sudden death. He wanted to help me make arrangements to get to the hospital and get it out at once before it was too late. I told him no, I just wanted to know what it was. My sister and relatives were, and had been, anxious for me to do something for they were concerned about me.

In a day or so my sister was over again. She said, "Nellie, I wish you would do something. It won't be much to make a small incision and drain that tumor, then take it out. I would like to see you do something." I said, "Sis, (that was my pet name for her) I am trusting God. You know how God healed me when I was hurt in the shoe factory at Carthage when the doctors said I would never be up again. Doctors could not have saved me when I was paralyzed, neither

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

could they have saved my life with that cancer on top of my head. God healed me then and many other times and I am not going to turn from Him now. If He is not through with me, this tumor cannot kill me. If He is through with me, the best doctors could not save me no matter how much they try.” She, in tears, agreed: “Yes, you are right.”

From that time I could not lie down but had to sit in a chair day and night. The last two weeks I could not raise myself out of my chair without help. I could not wear anything but a big robe that would just meet around me. Two stayed with me day and night for I would smother and it seemed my heart would stop beating. One on each side of me would raise me to my feet and let me backwards until my heart was released from the bag of water enough to start beating again. I continued thus for three weeks after I had been to see the doctor. The poison was going through my system and it looked as if the end were very near.

In May, Brother Chandler and a carload of saints came to see me. They helped me walk into the living room and sit down. After talking and singing with me they went to prayer. After prayer Brother Chandler anointed me and prayed again. A calm assurance came over me and as we sat there the suffering began to leave and color began to come into my face. Someone said, “Look how much better she looks!” (A number of our congregation were present, too, for they were with me day and night.) As I sat there in the chair, God performed a miracle. I began going down in size. What became of the tumor I do not know, only God dried it up as I sat there. My breathing became normal and in one-half hour or so after prayer I got up, walked to the bedroom and put on a dress I had normally worn before. I fastened it all up as I had been used to wearing it,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

except at the waist, I lacked one-half inch fastening it in its normal place.

When Husband came home from work I was dressed. That evening was prayer meeting night. The rest of the ones who came, went back to Bakersfield that evening and told what God had done for us. Brother Chandler stayed to be with us over Sunday. I sat down and ate the evening meal with the rest, and rode six miles to church services that night, also Friday and Saturday nights and again to meeting Sunday. I gained strength quite fast.

Chapter Nineteen

Injured by a Fall

On the morning of March 18, 1954, I went to the basement to clean it. I had large shelves in it for storing canned fruit. They needed to be dusted and clean papers put down. I was doing general cleaning down there. I was starting to feel tired so decided to quit, come upstairs, clean up, and rest before finishing my regular work. About that time I heard the clock strike ten and stopped to go upstairs. The basement had cement walls and floor, and my glasses were covered with dust, which hindered my vision. When I turned to go to the stairway, I caught my toe on a board, which I did not know was on the floor, and stumbled. I was out in the middle of the room where there was nothing I could grab to break the fall. In trying to catch myself, I somehow threw my weight on my left limb and twisted it, breaking a bone on the outside of my knee and injuring the knee joint, which caused me to black out. I fell unconscious, face down, on the cement floor.

I had just come to myself enough to realize I was lying on the basement floor on my face, and in great pain but could not get up, when I remembered I had stumbled. About that time I heard the clock strike twelve, so I had lain there about two hours. I was alone and could not be heard if I called from down there in the basement because there were no close neighbors. I began to call on God for

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

help. It was some time before I could turn over or raise myself, because of the great pain. I finally got to a sitting position and scooted myself to the stairway. With my hands I helped pull myself to the stairs. I could not bend my knee and could not move it. I was just dragging it. When I got to the top of the stairs I could not get up, but was very sick and I just lay over on the floor. As I did, I heard the clock strike one. That was the last I knew for a while.

When I came to, I crawled in to where the phone was and called Sister Davenport, telling her about my fall and injury. I asked her to pray and to tell the saints to pray. I did not know the leg was broken at that time, but I thought I had badly sprained it. It was after two o'clock; the men were all at work and there was no way for them to get to me. Before long they would be coming home so I finally pulled myself on to the divan and lay down. It was close by the phone.

This was on Thursday, our prayer meeting night. After prayer meeting the saints came to our house and had prayer for me. We knew my leg was badly hurt. I was awfully sore and my body in pain, but thought I was just jarred. The dear Lord gave me much relief and I was able to get some rest after prayer, but I could not move my leg. The next day or so I had hemorrhages by mouth and my chest was very sore. This was making me very sick as it continued.

My oldest daughter, who was not saved, called her doctor and talked to him about my condition. She told him I trusted the Lord and did not doctor but she had no hope for me and would like to know how badly I was hurt. He told her he would examine me and let her know if they wanted him to, and would not bother me about doing anything. She came to me and wanted me to let the doctor see me. I said, "Ruthie, I have trusted God all these years and do you

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

think I will doctor now?" She said, "No, Mamma, it would break my heart for you to doctor now; I want you to trust God. I told the doctor you are trusting God, but I want him to see if your leg is broken so we will know better how to care for you and what is wrong that is causing this bleeding." I felt it would be good to know if my knee were broken as it was swollen badly and I could not use it. If it were broken I needed to keep it still; if it were sprained it was good to try to use it. He examined me and found the one bone in the knee joint broken in two, the sack that holds the joint water ruptured and the joint water all gone, the entire leg from the hip to my foot strained, and ligament torn and internal bleeding in the knee-joint. He said I would never be able to walk naturally again, and if I walked, my knee would be stiff. My chest was in bad shape. Internal organs were torn loose, my diaphragm ruptured and the top part of my stomach lodged in the diaphragm. When my stomach would try to digest food it would beat against my lungs and cause bleeding. He said they could operate and pull the stomach down, but there was no way to keep it in place and the diaphragm would always be torn. He did not know how long I would last in that condition.

The congregation went into fasting and prayer on Sunday, and on Wednesday night they met at our house. God again met with us in a special way. It seemed as if a strong, soft hand took hold of my stomach during prayer and gently pulled it down and released it from its lodging place. Oh, what relief it brought! For some weeks you could feel the ridge on my stomach where it had been held by the muscles of the diaphragm. I had lost much blood and suffered so much I remained quite weak for a time, having to be wheeled about in a wheel chair for a while. My limb was healed and I have as good, or better, use of it than I do of the one that was not hurt.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Since that fall I have not been as strong and have had to be careful about stooping or lifting, as it seems to tear something loose. I would have hemorrhages but the Lord was good to me. I have continued to trust Him.

I was much improved and able to do all my housework, sewing, etc. Last October, about the close of our revival, it seemed something tore loose in my chest and I began having heavy hemorrhages which caused me to be very weak. They have continued for about six months much, or most, of the time and I would be unable to walk without something or someone to hold on to. I praise God my trust is still in Him. I can say with Job, "He knoweth the way that I take." I am still decided to trust Him. I want to say, as I was gaining strength I was riding out to a cottage prayer meeting and on our way at an intersection, as we approached, we had the green light and started to enter. A man coming, did not stop at the red light. Husband stopped our car but he hit us anyway. It gave me, especially, a hard jar. I was not well anyway and the insurance company ordered x-rays for their protection although we said we did not mean to cause any trouble.

I had not had a hemorrhage for a little more than two weeks before we were hit and I told Husband God was doing something for my chest because when I stooped I did not feel the plunge inside as I had been feeling. When the x-rays were taken they showed the diaphragm closed and healed. My lungs are badly scarred and very small from the suffering I have had. I could not keep back the tears of gratitude as I looked at those pictures and saw and knew what God had done for me.

I am gaining some strength and was able to attend most of our spring meeting, which just closed. I also took flu which has been very bad here. One afternoon and evening I had severe pneumonia

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

pains and fever, but God came to my rescue. The next night I was out to meeting.

I am not saying this to brag, but I want to give praise and honor to God. People tell us the days of miracles are past and God is not healing and doing miracles today. When God can heal a broken and mangled knee until a woman of my age can walk naturally, and heal a ruptured diaphragm, I say, it is a miracle! I am not looking for any other source of help. He is my Saviour, Sanctifier, and Healer!

Trust in God. He will not forsake you. He will have a tried people. He sees and knows the future. Do not question His wisdom or dealing. He knows what is best for us and we know He doeth all things well. I am happy in His service and find Him very near and dear to me—a present help in time of need.

May God bless you and help this feeble effort to be an encouragement to you is the prayer of the writer.

Chapter Twenty

Verses of Comfort and Encouragement

While I lay bedfast from my injury at the shoe factory a friend of mine sent me a little booklet entitled, “An Alphabet of Comfort.” It contained verses of Scripture beginning with the letters of the alphabet, for example: Isa. 66:13, “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you: and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.” Isa. 49:16, “Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.” Isa. 49:15, “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.” — etc. through the alphabet.

I received much encouragement from it and began adding other Scriptures to the list of promises, encouragement, and comfort. I enjoy reading them over as they have proven a source of comfort and help to me, and although I, through the years, have lost the little booklet, I had written many of the ones I added on a leaf in the back of my Bible and I will give them here, hoping the reader will receive encouragement from them also.

Job 5:17-19: “Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: For he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.”

2 Cor. 1:3-4: “Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.”

1 Pet. 5:7: “Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.”

Psa. 50:15: “And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

Psa. 55:22: “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.”

Isa. 41:10: “Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”

Psa. 84:11: “For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.”

Rom. 8:31: “What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?”

Heb. 12:3: “For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.”

Psa. 46:1: “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Isa. 51:12-13: "I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; And forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? And where is the fury of the oppressor?"

Psa. 121:1-3: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Psa. 103:13-14: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

Heb. 13:5-6: "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

Heb. 12:11: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Dan. 3:17-18: "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

2 Cor. 4:17-18: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

glory; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

John 14:27: “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Isa. 53:4: “Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.”

1 Cor. 10:13: “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.”

1 Pet. 3:12: “For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.”

Psa. 112:4: “Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.”

