

Behold  the Lamb
Publications

Visions
(and miracles)
of a
Watchman

O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. ...if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Ezekiel 33:7-8

The Visions and Miracles of a Watchman



Leroy Surface

“Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me.” Ezekiel 3:17

In September, 1966, I had been fasting and praying for ten days while living in a tiny camper trailer two hundred miles from home, away from my wife and children. On the tenth night, sometime after midnight, it seemed the top of the camper “rolled back” and I could see the stars above. I felt and saw something that lifted off my eyes and flew away through the ceiling. I heard the voice of the Spirit of God saying, *“I have lifted the veil from your eyes.”* Immediately I saw the end of the world, and the “great white throne judgment.” I saw men and women being led by two angels to stand before the judge. One by one they lifted up their hands to worship, but immediately began to scream in horror, *“There’s blood on my hands, there’s blood on my hands.”* The judge did not speak a word, but the two angels took them behind the throne where I knew they were cast alive into the burning lake of fire, yet screaming, *“There’s blood on my hands.”* It was at this moment I heard the voice of God saying to me, *“I have made thee a watchman unto my people. If you fail to warn them I will require their blood at your hands.”*

This book is an autobiography of the almost sixty years of ministry since that day. I actually began writing it over forty years ago. These are only a few of the hundreds of visions God has given me, as well as a few of the many miracles God has done.

“For I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me, to make the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ.” Romans 15:18-19

The Visions of a Watchman

By Leroy Surface

I was saved on March 9, 1958 in a Sunday morning service at the old “Radio Revival” church in Houston Texas. Knowing for the first time in my life that I was lost in sin, I literally ran to the altar in repentance and within thirty minutes I was both saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost. During that time I was not “making a decision,” “committing myself” or “counting the cost;” I was simply surrendering to the Lord Jesus Christ. My sorrow for sin turned into the greatest joy a person can know, and I lay in the altar with my hands lifted up towards heaven rejoicing in the wonderful salvation God had given me. As I slowly became aware once more of my surroundings, I began hearing someone speaking in the most beautiful heavenly language I had ever heard. I thought, “If I open my eyes, maybe I can see who is speaking this beautiful language.” When I opened my eyes, I saw that the pastor was holding the microphone just above my mouth, and I realized that I was the one the Spirit of God was speaking through. The Holy Ghost was so strong upon me that it was several hours before I could speak in English. We are told by many today that if you will ask God for the Holy Ghost and simply begin speaking the sounds you hear inside your head or heart, you will know that God has given you His Spirit. That instruction is so wrong. On the Day of Pentecost, the hundred and twenty had no thought that they would speak in other languages, and certainly “speaking in tongues” was far from my mind when I “fled” into the altar of God seeking mercy for my sins. Christ immediately forgave me, cleansed me from all sin, and the Holy Spirit of God came rushing in. Sixty six years later, I can be satisfied with nothing less.

Give Them to Eat

It was four years later, in the spring of 1962 that God called me to preach in a vision from the Lord. In the vision, I was one of the twelve disciples that Jesus used to feed the multitude of five thousand with only five loaves and two fishes. After we had fed the people and gathered the fragments (I saw this in great detail), Jesus turned to me, pointed His finger at me, and said, “You give them to eat.” Just as the disciples had complained of the “insufficiency” of five loaves and two small fishes to feed so great a multitude, I protested my lack of anything to offer. I had only a high school education, I was bashful and backwards, without any “eloquence” whatsoever and I often stuttered when I tried to speak.

As with the loaves and fishes, Jesus said to me, *“Bring what you have to me.”* As I had seen Him break and bless the loaves and fishes, He said, *“I will break you and I will bless you. Whatsoever I have broken and blessed is sufficient for every need.”*

I was the youth leader at the Genoa Assembly of God church at the time. Even though I had received the Holy Ghost four years before, I had always struggled to teach or speak. From the same night that Jesus called me in the vision, the Spirit of God began coming upon me to minister in the youth services. It was two years later, in the spring of 1964 that I surrendered to pulpit ministry. I preached one two week revival, and a month later I was asked to serve as the pastor of the Alameda Full Gospel Church. It was about nine months later, after much severe testing, that the Spirit of God began moving upon me with healings and miracles such as I have related in a booklet titled “Miracles That Cannot Be Denied.”

Set to be a Watchman

In September, 1966 I separated myself from work and family for a time of fasting and prayer. During that time I went to a revival meeting in Corpus Christi, Texas and stayed in a homemade camper trailer that was so small that I could not even stand up in it.

On the tenth day of fasting and prayer, I received an “open vision” from the Lord, the first of my ministry. I had fallen asleep worshipping the Lord, and sometime after midnight I was awakened by the presence of the Lord. I saw something lift from my eyes that appeared to be purple and scarlet in color, and as it lifted it split into two parts as it faded away, and I heard the words, “I have lifted the veil from your eyes.” At that moment, it seemed that the top of the camper trailer slid open and rolled back, and immediately I entered a vision of the last day, the “end of the world,” and the “great white throne judgment.” The things I saw are described perfectly by the apostle John in the book of Revelation; “*And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?*” Revelation 6:14-17.

It appeared that the elements of the earth were on fire and the mountains were burning. Great masses of people were fleeing, but there was nowhere to flee to. They were seeking a hiding place, but there was no place to hide. The vision changed, and I saw the great white throne judgment, and again, the apostle describes exactly what I saw; “*And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works*” Revelation 20:12.

Theologians tell us that no one but the wicked will be at the great white throne judgment, but I am not convinced by the scriptures that this is the case. I saw people led between two angels to stand before “*Him that sitteth on the throne.*” I saw them one by one lift up their hands as to worship the Lord, expecting to hear the words

“*Well done...*,” but their faces turned into faces of sheer horror as they began screaming, “*There’s blood on my hands...there’s blood on my hands.*” He that sat on the throne did not speak a word of condemnation to them, because they were condemned already by the blood of lost souls that was on their hands. The two angels that brought them before the throne led them to a place behind the throne, and I could still hear them screaming, “*There’s blood on my hands*” even as they were cast alive into the lake of fire. I did not see them cast into the fire but I could see the amber smoke ascending in the background behind the throne, and I knew what had taken place. John wrote, “*And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire*” Revelation 20:15.

The real horror of what I saw was that these people were good people. They had been religious enough that they expected to be received by God. Many of them were members of a church. Some of them were actually pastors of churches. God did not choose to show me the “*end*” of the vile, the immoral, and the perverted among us. I knew exactly who these were who stood before God with the blood of souls on their hands. They were mothers and dads whose children were lost because they never saw or heard anything to convince them of the reality of Christ. They were pastors of churches who refused to “*preach the truth*” of Christ to congregations of people who did not know the reality of what it means to be a “*child of God.*” Everything I saw and heard became the proper setting for what would happen next in the vision.

I could still see the amber smoke arising from the lake of fire when I heard the words of God spoken directly to me; “*I have set you to be a watchman to My people.*” The words He spoke to me were almost exactly the same as He spoke to Ezekiel over twenty five hundred years ago; “*So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at My mouth, and warn them from Me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.*”

Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul” Ezekiel 33:7-9. From that very night, a greater and more powerful anointing came upon my ministry, and I began receiving the “*visions of a watchman.*”

Last Day Harlot Church

The first time I received a prophetic word from God was over a year before the “*vision*” I have just related. The date was June 21st, 1965. I was at a friend’s wedding in a Roman Catholic Church. It was here that I, for the first time in my life, heard from God concerning things to come to the church in my generation. While we were waiting for the ceremony to begin, I was looking at the images of the saints and the Stations of the Cross. Seeing the Stations of the Cross, I noticed they ended with the crucifixion and burial of Jesus. I looked for the picture that would show the resurrection, but there was none. As a young Pentecostal preacher I was indignant at what I considered the ignorance and blindness of this church. I felt like standing up and crying aloud, “*Don't you know He is risen? Don't you know He is alive?*” Suddenly I felt the presence of God's Spirit and heard words that shocked me beyond belief. “*In the last days a harlot will arise out of Pentecost that will be more vile in her affections than the Roman Catholic Church of the dark ages.*” I was startled. I had been taught in the Assemblies of God that the Catholic Church was the harlot church. Now I was hearing of a worse harlot that would arise out of Pentecost. How could this possibly be? This could never happen to “*my*” church, or to “*my*” people. We were the people of God.

My mind went to the two “*lewd women*” spoken of in the twenty third chapter of Ezekiel. “*Aholah,*” and “*Aholibah*” were symbolic names for Samaria (Aholah) and Jerusalem (Aholibah), which were the capital cities of the northern kingdom of Israel and the southern kingdom of Judah respectively. Aholah was the older of

the two sisters, and was the first to “*play the harlot*” with other gods and to fill her land with altars to Baal and the grove (female deities). God judged Aholah (Samaria) and sent the Assyrians to scatter the people among the nations. Aholibah was the beautiful younger sister, Jerusalem. She was greatly beloved of God and was the place God had chosen for His temple and presence to abide. In Ezekiel 23:11, however, God said Aholibah, the beautiful younger sister, was “*more corrupt in her inordinate love*” than her older sister Aholah had been. Jerusalem became more ungodly and corrupt than Samaria. Could these two sisters possibly relate to the Roman Catholic of the dark ages and something that would arise out of Pentecost in these last days? Yes! God told me on July 21, 1965 that a “*harlot*” would arise out of Pentecost that would be “*...more vile in her affections than the Roman Catholic Church of the dark ages.*” I did not know at the time that it had already begun, but I have lived to see it in its fullness. This message from God, however, was more than I could accept at the time.

Another Spirit

In July 1969 I was preaching a tent revival in Atlanta Georgia. During the revival I was on a time of fasting and prayer. I believe it was on the sixteenth day of fasting that I received another vision from the Lord, and this is what I saw. A woman was standing in a large clearing in a wooded area. I knew that she represented the church as the bride of Christ. A bird came out of the sky and circled above her for a time. Finally it lit on her head and I heard a voice saying “*Thou art a son of God.*” I was amazed. I thought to myself, “*It happened to her just like it happened to Jesus at the Jordan River.*” After this, the woman brought a pedestal into the midst of the clearing and stood upon it. It was a “pedestal” of the kind the ancient Greek idols were placed upon, and she stood on it and began calling a multitude of people to her. She said, “*Look to me, I'm the one the spirit came upon. Look to me, I'm the one the voice spoke to.*” It soon became evident that she was manifesting a wrong spirit as she continued to exalt herself and point the people

to herself. I asked the question, “*How can she have a wrong spirit when it happened to her just as it did Jesus.*” I heard the Spirit of the Lord give this answer. “*It didn't happen to her as it did to Jesus. The Holy Ghost came upon Jesus in the form of a dove. You didn't see a dove but a bird. A voice from heaven spoke to Jesus, but you didn't hear a voice from heaven, but only a voice. Always remember this, as there are many birds, but only one dove, there are many spirits, but only one Holy Ghost, and there are many voices, but only one Word of God.*” As I was coming out of the vision I heard these words from Revelation 18:2, saying, “*Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.*”

I knew that God was revealing something to me that had even then begun. Another spirit was being presented to the churches as the Holy Ghost, and multitudes of people were opening their hearts to it, filling their churches with seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. A new generation was arising out of Pentecost that was totally different from the experience of their forefathers. They became imitators of the Holy Ghost, “*learning how*” to speak in tongues, prophesy, and appear to be anointed to do according to their own will among the people. The power and miracles that are experienced in true Pentecost almost ceased, but no one seemed to notice because the pretenders could put on such a good show. Most certainly I was seeing a harlot church arise out of Pentecost, which in the past had been a very true outpouring of God’s Spirit. The “*Charismatic Churches,*” as they came to be called, became a breeding ground for pretenders and deceivers, while much of Pentecost became nothing more than a dead form of what had been at one time a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit.

The Arising of Super Churches

I received this vision in the spring of 1970. It was as though I was taken up on a high mountain overlooking the United States. From this place I was able to see the entire nation before me. As I

watched, numerous large round domes began to push up out of the ground in the cities across America. The feeling that I had as I watched these huge domed structures push up through the earth was as though I was watching an alien invasion from outer space, but these were coming up from beneath the earth. They actually had the appearance of flying saucers due to the lights that shown through the glass doors and windows that circled their perimeter. In the vision, I saw about a dozen of these strange domed structures push up, and though I did not know at the time what they were, I later came to understand they represented the “*super churches*” that would rise across America.

The Banquet Room

The vision changed, and I was standing just inside the entrance of a huge banquet room which I believed to be in one of the domed structures. Spread out on several tables that were at least a hundred feet long I saw all manner of delicious foods; meats, vegetables, salads, and every kind of dessert imaginable. Everything appeared to be so good that a large multitude of people gathered to the banquet, and even though there were so many people eating from the tables, there was no lack of anything. As I stood by watching the people enjoy the feast, I was still troubled by that strange eerie feeling I had when I saw the domes arise out of the ground, but the food looked so good, I thought it wouldn't matter if I ate just a small sandwich from one of the nearby platters. I picked the sandwich up, and put it to my mouth, when I heard a voice shout in my ear as a voice from heaven, “*Don't eat of it!*” I was so startled that I put the sandwich down and quickly left the banquet room. This was a feast that I was forbidden to eat of.

Houses on Fire

Again the vision changed. It was now just after midnight and the feast was over. I was driving through a residential area where the ministers who prepared the feast had built their homes. I knew these houses had been built without a blueprint, but they were

noted for their great beauty. They were huge sprawling houses built of the finest materials and every one of them was a real show place. It was a bright moonlit night, and I was looking at these beautiful houses as I drove by. Suddenly I noticed that the roof of one of the houses was on fire. I drove quickly to the house and knocked on the door to wake the owner up. I shouted, "*Wake up, your house is on fire, wake up!*" He came outside in his pajamas and took his garden hose and sprayed the roof of the house and went back in to sleep again. I left that place feeling good because I had saved this minister's house from burning down. Driving down the road I saw another house on fire, and then another, two or three more. I ran from house to house, knocking on doors, crying, "*Wake up, your house is on fire, wake up!*" One by one they would all do exactly the same as the first. They would come outside, get the garden hose, spray the roof, and go back inside to sleep. Fires were breaking out everywhere, some for the second and even the third time, as I ran from house to house, trying to awaken the homeowners and save their houses. In every case, the homeowner would do the same thing; they could get the water hose, spray water on the roof, and return to sleep again. The third time the fires broke out it was different. As in the past, the homeowners got their water hoses and began to spray their roofs, but this time, before their eyes, their beautiful houses turned into houses made of sticks and straw, and nothing could put the flames out. The loss was total. Everything was destroyed, leaving these ministers and their families to weep and wail in the darkness because of their losses.

The Snake and the Sleeping Church

I was in Miami Oklahoma preparing for my upcoming tent revival in that city when on the night of June 11, 1970 I received what I call a “*night vision*” from the Lord. I remember the date because the first news that I heard on the radio the next morning was that Evangelist A.A. Allen had died during the night. In the vision, I saw that the “church” had fallen asleep, and while she slept, a huge snake with two heads, one on each extremity, wrapped itself around the church and gathered it in its coils. Each head of the snake looked upon the church with expressions of great “*love*,” if you can imagine love in the face of a snake. In the vision, I awoke and realizing where I was, I tried to run away from the snake, but finding that I could not escape it, I turned to fight against it. I could not prevail until I picked up a sword (the Word of God), and after a long fight, I was delivered from the snake as its heads were wounded by the Sword of the Spirit.

