

I had not been working for months and Bonnie was pregnant with our second child. Things were very tight, but that wasn't the reason for wanting a home birth. We had wanted to have Angel at home but God had other plans. You can read about that in the tract "Just as You Requested."

We had become very close to Mike Feltz, a doctor who was attending there, and he was overseeing Bonnie's progress toward the end of the pregnancy. She had seen him only twice but it was enough to assure us that all was well in spite of having a terrible cold the last week of the pregnancy. He knew our intent and was aware of our extensive preparation but could not participate for legal reasons. No medical staff of any kind could be present at the birth without jeopardizing their license should something go wrong.

But there was also something going on at a national level that was very very significant to this event involving a cult leader by the name of Hobart Freeman, more on that later:

Now to the subject matter. With Bonnie nearing the very end of her pregnancy Angel, our seventeen month old daughter, had become gravely ill. About two weeks before Micah was born she came down with a severe fever. Being home all day every day I had lots of time to pray and take care of a sick toddler and a pregnant wife. But this was no ordinary fever, it got intense very quickly with temperatures hitting 106+ degrees by the second week. She was getting worse and worse by the day. Now anyone I've ever known would have rushed her to the hospital by now and because I knew this only one other person beside my wife was even aware of her true condition, but he too was a man of faith. Even the doctor mentioned earlier was not aware of Angel's condition. From the moment she became ill I asked my Heavenly Father what I should do, all He did was ask me, "**Do you trust me?**" For two weeks every time I asked, that's all He said. Several times during that period when her temp would exceed 104 I would lay her in my lap and just read scriptures to her

believing in it's power to heal, every time her fever would break and go back to around 100. It was by far the most difficult thing I had ever experienced up to that time in my life, but far worse was yet to come.

Now by this time I had already experienced several personal supernatural miracles of healing to include being hit, while riding a ten speed, by an eighteen wheeler doing 65 MPH. I literally walked away from that accident and was totally healed within a two week period. That testimony is in a tract titled, "The Eighteen Wheeler and Me". But this was not my body, not my life, this was my child, my first born of miraculous birth and the anguish of trusting Him was near unbearable. By the day Micah gloriously arrived at home with no complications and healthy as a horse Angel had lost one third of her body weight, was no longer able to eat anything and barely able to drink water.

Now most mother's would have called the cops by now having me arrested and then an ambulance to rush her child to the emergency room, but she too was trusting God that I was hearing correctly and that God would restore her child to health and wholeness.

Side note; Hobart Freeman. This man was a cult leader currently on trial in Chicago just 70 miles east of us, with several of his elders, for the deaths of numerous children whom he had convinced the parents to withhold medical assistance from. It was national news. That was the backdrop of my scenario and I was well aware of it and his heretical teachings that produced those deaths. This information is all available on Wikipedia.

So now you have the setting, what happened next was indescribable. My healthy happy new son was sound asleep in the other room with his mother. My mom, dad, best friend and his wife, all a part of the birth, had gone home. Only my friend and his wife knew Angel's true condition. It was noon on March 4th, 1981. My daughter had now been despondent for three days and I was at my end mentally and emotionally. I just held her, crying, praying, hoping I had heard correctly. Then I noticed she wasn't breathing.

I laid her on the couch before me, I looked for a pulse and found nothing, put a mirror to her nose, my ear to her chest, nothing. I broke into uncontrollable sobbing, this couldn't be happening, it just couldn't, so much was at stake. Not just her life or the anguish of so many who loved her or even my imprisonment, but God's very essence would be slandered by my error not to mention the backlash it would have on the our church that was so active in the community and responsible for the salvation of thousands of souls over the previous two decades.

I told my Father I was more than willing to go to prison for my error and deserved far worse but that His name would suffer and for that I was totally heartbroken. I just wanted to die. Several minutes had passed as I sobbed and prayed. I stared at my beautiful little girl and wondered how I could have been so wrong, how I could have brought such reproach to His Name, then I saw her chest move. She was barely breathing and God spoke so clear; "You take her to the evening church service. You go straight to the altar and remain there with the same tenacity that the men lowering their friends cot down through the roof to Jesus until I release you, and I will raise her up whole."

I called my very best friend Jim Napton and asked him to come pick me up on his way to church. I told him some, but not all, of what had just happened, he came. Worship was already in progress when we got there. It was a full house of about 2000 people with a 100 piece orchestra and a 200 person choir. I walked down the center isle and knelt in front of the altar with Angel all bundled up in a bunting, worship continued. Within a few minutes Pastor Moen sent Dale down off the podium to tell me I was out of order and that I needed to go take a seat, I didn't move or respond. Again, moments later he came down to repeat himself, again, I did the same. Then on the third trip, all while worship was going on, Dale came down to tell me that God has shown Pastor Moen earlier that this was to be a healing service and that if I took a seat in