

AROUND THE WORLD IN 88 YEARS

BY ARTHUR BURT

THE STORY OF ARTHUR BURT

PREPARED BY NINA SNYDER FOR ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

Nina Snyder resurrected a project that was put on the shelf long ago and brought this book to life. She pieced together a vast collection of tapes, the recordings of Arthur Burt's life story, and went on to prepare the original text of **Around the World in 80 Years... The Story of Arthur Burt.**

Around the World in 88 Years is a *new edition*, revised and edited with new stories.

— The Publisher

AROUND THE WORLD IN 88 YEARS

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Preface

In more than 70 years of ministry, I have proved many truths — sometimes by doing things right and sometimes by doing things wrong. A few of the stories I relate might offend some readers. My hope is, by exposing my misdeeds and the lessons I have learned through God's dealings, I might spare others from falling as they learn from my mistakes. It is not my intention to stir up mud or to deal with the sordid, but rather, by uncovering myself, to be a blessing to others.

At the turn of this century, I look back over the 88 years of my life, with more than 70 years as a Christian, and sometimes feel as if I am dreaming and will soon awaken.

I cannot believe that all those years have gone by!

Most of my contemporaries are gone. Except for a handful, the people from my generation who I knew, loved, esteemed and fellowshiped with are gone.

I have never been important in the eyes of men, never one of the "greats". If you ask me who I am, I will tell you. I am nobody. And the message I bring today is that every *somebody* will now have to become *nobody*. We must lose our identity in the Body of Christ, because Father will not give His glory to anybody but Christ.

— Arthur Burt

1

Father

“Oh God, help us! The Germans are here!” Mother cried out, awakening me. She snatched me out of bed and carried me downstairs where we cowered, trembling to the thud, thud, thud, as the plummeting bombs exploded almost completely destroying Whitley Bay. We were twelve miles from Vickers Armstrong’s ship-building yards in Newcastle, and the Germans were after that. Along the way, the Germans devastated our town.

In the morning I discovered my friend’s house had collapsed in on him. The roof and some of the rafters crushed the top and bottom of his bed, but he was still alive underneath. Miraculously, our house was untouched, while everywhere around us was absolute wreckage.

Later in the war, after Great Britain had captured some German prisoners, I trembled when I saw 200 or 300 of these Germans marching down the road with red, white and blue targets on their backs. Oddly enough, there was only one British soldier with a gun conducting them along the seacoast to where they dug trenches. They seemed to be glad to be out of the war, content to be prisoners. The end of World War I came in 1918, along with my sixth birthday.

An aura of mystery surrounded my father.

Although these are some of my earliest recollections, I suppose all stories really begin at the fathering of something. My father was thirty years older than my mother and had two sons from his first marriage who were older than she was. Emerging into a world of conflict, I was born in England in 1912, the only child by

my father's second marriage. Many years would pass before I could fully comprehend my background.

An aura of mystery surrounded my father, a doctor who had been crossed off the medical register for misconduct. He had been performing illegal abortions and peddling drugs. He was a blaspheming, drunken, gambling man, and yet, a man who was superior in many ways to most people around him.



Father

Once Father had entered into moral disgrace, he did like most people would do. He fled from where he was known, down in Southampton, and moved up to Newcastle-on-Tyne where he opened a drugstore. A young girl of 15 entered that drugstore one day, and that was the *beginning*. Nine years later, that young girl, who would one day be my mother, married my father.

Father invented a false background for himself so no one would know of his secret past and private life. Later, we would learn that his first wife,

a schoolteacher, had left him in a grievous situation. They had two sons, and her brother lived with them. One day, during a drunken brawl, my father picked up a poker and split his brother-in-law's head open. His wife took the two boys and left him, never to return.

My father continued this kind of life, gradually sinking into more and more sin and wickedness. I don't know how many women he had. I do know at least one woman, his housekeeper, lived with him for a time and had a baby by him. It was difficult to learn anything more about this because of the scandal involved, so this part of his life remained in the past.

My grandfather, on my mother's side of the family, had a public house, a drinking saloon in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Grandfather was

a jovial, lovable man who would take me out and buy me sweets and clothes. Our rare visits to him were like going to heaven!

The only occasions I ever remember drinking was when I was a youngster of seven or eight and showed off before the men in the saloon by sipping out of their glasses. They laughed and said, "He is going to be like his Granddad." I loved my grandfather, in spite of his drinking. But I hated my father and his drinking, because Father's alcoholism played such a tremendous part in making our lives grim.

Father lived a separate life from my mother and me, leaving the house every day by 11:00 AM to visit the different drinking saloons. He would come back at 3:00 PM and would go out again at 6:00 PM. We never knew what time he would return at night. He lived his whole life in an atmosphere of gambling, under-cover drugs and other evil activities.

Before I was born, he had a very serious accident when he was mixing something with pestle and mortar, probably while he was under the influence of drink. The stuff exploded in his face, and his eyeballs came out on his cheeks. Doctors put his eyes back in, but his sight was pretty well gone. So when I was 10 years old and he was 65, I became very valuable to him — *as his eyes*, like blind people use a dog.

Everyday when I came home from school, I had to read the newspaper to him, and it would take me at least an hour. After reading, I mixed medicines and drugs, struggling through books like *The British Pharmacopoeia* and *The Bloodless Phlebotomist*. I made the medicines, wrote the labels and stuck them on the bottles, wrapped them in white paper, and delivered them to countless peoples' houses. Also, I made whiskey at Father's instructions in his *still* in the cellar. His other illegal activities, such as performing surgery, were done in the pubs and the clubs secretly.

Because most of my hours were filled with school, mixing medicines, reading to my father... my liberty was worth its weight in gold to me. My father's sternness made me a disciplined boy and I dared not openly disobey him, so I developed a subtle, stealthy manner. If I could creep out of the house, my only opportunity of liberty, I would do so. But my father's ears often made up for his eyes! So I mastered how to lift the latch silently and how to

avoid each stair that creaked. I would have made a wonderful burglar!

I knew when I'd come home, I'd probably be in trouble because I had been out playing with the lads. I would hear, "*Arthur, where have you been?!*"

"Oh," I would answer, "I have been out with the lads."

"You didn't ask me."



Just Arrived!

I would present him with my excuse, “You were busy with someone in the consulting room.” If anyone was in with him, I was off.

I was terribly lonely as a boy of 10 — a slave to my father who wanted me every moment he could get me. Consequently, I wasn't exposed to the temptation and sin that many other boys of my age



On Grandad's Knee

were. This didn't make me better than them; I simply lacked the opportunity to sin.

I can't recall that Father ever gave me a penny to spend. He was a heartache to Mother whenever she would ask him for money to buy even a half pint of milk. He never offered her housekeeping money. She had to go to him for everything she wanted, a tearful argument following each time she would ask for money. Mother would buy a pot of jam on Friday, and I could prophesy when it would finish — Tuesday, *Tea Time*. Then we went from Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, before another pot of jam would appear on Friday.

We lived with a strange combination of having and lacking. I sometimes had to shape cardboard and three-ply wood to put into my shoes to stop my feet from touching the ground. At the same time, Father had his brass nameplate outside the big twelve-

room house, as if he were important. Whatever money he had, he spent on himself, gambling and drinking.

Rhoda's papers

Little Rhoda was my first sweetheart, though I'm not certain why she was. Maybe it was because she smelled good from the perfume on her hanky and I so liked the smell of her handkerchief. We sat next to each other, a boy and a girl, in Mr. Cormack's class. Rhoda was a clever little girl getting eight and nine sums out of 10, while I was getting only two or three, so I began to copy Rhoda's answers.

"What do you get for number three?" I would whisper.

She wouldn't speak but would just point. If her answer was different from mine, I would copy her answer. My scores jumped from about three out of 10 to eight or nine out of 10. This was wonderful, until one day Mr. Cormack pointed to me.

"Arthur Burt, come here!" he commanded, beckoning with his finger. "How do you, with these workings, get these answers?" What could I say? I couldn't tell him I had copied the answers from Rhoda's papers. I just stood numb and dumb.

"You are a cheat," the teacher said. "In the future, even if your answer is correct, unless your workings are correct, I'll mark your sums wrong."

I learned a valuable lesson there — it isn't sufficient to have the right answers, but I must also know how to obtain the right answers. In later years I read Psalm 51, where David said to the Lord, "*Thou requirest truth in the inward parts.*" It isn't sufficient to have your "what's" right, you must have your "why's" right — not so much *what* you do, but *why* you do it. *If you don't do works for the glory of God, however presentable they may look on the outside, it is still not acceptable with God. If you have the wrong motivation for doing good, you are not right, you are wrong.*

Big duck on a little pond

As I grew, I developed my own interests. Another boy, Wilfie Cross, and I brought out a paper, *The Weekly Wonder*, duplicat-

ing it with carbon paper. I wrote the stories and he did the pictures. We sold it all around the district at two pence a copy and made a bit of money out of *The Weekly Wonder*. The headmaster at school heard about it and invited me to edit the school magazine. So at age 14, I became an editor.

I began to do well at school and finished almost top of my class. I was fairly good at sports, but I knew that I could write. I longed to be an author. But then, how do you become an author? You don't just become an author. You move in the direction of Journalism — newspapers and things like that.

Father knew a man in the journalistic trade, and as soon as I left school, this friend put my name down on an availability list that moved around the newspapers. Writing became my whole life. I wrote a story, *Crossbones Islands*, and another one, *In Other Worlds*, but I never got them published or printed. I lacked a sponsor or critic or anyone to take an interest in me, so I got nowhere.

In all essay-writing competitions, I won a prize, not always the first, but always a prize. I began to get very *big headed* and thought, "I am editor of this school magazine. The headmaster at school has told me how clever and how gifted I am and how I will go places." Then, for the very first time, I entered the national competition. Previously, all I had entered were the North-east Coast exhibitions, but this was the *National*, for the whole country. But I didn't get a prize. That really pricked my ego. I had been the big duck on the little pond, but this time, I wasn't even the little duck on the big pond. I got *nothing*, and that really did hit me hard.

Stephen Jeffries... "God is real!"

My father came home one day in 1926 and tossed a leaflet onto the table. "Read that!" he ordered.

It said, "*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.*" (Heb 13:8) The leaflet announced special revival services with Pastor Stephen Jeffries at the town hall in Bishop Auckland.

I sat down, and with Father dictating, wrote a letter: “*Dear Sir, Will you please tell me the times that the Roman Catholic priest Jeffries visits his patients?*”

We soon got an answer: “*Dear Sir, There is no Roman Catholic priest visiting patients in this town. Pastor Stephen Jeffries is God’s humble servant who God is using to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick. Come. Believe and be blessed.*”

So we journeyed on the electric train up to Newcastle and took a bus out to Bishop Auckland. My father’s whole aim was to get his sight back. He wasn’t interested in God or salvation or anything else.

To our amazement, when we arrived, there were hundreds and hundreds of people waiting outside the town hall. Ambulances drove up, transporting people who were carried in on stretchers. We joined the crowd, and we stood for hours.

I stared in wonder at the radiance on the faces of the people as they sang choruses, such as “*Everybody ought to love Jesus.*” It was all foreign to me. Never in my life had I seen such ecstasy as was on the faces of these people. There were hundreds waiting outside, for the hundreds inside to come out, so they might get in. It was revival!

Finally, at 3:00 PM, the doors opened and the people came out. Immediately, the crowd for the next meeting moved forward. We shuffled up, and shuffled up, and shuffled up. Just before we got to the steps of the entrance, an usher put up his hand and announced, “I am sorry. There is no more room. The town hall is full.” We returned home with Father miserably disgruntled.

A few weeks later we heard that the same minister was at Victoria Hall in Sunderland and Father was determined to go. He was no more interested in getting saved than somebody’s cat out in the road — not at all. All he wanted was to regain his sight. So off we went to Sunderland.

Again, we stood for hours, and again, ushers were announcing, “Sorry, no more room.” Ambulances maneuvered back and forth, crowds sat on the sidewalk. It was tremendous, but we couldn’t get in.

Nobody could ignore the revival. They could laugh at it or persecute it, but they couldn't ignore it. Even drunks in the pubs making jokes about "Give me oil in my lamp..." were moved.

There were silly rumors flying about, too. People were saying, "Have you heard? Stephen Jeffries went into the park, put his hands on the statue of Sir Thomas Lipton, and it rose up and walked!" A story circulated that a man with a withered arm had come to the meetings, and God had healed him. Later that night, the man went to celebrate back in the pub where he mocked and laughed, and his hand and arm withered again. These were the things they were saying.

The same thing happened in Sunderland as had happened before — we couldn't get in. My father appealed to the usher, "Look! We don't live in Sunderland and have come a long way. Can't you do anything for us?"

The usher said, "There is a little room where people are sitting who are so badly crippled that they can't stand. If you want to go in there and wait, maybe Stephen Jeffries will come to pray for you before the night meeting."

As we waited in this room with a dozen others, we sat listening to the singing inside the auditorium, the voices thundering, "*His Blood can make the foulest clean; His Blood avails for me.*" It tremendously moved me, even though I didn't understand anything that was happening.

Finally, after a long wait, the door opened, and a simple gray-haired man in his mid-fifties entered the room. He stood by the table and said, "I want you to understand, that the first thing you need, more important than your body, is your need for *salvation*. Whatever your need is for your body, your greatest need is that your soul might be saved." He preached the Gospel for about five minutes. Then, he went over to a young woman in her twenties who stood opposite me, and he laid his hands upon her.

"I can see! I can see!" she screamed, clapping her hands and jumping up and down.

My heart pounded, *bump, bump, bump!* This was the first time in my life that I met God. Amazed, I realized: "*God is real! God is real!*" Up to that moment I had doubted His existence.

Then the preacher went around the room and came to my father — but nothing happened. Father, sulking in a foul mood all the way home, said it was a lot of rubbish, and that was the end of that.

May 1, 1927. That night, I received Jesus.

On Good Friday, in 1927, Mother announced she had no onions. All the shops are closed,” I reminded her.

“Yes,” she retorted, “but you go down to Cullercoats Bay where the fisher wives’ cottages are. They sell crabs, winkles, oysters and fish, and they should have carrots and onions. You can get some there.”

“Father has gone out,” I complained, “and I was wanting to go with the lads to a comic football match. Now you want me to go looking around for onions. The lads are all gone, and I was looking forward to going with them.”

“Shut your lip and go get the onions!” she demanded. “Then you can go with the lads.”

I grabbed the money, and ran almost a mile until I was passing a big Methodist Church. On the front of it was a picture of Jesus on the cross and underneath, in big, bold, black letters, was written, “*IS IT NOTHING TO YOU — ALL YOU THAT PASS BY?*”



Nearly 17

It arrested me. Astonished, I sat down in front of the church, and as I gazed at the picture, the most amazing feeling came over me — I felt sorry for Jesus. I thought, “Poor Jesus. There He is, and nobody is bothered about Him.”

“Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by?” It was nothing to me but I didn’t see that for myself, just for everybody else. I jumped to my feet, raced down to the bay, and picked up the onions. I ran all the way home, put the change and onions on the table, and shouted to my mother, “There are your onions. I am off to the match.”

I ran all the way, found my pals, and sat down to enjoy myself with them. In those days we were laughing at Charlie Chaplin and Felix the Cat. (*Mickey Mouse hadn’t come along yet.*) The other lads were laughing and talking, but those words kept coming back to me — *“Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by?”* I tried to fight it, but I couldn’t. It was a Word of God in my being, and I could do nothing about it. For the next two or three days, all I could see was Jesus, that picture of Him on the cross with those words, *“Is it nothing to you?”*

Those were the words that hooked me for salvation, while I fought to get off the hook. Soon afterwards, I went to the bread shop for my mother. When the girl gave me my loaf of bread, she passed me a leaflet. “We are having evangelistic services at the Baptist Church. Come along,” she invited, “and bring your mother along.”

“Come to religious meetings?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied. “Why not?” I told her that religion is all right for gossiping old ladies over cups of tea, but not for me.

“You’re going to die the same as anybody else,” she commented.

I took my bag and left without answering her. That Sunday night, May 1, 1927, sitting with my mother in the Baptist Chapel, I heard the preacher, Arnold Bennett, teach the difference between God’s salvation and man’s religion. He explained that man’s religion has two letters in it: *D* and *O*, “*DO*”. “*DO* this. *DO* that.” Every religion in the world is based on *DO*. But only God’s salvation is founded on four letters: *D, O, N, E* – “*DONE*”! I listened intently as Arnold Bennett related this story:

One of his preacher friends was driving his car in Poland and saw a man lying in the road. He stopped his car, got out, and pulled the man off the road onto the side.

“What happened?” the preacher asked. “Have you been hit by a car?”

“No,” the poor man moaned, barely able to communicate. “I was so burdened over my sins, I asked the priest what must I do to be saved. The priest told me that I must make a barefooted pilgrimage of 100 miles to the icon of Mary in the church in Warsaw. But, he said I must make the pilgrimage like this.”

The priest had directed the pilgrim to stand up on the road, barefooted, and fall forward on the road with his hands outstretched. Where his hands hit the road, he had to place his bare feet, and repeat the process. This was how he was to atone for his sins.

He looked up into the face of the preacher and he sighed, “My hands and feet are bleeding. I have to stop and mark the road with a cross and go home until my wounds heal. Afterward, I must come back to the cross and continue my pilgrimage. Oh, sir, the awful fear I have is that my life will end before I finish my pilgrimage, and my soul will be lost.

The preacher asked him, “Didn’t anyone ever tell you there is One who was wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities? The chastisement of your peace was upon this One? And it is “by His stripes we are healed.” (Is 53:5) It’s not with the shedding of your own blood! It is the Blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, that cleanses you from all sin — that atones for you. You have nothing to do. It is all done.” And he pointed the poor, helpless man to Jesus Christ.

As he finished his story, Arnold Bennett said, “Shall we bow our heads and pray? Is there anyone here tonight who has never received the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Lord and Saviour? As I have related the story to you about that poor man, are

you, like him — trying to do what God has done? Do you understand? Do you see there is nothing for you to do? *It is done!* When Jesus said ‘It is finished,’ He said what He meant, and He meant what He said. Is there anyone here tonight that will receive Jesus as your Saviour?”

I looked at the clock and it was ten minutes to eight, Sunday night, May 1, 1927, and I raised my hand. Mother took her elbow and hit me in the ribs.

“Put your hand down,” she hissed. “You don’t need saving; you have lived a good life. I have brought you up right. It is your father who needs saving, not you.”

“Mother,” I objected, “I am not right with God, and I do need saving.” *That night, I received Jesus — the biggest, most life-changing night of my life! My destiny was settled as I was born again. Hallelujah!*



On the promenade in Whitley Bay

2

Walking on Water

The life of Jesus began to rumble in me like a volcano. You can do what you will to cap it, but every now and then it bursts forth — and the new life began to burst forth. After a few days, I witnessed to my father, but he just pushed me down. One night, I announced, “Father, I want to pray before I go to bed.”

“Pray, if you bloody well want to!” he roared.

Seven years of salvation...

I didn’t find much encouragement from that, but I prayed and God used that prayer. I know my prayer touched Father for his eyes were tearing. It was the beginning of faith within him, and I was excited, flushed with this new experience. I read in the Bible that Jesus promised, “If you shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.” If I were ever to ask for anything, it would be for my father, so my first request was for his salvation.

He went out one night, and I got down on my knees and prayed, “Lord, you said ‘Ask, and it shall be given....’ (Matt 7:7) I’m asking you now to stop my father from going to the public house.” A few minutes later, there was a step at the front door. It opened, and Father came in.

“What is the matter, John?” Mother asked. “Have you forgotten something?”

“No,” he answered. He took off his hat and coat and went into the consulting room.

I thought, “God has done it.”

Mother asked him if he was ill and he said, “No.” God had answered my prayer. I was riding high in my first love, Pray..., Ask..., and it shall be given!

Before the year was over, conviction overwhelmed Father. When I invited Arnold Bennett, the preacher, to come to our house, Father got down on his knees and was gloriously saved! Afterward, Father joined the Baptist Church where all three of us attended. Although Mother was religious, she was still unsaved at this time.

Whenever Father would hear an appeal for salvation, I would hear a sob, and his hand would be up. Mother would correct him, “John, you don’t have to put your hand up, you are saved.” Deeply broken, he would do this every time there was an appeal. Father had seven years of salvation, from age 70 to 77, before he went home to be with the Lord.

I trotted into the water and sank.

When I first read the story of Peter’s getting out of the boat and walking on water to Jesus, I noticed he began to sink when he took his eyes off Jesus. Jesus went over to him and stretched forth His hand and the moment Peter touched Jesus, he didn’t sink anymore. I also noticed Jesus did not encourage him, but instead, He rebuked Peter, asking, “O you of little faith, why did you doubt?” (Matt 14:31)

“Peter was wrong,” I concluded. “He could have walked on the water, and he did walk on the water until he took his eyes off Jesus. I am not going to displease Jesus. I am going to walk on water!”

I went to the seaside to what was called the corkscrew steps, climbing down to the point where the tide had come in. As I stood there, I prayed, “Lord Jesus, you were displeased with Peter, but I’m going to please You. You said, ‘If you shall ask anything in My name, I’ll give it.’ Now, my God, I ask You to make me to walk on water.”

I trotted into the water and sank. When I sank, I was so shocked and discouraged, I fell out with the Lord. I thought, “Here He is — He rebukes Peter because he took his eyes off Jesus, telling

Peter off for having no faith. And here's me, full of faith, and He doesn't even help me to walk on water." For several weeks I sulked.

Then, one day I saw something in the Word: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:13) Then I understood what had happened. God does not answer prayer in order to answer prayer but only answers prayer so the Father may be glorified in the Son. That's where I'd missed it! God doesn't save to save. He doesn't heal to heal. He doesn't deliver to deliver. He saves so the Father may be glorified. He heals and delivers so the Father may be glorified. Once I saw that Peter had a proceeding Word, but I didn't have one, I understood and got readjusted with the Lord.

Miller's prayer meeting

One day, a friend invited me to the Wednesday night prayer meeting at the Baptist Church. I didn't really know what prayer meetings were, but I was hungry for God. Up to this time, I had enjoyed going down to the seafront to see a group of entertainers, the Pierrots, who would perform there on Wednesday nights. I was torn between seeing the clowns and attending the services. As God dealt with me, I surrendered and began to attend the prayer meetings regularly.

Nearly all the people at the prayer meeting were grownups. There were young women attending too, but I was the only young man. Having no male companions my own age made it difficult for me, but I was hungry for God. Then I heard about a prayer meeting at the Miller's. When I went there, the door was opened by a smiling old chap who had a "Father Christmas" beard and one eye — just one twinkling blue eye. I explained to him, "Someone told me there was a prayer meeting here."

"*Hallelujah! Come in!*" he waffled through his whiskers. I could hardly understand him.

And there she was, bubbling over! 1927...

I started going to the Miller's prayer meeting, attending almost every week. One day, they announced that someone very spe-

cial was coming to speak the next Wednesday, Mrs. Batey, a rich woman with shares in Fyffes' Bananas and Saxa Salt. But more important than that, she had a mission in Newcastle-on-Tyne. They called her the "Angel of Tyneside," because she blessed all the poor people.

Most exciting of all, they said she'd looped the loop in an airplane, which was something big in 1927! In those days there weren't many airplanes looping the loop. But they said she looped the loop at age 77! I thought I ought to see this woman because she is somebody!

The next week I went to the meeting, and there she was, bubbling over! I learned she was a Spirit-filled Christian who believed in speaking with other tongues. You were lepers if you believed in tongues, so that meant trouble. As soon as I met her, though, I was blessed.

Mrs. Batey came over to me and asked, "*Well, do you love Jesus?!*"

"Yes," I answered.

She inquired how long I had been saved and I told her, "Three or four weeks, now." She invited me to come to her mission to tell them all about it.

"*I can't preach,*" I objected.

"I don't want you to preach. Just come along and tell us what Jesus has done for you."

"All right, I will."

I traveled on the electric train to the mission where there were about 100 people, all shouting and praising God. The Baptist meetings were like the North Pole compared to this. Baptists appeared to be so respectable, but this lot were praising God — *jumping, shouting, laughing, clapping and dancing!*

Mrs. Batey introduced me: "We have a special visitor tonight, a young man who has just been saved about five weeks, and I want him to come now and tell us all about it."

It was the first time I had ever spoken publicly, and for about five minutes, I told them how I got saved. Afterwards though, I couldn't remember anything I had said.

Hungry for anything happening with the people of God... and He led me.

Hungry for anything happening with the people of God, I now met with a group in the YMCA, Uncle Pat's beach meetings, where doors were opening for me to preach. There, they would often ask me to share a little story or preach for a few minutes. In the meantime, I left the Baptist Church, because they had a new minister who did not believe the Bible was the Word of God.

Arnold Bennett, who had led me to Jesus, came to visit me one day and asked, "Well, Arthur, how are you doing? Are you still rejoicing in your salvation?"

I answered, "Yes, it is wonderful." He inquired if I was still at the Baptist Church.

"No. They have a new minister and he is a modernist who does not believe the Bible to be the Word of God."

Arnold was sympathetic. "I understand. You did the right thing. Where are you fellowshiping now?"

"Well," I replied, "I am with a little group of people meeting in the YMCA."

"What?! The Pentecostals?" He was visibly upset.

The Pentecostals...

"Yes," I admitted.

"Don't you go there!" he commanded. "It is all of the devil! They speak in tongues! They roll on the floor! They spit blood! They climb the walls, they are demon possessed! Don't you go there!"

If he had smacked my face, I couldn't have been more hurt. I esteemed this man who had led both me and my father to the Lord, more than any other man in the world. That night in my bedroom, I got down on my knees and prayed, "Jesus, Lord, what will I do? Nobody in all the world do I esteem as much as this man."

The Spirit of God brought back to me what Arnold, himself, had said when he pointed me to Jesus and I got saved: "Though I or

an angel from heaven tell you anything contrary to this Book, don't believe it. Don't accept it."

I opened my Bible and found them speaking with tongues in the New Testament. Because I received what Arnold said on the day he pointed me to Jesus, I did not receive what he said on this day when he directed, "Don't go to any Pentecostal meetings."

The Pentecostals had this baptism experience and I wanted it. I didn't understand it, but I certainly knew the Pentecostal people had more fire in them than the others.

Zealously fasting at 16

I read a lot of books on the surrendered life by James H. McConky and many others, and I thought, "I suppose what I need to do is fast." I thought I'd go without food, but there were other things I enjoyed much more than food.

Every morning that July, I would run down to Cullercoats Bay about 6:30 before going to work. As the sun glinted and danced on the waves, I would refresh myself before I'd have my time with the Lord.

Then I reasoned, "This means more to me than breakfast. If I am fasting for the magic-wonderful-whatever-it-is I haven't got, maybe I should deny myself the swim." That was much harder than giving up food. "All right," I decided, "I won't go swimming in the morning, and I won't eat." I ran into difficulties, though, with my mother, because she thought I needed a good breakfast.

The next thing I decided to fast from was the mirror. I was not going to look at myself, because I was seeking God. Day after day, I managed to shave and brush my hair without looking in the mirror. So now I did not take a morning swim and I fasted from breakfast and from the mirror. Then, I fasted from a girl whose name was Carey, deciding, "I won't meet her and see her." The worst part was fasting from telling her that I was fasting from seeing her. I was afraid that Billy Lemon, from church, would pick her up if I dropped her, because I knew he was after her.

I read in the Bible about sack-cloth and ashes and wondered how to apply this in my life. I thought, "I don't know what to do about the ash job, but at least I can abstain from fine clothes." I

couldn't dress in sacks, so I went to work in July wearing an old overcoat that had no button on the bottom, had a rip in it, and was done for.

At that time, I worked at the dry cleaners where I drove a van and delivered suits and dresses on hangers. I wore a peak cap inscribed with "*The Ideal Cleaners*" and now wore this old overcoat. My boss stared at me when I arrived to work, but he didn't say anything.

I don't know if the boss was around when I came in that night from my rounds, but the next morning, when I turned up again wearing the overcoat, he said, "Look, if you are coming to work with that on, you are finished! You take your cards and go. We can't have our representative going around raggy. I don't understand you. You've always been neat and tidy. It is summertime and you don't need that overcoat on. What is the matter with you?"

I didn't want to tell him I was fasting, because he was an unsaved man, so that brought me up to the finish of fasting or else I would lose my job.

I was very glad after that week to get out of it all. Like a lot of Christians who are zealous (and sometimes overzealous), I believed it was the right thing to do, although I'm not saying I was led of the Lord to do it. If there was something more, I wanted the something more! If there was a price to pay, I wanted to pay the price! When I came up to the point where my boss was going to sack me, I surrendered, learning the hard way that maybe I had my limit as far as the price was concerned.

This would be my third time to be sacked. The first time, I had joined a chartered accountant when I left school and was sacked before the firm went bankrupt. The next time, I had a temporary job where another lad and I were delivering groceries, including fruit and vegetables. A woman came into the shop, complaining that her delivery had been short. When she weighed her strawberries, they didn't come up to the demand.

The manager of the shop reasoned, "They were correct when they were weighed, so if they were not correct when they were delivered, then it is the boys' fault." My boss sacked me for steal-

ing strawberries. I knew I hadn't stolen them and concluded, since it was the other lad who had taken the order, that he had stolen them.

It hurt my pride as a new Christian to think my boss had accused me of stealing strawberries and then sacked me. I sat down and wrote him a letter, complaining, "How dare you insult me, a Christian, by accusing me — as if I would steal your strawberries. You are going to hell! 'What does a man profit if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' (Matt 16:26) You've sacked me for strawberries. Where will you be in eternity?" Then, un-wisely, I put the letter in the letter box.

I had been sacked for stealing. On this job, I didn't want to be sacked for being stupid, so that was the end of the fasting. Slowly but surely, I was beginning to learn some lessons as I moved into the latter part of my 16th year.

"Young man, God wants you!"

One day, an insurance man I knew, who used to travel around preaching on circuits for the Methodist Missions, invited me to join him. "If you would like to come with me," he said, "I will give you fifteen minutes of every engagement I have."

Mr. Harrison was a gracious man who took me with him everywhere. He provided me the openings and opportunities and encouraged me in my early days of ministering. We regularly went down to North Shields and preached there from the dock to the men on the trawlers. Whenever the tide was out as we began preaching, we would look down at the men on the boats. By the time we would finish the meeting, the boats would have risen with the tide, and we'd look up at the men.

I preached at the fishermen's mission in the open air, on the beach and on the sands — all the time thinking that was the extent of God's call on my life. I hadn't really wanted to become a full-time preacher.

About that time, I went to Stephen Jeffries' meetings in Wakefield, where there were probably 3,000 people attending. He walked to the front of the platform and he pointed, "*Young man, God wants you!*" It looked as if his finger was coming straight at me.

I went to another of his meetings in Doncaster where, with thousands of people in that meeting, Jeffries went to the front of the platform and called, “*Young man, God wants you!*” I thought it must be a coincidence. With all those people, that finger couldn’t have been pointing at me, but it looked as if it was. I pushed the whole matter off, but it happened again.

The third time, it happened in another big meeting. I had never spoken to Stephen Jeffries, he didn’t know me at all. He strode to the front of the platform, pointed straight at me, and declared, “*Young man, God wants you!*”

Finally, it penetrated, but I argued with God: “Lord, if you will allow me to write books, I’ll make the hero a Christian and weave a Christian theme in.” I had no peace until I surrendered and said, “Amen, Lord. If you want me to be a preacher, I’ll be a preacher.”

***I felt the call of God...
so I left for Finchley in London at 18.***

Arnold Bennett was very concerned about my association with the “Pentecostal heretics” and wanted to get me away from them. He suggested I join the Protestant Truth Society, and I did, applying for admittance to their college in London. There was a problem, though, because I was only 17 and they usually didn’t accept students until they were 20. So for a time, my name was on a list of prospective applicants while I waited and waited.

When I was 18, after I had done a lot of speaking around in the Northeast, I finally left home for college. My leaving Mother and Father was a big concern because Father was now quite old. His strength was going and his sight had completely gone, but I felt the call of God. Mother didn’t oppose me, so I left for Finchley in London.

I was the youngest preacher they had ever taken. I have to admit, although I did benefit in many ways, my studies there did little for me. There was no need for me to have lost out spiritually, but I did. I lost my freshness, my fire, and my liberty. I was now studying Greek, Roman Catholic Controversy, Comparative Religion... and it was deadening my life.

Directing myself toward the Roman Controversy, I organized a protest in the church at St. Hilary in Cornwall with another brother. Because I was vocally provocative, I was pelted with stones, rotten fruit, eggs and whatever else was available.

One night, we were just starting our meeting in the marketplace in Grimsby when a priest walked by wearing his long robes. I deliberately goaded him, remarking, “Now, look at that man! His mother put him in trousers and he has gone to skirts!”

If he had any sense, he would have ignored me, but he didn’t. Because I had touched him on his pride, he strode over, furious with me. I just used him, and our confrontation stirred the place up. Consequently, we had 1,000 every night while we were in Grimsby. I didn’t win that man by getting his back up. Even though I declared the truth, in my immaturity, I held the truth unrighteously. I did many such things in those days for which I later repented.

1930. Ordained as a Wycliffe Preacher

In 1930, after finishing my training in the Protestant Truth Society’s College, I was ordained as a Wycliffe Preacher. Then, the Society equipped me with a caravan, a small travel trailer, pulled by a big black horse. Gospel texts decorated the outside, and it had a platform, which dropped down from the back.

My traveling companion was a young man named Ted, who was 6 foot 2 inches tall, had wavy black hair, lovely white teeth, rosy cheeks, dark sparkling eyes, and who attracted all the girls around. They ignored me and clustered around Teddy, and I was jealous. When he walked into a shop or the post office, anything female would rush to serve him while they usually ignored me. At the meetings, all the girls clustered around Teddy and left me out. After a few years, I found that my jealousy was inconsequential because life moved quickly for Teddy. He died at the age of 28 from a cerebral hemorrhage.