At the time of this vision I realized that the heads of the snake were the extremities of religion in the church that were actually opposed to one another while being contrary to the truth, and were as such, two heads of the same snake. I believed at the time that they represented “*legalist*” and “*lascivious*,” which are certainly opposed to one another, but both are in error. I have since discovered that when the realities of God are reduced to “*doctrines*” about God, the “*snake*” has found a place to develop many different faces. For example, Peter, Paul, and John were neither Calvinist nor Arminian, but in the twenty first century if you are not one of these, you are the target of both camps. The same is true of Trinitarian or Oneness. I know precious Christian people of both persuasions, but the apostles had never heard of either camp. The “church” has been divided into many camps, and many, without question, are nothing more than another head of the snake.

Faith or Works; A Vision of Manmade Bridges

In July of 1970 I placed my revival tent in Russellville, Arkansas. I had begun a time of fasting on the last day of June, and continued fasting during the two week revival. I was seeking God for answers, because I had been strongly influenced at the time by another minister, a nationally known “prophet” who actually taught that we had to “fast” in order to be saved. I had fasted throughout my ministry to see the moving of God’s Spirit in the church, but his emphasis on the necessity of fasting for salvation had actually hindered the move of God in my ministry. It was on the night of July 24, 1970 that I received my answer in a vision from the Lord.

In the vision, I was walking along the banks of the Jordan River, looking for a “bridge” to cross over into the promises of God. I soon came to a bridge that was long and high. This bridge was not made for walking, but I determined to cross it anyway. I began walking up the steep incline of the bridge, and the higher I got the more excited I became, because I could see more clearly the wonderful promises that were on the other side. When I reached the pinnacle of the bridge, however, I saw that it came to a “dead end;” it did not reach the other side. I was not discouraged however, because I could see so clearly what would be mine when I reached the other side. I walked back down the bridge, more determined than ever to cross the river. As I was seeing these things in the vision, I understood that the first bridge represented my first long fast in 1967 in which I had fasted thirty three and a half days. This had been such a great blessing to me, revealing to me many of the precious things of God. Greatly encouraged, I soon came to a second bridge, exactly like the first, and I began my walk to the top. By the time I reached the top of this bridge, I was somewhat weary, and to my dismay, this bridge was exactly like the first; it came to a dead end and did not reach the other side. Even so, I came down even more determined to find the bridge that crossed the river into the promise. After a short time I came to a

third bridge. It was huge! I said, *“This must be the bridge that crosses the river; it’s twice as long and twice as high as the others.”*

The longest time of fasting and prayer I had completed until that time had been thirty two and a half days. The fast that I was on was supposed to be sixty five days long. I do not believe that anyone, under any circumstances, should fast longer than forty days and nights, as both Moses and Jesus also did. Under the influence of the “prophet,” however, I had actually heard the voice of a strange spirit telling me to fast sixty five days, beginning in June and ending in September. I was confused by both the command and the promise, so I began fasting with a daily prayer to God to this effect; *“Please don’t let me be deceived. If you confirm the fast, I will complete it or die trying. If you deny the fast, I will immediately stop. If you do not speak to me, I will stop fasting after half of the sixty five days, because I do not want to be deceived.”* And I pled with God continually, *“In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the same Jesus that raised Lazarus from the dead, please don’t let any other spirit speak to me.”* It was with that daily prayer that I continued fasting until the twenty fifth day. Now we will return to the vision.

When I saw the third bridge that was twice as long as the others, I knew that it represented the sixty five day fast that I was currently on. I was tired and weary beyond imagination, but I was determined to climb that long bridge. I encouraged myself; *“I’m going to make it. I’m going to cross the river. Nothing can stop me now.”* I struggled to reach the top of that bridge, and this time, instead of coming to a dead end, I reached a road block and a place where the bridge was still under construction. I stepped across the road block, climbed through stacks of construction materials, and came to a place where there was nothing more than a narrow beam that was connected to a tall column that was set in the waters of the river hundreds of feet below. Still I said, *“I’m going to make it! Nothing will stop me now.”* I stepped out on that narrow beam and boldly walked about fifty feet to the column it was connected to.

At that place it became obvious that there was nothing more. I was standing on a narrow concrete beam hundreds of feet in the air, and there was nowhere to go but back. I had gone as far as humanly possible to reach the promises and I could not cross over. Suddenly darkness settled over me, and with the darkness, absolute fear and despair. All hope was gone, and with it went my boldness. I got on my hands and knees and literally hugged that concrete beam while I inched my way back to a safe place. Then I stood up and walked down that bridge with my head hanging in darkness and despair. When I reached the bottom of the bridge I sat down and wept. I had gone as far as humanly possible to cross the river on manmade bridges, and I could not cross over.

Everything I have related were a part of the vision God gave me for my deliverance from the influence of the false doctrine I had received from a nationally known “prophet.” After I sat weeping in despair for some time at the bottom of the third bridge, a man walked up to me. I asked him, “*Sir, can you tell me how to cross this river? I have climbed these three bridges, and none of them reach the other side. I have gone as far as humanly possible, and I can’t cross the river. Can you show me the bridge that crosses this river?*” He pointed away from the bridge and said, “*Do you see this road?*” I answered, “*Yes, I see the road.*” For the first time I realized that I was off the road and wandering in a field. He pointed down the road a short piece and said, “*Do you see this bridge?*” I looked where he pointed and saw an ancient bridge that was built for walking. It had obviously been built many centuries in the past. I saw the massive stone foundations that were set in the waters, and I could see that this bridge reached to the other side. The man said to me, “*This is the bridge that crosses the river.*” In my darkness and despair, I protested, “*But sir, anybody could cross that bridge.*” With his next words my eyes were opened, and light flooded into my soul. Darkness and fear fled away as I heard him say, “*Yes, child, this bridge is for whosoever will.*” When He called me “*child*” I knew that it was Jesus who came to me in my hour of despair. I knew the bridge that crosses

the river is the simple faith to trust in Jesus Christ. Then He told me one more thing; *“You must only have a will to cross, and you can cross this bridge.”* As I came out of the vision, I remembered the scripture; *“The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And **whosoever will**, let him take the water of life freely”* Revelation 22:17.

O Wretched Man

It was in August of 1970, about a month after the vision of the manmade bridges, that I received another vision from the Lord, giving me further understanding of the gospel. I saw a great number of people, all of whom were followers of the “prophet” I spoke of earlier. Those I saw were a very sincere group, but each of them had been defiled by the false teaching they were receiving. I heard them say with one voice in the vision, *“**Prayer, fasting, and giving**; by these three things we will crucify our flesh and become like Jesus Christ.”* As I had in the past, they gave themselves diligently to those three things, but the further they went, the greater their “*struggle*” with the flesh became. I did not realize it at the time, but I was seeing a living illustration of the words of Paul in Romans 7:19-20; *“...the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.”* These were the words of an extremely religious but lost man who kept the Law of Moses to perfection Philippians 3:6, but could not control the evil that worked in his heart and nature. I saw these people agonize at the altar before God. With all their efforts to please God, they still had no peace with God, but were tormented both day and night. Such a condition drives a person to even more of the same religious activity that destroys them. I watched in the vision as many turned away in utter despair, saying, *“We just can’t make it,”* and sunk into the pits of sin and despair. When it seemed there was no hope for any of these people, however, I heard a cry coming from the innermost being of those who remained at the altar; *“O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the*

body of this death?” Romans 7:24. That is the same cry that became a scream in the heart of Saul of Tarsus even as he was on his way to Damascus to persecute the church. It is that cry that brought him face to face with Jesus. I watched in the vision, as these who had utterly failed through man’s abilities to crucify their flesh, were immediately *“crucified with Christ.”* There are none so *“wretched”* that Christ will not immediately reveal Himself when they call upon Him. *“Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin”*

Romans 6:6-7.

Crucified With Christ

Many things that I understand about the gospel today were given to me in visions many years ago. One such instance was during that time period that I, like others around me, was seeking to crucify my flesh through much fasting. In a vision from the Lord, I remembered the days shortly after I was saved on March 9, 1958. I did not actually see a vision in those days, but in my mind I could see Jesus hanging on the cross for me, with His hands outstretched for me. It was a picture that I loved to see, because it spoke of how much He loved me, that He died for me. A dozen years later, after God had called me to preach and blessed me so tremendously for several years, I had actually taken my eyes off Jesus to look to a prophet, and the results were tragic as I have already related. Now, in a series of visions, the Lord was separating me from the prophet to look to Him once more. In the vision, I saw how it had been when I was first saved. I looked to the cross and saw Jesus with His arms outstretched for me, and it was wonderful to see. In the vision, I saw the period of time that I looked away from Jesus to a prophet, and I saw the hopelessness and despair that came during that time. Now, I wanted to see Jesus again, like I had at the beginning, and in the vision from the Lord, I looked again to the cross, and what I saw amazed me. I saw Jesus on the cross exactly

as I had seen Him a dozen years before, with His arms outstretched for me and His hands nailed to the cross beam, but I saw something else on that same cross. Superimposed over the body of Jesus was my body. My feet were nailed over His feet, my hands over His hands, and my body over His body. As I came out of the vision, I heard the words of the apostle Paul, in Romans 6:6, “*Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed....*”

The Forsaken Pumpkin

In the year 1971, I received a vision from the Lord concerning the future of my own ministry. I saw a pumpkin field where all the pumpkins had been harvested but one. I saw it waste away over a period of time as it decayed and came to nothing. A long hard winter came with ice and snow that covered the field for a long period of time in which it seemed that the sun would never shine again. As winter receded, the ice and snow melted and there was no evidence of the pumpkin whatsoever. As spring came the sun began to heat the earth, and there came a day that tiny green shoots began coming up from the ground. We wondered what they were, but it soon became obvious that they were pumpkin plants from the seed of the forsaken pumpkin. At the end of the vision there was a beautiful pumpkin vine with many pumpkins. As I watched this beautiful scene, I heard the voice of the Lord. He said, “*This will surely come to pass in your ministry and church. There will be a long cold winter season, and it will seem that all is lost, but the time will come that the sun will shine again, and the righteous seed will come forth.*”

The “*long cold winter*” began in the middle of the decade of the seventies. After all of God’s wonderful dealing with me, I “*moved away from Christ*” and “*sin revived*” in my heart and nature. I was lost and if I had died during that season I would have been damned. I wanted to be right with God, but I had become a slave to sin and Satan, and a “*slave*” will obey his master. I wept in

repentance day and night for a year and a half until the night God spoke to me once more, this time from the scripture in Micah 7:8-9; *“Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the LORD shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the LORD, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness.”* The **“indignation of the LORD”** continued for a year and a half even after I began to repent. I realize that our tradition does not allow us to understand the indignation of God against sin in His people, but “godly sorrow” still “works repentance unto salvation not to be repented of” II Corinthians 7:10. God restored me on March 2, 1980, saying, *“The indignation is past; I will restore your life, your ministry and anointing.”* That is when the sun began to shine once more for me.

When God restored my salvation and ministry in 1980, I was filled with confusion about what my future ministry would be. I told the Lord, “God, you can’t use me; I have brought too much shame and disgrace on your name.” I did not believe I could ever serve as a watchman again because of my backsliding. After some time of arguing with God, He spoke to me one day. He said, “You cannot change what I have made you to be. You can rebel and refuse to obey, and die and go to hell, but in hell you will be one of My watchmen that refused to obey My voice.” Believe me, God knew how to get my attention. With that, He restored the visions of a watchman to me once more.

“O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto Him again? For of Him,

and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory forever.” Romans 11:33-36

Given Up! or Given Over?

From the day I first yielded to the sin that was in my heart until the day the Lord restored me was a period of three and a half years. I have mentioned that I repented for a full year and a half before I was restored. It is strange that God will still speak to a backslider, but one day God spoke words to me that brought the fear of God’s wrath upon me. He said, as clearly as I have ever heard the voice of God, *“If you continue, I must **give you over.**”* I understood exactly what God was saying. I knew He was referring to how He had dealt with the nation of Israel until the time He gave them over to Babylon to destroy Jerusalem and the Temple which Solomon had built. God had “given them up” two times before He “gave them over” be destroyed by Babylon.

*“Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also **gave them up** to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonour their own bodies between themselves.”* Romans 1:22-24

The children of Israel had “become fools” before they built a “golden calf” and worshiped it as their God. There was no bigger “fool” in the world than I was while in my sin. I had been saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost. I had been called to preach and anointed to heal the sick, do miracles, and cast out devils. I had seen the deaf be able to hear, and the blind to see, but now I was a “fool.” David said, *“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God”* Psalm 14:1, but I knew there is a God. The devil, however, had convinced me that I was forever damned; that there was no return for me, and this thought drove me deeper and deeper into sin.

“Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever.

Amen. For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature.” Romans 1:25-26

This marked the second time God “gave up” on the children of Israel. First He gave them up to “uncleanness,” and now to “vile affections.” If they continue, God must “give them over” to “a reprobate mind.” At this point there is no turning back, and their destruction was assured. I knew what God meant when He said to me, “If you continue, I must give you over,” and I began to call out to God in repentance. My “repentance” continued for a full year and a half before God responded in mercy and forgiveness.

Step Forth into the Light

I do not know the date, but a short time before God restored me, I received this dream from God. I set out one night to see the local judge. I wanted to surrender to him, believing I would be judged as a thief. When I arrived at his house, which was adjacent to his judgment seat, I saw that his lights were still on. I opened the gate to his fenced yard, and began to walk a short distance to his house, when suddenly the lights in his house went out and I knew the judge had gone to bed. Great fear gripped my heart, because it was late at night, and I stood in the yard of a judge as a guilty thief. Suddenly a bright light turned on just outside of his office, and I heard the commanding voice of the judge saying, “You that stand in darkness, step forth into the light.” With great fear, I continued forward into the light. The judge opened the wide entry doors of his office and called me to stand before his judgment seat. I trembled in fear, because I thought certainly I would be tried as a thief. Instead, the judge did something that totally amazed me.

As I stood trembling before the judgment seat, the judge reached behind his desk and pulled out an old guitar. I have never played the guitar, but somehow I knew this one belonged to me. The judge asked me, “Do you know whose this is.” I answered, “Sir, it is mine.” I was ashamed, because the old guitar was dirty, the finish

was scratched, two strings were broken, and it was totally out of tune. The judge continued, “How did you receive it?” and I answered, “It was a gift.” He handed the guitar to me, and said, “You clean this up, take the scratches out of it, put new strings on it, and tune it up. Don’t ever let me find your gift in this condition again.” Salvation is a gift, but the judge seemed even more concerned about the ministry God had given me.

The Fountain

“For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.” Jeremiah 2:13

A short time after God restored me to salvation and ministry, I received a “night vision” from the Lord. In the vision, I began to thirst to drink from a cool refreshing stream of water I remembered from my youth. I made the journey to the place I remembered, and when I arrived, I was terribly disappointed. The waters were obviously polluted and unsafe to drink. This was a beautiful mountain stream and the people had built tourist attractions on each bank of the river. The stream was littered with drink bottles and cans, along with much paper trash from the picnics held along the stream. There was even evidence that someone was dumping sewer water into the stream. It had become a very popular place for tourists, but they had destroyed the stream of water. I sat down and cried on the banks of the stream. I knew, in the vision, that everything I was seeing was a symbol of what the modern churches had done to the truth of the gospel. After a time, I realized that this stream of water flowed down from the mountains, and somewhere in the distant mountains, there was a fountain of fresh, cool, and pure water that I could drink of. It was a long distance to walk, but my thirst compelled me to make the effort. As I followed the stream through the city I could see so clearly where the pollution was coming from. Most of the churches had corrupted themselves. They had once been houses of prayer, but now they had become

houses of religious entertainment, which could only end in corruption. Early in Jesus' ministry He had driven the money changers out of the temple with a whip, saying "*make not My Father's house an house of merchandise.*" John 2:16. Three years later, He purged the temple a second time, saying "...*you have made it a den of thieves*" Luke 19:46. Churches had once seen great revival which was spawned in the altars of prayer. Now, the prayer meeting had been replaced by the "fellowship meeting," which quickly deteriorated into a night of "feasting" instead of "fasting."

