

What follow the plow :: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope

**What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love) - posted by followthelam**

Well read the testimony of Duncan Campbell. Duncan Campbell was the man that God used in the revival in the Hebrides in 1951. He was filled with the Holy Ghost seventeen years before...

He was a young man, he was seeking God, he was desiring that God would use him, and he found himself in the war, I don't know if it was World War 1, I can't remember but he was in the cavalry, and he was on a horse, and he was in the midst of a charge, and a shell went off near him and he was wounded, thrown from his horse and laying out there on the battlefield. And laying out there on the battlefield he cried out to God.

God had been dealing with his heart for weeks. He was in the war, all the filth, all the garbage, all the junk that goes along with war, and he was in there, and all of this stuff was beating him from every direction, and he was crying to God to deliver him in here.

And he was blown off of his horse and he lay there out there in the middle of a battlefield, and another fellow went by on a horse, and the horse just stepped right on his spine, crunch, right on his spine, and kept on going.

And he groaned out loud, and the man that was riding on the horse noticed that there was a man laying there that's alive, and he came back, and picked Duncan Campbell up, and threw him over the horse, and took him to the place where they fix you when you're all broken.

And while he lay over the horse, bumping along, out there on the battlefield, laying over that horse, he cried out to God, and said, "God, God, do it, Lord, change me, now Lord, now!" and while he hung over that horse, God filled him with the Holy Ghost.

And they dropped him off at the ward where all the other fellas were that were shot and blown to pieces, and he was prophesying in Gaelic, and they all knew English, (he was Gaelic, he's from Whales) he was prophesying in Gaelic, and no one knew Gaelic but he couldn't help himself! And by the time he left that place I think he won ten souls to the Lord.

Well, seventeen years went by, he's a busy preacher, a famous man, a lot of places to go, lots of things to do, and the old heart started getting cold, and he lost the power. One day his young daughter, sixteen year old daughter sat at him down and said, "Daddy, you don't have the power that you used to have in your life. It's not there daddy. I don't know why it's not there, but it's not there and you know it. Please daddy, get what you had seventeen years ago. Whatever you have to do."

And that went like a knife to that man's heart, because he knew it was right. Busy man, busy man, go, go, go, go, go, and the anointing just went away. He fell on his face in his study, and said "I'm not coming out of here until God gives me the anointing that I had back there."

And at two o'clock in the morning God came through, and there were things that God dealt with him about, and there were disobediences God laid upon his heart, but when God came through, he was filled with the Holy Ghost.

He was overwhelmed with the presence of the Living God, and at two o'clock in the morning his daughter heard what was going on in there, and she came in there and laid next to her papa and she thought "he's going to go crazy". He's was so overjoyed with the unction of the Holy Ghost she thought, "My dad's going to go nuts!"

She laid her hand on him and said, "Oh God, please don't let my dad go crazy," and he said later, "She didn't realize I had the most sound mind I ever had in all my life! I wasn't going to go crazy, I was full of the Living God!" And it was a couple of years after that that he received the assignment from the Holy Ghost to go to the Hebrides where the revival was.

... are you one of those who you look back and you remember...you remember....Oh, restless soul, you will never be at rest with that memory in your heart, because you know what God did, and what God can do. Don't stop until you are back there where you were in the past.

â€™ Denny Kenaston

**Re: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/17 14:53)**

â€™When I was 22 years old Iâ€™d go out street preaching in Austin, TX. I was scared half out of my wits. Iâ€™d walk around a lot of times the whole night with my Bible and not be able to share with anybody or preach, like a coward.

â€™ So I decided that either this whole thing is a hoaxâ€™and I knew it wasn'tâ€™but I said whereâ€™s the power? Whereâ€™ is the life? What did those apostles do?â€™ I went out west of Austin and I climbed up on a hill and I went crazy for 3 days. I would grab rocks and throw them at the sky and beg God to come down. Nothing happened!

I went home, it went on couple more months, I almost got to the point where I was crazy. And one night I cried out to God, I don't know how long, but God came, and I thought I was going to die. I laid on my face I don't know how long, I covered my head, I curled up in the fetal position and just laid there.

Then all of a sudden a joy that I had never known in my life, my mouth shot openâ€™. It was like everything I had ever read in the book of Psalms came pouring out of my mouth. After that did I struggle with sin? Yep! Did I struggle with fear? Yep! Did I have all the common problems with sanctification? Yep!