The “Puff” and the “Crush”

Some people lack opportunity because of what they are. I once knew two sisters. One of them was very attractive in every way — her vital statistics, her hair, her complexion, her features. That

girl was exposed to more temptation in a month than her homely sister would be in all her lifetime, because of the homely girl's projecting teeth, flat chest and crossed eyes.

If an unattractive sister does not live in the truth, she may believe she is going on with God because she is spiritual and may judge her attractive sister who is always flirting and sinning. All we can do with whatever endowments (or lack, thereof) which God has given us is to say to our Creator, "Amen, Lord. True and righteous are all Your judgments." I could wish I was like some other person, but I am not. So I give thanks because of what I am.

When I was a boy, penned up under the load of heavy responsibilities to my father, I was raring to go, bursting with energy whenever I did get out. My friends who nicknamed me "Shirty Burty" would coax me to scale the backyard wall, which I loved to do. It was part of my glory, my pride. I was very strong and healthy and could run, jump and climb well and would always be the one who would climb the walls to retrieve the ball whenever someone kicked it into the neighboring back yards. I had a reputation to uphold and was a showoff, even though sometimes I had my behind beaten with a broom by a shouting woman chasing me out of her garden.

Once, on a dare, I crossed hand-over-hand underneath a bridge over a small river, when my strength gave out in the middle and I fell into the water. When I climbed out, soaking wet, I took my trousers off and hung them up on the bridge railing to dry. One of the lads ran off with my trousers, and the others wouldn't tell me where they were.

During these adventures, I suffered some injuries. Once in a fight, one of my teeth broke as my head slammed into a brick wall. Some time later, when I was showing off with the lads, I climbed a tree higher than the others to prove I was better than the rest. I was descending when I slipped and fell. My nose was flattened for a long time and was never the same again. When I collided with the ground, I not only flattened my nose, but cracked another tooth.

I broke a third tooth in a wrestling match at school when I slipped, and my tooth pierced my opponent's leg and snapped off. He had to have my tooth extracted out of his leg. I now had three

broken teeth on the right side of my face and became self-conscious about my appearance. Of course, what you believe rules you. When I got saved at 15, I knew God loved me and had called me, but I regarded myself ugly. And that belief ruled me, particularly, when it came to girls.

When I was 19, I got dentures, but I still had to deal with this *ugliness*. I used to stand in front of the mirror and practice preaching, holding my top lip well down over my teeth. Whenever the girls were about, I stayed in the background, certain that no girl would like me.

Anyone who understands, knows that the inferiority complex is related to the superiority complex. You don't push yourself forward, because you feel you don't have what others have. If you did have what others have, you would push yourself forward. This is pride in two different forms. Pride is manifested in *puff* and *crush*. If you are puffed up because you have beauty or talent, you are puffed in your pride. If you are crushed because you lack beauty or talent, you are crushed in your pride.

“Bring the bucket.”

Teddy and I traveled to a place in Leicester near Mountsorrel to the farm of a committed Christian man named Underwood. When we arrived, he greeted us warmly, “I am delighted to see you, Boys! *Welcome in the name of the Lord*. Bring your caravan in. Unharness your horse and put him where the grass is green and lush. There is a tap in the barnyard for water. While you are here, you can have as much milk, eggs and butter as ever you want! *You are welcome in the name of the Lord.*”

That night I went down and filled the old bucket with water. The next morning, I crossed the field with the milk jug and rapped on the farmer's door. The door banged open, and there this big man stood wearing a white milking smock.

“Well,” he smiled, “Did you have a good night?”

“Yes,” I answered, presenting him with the milk jug. “I've come to take advantage of your kind offer for some milk.”

He stuck out his great coal-shovel of a hand and picked up my jug. “What's this?”

“It’s a jug,” I said.

“How much does this thing hold?”

“Maybe a pint,” I estimated.

“A pint? Man alive! I drink a pint of milk before I milk the cows in the morning. I’ll not fill that thing. Go on and take it away! Haven’t you anything bigger than that?”

“No, not really.”

“I’m not filling that thing,” he insisted. “What do you get your water in?”

“Water? Oh, yes, we’ve filled our bucket with water already. It holds two gallons.”

“Well,” he retorted. “Bring the bucket. I’m not filling that thing. It’s bucket or nothing! Go on and get it!”

So I went back to the caravan. Teddy stuck his hand out the window and said, “Good. Pass the milk in. I have my corn flakes ready.”

I explained to Teddy what had happened, “He won’t fill the jug. He said I was to bring the bucket.”

“You can’t do that,” Teddy objected. “It’s full of water.”

I emptied the water into the sink bowl and returned with the bucket to Mr. Underwood. Every day for the next couple of weeks, Mr. Underwood filled our bucket with milk. We drank it, had it on our cereal, and made rice puddings and custards with it. We did everything but wash in it.

This episode has remained with me like a parable all my life, as I see myself standing at the door of that farm and hear the farmer say, “You can have as much milk as you want.” I see my little pint jug and I see how I limited the provision of that generous man. I hear Psalm 78 saying they limited the Holy One of Israel. And I know that our great God who is unlimited, is limited only by His people. We present a small container like that pint jug, insulting the abundance of the living, limitless God! I remember that farmer saying, “Bring the bucket; bring the bucket!” And I hear Jesus saying, “According to your faith, be it unto you.” (Matt 9:29)

These words, floating down over my lifetime, proclaiming God's fullness, still challenge me. *"Bring the bucket."*

Meeting Popeye in Portsmouth

Teddy and I traveled up and down the country. One day we held an open-air meeting in Portsmouth, and as I preached, a huge drunken sailor erupted through the crowd. He was a massive, "Popeye" of a man who shouldered his way toward me and glared at me through his little piggy eyes. Suddenly, he charged forward to where I stood on the platform, poising his clenched fist under my nose as he cursed me.

"If you say another word," he promised, *"I'll knock your face into the back of your head!"*

My heart pounded, *"Bump! Bump! Bump! ...SOS! Lord, please do something!"* But the anointing of the Spirit on me was so strong, I just went on as if nothing had happened.

"If you say another word..." He measured me and I watched his arm go back ready to deliver me a terrific blow.

Just at the moment his arm went back, a tiny woman with ginger hair pushed through the crowd. She took hold of the sailor by his arm and chided, "George, don't be so stupid! Come on." She led him off like a zookeeper would lead off an elephant. Did I thank God? I certainly did!

Baptized in the Holy Spirit and expelled from the Protestant Truth Society

After a year or two of traveling and preaching all over Britain, I had an opportunity to see true spirituality in the lives of some Pentecostal friends in Chesterfield. Instead of preaching at me, they lived at me. The sweetness and presence of God in their lives made a tremendous impression upon me. I said to these dear people, "Look, I am supposed to be here ministering to you, but you are ministering to me without even opening your mouths. I want what you have, whatever it is."

It was the fruit of the Spirit, rather than the gifts of the Spirit that impressed me in their lives. It was not so much by the lure of power, as by the wonder of His presence that the Lord drew me.

When you've always lived in the moonlight and then you see the sunshine, you can't settle for a moonlit existence anymore. So it was there in Chesterfield in 1932, in Pastor Buckley's church at Brampton, that I was baptized in the Holy Spirit, meeting God in a new and living way that dealt with all the dryness which had developed in me since college.

Because I was now baptized in the Holy Spirit, the Board of Directors at the college called me to appear before them. "Do you believe in speaking with other tongues?" they demanded to know. "Have you spoken with other tongues?" "Are there any other men afflicted like you in the movement?"

"Yes," I admitted. So, they sent me on my way, expelled from the Protestant Truth Society with three others — thrown out on my neck. Where do I go from here?



Clockwise from left:

- 1. 1934 – On with evangelistic campaigns!**
- 2. England in the 30's**
- 3. Young preachers...the early days**
- 4. In those days, a one-man show**
- 5. Mother and son, 1934**



3

The Storm

While I was in Chesterfield in Derbyshire, an evangelist brother in the Assemblies of God asked me if I would run him over to see his friend, Mrs. Fentiman, the headmistress of a boarding school in Nottinghamshire who had taken in missionaries' children from Africa, Ceylon and China.

Mrs. Fentiman

Mrs. Fentiman, a Christian since her youth, had married a submarine commander in the first war, and they settled in Preston. Her husband wasn't saved, and she soon lost the presence of God. One day she got down on her knees and cried, "Oh God, whatever has come between you and me, move it."

Within a week, the admiralty dropped a letter through her letter box informing her that her husband's submarine with all hands had gone down. She was now a widow with two little children and had to find some means of earning a living. The district education committee found her a position as a schoolteacher in Nottinghamshire, so she left Preston. When she arrived, she stood desolate on the railway platform, not knowing a living soul there. Never in her life had she felt so low.

On Sundays, she would teach her two little daughters about Jesus, and soon another little girl regularly joined them. This little girl, who is still living today, received Jesus as her Saviour. She then brought her granny into the Sunday afternoon meeting and Granny got saved, and after that, her mommy.

Then, something wonderful happened — the girl’s brother became ill and died. Half an hour later, they prayed, and God raised him from the dead! I know that unbelief would say he was only in a coma, or he had only stopped breathing for a few minutes, but say what you will, he was raised up.

That miracle caused a stir in their town, attracting many people who began to gather for prayer meetings. Before long, Mrs. Fentiman had three churches — one in Sutton, one in Stanton Hill and one in Huthwaite. God had really blessed this woman’s ministry, and I was looking forward to meeting her.

Marj was by the piano.

When we arrived, we sat in the front room, waiting for the good lady to come down, while several girls sang around the piano. That is where I first saw her, one of those girls, never dreaming that one day, Marjorie would become my wife.

Marj was born up the Yankzhe River in China. Her parents were missionaries in inland China and she had spent almost ten years there. Following her mother’s death, her father brought the family to Mrs. Fentiman who pledged, “I’ll take your four children, if that will release you to go back to the mission field. If you are able to support them, do so. If you are not, I’ll trust God.”

Marj was, and still is, a very quiet and unassuming person. It was a casual meeting for us. There was no instant attraction of being head-over-heels in love or anything like that. I just saw this girl and the others, standing around the piano singing Gospel songs, and that was that.

I started my first role as a pastor.

At last, I met Mrs. Fentiman. During our visit, she suggested to me, “Look, Arthur, until you know what God requires of your life, why don’t you take over the work in Huthwaite? It’s not a big work, probably 30, maybe 40 people are there. Why don’t you take that over while you are waiting on God?”

I thanked her for the opportunity and came to live in Sutton about a mile or two away from Huthwaite, where I started my first role as a pastor. It was there, in about 1934, I first had con-

tact with a man I had read all about — Smith Wigglesworth, a man who God wonderfully used. The three churches would have conventions at Christmas time or New Year's or Easter, inviting special speakers, and Wigglesworth was one of them. I got to know him during these days and very often sat at table with him as we worshipped the Lord.

Smith Wigglesworth

It is amazing how people put men on pedestals. Many people, especially Americans, think very highly of Wigglesworth. They often ask me if I had known him, and sometimes mischievously I will answer, "Oh yes. I knew Wigglesworth — slept in the same bedroom with him, ate with him, carried his bags for him."

I knew and esteemed Wigglesworth but I didn't worship him. I didn't even think he was wonderful, but I knew he had a wonderful God. He had a God-given faith, and he believed, like a child, that God said what He meant and meant what He said. From that standpoint, yes, I would indeed give honor where honor is due. So often though, instead of being encouraged by reading a book exalting such a man, the reader of the book becomes discouraged about his own faith which lacks by comparison.

Wigglesworth was an ordinary, simple, uneducated man who had been a plumber. He put his "H's" where they shouldn't be and dropped them where they should be. Many times, I had sat 'round the table with him and heard him as he opened his New Testament to minister. To me, it was rambling — nothing in it. Then, all of a sudden, like a plane going up the runway at an airport, there would be a thrust, and he would be airborne! Then you could see the difference between the man Wigglesworth and the Spirit of God moving through the man.

Once in a large meeting, as people were coming forth for prayer, I saw Wigglesworth ball up his fist and hit a man right in the middle 'til he bent double. I trembled and thought, "Dear Lord, if that man didn't need healing before he came forward, he certainly needs healing now." There are things which some of God's servants do which others don't do, and to their own Master they stand or fall.

On one occasion, I went to the railway station with young Jack Hardy. I picked up Wigglesworth's bags and was loading them into Jack's car when Wigglesworth looked at the fumes puffing out of the exhaust and asked, "What is the matter with that thing?"

Jack was apologetic. "I'm sorry, Brother Wigglesworth, I'm afraid it's smelling a bit."

"I'm not getting in that thing!" Wigglesworth said emphatically.

"Well, all right, Brother," I said. "Jack can transport the bags and we can get a bus." So, Jack went on with the bags.

"There is a bus that will take us to Leamington Hall, and it will have Huthwaite on the front," I explained to Wigglesworth. "But there are two buses. One goes directly to Huthwaite, and the indirect one goes by Leamington Hall first. We need the indirect one."

The first bus that came was the direct one. "This isn't the one..." I began, but before I could stop him, he boarded the bus. What could I do when the big man got on the bus? All I could do was follow him and pay his fare. When we got off, we had as far to walk as if we'd never got on.

We are so prone to put men on pedestals, but such an incident helps us to keep our eyes on Jesus and not to glory in men. If Humpty Dumpty had known he was only an egg, he wouldn't have sat so high up on the wall. While you may blame Humpty Dumpty, who helped him get up there? Did you?

Alice, Wigglesworth's daughter, was deaf. In those days before hearing aids were invented, people who were hard-of-hearing used large ear trumpets. The large end would capture the sounds they were trying to hear; the small end, they would stick in their ear. There was no way to hide such obvious evidence of Wigglesworth's failure in praying for his daughter's healing while others who he prayed for were healed.

"Alice," he called to her as she carried in his books before a meeting, "have you got the cases?"

"The what?"

"The cases."

“Faces? Whose faces?” she asked.

“No! Not faces, cases!” he exclaimed. You could tell he was scraping his grace. Here was a man considered to be a mighty man of God, healing the sick, and yet his own daughter was as ballast, reminding him, them, all who knew Alice, you, and me, that the glory for all those healings belongs to God.

In seeing the human frailty of men like Wigglesworth with his Alice, of David with his Bathsheba, of Peter with his sword cutting off the ear of the high priest’s servant, we can identify with them. If these men can be used of God, then there is hope for those of us who view ourselves as the weak, the base, the foolish, the despised. I see in my own calling that God has chosen the “...things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence.” (1 Cor 1:28-29)

Giggling girls in Huthwaite

During this time, I was also writing articles for *Redemption Tidings* in the column, *Young Peoples’ Corner*, while men at the top, like Howard Carter were on world tours with Lester Sumrall. I knew John Carter, T.J. Jones, Harold Horton, and Donald Gee. To them, I suppose, I was a bright young man with a promising future. They gave me welcome, but I doubt they thought much about me.

While I pastored the work at Huthwaite, there was a row of giggling girls who would sit at the back of the church where they were constantly pulling chewing gum out of their mouths and putting it back in again. They passed photos of film stars around and threw toffee papers on the floor. And here was I, giving my best sermons, while this lot on the back row paid no attention. That made me so mad I could have picked up the Bible and hurled it at their heads! I would have liked to have cleared them out! I didn’t, but I wanted to.

I preached there for a time, until I decided I was rather young to pastor. I thought I was more called to preach as an evangelist than as a pastor, so I decided to leave there and to travel around within the Assemblies of God.

Pioneering in the early 30's

I was among the first ones to pioneer for the *Assemblies*. I had their marquee, their caravan and their equipment, and pioneered a work in Stroud, in Barrow-in-Furness, Walney Island, Maryport and Cumberland. It was not a tremendous work, but there are one or two of those saints continuing today who are from those days back in the early 30's.

The work had its problems, though, because I did not see eye-to-eye with the man who was in charge of my ministry. The difference was that he believed, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel. Put up your tent, start preaching." I didn't see it that way but saw there was a particular place for a particular man at a particular time. The Holy Ghost forbade Paul to go into Bythnia. Instead, God called him to go into Macedonia. I saw that it is essential for a man to be in the center of God's will, not to be slap-happy or casual. My supervisor was nearly old enough to be my grandfather, but even as a young Christian, I knew I saw something which he didn't.

When I got to the Lake District, I waited on God to determine if I should open up meetings in Kendal. How do you tell the difference between a lazy man and a man who is waiting on God? From the outside, they both do the same (which is nothing), but there is a vital distinction on the inside.

I had all the equipment of the Assembly of God Evangelical Society. I had their £60 in money (quite a lot in those days), and they trusted me. But they kept prodding me like a back-seat driver who keeps pushing you while you are at the wheel, "*When are you going to get started?*"

I thought, "Well, I can't get a green light from God, and my superiors expect me to move whether I have a green light, red light or any kind of light." This situation forced me into a decision. I had done beach work at Morecombe, three meetings a day, six days a week. I had preached at the battery slipway, pioneered, and had a campaign in the Astoria Cafe. I thought, "Well, I'll hand everything back to the Assemblies of God and leave sweetly," which I did. It proved to be a sad time for me.

Walney Island. The storm...

God had blessed me while on Walney Island. During my first six weeks there, I preached the Gospel, had a few outstanding healings and many people were saved. After God gloriously healed a woman in the tent meetings, she and her husband invited me back to their house where they built a big bonfire and smashed and burned all her packages of medicines.

One night, there was a big storm. It almost destroyed everything. I worked by myself in those days. I played the accordion, sang the solos, preached the sermons, and prayed for the sick. I painted the posters, delivered the leaflets, shopped and cooked for myself. *I was a one-man show.* My marquee was big, having three 15-foot poles and sixty 6-foot poles, with room for about 250 people.

The night of the storm, I struggled frantically, trying to hold down those bobbing poles, while the wind screamed and the rain lashed me. I was wearing my pajamas and a light coat and got soaked to the skin, fighting and struggling alone, pulling on the ropes until about 3:00 in the morning when the storm finally beat me.

With a shattering, shuddering, howling roar, the whole thing crashed over! The poles went down, the canvas ripped and tore, and everything inside the tent — hymn books, organ, chairs, *everything* — crashed to the ground soaking wet. Thoroughly exhausted, I crawled into bed in my little caravan, groaning, “Oh God, the devil has won.”

I slept late the next morning. When I awoke, the storm was over and the sun was shining, while under the canvas it looked like a desolate battlefield. The rain had drenched all the hymn books. They looked like they had been soaked in blood. Everything was ripped, smashed, broken, and I never felt more negative in all my life. I really believed what I had concluded the night before, “The devil has won”. But I was wrong.

The people on the Island took me to their hearts. It was the best advertisement I could have had for my meetings. The boy scouts, the girl guides, the British Legion, the men who worked in the shipyards, the townspeople... all came to my assistance. They gave me money, brought me food, got fresh ropes and tent poles

for me from the ships' chandlers, and they *worked*. Everybody gathered — men, women and children — and *worked* and *worked* and *gave* and *gave*. Within three days, everything was back together again. The tent was mended and set up with fresh poles and canvas.

This reminded me of a principle I had learned when I was a lad and used to practice jujitsu with the other lads. A smaller person could pit his wit against the greater weight of a larger person — the bigger the man, the bigger the fall. The spiritual principle is that you use everything *against* you and turn it *for* you. That is what God had done for me. Matthew 15 talks about the woman of Canaan. She saw it. She took the very Word Jesus gave her, "It is not good to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs." And she turned it to her advantage. "Yes, Lord, but even the dogs under the table feed on the children's crumbs." And Jesus healed her daughter.

The whole island was talking about the poor man who had lost the tent. People came from all over, and within three days, I didn't need any leaflets or posters to advertise my meetings because everybody knew. I had six blessed weeks of meetings there and many people were saved and healed. When I left the island, I left a church, a company of about 60 strong people.

The sheep were scattered.

Now I had to hand that church over to the Assemblies of God. My superior, who had wanted to push me into activity, sent a man to take charge of the work. That man, in a matter of about three months, scattered all the sheep on Walney Island.

It grieved me that headquarters didn't have the mind of God to care sufficiently for the sheep after the evangelist got them in. I do believe God went after them and they were not lost. But my work there was wrecked and ruined — not by the wind and the storm, but by an immature man sent up from London. If ever a man was out of the will of God, that man was, and I couldn't do anything about it. *Who pays the piper calls the tune*. I had Assemblies of God property. They supplied the money, the tent and all the equipment. Therefore, I was absolutely helpless before this man's incompetence.

Evangelistic campaigns

Before I started on outreach again, I conducted evangelistic campaigns within the Assemblies of God. I used to have about six months' bookings ahead and would go off for two or three weeks to conduct services. I would usually ask the pastor, "Are there any unsaved here tonight?"

The pastor would look around and then whisper to me, "Yes, there is a woman in the back row. I think she comes from the Presbyterian Church, and I don't think she is saved."

Sometimes the pastor would respond, "These are mostly all our people, but we have a couple of strangers in."

I used to think, "My God, here I am preaching my guts out to a lot of people who are all saved. The whole thing is a farce — a pantomime. What am I doing? There are thousands and millions out there not saved, and here I am in this building with pretty leaflets inviting, 'Come to church. Come to church. Jesus saves.'"

"What is the matter with me? Why am I doing this? I know why I am doing it — because at the end of three weeks, the treasurer comes up and gives me an envelope. What is in that envelope is ruling my life. Because of my financial provision, I am going around from town to town to different Assemblies where there are maybe two or three unsaved people, *while out there*, there are thousands who don't know Jesus!"

I continually felt, "This is a farce, preaching salvation to two or three people inside the confines of the Assemblies of God. I'm going out on my own."

It was then that I had what I thought was the mind of God. I read in the Bible that the good Samaritan saw the man wounded, broken and weeping by the highway, and the good Samaritan came *to where he was*. That was it! I've got it! I've got it! This is what the church is missing. What is the good of advertising the meetings? Is it so all half-dead travelers who could still crawl would come in and we'd fix them up and heal them? *No!* The good Samaritan came to where the wounded man was. Without checking with the Lord for direction, I decided to do what the Samaritan did and it was one of the biggest mistakes of my life.

The Lake District. Bump! Bump! Bump!

In the summer, I bought a small tent, put it on a trek cart, and traveled around to the villages of Ulverstone and Dalton in the Lake District. My plan was this: I got leaflets, and going to each house, I'd knock at the doors, hand a leaflet to the lady, and say, "Good morning. We are holding Gospel meetings in your village, and I've come to ask you if you could loan me a chair. I don't want a good chair. Any reasonable one will do. You see, we (*I would always say 'we', but it was only me.*) do not carry seats 'round with us. I promise we will take good care of your seat. I have some labels here and I will stick a label on the bottom of your chair."

"Oh yes, yes, certainly, anything to help a good cause," the lady would answer. "How will this chair do?"

"Now what is your name?" I would ask. "Oh, Mrs. Sema. Now where are we? At 7 Cedar Close. There is just one thing. Can I invite you to come and sit on your own seat tonight at 7:30? Oh, well, it is your chair, isn't it? Especially reserved for you in the tent! Do come along, and by the way, there are meetings for the children."

"Well," she would respond, "take the chair."

"Oh, no, I'm not going to take the chair now." I would have a plan. I would round up the children in that district. I'd make all the commotion and upheaval I could, running with the trek cart and having all the kids around bringing me chairs.

"Go to number 14 and ask them if you can have the chair," I would direct them. "There is another one on 32 up there."

The kids loved it, running backwards and forwards with chairs, then setting them up in the tent. This was my plan: special *sit-on-your-own-seat services!* I did the preaching, sang the solos, played the piano accordion, collected the seats and painted the posters. I saw to myself, doing my own washing, my own cooking and my own shopping. I prayed for the sick, I did the lot! I was still a *one-man show!*

Everything was going fine, until one day, after the children had their meeting, it was time for the adults' meeting. It was summer-

time. And the children outside fooled about, making shadows of butterflies and other things on the tent which showed through while I preached inside. I had nobody to help me — nobody to see to those children. So I went out, telling them to clear off and come back tomorrow, but they didn't obey me. I went out again, interrupting my preaching, and roasted two of those lads, but they just answered me back.

The tent was full of people, and the back of the tent came down low with the back row of chairs pushed a bit too far back. Because of this, the people who sat in the back row had their heads just touching the sloped roof. From the outside of the tent, you could see all the heads along the back row.

Those two bad lads had sticks. One took this side, and the other got that side. They called, "Are you ready?" ...and they went *BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!* down the line of heads. I was preaching inside when the back row erupted with the people screaming and holding their heads. At first, I didn't know what had happened. Then it dawned on me and I ran out after those boys. I was fit, and they couldn't run as fast as I could. When I caught them, I cracked their heads together until they yelped with pain. They threatened to tell their fathers and I challenged them to do so.

When I came back to the tent, people were leaving, some holding their heads. The meetings were finished in that place. I moved on to the next village, and the next, and the next, but my provision kept going down, until I had no more money — just some Kellogg's Corn Flakes and water.

The good Samaritan was through!

On a hot summer's day, as I pushed the trek cart 17 miles, the sweat was pouring off me. When I was almost to the top of a hill, at a place called Dalton, one of the handles on the trek cart broke. The cart veered around and everything collapsed, the tent and all my personal belongings flying, splattering across the road.

Totally weary and thirsty, I left everything and walked to a little cottage nearby where I asked the lady who came to the door, "Do you mind if I have a drink of water?"

“You can have as much as ever you want,” she replied.

“Do you mean that?”

“Yes,” she answered.

I had eight drinks. She just stared wide-eyed at me as I drank. I went back to my trek cart and managed to scrape the stuff clear of the road by the time the sun was setting. I was too tired to put up my tent and inflatable bed and so discouraged I had come to the end of my money, that I sat down by the roadside and prayed, “Lord, I am through. I am done. I don’t understand it. I believed You had given me a Word that I had to be like the good Samaritan who came to where the wounded man was. I’ve tried to do it, Lord, and it hasn’t worked.”

I opened my New Testament and wearily read the story of the good Samaritan who came to where the man was lying, and poured oil and wine into his wounds. God spoke to me as I read, “There is one difference between the good Samaritan and you. The good Samaritan had plenty of oil and wine, but you haven’t got any.”

That finished me. I sat by the roadside with my head in my hands as the sun set. At the sound of an approaching motorbike, I looked up. Riding up the hill was a young man I knew, named Allen Dotson who was from Barrow-in-Furness and worked at Vickers Armstrong in the shipbuilding yards.

“Hello. Fancy seeing you!” he exclaimed. “Look what I’ve got. I’ve just bought a brand new motorbike and I am trying it out.”

He wondered what was the matter and I explained what had happened. “The trek cart I’m trekking for Jesus is broken down.”

“I’ll tell you what,” he suggested. “Let me stack everything for you and cover it up. You get on the back of my motorbike and come back to Walney Island tonight.” I was too weary to help, so he stacked it all up for me. Then away we went to his house on Walney Island.

Allen’s mother and father greeted me, “Welcome, Brother Arthur. Come in.” They opened tins of salmon and served me pork pie, apple pie, and cream and gooseberries. I fed to my heart’s content, then rolled into bed, falling into blissful oblivion.

The next morning when I woke up, Allen offered to take me to my belongings before he went to work. His parents gave me some money, and he ran me back on the motorbike.

“Well,” I thought, “I’m through — finished! I’ll sell everything. I don’t have any oil or wine.” God is telling me, ‘What’s the good of trying to meet people’s needs, if you have nothing to meet them with?’”

4

Pastor Burt

Somehow I patched up that broken handle and took the trek cart down to a scrap yard in a little village. I started to haggle with the man about a price for the cart until God spoke to me: “If this venture was out of My will, you should be glad to tip the cart over the first precipice. Never mind haggling over a price.”

The fellow gave me two shillings for it. I stacked some of my belongings in parcels and dispensed with the rest. I had just enough money to purchase a train ticket to Lancaster.

He was a like-minded man with a vision for the latter rain.

When I arrived, I went to see a minister friend, a chemist by the name of Becker with whom I identified in his little work there. He was a like-minded man with a vision for the *latter rain*. In a sorry spiritual state, I stayed with him for the rest of the summer while my inner wounds began to heal. Grieved and broken, I simply didn't know how to adjust to what had happened to me.

The Assemblies of God hadn't fallen out with me; I had fallen out with them. I was wide open for something new and had attempted special sit-on-your-own-seat services, taking the Gospel to the beaches, the marketplaces and the village greens. Then I was slapped in the face and knocked to the ground by no less a person than our Lord Jesus Christ. I felt as if I was in a spiritual hospital for the rest of that summer.

A man named Wilson

After the Protestant Truth Society expelled me, I held meetings at the Assembly of God in Wigan. One of the many works God did there was to save a spiritist medium who attended the meetings. She also got cleansed through the Blood of Jesus and got rid of her demons.

Jack Jolly, who was the brother of the head mistress of the Missionaries' Children's Home in Sutton-in-Ashfield, was in charge of the work at Wigan. During that time, Jack invited me to join him for a day's outing in the Lake District at Elterwater to meet a friend named Wilson. Jack told me that Wilson pastored a little work and was on the Council of the Evangelistic Missionary Board. He was one of the big noises on the Lancashire District Presbytery and answered questions sent in to *Redemption Tidings Magazine*.

Wilson met us at the gate, and as we conversed, I thought he was very unpretentious. He spoke about the apostle Paul and said, "Paul planted, Apollos watered, and God gave the increase, but actually, God planted, God watered and God gave the increase. God was all in all. He was all in Paul; He was *all in all*. Paul and Apollos were just a couple of 'nowts'." (*Lancashire slang for 'naughts'*)

Offended, I thought, "*What? What?! What? Who is this man who dares to describe the apostle Paul as a 'nowt'?!*" I didn't realize what a tremendous part he was going to play in my life.

The man who pulled my coattails

I met Wilson again when he was in charge of a large meeting. He didn't preach but just stood up and said, "Quench not the Spirit." Down came the Spirit of God on the people, and everything happened at once. Some were laughing with wave after wave of Holy Ghost laughter, rolling in their seats or on the floor, some were praying, some were dancing, some were shouting, and some were weeping.

In the midst of all this, I was so insensitive to what the Lord was doing, I decided to stand up to speak. I opened my Bible and attempted to minister — but then, hadn't I done this before?

Whenever I would stand up, the noise would subside, people would sit down and they would listen to the preacher. On this occasion, though, that didn't happen, and I soon found myself competing with the Spirit of God. As I raised my voice, the Lord raised the noise of the worship, until somebody behind me on the platform pulled the coat tails of my jacket and said, "*Sit down. Don't you know the touch of the Spirit of God in a meeting?!*"

Like Jekyll and Hyde, in one split second, I changed from being a self-satisfied, conceited little preacher into a person filled with boiling rage. I could easily have murdered the man who had pulled my coat tails and told me to sit down. I burned for a week. During this time I couldn't find God, because the Bible says, "How can you love God who you don't see, if you don't love your brother who you do see?" It doesn't provide any exceptions for someone who pulls your coattails. After sulking for a week, I crawled back into the presence of this brother who had corrected me.

"Arthur," he said. "You are just an entertainer. You stand up on your hind legs, say your piece, tell your stories, and all you are seeking to do is amuse the people. You don't know what it is to minister to the glory of God."

I came out of that interview hurt and defeated, thinking, "I am through! Finished! Done! I will never preach again."

Then the Lord said to me, "You haven't begun yet."

As I look back after all those years since the late 30's, I thank God for Ernest Beckett, the man who pulled my coat tails. He was a friend who was faithful and wounded me when I needed to be wounded. I have been in many hundreds of meetings, but I count that as one of the most effective meetings I was ever in. Although I resented being corrected at the time, that correction changed my life, and I thank God for it.

I learned that you can't assess the value of a meeting by how you enjoyed it — as if a meeting were a picnic or a film. A revelation was birthed in me then about ministering to the glory of God. *I found that God hasn't called me to preach to His people; He has called me to minister to Him in front of the people—an important distinction.*

The Spirit of God began to show me my motives, my conceit, my efforts to project my personality — not that I claim by any means to have arrived — but slowly, God was altering the balance. Little by little, I was losing confidence in my methods, my ways, my vision and what was generally the accepted way of doing “religious” things at that time. God was bringing me to the end of myself into a dependence upon His Holy Spirit. “Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit,’ saith the LORD of hosts.” (Zech 4:6) Those were days of soul-searching, heart-searching conviction, and they changed the whole vision of my life.

Marj’s letter

As I recovered from the Lord’s correction, I spent most of the summer with Jack Jolly near Fleetwood, still feeling like somebody who had been in a physical accident. During this time, I saw the girl, Marjorie Coates, once or twice. She would come over by train on holiday and stop at the Wilson’s, twice bringing me food at the most opportune time imaginable, when I had no food or money. She brought me sandwiches, pickled onions, and cake. I was starving, but because of my pride, I wasn’t going to tell her that. I was beaten, with no food and no money, trying to make my revelation work. Whether she saw more and knew more than she said but feared hurting me, I didn’t know. She just politely left it.

Then Marj wrote me a letter that made me furious. In the letter, she asked me, “Do you think God wants you to do what you are doing? Abraham and Sarah, at the set time, had Isaac after Abraham had previously fathered Ishmael, but God never recognized Ishmael. Are you on with some Ishmael project in your life? Do you need to see God in your circumstances and move into the Isaac revelation?”

“Who the dickens does she think she is, preaching to me!” I stormed. I could have choked her, but it was a letter. “The very idea! I, on with an *Ishmael* stunt? I, who pioneered. I, who lectured to Assemblies of God students. I, who have been through college and have been an ordained Wycliffe preacher! And this girl talks to me about Ishmael!” I thought I was much better than she was. I could have preached 100 sermons to her on the subject. For Marj to accuse me (which she didn’t, but this is how I

received it), I was furious, but it was God speaking through Marj. Of course, I *was* on with an Ishmael project. And because I wouldn't listen, God brought me down to where I was penniless and lacked food.