It was a short time after my restoration that I received the vision of the fountain of pure waters that flowed from the mountain. I was so thirsty to drink of those pure refreshing waters that I left everything behind to make the journey. Today, many years later, I am so glad that I did. It is like the old gospel song says, "*I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry; O yes, I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply, For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.*"

The Stadium and Witchcraft

I was preaching a revival in an old theatre building in Edna Texas in the spring of 1982 when I received this next vision. In the vision, my wife and I were going to a religious service in a huge sports stadium. As we walked from the parking area to the stadium, I could hear the first speaker of the night, which was Kenneth Copeland. He was preaching on the glory of God, and I remember these words, "Don't think in terms of the glory of God, because it is your glory; you are the sons of glory."

We made our way into the stadium to find our place. We were seated in the lower section, which was divided into many different cells of about 50 to 75 people each. Each cell had a television screen because it was difficult to see the speakers. This event was not a Copeland revival, but he was only the first in a series of many speakers. When Kenneth Copeland finished his message, he was followed by another speaker, each one with a little more error than

the one before. I realized in the vision that each speaker denoted a passage of time, showing the different ministries and fad doctrines which were to come. I wished I had not come, but out of courtesy, I determined to stay. After what must have been several hours and numerous speakers, I saw a woman who I recognized to be a well-known witch. I said, “What is she doing here? This is a Christian gathering.” In response, I was told, “She will be the last speaker tonight.” Immediately I told my wife, “It is time for us to get out of here,” so we walked out of the particular cell we were seated in and came into the area where thousands of people were seated in the grand stands. I saw people I knew with troubled looks on their faces at what they were hearing, but when they saw me, they seemed to relax, as if to say, “Brother Surface is here. It must be okay.”

All this was in the vision from God. I turned to my wife and said, “I can’t leave this place with the people believing it is okay because I am here.” Not knowing what I could do, I cupped my hands to my mouth and shouted as loud as I could; “It’s time for God’s people to get out of this.” Instantly and miraculously there was a microphone in my hand and a portable PA system hanging on my shoulder, and the next words out of my mouth filled the entire stadium. They were the voice of the Spirit, speaking the words of the scripture in Revelation; ***“Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues”*** Revelation 18:4. I am writing this 42 years later, and we are living to see the apostate church, and the “witch” is in the house.

The Train without a Track

On January 1, 1985 I started a fast, not knowing I would fast 40 days for the first time in my ministry. Near the end of the fast, sometime in February, I received this most amazing vision from the Lord. In the vision, I knew a group of people who owned a passenger train, and they were looking for a track to put it on. I

was helping them in their search for the right track as we drove across the country, stopping at every train crossing. We came to a track which crossed the road and I said to the people, "This is Brother Copeland's track. I don't believe this is the track for our train." We came to a couple of other tracks, each of them belonging to a famous preacher of that day, but none of which I would approve. Finally, we came to a track, and I said "This is a good track. This is Brother Swaggart's track. I believe this is the track for our train." The people agreed, and placed their train on the Swaggart track.

I had no malice in my heart whatsoever toward Brother Swaggart to prompt the rest of this vision. I loved his ministry. Often times his preaching would bring me out of my chair, and sometimes my eyes would fill with tears as I heard him preach. I believed he was the greatest man of God of that day. The people placed their train on the Swaggart track, and hundreds of them got aboard and sat down as the train pulled out from the intersection. For some reason, I did not go with the train, but I watched as it sped away to full speed so quickly I said to myself, "That train is unstoppable." I stood and watched as the train went three miles into the wilderness, where it veered to the left and suddenly ran out of track. The train and all its passengers went tumbling through the wilderness, with so very much destruction and heartbreak. I knew in the vision that the three miles represented three years, which meant whatever was coming to the Swaggart ministry would come in February, 1988.

Several months after I received the vision, I heard Brother Swaggart say God had told him he was the one chosen to win the world for Christ. *"Don't fail me; there is not enough time to raise up another preacher to win the world. Don't fail me."* Those were the exact words I had heard from the prophet I had followed years before, and I knew that Brother Swaggart was listening to a false spirit. We must understand, there will never be a man or woman so powerful or great that God can't do without them. With such a boast, he had guaranteed his fall.

In October, 1987, I felt led of God to put my radio ministry on the Swaggart campus radio station. About a month later I was in the Baton Rouge area preaching a revival. One day I went with two of my sons to take some broadcast tapes to the radio station. We drove around the beautiful campus, admiring the beauty of the ministry buildings, all of which were solid white trimmed in gold. Suddenly I heard the voice of the Spirit say, *“As for all these beautiful buildings which you see, not one stone will be left upon another.”* I knew He was not speaking of a natural disaster, but a spiritual one. I began preaching these things on the campus radio without calling the name of the ministry I spoke of. Months later, sometime after the scandal was revealed, the manager of the radio station told me of a student uprising against our broadcast, demanding I be taken off the air. He said the uprising got so large he had to “go above” for a decision of what to do. He explained that “go above” meant to some member of the immediate Swaggart family, and the answer came back, saying, *“Leave Brother Surface alone; he is preaching the truth.”* Even though I had seen the fall of the largest ministry in the world in a vision three years before, I had no idea of what could cause such a fall. I refused to believe it could be a moral scandal because of my continued confidence in the man. When the news of the scandal broke I wept for days, feeling no consolation whatsoever for having “been right” in the things I had seen.

Outside the Camp

In January, 1986, I received a vision from the Lord of several things to come. First, I saw a three year period in which God would judge the large television ministries. I did not see who they were at the time, but it was the two largest ministries in the world which were to be judged. The first was Jim Baker’s ministry, which was the largest television ministry in the world at that time. The Baker sex scandal broke March 19, 1987. The previous Sunday night, while preaching a message I called “The Call to Separation,” the Holy Ghost came upon me and said, *“The next*

thing that will happen in the religious world, as surely as the ground opened up and swallowed Korah and his company, a famous preacher will drop out of sight and be seen no more.” The following Thursday, Jim Baker’s PTL was on at 9 A.M. and this prophecy was broadcast on my “Awake to Righteousness” radio program at 10 A.M. The Baker PTL scandal broke later that day on the 5 o’clock news, and Jim Baker was never seen on his PTL broadcast again. Jimmy Swaggart said that Jim Baker had been like “a cancer on the body of Christ” and had to be surgically removed. Less than a year later, Jimmy Swaggart also fell to a sex scandal.

“And Moses took the tabernacle, and pitched it without (outside) the camp, afar off from the camp, and called it the Tabernacle of the congregation. And it came to pass, that every one which sought the LORD went out unto the tabernacle of the congregation, which was without (outside) the camp.” Exodus 33:7

The last thing I saw in this January 1986 vision was myself building a tabernacle out in the wilderness. God said if I would build it, it would be a “Tabernacle of Witness” Acts 7:44. In 1992-93 we built our present church in the middle of a dense wooded area in Montgomery County Texas. We called it “The Tabernacle in the Woods” for several years until the name was changed to simply “Calvary Outreach Church.” Our church and ministry was certainly placed by God Himself “outside the camp, far off from the camp” spiritually, and in the wilderness physically.

Say What I Say

I received the revelation of the blood of Christ in the spring of 1991. With the revelation, I was instantly washed from my sin, and went “free from sin” to serve the living God. That “revelation” is found in two verses in the ninth chapter of Hebrews.

*“For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: **How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge***

your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?”

Hebrews 9:13-14

These verses are a comparison between the blood of animals and the precious blood of Christ. The blood of “bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer” when mingled with water, made what was called “the waters of purification.” When these were sprinkled on the unclean, they ceremonially purified the flesh, which speaks of the “outward man.” If the blood of bulls and goats could accomplish this, *“How much more shall the blood of Christ...**purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?**”*

When studying these two verses for a book I was writing, I was puzzled by the meaning of “conscience.” I looked in Strong’s Greek dictionary of the Bible, and saw the definition was “*moral consciousness.*” With this definition I was more puzzled than ever. What is a “*moral consciousness?*” I found the answer in a college dictionary as “*the innermost thoughts and feelings of man, including the imagination.*” I said to myself, “That’s my problem. It’s not anything I’m doing; it’s my thoughts, imaginations, and filthy dreams.” Suddenly the truth shone through the darkness of my heart. I lifted up my hands and rejoiced, “Thank you Jesus for shedding your blood to wash me inside, where I could never wash myself.” I felt the warmth of the presence of God flow through my body from head to foot, and instantly my “sin” was taken away, and I was “made free from sin.” For thirty three years as I write this, I have enjoyed this “*glorious liberty of the sons of God.*” I have been “*made free from sin.*”

When I discovered that wonderful freedom, I said to God, “I will go anywhere you say, to do what you say, but you must finance it. I had been on nine radio stations across the southern states, and it was such a struggle to raise the money to pay the bills. I told the Lord, “I will never again be a ‘beggar,’ not even to preach the gospel.” He responded, “If you will say what I say, I will put your ministry on television, and it will cost you nothing.” I told the church what God had said, but made a joke, “...probably the five

o'clock news."

About three weeks later I received a letter from an eighty year old lady who had read a book I had written on the blood of Jesus. She said, "My brother owns a television station in Houston. I want you to call him and go on television." I cast the letter into a pile of mail, and said to my son, "Wouldn't that be nice." When I went to church on Wednesday night, there was a brand new Lexus parked near the entry. Sister Palmer had called her seventy year old brother to come get her in Athens Texas and bring her to our church in Houston Texas. It was a very stormy night, and very few people came to service that night, but after service, Brother Eldred Thomas, the owner of channel 22 in Houston asked me to come on his interview show, which I did. After the interview, Brother Thomas asked me to preach a television revival on the blood of Jesus. I preached for an hour a day for five days. After this, Brother Thomas told me he wanted my ministry and message on his station. For the next eight years, my son Keith and I made two thirty minute broadcasts every week, which were sponsored by the station and without charge to us. God was true to His words; "**Say what I say**, and I will put your ministry on television and it will cost you nothing."

The Rocks in a Pond

In 1992 I had a small pond in my back yard, about thirty feet in diameter. My five or six year old grandchildren loved to throw rocks into the pond and watch the ripples the rocks made. I would tell them, "Stop throwing rocks in my pond; you're going to fill it up." They would laugh and run away, but as soon as I went into the house, they would return to throwing rocks into my pond.

I had a dream one night that I was throwing rocks into the pond and watching the ripples flow out to banks. God spoke to me in my dream and said, "*If you will say what I say, one day you will throw a rock into a pond, and the ripples will wash up on the shores of every nation on earth.*" This dream was in 1992, but the fulfillment

did not begin until 2015 when I was seventy five years old. At the time I had only about 1000 names on my mailing list. I had tried reaching more people with advertisements in Charisma magazine. I started with a full page ad, which cost at that time about \$2500.00, and brought very little response. I reduced the size of my ad to a very small \$500.00 ad, with almost no response. I felt the Lord told me we were moving in the wrong direction. Instead of advertising books, I should “piggy-back” my message of freedom from sin in their publication and reach about 100,000 people monthly instead of the 1000 in my mail list. It was a big step of faith at the time. We committed to a \$45,000.00 contract for the first year. I told my son, “If this is of God, we will have the 45,000.00 in the bank at the end of one year.” Instead, the offerings came and the money was restored within three months. I soon realized that the gospel of “freedom from sin” was the rock we throw, and Charisma Magazine was the first pond we threw the rock into. Today, Charisma is no longer a paper publication, but digital only, and the message of freedom from sin is still there every month. We also have a full page monthly message in Newsmax Magazine. Today, our Behold the Lamb publications have gone, without charge, into 160 nations of the world. These are the “ripples,” which God said would “Wash up on the shores of every nation.”

Vision of the Laughing Revival

In 1994 I received a “night vision” from god. In the vision I was in a service where Kenneth Copeland was preaching. He began to make statements which were not biblical, and after several of these I stood up and with my Bible open and my finger on a scripture verse, I said, “but the Bible says....” He became very irritated and began to mock me. “Who are you to correct me? You are nothing...,” and again I would say “But the scripture says,” and began approaching the platform where he was. He wanted nothing to do with me, but as I neared the platform, he ran to another location near the rear exit door and continued to mock me. I turned in that direction and continued to say, “But the scripture says.” In

the vision, he ran out the exit door into an alley where there was an open manhole. He jumped into the manhole, which was half full of sewer, and began to laugh. He was waist deep in raw sewage, and like a madman, he was throwing sewage over his head and laughing uncontrollably. When I first saw the “laughing revival,” I understood the vision, and knew the “*laughing revival*” had come from the sewers of religion.

It is possible that the “laughing revival” had already begun in Toronto, Canada, but I was unaware of it. A man from South Africa, Rodney Howard Brown, was the leader of the revival. Even so, where did Kenneth Copeland fit in? Sometime later I saw the two preachers, Copeland and Brown, in a service which was totally given over to laughing, barking like dogs, squealing like eagles, roaring like lions, and many other strange manifestations. In the midst of this, Kenneth Copeland prophesied to Rodney Brown that he was to spread “this revival” across America and around the world. The revival did spread, exactly as the Prophet Joel said of an army of locust; “*A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them*” Joel 2:3.

The Manifestations of the Spirit

The Apostle Paul very clearly tells us what the manifestations of God are. He wrote to the Corinthians, who were prone to excesses in all things, “*But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal*” 1 Corinthians 12:7. The words “to profit withal” mean the gifts of the Spirit are given for the edification of the entire body of Christ. Many, however, have used the “gifts” for personal profit, to make themselves rich.

“For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers

kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues.”

I Corinthians 12:8-10

In these verses are nine manifestations of the Spirit (Holy Ghost) which are revealed; **1.** The word of wisdom, **2.** The word of knowledge, **3.** Faith, **4.** Gifts of healing, **5.** Working of miracles, **6.** Prophecy, **7.** Discerning of spirits, **8.** Divers kinds of tongues, and **9.** The interpretation of tongues.

In Deuteronomy 5:2, when God had finished speaking the Ten Commandments to the children of Israel, the scripture says “**He added no more.**” When the people refused to hear and obey God, however, the Law of Moses was “...**added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made**” Galatians 3:19. It is the same with the manifestations of the Holy Ghost; there are nine manifestations of the Spirit, and “He added no more.” Barking like dogs, roaring like lions, and squealing like eagles have never, and will never be a manifestation of the Spirit of God. After two chapters written to the Corinthians concerning the gifts of the Spirit, the Apostle closed with this admonition; “*Let all things be done decently and in order*” I Corinthians 14:40.

Strong Delusion

“...because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.” II Thessalonians 2:10-12

When the prophet Samuel anointed the young man Saul to be king over Israel, the Holy Ghost came upon him and he was “*turned into another man*” I Samuel 10:6, and began to prophesy to the extent the people began to question, “*Is Saul also among the prophets?*” I Samuel 10:11. Some years later when King Saul became disobedient,

God rejected him and sent Samuel to anoint David to be king in Saul's place. The following is the scriptural record of the event;

*“...and the Spirit of the LORD came upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up, and went to Ramah. **But the Spirit of the LORD departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the LORD troubled him.**”* I Samuel 16:13-14

*“And it came to pass on the morrow, that **the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house:**”* I Samuel 18:10

Notice that King Saul, who had once prophesied by the Spirit of God, was now prophesying by an evil spirit which God had given him over to. Many preachers today are living in sin and yet doing miraculous things, believing the miracles to be God's approval on their sinful lifestyle. They do not understand, the anointing they once had from God has been replaced by the anointing of an evil spirit. Such has been the case of numerous famous preachers of our day.