But did my life change? Yep! I started going out there and preaching. God was real. Heâ€™s more real to me than all of you sitting in this room right now.â€™

â€™ Paul Washer

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/17 14:53**

â€™One day I woke up spiritually. Before that I was accustomed to reacting angrily when anything did not suit me or when someone said something that irritated me. But I did not think I had done anything wrong. These reactions were beginning to become part of my personality.

...Jesus had become just a mathematical formula for me. Certainly I believed that He had paid the price of redemption for me, that I had been bought free, that I was justified. But during the course of time this faith had become an empty formula. Where was this wonderful, living Christ in my life?

Because He is alive today, we can still grieve Him as much as His disciples did long ago...Now I could see how much we grieve Him and put Him to shame through our lives, when we do not fulfil His last plea, "By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another" (John 13: 35). That went deep into my heart.

...I began to hate sin, which cost Jesus so much. It is something so dreadful that it destroys both the life of the individual and of family or community. Yes, it even binds us to Satan.

...I began to fight this battle of faith and I did this daily. Daily I brought my sins to Jesus and called them by name. Every day I took at least fifteen minutes to call upon His name and to pray a litany of victory such as:

"In the name of Jesus and in His wounds is victory.  
Jesus has trodden the head of the serpent under His feet.  
Hallelujah! Amen.  
I am free from..."

(Each time I filled in the name of one of my sins.)

I sang verses of victory:

â€™Let praises ring aloud this day,  
That Jesus' name has power to break apart  
The fearful chains of sin that bind us!â€™

And I praised His precious blood, because I knew that something would then happen.

...the Lord freed me from various sinful bondages during the course of years according to His Word, "So if the Son make s you free, you will be free indeed" (John 8: 36). I found out that these are not empty words. Through such a battle of faith we can really be released from our chains...There is no sin for which His redemptive power is not effective... no matter what the sinful bondage is, we can be freed from itâ€

â€ Basilea Schlink

**Re: - posted by morrissel311, on: 2021/11/18 16:53**

This is beautifully written. Thank you for sharing :)

**Re: - posted by TMK (), on: 2021/11/18 16:57**

The conversion of Charles Finney:

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On a Sabbath evening in the autumn of 1821, I made up my mind that I would settle the question of my soulâ€™s salvation at once, that if it were possible I would make my peace with God. But as I was very busy in the affairs of the office, I knew that without great firmness of purpose, I should never effectually attend to the subject. I therefore, then and there resolved, as far as possible, to avoid all business, and everything that would divert my attention, and to give myself wholly to the work of securing the salvation of my soul. I carried this resolution in to execution as sternly and thoroughly as I could. I was, however, obliged to be a good deal in the office. But as the providence of God would have it, I was not much occupied either on Monday or Tuesday; and had opportunity to read my Bible and engage in prayer most of the time. . . .

During Monday and Tuesday my convictions increased; but still it seemed as if my heart grew harder. I could not shed a tear; I could not pray. I had no opportunity to pray above my breath; and frequently I felt, that if I could be alone where I could use my voice and let myself out, I could find relief in prayer. I was shy, and avoided, as best as I could, speaking to anybody on any subject. I endeavored, however, to do this in a way that would excite no suspicion, in any mind, that I was seeking the salvation of my soul.

Tuesday night I had become very nervous; and in the at a strange feeling came over me as if I was about to die. I knew that if I did I should sink down to hell; but I quieted myself as best I could until morning.

At an early hour I started for the office. But just before I arrived at the office, something seemed to confront me with questions like these: indeed, it seemed as if the inquiry was within myself, as if an inward voice said to me, â€What are you waiting for? Did you not promise to give your heart to God? And what are you trying to do? Are you endeavoring to work out a righteousness of your own ?â€

Just at this point the whole question of Gospel salvation opened to my mind in a manner most marvellous to me at the time. I think I then saw, as clearly as I ever have in my life, the reality and fullness of the atonement of Christ. I saw that his work was a finished work; and that instead of having, or needing, any righteousness of my own to recommend me to God, I had to submit myself to the righteousness of God through Christ. Gospel salvation seemed to me to be an offer of something to be accepted; and that it was full and complete; and that all that was necessary on my part, was to get my own consent to give up my sins, and accept Christ. Salvation, it seemed to me, instead of being a thing to be wrought out, by my own works, was a thing to be found entirely in the Lord Jesus Christ, who presented himself before me as my God and my Saviour.