“Act normally.”

In 1935 I was asked if I would be willing to go to New Southgate in London to temporarily pastor a work which had collapsed when the pastor, who had been guilty of immorality, left in disgrace. The congregation really wanted a married man to continue the work. Many people had left, and the few who remained couldn't afford a married man as they had very little money.

When they approached me, they explained, “This is the situation. We cannot pay you more than 25 shillings a week from the church. Would you be prepared to go to New Southgate for a short period and handle the work until they can afford a married man?”

I agreed to do it. On the night I arrived, there was no bed for me, so I slept in a big chair in the vestry of the church. I took that in my stride. The next day, the secretary of the church came and said he had found a lady who was willing to give me board and lodgings for 25 shillings a week.

So every Friday the treasurer gave me 25 shillings, and every Saturday, I handed all of it to my landlady. I learned that money talks. It said “*Hello*” on Friday and “*Goodbye*” on Saturday. That was my usual contact with money while I was there. I didn't have the money for a razor blade, or toothpaste, or two pence for a bus ride. I had nothing and scraped along as well as I could.

A man I knew named T. J. Jones announced he was having a baptismal service in Walthamstone in London and invited me as a fellow pastor. He didn't know I was a penniless pastor, but that was the true situation. I believed God wanted me to go, so I accepted the invitation, knowing the Lord would provide.

I presented myself to the Lord, and He told me to “act normal” as if I had money. So I let my landlady know I wouldn't be home until late, put my Bible under my arm, and walked to the bus stop. I was expecting the Lord to provide bus fare through one of

the church members who would approach me, say “Hello,” and slip money into my pocket. If the Lord wants me to go, here I am — but nobody came and the bus arrived. I wondered what to do.

The Lord had said, “Act normally,” and I thought, “Well, all right. If I act normally, I’ll just act as if I have money in my pocket.” I raised my hand, and the bus stopped. I stepped onto the bus, walked to the front, and sat down.

Then my heart began to talk to me. “You stupid, stupid, silly fool! You got on this bus without any money.”

“The Lord told me to get on this bus and act normally,” I argued.

“Ha! Act normally!” came the response. “You fool. You’re not acting normally. You’re a fanatic. You are an idiot! You don’t have your bus money.”

“I know I don’t, but God told me to *act normally*,” I repeated.

“Act normally,” my heart said. “That was your own thought. That wasn’t God — as if God would tell a man to get on a bus without any money. You’re going crazy. You are a fanatic.”

“I am not,” I argued.

“Yes, you are,” my heart insisted.

So I got into a silent ding-dong in the front of the bus. The conductor was upstairs on the double-decker, when the bell rang and the bus stopped. A crowd of a dozen people got on all talking, laughing and shouting. I looked around but didn’t recognize any of them. I got on with my personal battle, “The Lord told me to act normally.”

“The Lord never told you to do that. Do you realize what will appear next week in the Muswell Daily Times? ‘Local pastor turned off bus through attempting to ride dishonestly.’ That is what it will say. You are bringing disgrace on the work of God.”

“No, I am not!” I argued. “I am acting normally. God told me.”

At that moment, my battle was interrupted when I heard somebody in the back of me say, “Praise the Lord!” I looked around to see who it was, and a man stood up.

“Hello, Brother Burt,” he called. “Are you going to the baptismal service at T.J. Jones’?”

I thought, “He knows me,” and answered, “Yes.”

“We are all going. Have you got your ticket yet, Brother?” he asked.

“No, not yet,” I replied.

“That’s all right. I’ll get yours along with ours,” he announced.

So, I safely arrived. Brother Jones asked me to minister, and with great liberty, I ministered under the anointing of God. After the baptismal service, it was dark outside.

“Well,” I thought, “I’ve been to the meeting. If worst comes to worst, I’ll have to walk all night to get home. I don’t know what else to do.”

I was leaving the church when I heard a voice calling, “Brother!” It was the pastor, T.J. Jones. He ran up to me and stuck a ten-shilling note in my hand. “Thank you, Brother,” he smiled. “Thank you for your ministry.”

Ten shillings! In those days ten shillings was quite an acceptable sum.

Dead men can’t tell you that they are dead.

While I was pastoring the little church in London, I had supper at the home of a brother who was a bus driver. I was sitting around the table fellowshiping with his family when the brother decided to go upstairs and have a bath. While he was bathing, I sat and chatted with his wife, when, all of a sudden, we heard a terrific boom.

His wife turned white. “What was that, Brother Burt? Will you go up and see?” she asked, frightened.

I bounded up the stairs to the bathroom where I could see wisps of steam coming out from underneath the door. I pounded on it. “Brother Bob, are you all right? Answer me!”

There wasn’t a sound and I became desperate. The only thing to do was to break the door down. I crashed against the door with my shoulder half a dozen times. The door split, and I got in.

Steam filled the whole bathroom, and I couldn't see anything. Slowly, as it began to clear, I could see big chunks of ceiling in the bath water with Bob and blood running from the top of his head. The boiler had exploded and blown the ceiling, and Bob had been knocked out.

"Oh, I'm dead," he groaned.

I ran to the landing and called, "It is all right. He is alive." Dead men can't tell you that they are dead. When Bob told me that he was dead, I knew he was alive. That was the most exciting incident of my time there. Otherwise it was mostly uneventful.

Lizzie Hayes

As a pastor of the Assemblies of God in London, be it ever so feeble and ever so small, I had the responsibility to go to the London District Presbytery meetings, which I attended with about forty other pastors — mostly elderly, bald men.

First they read the minutes, spending hours on the minutes. "It was brought up at the last monthly convention, *blah, blah, blah*. Also, the missionary from Africa who is coming, *blah, blah, blah*. Well, is there anything else?"

"Yes," someone reported. "A revival in the Midlands. It has come to our notice that in the Midlands a revival has broken out, and there have been some unseemly happenings. Apparently a young girl has been going around placing her hands upon the heads of members of the congregation and revealing the secrets of their lives. Our esteemed vice-chairman has been there. That same young woman put her hands upon his head and told him he was a proud man and needed to repent. We consider it most unseemly that a young girl should rebuke an elder and that a woman should be in this position. We need to deal with this thing."

"Yes, quite," everyone agreed.

"It makes you wonder how much of it is revival."

"The Midland Presbytery needs to deal with it."

"Yes, that's right."

"Well," someone suggested, "Let us go on to the next item, because of the time."

“A revival has been reported in Stanton Hill, Huthwaite District, Nottingham...”

WHAT? I nearly hit the roof. *My old church!* God is having a revival in my church, and He didn’t tell me. And He didn’t do it when I was there.

A brother stood up. “Brethren, touch not the ark. If it is of God, you can’t overthrow it. If it is not, it will come to nothing.”

“Well, yes, we can accept that. That was Gamaliel’s advice, and we’ll accept that. Reported revival Stanton Hill, Huthwaite to be adjourned to the next month’s meeting, *blah, blah, blah.*”

That was it. “At the first opportunity,” I thought, “I am going to Nottinghamshire.” The weeks rolled by.

I had invitations to go to Zion College on the Thames near Blackfriars Bridge, and I began to go there quite regularly on a Friday night and was paid for my ministry. Now, I had a little bit of money and could travel up to Nottinghamshire.

There was a full harvest moon that September night when I walked up the road to the Methodist Chapel. As I drew near, I could hear the noise from the church and I opened the door to what felt like the blasting heat of an oven. People were weeping, laughing, shouting, speaking in tongues, and praying.

The meeting was in absolute bedlam. I just wiped it off at the door. I thought, “God isn’t the author of confusion. This is not of God.” A brother at the door recognized me. He excitedly grabbed me by the hand, shut the door, and made room for me to sit down.

All of a sudden there was a thunderous banging on the door. This brother jumped to the door and opened it. A big angry man stood there. “Give me my wife!” he demanded. “Where’s my wife? Give me my wife!”

The brother looked at him and pointed, “There is your wife on the floor. I didn’t put her there. If you want her, take her.”

The husband stomped in, trod over one or two prone people, and glared at his wife lying there on the floor as if he might kick her. She was in another world with God. As he glared at his wife,

something from heaven hit him. Transformed, he became a frightened little rabbit. As fear gripped him, he looked up. Then, he turned around and ran out the door. That made an impression on me and my judgments.

I sat watching all of this going on, amidst praying, weeping, shrieks and laughter. Just as I began to get adjusted to it, I saw a movement across the room.

“Oh, no. No!” I thought. “It can’t be. It is!” At the far end of the building, a young girl stood up. This is what the District Presbytery was objecting to in London. The girl stood with her eyes closed and with her hands up toward heaven. She began to move, treading over the people on the floor, gliding by this one, moving by that one, and I thought, “She’s coming this way.”

I judged, recalling... *Lizzie Hayes*, the girl with the chewing gum, sweets, film stars, little love notes, one of those giggly girls at Huthwaite. I would have hurled a Bible at them, I was so disgusted at them. With one look at her, I decided, “You have nothing from God.” She recognized me as her old pastor. “Now,” I thought, “We are going to have a pantomime — but we are not!”

I watched her coming, and as she slowly proceeded, stepping over the bodies on the floor, I got up, pushing my way around the room, treading over this one and that one. I went around the perimeter of the hall and sat down about two seats from where she had come. I folded my arms and scowled at her. With her hands up and her eyes closed, she continued around the hall past where I had been, and made her way toward me.

I watched her and judged, “You are squinting. It looks as if your eyes are shut, but I don’t believe they are. You are squinting, and now you’re going to try this baloney over me and prophesy over me. Don’t give me that! You don’t have anything of God with your chewing gum and giggles. I know you.” I folded my arms and watched her come, thinking, “If she comes near me, I will spit in her face!” I was so hard, so judgmental, ready to spit in her face.

She stopped in front of me. Her lips were moving, but I couldn’t hear what she was saying. All of a sudden, her hands dropped

onto my head, and the power of God went through me from head to toe like electricity. In one split second, I was reduced to jelly. All my hardness was gone.

In spite of all the noise, I could hear her voice clearly now as she revealed the thoughts of my heart. I crumbled and cringed, crying, “*Oh God, have mercy upon me, Lord.*” When I came out of that meeting, I was broken of my pride, my rebellion, and my hardness, acknowledging that God was moving there in that district.

After Nottinghamshire, I just couldn't settle for anything less than living in God's presence.

People say that if you are born in the fire, you can't live in the smoke. When I went back to London, the contrast was noticeable. Now that God had touched and changed me, I yearned and longed for His presence. I had proved that God could change a man overnight, even while that man is in absolute pride and rebellion. I admit I needed a lot more changes, but I was never the same again. I had met God, and after that, I just couldn't settle for anything less than living in God's presence.

I felt His presence in those meetings in Nottinghamshire as I had never known it anywhere else, and I missed it when I went back to London. I prayed, “Oh God, how can I continue living here in the smoke after I've been in the fire?” I longed to be where the revival was and looked for a way out of my commitment, which I continued to fulfill in the wilderness, every now and then coming to a little oasis.

His unseen hand pushing me back onto that bus.

As I traveled to various meetings, I carried a piano accordion and a case of big heavy books, such as *Young's Analytical Concordance*. These cases were so heavy they made the veins in my arms stand out like cords. On one of my trips, I went to a meeting at Zion College near Blackfriars' Bridge — a regular Friday night meeting that many of the Pentecostal “well-knowns” would attend. Wigglesworth would come along, and Fred Watson, Howard Carter, Harold Horton, Donald Gee, and occasionally, they would ask me to speak.

When the meeting was over, I left with my two heavy cases and came down the steps, observing that my bus had stopped and was about to pull away. I didn't have to hurry because the bus came around about every 20 minutes, but I tried to catch it. Without the cases, I could have easily run and jumped on that bus, but they slowed me down. As I ran up to it carrying those heavy cases, the bus started to move in first gear. Nobody was on the platform and the conductor was inside.

Then, I did something crazy. As the bus began moving, I leaped onto the platform with my heavy load. When I landed and dropped the cases, at that very moment, the driver put the bus into the next gear. As the bus jolted forward, I lost my balance and fell backwards. There was nothing to save me from splitting my head on the road behind, and traffic was coming up fast.

As I fell backwards, I felt a hand placed in the middle of my back, pushing me up onto the platform where I regained my balance — but there was nobody there. That incident could have ended my life. God didn't spare me because I had made an act of faith or some grand effort on my part. No, I was totally out of order, having done something foolish, but God had mercy on me, His unseen hand pushing me back onto that bus. The incident subdued me rather than encouraged me. I felt I had been very foolish, but I also was conscious of God's grace and mercy.

Apart from one or two little oases like that, my life was a dry wilderness during the time I was in that split church which was filled with bitterness and judgment. Today, I wouldn't stop one week in such a church, because I have learned that you can't be effective in an atmosphere of bitterness and unbelief.

Little by little, a conviction was developing inside me that, somehow, I needed to get out of what I was in, so I might get into what I was out of. In the light of what I know now, I would not go to the sort of places I went to back then. They were open doors waiting for any simple, gullible fool of a young man to stand in the gap for them, instead of the people's repenting and getting right before God. If my Lord and Saviour did not do many mighty miracles because of the peoples' unbelief, how could I ever hope to?

Holy Ghost invasions

It was about this same period when I promised to go for a month to East Kirkby-in-Ashfield, a mile or two away from where the revival was going on. The church there had also lost their pastor, and they invited me to come to minister.

I would borrow a bike from my friend, Tom Dawson, and set out for the meeting up at Stanton Hill at 10:30 at night. Often when I arrived, the whole meeting would be swept with Holy Ghost laughter. The place would be filled with noise, gale after gale of Holy Spirit laughter, gust after gust, wave after wave, with some people lying on the floor. Once, a man who would one day be distantly related to me lay with his bald head pushing through the banisters on the platform, lying there absolutely gone in the Spirit. Sometimes this same brother would stand on one foot, with his mouth wide open, laughing and laughing in the Spirit.

One night, Marj, who wasn't my wife yet, was in that meeting. Her hands were beating on her legs as she and her friend, Betty, were laughing and laughing in the Spirit. As I looked around the meeting, I saw that everybody was drunk in the Spirit except me. I was hurt because I felt left out, like some out-of-touch Eskimo coming from the North Pole to the heat of this Holy Ghost revival.

My heart would sulkingly say to the Lord, "Why do you leave me out?" There was many a meeting, when I had that chip on my shoulder — God had left me out. Condemning myself, I concluded that the others were in because they were spiritual and I was out because I was judgmental, hard and unspiritual.

That particular night, it was almost daybreak when I steered Marj and Betty home. It wasn't a long journey, maybe a mile and a half. They were like a couple of drunks. I thought *someone* had to be sober to get these two back home, but it was cold comfort.

Then the Lord spoke to me, "You believe I have left you out because you are unspiritual. If I put you in, then you will think you are spiritual, but this revival is a sovereign act of My grace. Until you can say 'Amen' to Me for leaving you out, you are not in a position to be taken in. If you are hurt because I have left

you out, you would be puffed up in your pride if you were taken in. Therefore, I'll leave you out until you lose your hurt feeling."

God worked with me on this issue for a long time. I thank Him that He did, so I could enjoy God's blessing on someone else. I came to recognize something in me both of the prodigal son and the elder brother. The elder brother should have had the attitude of executor of his father's will. When the father said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him," the elder brother should have been delighted to put the robe on his returned brother. He should have been the one to put the ring on the prodigal's finger, and the shoes on his feet. He couldn't do it though, because of his poor attitude toward his brother.

"Thou never gavest me a kid," he accused his father. God was teaching me the value of being able to enjoy the grace and blessing of God on someone else, not just on me. I was learning while I was on the outside looking in, as God dealt with me.

There often is an immense struggle going on within anybody when they are left out. Very few Christians can bear to be slighted. They get hurt, offended, and upset, not understanding that until you can sweetly bear having nothing, you cannot bear something to the glory of God. Psalm 119:165 says, "Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." Not even having nothing.

Those meetings went on for hours. I ask myself today, "How did they differ from meetings that we are in now?" In the Welsh revival, Evans Roberts' meetings moved from agony to ecstasy — two emotions that we seldom see in meetings today. The people fell to the floor, under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, often screaming out in agony, "I understand!" When they had met God and had a release, they moved into ecstasy.

In those days back in the 30's, there was another man, Harold Webster, who ministered the presence of God. Unless you were close to him, you would hardly hear anything. His eyes would close and he would whisper, "Oh Jesus."

Then, the Holy Spirit would come in *divine invasion*. One person would start laughing in the Spirit, and then another and another, until gales and gusts of Holy Ghost laughter would sweep over

the congregation. Sometimes people would stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths trying to stop laughing, and some would cry out, “Lord, I can stand no more; stay Your hand!” Again, there would be a wave of Holy Ghost laughter and they would be away again. I once shared a bed with a man who rocked the bed all night as he laughed and laughed in the Spirit. I saw people completely oblivious to everything — to their appearance, or whether they were on the ground or on a seat, for they were lost in the presence of God.

Man’s trouble spot

When a dentist gives a patient a local anesthetic, the patient’s jaw becomes so numb, you could strike him and he wouldn’t feel it. Those Holy Ghost invasions were the same sort of thing. A divine anesthetic temporarily put men’s hearts out of action, allowing God to go directly to their spirit without an objection from the heart. Then God would show each man in his spirit, the truth about himself — completely, absolutely, transparently. Afterwards, the man would come back into, shall we say, *realization*, when the anesthetic had worn off — and the rotten tooth had come out painlessly.

In a situation like this, the Spirit of God can invade a man in his spirit and register something that the man really doesn’t believe. In the Word, Caiaphas says about one man, “It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people....” (John 11:50) In his office as high priest, he had uttered something that he actually didn’t believe. I saw this happen with many people, when the anointing on them preceded a work in them, as the Holy Spirit gave the heart an anesthetic.

Why the heart? *Because it is man’s trouble spot.* God says, “Let not your heart be troubled...” (John 14:1) Being troubled in his heart is man’s usual reaction to problems or perplexing situations. The only word that God permits the Spirit-led heart to speak is “Amen.” The Bible says, “And let the peace of God rule in your hearts...” (Col 3:15), and “That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith....” (Eph 3:17) When He rules in the heart, the heart bows to His authority and His truth. This allows God’s Spirit to rule the man’s spirit.

After God's visitation, some men's hearts would entertain doubts about the truth of what had happened. Instead of saying, "Amen, Lord," they would question, "Was that really God?" "Was it emotionalism?" Even after God touched them, they would deny the reality of God's moving as they listened to their troubled heart.

I suppose Jonah was one of the most successful preachers who ever lived because every man, woman, boy and girl turned to the Lord. He was 100% successful in his ministry but 100% a failure in his personal life when he fell out with God over the issue of his reputation.

Jonah complained, "I've prophesied Your Word for 40 days and You haven't fulfilled it — and You've made me look like a fool!"

Then, God challenged Jonah, "You are more concerned about your own pitiful reputation than you are about the salvation of the people of Nineveh."

John the Baptist experienced something similar. Under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, he proclaimed, "Behold! The Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world! *This is He...*" (John 1:29, 30) Then, after the anointing had lifted, this same John the Baptist sent messengers to Jesus asking, "Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?" (Luke 7:19) What an amazing question to come from the lips of this man who had declared, "*This is He...*" by the river Jordan.

When I saw people in that visitation who were moved by the power of God, but who left and walked with God no more, I learned that *situation must be married to revelation*. Until your revelation works in your situation, you don't really have revelation.

Believing God was preparing us for the latter rain

At a meeting one night, a young woman was still lying on the floor at 3:00 in the morning. We thought we would just pick her up, put her in the car, run her around to someone's house, and lock up the hall. Normally I could have lifted her by myself, but the four of us together couldn't move her. It was as if she had

been bolted to the ground. We just had to wait for His Sovereign Majesty to finish His interview with her.

On another occasion, someone spoke a Word of prophecy to a young man, “The Lord has given thee ten minutes in which thou shalt uncover or be discovered.” Ten minutes later, when that unrepentant young man did not respond, the blazing, awesome, light of the Spirit of God laid his secret life bare. These were only a few of many supernatural incidents as God exposed the secrets of peoples’ hearts.

God has sworn by Himself, “but truly, as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.... (Num 14:21) I have asked myself if these meetings *over 50 years ago* were the first fruits of something yet to hit the church worldwide. In those days we were meeting nine times in a week — every night, twice on Saturday, twice on Sunday, believing God was preparing us for a mighty outpouring of the “*latter rain*”. (Joel 2:23)

They claim it for themselves.

There’s an attitude common to human beings — if they experience something outstanding, they claim it for themselves. Although they don’t say it, they imply, “*We are THE special people and wisdom shall die with us.*” As I have traveled from city to city, and country to country, I have met many people who would not say those words, because it would sound like pride — but you could smell it just the same. The smell begins to stink where the people think they are special, as they presume that God has spoken specially to them, and now they have a secret revelation and superior spirituality.



***Our Wedding
June 8, 1940***

5

The Button

In 1940, Marj and I were married. But before I married her, I jilted her because of my judgment of her. She was still living at the Missionary Children's Home, working without wages, where she and her brothers and sister had been taken care of since their mother's death. Marj led a quiet and unassuming life, making herself useful and doing all the cooking for those who lived at the home.

One day while I was visiting there, I discovered a button had come off my coat. I said to Marj, "I wonder, do you think you could sew this button back on my coat?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Certainly."

But, she didn't do it.

A little later, an hour and a half before I had to leave on my return trip of 120 miles, I reminded her, "Have you forgotten? Do you think, you know, *the button*?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed as she was busily putting bread into the oven. She was baking cakes and buns and busy with many other tasks in the kitchen.

Time went on and I asked her again, "Have you forgotten about the button?"

"Oh," she said. "I'll see to it."

But, she didn't. Instead, she asked another girl who lived there to see to it. This other girl came, and within a minute, the button was back on my coat.

This hurt my pride. I thought, “Well, I asked Marj three times to sew my button on, and she didn’t do it. If a girl won’t sew a button on for you before you marry her, is there any chance of her doing it after you marry her?” I had a little pity party and went on my journey, with that episode simmering inside of me.

When I returned the next week, I was still thinking about the button. Marj and I went out for a walk along the promenade at Scarborough, a full September moon shining over our heads, and this issue was still needling me.

“You know,” I remarked, “I’ve been wondering whether, after all, we are suited to one another as partners for life. Maybe we’re not.” I was putting a feeler out, still hurting over the button incident, and wanted to find out if she thought as much about me as I did about her. I had decided, if it wasn’t a 50-50 relationship, I didn’t want it.

I thought our relationship might be just a convenience to her. In England, the milkman delivers a bottle of milk to the doorstep every morning, and I thought, “She’s treating me as if I’m just a bottle of milk. I happen to be on the doorstep every weekend when I come over, and it’s very convenient for her. However, I have opportunity of many young ladies as I travel around in the work of the Lord, and I’m not prepared to marry a girl unless it’s 50-50. This isn’t even 60-40 or 70-30. It’s more like 80-20. It’s far more on my side than on hers, and I’m not having it!”

So, very politely and spiritually, I put this before her saying, “I don’t think, really, that we are suited for one another.”

Now, if she had only broken down, if she had only wept... if she had only put her arms around my neck and said, “Oh, Arthur, please don’t break up with me!” But, she just answered, “All right,” as if I had been offering her a bar of chocolate or something insignificant like that.

I thought, “This perishing girl! I’m glad I’m finishing with her. It means so little to her.” Angrily I thought, “She doesn’t think anything of me.”

That was the end of it for me, and for the next three years I had it all settled in my mind. Wild horses couldn’t drag me back to that girl. No! Never! During this time, whenever I was in her

presence, I made certain we were never alone together. If people began leaving the room where we were, I got out quickly. Never once did our eyes meet. For three years this continued, but in that revival, the Spirit of God came upon me one weekend.

I woke up one Friday with every part of my body trembling as if I were ill, but I wasn't ill. I looked at my hands, at my trembling fingers, and rebuked myself. "Stop it!" I commanded. "Stop it!" I could not stop shaking. For the next three days, my entire body trembled every moment I was awake.

God spoke one Word to me during that period. It was, "*Button.*"

I knew the whole button incident was an issue of my pride as God dealt with me, but I cried, "No! I'm not going to admit I'm wrong. If I do, the whole thing will start again, and I'm not marrying Marjorie Coates. If she were the last girl in all the world, I wouldn't have her. Wild horses couldn't drag me back to that girl!"

God kept after me, and I knew I would have to apologize to her. I went down to the kitchen where Marj, wearing her apron, was baking bread. I apologized, and what I had dreaded, happened... it started again. It was not that she didn't suit the affection of my heart, but the pride in my heart had been greater than my affection. Once my pride was out of the way, I was open to resume the courtship.

I Touched the Glory.

In 1939, a Pastor Simmons invited me to minister at a church in Lancashire. When I arrived, I was surprised to find that Pastor Simmons was a young woman who was exceedingly smart and dressed in the height of fashion. She owned a business and had money, personality, the position of pastor, and by any standard, she would be called attractive.

I stood up that first night and ministered on the glory of God to a small company assembled, perhaps 40 people. I taught that it doesn't matter what a person does, but what does matter is why he does it, because God is after our motives. He is after truth in the inward parts, not eye-service by men-pleasers seeking to keep up with the Jones's. Jesus describes natural men's lives that look

good on the outside but are rotten on the inside as “...whited sepulchres...full of dead men’s bones”. (Matt 23:27)

I didn’t prepare my message ahead of time, because my goal was to speak as the Spirit would give me utterance. In this way, the Holy Spirit could cause me to say what I didn’t know, but this meant the first person who needed to listen to my ministry was me.

As I ministered that night, all of a sudden, what I had seen back in the Midlands, I saw in Lancashire. The people began to heave over, lost in the presence of God. Many of them went down on the floor as the Holy Spirit took the leadership of the meeting out of my hands.

The people were gone with God, including this pastor who was as smartly dressed as if she had come out of a fashion parade. Here she was, prostrate on the platform, hat off, one shoe off, hair all over her face, rubbing her face on the carpet and sobbing. She was oblivious to her personal appearance, which, at the beginning, was obviously a number one with her — but she was gone. The people were gone. They were all gone in the presence of God except me.

I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know whether the whole place was going to explode into a fire of fanaticism or extremism or what. I only knew I had lost control of the meeting and the people had forgotten me. I was frantic and helpless, like a man who wanted to pour buckets of cold water to put out a fire, but had no buckets of cold water. No one listened to me. It was a waste of time talking, preaching or doing anything. This went on every night for two weeks. Day after day and night after night, the young pastor was drinking out of me, like blotting paper, what I was ministering.

Then... thoughts rose up in me. And as far as I understand it today, I believe I touched the glory. The story of Uzzah illustrates what I mean by “touching the glory”. Uzzah touched the ark, and God struck him dead. Another example is King Herod who, on a certain day, gave a great oration and the people exclaimed, “It is the voice of a god and not of a man.” Immediately the angel of the Lord smote him with worms in his bowels, and he

died. The Bible tells us it was because Herod did not give the glory to God.

God is fiercely jealous of the glory which belongs to Him and is the apple of His eye. Touching it is as dangerous as touching fire. The same fire that warms and comforts can absolutely destroy.

When Nebuchadnezzar exalted himself in his heart and said, “Is not this the great Babylon that I have built?” God took the man’s reason from him, and he became a lunatic. He ate grass with the beasts of the field, his nails were like bird’s claws, and his hair was wet from the dew. After seven years, God restored his reason to him. Then Nebuchadnezzar proclaimed, “I bless the God of heaven; the proud He is able to abase.” He didn’t learn that in Bible School or out of a book, but out in the fields, the hard way.

Call it what you will — the projection of personality, the flesh, the carnal nature – one word sums up the problem — *pride!* Pride is an abomination in the sight of God. In that meeting, I went into pride. I touched God’s glory and took the credit for the marvelous effect of God’s Spirit moving among the people.

As I looked at the people, I thought, “If this is the ministry I am going to have, I will become a world figure.” In my imagination, I could see the hundreds and thousands laid out under the power of God as I ministered. At that moment, I touched His glory, exalted in my heart — and I have never had that experience again. (*Yet!*)

Pastor Simmons said she wanted to talk to me...

After the last meeting, I was preparing to leave when Pastor Simmons said she wanted to talk to me. Now the stage was set for God to deal with me on the false image I had of myself — that of being a lovely, consecrated, dedicated young man, on fire for God. I didn’t like to think there was a part of me that was capable of sin.

“Brother,” she said. “I believe the hand of God is on my life, but I’m uncertain whether He wants me to pastor or to be a missionary to Tibet. I don’t want to be involved in matrimony and the things of this world. I have prayed that God would show me if

He has a partner for me, but otherwise to keep my heart. Now the Lord has allowed my heart to go out to you.”

“I already am courting a young lady,” I replied, referring to Marj, but inwardly, I felt flattered. She had struck me on my Achilles heal — my pride and my desire to be as attractive to women as they were to me. I had always believed I was ugly and had stayed aloof from girls because of that.

***Stanley Park in Blackpoole, 1930’s...
I wasn’t flirting but I was battling on the inside.***

I suppose men are all different. A girl’s eyes will attract some men while other men are what you would term “bosom men”. One man is attracted to flowing hair, a melodious voice or a sparkling personality. Others are attracted to anything in skirts. We’re not dealing with right or wrong now but with a man called Arthur Burt, and rightly or wrongly, I was attracted to a nice pair of legs.

Job said, “I made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think upon a maid?” (Job 31:1) Jesus said, “Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.” (Matt 5:28) It took me years to learn the difference between looking upon a woman with lust and looking upon a woman with appreciation of her beauty.

When I was a boy, a girl’s skirts were well down over her knees, approaching her ankles. When a young woman went for a swim in the sea, she would wear a bathing costume up to her neck, down to her wrists, and below her knees. She would dress in a bathing hut on wheels. Then, when she was ready, a pony would pull her bathing hut down to the water’s edge. Miss Prim would open the top half of the door, peep out to see that no men were about, and then would trip down the steps and into the water with her bathing cap on.

In the 30’s this began to change, and I began to have problems with my roving eyes. I wasn’t flirting and chasing the girls but I was battling on the inside. Once, I took my mother to Stanley Park in Blackpool where we hired a boat and rowed out onto the water. In another boat were three attractive, giggly girls who could no more row than they could fly to the moon, but they were having a hilarious time, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

As the girls rowed in front of us, one of them pulled hard on the oars, and as she did, she opened her legs. I had a view and fell out with God. “You don’t help me at all,” I accused Him. “I’m trying to please you, and then you put something like that in front of me. I’m through trying and I’m not going to bother anymore!” I didn’t say this out loud in front of my mother; she thought I was wonderful.

So, I blamed God. After that, I went down the sands in Blackpool, deciding to stare at every girl I would see, everybody who had legs. Right in the middle of it, the presence of God just smothered and covered me with His love.

“*Oh, Jesus,*” I prayed. “How can You love me in the midst of my deliberate rebellion like this? Lord, Oh Lord, how gracious You are.” I was broken but had revelation.

God told me, “Stop *fighting* Me and begin *inviting* Me into the situation. Watch Me work in you instead of fighting to prove you can do something. Without Me, you can do nothing.”

While this encounter with God had changed things, I still hadn’t dealt with my perception of my unattractiveness. When I saw other young men chasing girls, I judged them. The Bible warns, “Judge not, that ye be not judged.” (Matt 7:1) But I did judge. I exalted myself and said, “They do such things, but I don’t. I have surrendered to God.” The truth was... that only my belief I was ugly prevented me from chasing and flirting with girls.

1940. My Achilles heel

Now back to my Achilles heel. The young woman pastor had just confessed to me she thought God had allowed her heart to go out to me.

“I am courting a young lady,” I replied.

“Well,” she countered, looking intently at me. “Marj could die; couldn’t she? If it is the will of God, she could die.”

I left with doubts beginning to assault me. I churned inside for weeks. Had I made a mistake? Was Marj the woman God had appointed as my wife? Could it be possible this young woman was God’s chosen for me?

The months rolled by and on the 8th of June in 1940, Marj and I were married. I had been saving up money towards the day when we would marry, but on three occasions, the Lord had required me to use the money for something else. Finally, when the day had come and I didn't have the money to buy a wedding ring, at the last minute, the people at the mission ministered to me, enabling me to buy a ring. The only suit I had to wear for the wedding was a thick, navy blue, winter suit and I nearly boiled alive that hot summer day.

Our Honeymoon in North Wales

When we married, World War II had already begun. For our honeymoon, we packed a tent and camping equipment on our backs and went to North Wales where the people treated us as if we were German spies, because they were fearful and suspicious of any stranger. Everything seemed to go wrong.

Poor Marj had survived the months and months of waiting for me to get my finances together, while people teased her saying, "Oh you'll never get married. God will return soon, and there won't be time for people to get married." Her companions kept up a relentless teasing which negatively affected her.

As a result, Marj decided that to be a good wife she would just fit in with me. So, on our honeymoon, she stopped drinking tea, because I don't drink tea. She was miserable. Then, I developed a boil on my big toe and was in such pain, we couldn't walk up Mt. Snowden as we had planned. I thank God our honeymoon was not a prophetic forerunner of what our marriage was to be, because our honeymoon was a complete disaster — with hostile, suspicious natives, boils on big toes, and no tea for Marj.

After three days, Marj had a cup of tea and she revived. We managed to live the week out, but it was not what a honeymoon is supposed to be. We were glad to return and glad to leave the honeymoon behind us. We had no money to set up home, so our good friend, the head mistress, offered us a little room at the top of the mission house where Marj continued with her household duties while I continued ministering at the mission.

Our little home in Nottinghamshire

The months rolled by, and the day came when Marj informed me we were going to have a baby. When I told Mrs. Fentiman, she declared, “We are not going to have any babies here. If you and Marj are going to have a baby, you can move out.”

I didn’t know where to go, as I had no money to go anywhere. I had given it all out in the mission. I told everyone, “Marj and I are looking for rooms somewhere. If any of you know of some suitable rooms, I’d be grateful if you would let me know.”