Isa. 43:2-3: “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee.”

Rom. 8:28: “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

John 14:13-14: “And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.”

1 John 3:21-22: “Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.”

Deut. 33:25: “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

Jos. 1:5: “There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.”

Rom. 8:35-37: “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.”

Josh. 1:7: “Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.”

Phil. 4:13: “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

Deut. 33:27: “The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

2 Cor. 12:9: “And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

Gen. 28:15: “And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.”

Psa. 27:1: “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?”

Isa. 12:2: “Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.”

Isa. 59:19: “So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.”

Prov. 3:5-6: “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart: and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”

Prov. 10:24: “The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him: but the desire of the righteous shall be granted.”

Prov. 15:19: “The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.”

Heb. 13:8: “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Jas. 1:2-3: “My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.”

Jas. 1:12: “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.”

1 Pet. 1:7: “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

Phil. 4:6: “Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.”

Eph. 6:10: “Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.”

Gal. 5:1: “Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.”

Gal. 6:9: “And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

Psa. 31:24: “Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.”

Psa. 46:11: “The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.”

Psa. 91:2: “I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Psa. 125:1: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

Psa. 121:5: "The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."

Psa. 121:7: "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul."

2 Cor. 9:8: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

Josh. 1:9: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Psa. 37:4-5: "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Isa. 45:2: "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."

Psa. 27:5: "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock."

Psa. 34:7: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Psa. 32:8: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Matt. 18:19: "Again I say unto you. That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Prov. 19:23: "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil."

Deut. 7:9: "Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations."

Psa. 27:14: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

Psa. 138:8: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands."

Prov. 12:21: "There shall no evil happen to the just: but the wicked shall be filled with mischief."

Prov. 10:22: "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

Matt. 21:22: "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Isa. 40:31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Psa. 29:11: "The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace."

Psa. 40:1: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Psa. 34:17-18: "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

Psa. 144:2: "My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me."

Gen. 21:22: "And it came to pass at that time, that Abimelech and Phichol the chief captain of his host spake unto Abraham, saying, God is with thee in all that thou doest."

The following are poems, written by my father, James Madison Whiting.

Heaven Bound

If heaven is such a glorious place
Then why should we dread to go
To be with Jesus and the blessed
Our robes made whiter than the snow?

This road I've trod for many years
And still I now can sing:
The way grows brighter day by day.
My soul is on the wing.

In youth I started to serve the Lord,
The Bible way to take. Now I am old.
My race is nearly run —
This world I still forsake.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

When heaven is such a happy place,
Then why do mortals cling to earth

Where sin abounds on every hand
And drives away their mirth?

In heaven above no sin is found.
No sorrow dims the eye,
But joy and peace doth ever reign.
We'll never say good-bye.

While gazing on that heavenly sun.
What rapture thrills my soul;
The bliss that fills the saints of God,
The half cannot be told.

What glorious rapture thrills my soul
As heaven looms up in sight;
What is there to fear when God is near?
I soon shall take my flight.

The Way

I'm so glad that this way I ever did take;
It surely will keep me tho' all I forsake.
Tho' neighbors and friends in sin they do keep.
In the highway I'm walking along with God's sheep.
The water of life is refreshing, the pasture is green.
The climate is healthy, the sights are serene.
The way is triumphant, my soul is all aglow
While traveling to heaven from earth here below.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I'm walking with Jesus; if I keep close to
His side Then He will protect me whatever betide.
In joy or in sorrow, in sickness or health.
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth.

This way is so glorious, the air is so pure,
God's grace will help us all things to endure.
When done with the cares of this world here below
What joy and bliss in heaven we'll know.

Keep watching and praying and looking above.
Then Christ will keep filling your soul with His love.
And guide you in the way that is right
To keep you from sin and to walk in the light.

Man-Made Church

I once belonged to a man-made church.
But I saw that would not do;
It takes the blood of Jesus Christ
To cleanse us through and through.

No man-made church was ever built
Whose walls can ever stand,
Because they are built contrary to
Our blessed Lord's command.

So to their shrine we will not bow
Nor help to raise their steeples tall,
Because we know in the Judgment Day
Their tower is sure to fall.

Waiting by the River

As I am sitting by the river
Of life's evening twilight glow
Waiting for the white-robed boatman
To row me to that blissful shore.
Looking down on death's dark river
I can see the water's foam;
But oh, my soul, there is no danger
For Christ will bear us safely home.

If we have the blood-sealed passport
Of our blessed Christ the crucified

Then with joy and songs of gladness
Into heaven we may glide.

Weep not dear ones when I am gone
And this body is laid beneath the sod;
Rejoice because my soul is gone
Forever to be at home with God.

There with all the saints in glory.
All dressed in white uniform.
With starry crowns and golden harps
We may His praise prolong.

There in that golden city,
In that land of pure delight.
We may praise Him there forever.
In that world where comes no night.

Man's Needs

Man needs but little here below
Nor needs that little song.
The love of Christ is what he needs
To help him thru life's busy throng.
And when to heaven at last he comes
The way the redeemed have trod.
He can sing: "My trials now are passed
I am safe at home with God at last."

I Love My Lord

I love my Lord, I love His laws,
I love His Church, I love His cause,
I love my Lord, and He loves me;
So in sweet communion we agree.
He cheers my heart, He saves my soul;
I am pressing on to life's eternal goal.
O praise the Lord for His keeping power!
He saves my soul this very hour.
His Spirit with mine and His word agree
That from sin I am kept free.
I will praise Him here while He lends me breath,
And still I'll praise Him after death.
In heaven above His praise I'll sing
And make the heavenly arches ring
With all the redeemed up on that shore
We will sing His praise for ever more.

Poor but Rich

Some say I'm poor; but, oh, I'm so rich!

My treasures are stored up so high
That the devil can't get nor none of his imps,
Tho' ever so hard they may try.

Some say I am so poor; but, oh, they don't know
The wealth I have in my soul!

It guides me by day, it keeps me by night,
Tho' rough life's billows may roll.

I am anchored in Jesus for He is my Rock;
In this Rock I ever may hide.

Here I am secure tho' fierce storms they may beat,
I am safe while in this Rock I abide.

It gives rest to my soul, it calms all of my fears,
It drives away gloom and all doubt,
It gives sweet peace in my breast, it gives heavenly rest,
So onward and upward I move.

Life's Journey

I once was young and full of glee,
I frisked about as if no trouble I could see,
I loved the meadows for to roam,
To gather flowers and bring them home.

Up and down the hills I loved to run
And have the best of childish fun,
As I grew up to be a youth
I sought to learn and know the truth.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

And I found the Saviour, God's only Son,
And at once began, to glory run.
The devil has always been on my track.
But faith in God still drives him back.

As I grew, up to be a man,
I laid full well thus many a plan
Of what I'd do and what I'd be.
But who can into the future see?

And as I went along life's rugged way
Sometimes my heart was blithe and gay,
And sometimes filled with sad dismay,
But, "Thy will be done," is always best to say.

As I pass along life's changing way,
His rod and staff have been my stay,

I have passed my threescore years and ten
Still on His Word I can depend.

It gives me strength as on I go
Thru the changing scenes of earth below.
My head is gray my steps are slow
My setting sun is getting low.

A few more steps and I will be
From earthly pains and sorrows free.
And so my friends I'll stop and say farewell
And pray that you with me in heaven may dwell.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Bible Looking Glass

The Bible is a looking glass.

It shows me my very self:

If I am obeying God's holy Word

Or if I have something hid up on the shelf.

It shows me how I ought to live

Just how my life should be,

If I am doing to my fellowman

As I would have him do to me.

Do I use any vain and idle words?

Is my heart free from sin and pride?

If my Lord should come this very hour,

Am I ready to meet Christ the crucified?

Am I free from fleshly lusts

That war against the soul.

From envy, reveling, wrath, and strife.

And many more of which in the Bible we are told?

Is Christ in my life reflected?

Do my life and actions say

That Christ does truly guide my feet,

That there is a high and holy way?

Or does my life reproach the cause of God

By not living the life that I profess?

Is it turning souls from a life in God

Down to an endless wretchedness?

The Bible is a looking glass,

It shows on what my mind does feed,

If it is filled with the good things of God

Or if it is filled with vain and worldly deeds.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The Bible is a looking glass,
 In Galatians five: nineteen to twenty-one.
It shows the working of the flesh
 And plainly tells what it has done.

The Bible is a looking glass.
 In Galatians five: twenty-two and three
It shows the spirit of a Christian heart
 And what a life in Christ will be.

Elijah

Elijah was by the ravens fed
Twice a day they brought him meat and bread.
From the brook, Cherith, he did quench his thirst—
That obedient soul in God did trust.

He was sent to Ahab that wicked king,
His message true from God did bring,

That unless of idols they did repent
A famine on them would be sent.

Elijah was again to Ahab sent
To the land of famine sore,
Where there had been no rain or dew
For three long years and more.

Ahab told Jezebel, his wicked wife,
All that the man of God had done,
How he had slain Baal's prophets all
And had left of them not even one.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Jezebel, that wicked queen.
Swearing by her gods did say:
Elijah's life that she'd take
By about this time next day.

Elijah arose and for his life he went
Down to the land of Judah,
And as for his life he did flee
He came to a place called Beersheba.

He went into the wilderness
And lay him down to sleep;
An angel touched him and said,
"Elijah, rise and eat."

He arose and ate and then he slept.
The second time with food the angel came.
And said, "Elijah, rise and eat."
He arose and ate again the same.

Then in the strength of those two meals
Elijah forty days did go
On the way to Mount Horeb
For the Bible tells us so.

Then the Lord told Elijah to return
On the way to Damascus,
And to anoint Elisha a prophet in his room
For he had not bowed the knee to Baal.

When the time came the Lord would take
Elijah by a whirlwind up to heaven.
Elijah and Elisha did walk and talk
As they journeyed on toward Jordan.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

That day Elisha saw a chariot of fire
That parted them both asunder.
It was a glorious sight.
It made all the people wonder.