Without being distinctly aware of it, I had stopped in the street right where the inward voice seemed to arrest one. How long I remained in that position I cannot say. But after this distinct revelation had stood for some little time before my mind, the question seemed to be put, â€Will you accept it now, today?â€ I replied, â€Yes; I will accept it to-day, or I will die in the attempt.â€

North of the village, and over a hill, lay a piece of woods in which I was in the almost daily habit of walking, more or less, when it was pleasant weather. It was now October, and the time was past for my frequent walks there. Nevertheless, instead of going to the office, I turned and bent my course toward the woods, feeling that I must be alone, and away from all human eyes and ears, so that I could pour out my prayer to God. . . .

The thought was pressing me of the rashness of my promise, that I would give my heart to God that day or die in the attempt. It seemed to me as if that was binding upon my soul; and yet I was going to break my vow. A great sinking and discouragement came over me, and I felt almost too weak to stand upon my knees.

Just at this moment I again thought I heard some one approach me, and I opened my eyes to see whether it were so. But right there the revelation of my pride of heart, as the great difficulty that stood in the way, was distinctly shown to me. An overwhelming sense of my wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God, took such powerful possession of me, that I cried at the top of my voice, and exclaimed that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me. "What!" I said, "such a degraded sinner as I am, on my knees confessing my sins to the great and holy God; and ashamed to have any human being, and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees endeavoring to make my peace with my offended God!" The sin appeared awful, infinite. It broke me down before the Lord.

Just at that point this passage of Scripture seemed to drop into my mind with a flood of light: "Then shall ye go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." I instantly seized hold of this with my heart. I had intellectually believed the Bible before; but never had the truth been in my mind. That faith was a voluntary trust instead of an intellectual state. I was as conscious as I was of my existence, of trusting at that moment in God's veracity. Somehow I knew that that was a passage of Scripture, though I do not think I had ever read it. I knew that it was God's word, and God's voice, as it were, that spoke to me. I cried to Him, "Lord, I take thee at thy word. Now thou knowest that I do search for thee with all my heart, and that I have come here to pray to thee; and thou hast promised to hear me." . . .

I walked quietly toward the village; and so perfectly quiet was my mind that it seemed as if all nature listened. It was on the 10th of October, and a very pleasant day. I had gone into the woods immediately after an early breakfast; and when I returned to the village I found it was dinner time. Yet I had been wholly unconscious of the time that had passed; it appeared to me that I had been gone from the village but a short time.

But how was I to account for the quiet of my mind? I tried to recall my convictions, to get back again the load of sin under which I had been laboring. But all sense of sin, all consciousness of present sin or guilt, had departed from me. I said to myself, "What is this, that I cannot arouse any sense of guilt in my soul, as great a sinner as I am?" I tried in vain to make myself anxious about my present state. I was so quiet and peaceful that I tried to feel concerned about that, lest it should be a result of my having grieved the Spirit away. But take any view of it I would, I could not be anxious at all about my soul, and about my spiritual state. The repose of my mind was unspeakably great. I never can describe it in words. The thought of God was sweet to my mind, and the most profound spiritual tranquility had taken full possession of me. This was a great mystery; but it did not distress or perplex me.

I went to my dinner, and found I had no appetite to eat. I then went to the office, and found that Squire W- had gone to dinner. I took down my bass-viol, and as I was accustomed to do, began to play and sing some pieces of sacred music. But as soon as I began to sing those sacred words, I began to weep. It seemed as if my heart was all liquid; and my feelings were in such a state that I could not hear my own voice in singing without causing my sensibility to overflow. I wondered at this, and tried to suppress my tears, but could not. After trying in vain to suppress my tears, I put up my instrument and stopped singing. . . .

There was no fire, and no light, in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary it seemed to me that I saw him as I would see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at his feet. I have always since regarded this as the most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality, that he stood before me, and I fell down at his feet and poured out my soul to him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choiced utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed his feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched him, that I recollect.

I must have continued in this state for a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said. But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found that the fire that I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing

mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in as manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God . I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me, like immense wings.

No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally bellowed out unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me." I said, "Lord, I cannot bear any more;" yet I had no fear of death. . . .