Then Mrs. Fentiman, who had been almost like a mother to Marj for years, came to us and apologized, “Look, I am sorry. I was all wrong when I told you to go. I didn’t want babies squealing around this house, or nappies (diapers) drying around the fire-place. I admit that I lacked grace and was wrong. Now I want to ask you to stay.”

“When you told us to go,” I answered, “I heard the voice of God telling me to go. Now, when you tell us to stay, I don’t hear God telling us to stay.” God knew what He was doing. He was preparing a home for us.

A lady in the mission church, a widow, had given her furnished house to her newly married son to live in, but because of a conflict between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, he had given the house back to his mother. Unknown to me, Mrs. Fentimen made arrangements for Marj and I to live in it.

The house was completely furnished, down to cutlery, dishes, blankets and sheets, so we didn’t need to buy anything. There was even a fire laid in the grate and food in the pantry. While it wasn’t brand new, the grace of God had provided it, and we deeply appreciated it. That was our first little home, and that is where seven of our children were born, there in the village of Stanton Hill in Nottinghamshire.

Grandpa Jolly and Albert

Grandpa Jolly, as we called Mrs. Fentiman’s father, didn’t get saved until he was in his 60’s. He owned a drinking saloon and was a full-blown sinner, but when he got saved, he sold his business and turned his life completely over to God.

Not everybody emerges suddenly from darkness into light, from black to white, like that. Most people change gradually over time, but not so with Grandpa Jolly. The drinking, the smoking, the world, dropped off like falling leaves in autumn.

Grandpa Jolly had a nephew named Albert, who he led to the Lord. He presumed that Albert would do as he had done — follow the Lord completely right from the start. And at first, Albert seemed to follow in that way.

After a time, Grandpa Jolly was in Preston one day where he ran to catch a bus. Puffing and blowing, he arrived on the platform of the bus, went up the stairs to the top deck, and sat down. When he caught his breath, he looked around and discovered that seated across the aisle was his nephew, Albert, smoking a cigarette. Grandpa Jolly leaned over, and smacked him across the face, knocking the cigarette out of his lips. That finished Albert with Grandpa Jolly and with the church meetings... and from that point on, Albert backslid.

Years rolled by. Grandpa Jolly was now in his 80's and needed a lot of care. Some of his relatives would take turns caring for him, and one of them suggested that maybe Albert would be willing to take a turn.

In spite of the way the old man had offended him years before, Albert was gracious and gave Grandpa Jolly a room. There in that little room, Grandpa finished his days, sitting and *smoking his pipe*... doing the very thing he had judged Albert for doing. The Word of God says, "...thou that judgest doest the same things." (Rom 2:1)

As I look back, I am amazed at the grace of God.

After we settled into our new home, I received another invitation from the church in Lancashire. I was foolish enough to believe that now, because I was married, I was safe from involvement with the woman pastor, Marion Simmons. So I went.

It is a strange situation when you know that somebody is in love with you even though you are not in love with her. Every time your eyes meet, it can feed your pride, and it did feed mine. Even though I wasn't in love with her, I went through all the emotions

as if I was violently in love. The devil rode piggyback on my emotions. I began to put myself in the shoes of this young woman, trying to imagine what it must feel like to love someone who didn't return that love, and I would pity her.

Marion was physically attractive, and we had an affinity together in the work of God. At what point does heavenly love turn to something earthly? Many have crashed to disaster at this point — where spiritual affinity between a man and a woman changes into earthly love or something that seems like it. This happened to me.

By the time I had completed two weeks there, my peace had gone and I was in turmoil, as the devil played emotional ping-pong with me. I didn't know what I felt. Do I love my wife? Do I love this girl? I was confused and didn't know how to handle it. Nothing had taken place between us. I had done nothing but shake her hand. There had been no touching, no kissing, nothing at all.

I left Lancashire and returned home, filled with churning and upheaval inside my heart. World War II was on, and the whole country was in a panic, adding to the confusion I had inside. I knew I loved my wife. Deep down in my heart, I knew she was the woman the Lord had appointed for me, but I was battling these confusing emotions.

I decided to pass Marion on to someone else, and then, I would be safe. I said to our friend, Mrs. Fentiman, "Look, this young woman is very wide open to what we believe and needs someone who will answer her letters. Won't you please take her under your wing?" I politely delivered myself, and Mrs. Fentiman took on the ministry of writing letters to Marion. Many people do this. Some chew peppermints trying to give up cigarettes, but the only deliverance that really works is when God takes the *want* away.

Deliverance must be for the glory of God. Many people fail to get deliverance, because they want it for their own convenience: financially, health-wise, reputation-wise, but not for the glory of God. God withholds the grace, because the purpose of God's grace is for the glory of God. Grace incidentally meets our need, but primarily, it is for God's glory.

I had arranged my own deliverance, but something amazing happened. Marion Simmons' shop in Lancashire closed and the government conscripted her to work in a hospital, sending her all the way from Lancashire, passing by hundreds of hospitals, and assigning her to one that was located three miles away from where I lived. Mrs. Fentiman opened her home to her, and now every night in the services, I was staring at this woman whom I had tried to break from.

I did all I could to avoid her. I never claimed to be in love with Marion, but she was completely prepared to give herself to me. I struggled and struggled; her eyes would follow me, and we would bump into one another. Yet there had been nothing physically between us. I struggled with a volcanic pressure burning inside me, until one day I confronted her.

"Look," I said. "*I must talk to you. This thing has to stop between you and me.*" Nothing had ever happened between us, and here I am saying it had to stop. "Will you meet me this afternoon at 2:00?" If I had asked her to meet me at 2:00 in the morning she would have met me.

We walked along a country road and I discussed in my super-spiritual way how we would completely destroy this attraction which we both agreed was wrong and dishonoring to God. While we were walking along the road discussing it, thunderclouds blew over us and before long, the storm hit. The thunder rolled, lightning flashed, and the rain came down in sheets. We could see no place to run for cover in any direction except a farmer's hay shed across the field, so we took refuge in there.

We had come for a walk to discuss how the thing would finish, but that was where it started — that was the first time I ever kissed her or embraced her. For several years, I was involved with Marion Simmons; although, during that time, I did not go "all the way" with her. Later, I would come to despise myself for being so dishonest, so wrong, so sinful, and so wicked. Even though I had nothing to offer her because I knew God had joined me to Marj, I trifled with that girl's affections. I could go home to my wife, but she went back to nothing. Although I never made any promises to her, I kept her dangling, knowing she believed Marj would die, and then we would be together.

I would go out in the mornings and walk, and I would end up bumping into her. Marion knew I was out early in the mornings, and she would find me. I would go out to meet God, and would end up meeting her. Marj knew I had always gone out for walks, but now my walks were a cover-up. More and more in my self-righteous way, although partly because I felt condemned and had lost the presence of God, I desired to break it off.

One day as I returned home, I looked in the window of our little house where I saw Marj playing the organ. I could hear her singing, "*Only Thee, only Thee...*" Under a load of guilt, I went inside, sat down, and then I broke down. "Will you forgive me?" I wept. "I feel so rotten and unfaithful."

For some weeks afterward, I avoided Marion in the meetings. I didn't speak to her whenever I would bump into her in town or at the library, but her presence still sorely tempted me. This went on until, one day, Marj, without talking to me about it beforehand, invited Marion to come to live with us. I couldn't believe it.

"Well," Marj explained, "I would rather know where you are in truth than to have you out there in the woods."

From the moment Marion came to live with us, God came into the situation in an extraordinary way. Nobody but we three knew the marvelous grace God was performing in our lives.

Marion had begun her work at the local hospital as little more than a scrubwoman. From the time that she came to live with us, God blessed her, and she was promoted again and again. Each time her pay was increased, she poured it into our home. In hospitals, bed sheets are torn and discarded, and people leave clothing behind in the laundry. After a time, the hospital disposes of these items, and Marion brought all kinds of things home for the children and for us. This was an immense blessing during those war years when we were struggling, trying to raise our large family.

I had believed I would be the last man in all the world to get involved with a girl who wasn't my wife. As I look back, I am amazed at the grace of God. Like a cube of sugar that dissolves in a cup of hot tea, He finally dissolved the whole messy situation

we had been in. I take no credit for ending the affair, none at all. Once again, God used my failure to break my pride.

6

The “Conchee”

At the beginning of the war, Hitler took countries almost on a day-by-day basis. They were easily crushed before him — Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, and now Britain was in peril with Hitler only 21 miles away from our borders.

We were absolutely unprepared. While our factories had been turning out toy trains, teddy bears and dolls, German factories had been producing guns, bombs and planes. Consequently, when war was declared, our government issued broomsticks instead of rifles to the Home Guard.

Our country panicked. We could no longer ring our church bells, except as a signal that German paratroopers were dropping upon us. Sentries in concrete pillboxes cut our roads in half and challenged all travelers. They removed all the signposts from the roads to make it more difficult for enemy soldiers to know where they were.

WWII Days. Revival in England

On the night Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, I was sitting in a meeting when a sister sitting behind me started crying out, “No, no, no!” She grabbed her Bible and gloves and pushed her way up the row, up the aisle, through the doors. I heard a fierce crack as her head hit the ground, and she began screaming like a raped woman on the porch.

I thought, “God, *what is going on?*”

Then, I heard, “*Oh, Amen, amen, amen.*” I turned around and looked toward the screen doors. They swung open, and this sis-

ter, her face now radiant, came marching down the aisle. She went to the front and sat down at a table where she began to act out a scene without words. The Spirit of God had this young woman mime as if she were sitting in front of a mirror. She adjusted her hat, looked under her eyes, patted her cheeks, and smiled at herself, looking into the mirror that wasn't there. We knew that the Spirit of God was revealing her vanity and pride. She turned to the people and said, "Me, me, me..." and then the scene changed.

Now she mimed as if she was in front of a set of drawers and was pulling a drawer open. Looking this way and that, she took objects out of the drawer and put them in a bag by her feet. There was neither bag nor drawer, but the Spirit of God made it real, as He was dealing with her secret life — her pilfering, her stealing, her vanity, her pride. This went on for about ten minutes. Each time something more about her was revealed, she would turn to the people and say, "Me! Me!" while we watched with rapt attention, not knowing what would happen next.

After the Spirit had finished with that young woman, He picked her up and she began to move around the people. Then He began to reveal the secrets of *every heart*. I tell you, those days were *hot!* It was either *get right* or *get out*.

A pastor at the meeting lay flat on his face, his head almost at my feet, until the early hours of the morning. He lay groaning, moaning and struggling to rise to his feet, but he couldn't for an unseen hand held him there. *Finally, he had truth*. It was a dreadful story. He had been sent forth as a young pastor and had stopped in the home of a man who had three daughters. He didn't tell them he already had a young lady back home and started courting the oldest girl. He got the second girl pregnant and was flirting with the third girl. When the father discovered what was going on in his house, he put his head in the gas oven and committed suicide. All of this had remained a secret until the Spirit of God began to deal with that young man. These were awesome times, as we realized we no longer had the privacy of our own lives.

Night after night, we met in that mining community until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning until one night a brother said, "Let's have an early night and close the meeting tomorrow at 9:30." The next

evening, he got up from the platform, announced that the meeting was over and went to the door at the back. Nobody moved.

Suddenly, a young woman rose up. The minute she responded to the Spirit, we lost sight of her as a slim bit of a girl. She moved up the aisle with queenly dignity and came to where the brother was standing. She touched him and down he went, flat on his face. With all the dignity of royalty, she took two fingers and measured between her two fingers, and looking down at him, she said scornfully, "Wilt thou measure the immeasurable within the confines of one small hour?" She turned around on her heels, walked back down the aisle, sat down, and became just an ordinary girl again. Those were unusual meetings, and many people left the church.

About this time there was a woman coming to the meeting whose husband, the manager of the post office, was not a Christian. He threatened to lock her out of the house if she didn't come home at a reasonable hour. One could hardly expect an unsaved man to believe his wife was in church meetings until two and three o'clock in the morning. He believed she was involved with another man and was suspicious, judgmental and jealous.

Looking back, I realize now this woman was unwise. The Word of God declares we will win our partners by our chaste behavior and it is questionable that God really wanted her to be in all those meetings.

God marries our revelation to our situation. My revelation must work in my situation, that is, in my daily life... which isn't made up of jumping and shouting demonstrations and conventions. The whole purpose of the Spirit of God's coming into a person's life is to bring that person into reality, because the Spirit of God is the Spirit of Truth. What a tragedy it is when the world says, "I cannot hear what you say for the noise of what you are."

Revival meant bleeding backs, prison cells and even death.

When this dear woman found it necessary to leave her husband but had nowhere to go, Marj and I offered her a room in our house. This only added fuel to the fire, because her husband accused me of stealing his wife and of having two wives. Soon my

name became mud in that area, and wherever I went there were looks and whispers.

One day when sitting at the front in a meeting, her husband opened the door and staggered down the aisle in a state of semi-drunkenness. Leveling a gun at my head, he threatened to blow my brains out but obviously didn't or I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. It caused quite a stir. We went into the vestry at the back, where he poured a can of kerosene on the floor and tried to set the place on fire. We had asked God to send the fire but didn't mean that way!

After that episode, another woman came to live with him in his house. That was the end of her marriage as far as our dear sister was concerned. She lived with us for several years and committed herself to serve the people of God.

In those days we received all kinds of threats — threats to smash the windows, to cut the electric cables. Once on the outside walls we found scrawled, “Madhouse.” This was one of the attendant consequences of what we called “revival”.

Too many people have a starry-eyed concept of what revival is. If we look in the New Testament, we find that revival meant bleeding backs, prison cells and even death. Those who had a visitation from God often qualified themselves for a listing in the Book of Martyrs, as the Word of God declares: “...all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.” (II Tim 3:12)

Tied to the baby chair

“That’s all I need,” I thought.

Finally, a little chubby hand stretched out towards a crust, and as I watched the journey, I prayed, “Oh Lord, don’t let her miss.” It landed upon her lips.

Immediately, I was down on my knees. “Now then,” I said, Daddy will eat all the big crusts, and you eat all the little ones.”

The moment her will was broken, I entered. When Miriam was still young enough to sit in the baby chair for her meals, God taught me a lesson. One day I came home with two pieces of chocolate and two strawberries for my two children, Peter and

Miriam. Toward the end of the meal, I placed the two chocolates on the table and put a strawberry on top of each.

“Daddy! Daddy!” the children exclaimed.

“When you have finished your meal, you can have the sweets,” I said.

Peter ate his meal and claimed his prize. At that, Miriam stretched her arms out crying, “Eh... Eh... Me! Me! Me!”

“You will sit in that chair and when you’ve finished your meal,” I said, “Daddy will give you the chocolate and the strawberry.”

Miriam began to cry. She puffed and kicked and struggled and then began to scream.

“When you’ve eaten your crusts, Daddy will give you your chocolate and your strawberry.” I had given my word she couldn’t come down out of the chair and have her treat until she finished her meal, and now I found that my words, which tied my little girl to the chair, also tied me to the chair. The Bible says, “...let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay...” (James 5:12), and I knew God was tying me to the baby chair as well as my little girl.

I never dreamed how long I’d be tied to that baby chair. Miriam screamed and kicked for an eternity — which must have lasted 45 minutes. I continued to tell her, “After you finish your crusts, you can come out of the chair and have your chocolate and strawberry.

My mother came to see us during this upheaval. She was appalled. “I never did this to you! You are cruel, Arthur. Oh, you are cruel!”

into her situation, never enjoying crusts so much in all my life, I learned not to be hasty in speaking a word that I wasn’t prepared to fulfill. I also learned that even as I am the father of my child, God is my father. When God speaks, His own Word binds Him. But once my will is broken, He will enter my situation where He picks up the heavy end of my burden.

1943. Sentenced to Prison

When our government mobilized all the men into military service, I received an ultimatum to join with the others. Appearing

before two tribunals, I appealed for release from military duty, as I was actively engaged in the Lord's service. Finally, in 1943, I was brought before a tribunal in London where they mocked and ridiculed me.

"I believe God has given me a Word to be what I am, where I am," I explained to them.

"Oh, so you have a golden telephone and are in touch with the Almighty?" they mocked. "We'll see about that!" Then they sentenced me to prison for contempt of court. I was to remain in prison until I would submit to their orders to report for military duty. Of course, because I believed God wanted me to continue my ministry, I wasn't free to do what they wanted me to do.

My first day in prison seemed like six months. I sat with my head in my hands for three days and three nights, unable to cope with what had happened to me. How could I have ended up in prison when I was being obedient to God? I prayed, "Lord, I can't say 'Amen' to this."

God wouldn't give me any light until I changed my attitude. He had permitted in His wisdom what He could have prevented by His power. I had to bow at the shrine of His wisdom and say, "Amen, Lord. You have allowed this." Then, even though externally I was still in prison, internally, I was free.

Conscientious objectors, or "*conchees*" as they were called, were not very popular during the war. If you were a healthy sinner and had robbed a bank or hit a policeman over the head with a beer bottle, you would have some standing inside jail. But to be a "*bloody conchee*" was to be a yellow-livered coward: "*Here you sit safely while our soldiers are giving their life's blood for our country and for YOU!*"

The others constantly reminded us "*conchees*" of their low opinion of us. When I deposited my dirty clothing at the cell door, I would wait for my clean clothing to be brought to me. Instead, they would just kick my door and leave me with nothing to put on until they decided I had had enough of their scorn.

No matter what I did, I was wrong. If I did my best to pick the potatoes and not miss any in the garden, the guards yelled at me for being too slow. If I went faster, they yelled because I missed

one or two. To further humiliate me, they would give me the stinking urine bucket to carry around.

When I worked on the mailbags, I would tie the ropes together from the bags and skip rope, trying to keep warm, but that just made me hungrier. The cooks would drop stones instead of potatoes into the conchees' food. I learned more about contentment with godliness, patience and humility in prison than I did in Bible school.

A fellow prisoner, who attached himself to me in the exercise yard, would pour out all his miseries and complaints into my ear as we marched around and around.

"Look," I reasoned. "This isn't a convalescent home. This is a jail. Don't complain to me about the service here as if it is a hotel or something."

"Oh, I'm not doing that," he argued.

"What are you moaning about then? You ought to have thought about this before you got yourself locked up in this place," I reminded him.

"Well, I'm tough," he said. "I've been up to the Yukon in Alaska and I've been a political prisoner in Morocco. I am tough."

"Then what are you moaning about?"

"Can't get any cigarettes," he finally explained. "I've even smoked my mattress."

"You should be thankful you have had a mattress," I told him. "I'm sentenced to hard labor and have just a board to sleep on. Do you mean you have smoked all the stuffing out of your mattress?"

"Just about all of it. When the 'screws' find out, there is going to be...", he swore. "I've smoked my bootlaces. I've smoked string, cabbage leaves — anything I can get my hand on."

"Well, I have good news for you," I told him. "I am a non-smoker."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

“I never use my tobacco ration, because I don’t smoke. As far as I am concerned, you are welcome to my tobacco ration.”

From that time on he followed me around, almost licking my boots. On the weekends, his head would appear above packing cases. He followed me like a detective would after a criminal, desperately afraid someone else would get my tobacco ration.

“Listen,” I would tell him, “I have given you my word. Will you shut up and leave me alone? I can’t give you the stuff until I get it.”

One day he irritated me so much I just blew my top. I was wrong but I shouted, “Shut up and leave me alone! I can’t give you the stuff! I haven’t got it yet!”

Then God dealt with me: “How dare you speak to that man like that. You are no different. You are just like him and you smoke like a chimney.”

“But Lord, I don’t smoke,” I objected.

“Yes you do,” he corrected. “What keeps you from smoking is my grace. If I remove my grace, you will be exactly as bad as that man. It is my grace in you that has delivered you from the habit.”

I saw that I don’t have any ministry for anybody I despise. I saw my awful condition of judging people and despising them, and by the grace of God, I have chosen never to despise anyone. I may fall in this matter, but it is my standard nonetheless, when I meet people with problems, to say, “There am I, but for the grace of God.”

Being in prison for contempt of court is different from being there to serve a specific sentence for a specific crime. It’s like saying to your child, “You will sit at the table until you eat all your crusts.” This means they could have kept me in prison forever, as long as they wanted, until I would submit to their orders to report for military duty. Because I believed God wanted me to continue my ministry, I wasn’t free to do what they wanted. Therefore, they were able to play an emotional game with me. They could let me go home, then, without any warning they could put me back in prison.

Living by a proceeding Word from God

After a season, I came out and returned to my people at the mission. “Well, Arthur,” people asked me, “How are you doing?”

“I suppose I’m getting ready to go back into prison again.” I would tell them.

One brother who was an elder challenged me, “I thought you believed in living by a proceeding Word.”

“Well,” I said, “I do!”

“Then have you had a proceeding Word for *now*? ...for your *present* situation?”

“Well, no. No. I had a proceeding Word when I went before the tribunal,” I said.

“But that has become a *proceeded* Word. You need a fresh Word now for a fresh situation if you believe in living by a *proceeding* Word. Do you have one for *now*?”

“No,” I answered. “I don’t”

“Do you believe God could give you one?”

“Yes.”

“Do you believe God could give you one by me?”

“Yes.”

“Well, listen,” he said. “Go to the National Service Officer. Tell him you are willing to submit to any direction he gives you with this one condition — that you feel you ought to be at the meetings every night. With the present national situation, they’re not going to send you more than 60 miles away from home, 120 there and back everyday. Submit to them with that one condition.”

I did it. The National Service Officer was grateful. “I’m so glad you’ve submitted,” he said. “We have enough problems without putting preachers in prison. You will hear from us.”

After that, I received a series of cards directing me to work assignments close to home. Some cards sent me to farms.

“Do you know how to milk cows?” one farmer asked me.

“No, I don’t,” I said.

“I can’t use you then,” he said. “I don’t have time to train anyone.” He signed my card, and I left.

This happened often. It was wartime and people didn’t feel they could take the time to train me. Sometimes I was met with hostility. One farmer asked me, “You’ve been in prison?”

“Yes, I have.”

“I don’t want any jailbirds ‘round here!”

“Okay, will you sign the card?” I asked him.

He did, and I took it back to the National Service Officer. I’d get another one and off I’d go to another farm.

One farmer said, “Are you one of those bloody conscientious objectors? A yellow-livered skunk living on the back of our soldiers who are fighting for liberty and king and country? Do you know what I’d like to do with you? Put you up against that wall and shoot you! Get out!”

“Okay,” I said. “Will you sign the card?”

This routine continued time after time, card after card, and I never went back to prison for the remainder of the war. This experience taught me more than ever the importance of living by the proceeding Word of God. And I saw how quickly a proceeding Word can become a *proceeded* Word, requiring me to receive a fresh Word from God for the present situation. “...man shall not live by bread alone; but man lives by every *word* that proceeds (*present tense*) from the mouth of the Lord.” (Deut 8:3)

Snap! And all of my grace flew out the window!

While we lived in the little house in Stanton Hill, I was a super-spiritual man. I wanted to show God, the church, the world, and anyone else who would take notice of me, what a good Christian I was, what a good neighbor I was.

Eighty-year-old Mrs. Moon, a widow who owned our house, lived in the front room, while we had the rest of the house. She

kept the door locked between our quarters and she had to go around to our door to communicate with us, which she did often.

Very soon, we struck up a friendship with her. Mrs. Moon was partially deaf and needed help from time to time. Of course, I was going to be the good neighbor. Our relationship began over a clock. She said to me, "You know, Mister, I can't wind up my clock because my fingers have rheumatism."

I, *big hearted Arthur*, replied, "I'll wind it up for you. You bring your clock around, and I'll wind it up for you." So we were launched. Every night she would shuffle around to our door to have her clock wound up. I was delighted to do it, but there came one night when I had to be out. "I'm afraid I won't be in tonight to wind your clock."

"Oh, but Mister, you have to be in. You see, Mister, it has to be wound up at just the same time every night because of the spring. You must stop in to wind my clock up."

That was my first difficulty with her as big-hearted Arthur tried to meet her needs. From that point, we graduated from clock-winding to cups of tea in the morning, and then to a bun or cake with the cup of tea, yesterday's grace becoming today's right. She would come around for *her* bun and *her* cup of tea and would almost demand what once she had gratefully said "*thank you*" for.

Her next problem was that her fire "puffed." I learned that meant it puffed out smoke. "It is probably because your sticks aren't dry. Would you like me to get you some bundles of sticks from town?" I offered.

"Thank you, Mister. You are so kind to me," she replied.

Now added to clock-winding, cups of tea and buns, we have fetching bundles of sticks. Each morning she was knocking at the door for *her* cup of tea, even if it woke up the children. While we lived in that house, we almost always had a baby to care for, plus children to get ready for school, but this old lady had nothing to do all day long except see to herself.

I would protest, "Look, we have to see to the family and to the needs of the children."

She would respond, “But I need my cup of tea, Mister.” So, I would let her in.

She would leave the door open on the coldest of mornings, and I would chide her, “Can you shut the door after you?”

“Mister, your legs are younger than mine. You can shut the door.” Mrs. Moon would counter. “Haven’t you got the fire lit yet? It is cold.” I almost felt guilty because I didn’t have the fire lit for her. She would be *mithering* and complaining over me as I would light the fire, “Shall you be long? Shall you have my cup of tea ready soon?”

The more I gave her, the more she took. I would sit at the table eating an egg, while she stood over me with her big long nose. Wearing a black shawl over her white hair, she looked like a witch. She would watch me eat my breakfast, her eyes following when the spoon went into the egg, her eyes on the spoonful as the egg went into my mouth.

Mrs. Moon began to drop broad hints, “I wish I had somebody to boil me an egg.”

“You can boil an egg, can’t you?” I suggested to her.

“When you get to my age,” she sighed, “you feel neither nanny nor billy.” (That was one of her favorite sayings, which had something to do with nanny and billy goats.) “You feel neither nanny nor billy. It would be nice if you could boil me an egg in the morning when you are doing yours. Shall you, when you are doing yours?”

I was really running out of grace for her. I would move my chair along the table and pull my plate and my egg, and she would follow right on top of me, watching every mouthful of egg, bread and butter I ate.

One morning I saw a flea hop off her shawl onto the tablecloth, and afterwards, we had a plague of fleas that hit the children. It was distressing, because while we kept our house clean, we could do nothing about the old lady. The bugs and the fleas came with her, and the children had bumps and bites all over them.

Another day, I saw a drip on the end of her nose. Like a plane dropping a bomb, I thought, it was going right into my egg. I

moved my food quickly, and she followed. I was exasperated and thought, “Do I have to put up with this?” My self-image as the wonderful neighbor was rapidly disappearing.

One never-to-be-forgotten day, she came in with the usual routine: pushing me, interfering with the children, leaving the door open, standing in front of the fire. We had a big guard around the fire to keep the children away from it, and she used to stand there warming herself. No one else could feel anything from the fire, because she would be standing right in front of it. The poor soul was probably a clean woman in her younger days, but now that she was old, she had difficulty with her natural functions. So, as she stood by the fire, it wasn’t “Evening in Paris” perfume that we smelled as we sat at the table!

On this particular day, all of the accumulation of our problems with her assailed me as Mrs. Moon kept on and on at me. Suddenly, something inside of me went “*Snap!*” and all of my grace flew out the window!

“*That’s it!*” I roared. “*I can take no more!*” I sprung up from the table and picked her up in my arms. As I did, she grabbed onto the big fireplace guard. I determined to throw her out and grappled with her and the fireplace guard all the way to the door. The children were screaming and everything on the table, pots of jam, milk, dishes... were swept onto the floor with a *crash!*

Mrs. Moon was still clutching the fireplace guard when we got to the door. I thought, “If it kills you, I am throwing you out!” Finally, I pushed her through the doorway and the guard went out also, scraping her hand and arm. I slammed the door shut and locked it. And that was the end of big-hearted Arthur, the super-Christian.

“What a mess I am,” I groaned. “What a failure I am. I’ve tried to live the Sermon on the Mount, trying to go the second mile, to turn the other cheek, to be a good neighbor. I can’t live the Sermon on the Mount. I’ve made a mess of it.” As I crossed the room, the words of a song came to my mind: “*Oh Intercessor, Friend of sinners, earth’s Redeemer, plead for me.*”

“Oh God,” I moaned. “What a mess I am.”

There is the man I think I am...

I learned there are three Arthurs. There is the man I think I am, the man I want you to think I am, and the man I am in truth. God had used that old lady to bring me to reality and to destroy the image I had of myself as willing, loving, big-hearted Arthur. About two days later, I went around to Mrs. Moon's door to apologize to her, and we made our peace.

We can stand only by God's grace. If I enter into pride, a condition that God fiercely opposes, He withdraws His grace, which is what upholds me, and I fall. I cannot blame God because I have fallen. He doesn't push me into sin, but it is He who keeps me out of sin. Under what circumstances will He not keep me? I rob God of His glory if I take the credit for what is solely, wholly, the sovereign work of God in my character.

7

The Blackout

A few of the stories that I am relating, especially the following, might offend some of my readers. My hope is, by exposing my misdeeds and what lessons I have learned through God's dealings, some might be spared from falling as they learn from my mistakes. It is not my intention to stir up mud or to deal with the sordid, but by uncovering myself, to be a blessing to others.

The Bible declares that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. God has married grace to truth. Many of the same people who sit in the front row asking for grace can be found at the back row running from truth. They don't know that grace and truth are married and that it is impossible to have more grace without embracing more truth. Because God has graciously forgiven me, doesn't make me better than another man. A lot of people think they understand grace because they have received it. But if they don't also minister grace, they demonstrate they don't really understand it.

As God blessed and added to our family, we became a crowd with five daughters and four sons. Somehow, a crowd attracts a crowd, and we always had extras around the house, friends and playmates. Among them was a little girl who began to come around when she was just five or six years old, and she became almost part of the family. I would swing the children around, carry them piggyback and chase them. And she joined in with the rest.

The years rolled by, and Marj, her hands busy with so many babies, found that this little girl was growing up and becoming very useful. She would wash out orange juice bottles, take out

the dirty diapers, help with errands, or wash the dishes. More years passed, and one Christmas came when this girl was about twelve. During the festivities, I kissed her under the mistletoe, and in my pride (or in my imagination), I sensed her appreciation of me. That fed my pride, birthing something for which I must take all the blame. Instead of giving God the credit for whatever she saw in me that she admired, I took it to myself. The subtle deception in my thinking was that people loved me because I was loveable, rather than seeing it was the grace of God in me that was loveable.

Of course, I was married with a family, and she was only a child. Nevertheless, a little flirtation began between us — but only when my wife was out of the room. The things you can do in play you could not do in truth. Hands can stray in play that would not be justified in open truth. It can be struggling for a handkerchief or tickling, but it is a cover-up.

We have one label for it with other people and another label for it with ourselves. If it's the Russians, we say *spies*; if it's our country, we say *Secret Service Agents*. If it is you, it's *pornography*, if it is me, it's *photography*. If you correct me, I say, "*Why don't you mind your own business?*" If I correct you, "*Well, I'm just trying to be helpful.*" So we excuse rather than accuse ourselves. With someone else, I would have called it *lust* — with me, it was *play*.

This relationship continued until the girl was about 15. She had a crush on me and I encouraged it, which was easy to do because she was always at our house. It never got to the point where I could have been legally guilty of child molestation, but that was only by the grace of God. Even so, I was walking on thin ice.

When she was 15, the girl's mother approached the pastor in our church where I was one of two associate pastors. She complained to him that her daughter was not eating or sleeping well. The mother recognized that the girl had a crush on me and put the responsibility for it on me.

This offended me for two reasons. First, she didn't come to me directly to confront me with the truth, after all, that is the proper way to handle a grievance. Second, she went to this pastor (*of all people*), who I knew was having a full-blown affair at the time. Marj and I had spent hours and hours counseling this man's poor

wife, preventing her from committing suicide because of his involvement with other women.

When this pastor came to me at a meeting, self-righteous indignation rose up in me. I thought, “I am lily white compared to you.” I completely ignored the fact I was guilty of wrongdoing and needed to repent of my sin and be cleansed in the Blood of Christ. Furthermore, I needed to bring forth fruit out of my repentance. From my perspective, I had merely flirted with a schoolgirl, *but compared to him....* So, I was furious, and I judged him.

I left the meeting that night fuming as I strapped my little girl, Grace, into her seat on the back of my bicycle. Marj hadn’t gone to the church meeting that night but had remained at home to care for one of the other children who was ill. I began the mile and a half journey to our home filled with anger and judgment.

It was weeks before we knew whether our child would walk again.

Left over from the war days, we didn’t have street lamps, and the cars all had hoods over their lights for fear of enemy bombers seeing them. Great Britain had suffered much during the war as Germany’s bombing raids had destroyed over 800,000 homes across the country. Even though it was 1949 and the war had been over a few years, we were still in a state of reconstruction. So, the journey from the church to home was very dark, especially through a wooded valley between two steep hills.

I had a dynamo light on my bicycle and it illumined the road while the bicycle was in motion. I could see fairly well as I reached the top of the first hill, still burning over my judgment of the pastor.

I knew the Blood of Jesus would cleanse me from my sin if I humbled myself to accept the truth. Though I admitted to the truth about the schoolgirl, I didn’t have truth about my judgment of this man. I was blazing inside coming down the hill at nearly 30 miles an hour. “*You talk to me! I’m lily white compared to you!*”

Suddenly, there was a screeching noise as the back wheel buckled, and we came to a stop at the bottom between the two hills.

The dynamo light went out, and it was pitch black. Grace began to scream. There were no cars; not a soul was about. The woodland was on either side of the road, we were alone... my child screaming. I couldn't see anything in the blackness and I couldn't move the bike. I put my hand at the back, feeling under my screaming daughter, and it came away dripping wet and warm. I knew what it was. It was blood.