As Elijah, he stepped in
To go to heaven to dwell.
His mantle from him dropped
And by Elisha fell.

Elisha took the mantle up
And stood on the banks of Jordan,
And in the name of God the water smote,
And so the waters parted.

And as he on to Bethel went
Children filled with sin and pride
Came from the city and mocking said:
“Go up thou bald head, go up thou bald head.”

He turned and in the name of God
Rebuked those children sore;
The Lord sent two bears from the woods
That forty-two of these children tore.

From this lesson let us take warning
Lest we meet with such a fate,
Not to mock God's children
Or fun of his servants make.

Bits of Bible Truth

Adam and Eve, God's Word they disobeyed,
So from the garden were driven away.
Enoch, on earth with God did walk
So in heaven he had an abundant stalk.

Noah built the ark at God's command
To save himself and his little band.
Abraham, Isaac, his only son he gave—
A type of Christ who died our souls to save.

Faithful Daniel braved the lions' den;
The Hebrew children to the fiery furnace did descend;
Jacob, his head on a stone did lay—
He saw a ladder that reached to heaven's stairway.

Job, by the devil was smote with boils sore.
With patience he all his afflictions bore.
Youthful David with King Saul had an interview.
Then with his sling he went and the giant slew.

Elijah was taken to heaven by a chariot of fire,
A double portion of his spirit was Elisha's great desire.

As Israel from Egypt's bondage they did flee
Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the sea.

Moses, thru the wilderness the Israelites he led,
For forty years from heaven they got their daily bread.
There was a man whose name was John,
He was the forerunner of the Son of God.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

In the wilderness the Jews he did entreat,
Locust and wild honey was his daily meat.
In those days the shepherds filled with joy and glee.
To Bethlehem went our Saviour for to see.

Wise men presented frankincense and gold;
Then and there the good gospel news they told.
Christ suffered death upon the tree
That from sinful bondage we might be free.

If we serve Him while on earth we live
Then to us a mansion in heaven He will give.
Then let us be true and faithful so that we
With Christ in heaven may ever be.

Stephen, that faithful man of God
Was stoned to death by an angry mob.
Saul, called Paul, consented to his death.
Repented and was also put to death.

Jonah, he was swallowed by a whale
Because from God he tried to run away;
Three days and nights within the whale
Poor wayward Jonah had to stay.

He did repent and to earnest prayer was led
While in the whale weeds were wrapped around his head.
The Lord caused the whale to turn about
And on dry land to spew poor Jonah out.

Then Jonah on to Ninevah he went
To deliver the message that God had by him sent;
And thus the message read in solemn tones:
Yet forty days and Ninevah shall be overthrown.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

In sackcloth and ashes they began to pray
That God's anger from them be turned away.
God heard their prayers and his anger ceased
And He extended life to both man and beast.

Ishmael, sick and faint from thirst
Was put under a shrub to die.
While Hager his mother, filled with grief
Turned aside to mourn and cry.

God heard the lad and showed Hager a well—
So the twenty-first chapter of Genesis doth tell—
A bottle of water from the well she did take;
Ishmael drank and a mighty prince did make.

Now right here I think I'll stop
And bring my poem to a close.
Although there are many more Bible truths
Of which you may read in prose.

Scheming

Some dreamers dream some schemer's scheme.

But how will their actions weigh?
When put in the balance before the Judge
What will they have to say?

God tries the reins of the hearts of men;
It is not just the words they say.
It is the motive of the heart that God will judge
In that great and awful Judgement Day.

Victory

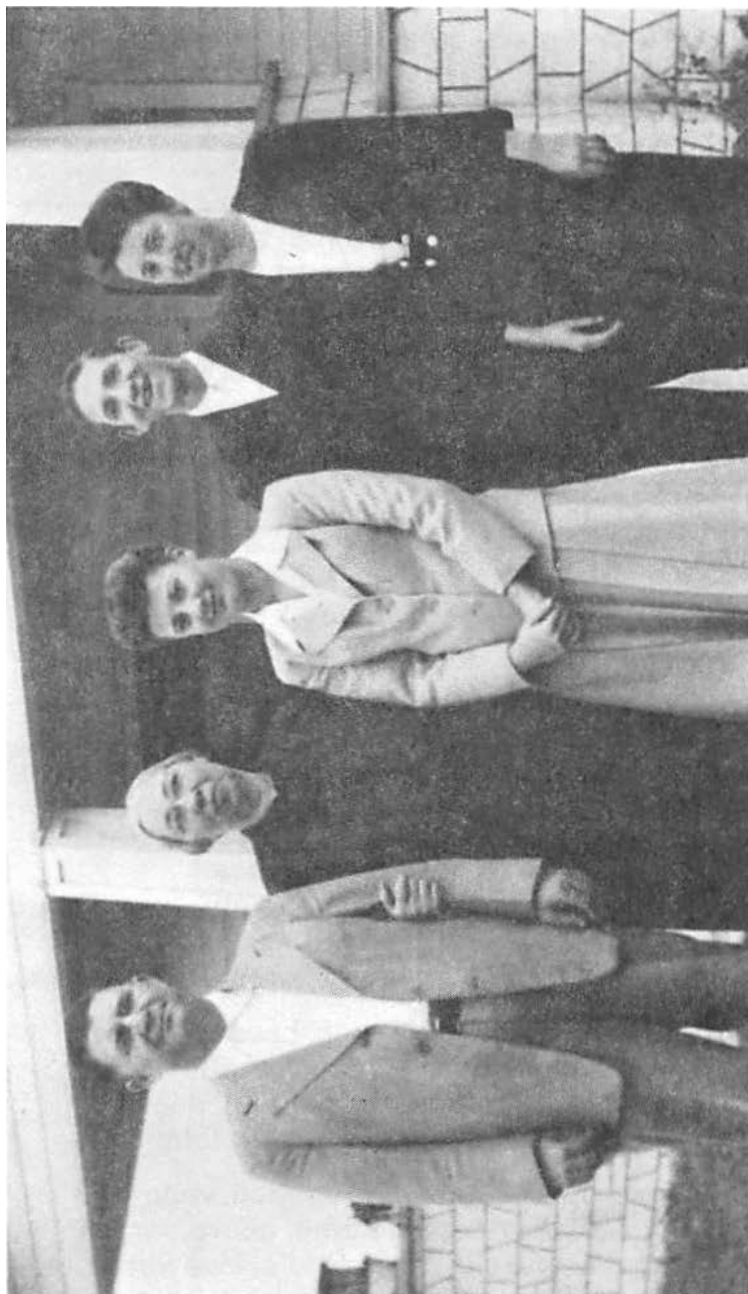
Heavenly music, oh, how sweet!
How its glorious raptures fill my soul!
It is like heavenly manna sweet.
And its waves like ocean billows roll.

I once was lost in sin's dark night
My soul was in an awful plight;
But Jesus set my spirit free
And gave me peace and liberty.

Once I had great fear of death
And of the gapping tomb;
The thought of it filled me with alarm
And with an awful dread and gloom.

But since my soul has been set free
And I enjoy such bliss and victory,
There is no dread or fear of death
Or of the solemn silent tomb.

It is only a gateway opened wide
To that happy home above,
Where we can sing God's love and praise
With all the angelic host above.



The Poulos Family in 1947, Gus, Nellie, Ruth, Gus Jr., and Esther

(Part Two)

Chapter Twenty-One

God's Protection and Care

After some years, in March 1976, at the age of 86 years, I again feel a burden and take my pen to relate a few more accounts of how God has stood by me and helped me. Since my hands are stiff and numb, my sight gone in one eye and my vision very dim in the other, making writing very difficult for me, I will not try to write much.

As many have asked me to have "My Life's Story and Healings" reprinted and I am not able in body to get around much to testify of God's great care, and His power to heal and keep His trusting children, I will try by the help of the dear Lord to do so. I feel led to add some accounts that I did not print then and some that have happened since.

My dear husband and I continued to live in our home at Highland, California, where God had so marvelously answered prayer in getting wire for wiring the house, button board, and plaster to finish it during the war when things were rationed, getting our telephone and where many miracles had been performed.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Husband continued to work for the Santa Fe Railroad Company until he retired Feb. 28, 1962 and was 63 years of age March 2nd, having more than 35 years of service. This gave us free transportation on the Santa Fe and some other railroads, and we could ride for half-fare on any other railroad in the U. S. We counted this quite a blessing and privilege from the Lord.

We traveled, attending meetings and campmeeting at different places; Monark Springs, Bakersfield, Pacoima, Fresno, and other places as we could.

I want to relate an incident to show God's care for His trusting children. We had a large front porch on our house. Over the years we many times spent evenings out there in the cool as in California, after the sun went down, there was a cool breeze and it was a pleasant place to relax and rest. After husband retired we had two easy chairs there besides the others, and we spent many evenings there when at home. One chair was an old high-back rocker. Under the bottom of the chair was cloth. The upholstering was getting worn and I had a blanket over it to protect it and also cover the worn places. The blanket hung over the back and down over the sides of the chair and down not far from the floor. It set in front of a big open window with curtains and drapes over the window. That was the room where we slept.

One evening we went out to rest. It was in the fall and the leaves were falling from the shade trees and several had blown onto the porch. Husband said, "Let us sweep away the leaves before we sit down," which we did. He moved the chairs and we cleaned it all good.

That night I heard something on the front porch, but not hearing any disturbance just supposed it was a dog and went back to sleep.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The next morning I went to the front door for something and there were ashes and burnt pieces of paper blowing on the porch. I called husband and we went out to see where it came from as we had just swept and cleaned late the evening before. There under the rocking chair was a pile of paper, shavings, small sticks like kindling wood and some burnt matches. The paper had partly burned and some of the shavings were charred and ashes were blowing around freely. We did not know what to think, or who had done it, but we thanked God for His protection.