In this state I was taught the doctrine of justification by faith, as a present experience. That doctrine had never taken any such possession of my mind, that I had ever viewed it distinctly as a fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. Indeed, I did not know at all what it meant in the proper sense. But I could now see and understand what was meant by the passage, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I could see that the moment I believed, while up in the woods all sense of condemnation had entirely dropped out of my mind; and that from that moment I could not feel a sense of guilt or condemnation by any effort that I could make. My sense of guilt was gone; my sins were gone; and I do not think I felt any more sense of guilt than if I never had sinned.

This was just the revelation that I needed. I felt myself justified by faith; and, so far as I could see, I was in a state in which I did not sin. Instead of feeling that I was sinning all the time, my heart was so full of love that it overflowed. My cup ran over with blessing and with love; and I could not feel that I was sinning against God. Nor could I recover the least sense of guilt for my past sins. Of this experience I said nothing that I recollect, at the time, to anybody; that is, of this experience of justification.

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/19 20:32**

"In our Sunday school we had a boy with red hair. His head was as red as fire and so was his temper. He was such a trial. He kicked his teachers and the superintendent. He was simply uncontrollable. The teachers had a meeting in which they discussed the matter of expelling him. They thought that God might undertake for that boy and so they decided to give him another chance.

One day he had to be turned out, and he broke all the windows of the mission. He was worse outside than in. Some time later we had a ten-days revival meeting. There was nothing much doing in that meeting and people thought it a waste of time, but there was one result—the redheaded lad got saved.

After he was saved, the difficulty was to get rid of him at our house. He would be there until midnight crying to God to make him pliable and use him for His glory. God delivered the lad from his temper and made him one of the meekest, most beautiful boys you ever saw. For twenty years he has been a mighty missionary in China. God takes us just as we are and transforms us by His power.

I can remember the time when I used to go white with rage, and shake all over with temper. I could hardly hold myself together. I waited on God for ten days. In those ten days I was being emptied out and the life of the Lord Jesus was being wrought into me. My wife testified of the transformation that took place in my life, "I never saw such a change. I have never been able to cook anything since that time that has not pleased him. Nothing is too hot or too cold, everything is just right."

God must come and reign supreme in your life. Will you let Him do it? He can do it, and He will if you will let Him. It is no use trying to tame the "old man." But God can deal with him. The carnal mind will never be subjected to God, but God will bring it to the cross where it belongs, and will put in its place, the pure, the holy, the meek mind of the Master."

" Smith Wigglesworth

**Re: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love - posted by followthelamb), on**

œD.L. Moody was a man who was blessed by God in evangelism, and he went all over Chicago preaching the gospel and winning souls. But God was dealing with his heart that there was a need in his life, that there was a need for a deeper anointing of God's Spirit upon him, and he had two little old ladies in his congregation in Chicago, and they knew that he was needing more anointing than what he had, and they went up to him and boldly said to Mr. Moody, "Mr. Moody, we're praying for you."

"Oh, good, wonderful! What are you praying about?"

"We're praying that you'll get filled with the Holy Ghost."

And he was kind of offended by that, you know, What do you mean, praying for me, I'm Moody! But you know what? It took God about a year to get through to Moody's heart to realize "I don't have the anointing that I need in my life."

And after a year of crying out and seeking after God, he was filled with the Holy Ghost while he was walking down the street and New York City. He didn't know what to do, he got himself a room and hid in there because the anointing was so strong upon him as he walked down the street in New York city, and from that day forward people began to be saved everywhere that man went.

My prayer is that God will increase the hunger in our hearts. That's my prayer....As we can see, God worked differently in each one of these examples, and we can get off and lose sight of the very thing that's most important by wrestling with and grappling with all the theologies of, when you get it, and how you get it, and where you get it, and how many times you get it, but brethren, we need it!

Let's forget about all of that, and come to grips with where we are in our hearts! What we desperately need. Don't worry about what you call it, just get it. I believe the time has come that we should lay aside the debates of why and when and how and just get desperate before God, and come to grips with reality. Where am I at? Have ye been indued with power from on high? Have you been engulfed in the Holy Ghost?

œ' Denny Kenaston

**Re: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love - posted by followthelamb), on**

"I once knew a little cripple who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labor for Him actively among the lost.

Her clergyman visited her, and hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick-bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then to pray earnestly; and then he went away and thought of the subject no more.

Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved.