My legs were out straddling the bike, trying to steady it while somehow I got my right leg over the handlebars. I took the whole weight off the buckled back end, lifted the bike onto its front wheel, carried it to the side of the road, and leaned it against a wall. There, while Grace was sobbing and shrieking, I sought to pull the spokes out from her leg. They seemed to have gone in right to the bone. It was an impossible situation, in the pitch dark, my child screaming, at the bottom of the hill, at the bottom of my life.

The presence of God completely left me as I struggled and cried, "Oh God, I don't know what to do." Every movement of the spokes only gave Grace more pain, and she screamed and bled profusely. I finally gave up. I took the weight of my trapped child and the crumpled wheel and I pushed that bike 10,000 miles uphill in the black night for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, we reached home, and Marj came running out with a light. We took off the seat belt and somehow managed to get the spokes out of Grace's leg. We carried her into the house, bathed her and put her to bed. We had never gone to a doctor but had always looked to the Lord to meet any of our needs, and this time was no exception. We committed her to the Lord that night, the worst night of my life. Little fingers pushed through the cot rails, holding onto Daddy's hand while she sobbed and I joined her. It was six or seven weeks before we knew whether our child would walk again.

Everybody was most sympathetic, most considerate, doing anything and everything to help us. I didn't need their sympathy. I knew God had spoken to me that night. I had to divide between two issues, whether God was dealing with me because I had fooled about with a schoolgirl's affections or because I had judged my brother.

***He resists the proud...
and He does not forgive unforgiveness.***

Finally, I saw that God had mercy, grace, and forgiveness for my sin but not for my pride. The Bible doesn't say that God resists the sinner, but that "God resists the proud...." (1 Peter 5:5) He has made provision for the sinner: "If we will confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9) I knew that. I had proven that — the forgiveness of God for sin. Now I had proven the other principle: *God resists the proud*. The remedy for that condition is to "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God." (1 Pet 5:6)

I will leave this to the reader to decide. Observe your own life and the lives of others. God completely forgets and wipes out some sins, but others, He doesn't. One sin He does not forgive is *unforgiveness*. It is pointless to try to enter the presence of God, while holding hatred and bitterness in our hearts towards our brother or sister. He will not receive us. And we will receive nothing from Him because there is no forgiveness for unforgiveness. Until you forgive, as Jesus said, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you. "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matt 6:15) I had failed in this regard when a brother who I despised delivered the Word of God to me.

I don't reject letters because the postman has mud on his trousers. Maybe he has been out in the weather and is wet and muddy, not clean and tidy. Maybe he isn't as smart as I would like him to be. Maybe he has crawled through the fence and has torn his clothing. We don't reject the letters because he is a mess. Obviously, we make a distinction between the message and the messenger. In this case, though, I hadn't.

By the grace of God, I did bring forth fruit unto repentance. In a way, also by the grace of God, I made it up to the schoolgirl who had a crush on me. On a bus trip to the seaside one day soon afterward, I intentionally placed that girl beside a particular young man. They have been married many years now and have grown sons — the happy end of this story.

***Living by the proceeding Word,
and refusing to eat from that deadly tree***

I have learned there are two ways to deal with pride. I can try to cover it and control it while still feeding it, or I can starve it to death.

Take, for example, the case of a large fleshy person. The old-fashioned way to deal with all that flesh was to corset it, pulling it in. The person would look better than she really was, because she had corseted her flesh. Back in the Victorian era, a maid would push her knee into the back of her mistress, while attempting to lace up the corset tightly. Then, her ladyship would have the appearance of being very slim. Nowadays, corseting has given way to dieting. The modern woman realizes that it is healthier to eliminate the flesh by dieting, rather than merely pulling the flesh in with a corset.

Carrying this into the spiritual realm, we see the same principle at work. Many a person seeks to corset his flesh life, keeping it in for appearance's sake. That's what pride does. It pulls flesh in tightly to make it look better than it really is. Pride corsets the flesh; it doesn't get rid of it. The flesh life is fed by our trespassing, our rebelling, our eating that which God has strictly forbidden man to eat. Dieting for spiritual health is entirely different: "...but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it..." (Gen 2:17) Instead, "man lives by every word that proceeds from the mouth of the LORD." (Deut 8:3) God's Words bring life!

In the beginning, God forbade us to eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, "for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die." (Gen 2:17) This has never changed. If you eat of this tree, you are then deciding for yourself what is good and what is evil, and out of your knowledge, your pride grows. Out of your pride, you judge. You judge because you "know" what is good and what is evil, but if you don't know, you cannot judge. Now instead of having a God, you have become a god, as the devil predicted in the garden: "...and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." (Gen 3:5) Continuing to eat of that forbidden tree, man feeds his flesh and produces the hideous flesh life that God hates and condemns to death.

What then is the answer? The only way to deal with the flesh life is by a change of diet: "...man shall not live by bread alone; but man lives by every *word* that proceeds from the mouth of the LORD." (Deut 8:3) By refusing to eat from that deadly tree, and instead, by living on the proceeding Word of God, man can walk with God.

He will not have to corset his fleshly pride but can truly reckon it dead. Not *knowing*, not *judging*, by what his eye sees or his ear hears, but by the proceeding Word, he will have the blessed, sweet condition of walking in Truth that is acceptable to God.

Anointing

The Spirit of God will always anoint the truth. And I believe the truth isn't an "it". He's a Person. And the Holy Spirit was not yet given because Jesus was not yet glorified. Those two "not yet's" are linked. As you exalt Jesus, you can expect the anointing. As you exalt yourself, you can expect to lose it. The Holy Ghost will never anoint pride, lies.... He will only exalt the Truth. So as we abide in the Truth, we can enjoy the anointing.

"I'll get a job."

When our seventh child, Rachel, was born, our income was rather small, and the midwife suggested, "You can get a family allowance for maternity benefits."

"Oh no," Marj told her, "Arthur can't draw benefits because he didn't ever pay stamps."

"Whether he draws or not, he has an obligation to pay stamps," she said.

"Well, the Word of God says, 'Render to Caesar what belongs to Caesar'," I concluded, "So, okay, I will go and submit this debt to them."

When I did go to the government office, they computed my past obligations to them and drew me up an enormous bill amounting to hundreds of pounds. I told them, "I don't even have that in shillings. I don't even know if I have that in pence."

"Why not?" they challenged.

“Well,” I explained, “I live by faith — that is, not faith in the people of God, but in the God of the people. God can use people, but I don’t need to make my needs known to them. God meets my needs, and I live by faith.”

The government official said he didn’t know about this faith business. “All we know is that you must pay your obligation to society,” he insisted. “If you are not making enough as a preacher to pay this bill, then you will have to get a job.”

“All right,” I agreed. “God has given me two hands. I’m not afraid to work. I’ll get a job.” And so, I did.

I applied in Nottingham to a firm that sold gas cookers. It took me two solid weeks of endless trudging up and down streets before I sold the first one. When the little lady said, “Yes”, I felt like hugging her! After the first one, my discouragement dissolved and I began to sell more than any other man on the team. It was the blessing of God.

My manager called me the Bible-punching salesman. I was so green, that at first, I didn’t see what that scoundrel was doing to me. Every week, he would flatter me and compliment me, and every week, he opened my pay pocket before I would get it. It was weeks before I discovered that while he talked to me, he was actually stealing some of my money out of my pocket.

Finally, I made one big sale to a customer who wanted to buy 250 gas cookers. I was excited! Poor, silly me... I went to the manager and said, “What do you think? I got an order this morning for 250.”

“Oh, wonderful!” he exclaimed. “But that is much too big for you to deal with. I’ll take care of it for you.” He took all of my commission, and I got nothing at all.

This shook me, but it really woke me up. I discussed this with another man on the team who confided to me that he was leaving the company to go to work for his brother. “My brother is starting next week in pressure cookers. Do you want to join us?”

I left with him and joined a six-man pressure-cooker team in Nottingham. I told the same tale up and down the paths, “Well, lady, you understand that each time that your lid lifts in an ordi-

nary pan, you are losing pressure. Vitamins are escaping in the steam and discoloring your walls instead of strengthening your system. What you need is a pressure cooker. It builds up, and once it builds up, it keeps all the goodness in....” Then would come my invitation, “I will give you a demonstration any day, and prepare your potatoes, vegetables.” That usually did it. If I got in for a demonstration, nine times out of ten, I got a sale.

I was beginning to tire of the long drive to and from Nottingham every day, 17 miles in the morning and 17 miles back again at night. I thought, “This is stupid. Why am I traveling 34 miles every day to walk up and down peoples’ paths in Nottingham? I would rather go up and down paths in my home area of Mansfield.

When I asked Jim, my boss, he answered, “I don’t mind what you do, as long as you get sales.”

God had put me in that business for His business.

After a while, God had so blessed me with sales that my boss came to me. “Do you know that I have a team of six men in Nottingham that are not selling as much as you are all by yourself?”

“That is because of the grace of God,” I explained.

“I don’t care what you call it,” Jim replied. “I am interested in results. The question I am asking you is this: ‘If I sacked my team of six men, would you go into business on your own?’ I would send all my stock to you. You would be my only outlet, and I know I could trust you.”

So, I did. I went into business and saturated all the area with pressure cookers. Then I expanded to other goods, blankets, rugs, sheets, watches, clocks, and even sold wedding rings with time payments of five shillings a week. After a while, I stood my own credit, selling goods at a pound down and a pound a month.

The more I became involved with peoples’ money, the more I became more involved with their lives. I was kind of a glorified *Father Christmas* to the whole area, and they often would come to borrow money from me. Sometimes they would have items

for sale that I would buy, buying it here from A and selling it in another village to B.

Although I had some very rough customers, I did all that I could to help the people. As well as ministering in the nightly meetings, I was now ministering among my customers. I often had to show them grace when they would default on their payments, but I knew that this was part of my ministry. God gave me favor with all of them, just like my good friend and son-in-law, Bob Vasey, who ran a launderette. Ministering to his customers, Bob did more than washing people's clothes. I did the same, knowing God had put me in that business for His business.

“Mind your language, Mr. Burt is a chapel man.”

At one house I would visit, there lived some people who had been in and out of jail several times. One of the sons would tell me every time I visited that his dinner was on the ceiling, referring to when, in a drunken brawl, he had thrown his dinner up on the ceiling and there it stayed. They had never bothered to clean up the mess. Whenever I would come to their house, they would be gambling and swearing. “Mind your language,” they would correct each other. “*Mr. Burt is a chapel man.*”

I would talk to them about the Lord, and they would listen. I was more than a preacher to them as God allowed me to be a friend to them in times of need. I would cut their hair, visit them in jail, try to solve their problems, and settle their arguments. Sometimes I felt as though I were operating a pawn shop. I almost could have had three brass balls put up over our house!

Neighbors. We forgot all our differences...

The man who lived across the road from us, Ron Griffis, would often come across the road to our house or send his children over, always borrowing – everything from a cup of sugar to my wheelbarrow.

“Mr. Burt, Have you got a bottle of milk you can lend us? Can you lend me a screwdriver? Mr. Burt, can you lend me a hammer?”

I would oblige him whenever he would ask, but finally I came to the place where my grace ran out. I accosted Ron, “Look! Every time I want to use one of my tools, I have to borrow it back from you — my wheelbarrow, my spade, my fork, my screwdriver, my saw! I don’t mind loaning them to you, but at least bring them back. Now, where is my spade?”

Ron answered, “Well, I sent Diane across the road with it.”

“How old is Diane,” I snorted? “She isn’t even five yet, is she? The spade is gone. I haven’t got it, and you haven’t got it.”

Ron said he was sorry.

“I’m sorry too. We have both lost my spade.” Rightly or wrongly, I was finished with this borrowing. “Listen,” I said, “You and I will be good friends if we keep each to our side of the road.”

That lasted for a little season, and then, bit by bit, it began again. I would relent and begin to loan him my tools with the stipulation, “Bring it back when you finish.”

About this time, somebody bought me a new wheelbarrow. Ron crossed the road and inquired, “Have you got a new wheelbarrow, Mr. Burt?”

“Yes,” I answered. “Keep your hands off it, Buddy.” I loaned him the old one, but it wasn’t long before he trespassed onto the new one. I went across to retrieve my new wheelbarrow and found it in his garden filled with rainwater, in the first stages of rust. I blew my top.

“Look, we are back to the same old business. I loan you stuff...”

He was coming over every Thursday, borrowing five shillings so he could take the bus to work on Friday when he would get paid, and so on. It became a regular practice. If I happened to be out and he couldn’t borrow his Thursday money, he would be upset and complain, “You were out and I couldn’t borrow the five shillings” ...as if he had a right to it. I had another explosion. This cycle continued, on and off and then off and on.

During a period when we were each keeping to our own side of the road, I had a mechanical problem with my little Hillman truck.

I was struggling with it when Ron crossed the road and walked up to me.

“Trouble, Mr. Burt?”

I thought, “Oh, no! I am just pulling it to bits for the fun of it!” I said, “Something is not working right.”

“I’ll tell you what, Mr. Burt. You need three hands and you only have two,” he observed.

“What do you mean?” I asked him.

“Give me that screwdriver,” he said. “Now, you hold that. Go inside and switch it on.”

I switched it on, and it hummed, though I almost wished it wouldn’t. I was learning the principle that we are all locked up to one another in the Body of Christ. God can lock us up to the uncomely member, which Ron most certainly was in my estimation, but I would have preferred to think, “I don’t need you.”

One day I took my family to the seaside for a day’s outing. I had been working in my garden, rearing some little tomatoes. I was like many men who have tomatoes in a bit of a greenhouse — somewhat like a nurse in a clinic looking after a lot of babies. Every day, I watched them grow, watered them, polished them, and nursed them.

We came back from our outing and, inside my garden gate, found Ron’s three youngsters.

“What are you doing in my garden?” I called to them. “Come out! You have no business being in there while we are not at home.”

“We are not doing anything, Mr. Burt,” they assured me. “We have just put your apples on your doorstep.”

“Apples?” I thought. “I don’t have any apples.” I bounded up the path, and there were my tomatoes, all in a row like soldiers. I exploded, “Get out! Get out!”

“Why can’t you keep your kids on your side of the road?” I bellowed at Ron. So, we were divided again.

Then we had an awful winter with a massive snowfall. We were out of coal, but the snow was so bad, even if we had all the money in the world, I doubt we could have lured the coal man down to our house. We had friends in the area who would have given us some coal, but we were cut off because of the snow. Desperately, I began to break up some old tables and chairs to keep the fire going.

This neighbor across the road was our only contact with the outside world. He came over and inquired, "Are you all right, Mr. Burt? Do you have plenty of coal?"

There was no use telling a lie. "No," I admitted, "we have none left."

"You know," Ron said, "I don't want you to be without a fire." He was a miner who got a ton of coal allotted to him each month and his coal storage house was always stacked up with coal. "If you need any, let me know."

"I could do with some," I admitted.

Smiling and beaming, Ron pulled the coal over on a sledge. "You know, we are good neighbors, Mr. Burt. Good neighbors. You couldn't lend me five shillings until Friday, could you?" So we started the lending again. I had to admit that God had indeed locked me up to that man.

Ron's little girl, Diane, used to run up to me when I would leave to go out on my rounds and would ask, "Mr. Burt, will you give me a ride?"

Sometimes I would give her a ride to the bottom of the road, but this one day, I was in a hurry. "I'm sorry, I can't give you a ride today."

"Oh please, Mr. Burt," she begged, "just a little ride."

"All right," I replied. "I will take you down only as far as two lamp posts. I'm in a hurry today and can't take you any farther." So I picked her up in my arms and put her in the van. I drove down to the second lamp, and leaving her there, I continued down the road.

After finishing my work, I drove home. Immediately, Jack, a roomer who lived with Ron's family, came running across the road, calling, "Mr. Burt! Mr. Burt!"

I noticed a police car outside their house. "What's the matter? I asked.

"It's Diane," Jack said. "Ron and his wife have gone up to see her mother, and they left the children with me. Diane went down to the bottom of the road. She got a jam jar with water and was going to the reservoir to collect tadpoles. While she was crossing the road, a big double-decker bus hit her. She is dead!"

It was an awful accident. The child had been caught between the wheel and the mudguard and her little body had been broken into pieces. The doctor retrieved her leg from the side of the road, and they had to jack the bus up to get Diane's dismembered body out. The bus driver was taken to the hospital in shock. I drove Jack to tell Diane's parents who broke at the news of their child's death. We forgot all our differences as I put my arms around them, and we mourned together.

The whole incident needn't have happened. The children were supposed to go to school that day, but after Ron and his wife left for the day, Jack hadn't bothered to send them. It was tragic. They were broken-hearted, and I did all I could to love and help them through their grief. Shortly after that they moved away and we lost contact with them.

"My sheep hear my voice." (John 10:27)

In 1958, God spoke to me and told me for the first time to "walk the land" with the Gospel. At about this same time, the meetings began to lose their vitality. I used to wonder where spiritual decay was born and now I know — ripeness occurs at a moment in time, and rotteness follows afterward. When fruit is thoroughly ripe, it leaves the tree, that moment of separation meaning the end of sap, the end of life. Now the rosy apple is ready for the purpose that God intended.

In the process of being consumed, it loses its identity, going into the body where it refreshes, strengthens, and becomes part of the body. This is what Jesus meant when He said we would bring

forth fruit, and by our fruit we would be known. The ultimate purpose of the ministry of God's people is *loss of identity*. The ripe fruit disappears and is assimilated into the body, but if it doesn't get eaten, it turns rotten.

In the revival we had been experiencing, we were completely self-centered. We were the people God was getting ready. More monastic than monks because we were "*special*", we didn't mix or mingle with others. Nobody else existed; no one else concerned us. This notion of being *special* grew through the years. It was a subtle process as slowly our attitude about the extraordinary visitation began to produce something of a rottenness in us. We were *THE people* and wisdom should die with us. We were the *latter rain*. God had visited "*us*". "*They*" didn't understand us so *they were out*, and thus, we separated ourselves from other Christian groups.

After all the marvelous blessings we had received, our attention was diverted from the Lord to ourselves. Gradually the people had become dependent, not upon the voice of God speaking a proceeding, living Word, but upon the voice of one man — the leader of our church. Almost imperceptibly, we fell away from God's purpose that we would hear and follow His voice. Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice...." (John 10:27) He didn't say, "My shepherds hear My voice."

I began to see that if I continued with this group, I would partake of the decay that was setting in and I would have to surrender my birthright to hear the voice of God for myself. As always, the obvious happened. There came a time when I had to separate or I would lose what God had given me. Although I had been there for many years, God spoke to me and told me to go.

1958. "Walk the Land."

As soon as I took a stand against the bondage that was setting in, I came into conflict with the brother who was in charge of the meetings. He persuaded me not to leave but to submit, which I did for another year. During those months I felt the pressure of the Spirit, hearing the voice of God speak to me out of Joshua, "*How long are you slack to go...?*" (Josh 18:3)

After 12 months, when I came to a decision and announced I was leaving, the church's leader declared I had missed God and had sold my birthright. My oldest son agreed with him and left me for almost 25 years. Through bribery — money and fine clothes given to her — they persuaded my little 12-year-old girl and alienated her from me. Even Marj disfellowshipped me for two years. Every night, she went to the meetings and, like a drug addict, received her shot in the arm, immunizing her against me. The brothers had convinced her, if she were to go Arthur's way, she would end up out in the wilderness all dried up — the result of putting her husband before God.

After I left, the bondage among the people became so extreme that individuals would check with their leader to inquire, "Would it be in order if I bought a new overcoat?" "Would it be in order if I visited my relation?" The people lost the liberty of the Spirit and the right of each believer to hear and follow the voice of God.

Marj battled on for two years, torn between her loyalty to her husband and to what her elders had taught her. Collapsing, no longer able to fight, she left and joined me. It was a traumatic time of heart searching and pain. There was even a suggestion from those who remained that I might drop dead. I didn't know whether they meant figuratively, spiritually or both, and I stood trembling, watching my life at every turn.

8

“The Glory Meetings”

As the months rolled by, I formed new relationships with some brethren in Mansfield who graciously stood with me and helped me over that very difficult time. I thank God for brothers like Alf Hardy and Jack Hardy, who is now in heaven, and Ken Hartley. These men loved with sensitivity and were most practical in their love toward me and my large household as well.

Our family had grown over the years. Peter was born in 1941, Miriam followed in 1943, then Joseph in 1945. Pamela made her appearance in 1946, Grace was born in 1948, and Stephen arrived less than two years later. In the spring of 1951, Marj presented me with Rachel, and after an interval of four years, Marj gave birth to our last daughter, Beryl. Then in 1958, our ninth and youngest child, Andrew, was born. *Our home was bursting with life!*

Henry emerged with the anointing of God on him.

I became reacquainted with a brother who I had lost track of 25 years before. In that interim period, God had blessed Henry in his business, and he now had four or five shops in Newark.

During one Christmas season, he publicized a big Christmas show at his shop. All the boys and girls of Newark were excited because Santa Claus was coming to distribute toys to them. On the day of this event, Henry proudly surveyed the clamoring crowd that was responding to his advertising gimmick. As he watched, the Spirit of God smote him, saying, “I have said of My Son, if He were lifted up, He would draw all men unto Him, but you have lifted up Father Christmas and drawn all men unto you.”

Henry, broken and contrite, went home where he entered a little room under his stairs. There, he wept for a week before the Lord, emerging with the anointing of God on him. *He was a changed man.* Although he was not an eloquent preacher, Henry's ministry was effective. He was not without problems though.

When a man is drowning, his rescuer's first job is to get the man out of the sea and his next job is to get the sea out of the man. Artificial respiration is designed to do, from the outside, what the lungs should be doing from the inside. There is a spiritual counterpart to that. When you see people in sin and bondage, your first business is to get the man out of the bondage, and the next step is to get the bondage out of the man. This was Henry's ministry.

Like a lump of ice dropped into boiling water, something inside of me began to melt.

Henry was a *go-getter*. He was also a non-conformist and never did what I thought he ought to do. With his piano accordion around his neck, Henry was unpredictable in the meetings as he took over the work of the Holy Spirit. Like the rescuer administers artificial respiration, Henry would exhort people who, half-drowned in tradition, unbelief or pride, failed to respond to the prompting of the Spirit.

Many a time in the meetings he would call out, "That sister over there — no, don't look behind you — *it's you with the green hat.* Come on. If you don't come, I will fetch you." And he would do it! The poor woman would come trembling to the front, and there would be eager, loving hands to lift her onto the platform. "Oh, I do like your hat. It matches your coat," he would smile. "Come on, folks. Give her a clap."

I used to complain silently, "What is all this — a crowd of people clapping because a woman's hat matches her coat? What have I got myself into?" I considered Henry's meeting shallow, empty, irreverent, and unspiritual, especially whenever all the people would link arms as if at a party. They would march up and down, and up and down, singing and chanting choruses. I used to criticize everything in Henry's meetings, and my attitude produced an iceberg of pride deep inside my being.

One night while they were having a Jericho march around the hall, God corrected me, “*Stop judging, start marching... and your icy heart will melt.*”

“Me? Join that crowd?” I scoffed. They were all shouting, singing and praising. But from my smug, superior attitude, they appeared as kindergartners to me. I just dismissed them. I didn’t even like the name of those meetings. Henry called them “Henry’s glory meetings”, and I knew that couldn’t be right. The glory is God’s, not Henry’s. I judged, and wherever I have judged, God has dealt with me. But God showed me, however immature these people were, He had grace for their immaturity. He didn’t have grace for my pride, though, in my believing I knew so much more and was so much better than they were.

When I finally gave in to the prompting of the Lord, I got into line with the people who were singing and marching around the hall. Before that time, I had never banged a tambourine or clapped my hands to the music. Like a lump of ice dropped into boiling water, something inside of me began to melt. In those meetings, I began to experience the breath of God who blessed me as soon as I stopped judging the people and united with them.

For many years after that, I associated with Henry, who welcomed my ministry in his *glory meetings* all over Britain. I appreciated that Henry was able to set people free, even though he had no ministry to keep them free — like someone putting a tap on in the bath and not putting the plug in. As long as I live, I will be grateful for the day I met this brother, even though I may not have agreed with him in everything.

Moving to Paddock Wood

One day in 1960, Henry came to me with a message. “There is a brother named Archie Friday down in Paddock Wood in Kent,” he said, “who would like for you to come and co-pastor the church there.”

I went to Kent to meet Archie, not knowing he would be part of my life for the next twenty years. He was a businessman who owned two or three garages and had also financed and founded the church in Paddock Wood.

“This is just a small congregation,” Archie explained, “and there would not be enough income for you and your large family. If you are willing to work, I can find you some.”

“I have two hands,” I asserted, “and by the grace of God, I am not afraid to work.”

The Hardy brothers promised to take an offering to help me move whenever I was ready, for which I was very grateful. They came to me week after week inquiring, “When are you moving?” I couldn’t very well tell them I was waiting for them to take up the offering before I could tell them when I was moving, but that was the issue. I didn’t have any money at all to move.

My Aunt Ada, who was eighty-eight at the time, inquired about this. “I understand that you have accepted an invitation to co-pastor a work in the south.”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Why haven’t you moved?” she asked.

“I don’t have the money,” I explained.

“Well, I’ll tell you what,” she said. “I’ll contribute £10. I’ve got £10 saved up toward my burial, but between you and me, when I’m gone to be with Jesus, I don’t care what they do with my body.”

It seems so pathetic now to talk about such a small sum of money. I went down to the traveler that the moving people picked for us, and I asked them what they would charge. They told me £44, which was an enormous sum of money in the ‘60’s. Then, I inquired at the railway station, where the agent told me, “We will deliver a container to your door. You pack it and stack it, and then you must be responsible to unpack it at the other end. We will charge you £19.”

With Auntie Ada’s £10 for the down payment, I ordered the container, promising to pay the remainder at the other end. I didn’t have it but believed God would send it.

Accompanied by two of my boys, Joseph and Steve, I hitchhiked down to Kent and a good lady there opened her home up to us.

“Your family can stay here a month,” she offered. So we had a landing place for one month.

The boys and I hitchhiked back up to the Midlands and began stacking our little truck with as much as I could load onto it for our immediate requirements. The container with all our furniture in it had already gone to Kent.

As we prepared to leave, one of the Hardy brothers came up to me. “Brother Arthur,” he announced, “the Lord has told me to pay your rent for eight weeks. If anything goes wrong down in Kent and if you have to come back, you can return to your house here.” I appreciated that, because my mother and Auntie Ada were still living in the house.

No one knew of my predicament — I was penniless.

In moving to Kent, we had to establish a bridgehead. In the Normandy Invasion, we British crossed the channel and set up a bridgehead on the Normandy coast before we could launch an invasion against the might of the German army. In miniature, our move into temporary quarters was like that. I moved my possessions virtually without any money, believing God to complete the payment of transporting them. When my family and I got to Kent, arriving in time for a meeting, I had put our last 10 shillings in the petrol tank of my van. We had no more money and no food. We did have lodging for one month in the house of a good sister, but she could not care for our other needs.

We arrived at Herne Bay and joined the meeting just before there was a break for tea, or dinner. Several people I knew greeted me warmly, calling, “Hello, Uncle Arthur!” As several came up to chat, I noticed a little lady standing, listening on the outside of the group.

No one knew of my predicament — that I was penniless and foodless. They just knew Uncle Arthur Burt from the Midlands was coming to live in the south and they talked excitedly about my move. Then I noticed this little lady come close to me. All of a sudden, she darted forward and pushed something into my hand. Then, just as quickly, she disappeared into the crowd. I opened my hand and saw a £5 note. I looked at the clock. It was

a quarter 'til six. I knew the shops all closed at 6:00, so I moved faster than I had ever moved in my life.

I made one purchase to split the £5 note up and sent my family in different directions to buy food: bread, butter, cheese, milk, cereals, jams. We were grateful to receive that last minute provision from the Lord and also grateful for how much we were able to purchase with it. That was our roughest time in Kent.

After a month, we moved to Hill Top Farm in that beautiful country district into a mobile house surrounded by an orchard of apple and cherry trees. We had already started our children into school in Maidstone, so everyday we had to take them to the railway station and send them to school in Maidstone a few miles away. All the children were happy except Beryl, who I sometimes would find crying. I'd dry her tears and encourage her, and finally, she got used to our new home.

“Put yourself under.”

Shortly after we settled in Paddock Wood, I encountered a brother in the meetings who didn't care for my ministry.

“No doubt,” Brother Brown sneered at me, “God has sent a prophet in our midst.”

At one meeting, he openly accosted me. “All you do is heap buckets of sludge over my head,” he accused.

“Well, Brother,” I reasoned with him, “Do you just come to listen to messages for other people? You are accusing me of being spiteful to you.”

“I am,” he admitted bitterly.

“Brother,” I told him, “God says to pray for those who spitefully use you.”

I was satisfied I had dealt with him effectively until some weeks later. I had gone for the weekend up to Blyth in Northumberland where I ministered on the Scripture, “I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness...and she shall sing there....” (Hos 2:14, 15) God spoke to me through my own ministry.

“You’ve got your own wilderness,” He rebuked me, “and you need to deal with that man who resents you. You smugly dismissed him by telling him to “pray for them which despitefully use you.” (Matt 5:44) You’ve got to *win him*. If he has become your enemy, your business is to destroy him as your enemy, and the only way you can do that is by loving him to death.”

I went back home *knowing* I had to face this situation. But before I had an opportunity to do anything, this brother had a terrible accident. He was using welding equipment in a pit beneath a car when a spark from the welding torch set fire to some oily rags, and he was trapped under the car in the blazing pit. Even the people who dragged him out were badly burned.

When I went to visit him in the hospital, I was shocked at the sight of him. The flames had charred all the flesh on his face, his nose, his ears. His eyes were two holes in a scab of a face.

“Oh, Lord,” I prayed. “How can I minister to my brother?” I could sense his helpless rage. This was a man who, in no wise, accepted or welcomed my visit or anything I tried to do for him. I brought his wife to the hospital and offered to do whatever I could to help. I knew Brother Brown resented me, but I didn’t understand why. Possibly he was jealous of me; perhaps he felt that he should have been the pastor of the church. I didn’t know.

I continued to visit him, week after week, for many months. He was in agony, suffering through many operations, as doctors grafted skin from his thigh onto his face. When he returned home, he was rehabilitated and set up in a position cobbling shoes. His hands looked horrible, and when he walked, he almost looked like a Frankenstein monster.

Seeking to do what I could to help this brother and to win him, I would go around collecting shoes among the people in the church and in the village, saying, “If you have shoes that need repair, I’ll take them to Brother Brown for you.”

I wondered what else I could do. Brother Brown had eight children and I had nine, so we had that in common. I offered to take him into the vegetable market, because like me, he was the one who did the vegetable buying.

For many weeks, I ran him in to the vegetable market where he would bid for the vegetables. Then, I would pick them, put them in the van, bring them back to his house and stack them in his garden shed for him. I didn't receive much more than a grunt of thanks from him. He just tolerated me because I was useful to him.

It was a long wait before he got his compensation money. At Christmas time, Brother Brown's compensation still had not come through, so Marj and I took presents around to his house. I suggested, as a little overture of friendship, that we should all go up to Trafalgar Square in London where different bands, including the Salvation Army band, came there to play carols during the Christmas season. It was always a thrilling sight to see the thousands of people gathered around the colorfully lighted tree from Norway and to hear them singing as the bands played.

So both of our families went to Trafalgar Square to join the festivities. Brother Brown had a little boy named David who was the same age as my daughter, Beryl and they would always be together — where one was, you could always find the other. After we were there for a while, I noticed that Beryl was not in sight.

"Where is Beryl?" I asked Marj, scanning the crowd.

"She's not here?" Marj answered. "Well, she is probably over there with the Browns."

"Eunice," I shouted. "Have you got Beryl there?"

"No," she called back to me. "Have you got David there?"

Both children were missing, lost in that multitude of people. Now circumstances drew together two fathers who were seeking their lost children. Together, we went to a policeman who informed us that we would have to go to Scotland Yard. So we left the others and went to Scotland Yard where we stood at the counter and gave all the particulars, their names, description, sex, and so on.

"Have you any lost children here?" I questioned the policeman.

"Yes, we have," came the answer, "but how do we know that you are the parents of the lost children?"

“Mister,” I remarked. “I don’t have to prove I am the father of my little girl. I only have to show my face; that’s all.”

We walked down a corridor to a room where our two children were sitting on a counter, drinking orange juice and eating chocolate. When I put my head around the door, Beryl shouted, “Daddy!”

“Is that proof enough?” I asked the policeman.

We signed the two children out and went back to our families — two fathers with their prodigal children! These incidents were working to bring us closer together. I knew, in some measure, Brother Brown had softened towards me, but I knew I hadn’t won him yet. I asked the Lord what more I could do to break down the barrier between us.

The Lord responded, “All the time, you are superior to him. All the time, your brother has to hold his hand out. He is on the receiving end of ministry and is the one who has to say, ‘Thank you’. He is so useless and helpless, because of what he has gone through. He resents your superior quality. He resented it from the day you arrived at Paddock Wood, and he still resents it.”

“Lord,” I cried. “What can I do?”

“*Put yourself under,*” He said. “You will never win him by putting yourself over.”

“How can I put myself under?” I wondered. “I know! I know how to put myself under.” I was having a problem with the dynamo on my van. The battery was losing its charge, causing the lights to become dim, and I continually had to recharge the battery. I knew Brother Brown was much more superior to me mechanically, so I could honestly ask him to help me with my problem.

“Brother,” I said. “I wonder if you could help me.” I had carefully chosen these words which I knew he hadn’t heard since his accident. His reaction was immediate and obvious — like patting a dejected dog with its tail down. The dog’s tail goes up and starts wagging.

“What can I do to help you?” he asked.

“It’s my dynamo,” I told him. “It’s not charging. I wonder if I got underneath and took the top off, maybe you could help me?”

“I’ll try,” he said.

So, I lay on my back under the engine, and he looked down at me. “Yes,” he directed. “Get your wrench and undo that nut — no, no, not that one, the other one!” Now he was in a position of authority, while I continued to act green, not exactly stupid, but *simple*.

