

**Simply Christ**  
Gospel Newsletter  
*Sharing the simplicity that is in Christ*

October 10, 2024

## **IN THE HANDS OF GOD**

The following is a testimony concerning Leroy Surface, founder and president of Calvary Outreach Ministries.

In 1979, a large chunk of molten iron fell into my dad's boot and cooked the flesh. After the boot was cut off, it was discovered that it had burnt all the way to the bone. The doctor told dad they would put him to sleep and scrape his foot to the bone. The ligaments would be gone, and he would lose the use of several toes. He replied that he was a minister of the gospel and preached that God was a miracle worker. He then asked them to bandage his foot so he could go home, saying, *"My God will give me a better deal than you can."* Initially his foot was a burnt black color, but over the next several weeks, the dead flesh turned white. After about six weeks the dead flesh began to crumble out leaving a quarter of an inch-deep hole in his foot that was about three-inches long and over one-inch wide. Then skin began to grow over it and over the next couple months it filled with new flesh from underneath. His foot did the impossible and completely healed with no scar tissue and no signs there was ever an injury.

Around 1986, a rock from a commercial mower ricocheted off a tire and hit dad in the eye. The

outer skin was ruptured, and the eye immediately turned purple. As I drove him towards home, the pain became unbearable, and his vision began to fade. I stopped driving, and laying my hands on him called on God for a miracle. As we drove on, the pain lifted, and the sight returned. We stopped by a pharmacy to buy an eye patch. When the pharmacist saw his eye, he exclaimed, *"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."* Dad never went to a doctor but preached that night wearing the eye patch. As he began, he removed the patch and showed his eye to the congregation, saying, *"I want you to see what God is going to do for me."* His eye healed perfectly, with no loss of vision. He is now 85 and reads without glasses.

In 2002, in a time of prayer, God spoke to dad, saying, *"You trusted me with your foot, and you trusted me with your eye; will you trust me with your life?"* Dad replied to God, *"With all my heart I want to be one who will trust you with my life."* He told me about the question God asked him, but neither of us knew what was about to happen. Several days later, dad was helping dig a foundation for our publishing building. He was laying on the ground attempting to cut an old sewer pipe with a grinder when the sewer began to fly into his face filling his mouth and nostrils. Over the weeks that followed his body began to turn "septic." His breath literally began to smell like a septic tank. As time went on his heart began

to be erratic, then working one day he was struck to the ground with a severe pain in his chest. His liver became hard and swollen with constant pain front and back on his right side. He began to cough up green discharge and began to have pain in his kidneys and bladder. He told me I should prepare for his "departure," but I reminded him of what God had asked, and said, *"I believe you are going to be here for a long time."* Strangely enough, he began to fast for another person's healing. On the twenty-eight day of the fast, he awoke with stomach pains and felt he needed a bowel movement. A large discharge of green knotty slime poured from his bowels. When it was over, all the symptoms left his body, and his health became better than it had been in many years. He had trusted God with his life, and God renewed his health.

About six weeks ago, at age 85, dad had a massive heart attack. After being stabilized and examined in the Emergency Room and Hospital, the cardiologist told him most of this heart was destroyed and without intervention he had only a couple weeks to live. He advised him to check out of that hospital and go to in the Methodist Hospital in Houston, Texas. There, after multiple tests, they decided it was too risky to do open heart surgery but would attempt to open the main artery to his heart with a stint, knowing it might not work. Shortly before they took him in, I texted the following to our family. *"Everyone knows this is 'iffy" because of the condition of dad's heart. He has never been in man's hand. Not when the molten metal burnt a hole in his foot."*

*Not when a rock burst his eye. Not when an angry man put a knife to his belly. Not when he swallowed sewer and his body turned septic. And not now! He has always been in the hands of God. Whatever happens today cannot change that. Dad knows more than anyone that he is in the hands of God!"*

When the doctor spoke with us after the surgery, he said he was not able to do anything at all. "But," he said, "His heart seems to be doing better than we all thought. It has created his own bypasses, and a good amount of blood is flowing into the upper chamber which is nowhere near as damaged as we thought." "What will he be able to do?" I asked. "Anything he feels like doing!" the doctor said. When I finally saw dad after he awoke from recovery, he asked, "Did you hear that their efforts were a complete failure?" I then told him all the doctor had told us, and said, "It sounds to me like we just got a reminder that you are not in the hands of men, but in the hands of God!"

For almost a month, dad has been back teaching every morning on Facebook and working four to five hours in the Behold the Lamb office each day. He is back to ministering two services each week at the church and is starting to write his next Behold the Lamb book. For years I have told people that dad will preach until God is done with him, then he will die. Dad has always said he would have it no other way. He is still in the hands of God!