A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her little pillow, was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a little cross, by which the poor crippled saint had checked off the names of the converts as they had been reported to her."

œ' D.L. Moody

**Re: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love - posted by followthelamb), on**

"A missionary in dark China was living a defeated life. Everything about him seemed to be touched with sadness. Although he prayed many months for victory over depression and discouragement, no answer came. His life remained quite the same.

He determined to leave his post and go to an interior station where he could be quiet and spend long hours in prayer till victory was assured. Upon reaching the place, he was entertained in the home of a fellow missionary. On the wall of his bedroom hung this motto: 'Try Thanksgiving'



The two words gripped his heart, and he thought within himself, "Have I been praying all these months and have not been praising?" He stopped and began to praise God and was greatly uplifted. Instead of hiding away to agonize in prayer, he returned immediately to his waiting native converts to tell them that praise changes things.

This story is told of Sir Michael Costa. He was holding a rehearsal one night with his vast array of musicians and hundreds of voices. The mighty chorus rang out with thunder of organs, sounding of horns, and clashing of cymbals. Far back in the orchestra one who played the piccolo said to himself, "in all this din it matters not what I do." Suddenly, all was still! The great conductor had stopped. Someone had failed to take his part! The sweet note of the piccolo had been missed.

'Let all the people praise thee, o God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the Earth yield her increase and God, even our own God shall bless us.' (Psalms 67:5, 6). Is your "praise note" missing from the heavenly choir? Are you waiting, waiting, yearning for God to answer your prayer? He is waiting to answer. Try Thanksgiving. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.

At such a time as this, may we continue to not just pray, but also to praise. We have so much to be thankful for. And, we have a good, good God as our loving Father!"

"From a book entitled Handfuls of Purpose by Mrs. Charles Cowman.

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/27 10:30**

"A prominent minister in Canada relates the following remarkable instance of God's miraculous care over His people: "I am frequently impressed by the Spirit, to perform actions, at the time unaccountable to myself. These impressions are so vivid that I dare not disobey them.

"Some time ago, on a stormy night, I was suddenly impressed to go to the distant house of an aged couple, and there to pray. So imperative was the call, that I harnessed the horse and drove to the spot, fastened the horse to the shed, and entered the house unperceived by a door, which had been left open.

There, kneeling down, I poured out my petitions to God, in an audible voice, for the divine protection over the inmates; after which I departed and returned home.

Months after, I was visiting one of the principle prisons in Canada, and moving amongst the prisoners, was accosted by one of them, who claimed to know me.

I had no recollection of the convict, and was fairly startled when the latter said: "Do you remember going to such a house one night, and offering prayer for the inmates?" I told him I did, and asked how he came to know anything about it. He said: "I had gone to that house to steal a sum of money, known to be in the possession of the old man. When you drove into the yard, I thought you were he, and intended to kill you while you were hitching your horses. I saw when you spoke to the horse that you were a stranger. I followed you into the house, and heard your prayer. You prayed God to protect the old people from violence of any kind and especially from murder; and if there was any hand uplifted to strike them, that it ought be paralyzed." Then the prisoner pointed to his right arm, which hung lifeless by his side, saying: "Do you see that arm? It was paralyzed on the spot, and I have never moved it since.

Of course I left the place without doing any harm, but am here now, for other offenses."

"Reported by Lily Blake Blakeney Howe

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/27 10:35**

"At one of our children's meetings last summer, I invited the conductor of the train running to Cincinnati (who was a Christian man) to talk to the children. After speaking of his work among the prisoners of the Cincinnati jail, he proceeded to relate an instance from his own life, proving God's willingness to supply temporal needs in answer to the prayer of faith. When he was a very young boy, his mother was left a widow, with six children dependent upon her for the supply of their temporal wants.

It was a cold winter's day when all their provisions were exhausted; and as there was no human source to which to look,

they took their needs to the dear heavenly Father, who promises to hear the cry of the widow and fatherless. They had perfect confidence that He would hear and answer prayer.

After eating their last morsel, they all went to bed and slept as sweetly as though they had an abundance at hand. In the morning the mother, with great cheerfulness, went about her work, setting the table, and making arrangements for breakfast, when there came a rap. She went to the door, and found a perfect stranger, who said the Lord had sent him to supply their present wants, and he came in, bringing provisions enough to last them a long time.