“Get your long screwdriver,” he ordered. “That’s right. Look at your fan belt. It’s flopping up and down. It is loose.”

“Shouldn’t it be?” I asked.

“Any fool knows it should be tight,” he snorted. “Now then, pull it over tightly. What’s that wire doing trailing down there?”

“What wire?”

“*That wire!* Of course it shouldn’t have wires trailing. Any fool knows that. Undo that!” he commanded. “Push that in. Now tighten it up.”

Green as a cabbage, I did everything he said. I put myself under my brother, humbling myself, and from that time on, there was a change in our relationship. A week or two later, I took some tapes to him and he greeted me warmly, putting those poor burned arms around my neck. *Then, I knew I had destroyed him as an enemy.*

One day soon afterward, I was returning home after a ministry trip. Father had been testing me financially, and I didn’t have much money to see to my wife’s needs. She was never one to ask for herself but just for the children, and if I didn’t think to offer, she went without. During this period, I knew Marj needed a new coat and shoes, but money was tight and I could do nothing about it. All I could do was to commit it to God.

As I came in the door, Marj said excitedly, “I’ve got a surprise for you. You will never guess. While you were away, Brother Brown’s compensation money came through. He and his wife have taken me out, and they have rigged me out with everything! Come into the bedroom and see.”

She led me into the bedroom where there were shoes, dresses, underclothes, and cardigans spread out on the bed. They had bought her all that clothing.

That was one of the incidental benefits of turning an enemy into a friend — not that I would recommend anybody should do it for gain. Whatever we do for another should be done as to God. That dear brother went on to build a prosperous business selling boots, shoes, and Wellingtons. Every time I visited him afterwards, he was warm, loving, and friendly — all the old bitterness gone. Jesus had triumphed.

God has first called me to Himself.

While I was helping to pastor the church in Kent, I was also supporting my family by working various jobs. I was delivering cars, picking up second-hand cars and delivering reconditioned vehicles. I went to auctions in Brighton and other places, I ran a nursery with three sixty-foot greenhouses, and I sold everything and anything — from dog leads and biscuits, to cabbages, onions, carrots and tomatoes. I made wreaths, crosses, and bouquets. I mixed cement by hand (there were no cement mixers in those days). I sold bedding plants and fruit. And for a short time, I bought and sold secondhand furniture.

During one period, I worked a farm that had over 3,000 trees. The grass was so thick and lush between all those trees growing on the slope, that it was very difficult to cut it. Seeing this problem, Brother Archie said to me, “What you need are some ducks or chickens. Let them run wild and they will deal with the grass.”

We found two ladies who were selling a farm, who also had hundreds of chickens for sale. I took a jeep to collect the first 50 of these poor old hens and noticed there wasn't a blade of grass in the place where they were kept. It was absolutely barren. I put these dilapidated hens with faded white combs, tails down, fit only for boiling, into the lush green grass. Within a few days, a marvelous change took place. The hens' combs turned fiery red, and they began dropping eggs everywhere!

“Look,” Archie observed. “There is revival here. It would be a shame to kill these hens. They're too good for boiling now that they are laying eggs. Go buy some more. So I went and bought

50 more, then 50 more, then 50 more! We became as busy as could be, building pens and nests for all those revived hens and collecting the eggs they were dropping over the place.

These hens became a parable to me of my own life. I had started poor. And through Brother Archie's asking me to take over his shop in the village, I was earning a living making all kinds of floral arrangements for weddings and funerals. In addition, I was growing chrysanthemums and cabbages in the big greenhouses. My provision was full.

Eventually, my days began to get a bit too full. On Fridays, I would come home from working in the greenhouses about 5:30 and would have an hour to get a bath and a meal. Then with a company of people, I would drive into London to Lambeth Town Hall for the *glory meetings*. To finish out the week, there would be outreaches on Saturday and three meetings on Sunday in Pad-dock Wood.

I was worn out. I would just lay at the back of the hall and moan, "Oh God, I am utterly exhausted. Now, I have to go in there, start jumping up and down, bang on a tambourine, and sing and dance and preach." I was doing far more than God wanted me to do because I was a people-pleaser. I had tried to oblige Archie, but I was doing what God had never told me to do. Finally, I had a confrontation with Archie.

"Look," I began. "God hasn't called me to sell onions and cabbages and do all these other things — making wreaths, crosses, and bouquets. I am willing to work but I can't do everything. God has first called me to Himself."

My back was breaking. Everyday of my life, I needed to cram 30 hours of hard work into a 24-hour day and had to more-or-less imply to Archie that he was a slave driver. He had asked me to come to help him with the church. Incidentally, he had said that my provision would not be from the church but from work that he would provide.

"Now," I declared, "the work has taken priority over the ministry, and now I am living to you and not to the Lord. I'm not going to do that anymore."

This upset and offended Archie. “If you feel like that, we will sell the shop and the business.”

At that time, David Greenow had scheduled me to conduct some meetings in Ireland. When I returned a few weeks later, Archie had taken care of everything.

“I have sold Dean Farm, the shop and everything,” he announced.

“All right,” I replied, “Where do I go from here?”

“Why don’t I sell you a van?” Archie offered. “You can go around the villages selling green grocery provisions, potatoes, apples, oranges and eggs.”

He sold me a vehicle, but I didn’t have any money to pay him for it. He kindly offered to loan me the money, and I made regular payments to him.

Now I was selling on peoples’ doorsteps — raspberries, strawberries and vegetables. The people responded like thirsty men in a desert. “Oh, this is wonderful!” they would remark. “Can we depend upon you?”

“As much as I am able, I will be around on Tuesdays and Thursdays in this village and Wednesdays and Fridays in that village. I must tell you, though, that my number one priority is that I am a preacher, and if someone invites me to take meetings on those days, I will not be around.”

That news affected the growth of my route, because people knew they could not depend on me. As I had promised, whenever I had invitations to preach, I left my little business, so it did not prosper. In the interim period, I did car deliveries but gave my full attention to the meetings in Paddock Wood. There, we had another visitation by the Holy Spirit.



Clockwise from top:

1. **Paddock Wood Tent Meeting**
2. **Arthur & Marj, 1952**
3. **1950's. Our first 7 when they were children**
4. **Beryl, number 8!**
5. **Andrew, our youngest of 9**



9

Forbid Them Not

The next move of God we experienced completely by-passed the adults and was upon the children in the church. Most of the adults became jealous, doubting it was a true visitation. This divided the church. During this time, the Spirit of God would come into the meetings upon the children and they would fall off their seats onto the floor. Their limbs would tremble, and with their eyes closed, they would shout, “Jesus! Jesus!,” disrupting the meetings. Lost in the presence of God, they weren’t aware of anything around them.

A sovereign act of the Spirit of God upon the children...

At the end of each meeting, I had to get help carrying those children out to my van to drive them home. Their legs drumming against the sides of my van, they would shout, “Jesus!” oblivious to where they were. I would deliver them to their homes, carry them up the paths, knock at the doors, and deposit them on a couch or sofa.

Maybe it is exciting for a night or two for something of this sort to happen, but after a while, people begin to talk. At the cries of children shouting “Jesus” at 10:30 at night, curtains are raised and inquisitive eyes peep out.

People challenged me to explain these occurrences. “How do you do it?” they inquired.

“I’m not doing anything. This is a sovereign act of the Spirit of God,” I retorted.

People advised me to stop it, and I replied that I didn’t start it. They said the children would have religious mania, and that wasn’t right. They quizzed me, “Are they better children? Do they do their homework better? Do they wash the dishes for their parents? Are they more obedient?”

“I don’t know,” I’d reply. “All I do know is that it is God who is doing this.”

This went on for a considerable time. The Holy Spirit wonderfully moved upon my daughter, Rachel. Able to discern the difference between hypocrisy and reality (and besides, I knew my child), I knew Rachel wasn’t acting. There was one little five or six-year-old girl who, at first, did put on an act. She felt left out when she saw the other children down on the floor, so she tried to imitate them. Then, God moved on her, and she was no longer pretending.

Brother Archie, who was co-pastoring with me, objected. “*Are you sure this is from God?*” he asked me. “Do you think God would visit children? Do you really believe it is God when the children lay prostrate on the floor with their limbs moving and kicking, and with their eyes shut, they’re shouting ‘Jesus! Jesus!?’ This is upsetting the adults,” he complained. “This should not continue, as it is interfering with the meetings. The adults are not involved in it — only the children. It must stop!”

Archie suggested that a responsible adult, a parent or someone else, should sit beside each child in every meeting. The moment a child would begin to tremble or begin to move off his or her seat, the adult would hold him on the seat. At the next meeting, however, the adults could not keep the children on their seats and so, it continued. There they were, kicking their legs and shouting, “Jesus!”

The next suggestion was to carry the children out of the meeting and put them in the hall at the back. It was winter and our meeting room was heated, but the hall in the back had no heat. The adults carried the children out and deposited them in the almost freezing hall, thinking the cold would bring them to their senses,

but it didn't. After our meeting was over, we went back into the hall, and it was steaming. The children had generated their own heat, and they were still calling out to Jesus.

At one point it appeared that God was going to include the adults. We had gathered around a big circular platform up front when, suddenly, God moved upon the people. I'm not certain how it began, but somehow I was like the third one down in a rugby scrum. There were people all over the floor and the platform, three layers deep, and they were all crying and weeping to God. I can still remember someone's hot tears falling on the back of my neck.

There were only a few occasions when the Spirit touched the adults. My mother and her close friend were completely against what was happening with the children, fearing they would end up in a mental institution. Nevertheless, one night my mother went down under the power of God. She lay there on the floor. And her friend, who had been critical, was even more critical when she saw her companion on the floor.

I made this observation: you don't necessarily have to be cooperative to be involved in a visitation. God can give light to people, but if they don't walk in that light, the light can condemn them and turn to darkness. Eventually the adults put such pressure on the children they *quenched the Spirit*, and the visitation was over.

Big doors swing on little hinges.

What does it really matter if children do or don't participate in a move of God? After all, some suggest, isn't it more important for the adults to be involved?

An evangelist once visited a church in England and preached for three weeks. The people's lack of response to his ministry dismayed him. On the last night of his meetings, the disheartened man was so discouraged he didn't go to the door to shake hands with the departing people but just watched as they filed out.

As he stood by the platform with two of the elders, he said sadly, "Well, that's it. Three weeks of meetings, and not one soul saved, apart from this lad here." He pointed to a 9-year-old boy. The boy was David Livingston. And in the spiritual womb of that boy

were the unborn millions of African believers. Big doors swing on little hinges.

A little boy's sixpence

When I was ministering in the Lake District in the town of Silloch, I met an 80-year-old lady who told me how her little shop had come into being. It all started in her Sunday school class when one of her young students came to her after class one day with a request. He held up a shining sixpence and said, "Please, Mrs. Cameron, will you give this sixpence to Jesus?"

Startled, she almost told the child she couldn't do that, but upon her shoulder she felt the restraining hand of the Lord who directed her, "Take it."

"Alright," Mrs. Cameron told the boy, "I'll give it to Jesus."

That night she held up the sixpence and prayed, "Lord Jesus, this is your sixpence. What do you want me to do with it?"

She took the sixpence and bought currants and self-raising flour, and made some buns. She put them in the front window of her cottage on two plates, and within half an hour, they all had sold. With the money, she made more buns, and sold them. She continued making buns, selling buns, making buns and selling buns.

After a time, she went down to the green grocer. "Mr. Smith," she asked, "would you have any damaged tins of beans, fruit, anything that you would sell to me at a reduced price?"

"Why yes, Mrs. Cameron, I would."

So now in the front room window of her cottage she was selling, along with her buns, tins which were dented or had missing labels. This went on for a while, and then she thought, "Why not sell Bibles?" Soon she was selling buns, beans, and Bibles. She made so much money, she decided to remove her front window and to install a shop window. Then she began a line of Christian books. She was truly in business now, selling buns, beans, Bibles and books. Her sales continued to increase.

Mrs. Cameron led me into her shop. "I want to show you something," she said as she opened a small ledger book. Turning the pages over, she pointed to listing after listing: George Mueller's

orphanage — £150, China Inland Mission — £200, Congo Evangelistic Mission — £150.

Page after page recorded money she had sent out across the world ministering to countless missionary organizations and orphanages — and it all began with a little boy's sixpence. There was once a lad who had five loaves and two fishes. It wasn't so important what he had, but where he put it. *He put it into the hands of Jesus.*

“There is no power like the power of the Blood.”

While attending one of Henry's meetings, I met some brothers from the little village of Church Leigh in Newark who invited me to come to minister in their meetings. The first time I went, I took my daughter Miriam with me. We hitchhiked to the village through snow so deep that along the way, I had to shinny up a signpost and brush the snow off the sign to be sure we were going in the right direction. There was such a crowd in the village hall when we arrived that Miriam had to share a seat with someone, while I sat on Henry's piano accordion case on the platform.

Over the next 20 years, I preached often to that group. During the early days there, I met a young man, a salesman from a large city, who ministered powerfully in some revival meetings. Many people were saved and healed under Robert's ministry both in the meetings and out on the streets of Church Leigh. We were sharing a bedroom during that revival and one night after the meeting, Robert confided in me.

After being married for one week, he came home to find his wife in bed with another man. He divorced her and married again before getting saved. Ever since he committed his life to God, his second wife had refused to have relations with him. This burden had become doubly hard to bear after he met and fell in love with a young Christian woman.

“I really feel that I have found the partner I can live with and love for the rest of my life,” he said. “I long to be a family man and to be a father. I don't know what to do. I can't think about anything except this girl. It's almost like a fever.” I ministered to him as best as I knew how, but Robert was disconsolate.

One stormy, wintry night after I returned to Paddock Wood, there was a bang at my door. I opened it and found Robert and his girl friend standing on the doorstep.

“Can we come in?” he asked.

“Yes, come in,” I answered, stepping aside. “What are you doing here?”

“We’re running for it, Arthur,” he confessed. “I’ve left everything. I’ve disgraced myself by running away with her. Will you take us in?”

I put the girl upstairs with my daughter and gave him a camp bed downstairs while I sought to deal with the problem — what do I do with a runaway couple who have dishonored themselves in every way and have come to me for help?

This disturbed Brother Friday. “What is the idea of having them in your home?” he challenged me. “You are encouraging them in sin!”

“They are not sleeping together,” I explained. “I am seeking to minister some wisdom and the grace of God to them.”

“I can’t have this going on in my house,” he insisted. “I have just received a message from the police that her father is irate and has threatened me.

“Look,” I said. “I am not encouraging them in sin. I believe the grace of God is big enough to deal with this situation. If you are not prepared to trust me, I am not going to surrender what I believe for the sake of the house I live in. I will go.”

“No you won’t,” Archie countered. “I’ll go.” And he did, resigning as associate pastor of the church.

In my conversations with the runaway girl, I convinced her the truth would set her free. “If you would have truth and take the blame, God will meet you.”

I put her on the train in London, and she returned to her parents. When she confessed her sin before the church, a young businessman came forward and told her how he had always loved her. He offered to help her in any way he could, and he did. They were married soon afterward.

Meanwhile, I continued ministering to Robert who was in agony, unable to eat or sleep. Finally, after almost three weeks, I drove him to London where I put him on the train, and he disappeared out of my life.

Later I learned Robert had backslid from that point on. He was a talented salesman but he began to sell drugs and stolen goods alongside his regular business. After a few years, backslidden Robert was sitting in front of a TV set in Manchester, when the Spirit of God visited him. He remembered how God had blessed his ministry in the village of Church Leigh and how he had been so mightily used of God in that revival. He had an intense longing to go and visit the church there, so he got into his car and drove to the village. When he arrived, he discovered a meeting was going on in the mission hall. Just by the Lord's "coincidence," the brethren had invited me to minister there on that Saturday night.

When Robert tiptoed up the path and peeked through a window, he was amazed to discover I was ministering in the meeting. He thought, "Oh, no! I don't want to face Arthur." He crept away and was passing the main entrance, when one of the ushers heard his footsteps on the gravel. Thinking Robert was a late arrival, the usher opened the door and saw Robert as the light fell on him.

The usher, a convert from Robert's ministry, ran out and grabbed his arm. "How wonderful to see you! Come on in."

"No," Robert objected. "No, I couldn't come in. I don't go to any church meetings now. None! I am a lost soul now. I'm not the man you once knew." He retreated into the darkness and was gone.

When the meeting was over, the news of Robert's appearance set everyone buzzing. Many attending the service had been saved or healed through Robert's ministry and were all concerned about this young man who now declared he was a lost soul.

Someone suggested he might still be in the village, visiting a family who he once had been very close to, "Let's go see if we can find his car." In no time, we found his car parked outside the house, and the large group of us jostled inside.

“I know what he’ll do,” I thought. “When we go in the front door, he will try to slip out the back.” So, I went behind the house and waited under a tree in the moonlight. Sure enough, I heard his footsteps coming toward me in the dark. When he got near, I reached out, put my arms around him, and said, “*Hallelujah!*”

He cried out fearfully, “Leave me alone! I must go!”

By this time, all the people had followed him outside and surrounded him, prevailing upon him with so much love and excitement, they persuaded him to stay. We all returned to the house and sat at the table where we had refreshments.

He was very mysterious, whispering dramatically, “Listen, I have enemies. If they knew I was here, they would kill me. It is no good talking to me. I am a lost soul.”

We tried in every way to get him to open up and to explain to us, but he just said, “You don’t understand. I have gone so far from God, that now God would never recognize me. I can’t tell you what’s happened in my life, and if they knew I was here, they’d kill me.”

I reached into my back pocket, pulled out my New Testament, and opened it to the Book of Acts. I began to read the story about the people of Ephesus who worshipped the goddess Diana: “The people began to shout, ‘How great is Diana of the Ephesians’ for the space of two hours. These men, who were silver-smiths, got together and said, ‘We have to do something about this, our craft is in danger.’”

When I read the word “craft,” Robert gripped the table. His eyes stared, his face turned white, and he began to tremble. I realized the Spirit of God was striving with him. Then he confessed. He was a high priest of witchcraft in Manchester.

From that time on, I began to follow Robert, unwilling to let him go on serving the enemy. I went to his home again and again, but his wife was cold to me and wouldn’t let me in. So I would sit on a case at the end of the street and wait for him to come home from work. Each time I saw Robert, I’d tell him, “God is going to bring you out of this.”

“Oh, I wish I could believe that,” he would sigh, “but I’m a lost soul. If they knew I was with you, they would kill me.”

I pursued him for four years like this, traveling up to Manchester, trying to see him at his home but having his wife turn me away. Sometimes he would miss our appointments. One day, I got discouraged and came home and said to Marj, “I’m through with him. It’s just no use.”

“Oh, don’t say that, Arthur,” Marj pleaded. “Give it another try — just once more.” So, I did.

Finally, Robert began to open up to me and describe his involvement as high priest. There were 13 witches in this coven. One was a nurse, one a schoolteacher, and another was a policeman. They would all meet in a room and dance naked in a circle until they had worked up demonic power. Then, the high priest would transmit the power. Robert said they could kill a pig 80 miles away, as witch-doctors do in Africa, taking an image and sticking it with a pin.

“I’m losing my reason,” he said, trembling. “I fear that I will end up in an asylum.”

“No, you won’t,” I assured him. “God will bring you out of this.”

Later, Robert took me to where the coven met. He unlocked the door, and we entered a room draped with ugliness — black velvet on the floor, something resembling pickled eels in bottles, incense burners all around, and grotesque pictures hanging on the walls.

“God is going to bring you out of the occult,” I promised him.

I asked a brother, Jim, to help me. And when the great day came, we destroyed everything in that witches’ den. Robert had a stricken, terrified look on his face when we entered that room for the last time. I raised my hands and sang the chorus, “*There is no power like the power of the Blood.*”

“Oh, no,” he objected. “Nobody has ever sung about the Blood here.”

“Somebody has now!” I answered. “I am not afraid of the curse. There is power in Jesus’ name, and we have cursed the curse.”

We destroyed everything, burning or smashing it, and then we dumped it all into the river at 1:00 in the morning, while we sang, “*There is Power in the Blood.*” A policeman who stood watching us from a distance must have thought we were mad, but we weren’t mad, *we were glad!* As we traveled home in Jim’s car, the Holy Spirit came upon Robert. He jumped out of the car and leaped around the town hall, laughing and shouting with joy. Although it took him almost a full year to walk out his deliverance, standing fast in the name of Jesus, it was the beginning of a brand new life for him.

The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. One of the wiles of the devil is to deceive you and me that he is still in business, but Jesus put him out at Calvary. The devil seeks, by *bluff*, to make you put him back into business. He can’t do it, *but you can.*

An African brother who I knew had a compound for his cattle encircled with spiked branches where the cows were safe from the lions. But one night, two wily old lions got on the windward side of the compound and began to roar and roar. They terrified the cows that began to mill around jostling one another, until two of them were pushed through the barrier. The lions, who could not get to the cows by use of their *claws*, were able to get to the cows by use of their *roars*. The cows believed the roars, which could do them no harm, and by their own panic, fell prey to the claw.

Likewise, if you believe the devil’s bluff, you give him power again which he lost at Calvary. *Our fight is a “fight of faith.”* (1 Tim 6:12) In this, we do not use our own strength, but we look to Jesus who is the author and the finisher of our faith. Our fight of faith is not a fight of our might but of being strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.” (Eph 6:10)

We weren’t going to stop going to church meetings just because there was a war on.

A group of believers called the Surrey Group would sometimes come down from London to our meetings. God had blessed them and they brought the blessing with them wherever they went. One of their young men would dance, leaning almost completely

over backwards, defying the law of gravity. I had never seen anything like it.

My son Joe, who was 14 then, would be swept along in worship, dancing and whirling around with this brother like people on a skating rink. This new liberty to worship Jesus tremendously blessed Joe. Another time, the Massey sisters ministered at our church, and Joe went down on his face under the power of God. When he got up, all he could say was, “*Oh, I can see His face.*”

The teen years bring strong temptations and challenges to children, even to those who are reared under the umbrella of Christian teaching and grace. We raised all of our children in this way, attending church meetings from the time they were three or four weeks old — even through the war years, when the rationing of petrol meant transporting our large family mostly by bus or bicycle.

Marj and I bought sidecars for our bicycles when we had our first two children, and as our family grew, I enlarged my sidecar to take two. Then I went to a scrap yard and bought metal sides off lorries (trucks). I cut them up with a hacksaw and made a long cigar-shaped vehicle, and with a knuckle joint and a bent tow bar, I fastened it under the saddle seat of my bicycle. Now I could pull it directly behind instead of from the side. I would put Peter to sleep at the bottom, Miriam would lie at his feet, then Joseph would sleep over them in a hammock. I could transport three asleep or six awake.

During an awful winter we had in the ‘40’s, we traveled to the meetings in snow so deep it was almost to the top of the lamp poles in some places. I fastened a perambulator (baby carriage) onto a sledge and pulled the children on it to the mission.

People looked upon us as the *mad Burts*. Every night we traveled to the meetings in this way, even though all of England was being desolated. The Germans had bombed two nearby towns — Sheffield, 23 miles from us, and Chesterfield, which was only 11 miles away. Sheffield had been hit very hard. During one air raid there, bombs had sealed both ends of an air raid shelter, trapping hundreds of people in, and they all died.

In spite of that, amidst the flares of bombs lighting up the skies, the *mad Burts* were out every night. Terrifying as it was, we had already settled the issue, knowing if we were killed, we would all go together to heaven where the people of God were. We weren't going to stop going to church meetings just because there was a war on.

Little Sonya

While we were in Paddock Wood, a situation arose with my son Joe, which scandalized him so badly he pulled away from the church and from God.

Joe became friends with a brother in the church who had befriended him, and Joe would regularly visit him and his family at his home. This older man and Joe were together often, visiting, walking the dog and going to the park. For a long time, Joe spent his weekends and almost every free moment with this man, when abruptly, Joe turned completely against his friend. I rebuked Joe for being so rude and for refusing to go to visit him.

Joe pulled a letter out of his pocket and showed it to me. It was a love letter. Joe had rebuffed the man's overtures the only way he could. The friendship broke, and with it, my son's relationship and communion with God also broke.

Joe, disillusioned with so-called "*love people*", would not return to the meetings for the next ten years. He had been trusting, and now he felt he couldn't trust anyone. The Scripture says if a man offends, stumbles, one of the Lord's little ones, "it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." (Mark 9:42) The episode had caused Joe to stumble. He left the meetings and he left us in the process. Following that, our relationship with him, although friendly, was no longer close.

After several years, Joe married and had two little girls. The Lord used the oldest one, Sonya, to tug at Joe's heart during her tragic illness. Her illness began with a trifling incident, a nose-bleed. They took her to a doctor who examined her and then sent her to the hospital for further tests. The prognosis was grim. "Your child has leukemia. She will be dead in two years."

It wasn't two years. Sonya was dead in two weeks — little Sonya with her bouncy curls and bright face. She used to come in and start opening drawers and cupboards, and I would say, "Now listen, Granddad doesn't like you to do this. He doesn't like you to open his drawers and cupboards. Do you know what Granddad will do to you if you open his drawers?"

She would look up at me and say, "No, Granddad."

I would take my fist and gently bop it on the top of her little curls. "Granddad will go 'bonk' if you open this drawer."

She started calling me "*Granddad Bonk*", then dropped the Granddad and just called me "*Bonk*". Sonya would come to the house and ask, "Where is *Bonk*?" "*Bonk*, take me down to the garden." Now, she was gone.

I've heard it said, if a shepherd wants a straying sheep to follow him, the shepherd will pick up its lamb and carry it in his arms. Then, the sheep will follow the shepherd, because he has the sheep's lamb in his arms.

Joe was broken. "Oh, Dad," he begged, "Tell me everything in the Bible about children and what happens to them when they die." He showed me a little paste pot with buttercups and daisies in it. "Look," he wept. "This is the last thing she did. She went into the garden and picked these flowers, and I scolded her because she went out with her new shoes on and got them all muddy. *Oh, Dad, it was the last thing she ever did, and I scolded her.*"

Through all of the stress and pain of those days, Joe turned to God for comfort, and once again, his relationship with The Lord was restored.

Brunswick House

In Paddock Wood we lived next door to a large recreation ground. It was like having our own personal garden. We enjoyed living there. One day, Archie came to me with a problem. He had bought a large house to use for visitors to the church who would sometimes rent it by the weekend or by the week. Some young people had come who had run up big grocery bills charged to the house. They had also left the electric fires on and burned his carpets, which upset Archie very much.

“Would you leave the house you are renting, come to supervise my rental house, and keep the people, particularly the young people, in order?” he pleaded. I didn’t want to, but I finally submitted and moved to Brunswick House.

One day, after our move, I was reading in the book of Haggai how God had said, “The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former....” (Hag 2:9) When I read that, it was almost as if somebody had just struck me in the face.

God spoke to me and said, “Listen! I am talking to you.” I sat upright as every letter in my name, A-R-T-H-U-R-B-U-R-T suddenly leapt out of the Book of Haggai, as I read, “Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel.” (Hag 1:1) This may seem to be stretching the imagination to some people. Whether anybody believes God would speak to me this way or not is beside the point. I am simply relating, as much as I understand it, what happened to me. I was doing nothing more than just reading, but then, every letter in my name jumped out to spell my name, and God riveted my attention.

“What does this mean?” I wondered. “Go up to the mountain and bring wood. It must have to do with where our church is — Mount Pleasant. Go up to the mountain and bring wood — Paddock Wood! *And build!*” I concluded that God would bless me in Mount Pleasant Church. I would go up the mountain and bring wood (*the people of Paddock Wood*), and fill the house for the glory of God.

When I came home, Marj met me on the doorstep with the news, “Brother Friday wants to see you.”

“Arthur,” Archie said, “You pay me £6 a week for this house. Out of that, I pay the government £3; out of the remainder, I pay £1 rates. So, out of your £6, I get £2. If you would buy this house from me, I would get £6.”

“I’m not interested in buying property,” I replied. “I believe Jesus is coming, and I’ve got a mansion in the skies. I’m happy for you to own the property, and that is it.”

“Consider it,” he pleaded. “Do it for my sake, even if you are not interested.”

Finally, after much deliberation, I submitted. Archie gave me the deposit to give back to him, and he paid all the legal fees. I bought the house without having raised my little finger, still paying the equivalent of what I had been paying in rent for 15 years.

Tent Meetings for the Children

During those years in Paddock Wood, I invited Brother Jim Partington from Lancashire to come to join me in tent meetings for children. We had a wonderful time as many children were saved and delivered. We had a big coach, a bus, which I used to drive around the villages, trawling for children like ships trawl for fish. I had a loudspeaker on the top and played music, attracting the village children like a spiritual Pied Piper of Hamlet. The children, who called me *Uncle Arthur*, would come to our meetings, 40 to 60 at a time. We would preach, sing choruses, have blackboard illustrations and Bible quizzes. I loved those children.

As I look back on that day...

I magnify not the law of God, but the grace of God.

One night just before the meeting started, a policeman brought my son Steven to me. "I want to talk to you about your son," he announced. "He has been riding his bicycle without any brakes on the pavement, and he has collided with the Girl Guides mistress. The Brownies were all holding hands, and he knocked two or three of them flat on their faces. The Girl Guides mistress is furious and is going to take legal action against you."

This, before the meeting, leaflets all over the district, and here I am, the man of God who had been teaching: "Get the child right, you get the man right. Get the man right, you get the world right." I was a minister of grace, but now, here was a minister of the law bringing my own boy around.

"That isn't all," the policeman continued. "He has been using a catapult and has broken somebody's glass greenhouse."

As I look back on that day, I magnify not the law of God, but the grace of God. The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. So it was, when the police brought my son to me, that God was confronting me as to what I really did believe. I see when the law fails and doesn't have the remedy in itself, what the wondrous

grace of God can do. When I think of my son Steven as he is today, ministering in song by my side in the meetings, I am grateful to the Lord for his grace to my family.

The highest, greatest and most wonderful blessing in all the world is *the grace of God* — the undeserved favor of God, freely and abundantly bestowed for Jesus' sake. If God loves me because I am lovely, it wouldn't be grace. My good works can never deserve the love of God, and my bad works won't hinder it. *Until people know what it is to stand in the grace of God instead of hiding in disgrace, they don't fully understand what the Gospel of Jesus Christ is.*

When God said “Go,” I said “No.”

It was dreadful to me when God told me to leave the ministry I had in Paddock Wood because I didn't want to leave. God spoke one Word: “GO.” When God said “Go,” I said “No.”

When we say “no” to God, we say it very politely: “*Oh, I don't believe the Lord has called me to that.*” “*I don't have any leading for this.*” Somehow we wriggle out. This is what I did, but God is an excellent arranger. When Peter pompously declares that he will never deny the Lord, the Lord arranges the stage, the actors, the little maid, the cold night, the fire, and everything. God did the same in my life when He arranged certain events.

A woman came down from London and she saw my garden. When I had moved into my house, I had inherited a nice garden with a lot of lovely roses, and this woman loved it.

“Oh,” she remarked. “*I do love your garden. I do wish I could have one like yours. I bought a house over the bridge. Do you think you could make my garden like yours?*”

“I'm willing to try,” I answered.

She agreed to pay me five shillings an hour when she returned from London, and I began. It was rough work. I cleared it, cleaned it, and carried huge rocks to the top of the garden to make a rock collection. Weeks later she returned and viewed what I had done.

“I don't like it,” she complained. “*I hate rockeries!*”

“I wish you had told me,” I said. “I’ve been through a lot of trouble, taking all the large rocks and stones I could find to build up this *rockery*. It has cost me a lot of time and energy, and now you say you don’t like it.”

“No,” she said firmly. “*I’m not having a rockery*. You can pull it all down and dispose of it. How much do I owe you?”

“I’ve kept count, and I put in 88 hours at five shillings an hour,” I answered.

“I’m not paying you that,” she objected.

I reminded her, “You did agree.”

“Yes,” she said, “but I didn’t know you would do all this with the *rockery*. I don’t want it, and you can pull it down and put it back as it was.”

“Look, Missus!” I said. “I’m sorry if you don’t like it. I did my best. You owe me 88 hours at five shillings — *but you can keep your money! Good-bye!*” And I walked out.

I’m not justifying my attitude. I had yet to learn the lesson we all have to learn — that we cannot be right in taking offense, even though somebody else wrongs us. I took offense. The Word of God says, “Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.” (Ps 119:165) Clearly, not loving His law to where I had His peace, I was offended by that woman. I never wanted to see her again, and I didn’t.

My attitude left me with an inheritance. I found the incident had done something to my insides and it became more than uncomfortable as it developed into a very painful condition. God would use this to speak to me again about leaving the ministry in Paddock Wood.

10

Walking the Land

It started like razor blades. The pain gradually became so bad, I couldn't bear to have the children sit on the same couch with me. The pressure of their sitting beside me, not even touching me, sent stabbing pains through me. I had not known true agony until that time.

As my condition worsened, I would sometimes take almost four minutes to turn over in bed, trying to avoid any movement or pressure, which would cause that awful pain. It was dreadful whenever I had to get out of bed and go out.

Mrs. Friday rebuked me as I lay in bed. "Look, you ought to send for the doctor. If you die, you are putting an awesome responsibility upon your wife and family."

For many years, since I received the truth of divine healing, I believed the Lord Jesus was my physician. The old "*Pento's*" (Pentecostals) had said this: "If you already have a doctor, it is a breach of etiquette to go to another doctor." Since Jesus was our doctor, we didn't go to a human doctor. Instead, we would call for the elders, get anointed and God would heal us. Many of the old *Pento's* had problems with the law and were imprisoned, because the authorities judged they were wrong to force this way of living upon their children.

People opposed to trusting in divine healing would argue against our position. They would commonly ask, "What if, after you call the elders, the Lord doesn't meet you? What do you do then?"

"Die!" was my answer.

“Die?” they would ask incredulously.