I recently received an online video of Benny Hinn speaking to some of his associates. I do not know who recorded this and made it public, but it reveals “how the mighty have fallen.” I quote Benny Hinn as he relates a conversation with Oral Roberts.

*“How can a man preach with such an anointing, and after the service go sleep with a girl? And he said **The anointing.** I said, **Say it again.** He said **The anointing on their ministry stirs everything up.** I said **Explain that.** And then he was so powerful in the way he explained it; he said, **Benny, we all have weakness only God knows about.** I said, **You're right.** He said, **The weaknesses we have, we don't even tell our wives about; only God knows about those. Yep!** He said, **When you are in the presence of God, under the anointing of God, these weaknesses are shriveled; they have nowhere to go, but if you are not in the presence of God, they are loosed.** Oral Roberts brought to my attention the fact that **the anointing upon you, can come upon you even if you are living in sin; even if you***

have a demon; ...that anointing will come upon you because it is a gift.”

If we are to believe the words of Benny Hinn, it is obvious that both Oral Roberts, whom I once highly respected, and Benny Hinn, who I have always suspected, have had their “King Saul” moment. If you have a demon, the anointing that comes upon you is of the devil, exactly as King Saul continued to prophesy by an evil spirit after God had rejected him.

“For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.”

Romans 11:29

Without controversy this is one of the most misused and abused verses in the scriptures. The “gifts and callings” in this verse have nothing to do with the nine “gifts of the Spirit” or of the five ministry gifts. Instead, it speaks of the nation of Israel, and why God continues to deal with them after many generations of rebellion against God. It has to do with the covenant promises which God gave to Abraham concerning Israel. God does not anoint sinners. The chant, *“But we are all sinners”* does not change the fact that God does not anoint sinners. Our forefathers understood that; Oral Roberts once knew that, but the modern church has lost its way, and continues to defend its “right” to *“continue in sin”* Romans 6:1-2.

I knew a man who once worked for Oral Roberts as a tent man. His job was to help erect the huge revival tents, and care for them during the crusades. He tells of an event which it is possible no one else knew of but himself. He came on the tent lot one day and found Brother Roberts behind the tent, sitting on a tent chair next to one of the big truck vans. He was looking at his hands and crying. His wife, Evelyn, was trying to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted. He was saying, *“But Evelyn, it’s gone; God has taken it out of my hands. I can’t do anything if God has taken it out of my hands.”* He was speaking of the anointing to heal the sick, which God had placed in his hands as a sign to him. This event

took place shortly before Oral Roberts built a university, and a medical center hospital.

As a child, I heard Brother Roberts say many times that God told him to “*touch not the gold or the glory.*” This was a warning to stay modest and humble, lest the anointing to heal would be taken from him. When the anointing was taken out of his hands, he soon resigned as a minister of the Pentecostal Holiness churches and joined the Methodist denomination. In an effort to stay relevant, he built a university, and a sixty floor hospital, which he said was part of the original vision he received of the healing ministry. His goal was to send ten thousand “little Oral Roberts” into all the world with the healing ministry.

A Harlot More Vile

“In the last days a harlot will arise out of Pentecost that will be more vile in her affections than the roman Catholic church of the dark ages.”

This was the first prophetic word I heard from God, which I have fully related on page five of this booklet. On page six I referred to the vision I received in July, 1969 of “another spirit” coming to the churches, pretending to be the Holy Ghost. Almost immediately many ministries began teaching people “how to speak in tongues.” They believed speaking in tongues was their “prayer language,” which they could speak at their will. In 1985 I attended one day of a seminar by John Wimber. He was teaching the people how to prophesy, and how to operate all the gifts of the Spirit. John Wimber became famous, and established over 1500 vineyard churches, yet he was a false teacher. No one can teach a person how to operate the gifts of the Holy Ghost, of which Paul said, “***...all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will***” I Corinthians 12:11. Those who have “learned how to prophesy” have filled the churches with false prophets, fulfilling the words of Jesus, telling of the days just before His return to earth.

“For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.” Matthew 24:24

In the twelfth chapter of Revelation, the Apostle John saw in his visions a *“great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns...”* Revelation 12:3. In verse 9, the *“dragon”* is identified as *“that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan.”* This was the same *“serpent”* that had deceived Eve in the transgression. The prophecy of Isaiah identified him as *“Lucifer”* (the shining one) Isaiah 14:12-15, and foretold his fall from heaven. Lucifer was one of three archangels, equal in power with Michael and Gabriel, with a third part of the angels under his charge.

“And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels....”

Revelation 12:7

The war in heaven began when Lucifer set about to *“exalt his throne above the stars of God”* Isaiah 14:13, which speaks of Adam and Eve, who were created in the image and likeness of God. The angels were created to serve the righteous man. The Apostle Paul confirmed this to the Hebrews; *“But to which of the angels said He at any time, Sit on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool? Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”* Hebrews 1:13-14.

Both Adam and Eve were greater in authority than the serpent who deceived Eve, but through Adam’s disobedience to God, sin entered and the serpent became the god of this world. He had succeeded to exalt himself above the stars of God, and the warfare in heaven began. Lucifer and Michael being equal in power, the war continued for four thousand years, from the fall of Adam until the day Christ died on the cross. Only then did Michael gain the authority to cast the dragon (Lucifer) out of heaven; *“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb”* Revelation 12:11.

In the first ten verses of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation the Apostle John describes a *“beast”* he saw rise up out of the sea,

having seven heads and ten horns. Notice the resemblance of the “beast” to the great red dragon in the twelfth chapter, both having seven heads and ten horns. According to the explanation the angel gave to John in the seventeenth chapter, the heads of this beast represent all the kingdoms of the world, from the beginning to the end. At the time of the vision, five kingdoms had fallen. These were Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Medes and Persian, and the Greek empires. The sixth kingdom was the Roman Empire, which was in power when the vision was given to John, and the seventh kingdom was yet to come in John’s day, which was the “Holy Roman Empire,” or the Roman Catholic Church of the dark ages. This seventh head, or “kingdom” of the beast received a “*deadly wound*,” but survived. This “*deadly wound*” was dealt to the beast by Martin Luther in the reformation of the sixteenth century. The head with the deadly wound survived as an “eighth, which is of the seventh.”

“And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.” Revelation 13:11

This second beast had two horns like a lamb, which gave it the appearance of reality, but when it spoke, it spoke as a dragon, which indicates the “doctrines of devils” which the Holy Ghost revealed to Paul would come “in the latter times” I Timothy 4:1. It would be a mistake to assume the protestant movement to be the “lamb beast.” For four hundred and fifty years after Luther struck the deadly blow to the Catholic Church of the dark ages, there were times of great revival. The most prominent of these were the Wesleyan, the Moravian, the Finney, and the Pentecostal revival, which was a restoration of the church to what it was on the Day of Pentecost. The first century church continued in the Spirit for about sixty years, but was infiltrated with false teachers and false prophets II Corinthians 11:1-4, 13, and within three hundred years was well on its way to the thousand years which we call “the dark ages.” The twentieth century church is on the same course. It is “out of Pentecost” that the “lamb beast,” which is also known as “the false prophet,” has arisen. I am Pentecostal by experience, and grieve

that I must say these things, but it is exactly as I heard from the Holy Ghost almost sixty years ago, *“In the last days a harlot will arise out of Pentecost that will be more vile in her affections than the Roman Catholic church of the dark ages.”* When I consider the conversation between Benny Hinn and Oral Roberts that even a demon possessed person can be anointed by God to preach the gospel, I know the *“harlot”* has *“arisen.”*

“Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.” 1 John 4:1

In the days of the prophet Elijah, the ratio of the false prophets to the true was 450 to one. Sixty years after the Day of Pentecost, the apostle John spoke of *“many false prophets.”* In our present generation, there are thousands of false prophets. The prophet Jeremiah described this generation perfectly when he said...

*“The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and My people love to have it so: and **what will ye do in the end thereof?**”* Jeremiah 5:31

“The end thereof” is very near!!!

Let the Chips Fall Where They May

Mike Huckabee ran for president in 2012, but lost the republican nomination to Mitt Romney, who also lost the general election to Barack Obama. Shortly after the election in 2012, I received a vision from the Lord in which I was talking to Mike Huckabee. I told him, *“If a man would ‘hue to the line, and let the chips fall where they may,’ he would win the presidency.”* This old saying came from the days when railroad crossties were made by hand. A log would be cut to the desired length, and a straight line struck down each side of it. A skilled woodsman with a broad axe would then hue the four sides to make a cross tie. In doing so, he would never take his eye off the straight line as he swung the broad axe repeatedly without looking up. The wood chips would fly in every direction, and anyone standing to close could sometimes receive a

slight injury from a flying chip. Four years later, Donald Trump announced that he was running for president. He joined 16 other republican candidates for the nomination, and campaigned as a woodsman with a broad axe. He sought to destroy all opposition. Jeb Bush had been the “favorite son” candidate, but Trump humiliated him. Ted Cruz was my choice for president, but Trump also cast him aside, along with Marco Rubio and 14 other candidates. I did not like Donald Trump, but I voted for him because of my greater dislike of Hillary Clinton. On Election Day, it seemed to be settled that Hillary would win, because she was an average of 4 percentage points ahead in the polls. I stayed awake election night until Donald Trump was declared the winner at about two o’clock in the morning.

I will Restore thy Judges as at the First

As I awoke the next morning after Donald Trump was elected president, I heard these words from the Spirit of God; “*I will restore thy judges as at the first.*” It was at that moment that I realized, it was God and not man who had given us Donald Trump to be our president. In the first chapter of the prophet Isaiah, God foretold both the destruction and the restoration of Jerusalem.

*“How is the faithful city become an harlot! It was full of judgment; righteousness lodged in it; but now murderers. Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water: Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them. Therefore saith the Lord, the LORD of hosts, the mighty One of Israel, Ah, I will ease Me of mine adversaries, and avenge Me of Mine enemies: And I will turn My hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin: And **I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning: afterward thou shalt be called, The city of righteousness, the faithful city.**”* Isaiah 1:21-26

I’m writing this four days before the 2024 presidential election.

God is not through with Donald Trump. He will be returned to office with an Electoral College landslide. When elected in 2016, Trump came as a “destroyer.” He came as a Nebuchadnezzar of old whom God sent to destroy Jerusalem. In 2025 he is returning as a “*restorer of paths to dwell in*” Isaiah 58:12. His mission from God is very much like the child prophet Jeremiah; “*See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant*” Jeremiah 1:10. Beginning on January 20, 2025, Donald Trump will begin to “build and plant” America as the nation our founding fathers had envisioned.

Vision of a man with nerve disorder

As I awoke from sleep this morning, November 24, 2020, I was seeing a man who was dangerously stricken with a strange disorder in his body. He was in an operating room with several doctors who had just completed an operation which they believed at first to be a success. The disorder was in the column of nerves that run from the head down the body to every part. Something had happened to this man that had never been seen before. His body had ceased to function properly, and they discovered that other “nerves” had wrapped themselves around the nerve column, and were carrying false signals to the body. Nothing was functioning as it should. The surgeons had managed to cut several of these “false nerves,” and believed for a time they had saved the patient. Sadly, the man’s body still did not function properly, and the doctors discovered two more layers of false nerves remaining which must also be cut. The surgeons were distressed concerning what to do. They knew a second operation would of necessity go very deep into the nerve column; they feared in doing so they would destroy the true nerve system of the body, and the patient would certainly perish. This is

the quandary the doctors were in as I awoke from sleep this morning.

My first impression was that the man represented our nation, the United States of America, which lay almost paralyzed from this disorder. My second impression is that the constitution is the proper control for our nation. If the message of the constitution reaches the extremities of the nation (the body) our nation will continue as a great nation into the future, but if the “nerve system” of the body (our nation) is corrupted, our nation as we know it will certainly perish. The surgeons I saw must be the Supreme Court of the United States. The “quandary” must be their decision as to what they can do in an effort to spare our nation.

In retrospect, as I write this four years later, this vision most certainly was of our nation under the four years of the Biden administration. We elected a man who suffered from the advanced stages of dementia to govern our nation. He was also extremely corrupt, both morally and politically. The “sickness” of our nation under this man’s rule was almost fatal, but we have survived to see a better day under the constitutional government of Donald Trump.

Vision of 2020 American Election Dispute

As I awoke this morning I saw in a vision and heard in a “dark speech” Numbers 12:6-8 some things I believe relate to the current confusion in the American election process. I saw a board of wood or of some other material which was fractured in several places. The “fractures” were in a pattern on the board that reminded me of the map of the nation showing the cities across the nation where the charges of election fraud have been made. These were shown as cuts or gashes marked in blood red. Having seen this, I heard these words, which to me were a “dark speech” with which God said He would speak to His people. I quote, *“The damage done to the nation must supersede the damage done to the states; therefore, the fix must be to repair the nation.”*

After hearing those words, I saw a repair made such as is often used in the case of fractures in construction lumber or other products. A single piece of aluminum was fastened over the several fractures, and it was turned down 90 degrees on the right side to stiffen the repair.

I did not immediately understand the vision, but as it happened, when Donald Trump sought the Supreme Court to reverse the election, the court refused to hear the case. This is what I saw when the repair to the nation was “turned down on the right side,” understanding that in American politics the conservative groups are called “the right” while the liberal groups are called “the left.”

The Year 2025

Well over 2500 years ago, the angel Gabriel spoke to the prophet Daniel and pinpointed the year 2025 A.D. as a “blessed year.” The prophecy is as follows;

“And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days.” Daniel 12:11-12

This amazing prophecy by the angel Gabriel was established upon events that had not yet happened.

In the twelfth chapter of Daniel, the angel Gabriel, God's messenger angel, is explaining to Daniel the events of the last days. In the first two verses, Gabriel tells of a time of “great trouble,” followed by the resurrection of the dead. Jesus spoke of this and called it a time of “great tribulation,” which would come just before His return to earth. These were things Daniel had not heard before, and his excitement over the resurrection seemed to know no bounds. He questioned Gabriel, “what, when, how etc. shall these things be.” Gabriel, on the other hand, was anxious to “close the book” on these things and go his way.

“And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.”

Daniel 12:9-10

Certainly, we are living in “the time of the end,” when the “wicked” are “doing wickedly,” while at the same time it is given to the “wise” to “understand” many things that were mysteries to past generations. One of these is the incredible prophecy which I have chosen for our text. A correct understanding of this prophecy, which was given by the angel Gabriel over twenty-five hundred years ago, pinpoints both the year 1980 and the year 2025. There are two possible dates given to begin this prophecy; the first is 70 A.D. when the temple in Jerusalem was destroyed, which marked the end to the daily sacrifices, and the second date is 690 A.D. which is the year the Muslim shrine, the “Dome of the Rock” was completed in the exact place the temple of God had once stood. Certainly, this is “*the abomination that maketh desolate*” spoken of by Gabriel, and is the starting date of Gabriel’s prophecy.

In the prophecies given by the prophet Daniel, it has been proven that one day equals one year. That being the case, we must add 1290 years to 690 A.D. when the Muslim shrine was built in the place of the temple of God. This brings us to 1980, which was not a good year for America on the world scene. This was the year Iran held our embassy in Tehran hostage for the full year, only to release them the same day Ronald Reagan was inaugurated in January, 1981. If we had lived in Bible days, President Reagan would have been listed among the greatest of rulers, along with David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Josiah, etc. He challenged the “evil empire” and destroyed the communist Soviet Union without firing a shot. I remember his presidency as a time we were proud to be Americans.

The prophecy says, “*Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days.*” This adds

another forty-five years, and brings us to the year 2025, which is only four months in our future as I write this. According to the prophecy, 2025 will be a year blessed by God Himself.

