

spiritual than others run, for they have no clue, they are puffed up, self deceived, and dangerous to both themselves and others. Every one of us is unique and special to Him who created us. **You** have access to “EVERYTHING” that God ever spoke and within you is the ability to hear God speak to you in the moment, you only need to believe. I do not believe in dispensation theology and hold to the reality that everything experienced by the first century church is still available to us today. I have personally experienced every one of them to one degree or another. When Jesus said in Mark 16:15-18 “in my name they (that's you and I) will” and He gives a list. Our part in all this is merely to position ourselves, staying incredibly close to Him listening for His spoken word in the moment, where He may do what ever He desires when ever He chooses. For it is not of our will or choosing to do any of the things spoken of in Mark 16. Even Jesus said in John 5:19 “I only do that which I see the Father doing”. That is an “in the moment” statement. It was not HIM picking some passage from the Old Testament that HE wanted to apply in any given situation but HIM looking at and listening to HIS FATHER as to what to do and when and how to do it. The only “pattern” you will find to HIS miracles is this; “He was moved with compassion...” The when, who and how was different every time, the why was always love.

The event I want to share is this. When my son Micah was just 10 months old and learning to walk he would climb up beside a piece of furniture holding himself up to balance and take a few steps beside it. I was in the office typing away on an old school typewriter that was sitting on a small portable table with wheels. I have always loved to write and was writing testimonial tracts at the time hoping to some day publish them. My son was crawling around my feet playing and looking to get into mischief, which was his favorite thing to do, when I heard something come crashing down behind me. Following the crash was the most horrible

screaming anyone could imagine. You see Micah had pulled himself up along side a tall four drawer filing cabinet to reach a cord connected to a old style stainless steel Sunbeam double peculator. Like the one pictured on the front of this tract. I was using the bottom half of it to boil water for herbal tea. The pot had just finished a boiling cycle and Micah pulled on the cord bringing it down from its perch upon the filing cabinet landing upside down on his forehead leaving a ½ inch long 1/8 inch deep dent in his forehead. The lid, which only snapped into place, popped off as it hit him dumping roughly 3-4 cups of fresh boiling water over his face, chest and arms. I jumped up so violently that the typewriter and table went flying across the room. My son, wearing only a t-shirt and diapers, was screaming so hard he could hardly breath. I ripped the the t-shirt from his body before it could bond to him from blistering then grabbed him and took him to the bathtub. It was the dead of winter in northern IL, about 10 below 0. I turned the cold water on full force and placed my son under it with his forehead just below the spout letting the water wash over his entire body. By then his mother, hearing the screaming, had reached the top of the stairs and was wondering if I was trying to drown him. From the top of his head to his diaper he was the color of a shiny new red fire engine. After several minutes, still screaming so hard he was almost convulsing and choking on the water going over him, I removed him from under the faucet and carried him to the bedroom. Now naked and still fire engine red I placed him face up on a pillow in my lap so none of my body heat would be transferred to him. His mom and I sat on the bed, closed our eyes, and began to worship God singing and sobbing as he screamed. Angel, our 28 month old daughter, had joined us by then. The song we sang was from Psalm 34:1-4. It was one of the very first songs I learned as a new believer and has been there many times for me over the years when I needed it. We continued for several minutes singing it over and over and then it happened, Micah was totally silent. We opened our eyes and then really began

to sob. Laying in my lap was a toddler that was smiling, cooing and with absolutely no signs of scalding, his color back to normal and the dent in his forehead was totally gone. We continued to worship and rejoice over the miracle we had received.

Did I forget to mention our apartment was about 200 yards from the emergency entrance of the brand new St. Anthony's Hospital which was nationally known for it's specialized infant care facility. I could have literally physically ran him to the emergency room within moments of being scalded. The option to turn to man was there, and God in His love and mercy may have met us there, but we chose God only and got a supernatural miracle.

Now this was not the first miracle we had been granted nor the most amazing. I have actually seen God raise the dead to complete wholeness and health. God, from the moment of my salvation, has been very very real to me. Am I any better than others? Emphatically NO! Do I have some great measure of faith? Not really, at least I don't see it that way. I just take Him at His word, literally, and believe. So when the time comes to show Him I do, I do. Is it scary? Yup, you betcha! But He has never ever failed me, NEVER!

Please do not misunderstand what I am saying. I am not advocating withholding medical treatment from anyone in any given situation, to include yourself. But rather encouraging you to get so close to God that this kind of faith comes naturally. Presumption leads to discouragement and even death. What I have is faith that stems from an intimate relationship with my Heavenly Father, not a formula or someone else's idea. Many have died trying to apply a “formula” or some other person's faith. It has to be real, genuine, sincere, personal and you have to be willing to accept the consequences of your choices should you not get the desired results. I have other very powerful experiences that demonstrate this reality, they are in other tracts.