Husband said, "I do not see, the way that the fire was built and the way it is burnt, why it went out unless the shavings were damp." He took them out from under the chair and struck a match to the shavings and they burned like a flash without anything to start them; so we knew it was God who protected us from the hand of our enemy and caused the fire to go out. If the chair had caught fire, it would have caught the curtains, as there was nothing but the screen wire between, and thus set the house on fire while we slept. Truly, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psalms 34:7.

Again, one Sunday morning, Husband and I were going to Los Angeles in the car with another couple. We were driving down Highland Ave. in the north end of San Bernardino. It was a straight street and early in the morning there was little traffic. We were riding along, busy talking, when we approached a railroad crossing. It had a sign, "Railroad Crossing," but no flashing light, bell nor signal to warn of an approaching train.

As we neared the crossing there was a long, fast passenger train coming. They were just coming out of the mountains. It was a long straight run down grade and they were coasting, coming at a fast rate of speed, making no noise. I noticed that the driver was not stopping

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and knowing we did not have time to make it across I prayed, "Lord help." We were on the railroad tracks and as I prayed, "Lord help," the car plunged forward as if the gas were stepped on, at the same time the train going by behind us, so close and with such speed, it carried the rear of our car two feet from where we were.

When the car plunged forward I supposed the driver had seen the train and had stepped on the gas to try to make it across, but as the train went by he looked up, pale and trembling. He said, "Did you see that train?"

I answered, "Yes, and you stepped on the gas, didn't you?" That is what saved us."

He replied, "No, I did not see it and when the car plunged forward I looked up to see what it was." He pulled to the side of the road as he was trembling so, and so nervous, he could not drive further for a time.

He asked, "What did you do when you saw the train?"

I replied, "I prayed, "Lord help" and the car plunged forward. I thought you saw it and stepped on the gas."

He said, "The Lord did it, He helped. He moved the car off the track. That was a close call and shows the care and protection God has for His children. I never heard of anything like it."

We had prayer and thanked God for His protecting care over us and went on our way rejoicing with another testimony of the greatness of our God; and His love and protection for those who trust in Him. What a mighty God we serve!

Chapter Twenty-Two

Saved from Train Wreck Through Prayer

I was coming home from a trip that I had made and was alone. I was very tired and worn; as I traveled alone, with no responsibility, I leaned back in my seat to rest and soon fell fast asleep.

I had been asleep for a time when I awoke suddenly with a feeling we were in great danger and I needed to pray. We were traveling in the mountains around curves on the mountain side with a deep precipice below where if anything happened to the train, we would fall. I looked out of the window and all seemed to be going fine. But again the words came as if someone were speaking to me, “You are in great danger, you need to pray.” I began calling on God, telling Him He knew the danger and the need for Him to work; if there were something on the track ahead He could cause the engineer to see it and give him control of his train. I thought it could be a big rock or some animal might have wandered on the track to cause a wreck. It was a long train, heavily loaded, and if one coach would leave the track it would drag the others to the precipice below.

In about ten minutes as I sat there praying and all seemed to be going well, all at once the brakes were set. Passengers were thrown forward, some out of their seats—children crying—people screaming and horror stricken. Conductor and trainmen were

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

running through the train to see what was wrong. The engineer succeeded in getting the train stopped and as he did, he was only a few feet (maybe four or six) from a freight train on the track ahead that was making slow progress climbing the mountain.

As the train stopped and we settled back in our seat not yet knowing what had happened, I said as I again looked out of the window, "Thank God the train is stopped." The lady sitting behind me was leaning forward and heard me when I spoke, but I did not see her. She leaned forward and said, "You must be a Christian." I said I was and she asked why I made the statement I did. I told her my feelings of danger on awakening, and how I had prayed God to protect us and cause the engineer to see and be able to stop the train if there were danger ahead, and "Although I do not know what is wrong, I thank God the train is stopped and the coaches are all on the track."

There was much confusion and excitement on board. She said, "I am glad someone is on board who can pray."

Then word was received about what had happened. The conductor said, "As we entered the block, the block signal showed it clear and the engineer entered supposing the way was clear. Through that stretch of country he said his only concern was to keep the train on the track, and he never thought of looking for anything ahead. However, all at once something caused him to look ahead and as he came around the curve he saw the train." Normally, he would not have looked ahead. He said, "I do not know why I looked ahead, but a strange feeling to look came over me and had I not looked we all would be in the precipice below."

The woman spoke up and said, "It was prayer," and told how I felt and had prayed. By this time many people were on the ground and there was a general stir. The engineer was told that a woman

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

had prayed for him to look. There was, in general, a thanksgiving for answered prayer. It made an open door for me to tell many, many people on board of God's mighty power to save, keep, and protect from danger as we travel through life, that I could never have reached had it not been for the occasion.

A message was quickly sent to the first station behind to hold a heavily loaded, fast passenger which was to leave in a few minutes and to fix the block signal.

We had to follow the loaded freight for many miles, as there was no double track nor any side switches, which made us far behind schedule in arriving, but many thanked God for saving our lives and also the many lives of the ones who would have been lost on the other train.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Husband's Last Sickness and Death

In the summer of 1965, Husband and I attended the Monark Springs Campmeeting. Esther, Jim and family, who lived in Indiana came, and were there for part of the meeting, and visited us. We enjoyed the visit very much and also the meeting. The Lord gave us a good meeting and a large attendance. We returned home the first of August. The Pacoima, Calif. Campmeeting was held the last of August, and we attended and enjoyed another good meeting.

We had our home for sale as it took much work, especially in the summer time, as everything had to be irrigated to keep things alive. It was hard to get the work done in order for us to be away much of the time, so we had decided to sell. The first part of September we were told they had a buyer for our place if the folks could qualify for a loan. They came, drew up a contract for sale, and if they qualified, would get possession Dec. 15, giving us a little more than three months' time to move.

We had moved from town into that house on Labor Day of 1940 and had lived there twenty-five years that month. The man who was buying the place was at that time in service and stationed in Germany, and mail service was poor where he was so it took some time to send papers to him to sign and be returned.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Husband was well and doing well as far as we could see, but about that time a small pimple (apparently) appeared on the back of his neck on the skull bone at the base of the brain, and a little to the left side. It itched a little, but it was not sore and he did not think it amounted to anything; but it continued to grow and in a few days looked like a boil and began to pain him.

He was up and went about the affairs of life but continued to grow worse. We prayed for him and the saints were praying. The Lord would hear prayer again and again and give relief and His presence was very near, but Husband continued to grow worse. One whole side of the back of his head and neck was swollen and sore. He was losing weight and strength.

Different ones of the saints would come, help, and stay for several hours or maybe all day. Oh, how we appreciated it and what a comfort in this time of trial and need! There are no people like the saints and the love and care they have one for another.

About the middle of October the place on his neck opened and began to drain. (I believe it was the 19th.) By this time Husband was so bad, arrangements had been made for Esther, Jim, and family to come and be with us to help care for him. They arrived the first of November. Soon after the boil began to drain, it drained so much that it had to be dressed every two to three hours the remainder of his life. It was in such a place it was very difficult to keep bandaged and took much time and bandages, but the dear Lord was so good to supply strength for each day as He has promised.

Bro. Gene Harmon came and stayed with us one week and prayed and helped. He was such a comfort to all of us. The Lord was as real as we prayed and waited on Him. I felt He was going to heal Husband (although we had no real evidence of his healing), and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

thought it another test of faith; but God saw best and was getting ready for something else.

His head and neck were so swollen and sore he had to lie in one position only, on his right side all the time. Instead of being a boil as we had thought, it proved to be a double carbuncle located in a very dangerous place; over the spinal cord and at the base of the brain. Gangrene set up in his head and neck. His suffering was great. He became so sore and got so thin we had to get foam rubber rings for his hip and head to lie on. He was so patient and trusted God completely to the very last.

Bro. Otis Wilson came and stayed for a little more than a week at the last. He took many responsibilities off me and was such a blessing. He and others were here when Husband left us. Husband went into a coma and seemed free from pain and lay as if asleep and resting; he peacefully and quietly went out to be with the Lord Thursday morning at two o'clock, December 2, 1965.

When I realized he was really gone, it seemed it could not be true, that he surely must come back to me for some little time. Although I tried to comfort the children, it was such a shock to me and my grief was so great I could not weep and felt, oh, if I could only get some relief by weeping. He was through with the cares of this life, but it seemed mine had just begun.

I leaned heavily on the Lord for help and strength and He did not fail me. There was much ahead of me, many decisions to be made, and my already frail and worn body was over-taxed. I was now almost 76 years old and had not had a night's rest since the latter part of September, being up and down since that time, many nights lying down very little.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Thursday morning the family went to the funeral home to make arrangements for burial. The funeral was set for Monday the 6th as they will not conduct funeral services Saturday afternoon or Sunday, and the relatives and others from a distance could not make it by Saturday morning. Thursday afternoon I received a call from the realtor telling me the check for the place had just arrived, but they had noticed the announcement of Husband's passing and would hold the check for me until after the funeral.

Monday was a nice day, a large attendance and many beautiful flowers at the service. Late Monday afternoon the realtor came and brought me the check. The place was in both our names, so of course the check was made to both of us and was supposed to be signed by both of us; but Husband lay in the cemetery and I had the unsigned check. What would I do? If I had to wait for it to be probated, it would take more than a year. I needed money for funeral expenses; I had to move at once with many things to be taken care of and expenses met, and I was dependent on this check. Again, what could I do? I did not know, but I had learned my God knew how to work and what I could not handle, I turned over to Him. It looked like there definitely was no way, but I took the check and went to God in earnest prayer. While praying, I felt impressed to go to the president of a Loan Co. we knew, whom Husband had done business with since before we were married. He was well informed, a wonderful business man, and maybe he could help me.

Tuesday morning we went to town to see this man and I took the check with me. We walked into his office, exchanged greetings and he extended sympathy over my loss, then asked, "Mrs. Poulos, what can I do to help you?"

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I handed the check to him and with a choking voice said, “What can I do? He is not here to sign it. Will I have to have it probated? I need the money.”