As I write this, Donald Trump has just survived an assassination attempt. While speaking at an open-air rally, he turned his head to the right just as the would-be assassin fired and the bullet hit president Trump's right ear. Had his head been one degree more to the right or the left, he would have been slain before many thousands of his followers. President Trump has said it is only by the grace of God that he is still with us. Understanding this, he is a greatly humbled man. Almost certainly he will be elected president this fall and will be inaugurated in January, 2025. As a man who has faced certain death and been spared by the intervention of God, he has nothing more to fear of what man can do. God has his attention, and he will listen. He has received a “mandate” from God to make sweeping changes in America, which will affect the entire world.

I am not Catholic, but the Pope in Rome has recently declared 2025 to be a year of “Jubilee.” According to the Jewish law in ancient times, every fiftieth year was a year of Jubilee, in which all things were restored as at the beginning. Debts were canceled, prison doors were opened, families were reunited, and everyone enjoyed a new beginning. What a joyful sound it was in the first day of Jubilee to hear the sound of trumpets and the cry of those messengers who “proclaimed liberty throughout the land” *Leviticus* 25:10.

To America, Jubilee would be the year our nation is restored to constitutional government. Righteous laws will be enacted. No longer will “drag queens” have access to our elementary children. The influence of God will be restored to our public schools, and the “woke” community will be replaced by those who are “awakened” to righteousness.

The prophecy of blessings in 2025 was not given by a man, but rather it was the word of God, given by the angel Gabriel to the prophet Daniel. As such, it is absolute!

The Panorama

Four days ago, on Monday, the sixteenth of December 2024, I received an amazing experience from the Lord. I awoke early and as was looking out the dining room window at our property, I suddenly saw a “panorama” of the sixty two years since God called me to preach. This lasted only a few seconds, but it is burned into my memory with a mixture of both joy and sorrow. The greatest joy is in the hundreds of souls that have been saved, followed by the wonderful healings and great miracles which God has done. I could see the years of my tent ministry, which began in 1966 with a small 30x60’ revival tent. In 1967, I purchased a 60x120’ used tent, which I replaced in 1971 with a new 70x100’ “chain and cable” tent. The last time I put the large tent up was in 1975, in Shenandoah Texas. I could see the many years of radio ministry, which began with one station in 1964, and continued until about 1989. Again, there is the eight years we were on television, from 1992 until the year 2000. Remembering these things brings great joy, but there is another eight year period that to remember them brings tears of sorrow and repentance even to this day. Those are years of my life and ministry I would “cut out” and throw away if I could. These were the years that led to, and included, my backsliding.

In the year 2021, the doctors discovered I had a large tumor in my colon, making it almost impossible to have a bowel movement. I checked into the hospital to have it removed. The procedure was to make an incision in my lower stomach and use the robotic surgery technique. They cut my colon a couple inches each side of the tumor, and removed a six inch section which contained the tumor, and saved my life. When I look at the panorama of my ministry, if I could, I would “cut out” the years 1972 through the year 1979, for these were the years of which I am ashamed. The last half of those years, I was totally backslidden and living in atrocious sin. If I had died, I would be in hell today. I lost everything in backsliding; wife, home and even children at that time. I wept in repentance and

slept on a wet pillow for a year and a half, until March 2, 1980, when God spoke to me, *“The indignation is past: I will restore your life, your salvation, and your ministry.”*

In the years 1969, 1970, and 1971, I fasted from food more days than I ate food. During those years I preached about twenty tent revivals in the large tent. In about March, 1972, I set the tent up in San Antonio, and was having perhaps the best crowds and more people saved than usual. After the first week, however, I had to leave the revival in the hands of a local pastor friend, because I received the news that my wife had been diagnosed with hepatitis. The doctors wanted to hospitalize her, but when she refused, he gave her an old fashioned remedy; go to bed, and eat nothing but sugar candy for thirty days. I drove from San Antonio to our rented house in Spring Texas after midnight that night, and spent the next thirty days caring for my wife and our six children, ages from six to twelve. Of course, I did the right thing in leaving the San Antonio revival to care for my family, but this became the beginning of my downfall as a man of God. I could see what a hardship I had placed on my wife with the responsibility of raising six children by herself while I was gone much of the time. Now she was suffering not only from hepatitis, but with a nervous breakdown as well. She was pressed beyond measure, and said to me one day, *“If all there is to being a Christian is fasting, praying, and preaching, I don’t want any more.”* I feared I was about to lose my wife, so I answered, “No, that is not all there is. We can have things like other pastors have, and our church can be more like other churches.

In about April of the year 1972 we bought a “shell home.” A shell home was one which the builders finished on the outside but not the inside. It was a nice three bedroom brick house. I spent all my time finishing that house that year. We moved into it well before it was finished, so we could work almost night and day to finish the house. I sold equipment to get the money to continue, and finally, on November 22, 1972, the carpet would be laid, and the house would be finished. That was the day it burned to the ground,

destroying everything but the clothes on our back.

I wept and cried before God after the house burnt. People had told me, *“Don’t blame God; the devil did this to you.”* I told God, *“If my children need spanking, I don’t send them to the man who lives down the street and hates children. I spank them myself. Why did you let the devil do this to me”*. God spoke to me these few words; *“Nothing can come into your life except I permit it.”* That settled it! It was God and not the devil who burned my house. Still, I didn’t receive the message God intended, and said to myself, “I’ll build back bigger and better.” There is a scripture which must have been written for such as me;

“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?”

Hebrews 12:6-7

God didn’t call me to be like “other people,” and “other pastors.” In the year 1969, the only year we kept records, we had over three hundred souls saved in our revivals. The healings and miracles were many. I saw the first deaf person healed in 1964; I saw the first blind person healed in 1968. In those early years, I was fasting three days every week, plus a 30 day fast at least once a year, and giving over 50% of my income to the work of the ministry. We saw many with unclean spirits “cast out,” and many “mountains moved.” This is what Jesus spoke of when He said, *“This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting”* Matthew 17:21. Amazing healings and miracles were commonplace, but it all began to end when we decided to be “like other churches and other pastors.”

After our house burned to the ground in November of 1972, we spent 1973 rebuilding out of the ashes of the old house. We added almost a thousand square feet to the foundation, and built a large Spanish style house that remains to this day. In a very short time, I closed in the oversized double garage and made a large game room. My children were coming into their teen years, so I put a pool table and air hockey in the game room, and basketball goals

and trampoline in the grounds outside. I was still the pastor of our church in Houston, and our house soon became the favorite gathering place for the young couples in the church. It must have been in 1975 that we started a Friday night bowling league. It was out of this the seed was planted that brought my eventual backsliding.

As I write this, I am 85 years old, and I am still senior pastor of our church, which I started in 1966 on Hirsch Rd. in Houston Texas. It has been almost forty five years since God restored me to salvation and ministry on March 2, 1980. In the years since, I have spent much time in fasting and prayer. On January 1, 1985 I started what I thought to be a four day fast, but before I felt released to eat, I had fasted forty days for the first time in my life. It was near the end of that fast, sometime in the first days of February, that I received from God the vision of the downfall of the Jimmy Swaggart ministry in Baton Rouge. I did not see what caused the scandal, and if I had, I probably would not have believed it, because of my love for the ministry of Jimmy Swaggart.

Three times since I have fasted from food for forty days, and have seen God do incredible things. It was in April, 2005, on a Thursday night, either the fourteenth day or the twenty first, I was praying for the sick under a tent in a small east Texas town. Brother Kirby Cowart was preaching the revival, which was sponsored by the Assembly of God church next door to the tent. Brother Cowart invited me to help pray for the sick that night. A man came forward to me and pointed to his ears without saying anything. When I started to pray, the Spirit of God spoke to me to rebuke a spirit of deafness. I placed my fingers in his ears and commanded a spirit of deafness to release him, and without testing his hearing, I turned to pray for the next person in line. In just a moment, a lady was jerking on my jacket and screaming, "He's hearing! He's hearing! He's hearing!" I said, "Are you sure?" She answered, "I ought to be sure! I'm the one who has been screaming at him all these years." This sixty nine year old man had been almost totally deaf for sixty years, due to an accident in a railroad yard when he was only nine

years old. After sixty years of deafness, he instantly received perfect hearing. I had been fasting and praying for our children's minister who was dying of liver cancer at only thirty nine years old. God told me that night, "*I am well able to give her a new liver.*" Lorna Eberly passed away in the first week of July, 2005. That's when I discovered, you cannot "buy" a miracle from God.

The Elevator Shaft

On August 28, 2024 I had a massive heart attack. It was on Wednesday night, and I had told my son I would not be in service because I was not feeling well. Shortly before the attack, my wife called the church for prayer, and my grandson Tyler came over to pray for me. I believe he was with me during the attack. They called 911, and when the ambulance arrived, they immediately began to force oxygen into my lungs, and rushed me to the emergency room at Methodist Hospital in the woodlands. My son had ended the service, and the entire congregation was praying while they placed me in the ambulance. I spent the night in the emergency room and the next day they admitted me to a private room. That night, I had a dream, which I believe was from the Lord. I was falling in an elevator shaft of a very tall building. As I fell, I was alive and conscience of what was happening, but I said, in my dream, "When I hit the bottom, I am dead." I'm writing this almost four months later, and I haven't "hit the bottom" yet. I soon came to understand this dream did not apply to me only, but to the life of every person on earth. We have no promise of tomorrow, but we know, as the scripture says, "*As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation*" Hebrews 9:27-28. I have absolutely no fear of death. I can say with the apostle Paul, "*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain*" Philippians 1:21. The apostle indicated he had a "choice" whether to go and be with the Lord, or to stay with the people. He said, "*...what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart,*

and to be with Christ; which is far better: Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you” Philippians 1:22-24. As a child of God, I believe I have a choice. I have told my wife, who will soon be 90 years old, that I will not leave her.

This booklet was written over a period of at least fifty years. It was in September, 1966, that God gave me the vision of the end of the world and the White Throne Judgment, and said to me, *“I have set you to be a watchman to my people.”* Immediately I received the anointing of a watchman, and began to receive visions of things to come, sometime two or three in one night. This booklet was written to be published after my death. It may be the vision of falling in the elevator shaft is the last I will receive, I do not know. I do not know the day of my departure, but I know it is soon. I have no fear of death, and no regrets, other than the eight years I have written about. I feel very much like David must have felt about one incident in his past. After David’s death, it was written in the record of the Kings;

“David did that which was right in the eyes of the LORD, and turned not aside from any thing that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite.”

I Kings 15:5

Miracles

That Cannot be Denied!

By Leroy Surface

“But ye shall receive power (miracles), after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” Acts 1:8

“And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued (clothed) with power (miracles) from on high.” Luke 24:49

When God pours out His Spirit upon man, there are two things that will always happen; first, those who receive the wonderful baptism with the Holy Ghost will immediately begin speaking in other tongues *“as the Spirit gives them utterance.”* This is called the *“initial”* or *“first evidence”* that the Spirit of almighty God has filled a human vessel. The second thing that will always follow is that the believer, being filled with the Holy Ghost, will immediately enter into a life of miracles. This does not mean that they will be doing miracles, but they will literally be *“clothed with miracles,”* which is the promise Jesus gave to His disciples in Luke 24:49.

Fifty two years have passed since God called me to preach in 1962. He called me in a vision from the Lord, in which I was one of the twelve disciples Jesus used to feed the multitude of five thousand. Without giving the details of the vision, I saw exactly how Jesus broke and blessed the five little loaves and two small fishes (a child’s lunch) to feed the multitude. It is worthy of note that the disciples had asked Jesus to send the multitude away because they had nothing to eat, and Jesus told them, *“You give them to eat.”* Mark 6:37. It is when they protested that He told them to bring the five loaves and two fishes to Him, which He broke and blessed. In

the vision, I was one of the disciples who took a small portion in a basket to give to the people. Over five thousand ate and were filled, and there were enough *“leftovers”* to fill the twelve baskets.

We had more at the end than we had at the beginning. It was then that Jesus turned to me, in the vision, and said, *“You give them to eat.”* I protested! I had nothing to give. I had only a high school education, I was *“backwards and bashful,”* I could not speak in public; there was every reason why I could not be His minister. He said to me in the vision, *“Bring what you have to me. I will break it, and I will bless it. Whatsoever I have broken and blessed is sufficient to meet every need.”* That was the end of the vision.

I had been *“saved”* and *“baptized with the Holy Ghost”* four years before, but I had always struggled when I attempted to teach a class or lead a youth group. From the time the Lord told me in the vision to *“give them to eat,”* the anointing of the Holy Ghost began coming on me to speak. I did not accept this as a call to preach at the time, but He anointed me as the youth leader for the next two years in the Assembly of God church I attended. The Spirit of God began to move in our Friday night youth services. We began seeing young people saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. Some even received gifts of the Holy Ghost as the Spirit of God freely moved among the people.

It was two years later, in the spring of 1964 that I fully surrendered to preach the gospel, to evangelize, and to pastor a church. It was then that God spoke something to me that many have not understood. He said, *“Do not study the doctrines of the church, but study the scriptures and seek me for understanding. Do not preach a theory or a doctrine about healing the sick or casting out devils, but preach the gospel, heal the sick, and cast out devils. Freely you have received; freely give.”* This is almost exactly what He sent His disciples to do in Matthew 10:7-8.

It has been almost fifty years since I entered into full time ministry, and most of those years have been filled with miracles from God. I have never written about these things in the past because of the frequent saying of Jesus to those who received a miracle at His

hand, “*See that you tell no one.*” Recently I had lunch with the man of God who founded a great church in Spring Texas. We were talking about some of the recent miracles God has done, and he asked me if I would write a book about the miracles I have seen.

At first I didn’t believe I could write such a book because it would seem to be a “*boast,*” as in “*I prayed...I touched...I spoke...and such and such happened.*” Then I remembered that we would not know anything about the incredible miracles that God did through His apostles if the book of Acts had not been written. I will seek to tell the things I have seen God do with the attitude the apostle expressed to the Corinthians church.

“For though I would desire to glory, I shall not be a fool; for I will say the truth: but now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be, or that he heareth of me.” II Corinthians 12:6

“For we dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some that commend themselves: but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise. But we will not boast of things without our measure, but according to the measure of the rule which God hath distributed to us, a measure to reach even unto you. For we stretch not ourselves beyond our measure, as though we reached not unto you: for we are come as far as to you also in preaching the gospel of Christ: Not boasting of things without our measure, that is, of other men's labours;” II Corinthians 10:12-15

Miracles I Have Seen

I will begin with one of the greatest visible miracles I have seen with my own eyes, which took place in March, 2013. I had been preaching about “*The Christ*” and what He came into the world to do. I had written a book called “*The New Covenant,*” and when I came into the church to pray one night, I saw a copy of it on the sound booth. It was then I heard the Spirit say to me “*When the covenant is right, the man will be right; when the man is right, the*

church will be right, and I will confirm the covenant with miracles and great healings.” I told the congregation what God had spoken in the next service. It was a few days later that God did a great miracle to *“confirm the covenant.”*

James Cooper is a man who has been faithful to church for over a dozen years. Just over two years ago, however, something happened that gave him an insatiable hunger for the presence of God. He was a man of many interests; hobbies, hunting, fishing, raising exotic birds, etc. He stopped all of these to *“seek the Lord.”* Soon he started a men’s Bible study in his home every Thursday night. Everyone could see the miraculous change that took place in James’s life when he began to seek the Lord in almost continuous prayer.