The stranger said he was awakened at midnight, and something told him of the situation of this poor family. Notwithstanding he lived several miles distant, he and his good wife arose, prepared their charities, and the husband set out, finding the place in time for their breakfast. How blessed to have parents teach by precept and example such beautiful lessons of trust!

â€” Lily Blake Blakeney Howe

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/29 12:06**

Paul Washer - The Presence of God

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=aWDZW0at068>

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/11/30 22:28**

â€”elf you doubt that God is real, please consider this true story:

A Japanese Business man, a president of a Japan Company, was walking in his Japanese Garden in Tokyo. When he looked at a Japanese stone lantern in his garden he noticed a tiny cross etched into the bottom of the lantern. He became intrigued with the cross and went back in his genealogy as far back as the sixteenth century. He found ancestors who had become Christians and were martyred. He could not stop thinking about it. One day, with a bright sun shining, he looked up into the sky in Tokyo and said: â€”Christian God, if you are real, please give me a sign!

At about the same time, a Christian Business man in the USA was scheduled to visit Japan. He could not sleep at night. He got pictures of a President in Japan to whom he was to give a Bible in the Japanese language. He initially refused but God would not let him sleep. The business man gave in and ordered a Japanese Bible. He took presents for a Board Meeting in Japan. The gifts for 6 Board members were silk ties and socks. For the President he took the Japanese Bible.

Culturally speaking, Japanese are very reserved and they do not show their emotions. However, when the President opened up his present and he saw the Bible he held it high in the air and he started dancing and shouting in front of 6 Board Members: â€”A Bible, a Bible! He was full of joy for now He knew God was real. God had answered his prayer in the garden. This is a true story as I was that business man buying and delivering a Bible in the Japanese language.

â€” Edgar Reich

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/12/1 20:10**

Powerful testimony of Jewish scientist James Tour:

<https://youtube.com/watch?v=JVGMa9yuqnM>

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2021/12/14 9:03**

â€”Now Iâ€™m going to share with some of you something Iâ€™ve never shared in a conferenceâ€”itâ€™s a personal testimonyâ€”and it might cause many of you to be very disappointed in me, and maybe not even hear anything I have to say. â€” So be it. â€” I preach in a lot of places once.

â€”

As a young man in the ministry I was privileged of being around a lot of very, very old, very, very Godly men, and they would talk to me. â€” Now these werenâ€™t these were men of Godâ€”very staunch, reformed, some of them. â€” People not given to enthusiasm or emotions or any other thing like that. â€” Sound men! â€” But they would talk to me about the power of God. â€” They would talk to me about the presence of Godâ€”not as men quoting stories that they had read, but men who themselves had seen with their own eyes the working of God. â€”



And I would go out on the streets in Austin, Texas and preach. I was afraid, there was no boldness, there was no power, there was nothing. But I would always hear the voices of these old men. And one day I decided enough is enough: I will seek Him until I find Him or until I die.

I went into a closet and I said, "I'll not leave this closet until I know God." 15 minutes later I fell asleep. My roommates came home and found me in the closet. So, I took an alarm clock with me. And please, I'm not saying this for any other reason except I feel like I'm supposed to. Took an alarm clock with me. Set it for every 15 minutes. I'd pray for maybe 5 or 10 minutes. Fall asleep. Alarm clock'd go off. Set it again. This was my prayer. I didn't pray for China. I didn't pray for the presence of God in the sense of my ministry! I asked one thing: "Lord, you said if I seek you I'll find you. You said, you said it Lord, that you would reveal yourself to me. You would let yourself be found by me if I seek you."

Night after night after night after night, for months, 2 and 3 hours a night, simply sitting there like this, on my knees, "Lord, it's been 4 months now, it's been 5 days now, and You still have not come." And just sit there. "Lord, I've been here 3 hours and You have not come." Day after day and night after night.

And then one day our church, it was a Spring break and all the college students were going to go on a Bible study/ski trip type thing in Colorado, and I felt that the Lord wanted me just to go out into West Texas to the hill country, pretty barren. And I walked on top of those hills for 3 days like a wild man. If you would have seen me you would have thrown me in an asylum. I was picking up rocks and I was throwing them. Literally, physically, throwing them at the sky. I was screaming. I was saying, "God, I must know you! You must come. You must. I can't live like this anymore, I can't live just reading books! I can't live just reading about revivals, and about people who knew somebody who knew somebody who knew somebody who knew you!" And nothing happened. I went home.