He looked at the check and said, “Mrs. Poulos, I do not know, but I believe I can help you. We can try, and it will only take three or four days at the most to know. A new law went into effect less than three months ago to benefit businessmen who are away from home and receive checks needed to carry on business. It was such a delay to send them the checks to sign, so this law was passed. We stamp a blue stamp on the check which says ‘For deposit only,’ and no one signs it and it is added to your account. That will then give you full access to all the account. I do not know if it will cover this or not. If the ones who wrote the check are willing to accept the stamp instead of signatures it will be all right. The law is too new to know just what all it will cover yet, but it’s worth a try.”

He took the check and stamped it and in two or three days I had the money. Oh, how we praise God for such a wonderful Friend and Saviour!

Chapter Twenty-Four

Moving from California to Oklahoma

After we decided to sell our home. Husband and I had talked and considered what might be best for us if we did sell. We thought that if we were in the Central states it could save such long, tiresome trips to get to the meetings there. We also would be closer to Esther and family, and we could be with them more. Bro. Charles Smith had suggested that we build a home at the Golden Rule Home and be there to help when we were not away from home. It would be close to Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Boley and a number of places, and not so far to Hammond, Monark Springs, and other meetings. We had not made any decision. After we found a buyer and Husband got bad so fast, it was not mentioned.

Now the time had come that I must move at once. The woman who was buying our home was anxious for possession.

I told her I could not help Husband's sickness and death, that I would pay her for the extra time we were there and would get out just as quickly as possible, but she wanted possession and wanted to spend Christmas there.

Bro. Charles had come for the funeral and the next day after, I believe it was, knowing I had to make a move at once, told me that he was expecting to build an annex on to the home. Since I was left

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

alone he would sell me floor space and I could have an apartment right there in the home. I did not want to give up a home altogether and I did not feel as if I could live completely alone, so I began to consider it in the next two or three days. Some thought the change would be good for me and I could have my own things and furniture in an apartment. The children were all willing for me to buy the space for an apartment, so I decided to do so. Things were packed and a moving van loaded to take them to Oklahoma, and other things were disposed of as fast as we possibly could.

My nerves were very bad and I had lost so much rest that I lost my sense of balance and could not walk without holding on to something. It seemed I had very little strength left and there was much to be done and many decisions to be made until it seemed I could not go from day to day. The children did what they could to help me. The dear Lord stood by me and the evening of the 17th we went to Ruth's place to stay until we left for Oklahoma.

Sister LaVerne Manuel, who lived at Pomona, had invited us over to her place to spend the evening together before we left California. That was all I knew at that time. I was so tired I did not see how I could make it, as much as I wanted to go, but the children said, "Mamma, the change will do you good and help rest you." We went, and to my surprise, a company of the dear saints had gathered from different places to see me, and presented me with tokens of love, words of encouragement and comfort, and earnest prayers for me and my future; also, to bid me farewell for my journey. I tell you it was like an oasis in the desert and has meant much to me in the years since then.

Saturday morning some of them went back to the house and finished what had to be done there and on December 18, 1965, turned the keys and place over to the new owners.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Since I was not able to make the trip alone Bro. Charles had come back to California to go with me. Sunday morning the children took us to Los Angeles to the airport and we left for Oklahoma City, arriving Sunday afternoon. It was my first trip on a plane. As we left the ground and commenced going up, leaving loved ones and memories behind, I felt in my very soul how I would love to go higher, yes higher, and not return; but that was not God's way. It has been more than ten years since then and I am still trying to tell of God's wonderful love and care for His trusting children; that He is just the same today. There is no life like trusting Him and having Him as our constant companion and guide. Rich people of the world, like the president, kings and rulers, hire secret service men to guard and protect them; but did you ever stop to think, when we are Christians we are members of the "Royal Family"; sons and daughters of THE KING of Kings! We have the very best secret service protection for, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." What better thing could we ask for? The life of a Christian suits me.

We arrived at the Golden Rule Home and Sis. Dolly Green shared her room with me until my apartment was built. She was a precious saint and I loved her dearly.

Monday morning the ground was broken and work started on the new annex. The winter was quite different to our California winters. On March 10, 1966, my things were moved into my apartment, although it was not all finished, kitchen sink, stove and bathroom fixtures were not in, but the public bathroom was as close to me as the room I had been sharing so I continued to use it, and I continued to eat at the table with the rest of them. That way I could begin to get things unpacked and placed where I could get to them. Ruth came a few days later and helped put up rods and drapes,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

arranged things and put them in place for me. In May, I lost the vision in my right eye. I could see a light but could not discern any object. I missed my eyesight very much.

I lived in my apartment in the Home six years. I had gone to California for a visit and returned to Oklahoma the first of February. Bro. Charles was away from home and I did not get to see him until the first of March. I understood there were some changes being made in the Home but did not know what they were. When I saw him I understood that I was not going to be allowed to have my apartment and that he would let me know for sure in the next two or three days, which he did. I could have a room and be as one of the other patients, or I could move into one of the apartments outside of the home. To be out and alone was what I did not want to do six years before, but now I had to move out or give up my home. It was a shock to me, but again a decision had to be made. I thought it would be much quieter in the apartment than it now was in the Home, and I needed the quiet. Then too, I could keep my things and if I could not make it alone I could have more time to decide what to do, so I moved into the apartment in March, 1972. It was quite a change for me as I could not get out by myself and was not able to see or be with the others, only those who could get out and come to my apartment. I could seldom get to the worship services but the dear Lord was with me and blessed me.

In June, I fell and fractured my right hip. Esther and Jim came and stayed with me and cared for me until I was able to be taken to Nowata to the home of Bro. Clifford and Sis. Dorothy Wilson. There I was wonderfully cared for and the dear saints were very kind to me. The Lord helped me, relieved me of much suffering in answer to prayer and helped me to regain use of my limb, though I was

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

getting old and frail in body. I was with them until August, 1972, when I went back to my apartment.

The first of September, 1973, I had a heart attack. The children were all called. Gus arrived Saturday evening and Ruth early Monday by plane and Jim and Esther drove through and arrived about one o'clock Monday. I was quite weak and circulation was very poor. Ruth and Gus had talked before they left California. They were not willing for me to be alone any longer, and they knew Esther did not want me alone. Sunday afternoon Gus called Bro. Alton and Sis. Fern Stubblefield, who had moved back to Enid in the spring, to find out if they could come to Shawnee to see me and have a counsel together. (I had made a trip to California with them earlier when Sis. Fern lost her brother.) They came to Shawnee Monday morning. Things were talked over. I had not been able to swallow solids for some time and my foods had to be blended or strained, so it made more work. The children felt it would be quieter for me and easier to get my food prepared in a private home than in the Home where there were so many to be cared for. Arrangements were made for me to go to Bro. Alton and Sis. Fern's as soon as I was able.

Gus returned to California in a day or two as I was gaining, but the girls and Jim stayed with me and cared for me until I was strong enough to make the trip to Enid, on Saturday, September 22, 1973.

The Lord blessed and I gained and enjoyed myself in Enid, also the dear saints. I did not get to where I was able to do for myself or be alone. The children did not want me to try to be alone either; so about the middle of February, 1974, Bro. Alton, Sis. Fern, and I went to Shawnee, and two of the sisters here in the congregation went to help pack and get all of my things ready to move. The two sisters came back to Enid. The next day Bro. Alton got a truck and we moved my things here, storing the remainder of the things that were

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

not moved to Bro. Alton's, in the basement of one of the saints' home.

I have continued to have weak spells at times with my heart; choking spells and have been unable to swallow or retain food. In answer to prayer, when it seems the end was very near, God has touched my suffering body. For some reason, best known to Himself, He has left me here a while longer. I am in His hands, trusting Him completely; ready to go or willing to stay if He sees fit. As for me, I would be glad to go and be with the Lord. Yet, I know God's way is best and I want to please Him and do His will above all else.

I have greatly appreciated my stay here in the home with Bro. Alton and Sis. Fern. They could not be better to their own mother nor more considerate of her welfare than of mine. Also, all of the congregation here are precious and so willing to help me in any way possible. We pray God to bless and reward them every one.

Last fall or early winter, I had a severe spell that left me very weak and it seemed I could not and have not been able to regain my strength since. All the children wanted to get together and were planning to meet in California for the Christmas holidays. Of course, they wanted me there so we could all be together. Esther and Jim's wedding engagement had been made there twenty-five years before, and we also wanted the family and as many of the other relatives together as possible. I remained so weak that I did not have strength for the trip; as my usual resort, I went to the Lord in prayer to know what to do, as I needed to make reservations for the trip if I went. The planes are usually loaded at that time of the year. I felt I should make reservations and go ahead, but as I remained so weak and wanted to be sure it was not just desire to be with the children, I put out a fleece two or three different times. It was for me to go every

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

time, so we made our reservations and began to make arrangements for the trip, feeling sure the strength and needed help would be supplied.

It was almost time for me to leave and I could not raise out of my chair nor walk across the room without assistance. As I lay upon my bed that night I was again earnestly looking to the Lord, searching, seeking to know what to do. Esther and Jim did not think they would make the trip if I could not go and they had planned and wanted very much to go. I had felt so sure that I should go and now, what is the answer to this? “Is there something I have failed in, or have I failed to understand your leadings? Help me to know and understand what to do.”

As I lay there praying and meditating, Psa. 37: verses 5 and 7 appeared to me as if printed in this way: “COMMIT thy way unto the Lord; TRUST also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. REST in the Lord; and WAIT patiently for him.” He then began to talk to me, “COMMIT; TRUST; REST; WAIT.” I wish I were able to tell or write what I got anew.

“COMMIT (to give in trust to someone else to handle, use or do) thy way unto the Lord.”

I said, “Yes, Lord, I do, to all I know and understand and that is what I am seeking now.”

The answer, “Just TRUST my wisdom.” Trust means; reliance on the integrity of another, belief in, faith in; hope.

