

the front row my child would be the first to be prayed for. He had just heard that we had a baby boy born at home and assumed that something was wrong with him. They made room for me in the front row and worship continued for a few more songs. Upon ending Pastor Moen approached the podium as usual with his warm charismatic style and as he began speaking he was arrested mid sentence. He turned pale as a ghost, closed his eyes and pointed right at me and said, "that little girl has been suffering from a kidney infection and God is healing her right this instant." He hadn't even finished the sentence when Angel, for the first time in a week, moved in my arms. This was NOT something that Pastor Moen was accustomed to and years later he confessed to me that "I scared the daylights out of him." Dale ushered me out of the sanctuary into an adjoining prayer room where he brought water for Angel and I. She drank as though she had never had water and within minutes she was totally coherent responding to both verbal and physical stimulus. There was no fever whatsoever and she was smiling and happy as was her basic nature. The service went on without us as we went home to be with mom and her new brother. Within three days her health was totally restore, her weight back to normal and running around as though none of it ever happened. I did NOT miss God and GOD was faithful. Three years later God confirmed that she had actually died and He raised her back up. How you ask? Her friend, the little girl her age next door, had gone into the hospital for surgery to fix a congenital heart condition, she died just days later from and infection. When I told Angel, having taken her to the hospital to pray for Angela, she acknowledged it and went on playing with her brother. Two days later I asked if she understood what had happened to Angela and that she wouldn't be coming back. She just smiled and said yes. She then told me that Angela was in heaven. When I asked how she knew this she just said Jesus had

told her so. Then she told me she had been there long ago and tried, at 5 years old, to describe what it was like to walk hand in hand with Jesus through fields of beautiful flowers and lights of many colors. She asked Him if she could stay and He said "No, you have to go back, I still have work for you to do." She left the room, I sobbed!

For decades I have kept this inside telling only a handful of people, not sure even why. Now it's time for the world to know how great my God is and how much He loves you.

If they are not available someone is at:

**Calvary Chapel Meadows Mesa,
LAS Vegas, Nevada**

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By the end of reading this you will have come to the conclusion that I am either the biggest liar you've ever heard of, out of my mind or the most blessed of all men, but I'll leave that to you to decide.

Often times the geographic location, time line and National events are not that significant to a story, but this time it's extremely relevant.

. It was winter of 80-81 in Rockford, IL. and had been particularly harsh with a few days of wind chills in the 50-70 below range. The bottom had dropped out of the economy to the point that jobs were almost extinct. We lived in a brand new HUD housing project on the far east side of town right next to St. Anthony's Hospital, also significant. The church we were attending, First Assembly of Rockford, was the largest charismatic fellowship in the city and three miles north of us on the same street. We'd been going there since fleeing a cult we'd been a part of in Roger's Arkansas. Dale Crall, the College and Career pastor of First Assembly, had become a very close friend. We'd known of each other since the late sixties having graduated the same year from Rockford East High School. The pastoral staff of this church was twelve strong and I had a good relationship with five of them. I share this only that you may know we were known there and had a sanctioned weekly Bible study in our home.