James works in the landscape maintenance industry, maintaining the electric generating plants in the Houston area. He had injured his right arm several months before, and was trying to do everything with his left arm. On the day in question, James was cleaning up his shop area. He attempted to load a heavy barrel of trash onto his truck with his left arm doing the heavy lifting. Suddenly he heard three pops in his arm and it fell limp. The pain was greater than anything he had experienced in his life. He felt that he would pass out, but he prayed and got a little relief from the pain. The ligaments connecting his bicep muscles to his forearm had snapped, and his biceps had literally jumped up to his shoulder. When he went into his house with his arm hanging limp his wife offered to drive him to the emergency room. He said *“No! I want to go where Brother Surface is.”* I was actually next door, hanging sheetrock in a small house. James came in and showed me his arm, still hanging limp. The pain was still almost more than he could bear. I wish I could say that I had positive faith, like the *“faith teachers”* claim to have, but I did not. I thought to myself, *“James will not work again for at least six months even if the doctors can do anything for him.”* James said, *“Brother Surface, I want you to pray for me.”* I was so impacted by what I saw that I remember the exact words that I began to

pray; *“Father, there are things that happen in this life that we do not understand, and we can’t do anything about them, but we are Your children and the sheep of Your pasture, and in such a time as this we look to You.”* Immediately, the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I received faith to call upon God for a miracle in the name of Jesus. The pain began receding, and James returned to his house. I did not know all that God did until that night when I went to pray. I was surprised to see James in the church entry. I asked him *“How is your arm?”* He answered with a big smile, *“Both of my arms are great”* as he waved them over his head. God had not only healed the left arm, which had the broken ligaments, but He also healed the right arm that he had suffered with for over three months. James told me that within five minutes after praying, all the pain had left his arm and he had full use of it.

Many people will read this, and think that it was never as bad as we say it was. The fact is, this *“miracle”* is a continuing miracle that anyone can see with their own eyes. God did not reconnect the ligaments in James’s arm. His bicep muscle is still up on his shoulder, and there is nothing but loose skin between his bicep and his elbow. You can hold your hand on the space between his bicep and elbow while he flexes his arm, and there is absolutely no movement. We still do not know how he uses his left arm, but he went to work the very next day and handled a gasoline weed trimmer for four hours with no problem. He has full strength in his left arm without any connection to his muscle. No doctor has seen this, but the miracle that God has done is undeniable. Everyone who looks at his arm, believer or not, is stunned by what they see. That is the way true miracles are; they cannot be denied. When Peter and John raised up the lame man at the gate of the temple, the enemies of Christ and His church said *“What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it.”* Acts 4:16. There is no reason for a man or woman of God to ever indulge themselves in pretense except for their own *“vain glory.”*

Be “filled with the Holy Ghost” and “walk with God,” and He will do miracles.

Retina Attachment

A similar miracle happened in 1970. Justin “June” Cassard was a young man from Louisiana that moved to Houston with his young wife and children to attend our church. Justin actually worked for me, also maintaining right-of-ways and substations for the electric company. I was working at the Humble Substation when Justin showed up from another project. He said, “*Brother Surface, my screwdriver slipped, and I stuck it into my eye.*” It was obvious that the fluid in his eye was coming out of the cut. I said, “*Why didn’t you go to the emergency room?*” Again, you can see that miracles of God do not depend upon my “positive faith.” He answered me, “*Brother Surface, you are my pastor. You tell us that God is a miracle worker, and that we should trust in Him. I want you to pray for me.*” I laid my hands on him according to the scriptures ^{Mark 16:17-18}, and prayed for him asking God in the name of Jesus to heal his eye. Then I did something “incredible” when I think about it; I took him to the “Mann Eye Clinic.”

After the doctor examined his eye for a very short time, he laid his instruments aside and said, “*Who did your eye surgery?*” Justin told him he had never had surgery. The doctor responded, “*I don’t know why you are doing this to me. You come into this office with an incredible story of how you injured your eye with a screwdriver, but you can’t deceive me. You have had a retina attachment, and I have never seen better surgery in my life.*” In the past, Justin’s sight in that eye had been very poor, but now it was perfect. I later joked, “*If God wants to do eye surgery with a screwdriver, that’s alright with me.*” Justin received this great miracle from God forty four years ago, and as I write this, is still alive to tell about it.

Amnesia

The first miracle I received personally was when I was sixteen years old. I was playing football in gym class at high school when I received a severe blow to my temple. I did not pass out, but when I got up my memory was gone. In the next play, the quarterback gave me the ball and I just stood looking at it while the other team swarmed me, and it became obvious that something was seriously wrong. They called the coach to examine me, and he asked me if I knew who he was. I didn't know him or anyone else on the field. I had lost my memory to the extent that I did not know my parents when they came or even who I was. The school officials told my parents to check me out of school and take me to the hospital, but instead they took me home, put me to bed, and called our Pastor. We attended the Pearland Assembly of God church where Sister Maxine Wiggins was the founder and pastor. This happened on a Wednesday, so Sister Wiggins, her husband, B.L. Wiggins and several others from the church came by to pray for me before service. They gathered around my bed and started praying. I can actually remember seeing all these people crowded around me and wondering who they were and what they were doing. After they had prayed, I heard Sister Wiggins say "*Amen*," and at that instant my memory came flooding back to me, and I recognized everyone, when just a few minutes before I had not known even my mom and dad. I had "*total amnesia*" for only about eight hours, but believe me, it was very real amnesia. When I returned to school the next day, my teachers were all amazed. They had been notified that I would not be returning to class. They all wanted to know what the doctors had done to restore my memory, and I was able to tell them about how God had healed me through prayer. They were all amazed. Thank God that I had parents who trusted in God and not in the doctors.

I have believed in miracles most of my life. My mother and dad went to the Oral Roberts and William Branham crusades that came to Houston in the 1940's and saw wonderful, and almost

unbelievable miracles that God did through these men. I personally saw a huge goiter disappear off of a woman's neck when Brother Roberts touched it and said, "*Jesus, take this away.*" When I was nine years old, mom and dad took us to hear a child preacher named "*David Walker*" who was only fourteen or fifteen years old at the time. "*Little David,*" as he was called, had been preaching since he was nine years old, and great healings and miracles followed his ministry. The Houston City Music Hall was filled with thousands of people with overflow crowds almost filling the old "*Evangelistic Temple*" which was in downtown Houston. Night after night we saw God do great miracles through this young child. It was exactly as Jesus had said when John the Baptist sent messengers from his prison cell to ask Jesus if He was "*the Christ.*" Jesus said, "*Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that **the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.***" Luke 7:22.

We should notice the nature of the miracles which Jesus did. No one could deny that these things happened. The critics had no case to make. The testimony of the man who was born blind is given in the ninth chapter of John. Jesus healed the man's eyes, and there was no question that a miracle had happened because his parents confirmed that he had been born blind and could easily prove that he could not see until Jesus touched him. The critics could no longer deny the miracle, so they told the young man, "*Give God the praise: we know that this man (Jesus) is a sinner.*" John 9:24. The young man answered them in the next verse; "*Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.*" It is amazing that even this miracle, which could not be denied, did not satisfy the scribes and Pharisees concerning who Jesus is. The young man was cast out of the synagogue for no other reason than the fact that he would not deny that it was Jesus who had touched him and given him sight.

We do not deny that God heals headaches, takes pain away, and cures all manner of internal disorders that cannot be proven to the

skeptic. When God does a miracle, however, it is evident to all who see that something beyond the ordinary has happened. No man has the power of himself to either heal the sick or do a miracle. When the people saw that Peter and John raised the lame man up in the third chapter of Acts, they gathered around them in wonder. Peter questioned them, *“Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?”* Acts 3:12. He clearly told them that it was through faith in the name of Jesus of Nazareth; the same Jesus whom the people had denied and delivered up to be crucified, that this man had received this great miracle. When Peter took the lame man by the hand and raised him up *“in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,”* the miracle that followed not only proved that Jesus of Nazareth is *“the Christ,”* but that God raised Him from the dead, and that He sits on the throne of heaven as *“both Lord and Christ.”* It is based upon this great miracle, done *“in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth”* that Peter could also tell them, *“Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you”* Act 3:19-20.

The Blind See

I had my revival tent set up in Batson Texas in May of 1968 on the grounds of the old abandoned high school. We had a good revival with several people saved, and several healed of various different conditions. One miraculous healing was in a woman who was injured in her back and had not been able to straighten her body in thirty five years. After we prayed, she stood up straight for the first time in thirty five years, according to her testimony. The great *“miracle”* of that revival, however, happened on Friday night of the second week, and the closing night of the revival. The tent was pretty full that night as we had advertised that the Doyle brothers, Gene, Buddy, and Ted, would be playing and singing that night. It

was the same night that God straightened the lady's back that the other great miracle happened.

A mother brought her eight year old son for prayer, who had been born blind in one eye. I had never prayed for a blind person at that time, and to be honest, I was a little nervous about it. I remembered exactly how I had seen another evangelist pray for the blind, so I decided to do it the same way. After I prayed, I told the child to cover his eye, which he did. I told Eddie LeGrande, who was our worship leader at that time, to stand back about twenty feet and hold up some fingers. I asked the child, "*How many fingers do you see?*" He answered, "*Three.*" I asked, "*How many do you see now?*" He correctly answered "*Two.*" I shouted, "*Praise God, he is healed!*" The congregation stood to their feet, rejoicing. A young man got excited and ran around the tent. About that time, I heard the mother say, "*Oh my, he covered the wrong eye.*" I said, "*That's alright. When God does something, He does it good.*" I told the child, "*Son, cover your good eye, and tell me how many fingers the man is holding up.*" The child said, "*I can't see a man.*"

I have never seen a service die so fast. All the excitement was gone. I felt like the devil had made a fool of me. If I could have crawled under the platform and hid, I believe I would have. I wished I was anywhere in the world except under that tent that night. I stood there, not knowing what to say, when suddenly I felt something rise up inside of me, and to be honest it almost felt like anger, and it was angry at the devil. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I took the child's head in my hands and began speaking to the devil; "*Devil, you will not bring reproach against the gospel and make of fool of a man of God. I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to release this child.*" With that, I asked God to heal his eye, and He did. We tested that child, who had been born blind in one eye, in every way we could, and found that God had certainly done a great miracle, and the child could see.

The Deaf Hear

The year 1965 was a year that many great miracles of God took place in our ministry. I was only twenty five years of age at that time, but we were seeing a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God in the little Full Gospel church I had been called to pastor in Almeda, Texas. I had also committed myself to minister two nights a week at a rescue mission on Franklin Ave. in Houston that was sponsored at that time by the old “*Radio Revival Church.*” After preaching one night at the mission I began praying for the sick. I felt led by the Spirit to pray for the left ear of a man I had never seen before. They were very poor people who lived in one of the government projects nearby. I asked the man if I could pray for his ear, and he said yes. I did not know what was wrong with his ear, but that does not matter. I have found that the more I know through natural means, the less God can use me through His means. I prayed for his ear and went on to pray for others. I did not find out that night what God had done.

The next service, the man and his wife came back rejoicing. He gave his testimony, that he had been beaten and robbed by a youth gang. In the beating he had lost his hearing in his left ear, and the doctors told him that his left eardrum had burst, and there was very little likelihood that he would ever hear again. I do not know exactly when his hearing returned, but he awoke the next morning hearing. He had a doctor’s appointment that day, and the doctor could not understand what had happened. He told the man, “*You have a perfect eardrum. All I see is some dried blood,*” which he cleaned from the man’s ear. The story should have ended there, with the people going about their way rejoicing in Jesus, but it did not. That couple began to follow me to every meeting where I would preach. The lady would stand up and say, “*I want everyone to know that this is the man that healed my husband.*” I actually saw her stop people on the sidewalk outside the mission, saying, “*I want you to come inside and see the man that healed my husband.*” I told her repeatedly to give God the glory, that I was not the

healer, and that she should not be saying the things she was saying, but she would not listen to me.

The greatest enemy a man or woman of God has outside of the devil himself is those who tell them how great they are. We are human, and those words of praise, which everyone likes to hear, war against our soul. Within a couple of weeks, my “*soul*” began to be “*lifted up*” Habakkuk 2:4, and the presence of God was not with me in my Sunday morning service. I knew what I had to do. I confessed to the congregation that the words of this woman who continually praised me had made war against my soul, making me to believe that I was someone really special. I told the people, “*I have prayed with many of you in this altar when you first came to Jesus; now I want you to pray for me, your pastor, until I am restored to the presence of God.*” I knelt in that altar and started asking God to forgive me, and that congregation of people gathered around, laid their hands on me, rebuked the devil, shook me, held my hands up, and did everything they sometimes did to repentant sinners. I tell you to this day, that if you can survive all that, you are surely “*saved.*” When I got up from that altar, the presence of God was with me once more and He would do yet greater things.

It was in 1980 or 1981 that a man and his wife, Buddy and Alice Fournet, came to the altar together for prayer. They had been attending for about a month or six weeks at that time. He was a Catholic and she had been raised Baptist. Buddy had an open cancer about the size of a quarter on his face and Alice could not hear in one ear. Buddy told me that he had cancers in the past that the doctors had removed. He said “*I want Jesus to take this one away.*” We prayed for Buddy, and nothing spectacular happened. When I asked Alice if she wanted prayer for her hearing, she told me that the doctors had her on a ninety day drug program which they were confident would restore her hearing, and she refused prayer. I want to say at this time that I consider Buddy and Alice to be among my dearest friends unto this day, and I tell these things only to the glory of God. The next day when Buddy went to

work, his superior told him that he would have to have to “do something about that cancer” because it had become an open sore.

Buddy told him, “*Jesus is going to take this one away.*” I do not know the response he received from his superior, but imagine the testimony to Jesus that was given when exactly one week later the cancer fell off, leaving perfect new skin where it had been. Surely God had done a miracle that no one could deny.

Ninety days passed and Alice had not received her hearing. She came forward for prayer that God would heal her. I remembered that she had refused prayer before, choosing to trust the doctors. I asked her if the drug program had worked. She said “No.” I asked, “*Would you say that the doctors have failed to help you?*” She said “Yes.” Then I did something I question the wisdom of to this day. I told her to kneel at the altar and repent for trusting the doctors instead of God. Alice knelt and began simply asking God to forgive her for not trusting in Him from the beginning. When I saw the tears of repentance begin flowing down her cheeks, I laid my hands over her ears and prayed, “*And now Jesus, open her ears.*” I could say nothing more for what seemed to be a long half minute, and said “*that’s it,*” and removed my hands to pray for the next person. After service that day, Alice came to me and asked, “*Brother Surface, how did you know?*” I said, “*How did I know what?*” She said, “*How did you know my ear opened?*” I said, “*Did your ear open? I didn’t know that it opened.*” She insisted, “*You did know that it opened, because when you said ‘that’s it,’ it opened.*” She was perfectly healed by God, and I had not even known when it happened.

In 2004 Brother Kirbbie Cowart, publisher of “*Hear the Shepherd’s Voice,*” and I bought a revival tent to hold services in. We held several joint revivals in 2004 with good results, and in April 2005, Brother Cowart set the tent up on the grounds of the Assembly of God church in Newton Texas. I was scheduled to preach on Friday night, so I went to the service on Thursday night as well. After Brother Cowart preached that night, he called me forward to help pray for the sick. Brother Cowart was praying at

one end of the altar, and I at the other, when a man stepped forward to me and pointed to his ears. I did not know what was wrong with his ears, but I felt led to have Brother Cowart pray with me. He said, *“No, you go ahead,”* but I told him *“I believe God wants both of us to pray.”* When we prayed, I heard the voice of the Spirit say *“rebuke a spirit of deafness.”* I did not know that the man was deaf, but I obeyed what I heard. I placed my fingers in both of his ears and commanded a spirit of deafness to release him in the name of Jesus Christ. After we prayed, both Brother Cowart and I went on to pray with others. About a minute later I felt someone pulling my coattail, and saying, *“He’s hearing! He’s hearing!”* I said *“Are you sure?”* She said, *“I ought to be sure; I’m the one that has been screaming at him for the past sixty years.”* One thing was certain; the man now had perfect hearing in both ears. After the service, they gave this testimony. When he had been nine years old, he was playing in a railroad yard with some older teenagers. One of them put something in his hand and said, *“Hold this”* and ran away. It was a live blasting cap, which blew up, crippling both hands for life and destroying his eardrums. At sixty nine years of age, the man had been deaf for sixty years, and instantly received perfect hearing in both ears. Only Jesus can do such things.