REST — Rest means; a state of quiet and repose, relaxed, just resting, not anxious and wondering, but resting.

I said, “Yes, Lord, it’s my business to COMMIT then TRUST your wisdom and ability. As I do that, I can REST on your promises

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

and WAIT on God to work.” What an assurance! Then came the promise, “As thy days so shall thy strength be.” When we get an answer and are sure it is from God, then it is up to us to move and trust the rest with Him. He will not fail us.

I made the trip to California and back although very weak, by trusting from day to day.

I was not strong enough to get around and see as many as I would have liked, but He was with me and cared for me and gave me strength from day to day. I can say with the song writer, “Since I started for the kingdom. Since my life He controls, Since I gave my heart to Jesus, The longer I serve Him, the sweeter He grows. The longer I serve Him, the sweeter He grows. The more that I love Him, more love He bestows, Each day is like heaven, my heart overflows, The longer I serve Him, the sweeter He grows.” “Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.” I thank Him for His many blessings and soon I expect to see Him face to face.

Again, I want to say, I have enjoyed my walk with Jesus through the years. Yes, I have met with trials and adversities. The world has them too, “For man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.” Trouble is the result of sin and we all meet it; but when we are saved we have One who has ALL POWER to help us and carry us through. He can calm the storms of life, give peace and assurance in the time of trouble; He is the great physician and can, and knows how to handle every case.

I have been told many times since I trust God for my healing, “And you are going to die some of these days trusting God.” That is just what I want to do. When He can heal when doctors say there is no hope and can do what man cannot do, why not trust the best first, last, and all the time? He has promised not to put more on us than we are able to bear. If we trust Him, He will not leave us.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

I have stood by so many in the hospitals and have seen the suffering, the loss of limbs, and surgery of different kinds and thanked God for my Physician who can heal all manner of afflictions. We suffer in our afflictions; so do they. He said, "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him." He can make ways and work things out for our good when there just does not seem to be any way.

Praise God for such a friend and Saviour!

Chapter Twenty-Five

Visit to a Sawmill

More than sixty-five years ago while living near Neosho, Mo. my father needed to go to the sawmill a few miles from where we lived. It was necessary for someone to go with him to take care of the team as there was not always a convenient place to tie them while he was away, so I went with him.

I had never been to a sawmill. When we drove up my father got out and went to see about the business. I sat in the wagon holding the team. The big saw was going, sawing the big logs into lumber. Papa could see me from where he was standing and saw that I was interested in watching them so when he finished, he asked if it would be all right to show me the mill. They were glad for us to make the visit. Papa came to the wagon; found a good place to tie the horses and we went to see the sawmill.

They were very kind to show us around. There was a large pile of logs lying ready to be sawed; some were beautiful large straight ones; some were crooked and one especially very crooked. There was the large saw standing about as tall as a man. There was a track like a railroad track and a carrier on the track to carry the logs from the pile through the saw. They secured a log to the carrier, then pulled a lever that carried it right past the saw and the saw would

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

take off a slab of bark. When the bark was sawed away they would turn the logs, and saw away all that was rough and could not be used, until the log was squared up. Then they sawed it into good usable lumber of the dimensions needed and carefully stacked it for use. The bark had been thrown into the trash pile to be burned.

When they finished the log on the carrier, one of the men said, "Let's take this one that is crooked. Nothing can lay close to it, it is so crooked." They put it on the carrier. It bent this way and that way and had big knots on it. It was hard to get fastened to the carrier because it was so bent and knotty. They had to do a lot of sawing to get it straightened and usable. The knots were so gnarled and hard the big saw would tremble, and I sometimes wondered if it could make it through, but they held the lever firm and the old saw would hum as it made its way through.

When they got it squared up the boards were not as wide, nor was there as much usable lumber as there was in the logs that were straighter, but it was beautiful lumber. The knots made such pretty grain and it was straight. It could be placed and stacked and fit together with the other lumber. It was an interesting sight to me and one I well remember.

As time went on and I thought over the scene, I thought — we are compared to trees in the Bible. In speaking of God's people in Psa. 104:16 it says, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap" (meaning the life-giving spirit of God). Isa. 61:3 says, "They might be called trees of righteousness." Jer. 17:7, 8 says, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters" . . . But he also says, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert . . ." Again the Psalmist says, "He shall be like a tree planted

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

by the rivers of water . . . But the ungodly are . . . like the chaff . . .”
Psa. 1:3, 4).

We, as individuals, are somewhat like the logs. Our lives are so bent and knotty with sin; we are crooked and knotty. Knots of selfishness; we want our own way, or the best, or easiest job etc. We are envious or vexed at another's success. The wise man instructs us — “A sound heart is the life of the flesh: but envy the rottenness of the bones.” Prov. 14:30.

Our lives are bent and crooked with crooked dealings with our fellowman. We are impatient, jealous, suspicious, and anxious. Song of Solomon 8:6 says, “Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.” Pride means inordinate self-esteem, loftiness, or to ornament. Prov. 16:18 reads “Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” 1 Peter 3:3, 4 reads, “Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning.” About hatred we read in 1 John 3:15 “Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.” Again in 1 John 4:20, “If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.” Evil habits can be jesting and joking, making fun, saying witty, shrewd things for humor and are spoken of in Eph. 5:4. It says “Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks.” Jesus said, “But I say unto you. That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Matt. 12:36, 37.

But if we will repent, go to God's sawmill, the Word of God and the Spirit of God, it will trim and take off the knots and crooked places in our lives. We can then fit together and “are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints.” Eph. 2:19.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

No longer do we lie on a log pile not fitting anywhere but now fitly framed TOGETHER—buidled together for a habitation of God. Now we work together, sing together, pray together, praise God together, fit together, and are bound together in love (Col. 3:14). Praise our God for such a wonderful Saviour who delivered us from the bondage of sin. Our knots and crookedness are made straight by repentance and measuring to God's Word.

In a building there are many pieces of material used of different sizes and finishes but each is needed and useful. And we are built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone, or the tie stone reuniting man to God. Notice the words “fitly framed together” and again “buidled together,” making one building and yet each piece in its place. What a wonderful picture, what a wonderful structure. God's sawmill trims and squares us up until we can fit together and work together in unity.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Marching Soldiers at Carthage, Missouri

I was living in Carthage, Mo., during World War I. A trainload of boys was being sent from there overseas. It was the morning that they were to march through town to the station to take their leave for overseas and the battlefield. They had been home on furlough before leaving. It was a nice day. I had not planned to go see them march. I could do no good. I had no one near me leaving, so I thought because of the crowd and sorrow, I would not go. However, God intended me to be there. Some business arose that I needed to take care of that morning. I went to town, and where I needed to go was the street where the boys would march. Streets were roped off and the crowd was gathering fast. There was a river and a bridge over which they had to cross to get to the station. I was less than a block from the bridge. I had just finished my business and was about ready to leave when someone said, "Here come the boys!" There was quite a crowd in the store and the manager said, "Let's go out and see them." We all walked out near the curb. The streets were lined with people on both sides. I could see down the street some distance from where I was standing. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and loved ones were weeping and eagerly watching to get a last glimpse of a loved one.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

It was a beautiful sight to see the boys coming down the street four abreast, all dressed alike. Each had the same kind of gun on his right shoulder; erect, heads up, each was in his place, spaced just so far apart and all stepping together. It looked as if there were only one as they marched and as one looked down the line. Also, across the line there was such harmony in their marching. The commanding officer walked beside them calling, "hep, hep," as they marched. As they came down the street, they made the earth tremble as though there were an earthquake. The commander-in-chief stood just beyond me, and as the boys came to him, he called, "Break ranks." The boys, although remaining in line, ceased to step together, each walking in his own way. A man standing there, asked, "Why is this?" to the commander-in-chief. He answered, "There is so much power in the unison of their marching, the river bridge would collapse before half of them got over, but by each one stepping at a different time, it reduces the power of pressure and they can go across." As soon as they reached the other side of the bridge, the command was given and they all renewed their step together as they marched on to the station.

As I walked home and many times afterwards, thinking on the scene I had witnessed and the beauty of each in his place, and the power produced by stepping together, the earth trembling and quaking under the strain, and the commander-in-chief's comment of how it would break the strong bridge, I began to think of the strength and power in the unity of God's people and why Satan works so hard against unity. No wonder Bro. Paul, in Eph. 4:1-6, admonishes us to endeavor, strive, or work to keep the unity of the Spirit.

As I thought on the scene, many thoughts came to my mind of God's army of soldiers of the cross. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.” Rev. 7:9. They were all dressed alike, in uniform white robes. Read also verses 10 through 17.

The first thing after induction in the military service, I understand, the recruit is given a uniform. Then comes training to learn how to cooperate with each other, obey commands, endure hardness, and to learn how to march together in unison.

How to cooperate with each other:

“Only let your conversation be as cometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel; and in nothing terrified by your adversaries: which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God.” Phil. 1:27, 28. “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Gal. 6:2.

Obey commands: “Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” Josh. 1:9. “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” John 14:15. “This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.” John 15:12.

Endure hardness: “And ye shall be hated of all men for my name’s sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.” Matt. 10:22. “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.” James 1:12. Also read James 5:11, Heb. 12:7, 1 Pet. 2:19.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Learn how to march together in unison: “So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outside of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch; . . . and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal: and they cried, The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp: and all the host ran, and cried, and fled. And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man’s sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host: and the host fled to Beth-shittah in Zererath, and to the border of Abel-meholah, unto Tabbath.” Especially note verse 21 in Judges, chapter 7. “And they stood every man in his place.” God calls us and places us in our place. Do not try to fill another’s. Abide in your calling. Fill your place well whatever it is. “For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.” Rom. 12:4-8. There are many places to fill and God knows where we can be most useful. Read 1 Cor. 12:1-13.

The thing that impressed me most, it seemed, was the power and strength that was the result of unity, each soldier in his place, not weaving in and out of line, each placed at the proper distance from each other so as to operate efficiently, yet close to each other,

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

not changing to another's place but everyone marching in HIS place, stepping together. The result was that the earth shook!