Another several weeks passed. And one night, He came. He came. I just said, "Oh Father! I can't. Please come." And He came. I was thrown down on the ground, I don't know how long in a fetal position, covering my head, thinking "God's come to kill me." The presence of God, in a way, that in one second, more of my sin and my need, and His glory and power was revealed.

And then all of a sudden every bit of fear was taken away and I was filled with such JOY, and my mouth shot open. I don't be afraid! Verse after verse from Psalms and from everywhere else, passages I had read just started coming forth... praises unto Him! The Word of God, such joy. And I can tell you, it's been 20 years, and the presence of Christ is more real to me in this room than any one of you.

And one of the things that is so bad today is many of you men here! you also have known the presence of Christ. But now, most of your prayer life is nothing but praying just a little, and then just realizing He hasn't come, and getting up and walking away...instead of staying there until He does. It's just prayer of going through the motions. You want holiness in your life? Run to Him. And stay there! Stay there.

My little boy, whenever I'm putting my shoes on and he realizes my bags are packed, he goes "Daddy stay with Eyan? Daddy stay with Eyan?" Or "Eyan go with Daddy?" I find myself, even this morning, in prayer going, "Father stay with Paul? Father stay with Paul?" Or "Paul go with Father?"

I see so many boys today in the pulpit. They're boys. Just as those old men told me, the mark of a man of God is God upon the man. And I don't want, I don't want to sound...I don't want to sound arrogant, I don't want to sound anything else. I just want to say this: We have a desperate need to be men marked by the presence of God. We have a desperate need.

' Paul Washer

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2023/9/30 9:35**

There was in the city of Minneapolis, quite a while ago a Presbyterian preacher by the name of T. J. McCrossan. McCrossan was a lecturer in Greek and Hebrew. He was a master of those areas. The man came to an understanding of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

He had one man, who was an elder in his church, by the name of Charles Ingersoll. Ingersoll had been under the ministry of T. J. McCrossan and he had been filled with the Holy Spirit and had been given the gift of healing.

On one occasion, Charles Ingersoll, who had a seat on the Grain Exchange here in Minneapolis, he had a secretary a Jewish woman, who had worked for him for some time and whose father was extremely ill. Finally, she got up nerve enough to ask her mother if she could bring her boss, this man who had this gift of healing, to her home to pray for her father.

Charlie Ingersoll said, "Yes, but I want you to bring in all of your relatives, your near relatives and your Rabbi. I want them all there when I come."

So he went to this Jewish home and he told them about the Lord Jesus Christ, who He was, and that He was God come in the flesh. He was the Messiah. And that He was going to pray in the Name of their Messiah that this father would be healed.

The doctor was also there and he said he wouldn't live till morning. The family was kind of waiting to be with him, till he died. And so Charlie Ingersoll, after having explained all of this, prayed for this man in the Name of our wonderful Sovereign Lord.

The next morning when he came to work, his secretary was there and he said, "How's your father?" "Oh," she said, "he is fine." He regained consciousness. And this morning he asked for breakfast and when I left he was sitting up. He is fine."

There was at that time Ruben A. Torrey Jewish Mission in Minneapolis, Hebrew Mission. Ruben A. Torrey said of that event, or the people of the Mission said, that more Jewish people came to Christ as a result of that one miraculous healing than in several years of ministry to the Jewish community. Because of that one miracle healing in that one Jewish home.

' Paris Reidhead

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2023/10/1 15:58**

While Lidia our sister worked so hard, the thieves stole the work done by Lidia. And in the evening, when she was brought back to the prison cell, she didn't have the amount of work done, so she was punished - not allowed to have her little bit of soup.

Hungry, weeping, Lidia went out from the prison cell in the yard of the prison, praying, weeping. And while she walked around, at once she heard somebody, "Hey, hey. Do you have a mother?"

Awakening, like from a dream, Lidia looked back. "Hey, hey. Do you have a mother who prays for you?" a communist guard with a revolver in his hand.

And Lidia answered him, "Yes, I have an old mother who remains behind. She surely prays for me. But why do you ask me?"

"Since half an hour," said the guard, "I am running after you with my revolver to shoot you because you are where you are not allowed to be. But my arm which was all right the whole day - I cannot move it. It is surely your mother who prays for you. And now, run back immediately, because if they find us here, they will shoot us both. We are not allowed to be here."