At the time of this great miracle, I had been fasting for a long period of time, seeking a miracle of healing for our children’s minister, who had been diagnosed with cancer at only thirty nine years of age. We did not receive that miracle, and Lorna Eberly passed from this life to be with the Lord in July of 2005.

A couple of weeks after her death, I went to a campmeeting in Sheridan Arkansas. While I was gone, we received a call from the daughter of Gloria Wingate, who was in a comma, waiting for the time the doctors would say that she should be disconnected from life supports. In my absence, my son Keith took the call and agreed to go to the hospital to pray for her. Keith later told me that when he arrived at the hospital, he stood beside his car and wept in despair over the loss of our precious friend, Lorna Eberly. Keith,

myself, and others in the church had fasted and prayed almost continually for six months for God to heal her, but the healing did not come. Keith literally cried to God, *“You must do something for me.”*

I do not know all the confusion that was in Keith’s heart that day, but He said the moment he walked through the hospital doors, the presence of God came upon him with great confidence, and he knew exactly what to do. He walked into the room where Gloria was on life supports. Her daughter “Mimi” was with her, and as he entered, Keith walked over to Gloria and said, *“Gloria, Jesus Christ sent me to wake you up.”* He then took her by the hand and spoke directly into her ear, *“Gloria, wake up in the name of Jesus Christ.”* He turned around to talk to Mimi, when suddenly both of them heard noises behind them. They looked, and Gloria was pulling the tubes out of her body and trying to get up. Mimi screamed so loud that the nurse came running, *“What’s wrong?”* Mimi said, *“Mama just woke up!”* The nurse screamed back, *“That’s impossible, your mama can’t wake up,”* but she did, not a week later or a day later, but immediately when hearing the command to *“wake up in the name of Jesus Christ.”*

Gloria recovered, returned to her home, came to our church to give her testimony, and lived for several more years, to the glory of God. In her testimony Gloria said that when she awoke, she saw a man standing behind Keith. She said it might have been an angel, but she did not believe that it was. We asked if He said anything. She said He just waved His hand and said to her, *“Peace ...peace!”*

The Lame Walk

The only *“city wide”* meeting I have ever preached was in Reynosa Mexico in 1966, when I was twenty six years old. Missionaries Bob and Dixie Arriola set it up and brought me in to preach it. The second time I went to Mexico was to the desert village of *“El Tajo,”* which is between the cities of Saltillo and Matehuala. I preached every night for three nights in the school

house, which was pretty well filled with people, but I had absolutely no response to my altar calls. In the fourth day, I walked up on a mountain to pray. I was deeply disturbed, because I had expected to see a real move of God. As I was praying, I began hearing two scriptures. First, from Zechariah 4:6, *“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the LORD of hosts.”* The second scripture was from Hebrews 13:8; *“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.”* From these scriptures, a very simple message was birthed in my heart. If Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever, then He will do the same things tonight that He did when He walked on earth in the days of His flesh. I told the team workers to go throughout the village and find all the sick people and get them to the night service.

That night the school house was crowded to the walls with no aisles and hardly room to move. There were many standing outside that could not get into the service. After I preached my message, which was a challenge to the people that anything Jesus did two thousand years ago, if He is still alive, He will do today, I called for the sick to come, and they pushed forward. I prayed for a couple of old women with internal problems, and there was no evidence that anything happened. About the third person in line, however, was a woman who had brought her fifteen year old daughter, who had been stricken with some malady about six months before and had not been able to walk since. They actually brought her to the service on a bed, carried by four men. I prayed for the girl, asking God to give us a miracle. I told two of the men to pick her up on her feet, and when I would tell her to *“walk in the name of Jesus,”* they were to turn her loose. They picked her up, and when I commanded her to *“walk in the name of Jesus,”* they turned her loose, and she fell to the floor. Her mother ran to her, and even though I could not understand her language, I knew she was saying something on the order of, *“Oh my baby, my baby.”* I told the men to move the mother away from her daughter and pick her up a second time. This time I said to the young lady, *“You can walk because Jesus has touched you. I say to you, Walk*

in the name of Jesus Christ, because you can walk.” This time, when the men turned her loose, she stood, took one trembling step, and then another, and then walked across the front of that school and back.

For a moment there was total silence in that school house, but then something truly amazing happened, which I shall never forget. A man I had noticed in the back of the room each night jumped up, running and leaping to the front of the auditorium. He literally leaped over some that were sitting on the floor in the aisles in his rush to get to the front. He fell on his knees, crying and praying for a minute or so. Then he stood up and began speaking to the people in a loud voice. I do not understand Spanish, but my interpreter, Sister Amalia, told me what he was saying. It turned out that this man was the Spanish pastor of a Mennonite church in that village. He said, *“I told you that you could come to this meeting, but I told you not to believe anything this man says. I told you that he is a crazy man, and that his God can do nothing.”* He continued, *“But I was the one that was crazy, and you, if you do not believe this man’s God, you are crazy.”* That entire crowd tried to get to the front, falling on their knees everywhere, repenting and receiving the Jesus Christ who is *“the same yesterday, and today, and forever.”*

The next afternoon, our service was out under a brush arbor because the children were in the school house. I was praying for the sick when suddenly an old man came from outside the arbor straight to me and said, *“I came to be healed.”* I had heard of this man. He was the rich man of the village, and owned the only mill in the village to grind the corn for the people. He had refused to grind corn for anyone who came to my services, which placed another hardship on those who did come, as they had to grind their corn by hand to make their food. I told the man, *“If you will repent and surrender your heart to Jesus, I will pray for you.”* That old man immediately said, *“Jesus healed everyone that came to Him.”* It upset me that this old man in a poverty stricken village in the deserts of Mexico would try to instruct me, but I heard the

voice of the Spirit say, *“He told you the truth.”* I agreed to pray for him, but I told the interpreter not to interpret my prayer. I asked God to touch his heart and let him feel His presence and the love of Christ for him. I prayed until I saw one lone tear coursing down his dusty leathery face, and then I prayed, *“Now, Lord, heal his body and make him completely well.”* When I finished praying for him, he left the arbor as quickly as he had come, and I went on to pray for others.

About ten minutes later he returned to the service and asked to say something. The following is his testimony; *“All you people know me. You know that an ox cart fell on me fourteen years ago, and that for all these years I have not been able to move without great pain in my back. I could not bend over or straighten up...”* With that he bent over and touched his toes and immediately rose up and lifted his arms above his head. He continued, *“This man’s God has healed me; for such a God I give the rest of my life.”* His last name was *“Raiese* (if my spelling is correct).” He was the father of the village judge. From that day forward, he loved Jesus with all his heart and became a great blessing in that village. It was another *“miracle of grace”* that cannot be denied.

Growths Removed

I preached a two week revival at the Goff Drive Pentecostal Church of God in 1965 where Brother M.R. Smith was the pastor. We saw God do many wonderful healings in that revival. A lady came for prayer for headaches. She had constant pain in her head since she received a blow to her head in an accident several years before. She also had a large bald spot in the place where the pain was. We prayed, and the headaches immediately went away. Headaches are one of the things that skeptics will call a *“Psychosomatic Disorder,”* which means that it can be caused by the state of your mind, and will go away when your state of mind is improved. There may be some truth to that, but it is just another way of saying that many *“sicknesses”* are only in your mind. Either way, they are very real to the one that is sick. In this case,

however, the miracle of God was proven, not only in that the headaches did not return, but before the two week revival was over, new hair was growing in her bald spot.

In the same revival, a visiting pastor's wife, Sister Leg, brought her eight year old son for prayer. He had a small growth on his lip. She said, "*It doesn't bother him, but it just shouldn't be there, and I want God to take it away.*" We prayed that God, in the name of Jesus, would curse the roots of that growth and take it away. Sister Leg later gave this testimony. "*After Brother Surface prayed for my son, the growth on his lip got worse instead of better. It seemed to be getting larger every day, and it bothered him. After about a week I took him to the doctor. I told the doctor about how the growth had been there for years, but only recently it had started growing. I asked him if there was anything he could do.*" The doctor answered, "*I can remove it, but there is no reason to.*" He explained that the growth was not growing, but that it was dead and coming out by the roots. He took it in his fingers and tugged on it just a little, and it fell out in his hand. The "*growth*" had died when we prayed, but it took two weeks to "*go away.*" Many healings may seem to be a small thing, but to the one who receives them, they are wonderful.

The first time God instantly removed a growth was while I was still the pastor at Almeda Full Gospel Church. A young man had come to the altar for salvation. After about twenty minutes of tearful repentance to God, the young man looked up and I noticed a large knot on his cheek bone. I asked him what it was, and he told me he had gotten it in a fight. I thought it was something simple like what we call a "*goose egg*" that would eventually go away, but I told him "*Jesus wants to take it away.*" There were probably a dozen people around the altar that night and we all prayed for him. I placed my hands over that "*knot*" and when I removed them after prayer, everyone within ten feet of that young man heard a sound like the breaking of a dry chicken bone. His hand flew up to his cheek, and he screamed, "*It's gone.*" It was gone. It was only then that I found out that it was not "*swelling*"

on his cheek bone, but a calcium deposit that had formed around a broken cheek bone, which explained the sound of breaking bones that we heard. Nothing is impossible with our God for those who fully trust in His precious Son, Jesus Christ.

The year 1965 was surely a blessed year for this ministry. I had resigned as pastor of the Alameda Full Gospel church and was free to go wherever God would send me. During that time, I received many visions from the Lord concerning ministry. Sometimes I actually saw the service for the next night, who would be there, and what their great need was. It was at those times that we saw the greatest healings and miracles. There were several times that God instructed me through visions where to go and what to say when I got there.

It was in one of those visions that I saw two special circumstances of a church in a distant South Texas city I had never been to. This was a large church and a very well-known revival center of that day, where the pastor brought in every well-known gifted minister to preach. God did not send me to that church to preach; instead, he sent me to the pastor with a message. I arrived alone at that church about midday. No one was there, and I did not know where the pastor lived. I saw a woman walking across the street, and I asked her if she knew the pastor. She was the pastor's wife, and she invited me into their home. I told her that I had received a message for them in a vision from the Lord, but I had to give it directly to her husband.

After about twenty minutes, her husband, the pastor arrived, and I introduced myself to him. I told him there were two things concerning circumstances in his church that God had spoken to me about that I was to tell him. As I began to tell the first, I saw tears fill the eyes of the pastor's wife. She got up, went to their desk and brought me a document to look at. It was exactly what I had seen in the vision, and God had told me that it was alright to do what was in that document. In the second part of the vision, I had seen a crew of men building a wing on their church, but when they tried to connect the new roof to the old building, they could not. They

were saying, *“Pastor, it just won’t work! We can’t make it work.”*

A second time his wife went to the desk and brought back a blueprint of a church addition. By now the tears were flowing down her face as she said, this is what you saw in your vision. I had to tell the pastor that it would not be built until a certain issue between himself, his wife, and the congregation was resolved. The pastor got mad. In fact, he exploded! He said, *“Of course I can build that wing on my building. I can build anything I want to build on my church. Those ‘issues’ have nothing to do with what I can do.”* With that, he walked out, leaving me stunned and his wife in tears. I knew that my *“mission”* had been confirmed and fulfilled whether he received it or not, so I told the pastor’s wife I was leaving, but she begged me to stay for the night service, which I did not. She followed me to the porch, asking me, *“Is there anything else that God told you for us?”* I said, *“No, I have told you everything I saw in the vision.”*

Suddenly, standing on that porch, rejected by one of the most famous pastors in Texas, I received *“knowledge”* of something from the Lord. The scripture calls this a *“word of knowledge.”* I don’t know how I knew, but I told her, *“There is someone who lives in this house that has something wrong on the right side of their head.”* She immediately said, *“That’s my daughter (she called her by name).”* She had two teen age daughters, and she told the one I had met, *“Go get your sister.”* She explained that her daughter had a growth behind her right ear that had been growing for several months, and they had been trying to trust God for it. When the young lady came, I felt the growth, which was under the skin and about two inches long and stood out at least half an inch, about the size of my little finger. We prayed for that young lady standing on their front porch. We asked God, in the name of Jesus, to *“take it away.”* When I removed my hand, the growth was still there, but when the young lady felt for it, she screamed *“It’s gone,”* and it was gone. It had instantly disappeared from her body. This was another miracle of God of the sort that cannot be denied.

Brain Concussions

We were at a service station in my work truck. While I was taking care of business in the station, my second son Kenneth, who was about two years old at the time, crawled out of the passenger door window. Kenneth could climb even before he could walk. No one saw him as he tried to climb to the top of the truck, but we heard him when he fell on the concrete drive, landing on his head. When I picked him up, it was obvious that he had suffered a concussion; his eyes were dilated, he had a large knot on his head, and he was in and out of consciousness. We took Kenneth home and began to pray for God to heal him. After two days and nights there was no change. On the third night, Kenneth's mother was walking the floors with him, praying for him in the middle of the night. Her heart was broken for her son when she made her final request of God. *"If you're not going to heal my son, please take my son; but if you're not going to take my son, then heal my son."* Instantly, Kenneth woke up, ready to eat and play; he was his old self, just as he would awake from sleep in the morning. Oh what a wonderful God and Savior we serve. We can trust in Him.

Birth Deformities

In the year 1969 Missionary Ralph Nicol had come out of Mexico for the birth of their seventh child, who was born with what they called a *"clubbed foot."* The baby's foot was deformed at the ankle, and the foot was turned totally to one side, and lay beside the ankle. Brother Nicol brought his child for prayer in our Sunday morning service. I had the men of the church gather around as we prayed, asking God for a miracle. Within three days, the child's foot was perfectly normal.

My third son is Keith Surface who is Pastor of Calvary Outreach. When Keith first married Karen, they wanted children, but could not have them. The doctors tried every procedure for several years, and finally told Karen, *"There are some women that cannot have babies, and you are one of them."* With that, Keith asked his young wife if she would trust God for a child, and she said that she

would. After receiving prayer during a revival with Evangelist R.L. Harris from Winchester Kentucky, Karen conceived almost immediately and gave birth to their firstborn son, Christopher. “Chris,” as we call him, was born with an abnormality in his skull, which was diagnosed as “*Craniosynostosis*,” which means that the growth plates in his skull were fused. He had a sharp bony ridge vertically in the middle of his forehead, and was also born totally cross-eyed. The doctors said the only remedy was an operation in which they would surgically remove the front half of the child’s skull, cut it into multiple pieces, then replace the skull. The pressure placed upon Keith by the doctors was unbelievable. They told him that if he did not allow them to do the surgery, Christopher’s appearance would worsen as his skull grew and that he would be mocked and ridiculed by other children when he came to school age. The doctors were very clear; “*This condition will only get worse. It cannot get better.*” Unknown to me, Keith brought his son to the church many times in the middle of the night, praying and calling on God to let him know what to do. “*God, you gave me this son when the doctors could not; how can I give my son into the hands of the doctors now?*” Even so, when he prayed, he would still hear the doctor’s words, “*Your son will look like a freak.*”

Chris was three months old, and his eyes had never straightened. One Sunday morning at the close of the altar service, I said, “*God wants to do a miracle for someone.*” Immediately, Karen came to the front with Chris. I asked my wife to take the child in her arms as many of the worshipers gathered around to ask God for the miracle. While we prayed, the child’s eyes straightened, but the skull remained unchanged. The next Sunday while I was preaching, Keith began shouting aloud, “*It’s alright! It’s alright!*” I stopped preaching and asked, “*What’s alright?*” He answered “*Chris is alright. I just heard God say ‘It’s alright.’*” I expected to see a miraculous change, but nothing visible had happened, but on the basis of what God had spoken to Keith, he refused the surgery, to the dismay of the doctor’s. Over the months that followed,

Chris's head formed perfectly normal. Today he is a graduate of Texas A&M University with a degree in Civil Engineering. Years later we saw a documentary on the operation that the doctor's had pressured Keith to approve, and the majority of those who received it were either physically deformed or mentally challenged. Thank God that Keith chose to trust in Christ. He did as the apostle Peter said to do; *"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you"* ^{1 Peter 5:6-7.}

Free Bleeding

The first incident I recall was a simple nose bleed. It was in 1968 in the Sunday morning service that Charlotte Kirtley came forward for prayer. Her nose had been bleeding continuously for three days and three nights. We were seeing a wonderful move of God's Spirit at that time, and I became very bold that morning. I said, *"I will not take my hand off this sister's head until the bleeding stops."* I agree that was a very foolish thing to say, but this is what happened. I prayed and asked God to stop the bleeding. I rebuked the bleeding *"in the name of Jesus,"* yet the blood continued flowing from her nose. I realized by that time that I had made a *"foolish"* boast, so I became a *"little more foolish,"* I said, *"Devil, if I have to go home with my hand on this sister's head, I will."* I admit, all this seems very foolish to me today, but instantly, the blood stopped flowing. God was merciful, not only to Sister Kirtley, but upon me as well.