Saints and loved ones, do we get the picture? Unity and cooperation, working TOGETHER, produces power. Our being ONE, not two, UNITY not UNION, one in doctrine, one in spirit, confidence and faith in each other, all teaching the same thing, repentance, sanctification, ordinances of the Lord's House, divine healing, plainness of dress (not undressing) and oneness of God's people, etc. God's Word is plain and teaches us what we should do. I do not mean for us to compromise or lower the standard of God's Word to be one with people. That does not bring unity and power, but to teach the Word in love and study it, and let the Holy Spirit, who is our Commanding Officer in the church, direct us. He, the Holy Spirit, will teach and instruct us alike. We can march together, not each walking his or her way, although still in line, but we can step together so it will bring power and more power. The devil hates unity and he is not going to leave any two together if he has his way, but he is a conquered foe and we do not have to listen to him nor to his suggestions. He knows there is strength and power in unity.

You have possibly heard of the man who had seven sons. They were grown and he was getting old. One day he called them all in. He had a bundle of seven sticks tied together lying there. He picked it up and handed it to one of them and asked him to break them. He tried and tried and could not. Then it was handed to another, and so on until the seven had tried and could not break them. Then he took the bundle, untied it and handed each one a stick. Then he asked them to break the stick, which was done with all ease. He then instructed them that in unity there is strength, and how they needed to stand together to be successful in life. How much more should we work together in spiritual things!

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

The boys all had guns alike on their shoulders, their weapons of war. We, too, have a weapon with which to fight. Ours is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Eph. 6:17. In Heb. 4:12, we read, “For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.” Our weapons are all the same—the Word of God. Again, by using the Word and obeying it, brings victory, unity, and oneness.

I remember hearing Bro. F. M. Williamson preach in his lifetime on the “Unity of God’s people.” He used the Scripture of being knit together, Col. 2:2. In knitting, one stitch interlocks another, so it all becomes one. Then he told of an incident that happened when he was a boy. He read the Scripture of the body being compacted together. Eph. 4:16. He visited a cotton gin where they were ginning cotton. He watched the process of taking the seeds out of the cotton, and afterwards visited the lint room. It had something like bins and each contained enough cotton for a bale. It looked so soft, white, and pretty. He thought, “My, that would be a nice, soft place to jump into.” So he did. He said he went to the bottom with a thump, cotton flying in every direction. He got up, climbed out, brushed off the loose cotton, and thought, “It’s cotton, but it’s so loose you go right through it.” Then he walked around to the compressor where they were compressing the cotton. There, all the cotton that filled a lint bin was in one bale much smaller than the lint bin, and they could be handled and stacked one on top of another. He climbed on one of the bales and jumped and stomped on it, but this had no effect on it—did not change it at all. The cotton had been compacted together. He said, “God wants His children so compacted in His love, so close together, so knit together in oneness that the enemy can find no place to make inroads among God’s people with his reports and suggestions against them.” Stand together—compacted together—and be one for God.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Again, I want to say that unity, working together, being one, brings power and strength that moves God on His throne.

We might go on and on, but we hope this will present to you our burden and concern for all. We, if saved and living for God, are part of a great army and have our part to do and our place to fill.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Woman Miraculously Delivered from Death Through Prayer Conversion of Man Who Intended to Rob and Kill a Widow

There was a widow woman in her mid-forties, if I remember right, who lived alone. She was a devout Christian woman who attended church regularly. She had managed and saved and had a small savings of around \$400.00 or \$500.00 dollars. In those days banks were unsafe and interest so small, most people kept the money they had in the home.

She had gone to meeting one night and on returning home went to her bedroom to prepare for bed. Her bed set on one side of the room and across from it on the other side set her dresser with a mirror on it, facing the bed. She went to the dresser, lay her Bible on it, took off her hat and as she did, she looked into the mirror and there she saw a man lying on the floor under the bed against the wall.

She was scared and thought she would scream, then felt checked from doing so by the thought, “He is not here alone and if I scream, they will catch me and kill me.” Then she thought about running, but the same thought came, “They will catch me and kill me.”

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

She was earnestly praying and decided to just commit it all to God. God was her only hope and she fixed her bed for retirement, picked up her Bible and sat down by the side of her dresser and began to read aloud God's promises to His trusting children and how He had cared for them. She read of the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; Daniel in the Lion's den; how God dried up the Red Sea for His people and overthrew their enemies in the sea; that "God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble"; His promise of, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; So that we may boldly say. The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me," with others. After that she knelt down and prayed aloud, claiming the promises of God, that she was His child and she looked to Him who had cared for others to care for her. She spent some time in reading and praying and she said, "I really prayed, it was not just saying words." She felt the presence of the Lord very near, but did not know just what was before her. She arose from her knees, went to her bed and lay down. She lay there silently praying and waiting to know the end. In a short time she heard the man move and start to crawl out from under the bed. She said silently, "Lord help me now, and work." She had blown the light out (as she had only kerosene lamps) and the room was dark. He arose to his feet by the side of her bed and spoke saying, "Lady, I came here tonight intending to rob and kill you. What book was that you read in tonight?"

She said, "The Bible."

He said, "I never heard anything like it. And that prayer. I could not harm you. I want you to give me that book and I will leave and you shall not be harmed."

She told him where the Bible lay. He got it and left. After a while she got up and locked the door behind him, but spent the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

remainder of the night thanking God for His care and protection for her. Years passed and she often wondered what became of the man.

When she was old there was a convention in one of the cities and she was to go there from her city. Large crowds of Gospel workers and ministers attended. One morning was given for “experience meeting,” for different ones to testify of outstanding experiences and answers to prayer in their lives. She arose during the service and related the above incident and how God saved her life. As she closed she said, “I have often wondered what became of that man and prayed for God to save him.”

At that, a man on the extreme other side of the room arose and holding a Bible, worn and ragged, high in one hand, with tears streaming down his face, he started for the old lady saying, “I am the man and this is the Bible I took that night instead of a life.” He told how the reading of those Scriptures and the fervency and confidence in her prayer, in the One she trusted, struck his heart and how he went to reading the Bible and praying, and never stopped until he was saved. Later he was called to preach and was a useful evangelist and minister winning many souls to Christ. They said it was a time of rejoicing and shouting and there was not a dry eye in the room.

The widow said, “Although it was a time of anxiety, a testing of faith and trust, and giving up her much-loved Bible, which was a gift to her, she felt she was well repaid for it all.”

Thus we see, “God’s way is best; if human wisdom a fairer way may seem to show, ‘tis only that our earth-dimmed vision the truth can never clearly know.” And, God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Little Things

Matthew 6:24-34 — Matthew 10:28-31

A number of years ago while living at West Plains, Mo., there being no factories and little public work, my sister and I started a home laundry to make our living in our home. We had quite a business with all the work we could do.

Our phone was on a party-line. One morning I went to the phone to make some important business calls and our phone was dead; I could get nowhere and there was no sound of any kind on it. As the calls were urgent and we used our phone much, my sister walked to a neighbor's about a block away. She was a friend on another telephone line. Sister went to make the calls and report that our phone was out of order.

In a short time the linemen came out to check our phone. They examined the wires but could find nothing wrong, however they could not get calls through. They continued to check the lines. They found that on the line, just the other side of the house next to us, they could get calls through, but from that house to our house they could not. They spent more time in searching, trying to locate the trouble. At last they remembered that they had taken the phone out of the

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

house next to us only the day before so they went to that house to check, as they had carefully checked all the wiring elsewhere.

When they went to the place where the phone had been they found a wire the men had failed to cover, extending out a little in the room and a religious calendar-string hung on the wire. The girls, the evening before were looking at the calendar and just hung it on the wire, not realizing that it would do any harm; but that little string shorted the line. As soon as it was taken off the line, all was clear—no trouble to make contacts.

As I thought it over, I thought, such a little thing, and yet it caused so much trouble and we could not get any messages through, no matter how hard we tried until the hindrance was removed. Then I thought, sometimes our contact with God can be hindered by little things; our prayers not answered, our victory not complete, by letting little things get in the way by doing, by letting some little thing go undone; or neglecting to spend time in prayer; an unkind word unrepented of; a little bitter or unkind feeling towards someone; being a little too much like the world in where we go, how we dress or how we act; or our speech too light and jesting.

“Take us the foxes, the little foxes [little evils that slyly creep in like a fox], that spoil the vines.” Song of Sol. 2:15.

“Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?” 1 Cor. 5:6.

“No man can serve two masters . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” Matthew 6:24.

But some say, “God is not concerned nor does He take note of such little things.” Jesus says in Matt. 10:28-31 that He takes note of the sparrow’s fall and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and I am sure He sees and takes note of all we do and our

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

feelings and motives for doing them and sometimes it might be the “short” (loose connection) to an unanswered prayer.

Jesus said, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” John 14:15. Again, in verse 23, “If a man love me, he will keep my words.”

Chapter Twenty-Nine

An Alphabet of Comfort

As the dew that descended on Mt. Hermon and the mountains of Zion to water and refresh them (Psa. 133:3), so is our wish that these verses of comfort and precious promises will refresh and encourage you. Commit them to memory, and in the night or when alone, you can claim them. They are God's promises. They cannot fail!

AS one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem. Isa. 66:13.

BEHOLD, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me. Isa. 49:16.

CAN a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Isa. 49:15.

DEARLY beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written. Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Romans 12:19.

EVEN I am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? Isaiah 51:12, 13.

FEAR thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Isaiah 41:10.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalms 46:1.

HAVE not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Joshua 1:9.

I WILL never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So, that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Hebrews 13:5, 6.

JESUS CHRIST the same yesterday, and to day and for ever. Hebrews 13:8.

KEEP thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Proverbs 4:23.

LIKE as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Psalms 103:13.

MY brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. James 1:2, 3.

NOW no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Heb. 12:11.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

ONLY be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. Joshua 1:7.

PEACE I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. John 14:27.