“Yes, die!”

“Shouldn’t you go to a doctor then?” they would reason.

“Don’t people sometimes die after they go to doctors?”

“Well, yes, but shouldn’t we get the best medical help we can?”

“Who said going to a doctor was getting the best medical help?” I would ask. “If we go to the highest doctor we could possibly go to, Jesus, and He doesn’t meet us, then we die the same as people die when they go to a human doctor who doesn’t meet them.”

The Lord Jesus is our doctor. I built a doctrine out of that radical perspective, preached it, and practiced it. Although Marj initially had a rough time over my position when I wouldn’t allow our children to be inoculated, vaccinated, or anything else, this was how Marj and I brought up our family. All of our children were born at home with the assistance of a mid-wife, and whenever we had a need for our physical bodies, God met us. On this day, however, Mrs. Friday persuaded me to go to a doctor for the sake of my family, and I submitted.

When the doctor examined me, he said, “You will now have to realize, like me, you are around the ‘50’ mark. You can’t do what you once did. You will just have to reconcile to that fact, because you probably have coronary thrombosis.”

He gave me some little pills, which I did not take. Amazingly enough, the doctor was dead in a few weeks, but by the grace of God, I was still alive. I was in agony, though, destitute of every hope, my faith at zero. Bankrupt, with sweat on my brow, I would cry out, “Oh, Jesus!”

One night, it dawned upon me that I was going. The bed clothes felt like a ton weight upon my chest and I had stabbing pains in my heart as the Lord spoke to me, “Yes, you are going. You will either go and do what I require you to do, or I will end your life.”

Whatever the Lord had for my life, I didn’t want to finish like this — cut off from what He had purposed for me. I wanted to fulfill my course, so I agreed: “Lord, I’ll break the partnership with

Brother Friday. I'll leave Paddock Wood and I will go and *walk the land* with the Gospel."

From the moment I acted upon my faith, the pain began to ease.

Shortly afterward, a brother came to visit from the church and brought me a tape by Oral Roberts. The Lord told me, "When you put your hands on that tape recorder, I will heal you."

While I listened to Brother Roberts, I managed to stretch out my hands and put them on the tape recorder. The power of God went through me and I had an immediate witness from God that I was healed.

The next morning when I woke up, I felt twice as ill. I was now faced with a challenge. Was I to believe the inner witness of the Holy Spirit who told me during the night I was healed? Not once, in the whole course of my life, have I had that assurance and known it to be anything but truth. I knew I had been healed last night, but my body was just defying the witness of the Spirit of God. I flung myself against the back of the bed. What do I believe... my body or the inner witness? I settled it. *The witness was the truth.* God had healed me to send me forth to do His will. When I surrendered to Him, I knew God met my need, even though nothing changed outwardly.

Intensely weak, I swung my legs over the side of the bed. No fanfare of trumpets split the sky, no angels came to me. All I had was His assurance in my spirit. From that moment, my faith was released to the truth God that healed my body. Believing that, I acted on it, getting out of bed. *From the moment I acted upon my faith, the pain began to ease.*

I had a large swollen vein, and it was black from the knee up. For the next several weeks, the first thing I would do each day was to look at that swollen vein.

"What are you looking at?" God asked me one morning.

"Lord," I answered. "I am looking at my leg."

"Every time you look at your leg, you are feeding your unbelief," He said. "Feed your faith and starve your unbelief!"

I came to understand I feed my faith with the Word of God, but I feed unbelief with sense knowledge — *what I see, what I hear* — all my senses. If I wanted unbelief to die, I must starve it to death. So I said, “Lord, I will not look at that leg again, not even when I am in the bath.”

I feebly prepared to go out to minister. Marj objected, “What are you doing?”

As you minister to others, you incidentally get ministered to yourself.

“I’m going to do what I believe is the will of God,” I told her.

“You’re not leaving the house!” she argued. “You are so weak, you can hardly crawl around the house, never mind leaving.”

“I am going.” It was November, dull and dark. There were little flickering snowflakes coming down as I got dressed and packed a small case; I was too weak to carry a big one. I left the house and walked unsteadily to the end of the road. I had left Marj with half a crown and some groceries a few church members brought us, and I had only two shillings and six pence with me.

I stood at the roadside for no more than three minutes, when I saw a car coming up the road. I signaled and the car pulled up. Before I could thank the driver for stopping, he said, “I’m going to London and you are welcome if you want a lift.”

I thanked him, got into his beautiful car, and we soon arrived in London. For a day or two, I ministered to some people I knew at Reading and experienced a gain in strength. I learned a divine principle: as you minister to others, you incidentally get ministered to yourself.

I hitchhiked up to Hockley, Birmingham, and stayed with Sister Reeve and Sister Fisher who ministered to me financially. They also built me up physically, seeing to my needs for proper nourishment and rest. When I left there, I preached in Northumberland and in Northern Ireland where God met me and provided money for me to send home for the family’s needs. I was feeling stronger with each passing day.

In Dungannon, Ireland, as I walked down a country lane rejoicing in my growing health, I took the unused little bottle of pills out of my pocket and tipped them out into a field near some interested cows. Whether the cows ever ate them, I don't know.

The weeks rolled by, and not once did I look at my sick leg, until one night while bathing, I lost the soap. I looked all around the bath water trying to find it, when I discovered my right leg was as healthy as my left leg. I returned home refreshed, strengthened, and completely healed.

All that God has told me is to go and walk the land.

Much to Archie Friday's dismay, I began to break loose from my responsibilities with the church. He pleaded with me not to do so, but I had it settled with the Lord and knew I had to go. Some of the brothers thought I shouldn't leave a secure position with the church to do what they considered foolishness. One of them came to me with his misgivings. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him. "All that God has told me is to go and walk through the land."

"You're crazy, Man," he said. "Do you mean to tell me you are going to just turn up at peoples' houses?"

"Well," I replied, "Where the appointment of God is, there the provision is. Nobody would be happier than me if I find out it doesn't work. I don't want it to work."

"This is the craziest thing I ever heard of!" He shook his head at me. "You are being most impractical with your young family... just going out, not knowing where you're going."

"Brother," I declared, "if I come back within a few days or weeks like a dog with its tail between its legs, and if I have to say I've been wrong, I'll be delighted to be wrong. I don't want to be right! I've got a feeling within me, though, that God is sending me out."

This was the beginning of a ministry that would take me, not only all over Great Britain, but eventually, all over the world.

Hitchhiking to Nottingham

Although we were still living in Paddock Wood and I was attending the meetings occasionally, I was no longer committed to the church as a pastor. Instead, I was hitchhiking many hundreds, and then thousands of miles from Colerain in North Ireland to Cork in the South, to every part of the British Isles.

Once, I hitched a ride to Nottingham with a *spiritist*. He asked me a lot of questions about the Gospel, and because he was so open, I sat and talked with him for a long time after we arrived. While I didn't bring him to the point of salvation, I knew God was dealing with the man. By the time I got out of the car, it was too late to go where I had planned to stop off for the night. Wearily, I walked through the silent streets of Nottingham.

"Lord," I said, "I don't know what to do. I have no money and I need a bed."

The Lord spoke to me, "Your bed is at the second turning on the left." I walked on to the second turning on the left, a lone street lamp lighting the way, and saw it was a cul-de-sac. When I turned in, I saw in the dim light a beautiful big, long-distance motor coach.

"There's your bed," God told me.

"But Lord," I objected. "I'm not used to doing things like this."

"*There's your bed,*" He repeated. "Remember how I said, 'Go down and you will find a colt tied, on which no one has sat....' If anybody asks, say, 'The Lord has need of it....'" (Mark 11:2,3) The motor coach was not mine, but then, the colt didn't belong to the disciples either.

I tried the door of the coach. It was unlocked, so I slid it back behind me and went down to the rear of the coach. There were two large blankets on the long back seat. Absolutely weary, I lay down and fell fast asleep. When I woke up, it was 6:30 in the morning. I folded the blankets, slipped out of the coach into the growing daylight and went on my way.

A hard lesson in Sweden

The truth makes free. Thank God that He is a gracious God who can give us back again wasted years, but He will not do it until we admit that we have wasted the years.

One day I received an invitation to go to Sweden, and a group of the brethren took up an offering to help pay my expenses. After one of the meetings, a brother came up to me and suggested I travel to Sweden with a younger brother who was also going there. I didn't want to do that, an issue of pride, thinking my superior years of experience merited a better partner. That was, indeed, a *grievous failure* on my part. So I didn't go with him. And I would later see it had been God's will for me.

I took a plane to Amsterdam and made my way to Frankfurt, Germany with some money left. I knew very little German and was trying to communicate that I wanted a drink of water as I knocked on door after door. The person answering the door would just slam the door in my face. Later, I learned that instead of asking for a drink, I was telling them I was drunk.

I finished that night on my back in a wood, sleeping on my coat on the bare ground, and in the morning I moved to the parapet of a bridge to finish off my sleep. Having a pity party with myself and trying to justify myself, I complained to the Lord: "I'm not used to this treatment. I know you had nowhere to lay your head, but..."

God interrupted, showing me my failure, my pride, in refusing to go with the young brother in his car to Sweden.

I thought, "Well, I'll move on. I'll get to the railway station and take the train from Osnabruck to Sweden."

"No you won't!" God said. "You will not cover up your failure by presuming on my blessing and grace. You will go back home, have the truth about your pride with those who provided the money for this trip, and not sweep the crumbs under the carpet."

That was exactly what I had to do. I retraced my steps, took the plane back to London, and turned up on my doorstep two days later.

Marj was wide-eyed. “I thought you were away for *two weeks*, not *two days!*”

“God has rapped my knuckles and sent me home. He has told me: ‘You’re too old to play games like this. You will have the truth that you have missed My will because of your pride and rebellion.’”

There are many people doing what I did — wanting to cover up mistakes where they have missed God. They will not get away with that though, until they have the truth. John 8:32 says, “...the truth shall make you free.” The truth makes free — the truth involves taking blame. If we do not have the truth over past failure, we will go in a continuous round of the recurring issue. There are people going round and round, like the children of Israel did in the wilderness for 40 years — much movement, no progress — because they never have had truth. And then they die in a wilderness of unbelief. We may blame the devil, our wives, our circumstances, but until we take the blame for our own failure, we will never get anywhere with God.

In Numbers 22, Balaam beat the ass for stopping instead of finding out why the ass had stopped. *Don’t beat the ass*. See that the very ass you blame for your difficulty is your salvation, as the angel said, “Surely, Balaam, I would have slain you if the ass hadn’t seen me and stopped.”

Tears are not necessarily a sign of true repentance. They can be, instead, the pouring out of self-pity. Esau sought his lost birthright with tears but did not find it. Thank God that He is a gracious God who can give us back again wasted years, but He will not do it until we admit that we have wasted the years.

The fish pond

One day, Mrs. Greening, a sister who owned a large house in Maidstone, approached me. She said that she was going to Los Angeles with her husband and asked me if I would look after her house for about two years. I agreed to this, and although we still owned the house in Paddock Wood, we came to live at Mrs. Greening’s.

Andrew was upset about our move. “Dad,” he said, “What about my fish pond?”

“Look, Son,” I explained. “I can’t move a fish pond. The only thing I can promise you is that I will make you a fresh fish pond.” He settled for that.

When we moved, we found grass almost waist high on the lawn, many stacks of rubbish, and sacks and sacks of jars and bottles. The house had been vacant and neglected for a long time. So as soon as we moved in, I had a lot of work to do to clean it up.

Andrew repeatedly asked me, “Dad, when are you going to make my fish pond? I left all my fish in Paddock Wood, and you did say you would make me a fish pond.”

“Yes, Son,” I would tell him, “but we have so much to do. We are so busy.”

One day, Andrew confronted me. Looking me in the eyes, he said, “Daddy, you don’t mean what you say.”

“What do you mean, Andrew?”

“You keep saying, ‘I’ll make you a fish pond,’ but your words don’t mean what they say,” he declared. The Holy Spirit drove those words into my heart as he spoke and I felt as convicted as if I needed saving. At once, the main priority in life became making my little boy a fish pond.

I asked Jack Perkins to help me, and together we dug out a hole and constructed Andrew’s pond. When my son rebuked me for not fulfilling my promise, I saw there is nothing as powerful as God’s Word which binds even Him.

God “...cannot deny Himself.” (II Tim 2:13) And it almost seems as if we can tie God with His Word. I see Moses standing in the presence of God, and when God declares He would destroy Israel, Moses tells Him, “You can’t do this!” How can a man tell the Almighty what He can and can’t do? Moses prevailed because he stood on God’s previous promise concerning Israel.

Fearing the face of man rather than the face of God...

Shading our kitchen window were some big trees belonging to the next door neighbor. I would have loved to cut those trees down, but they weren't mine to cut. One day, a man came to the door and asked if there were any trees in our yard that we wanted to have removed.

"The only trees I'd like removed are my neighbor's trees," I told him.

"Suppose I go next door and ask the lady. Would you pay for them to be sawed down?" he asked.

"With the greatest of pleasure," I answered.

He came back a few minutes later and reported, "The lady said if you pay for them, I can saw them down." He removed the trees and I paid him for the job.

The next night, the neighbor lady's husband, a big German, came around. He cursed me, calling me every name he could think of. "How dare you pay a man to cut my trees down!" he roared.

"But... I told the man to ask permission from your wife," I protested.

As far as I could figure out, the wife gave the tree cutter permission, but when she saw how mad her husband was, she denied she had given permission, so I was the scapegoat. The neighbor never again spoke kindly to me.

One day after that incident, my son Andrew was playing ball, and it flew into the neighbor's yard. "Daddy, the ball went next door."

"Go around and ask for it politely," I instructed him.

"But you know what he is like," Andrew said fearfully.

"Listen," I warned him. "Who do you fear most, the man next door or your father? Now, go! He is probably not at home now anyway."

Andrew obeyed and returned smiling, "I've got it, Dad."

I saw that I am sometimes guilty of the same thing my son was guilty of, fearing the face of man rather than the face of my Father. God wants us to fear His face, not the face of man, and then He will uphold us before men. “Therefore prepare yourself and arise, and speak to them all that I command you. Do not be dismayed before their faces....” (Jer 1:17)

“Give Pam Greenwood £10.”

Much to my surprise, When Mrs. Greening left me in charge of her house, she also left me with the bills to pay, including a huge one for coal.

I ministered up in Northern Ireland where God met me financially for some of these needs, and then I felt led to go south. One dear brother, a farmer, warned me, “Don’t go south over the border. When you get across the border, you feel the powers of darkness.”

“Brother,” I said, “I’m not crossing the border to feel the powers of darkness. If I can’t bring the presence of God with me, I won’t go.” I did go to Galway and Limerick and found it was as the brother had said. There was no income from my ministry there and I had to pay for all my expenses. So all the money the Lord had given me in the North, I spent in the South, with little money left to take back home.

As I traveled through Southern Wales, God directed me to go to Chard where I spent the weekend. I had seen Pam Greenwood at the meetings and I asked her about her husband, Harry. “Harry is ministering in the States,” she told me.

“Oh,” I said, and thought nothing more about it. Before I left Chard, I went to spend some time with a brother, Tony Nash. As we were going up the road to his house, God spoke to me, “Give Pam Greenwood £10.”

“Oh, Lord, no.” I thought.

“Give Pam Greenwood £10,” He repeated.

“Lord, Pam has her husband to look after her,” I objected, “and I have to look after my wife. My wife needs the money.” My peace was going down to my boots while I wrestled with God over

that £10. Tony must have wondered about my silence as he tried to visit with me. I hardly answered him all that evening.

That night, while I prepared for bed, I prayed, “Lord, I am going to open my Bible three times. If, out of my Bible, You speak to me about this £10, I will give it to Pam Greenwood, but otherwise, I’m taking it home.” I don’t recommend this as the highest way of receiving guidance, but God, in His mercy, meets us where we are.

I opened my Bible and there was nothing. The second time I opened my Bible, it fell open at the story of the man who had not invested the one pound entrusted to him, and I read, “...give it to him that hath ten pounds.” (Luke 19:24)

“Well,” I thought. “I did say ‘three times’. There was one ‘no’ and one ‘yes’.” I opened my Bible for the third time to Judges 1:16, “And the children of the Kenite, Moses’ father in law, went up out of the city of palm trees....” That hit me like a sledgehammer! Palm trees are green wood. Greenwood — palm trees! Pam Greenwood.

“All right, Lord, I surrender. I will take the £10 to Pam in the morning.”

I journeyed home almost broke. The wife of a traveling preacher is not only happy to have her loved one home again, but she also expects he will now take care of certain financial matters. I lamely confessed to Marj that Father hadn’t been pleased to meet me. About two days later, I went up to Church Leigh and a brother, Bernard Adams, came to me.

“Brother Arthur, my wife Doreen has just received some income on an investment and she feels the Lord wants her to give the tithe to you.” He handed me £120, which more than met my need, allowing me to pay all my bills.

“At this time, one week from now, you will be gone.”

When we came to live in Maidstone, we took in people with all kinds of problems. Murderers were about the only kind we didn’t have. I had sent one unmarried couple, Steve and Brenda, and their two babies to Jim Partington who ministered to them. Following that, they got married and lived with the girl’s mother,

but on Christmas night, they returned to me. Steve's head was bandaged, and he explained that Brenda's mother had emptied a hot teapot over his head and had kicked them all out of her house. So Marj and I took them in.

That began four months of chaos. Steve would come in with a load of groceries and give them to me as a substitute for paying rent. At the time, we didn't realize we were receiving stolen goods. Steve and Brenda brought perpetual upheaval to the house — the hurling of billiard balls at 1:00 in the morning, the smashing of glass, voices shouting, and people coming and going late into the night.

When I returned from a ministry trip, I went down into the basement for some tools. There, I bumped into a woman who appeared to be in her eighth month of pregnancy. "Who are you?" I asked.

"Who are you?" she asked me.

"I happen to live here," I informed her. "What are you doing in my basement?"

At that moment, Steve burst in. "Mr. Burt," he explained. "We know you are a kind man and help those who can't help themselves. This is Joan."

Joan was living with a Hungarian who was on the run from the police, and Steve had offered them a mattress in his bedroom. Here they were: Steve, Brenda, the two babies, Joan, and this Hungarian fellow, all sleeping in the same room, while Marj didn't even know this couple was in the house. Each night, Steve and Brenda had slipped them in through a basement window after Marj had gone to bed. They didn't make an appearance until the afternoon, so Marj thought they were friends who visited Steve and Brenda every day — not realizing they were actually living there. I told the unmarried couple they would have to leave. In retaliation, they reported us to the police, accusing us of renting rooms unfit for human beings to live in because they had spiders.

Brother Jack Perkins and his three little girls were also living with us at the time. One day, Brenda complained about an electric cooker that wasn't functioning properly. I asked Jack to go down to look at it.

The next day, Steve came to me in a temper about Brother Jack. “That man touched my wife,” he shouted. “He came down to check the cooker, and he touched my wife. I have called the police in.”

The police arrived, and we had all the trauma and drama of the police questioning us and then the council visitation. They were only living with us through grace, but yesterday’s grace had become today’s right. Relationship with them worsened until, on his door downstairs, Steve posted a big skull and crossed bones with the caption, “*Keep out or else.*”

One day, tempers developed to such an extent, Steve stood at the bottom of the basement stairs, extending a knife up toward us — Jim Partington, Jack Perkins and me. “Anyone who comes down here, I’ll do them,” he promised. “I’ll stab them.”

Jim descended half way down the steps and said, “Listen, Steve, every vestige of grace has left my body. If I had an iron bar, I would split your skull.”

Jack, a big ex-sailor, declared, “Yes, that’s right, Jim. I’ll stand with you.”

We had a dagger at the bottom of the stairs, Jim in the middle wishing he had an iron bar, and Jack at the top cheering him on.

“Oh Lord,” I prayed. “We are going to have a blood bath in a minute and I am the cause of all this.” I rushed to direct Marj to turn up the volume on the TV so the children and the other people in the house wouldn’t hear the fight when it started.

There was no fight. After a few minutes, Jim brought Steve and Brenda into the room. “He wants to tell you something,” Jim said to me.

“I have taken Jesus as my Saviour,” Steve said. “And now I have to confess to you all the trouble you have had because of me. You remember when you couldn’t find your daughter’s purse? Well, I stole it.” Steve began to list all the things he had stolen which I thought had been lost. He had taken them all.

To my amazement, he brought forth fruits of repentance. He put 30 shillings down on the table and said, “There. That is for the week’s rent.” It really looked as if he had a true born-again expe-

rience. It seemed, at the time, as if Jim had successfully pointed Steve to the Lord, and for a few weeks, we had peace.

Then our relationship blew up again. “I’ll bring the boys in and beat you up!” Steve threatened me.

The Lord moved on me and I turned around to Steve. “At this time, one week from now,” I said, “you will be gone.” I didn’t know what that meant, but I knew it was a prophetic Word.

Steve misunderstood and thought I meant to bring in some heavies to beat him up and throw him out. “You try,” he snorted. “I’ll bring my lads in and smash your furniture and beat you up. We’ll resist every inch of the way!”

I didn’t understand what the Lord intended to do but only knew that in a week Steve would be gone.

During the following week, the atmosphere was charged with tension. Fear and hatred in his voice, Steve repeatedly threatened me, and I wondered what was going to happen. On the last night, I thought, “Well, it is only a matter of hours now, if that was a Word from God.”

Steve came in muttering threats at me. I suppose he thought at any minute he would be surrounded by a crowd of men who would throw him out. It was almost midnight, when the Lord spoke one Word to me: “Caravan.” At once, I knew what he meant.

“Steve,” I said, “In the morning, I have a new hope for you.” Ted Robinson, a brother, had given me a caravan to dispose of, and I knew God intended for me to give it to Steve. Steve and Brenda now had a new home on wheels given to them without charge, and they happily left us. Never in my life have I been so grateful to see the back of anybody as I was that couple who had used up my grace down to the last cupful.

“You’ll offer him a home.”

I had first met Ted Robinson when he was in jail serving time for having molested a young boy, and some brothers at Church Leigh sent me to visit him. Ted had been a Christian for a few years but had never shared his inner struggles with anyone at the church

because they all appeared to be so holy compared to himself. Then his sin was discovered and he went to prison. I had a nice, comfortable feeling I was doing the will of God by visiting this poor brother in jail, when the Lord cut right across my smug self-satisfaction.

“You’ll not just visit this man,” God said to me. “You’ll offer him a home.”

It is one thing to visit a sex offender in prison. It is quite another to offer to take the man home when he comes out of prison — home to where I had a 10-year-old son. God challenged me to demonstrate my faith with action. Smith Wigglesworth used to say, “Faith is an act, not just a nice feeling. *Faith is an act!*”

“Look,” I said to Ted. “I am offering a home to you as unto the Lord, but I want you to understand this: I know why you are in prison. I have a boy of 10 and I don’t trust you. I also want you to know I don’t trust me either. Because I know how much I, myself, need the grace of God, how can I refuse grace to you?”

Most people think they understand grace when they receive it, but a person doesn’t really understand or appreciate grace until he ministers it. I told Ted I would not be keeping my eye on him all the time. I did not trust him, but I did trust God with him. I had come to realize, for my own life, the warning of the Scripture: “...Let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall.” (1 Cor 10:12) Except for the grace of God, I could easily have been the man in prison.

That grace was well spent on Ted. He responded to the Lord, ministering to us in every way — making cups of tea for visitors, setting up chairs for meetings, running errands — all the things most people are not in any hurry to do.

I suppose Stephen faced this when the apostles said, “It is not desirable that we should leave the word of God and serve tables,” (Acts 6:2) and they gave the job to Stephen. Whether he had seen Jesus do it or not, he got the revelation from Jesus who could stoop down and wash dirty feet. Stephen ministered by serving tables, but he did not lack because of not having gone to Bible school. The Holy Ghost began moving upon him in signs, wonders, and blessings. In no time at all, Stephen had gone

through his whole life like a hot knife through butter — becoming the first martyr.

I see that people are more enthusiastic about going to Bible School than they are about washing dishes, but I believe revelation can come out of the kitchen sink as easily as out of a Bible college classroom — maybe more so. Ted remained as a member of our household, giving us a tremendous return for the investment of grace we extended to him over twenty years ago.

“Do nothing.”

On the Isle of Wight, I first met Mrs. Darkins, an Austrian Jewess, who had existed under a dark cloud of depression ever since the Nazis had gassed most of her family. Mrs. Darkins came to us accompanied by an orphan named Stevie, a frightened rabbit of a boy. A witch doctor in Kenya had murdered this black boy’s mother, and Mrs. Darkins had been caring for him ever since.

The two had recently been with some Pentecostal preachers who were convinced they were in need of *exorcising*. These men were heavy-handed in their efforts to cast out the demons, and when they couldn’t do it, they cast out the woman and the boy, declaring them to be uncooperative.

I believed there is no greater power of exorcism than what the Scripture says: “...*perfect love casts out...*” (1 John 4:18) It casts out *all fear* — the basis upon which demonic power controls people. As a train cannot run across plowed fields but needs a track, I believe satanic power needs a railway track to run on, and that track is deceptive fear.

Fear is always built on a lie. *Always!* You can never adequately deal with fear unless you deal with the lie behind it. *Deal with the lie and the fear will die.* The prisoner stands looking out of the barred window, weeping over his captivity, but the truth is, behind him, the iron door of his cell has been opened by the atonement of Jesus Christ.

With this in mind, I felt, whatever Mrs. Darkins’ problem was, the perfect love of God could solve it. And like a spiritual iceberg, she would melt by the warmth and grace of God in our home. Then, I believed God would heal her of her past wounds.

When I took the two into my home, I fell into disfavor with those Pentecostal preachers who didn't think I should take them in. Although their intentions had been good, their harshness had compounded the boy's fears. Because I was also a Pentecostal preacher, I terrified the boy who refused to come to the table at mealtimes. All the while, Mrs. Darkins was under an icy, dark cloud of gloom.

"Lord," I prayed. "Now that I've got them, what will I do with them?"

"Do nothing," He instructed me. "As an icicle will thaw in the warmth of a kitchen, these people will thaw, not through preaching and not by any special treatment or exorcism. Just let them thaw out with the perfect love which is the grace of God."

For several weeks, I ignored little Stevie. Whenever I would offer my own children and neighbors' children sweets or fruit, I would deliberately leave him out. I never spoke to him but did what the Lord said to do with him — nothing. He had arrived as death into the midst of life, while our children were lively and friendly, openly displaying their attitude of loving trust. This friendliness began to penetrate little Stevie's corpse-like demeanor. Then one day, I saw a flicker of his eyes toward me while I was giving sweets out to the other children.

"Do you want one?" I held out the bag of sweets to him, and without a word, he snatched one like a frightened animal. Little by little, his defenses broke down, until finally, he began to join in and take a banana or sweets with the rest of the children. As he began to thaw, his adoptive mother began to thaw too.

His eyes big with wonder, Stevie paid rapt attention to the Bible stories I would tell the children. "Uncle Arthur," he would often beg, "Tell me a story."

I began to use a technique on him to help him overcome his fears. "Look, Uncle Arthur is very busy. If I tell you a story, you'll have to remember it. When I ask you what was the story I told you yesterday, I want you to promise me you will stand up and repeat the story to me."

Our meetings were held in such a warm, homey atmosphere, Stevie didn't realize he was in a meeting. I would say, "Now

Stevie, what was the story Uncle Arthur told you yesterday?" He would stand up in the meeting, this formerly terrified child, and would repeat a Bible story to me in front of all the people assembled, unaware he had taken the first step in ministering.

The grace of God was dramatically changing that boy's life. Whenever I would leave for a few days, he would be on hand to greet me on my return. Diving at me, he would fling his arms around me and yell, "Uncle Arthur!" Mrs. Darkins was also warming in response to God's love. She lost the oppressive gloom and fear she had arrived with and entered into peace through the saving grace of God.

Eventually, Mrs. Darkins and Stevie returned to Kenya, Africa, and apart from an occasional Christmas card from them, they have faded into the past.

"I know not peoples of God in England, but you take me?"

One day, Archie Friday called me from Paddock Wood and said, "Arthur, I have a man here from 450 miles north of Stockholm. He drove down from the Arctic Circle and asked me to introduce him to Christians in the United Kingdom. Would you be able to take care of him?"

"Send him around," I replied.

Brother Chell Anderson arrived soon afterward, delighted to be in England. "I would like to meet peoples of God," he explained. "I know not peoples of God in England, but you take me and show me peoples of God? I do hear of people in Chat?"

"You mean Chard?" I asked.

"Yes, Chard. You take me? I drive you in my car? You take me?"

"All right," I agreed. So, on a Saturday night, Chell and I drove to Chard in Somerset. What was to happen that weekend would change the course of my ministry and my entire life.

11

The Proceeding Word

A party of people from Florida had made a journey to the Holy Land, and on the way home, they took a side trip to England. Two of them, Grace Mundsey and Renee Robinson, went up to Blackpool to visit with the Kirklands, a couple they had met while on holiday in Florida. During this visit, they heard a tape from Ipswich where I had been ministering.

“*Who is that man?*” Grace wanted to know.

“Oh,” Bill Kirkland answered, “That is a brother named Arthur Burt.”

“I would like to meet that man,” she said. “I believe God wants me to meet him.”

Florida in the morning...

So Grace and Eldon Purvis, a brother who was also from Florida, stood outside the manor house in Chard and commanded me to come — *commanded me in the name of the Lord* — and here I came with Chell Anderson to the meeting at Chard! I didn’t know how much would depend upon our encounter over all the following years, the little hinge that swung open a big door and the nations that God would send me to, beginning with that Saturday night.

The meeting was unstructured that night. People were milling around in a free, friendly gathering, and periodically, someone would stand up and share with the group. During the evening, I rose and spoke for about three minutes... a little Word God gave me.

“That is the man on the tape!” Grace exclaimed to Renee. But in the crowd, she couldn’t find me. In the following morning’s meeting, I shared in front of the group and afterward, Grace approached me.

“Would you consider coming to Florida with us?” she asked.

I had my passport ready for a trip to Romania that had fallen through. I understood it was forbidden to speak in tongues in a public meeting there, but I also knew I couldn’t promise to quench the Spirit if he moved on me in that way. Ted Kent had invited me to take Bibles into Romania with him, but I told Ted it would be no use taking me if he was afraid we’d both end up in jail should I give a message in tongues. He thought it over for three days and then called to tell me he didn’t believe I was God’s man. So, here I was with traveling papers in order when Grace asked me to go to Florida. *Romania out — Florida in.*

“When did you want me to come to Florida?” I inquired.

“In the morning. Your fare is paid and you can join the returning party from Jerusalem.”

That first trip to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, was the beginning. I stopped counting my trips across the Atlantic Ocean after 200 times. God has sent me not only to the United States, but also to the Caribbean, Canada, South and Central America, Australia, Hong Kong, Taipei, Israel, Italy and Taiwan. I never dreamed God would send me out to all these and other countries when He led me to leave the security of my pastorate and to *walk the land.*

“Go to Toronto.”

It was about this time that Mrs. Greening sold her house. We returned to our own home in Paddock Wood with a sense that God was sending me forth into an entirely new chapter of my life. Where the calling is, there also is the provision, so my income kept pace with the increased cost of traveling to different nations. I usually waited for a Word from God who would direct me where to go day by day. Sometimes the guidance came by circumstances.

I was ministering in Portsmouth and expected in the morning... the Lord might want me to go to Chard. When I woke up, He surprised me by saying, "Go to Toronto."

"I beg your pardon, Lord," I said, "What did you say?"

"Go to Toronto."

I had never been to Canada and only knew one lady there who had stopped with us at Paddock Wood, casually leaving her address. I returned home and told Marj, "I'm going to Toronto."

"You've never been there," she remarked.

"No, but I am going."

When I arrived in Toronto airport, I had only the one telephone number to call. I rang the number again, and again, and again, but there was no response. I didn't know anyone else in that country, and I didn't know what to do — so, I did nothing. It was 11:00 at night when I put my feet up in a seat at the airport as the charladies came around, sweeping and washing the floors.

At 7:00 the following morning, I prayed, "Well, Lord. Here I am in Toronto. Where do I go from here? What will I do?" I rang the number again, and there was still no response.

The Lord said, "Buy a map."

So, I went to the newsagent and bought a map. I spread it out on the seats and began to study it. "Well, isn't that surprising," I thought. "I didn't know there are some parts of the United States which are north of some parts of Canada." Detroit was one of those places. As I noticed that, I thought, "Oh yes, Jean and Jim Richie, Broomfield Hills, Detroit. Why, yes. I'll give them a ring."

"Oh Brother Arthur," said the excited voice. "Where are you? In the United States?"

"No," I replied, "Not in the States, but in a little bit of a state. I'm in Toronto, and I don't have any other contact here but this one friend who is not in."

The Richies rescued me and God opened up doors of ministry for me while I was with them. I learned later that my friend in Toronto had been called away from home on an emergency. After that, I

went to Florida and spent some time with Noel and Vivian Timmerman who had just returned from Jamaica. Grace Mundsey contacted me while I was with them and asked me to come over to Jamaica. It was to be the first of many visits I would make to the Flower Hill Center at Montego Bay.

The woman at the orphanage in Jamaica

On one of my trips to Jamaica, Noel, Oscar Collie and I took a Volkswagen to Maroon Town to pick up some chairs for the mission. We rocked and bounced up the mountain and collected the chairs. On the return trip, we stopped off on the Caribbean coast at an orphanage that an American lady ran.

Bright-eyed black boys and girls greeted us, these sweet little orphans, who were being cared for by a tiny white woman. As we visited, God spoke to me: “You minister to this woman.”

I knew what He meant. He didn’t want me to minister from my mouth but from my pocket. I didn’t want to minister from my pocket. I had come over to the United States on a single ticket and didn’t have my return fare back to England. The only way I was interested in dollars flowing was towards me, not away from me. So, very generously, I thought, “Lord, I will give her \$10.”