Still weeping, but now tears of thankfulness for her God, Lidia ran back to the prison cell, arrives safely, goes to bed and sleeps as if she would have had the best of dinners.

And early in the morning, when the thousands of prisoners are gathered to be brought to the field to work, among the many guards with their revolvers is also the guard whom she met last evening. He was not allowed to speak with her, but he showed her his arm. His arm was all right.

...we have seen in communist prisons the love of our Saviour. We have seen in communist prisons signs, miracles, wonders. And we have learned to know that forever Jesus is Lord and He alone will prevail.â€

â€ Sabina Wurmbrand

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2023/10/3 7:18**

â€œA minister was one day moving his library upstairs. As the minister was going upstairs with his load of books his little boy came in, and was very anxious to help his father. So his father just told him to go and get an armful and take them upstairs. When the father came back, he met the little fellow about half-way up the stairs tugging away with the biggest in the library. He couldn't manage to carry it up. The book was too big. So he sat down and cried. His father found him, and just took him in his arms, book and all, and carried him upstairs. So Christ will carry you and all your burdens.â€

â€ D.L. Moody

**Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2023/10/3 11:53**

â€œI met in England, a lady who told this bit of a story. In a book that came into her hand the statement was made that one might pray here in London, for example, for someone two thousand miles away, and that something would happen at the other end; that always when one prays something is happening at the other end, and is changing because of the prayer.

This lady had a brother in India, a long distance away, who was not a Christian, and she at once thought, Now, if I pray especially for him, will something happen? Is this statement of the book true!" She felt led to pray especially for that brother, that he might come to Christ. She went on praying, day by day, saying to herself, half wondering as she said it, "Is something happening at the other end?" and, in her heart, saying, "Something is happening; but I wish I knew!"

By-and-by, in the course of the usual family correspondence, she put this sentence in the letter to her brother: "Has anything unusual happened to you lately?" "That was the only reference she made to her special praying. Back, in the course of the mails from India, came a letter from him, saying this: "Yes, something has happened. Two months ago my thought was turned to God; I do not know why. It was not any book that I was reading; it was not any sermon that I heard; I did not go where I would hear sermons; but I do know that my thought was turned to think about God."

He had been trained in a Christian home, he knew the whole Gospel story, and he now said, "I was led to give my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and as I write to you I am a Christian man." She ran her mind quickly back over the calendar. The letter said, "Two months ago," and she found that two months carried the story back to the time when she began her special praying for her brother. That is, something had happened at the other end.â€

â€ S.D. Gordon

**Re: What God Has Done For Others He Will Do For You (testimonies to stir up faith, hope and love) - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2023/10/3 11:53**

â€œIn the year 1900 a "massed band" of four people marched out-of-step down the main street of Bangor in Northern Ireland. The two members with uniforms were Salvation Army lassies; the other two were young men. The young man who headed this little parade was beating a tuneless tambourine. He had recently vowed that for Christ's sake he would go anywhere and do anything at any cost.

Then this silly thing in the streets of his home town had turned up. He had been walking down the street when this Salvation Army lassie asked him to stand with the other three at the street corner to witness for Christ.

It hadn't the faintest smell of the heroic about it. Wide-eyed cynics showered the band with unsubdued catcalls. To make bad worse (as the Irish say it), it seemed by some pre-arranged signal that every friend, every relative, and every enemy of his passed the corner as he stood there bashfully.

Seeing the dilemma, one of the Army lassies suggested that the four kneel down and ask the Lord to "take over." Poor Billy! As they knelt there, a brother offered a "telegram" prayer which Billy wished had been as long as the

119th Psalm.

Then something happened. When Billy arose from his knees, he was through forever with any sensitiveness to public opinion. His reputation died and had a public funeral in that street meeting. (To die and be buried publicly doesn't take long !)

To the jeering spectators, this street meeting may have looked like comedy. But to this young man it was sweeter than the "Triumphal March" in Verdi's Aida. It was a glory march to celebrate a greater victory to him than that of Nelson at Trafalgar or King William III at the Battle of the Boyne. Billy was triumphant.

He had just lost what he never wanted to find again and had just found what he never wanted to lose. He lost his reputation and fear of man and found the joy and peace of the overflowing fullness of the Spirit.â€

â€ Leonard Ravenhill