QUENCHED the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Hebrews 11:34.

REST in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. Psalms 37:7.

SO shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Isaiah 59:19.

THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them. Deut. 33:27.

UNTO you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall. Malachi 4:2.

VERILY, verily, I say unto you. Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. John 16:23.

WHEN thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. Isaiah 43:2.

XCELLENT is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. Psalms 36:7, 8.

YOUTHS shall faint and be weary and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. Isa. 40:30, 31.

ZION it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Psalms 87:5, 6.

Chapter Thirty

“Fear Not”

It is a comfort, when we are in great trouble or perplexities, to hear someone we know that knows and understands say, “Fear not, everything will be all right.” How much greater the comfort is from One who has all power when He says, “Fear not.” We have collected some of His “Fear Not” to His people, hoping they will be an encouragement to you.

God encourages Abram.

“After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying. Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.” Genesis 15:1.

God speaks to Isaac.

“And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham’s sake.” Genesis 26:24.

Joseph comforts his brethren.

“And Joseph said unto them. Fear not: for am I in the place of God? But as for you, ye thought evil against me: but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

alive. Now therefore fear ye not: I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them.” Genesis 50:19-21.

Moses instructs the people.

“And Moses said unto the people. Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.” Exodus 14:13, 14.

Joshua and Caleb entreat Israel.

“And Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jephunneh, which were of them that searched the land, rent their clothes: And they spake unto all the company of the children of Israel, saying, The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us: their defense is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not.” Numbers 14:6-9.

The Lord speaks to Moses.

“And they turned and went up by the way of Bashan: and Og the king of Bashan went out against them, he, and all his people, to the battle at Edrei. And the Lord said unto Moses, Fear him not: for I have delivered him into thy hand, and all his people, and his land; and thou shalt do to him as thou didst unto Sihon king of Amorites which dwelt at Heshbon.” Numbers 21:33, 34.

Moses encourages Joshua.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“And Moses called unto Joshua, and said unto him in the sight of all Israel, Be strong and of a good courage: for thou must go with this people unto the land which the Lord hath sworn unto their fathers to give them; and thou shalt cause them to inherit it. And the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed.” Deut. 31:7, 8.

The Lord speaks to Joshua.

“And the Lord said unto Joshua, Fear not, neither be thou dismayed: take all the people of war with thee, and arise, go up to Ai: see, I have given into thy hand the king of Ai, and his people, and his city, and his land: And thou shalt do to Ai and her king as thou didst unto Jericho and her king: only the spoil thereof, and the cattle thereof, shall ye take for a prey unto yourselves: lay thee an ambush for the city behind it.” Joshua 8:1, 2.

David instructs Solomon.

“And David said to Solomon his son. Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed: for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord.” 1 Chron. 28:20.

Samuel speaks to Israel.

“And Samuel said unto the people. Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness: yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart.” 1 Samuel 12:20. Jonathan strengthens David.

“And Jonathan Saul’s son arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God. And he said unto him. Fear

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

not: for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth.” 1 Samuel 23:16, 17.

Elijah speaks to the widow woman.

“And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.” 1 Kings 17:13, 14.

Elijah's answer to the servant.

“And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.” 2 Kings 6:15, 16.

Daniel is comforted by Angels.

“Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me. And said, O man greatly beloved, fear not: peace be unto thee. Be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened.” Daniel 10:18, 19.

God's Promises.

“Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you. Isa. 35:4.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” Isaiah 41:10.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.” Isaiah 41:13, 14.

“But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” Isaiah 43:1, 2.

“Thus saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee from the womb, which will help thee; Fear not, O Jacob, my servant; and thou, Jesurun, whom I have chosen. For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring:” Isaiah 44:2, 3.

“Therefore fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord; neither be dismayed, O Israel: for, low, I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity; and Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest, and be quiet, and none shall make him afraid.” Jeremiah 30:10.

“But fear not thou, O my servant Jacob, and be not dismayed, O Israel: for, behold, I will save thee from afar off, and thy seed from the land of their captivity; and Jacob shall return, and be in rest and at ease, and none shall make him afraid. Fear thou not, O Jacob my servant, saith the Lord: for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee: but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure; yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished.” Jeremiah 46:27, 28.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things.” Joel 2:21.

“In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.” Zeph. 3:16, 17.

Jesus' Instruction.

“And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Matthew. 10:28-31,

The Angel Comforts the Women

“And the angel answered and said unto the woman, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” Matthew 28:5, 6.

The Angel Speaks to Zacharias.

“But the angel said unto him. Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth.” Luke 1:13, 14.

The Angel speaks to the Shepherds.

“And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Luke 2:10, 11.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

Jesus Speaks.

“But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.” Luke 8:50.

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” Luke 12:32.

“Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass’s colt.” John 12:15.

Angel speaks to Paul.

“For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve. Saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.” Acts 27:23, 24.

The Lord Speaks.

“Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?” Jer. 5:22.

Be Not Afraid.

“Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” Josh. 1:9.

“Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.” Psalms 27:3.

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.” Psalms 46:1, 2.

“In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.” Psalms 56:4.

“The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?” Psalms 118:6.

“Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.” Hebrews 13:5, 6.

“And he said, Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thou king Jehoshaphat, Thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's. Tomorrow go ye down against them: behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jeruel. Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem: fear not, nor be dismayed; tomorrow go out against them: for the Lord will be with you.” 2 Chron. 20:15-17.

Chapter Thirty-One

The Following Testimony And Comments On The 121st Psalm By Sister Poulos Were Taken From A Tape Which She Made In July, 1976.

I am so glad for the plan of salvation and that I accepted the invitation to come. I am enjoying its many blessings today. The life of a Christian suits me, I am happy redeemed and free. Let us read one of my favorite Psalms. It is a short one. Psalms 121. The Psalmist said, “I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.”

Notice he said in verse one, “I will.” Will is the power of choosing—making a choice or decision. I’m glad that we have the right of choice or decision in what we do. It has much to do with our success. We can serve God or we cannot serve Him. It’s how we decide and what we want to do. If we were like a machine —push a button or turn a crank and just automatically do God’s will would

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

not give the pleasure of serving Him because we want to or because we love Him and He is our choice.

When David made the decision he did not stop there. He put the decision into action. He said, “Lift up mine eyes unto the hills.” “Lift up” is effort—you put forth an effort to raise, elevate, or exalt something. When we have made our decision then we put forth the effort to lift up, elevate, raise above the trifling things of this life to a higher plane of life. He lifted up his eyes, vision, or power of seeing. We can have spiritual vision as well as natural vision. God wants us to use our willpower and our decisions that we make for God. We must put them into effect, by putting forth the effort to keep our minds and our hearts stayed on God, to look at elevating things and to think of elevating things. Philippians 4:8 tells us what to think on.

David said, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.” When you look up, you think of God’s creation. You think of the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the birds flying in the air, and the clouds floating in space. Did you ever watch the clouds or watch a sunset and see how beautiful God paints the clouds and throws the reflections of the sun—the different shapes and movements of the clouds in the air? It makes us realize there is a great power. Our power and help comes from God. It turns our minds to God. It helps us to realize how great He is.

It says in the third verse, “He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.” It increases our faith as we see how God in His great majesty and power created all these things. It builds our faith to know that if we trust Him, if we will put ourselves into His hands and in His care, that if He can do all of these things. He can keep us—poor little frail beings as we are—by His great power. God has power to protect us, power to stay and

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

support us and to keep us from falling, no matter how things may go, or what they may seem to be. The Psalmist says, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is always on the job, always present, no napping, no sleeping; He is watching, diligent, and able to be right there to help us out in every time of need. Isn't it wonderful, the promise He's left! He is our Keeper. "The Lord is thy keeper; the lord is thy shade upon thy right hand." A keeper is somebody that looks after and takes care of things. A shepherd is the keeper of the flock. He provides food, he provides shelter, and protection from the ravenous beasts that come about that would destroy them. When we have the Lord to be our protector, our shield, and our support, why do we need to fear what the enemy might try to bring against us? I'm so glad He can be our shield, our keeper, and our shade upon thy right hand. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." The sun loses its strength and power as we are under a good shade or in a good building. God has promised to be our shade. The sun shall not smite us by day. It doesn't mean the natural heat. When you get out unprotected, especially in some climates, the sun will smite, overcome, cause disease and sometimes death from the effects of the vehement heat, but if we let the Lord be our shade He will protect us. The sun, to me, would mean the fiery trials of life. The enemy comes against us sore with affliction, with persecution, or with things we cannot handle ourselves, but the sun will not smite us by day. The heat cannot get hot enough to overcome us if we put our trust, our faith, and our confidence in God.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." The moon has less heat, and less power. It shines in the night. To me it would mean the cunning, sneaking, sly traps and tricks of the enemy that he might try to slip in upon us unawares, when we are not watching so closely or when we're not very active. God wants

LIFE'S STORY AND HEALINGS

us to keep our minds on Him continually. He will not permit our foot to be moved if we will trust Him. He will make a way for our escape.

The Lord shall preserve us from all evil, or keep us from all evil. You make preserves and it is to keep. You fix them up so they will last and not spoil. When we let God have His way in our hearts and lives, He will preserve us from all evil. Evil is something that injures or hurts us. It is different from trouble. Trouble is something that disturbs, burdens, or distresses us, but if we will keep our trust in God, it will not do us any evil or harm or hurt us. The things the enemy may try to bring against us for injuries will only strengthen our spiritual muscles and draw us closer to God. Job said that “Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble.” We are going to meet with disturbances, disappointments, burdens, and sorrows as long as we are in this life. But God has promised to be with us as long as we are in this life. God has promised to be with us, sustain us, and help us. There could be much more said, but my breath is short, and I’m going to have to rest for a while now, but I’m glad that the preserving hand of God is with us and will keep us in our going out and our coming in from this time forth, even forevermore. May God bless you and keep you in my prayer.

—Sis. Nellie Poulos

Winter of 1976—age 86