In 1975 I set my revival tent up on the southwest corner of Interstate 45 and Tamina Rd. in the small town of Shenandoah. One night, my son Keith, who was about thirteen years old at that time, stayed with the tent to watch over the equipment along with one of his friends. The next day, while walking barefoot through the area surrounding the tent, he stepped on a sharp broken bottle and cut the major artery in his foot. With every beat of his heart, the blood spurting from his foot. The only business in the area at that time was a small service station across the freeway, and Keith

left a blood trail as he went for help. The station attendant got me on the phone and told me that my son had cut an artery, and that he was *“bleeding to death.”* I told him it would take forty five minutes for me to get there, and the attendant told me, *“He won’t live that long if you don’t get him to the hospital.”* Again, I explained that I couldn’t possibly get there; would he please take my son to the emergency room for me. He refused; *“I can’t leave this station. I would lose my job, but if you don’t get him to the hospital, he’s going to bleed to death.”*

I was ready to break all speed limits to try getting to my son, when I heard the Spirit of the Lord say, *“You can’t get there, but I can.”* I asked the attendant to put Keith on the phone. I told him, *“Son, we’re going to pray and ask God to stop the bleeding.”* I asked God in the name of Jesus to stop the bleeding and spare my son’s life, and while we were praying, the blood suddenly stopped, and the major artery sealed. When I got to the tent forty five minutes later, Keith was fine, but I could see the puddles of blood that had marked his trail everywhere he went. Certainly, this was another miracle of God that could not be denied.

I have a grandson, Joseph Smith, who works as an Emergency Medical Technician for the city of Houston, answering 911 calls. Joey had told his grandmother one day, *“I was raised in church, and I have never seen anything that makes me to believe that it is real.”* It was only about two weeks later that Joey was helping me hang sheetrock in a rent house, and he was there when God gave James Cooper the wonderful miracle in his arm (see pages 4-5). It was the next day, however, before Joey knew what God had done for James. About two hours after we had prayed for Jame’s arm, I was cutting a piece of sheetrock when the knife slipped and stabbed me in the back of my hand, cutting into a major artery. The blood literally spurted out of my hand with every heartbeat, and Joey went into emergency mode. He cried out, *“Pop, you’ve cut an artery; put pressure on it.”* He threw me a rag, caught me by the arm and said, *“Let’s go get you some help.”* He was trying to drag me out of the house to the emergency room. I told him to

calm down, that I was going to be alright. He did calm down for a minute as he explained that I had to get emergency attention to sew the artery. I told him, *“Let’s pray first.”* I bowed my head and said, *“Father, stop this bleeding in the name of Jesus.”* I waited about five seconds and released the pressure, and the blood started spurting once more. Joey went back into the emergency mode, almost dragging me to the truck, saying *“I will drive; we will get you some help.”* I spoke sternly to Joey, *“Take me home! I do not want to go to the emergency room.”*

Reluctantly, Joey took me to the house, which was less than two minutes away. I walked into the kitchen and told my wife that I had cut myself. She said, *“Bad?”* and I said *“Pretty bad.”* She saw the blood that covered my hands and forearms. She turned the kitchen faucet on and I began washing the blood away. As I did, the water turned clear, and where the stab wound had been there was only a red line. Joey stuttered, *“Pop! Pop!”* I asked him what he was going to say, and he said, *“Oh, nothing.”* *“No son, what were you going to say?”* He said, two times, *“That’s crazy...that’s crazy.”* *“What’s crazy, son.”* Joey finally began to talk. He said, *“Pop, I’m trained in emergency medicine! I know what a cut artery is! I know what a cut artery does! We take people to emergency rooms to have cut arteries sewn up. Five minutes ago, you had a cut artery, but now you have a scratch. That’s what’s crazy.”* The wound, which was a half inch deep and a half inch long, never opened again, and healed almost overnight.

Skeptics say that the reason God did miracles passed away with the first century church, so why does God do miracles today? I will give two reasons; first, people need miracles. Without the miracles I have told of in this short testimony, several people would have been blind, deaf, or dead, including my own son. The second and great reason is that there are multitudes of people like Joey that have never seen anything in their lifetime to prove God’s existence. Joey saw two great miracles of God within two hours of one day, and it shattered his rebellious world. Joey is a believer today, because God still does miracles that *“cannot be denied.”*

Burns

It was in 1979 that I received a severe burn on the ankle of my right foot. I was using a cutting torch to work on a piece of equipment. The torch was running out of oxygen as I made the last cut, so I was literally melting instead of cutting the metal. My longtime friend, Jerry Green from Crockett Texas, was working with me that day, and he hit the red hot piece of metal with his chipping hammer. It fell inside the western boots I was wearing, and lodged in front of my ankle. The pain was unbelievable, but I knew that if I tried to remove the boots, it would drag the hot metal even deeper into my foot, so I stood while Brother Green went into the house and got a knife to cut the boot off. The burn area, which was about one inch wide and three inches long, was burned to crisp, black as ashes. The rest of the top of my foot was one huge blister, with skin literally boiled up. Brother Green took me to the emergency room at the hospital in Humble Texas. No one would touch my foot until a specialist arrived to check it out. After doing some tests, He told me that my foot was burned to the bone. He said that he would have to remove all the flesh, including the three leaders to my middle toes, all the way to the bone. He would scrape the bone, and do skin grafts to cover it. I would lose the use of my three middle toes, and have a handicap walking on the foot for the rest of my life. I know that my next question sounded so foolish to the doctor, but I said to him, *“Let me get this straight; you’re going to put me to sleep, and when I wake up, I will never be able to wiggle my three middle toes again?”* He looked at me with absolute indignation. He said, *“I’m not concerned whether you ‘wiggle your toes’ or not; I’m trying to save your foot.”* I said, *“Doctor, I do appreciate what you are trying to do, but if you will be so kind as to clean and dress my foot, I am going home, because my God will give me a better deal than you can.”* The nurses cried out at once, *“You can’t go home,”* but the doctor told them they couldn’t keep me against my will. He told me, *“If you leave this hospital, I can’t be responsible for what happens to your foot.”* I asked him, *“Doctor, if I stay in this hospital, will you be*

responsible for what happens to my foot?” He quickly said, *“Oh, no, no! I can’t do that.”*

When he saw that I was determined to leave, he gave me a few instructions about how to care for the burn, and painted a most horrible picture of what I was facing. I would still lose the leaders and muscle tissue. If I survived without losing the foot, without the skin grafts, I would have a thick hard scar tissue in my foot that would give me continual pain in walking. I went home with two prescriptions, one for pain and the other for infection, neither of which I ever used. I medicated the burn with *“over-the-counter”* ointment, covered it with a Teflon patch, bought some low quarter shoes, and never stopped going. After about a week of scrubbing the burnt area daily with a bristle brush as the doctor had instructed me, the flesh in the burned area, which had been black as ash became as white as paper. After about six weeks of scrubbing it, the dead flesh crumbled out, leaving a rectangular hole in my foot about a quarter of an inch deep, but it was healed just above the leaders. Then, what the doctor said could not happen, happened. Over the next six weeks, the *“hole”* in my foot filled up with flesh, and tender skin began growing over it. I have no handicap in that foot; I have no scar tissue, and thanks to God I do have my foot.

A Miracle for an Eye

Some people will read these things and say, *“What a wonderful God we have.”* Others will read the same things and say, *“What a foolish man he is.”* It was about eight or nine years after the incident with the burned foot that a perhaps even more tragic accident happened. I was on a mowing tractor with a fifteen foot *“batwing mower.”* I pulled up a steep slope onto a gravel road, and the mower picked up a small rock, bounced it off of the front tractor tire and hit me directly in the left eye. My hands flew up to my eye and immediately were filled with water. As with the burn several years before, the pain was unbearable. I had to pull the eye open to look in the truck mirror, and what I saw was horrible to look at. The entire eyeball was purple. The outer skin of the eye

was ruptured at the bottom. Keith was on another tractor right behind me when it happened, so we shut the job down and headed for home. A few miles down the road, the pain increased once again, and my vision faded to gray. I told Keith, *“Son, the pain is unbearable, and I am losing my vision.”* Keith was about twenty six years old and had been preaching about two years at the time. He pulled the truck off the freeway and laid his hands on my head to pray. He began rebuking blindness from my eye, and as he prayed, the pain began to lift and my sight returned. On the way home (we did not go to the emergency room this time), we stopped at a pharmacy to buy an eye patch. The pharmacist asked me what had happened, and I told him. He asked me to open the eye and let him see it. I believe the poor man almost fainted when he saw the eye. He cried out, *“My God man, get to the emergency room. The vessels in your eye are all burst, and when the pressure builds up you will lose your sight. Get to the emergency room as fast as you can.”* He did not know that his prediction had already taken place, and that God had healed it. No doctor ever saw that eye, but God healed it perfectly and quickly. Today, it is my best eye.

Trusting Him with your Life

We were laying the foundation for the *“Behold the Lamb”* and *“Shepherd’s Voice”* publishing building in March of 2002. Several days before this incident, I had been praying, and I heard the voice of the Spirit say, *“You trusted me with your foot, and you trusted me with your eye; will you trust me with your life.”* I was shaken by the question, and did not answer immediately. After much prayer and wrestling with the question, I told God, *“With all my heart, I want to be one who will trust you with my life.”* I realize that most people do not believe God still speaks to man, but He has spoken to me so very many times in the past fifty years in ways that have always proven to be true, that I dare not deny Him. I always tell what God speaks to me to several people who are close to me for later confirmation. I did not know what was coming, but while we were digging the footings for the publishing

building, we hit a sewer pipe which I proceeded to cut out and reroute. Brother Maurice Bolt from Atwood Illinois was helping that day, and he offered me a high speed grinder with a diamond blade to cut the sewer pipe. When I cut into the pipe, it was full of sewer, and the high speed blade threw the sewer into my mouth, nose, and eyes, filling them with raw sewage. I went to the house and bathed, brushed my teeth, gargled, and cleaned my eyes and nostrils the best I could, but in a few days it was obvious that the sewage bacteria had incubated in my left nostril, which was evidenced by the bright green drainage that began. I had never trusted in doctors, having only seen a doctor two or three times in my adult life at that time, but because of the fact that God had asked me only days before if I would *“trust Him with my life,”* I was actually afraid to see a doctor about this matter.

A couple of weeks after the drainage started, I was in a dental office when something seemed to break loose in my mouth, and instantly my breath turned to the smell of sewage. I was so embarrassed. I told the dentist what had happened, and he said *“I can smell it.”* My wife said the smell of sewage would fill the bedroom at night. My heart began to be erratic in its beating. Other organs seemed to be under attack. I talked to Keith one day, thinking to prepare him for the time he would have to take my place in the ministry, when He asked me, *“Dad, are you trusting God with your life?”* I said, *“Yes son, I am.”* He answered, *“If you are trusting God with your life, it seems to me that you will be around for a long time to come,”* and with that he walked away. He refused to join my *“pity party.”*

One day in the heat of July I was helping Richard Wilson put a roof over his porch. I had taken about two steps up a ladder when a horrible pain struck me in the heart and struck me to the ground. I sat with my head between my knees until it went away, but my heart continued pounding erratically in its beat. My liver was swollen with much pain front and back on my right side. My lungs were filling with the green stuff, and my kidneys and bladder were under attack; still, I was afraid to go to a doctor. On August fourth

that year I started a time of fasting and prayer. Strangely enough, I was not fasting for healing as much as for the manifestations of God to be restored to my ministry and church. I prayed at the church early every morning and every night during that time, and the last thing I would ask God was “...and please Lord, heal my body.” It was on the twenty eighth day of that time of fasting and prayer that the miracle came from God, and I did not know it was a miracle at the time. I awoke in the middle of the night with stomach pains, feeling that I needed a bowel movement. One thing that I know about fasting, you do not need a “*bowel movement*” after four weeks without food, yet the pain moved me to the bathroom. What poured out of my body was horrible to see; green knotty slime, and lots of it. I will not spend time and space to describe it, but when I saw it, it actually scared me. I thought, “*My entire body is full of this stuff.*” From that very night, however, I began to recover. God had purged my body from the poison that was killing me. Since that time at least two medical professionals have heard my testimony and told me, “*Thank God that you trusted in God. We have stood by helpless as people have died of those bacteria because we had nothing to counteract them.*”

The things I have shared in this little booklet are only a small fraction of the wonderful things I have seen God do in the first fifty years of the ministry He has called me to fulfill. What lies in the future, I do not know, but my desire is to be found doing what He called me to do when He comes for me. This I know; I can trust in Him, because He is faithful, and so can you.

In Conclusion

The things I have told in this short testimony are only a small fraction of the wonderful things we have seen God do during fifty years of ministry. I have chosen these because they are of the nature that they could not be denied by anyone who saw them at the time. God hates pretense, and so do I. He hates self-exaltation, and I greatly fear it. It is my firm belief that most of the highly publicized “*miracle ministries*” of today are nothing more than

pretense and self-glorification, and have become the “*habitation of devils*” Revelation 18:2, and not of God. Revelation 16:14 says, “*For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.*” Jesus spoke of the last days, saying, “*There shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.*” Matthew 24:24. The apostle Paul spoke of a last day “*...working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.*” II Thessalonians 2:9-10.

“*Holiness people*” reject the “*signs and wonders*” movement because it is filled with ungodly, unsanctified, often immoral and scandal ridden ministers, and they do well to reject it. The “*world*” that we are to reach with the gospel rejects the “*holiness movement*,” however, not because it is “*holy*,” but because it is weak and powerless. We are not to seek “*personal power*,” as so many do, but to be “*filled with the Spirit*” and “*clothed with miracles*” as Christ promised His disciples. There are untold millions, yes, billions of souls living in the world right now that have never seen anything in religion that can convince them that God even exists. “*Miracles that cannot be denied*,” done “*in the name of Jesus Christ*” is the answer. We must diligently seek God for a fresh outpouring of His Spirit upon the children of God. In Psalms 110:3 we read, “*Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness...*” The “*church*” is beautiful when God pours His Spirit upon her, clothing her with righteousness, love, and miracles. That is when “*grace*” becomes “*irresistible.*”

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