“No you won’t,” He replied.

“Ouch!” I said, watching the mercury in my thermometer. My peace began to go down and I knew the price for my peace was \$40. So I said, “All right, Lord. Amen. Forty dollars it shall be.”

I excused myself to go to the bathroom, where I counted out the dollars into a bundle. Then I returned to the others and looked for an opportunity to slip the money into the sister’s hand, but there was no opportunity. We got right to the threshold and were saying our “Good-byes” when I realized I would have to do it in front of everybody. Of course, what the Lord has told us to do in secret, He doesn’t always allow to remain a secret.

I thought, “Well, here it goes.” I put my hand into my pocket, pulled out the roll of \$40, and stretched my hand out to the sister. To my astonishment, as I did this, Noel did this, and Oscar did this — as if we were three marionettes all being pulled by the

same string. The three of us moved in unison, stretching out our hands full of money to this sister.

Taking the money out of our hands, she began to weep. “Oh Brothers, you don’t know what this means to me. Last night I had visitors who came over the hills. I had two chicken carcasses, and the visitors brought some vegetables. I made stew and beans and fed all the orphans and the visitors. Last night, when the last visitor had gone, I went to my bedroom and knelt down. I cried, ‘Lord, I have no more money and hardly any food left. I don’t know what to do. Have you forgotten us, Lord? Don’t you know our address, Lord? Lord, if you are listening to me now, send a man in the morning.’ Look what He has done. He has sent three men!” The tears glistened in her eyes.

So we went on our way back to Montego Bay. I was \$40 lighter, \$40 farther away from going back to England, having only my return ticket to Miami.

After I arrived in Miami, a brother approached me, “Brother Arthur, will you encourage my faith?”

“I certainly will, if I am able.”

“Well, Brother Arthur, I believe God told me to do something yesterday and I want to prove whether or not it was the Lord who told me to do it. You are the only man who can answer this question. Tell me, do you have your return ticket back home to London?”

I said, “No, Brother, I don’t.”

“Praise God!” he rejoiced. “You’ve encouraged my faith. I believe God told me yesterday to buy you a return ticket back to London via New York. There is your ticket.” So, I received a ticket that encouraged my faith as well as my brother’s faith.

As I prayed for her, the life of God flowed through me and touched her and we were both healed.

In February, I was invited to minister in Michigan, but I was ill with something I’m sure was very contagious. It may have appeared foolish for me to travel in that condition, but I decided God wanted me to go.

I knew how the Lord Jesus had directed the ten lepers to go and show themselves to the priest before they had any evidence they were healed. Reason would argue that the law required a man to show himself to the priest for confirmation of his healing after it was evident, not before it was evident. Reason would say: “You heal me first, Jesus, and then I’ll go to the priests.” While reason would say this, faith had to submit and trust in His Word. The Bible tells us, *as they went, they were healed* — “as” is a tiny little word with a world of meaning. I’m not declaring this as an infallible formula, but I know there are times when God says to us, “Go and show...” while our reason is protesting, “Well, Lord, You show me and I’ll go.”

I was very weak, but I packed to leave. Marj offered to help me carry my big case down to the station, but my pride didn’t want me to let my wife carry such a big case.

“Oh go on,” she said, “and let me have a bit of the handle.” Between us we carried it to the station, down the steps, and onto the train. I thought I would be okay from this point, but there was a “go slow” strike on among the railway workers and the train took longer than usual to get into London. Now I was late for my flight.

When I arrived at the airport, the clerk informed me I could still catch my plane, but I wouldn’t have time to check my cases. “Come on! Run!” She said, fluttering in front of me like a little butterfly.

“Oh Lord,” I groaned. “Here I am, hardly able to crawl, and I have to run 23 gates carrying these cases.”

When I got to the plane, the steward said, “You made it!”

“Yes,” I answered, “but I’m about ready to drop dead.”

“Come on aboard,” he said. “You can die in here.”

I was feeling worse after the long flight from London to Detroit, especially after I learned there was a fierce snowstorm raging and the Grand Rapids plane had been canceled. An official told the Grand Rapids passengers we could board a coach that would attempt to go through the storm. I was exhausted, but I got my luggage on the coach, and we finally rolled into Grand Rapids

airport. I wondered if anyone would still be there to pick me up. *No one was.*

I rang my host, Brother Bob, who explained he had left the airport after learning my flight had been canceled. He hurried back to get me, and as he loaded my cases into his car, he said, “Before we go home, I would like you to come with me to the hospital to pray for a sister.”

“Oh, no,” I groaned silently, but I submitted.

When we entered her room, Bob said, “Maybe, Brother, you could lay your hands upon her and pray for her.”

Hardly able to stand myself, I looked at her in that bed and wished I could be in bed too. I walked over and laid my hands on her. As I prayed for her, the life of God flowed through me and touched her — and we were both healed. I had left home weak and sick, became weaker and sicker on the way, and now the power of God flowing through me to this sister had healed me too.

“Missed Your Plane?”

One Sunday night, on my way back from Los Angeles, I had to change planes in Phoenix, Arizona, which involved traveling from one end of the airport to the other. The transport was so slow I missed my connecting flight. And even though it was only 6 PM, there was no way out until the next day. I inquired about a Greyhound bus and learned it would take me 'til 4:00 the next afternoon to make the journey by bus. All of Monday's flights were booked and I appeared to be stuck.

I sat down. At first, I judged this to be a bad situation. But I was eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. I was wrong. As I sat there, a man sitting at my side turned to me. “Missed your plane?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Hmm. Where are you going?”

I told him. “I just rung up my friend and told him it will be almost 24 hours before I can get there. There doesn't seem to be any other choice.”

“How would you like to be there in an hour?” the man asked.

“What do you mean?”

“I’m a pilot,” he explained. “I fly an executive’s private plane. I’ve delivered some men to Los Angeles and I’m on my way back to Dallas. I’m not so flush with money that I am averse to making a few extra dollars. If you are willing to pay me the fare you were going to pay on the flight you’ve missed, I’ll take you.”

If you can’t trust the driver, you trust God with the driver. I said, “Yes.” Wearily, I climbed into a beautiful executive jet which must have cost millions of dollars and slumped into my seat.

After dozing for what felt like one minute, I awoke to hear the pilot saying, “There are the lights. We’re coming down.” In less than one hour, I’d made the journey. I rang up a surprised Steve Keel, my friend who was expecting me the next day, and told him how the Lord had provided.

Home for Boxing Day!

Along with trips across the ocean, I traveled many times to Ireland. On one occasion, I received an invitation to speak for the third year in a row at a Christmas convention. When the letter arrived, Marj just said, “Oh.”

Beryl asked, “Dad, you’re not going away for Christmas again, are you?”

I felt an obligation to be with my family at Christmas time, yet I didn’t want to disappoint these dear Irish people. I phoned the brother in charge and arranged with him to speak on Christmas Eve and early on Christmas day. Then, I planned to catch the last plane on Christmas night and be home in time for Boxing Day with my family. This satisfied both my family and the brothers in Ireland.

On Christmas night, I was the first speaker. After I finished, Sam Wallace and his wife offered to run me to the airport. When we left the packed meeting, it was snowing heavily, but brother Sam didn’t feel the cold. Drunk with exhilaration from the meetings, Sam was as fit to drive me to the airport as I was to swim across the sea. We zigzagged down the road, speaking with other tongues

and praising God, while Sister Wallace kept saying, “Sam, Sam, keep your hands on the steering wheel.”

“Oh, Bless the Lord!” Sam said with exuberance. “Glory to God!” Shouting, singing, praising, speaking in tongues, we wobbled our way through the snow, which by now had limited our visibility considerably. Finally, we arrived at the airport.

“Thank you, Sam,” I said. “You can just leave me here and go back to the meeting.”

“No, no,” he protested. “I’ll stop and see you safely on the plane.”

I insisted they not miss any more of those blessed meetings, so they left. I went into the airport and asked for a ticket to London.

The man at the counter laughed at me, “You want to go to London on the next flight? You must be joking. Do you think you can just walk in like this? Every seat to London is booked for days. You don’t have a chance at all of getting on any plane until at least three or four days after the Christmas holiday.”

I stared at him blankly for a moment. I had let my ride go and I was stuck in the airport. “Lord,” I prayed, “I have come here as Your servant, and now this man says there is no room.” Then I smiled at the ticket agent, “Are you sure you don’t have a seat on the plane? I don’t mind sitting on the wings.”

He shook his head. “We have about six or seven standby passengers ahead of you waiting in case somebody doesn’t turn up.”

I prayed silently, “Lord, this is information from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but You haven’t told me it is impossible, so I am staying here.” I put my case down and stood there at the counter.

The ticket agents began to discuss the problem of the snow and the flights:

“Look at it coming down now!”

“You know something, when this plane goes out, it will be the last one. In fact, I don’t know whether this one is going to get out.”

“It is 10:10 and the 6:30 plane to Birmingham hasn’t left yet. It’s the same in Birmingham. The snow there has been grounding all planes. By the way,” the agent said, turning to me, “You wouldn’t want to go to Birmingham, would you?”

“Go to Birmingham? Sure!” I exclaimed. That would get me across the Irish Sea back into my own country.

“There is one spare seat on the plane, and it was due out at 6:30, but it hasn’t left yet.” He wrote up a ticket for me.

I ran for the plane and we took off soon afterward into the snow-choked skies. By midnight, I was in Birmingham. I crunched my way through the snow to the end of the entryway outside the airport and stood on the road to London until 1:00 in the morning. I suppose I looked like a snowman by that time as I waited for God to provide a lift to London.

When I saw an old meat van clanking down the road, I waved, and he pulled up. “Thank you for stopping,” I said. “I wonder if I could beg a lift towards London.”

“I’m going all the way into London,” he replied, “and I’ll be glad for your company.” The driver dropped me at Charring Cross where I managed to catch a train. Because of the freeze, the first train, which was due out at 6:30 was five hours late. I got on that train, arriving at Paddock Wood 1:30 in the afternoon on Boxing Day!

God had really blessed us, and we had a wonderful time enjoying a long Christmas holiday, as we were snowed in all that week. The snow grew thicker outside, but we had plenty of fuel and kept warm. The reports we heard said snow had blocked all the roads and no trains were running. I thanked God who undertook for me when I didn’t accept the “fact” I was stuck at the airport, but waited to hear the truth from Him.

Dublin, Ireland... “You ask me how I know He lives; He lives within my heart.”

While eating an ice cream cone one lovely summer day in Dublin, Ireland, I strolled across a bridge that spans the Liffy River. I noticed that everything goes into that river — from a discarded

piano to a dead cat — or if, perchance you fall out with a hot-headed Irishman, you yourself might go into it!

As I strolled across among the crowds of people walking on the bridge, I saw a man energetically preaching to a group of people, which included some students seated on the parapet of the bridge. Out of curiosity, I stopped to listen as I finished my ice cream.

The students were taunting the man, a Jehovah's Witness, and he was determined to get the better of them. He was trying to prove his point, but they were just using him for entertainment. They had challenged him on an issue and the man bent over, delving into a case of books he had with him to give them an answer.

I began to move on away from that scene when God spoke to me: "*Go back and sing.*"

I said, "Oh no, Lord...." For one thing, I'm not a singer, and for another thing, I didn't know what I should sing. Although, because my peace was ruffled, I knew I was disobeying God by continuing to walk away. So I submitted and went back somewhat fearfully to the crowd around the Jehovah's Witness who was now heatedly arguing with the students.

Presenting myself in obedience to the Lord, I stood there waiting. One of the students shouted, "How do you know?"

The Spirit suddenly prompted me. I opened my mouth and sang: "*You ask me how I know He lives; He lives within my heart.*"

It wasn't the music, but the words that the Spirit anointed. He lives within my heart. That was all God gave me. Abruptly, I turned and left the crowd, while behind me, I heard someone say, "Nobody can argue with that. That's the answer."

The Boat to Rosslare

At a time in my life when I was too poor to own a vehicle of my own, I would often hitchhike hundreds of miles from place to place. I could never be certain I would get to the terminal on time to catch a particular bus, plane or train. Ministry along the way often complicated my schedule, as happened on one occasion when I was journeying to southern Ireland.

I needed to catch the boat that crossed the channel to Rosslare, but I had been delayed when the Lord directed me to minister to a man. The boat was due to leave at 2:15 in the morning, a most uncomfortable and inconvenient time, and I had to be on it or I would miss my speaking engagement the following day.

I traveled through South Wales, arriving in Carmarthen close to midnight, wondering how I would get to Haverfordwest to catch my boat, when I saw a man come out of a pub and walk to a car. I approached him and asked, "Excuse me, you wouldn't be going west, would you? I need to go to Haverfordwest to catch a boat."

"Oh, yes, Mon," he replied with a thick Welsh accent. "I be going west. Yes, I be able to give you a lift, Mon. Sure."

"Well," I said, "Thank you very much."

"That's all right, Boyo. Get in."

"There's just one thing," I said. "Wherever you are going, I would be grateful if you would drop me where there are lights. I wouldn't want, so late at night, to be dropped in the dark."

"Oh sure, Boyo. I'll drop you where the lights are, Mon, plenty of lights where I drop you. I turn up the mountain, but before I turn up the mountain, I drop you at the lights, Mon."

"Thank you so much," I said, and I got in. I smelled whiskey on him as we swerved along the road, and I realized my chauffeur was "three sheets to the wind." I was grateful for the lift, although it was certainly a risky lift, and I put my trust in God.

Finally, my friend stopped the car. "There you are, Boyo. I go up the mountain here. I turn left up the mountain. You go straight on farther up the road."

"But... but," I protested, "but, I asked you to drop me where there are lights. There are no lights here. It is pitch black dark! There's no lights."

"Oh, plenty of lights, Mon, but they all go out at midnight. Plenty of lights here! Sorry, but they all go out at midnight, Boyo. Out you go. Good-night, Boyo."

He turned and left me in absolute, pitch-black darkness, not a flicker of light anywhere. I thought, "Lord, what can I do?"

Just then, rain began to fall softly on me. I walked on in such blackness that when I held my hand up in front of my face, I couldn't see it. "Well, Lord, all I can do is trust You."

After a while, a few cars flashed by. I waved to them, but they zoomed passed me. To cheer myself up, I stopped in the middle of the road and began singing a little chorus:

*"Everything is all right, all right now.
Freed from condemnation,
Christ is my salvation,
And everything is all right now."*

I needed to believe that, because everything around me said everything was all wrong. As I walked along, I danced a bit on the road, trying to encourage my faith. Each time lights would appear in the distance, I stood out, I waved, I signaled, but nobody stopped.

I decided that the next time I saw a car approaching I would stand out in the middle of the road, my two arms outstretched, and hope the car would stop. "If they don't," I thought, "I'll leap out of the road at the last moment." So, I took my position as the next pair of headlights came toward me. The car screeched to a halt, and two policemen jumped out.

One of them beamed a powerful torch into my eyes. "*What are you doing?*" he demanded to know.

"Well, I'm sorry, Gentlemen," I said. "I'm trying to get a lift to catch the boat that goes at 2:15. I'm really stumped. I didn't mean to get into this situation, but I'm in it."

"We'll turn our car around," they said graciously, "and flash our headlights, signal the oncoming cars to stop, and see if we can't get a lift for you."

The first man who stopped was a doctor on an emergency call, so he couldn't help me. The next man, who was driving a big van, said he would take me right down to the harbor. I arrived with twenty minutes to spare. I boarded the boat at 2:15 AM and sailed to Rosslare.

Obedience must be instant. I cannot be a prisoner to a program.

In Northumberland where I was born, I often ministered at a church pastored by my old friend, Bob Lloyd. I usually arrived on a Friday night and would stop with them until Monday morning. We had meetings Saturday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday night, and would enjoy good fellowship between meetings at different homes.

On one occasion, however, God spoke to me at the close of the Sunday morning service and said, "Go. Leave now."

Surprised, I turned to Bob and said, "Bob, I have to go."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The Lord has told me to go."

"You mean Monday?" he was confused.

"No, now." I said.

"*Man alive,*" he objected. "*You can't do that. We are going to Ginger and Bob's for dinner. They are expecting us. They have the meal on the table. Man alive! You can't do that.*"

"Bob, I believe God says *now,*" I insisted.

"What is the matter with you?" he argued. "You can't let people down like that. They are getting a meal for us and they have arranged something else for us afterwards."

"Bob, I believe I have to go."

"All right," he sighed. "If that is what you want, I had better run you into Newcastle."

We drove the 16 miles into Newcastle, but I didn't know if I needed the bus or train station. I didn't know whether I was going north, west or south. I didn't know anything, except God had said, "Go."

"Where are you going?" Bob asked.

I told him to drop me off at the bus station, and when we arrived, he asked, "What bus are you getting on?"

I didn't have any answers for him and wished he would leave quickly so I could sort things out. I pointed at the bus to Bishop Auckland, and he helped me get my cases aboard. I sat down, and he waited. I thought, "If only he would go, I'd get off the bus and find out what God wants. I don't know if I should be on the Bishop Auckland bus." Bob stood there chatting until the bus left. He waved as it pulled out, and I waved back.

The conductor asked me, "Where do you want booking to?"

I didn't know. I thought I should book to the terminus, so I answered, "Give me a ticket to Bishop Auckland."

I sat looking out the window at the dark November countryside as the rain came down, the night approached, and the bus trundled on. As we came up to a roundabout, the road south going to London and the right turn going to Bishop Auckland, I had an impulse to get off. I couldn't say God spoke to me and told me to get off, but I had an urgent impulse to get off at the roundabout. There were no houses there. Nothing. It was almost dark and raining hard.

My reason said, "Oh no, Lord, not here. At least if I go through to the terminus, I can get shelter. *But not here at this roundabout with not a house in sight....*" I had to get off.

I tapped the driver on the shoulder and said, "Will you please let me off at the roundabout?"

"You are booked through to Bishop Aukland," he objected, "and there is nothing here. No houses..."

"I know," I answered.

"It is raining hard."

"Yes, I know."

"If that is what you want," he said, "all right." He stopped and I got off. Pulling my collar up, I stood on the roundabout. My reason screamed at me, "You fool! You will be soaked to the skin in five minutes!" I thought all I could do was to thumb a lift. I

rolled up my newspaper and waved it, but nobody stopped. The cars swooshed around me and went on their way.

As I stepped forward to wave to an approaching truck, I heard the screech of brakes, and somebody shouted, “*Brother Arthur!*”

It was Jean Nichols, the girl who had typed my first book, *The Lost Key*. She looked like an angel from heaven. I picked up my two cases and ran over to her car.

“Oh, this is God!” she exclaimed. “You don’t know how much this is God.”

I thought, “No... *you* don’t know how much this is God.”

“Come on, Brother, get in.” I settled into my seat, and she introduced me to her young man. “Will you come with us? We are on our way down to Darlington to Brother Stuart’s meetings,” she said. “This is really God that I saw you there.”

“I believe that,” I agreed, thinking how hard it had been, until I heard Jean’s voice, to believe the Lord had really led me out to that desolate spot.

When we walked in, the meeting was in progress. Cecil spotted me from the platform and said, “Well, here is Brother Arthur Burt. Isn’t that wonderful! I believe God has sent him tonight to minister to us. Come on up here, Brother.”

The anointing of God was on me when I ministered a message that night. God had wanted me there, but how He got me there, set my head spinning! Everything in me was in reverse.

People have often remarked to me, “You seem often to have gone by the Spirit like Philip did.” When the Spirit said to Philip, “Go,” he didn’t stop to consult his little book of engagements, but the Bible says that *he ran*, instantly obeying the voice. This has been the way God has led me.

There are other instant ministries in life. If you collide on life’s highway, you don’t book an ambulance like a hairdo at the beauty clinic. If your house is on fire, you don’t ring up the fire brigade and ask, “When can you give us a booking?” If you have a fire by arrangement, you’ll probably have the police after you.

I discovered this, I didn't invent it. Just as Christopher Columbus didn't invent America, but discovered it. God has pressed me into the kind of life I have lived for many years. I can take no credit for this, and it has demanded that I not be a prisoner to a program.

I believe the normal life of a believer is to hear the voice of God and to obey.

Once, I came down from the north of England and the Lord directed me to go to a house in Birmingham. I knocked on the door, and before the door opened, I heard a sister say, "This is Arthur Burt. I am so certain of his coming, I bought a bottle of orange squash for him this morning." She opened the door and said, "Brother Arthur!"

I do not believe there is anything special about me. I refuse that altogether. I believe the normal life of a believer is to hear the voice of God and to obey. God never blamed His people for not hearing His voice; He blamed them for not obeying it. If I don't obey, soon I will not hear. *Obedience must be instant.* As we instantly obey God, sensitivity to His voice will develop, and His voice will become crystal clear. If we do not obey His voice, it begins to get distant. Jesus says in John 7:17, "...if any man will do his will, he shall know the doctrine, (or teaching), whether it be of God...." If I don't know, it is because I won't do. I have a bias, which I must deal with.

Before Sir Francis Drake went out to defeat the Spanish Armada, he finished his game of bowls. That game is played on a smooth stretch of grass, and the object of the game is to roll your bowl, a large wooden ball, closest to the jack ball. The bowl, although it is perfectly round, is weighted off-center so it rolls toward its bias. Each player must discover the bias of his bowl and compensate for it as he plays.

Not only do bowls have bias, but human beings have also. I like red better than blue. Maybe I like the country better than the seaside. Maybe I prefer fishing to football. It is easy to pray, "Thy will be done," but it is not so easy to discover my bias. I must first surrender my bias, my will, before I can truly submit to the will of God.

To surrender my will

The biggest problem for us in the Body of Christ, is the clash of human wills, which produces friction. The only remedy for me is *first*, to surrender my will, and *second*, to allow the lubricating oil of the Holy Spirit to eliminate the friction.

All over the world, unsundered Christians are deceiving themselves, saying, "I surrendered to God in 1975." Surrender is never in the *past*; it is in the *now*. Romans 12:1 says, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice...." This is our reasonable service of worship. The apostle Paul talks about dying daily. It is my will that must die daily.

In many lives, including my own, I see an over-emphasis upon the Baptism of the Holy Spirit attended by an enormous desire for power that opposes surrender to the will of God. It would be absurd to strut around bragging, "I've paid my electric bill." If I've had the light and the heat, it is only reasonable that I pay the bill. God gave us His power gifts, which are designed for us to use according to His purposes. It is likewise only reasonable that He should receive the glory in their use and that I do not keep any of the glory for myself.

Jesus said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John 16:12) Surrender enables me to bear the grace and blessing of God to the glory of God. God illustrated this truth to me one day while I was watching two vehicles climbing a steep hill in Nottingham.

A car powered by its own engine was struggling, shifting from gear to gear, creeping up the hill. The other vehicle was a trolley. It glided smoothly and steadily up and over the hill. The trolley had no power of its own, but as long as it was in contact with the wires above, it moved effortlessly. I don't have to struggle to be in contact with God. I simply have to be in contact, and if I am, His power is available to me.

Clockwise from right:

- 1. Mickey the monkey and me**
- 2. Children in South America**
- 3. Two old rascals!**
- 4. Deep in thought in South America**
- 5. With my tambourine**



12

Climb the Mountain!

On my first trip to Israel, I stood by the Sea of Galilee with a group of 50 people, where we listened to the guide droning away in a lifeless monotone, telling the same old story he must have told daily for years. The Spirit of the Lord suddenly came upon me. I said, “*Oh, Lord, not here, not here,*” and I quenched the Spirit. The mercury in my spiritual thermometer went down to the freezing point. I lost my peace and felt bad about quenching the Spirit, crying silently, “Lord, please forgive me and help me. I am so sorry.” I said, like Samson did, “If You will only visit me once more, Lord, I’ll yield to You.”

“Do you remember me?”

The Spirit of the Lord came upon me again. It was like the bursting of a dammed-up river that came ripping through me as I cried out a message in tongues. Most of the people standing there were not even Christians, never mind *Pentecostals!* It startled and shook everyone there. After the message in tongues, I thought, “Well, nobody is going to interpret this unless I do.” I held myself open and God gave me the interpretation.

When I finished, there was dead silence except for the lap, lap, of the waves on the shore. The poker-faced guide stared at me and a man whispered, “*That was tongues.*”

“*Tongues?!*” someone repeated.

“Yes, tongues,” the crowd began to buzz. I stood there feeling like I was having a nightmare in which I was a condemned man. From that point on until the end of the tour, I was an outcast in that group, a leper.

After two years, when I was ministering in a church in South England, a lady came up to me asking, “Do you remember me?”

“No, I’m sorry, I don’t.”

“I was with you in that tour through Israel,” she said. “After you spoke in tongues, I didn’t ever speak to you again, because I was offended. But when I came back to England, I searched the Scriptures and read what it said about tongues in the New Testament. The upshot of it all is that I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit along with my husband, and now we both speak in other tongues.”

“My husband and I run a preparatory school for boys,” she added. “Do you see that gallery up there? Do you see those boys?” She pointed to a group of 16 boys. “Almost every one of those boys has been baptized in the Holy Spirit. I just thought you would like to know.”

Whenever I think of that incident on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, I am grateful God eventually let me know the results of my obedience to Him.

More incidents in Israel

On another visit to Israel, our tour group had gone into a shop to buy cards and maps. After buying a few cards, I stood outside the shop waiting to board our bus. Four or five bearded Arabs approached, who were selling crucifixes and rosaries and other articles. They began pestering me to buy something from them.

“I don’t want any of those,” I insisted. “I don’t even believe in them. If I had all the money in the world, I wouldn’t buy them. Do you understand that? I don’t believe in those things.” I began to move away from them and they followed me, surrounding me. I walked on, hoping they would give up and try selling their wares to someone else.

I continued walking and they continued following me until I reached a blind alley and could walk no farther. Menacingly, those street merchants surrounded me, and I wondered if they meant to stone me. I had already had an experience like this in Galilee, where two men had tried to get money from me. I didn’t have any money on me at the time, so those men had turned, as if to

leave, and then had begun pelting me with stones. I was remembering that incident when the Spirit of the Lord came on me. ...I closed my eyes and cried out a message in tongues. When I opened my eyes, the men had gone.

I returned to the shop and boarding the bus with the others, I sat down. Then a big bearded man got on and tried to peddle his rosaries and trinkets to the passengers. He walked down the aisle, until he came to me and stopped abruptly. Pointing his finger at me, he said, “*I know you, Arthur Burt.*”

The bus driver shouted to him that the bus was leaving, and the bearded man jumped off the bus and was gone. There was no way possible for him to know my name, but he did know it. It reminded me of the girl in the Book of Acts who said, “These men show unto us the way of salvation.” Paul was grieved because she had a divining spirit. My only explanation for the man’s knowledge of my name was that he knew it by a supernatural evil power.

***People in the world don’t read the Bible,
but they do read us.***

In relating those two incidents involving tongues, I don’t mean to glorify tongues, but God forbid I should limit His power. The problem with many Pentecostal people is they have majored on tongues and the other gifts of the Holy Spirit and have not put the emphasis on the *fruit of the Spirit*. The Bible says if I do this, I am only a tinkling cymbal.

We Pentecostals have encouraged what we call the *filling of the Spirit*, without first teaching people to surrender unconditionally to the Lord, and afterward, to seek to be baptized in His Spirit. Many weak, ineffective Christians can spout off a few words in tongues, but one cannot compare their lives with the fruitful lives of other Christians who have never once spoken in an unknown tongue.

Did old General Booth speak with other tongues? Did the Wesley’s, Martin Luther, Finney, Moody, Torrey, Alexander, William Carey or Hudson Taylor? Many believe tongues to be the evidence of being baptized in the Holy Spirit, but the ability to speak in tongues is by no means the gauge of a man’s ministry. It would be incred-

ibly unscriptural to exalt somebody who speaks a few words in tongues as being superior to a man like Billy Graham who has preached the Gospel to more people than any other human being in the history of the world.

People in the world don't read the Bible, but they do read us. "*Being*" is more demonstrative of the Gospel than merely *speaking* the Gospel. Paul said, "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." (1 Cor 2:4) I believe the time has come when we must allow God to manifest Himself, moving in us and through us. Then we will be effective ministers, demonstrating the presence and power of God. Paul said he did not preach out of man's wisdom or education or with natural eloquence. He declared that his effectiveness, in spite of his inability, was due to the power of God's indwelling Spirit.

I am convinced about this: we are standing on the threshold of the last move of God which is going to be in the demonstration and might of His Holy Spirit. If preaching alone could do the job, the world would be saved by now — at least, America would be! According to Paul Yancey in *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*, 90 percent of all the full-time preachers live in America where they minister to only 10 percent of the world's population. Nevertheless, God declares in His Word, "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea." (Hab 2:14)

There shall be no ebb.

Almost like a scar in my being is a prophecy I received in 1936 — the only prophecy I can remember word for word in over 50 years of ministry.

"It shall come as a breath and the breath shall bring the wind and the wind shall bring the rain and there shall be floods and floods and floods and torrents and torrents and torrents. Souls shall be saved like leaves falling from mighty oaks in the great forest shaken by the wind. Arms and legs will come down from heaven and there shall be no ebb."

There shall be no ebb. This is significant to me. We have lived in the day of measure, where every move of God has had an end. Revival is born from the breath of God until God raises His mighty arm — and the revival is over.

How and why revival finishes has always concerned me. Is man responsible for quenching the Spirit of God? Does the grieved Holy Spirit depart? Or is the ending of the revival predetermined by God who places a ceiling to the outpouring of which Paul the apostle speaks, "...lest I should be exalted above measure"? (II Cor 12:7) As soon as a man (or a people) touches the ceiling of that measure, does that automatically cause an end of the revival which is for God's glory and not man's?

There shall be no ebb. The ocean's tide ebbs and flows continuously. It is easy to determine whether the tide is going out or coming in by observing the sand. If at the edge of the water, there are broken sand castles, dug out holes, and debris of all sorts, including the filth man often leaves behind, then we know the tide is out. If, however, the sand is a smooth, unmarred expanse at the edge of the waves, it is obvious the tide has come in and the ocean has done its work of cleansing and washing away the debris. A spiritual tide without an ebb would mean that human history has reached the "fullness of times" (Eph 1:10), rather than the repeated ebbing and flowing of the tide.

We have come to a period in time where everything appears to be coming to fullness: world population, travel, technology, and defiance against authority. Now we await the final demonstration of the glory of God on the earth when His purposes will be seen in the Body of Christ. *I truly believe all the earth shall see the glory of the Lord!* Not everyone will receive Him, but all men will be without excuse who reject Him in that unmistakable day of His visitation. It is Coming!

The Jew... God's pattern for His people.

If you want to know what God is going to do with you, look at the Jew as God's pattern for His people. The Jew was in Egypt under Pharaoh; we were in the world under Satan. The Israelites sought God and cried out to Him, but couldn't get out from under their bondage. Nothing worked until the Blood of the Pass-

over lamb was shed and personally applied to each household. According to that pattern, nothing works for us until we apply the Blood of Jesus to our lives. When I claim Jesus as my Saviour, I experience a wonderful revelation of the Passover.

The Jews came out from bondage to Pharaoh in Egypt, but God's purpose was to bring them into the Promised Land, a geographical location. Likewise, God brings the Christian out of bondage to Satan's kingdom, so He can bring him into a land of promise.

Jesus said, "...the Kingdom of God is within you." (Luke 17:21) Call it what you will: dominion, manifestation of the sons of God, all the fullness of God, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, or the overcoming life. Whatever label you put on it, God intends to bring us to a promised land. This is not geographical acreage, but is a tremendous spiritual dimension — the birthright of the believer, which Adam gave over to the devil in the Garden of Eden.

There are three stages to the prophecy of Ezekiel 37. First: The valley was full of dry bones. Second: The bones came together and flesh grew on them. Third: Breath came into them and they stood on their feet, *becoming a great army!*

The first two stages have been fulfilled, both for the Jew and for the Body of Christ. After the dispersion and persecution of the Jews, they have once again become a nation, established back in their own land since 1948. The breath of the Holy Spirit, though, is not yet in them.

The Church has come together bone to bone. In the flesh we are becoming a recognizable Body, but even in this century of the presence of the Holy Spirit, we still have not become a great unified army. I believe there is yet to be a mighty, dramatic, awesome visitation of the Spirit of God within His people where every breath we take is not our own, but His.

God was using this situation to move me out of my ease.

I knew God had spoken to me about building a house for the glory of God when I had first moved to Kent, but I didn't know whether God would fulfill that Word materially or spiritually in

my ministry. Originally, God had spoken this to me out of Haggai, concerning going up the mountain and bringing wood to build His house.

Because I initially thought this was about my home in Paddock Wood, I approached Jim and Ted Robinson to do some renovations for me. Using demolition equipment, Ted knocked down the walls of our 90-year-old conservatory and we began the task of building a new one. Then we received a complaint from our neighbors that we were six inches over the line onto their property.

Even though we were rebuilding the conservatory walls exactly where they had stood before, the neighbors informed me that legal action would be taken against me if I didn't remove our new wall within a week. A man from the council authorities said if I had only left a bit of the old wall, they would have considered this a repair. But since I had removed all of the old wall, I would have to comply. God was using this situation to move me out of my ease and to get me to re-examine my assumptions about building the house of God.

About this time, I went to Brother Peter Appleton's for a few meetings and afterwards, he offered to run me to a train. The weather was so beautiful, though, I walked to the motorway to pick up a lift, arriving at the roundabout at 7:00 in the morning.

“Do you want a lift?”

“Lord,” I inquired. “Do I go south or north?”

A man swept around the corner and stopped his car, even though I hadn't indicated I needed a lift. “I am going north to Preston,” he said. “Do you want a lift?”

“Yes,” I answered and got into his car. He dropped me at the North Wales terminal. I walked up the slope and a big van stopped by me.

“Do you want a lift?” the driver asked, looking down at me from his cab.

“Yes, thank you.” I climbed onto the seat next to him, and we drove to the junction where he dropped me. “Here I am, Lord,

and I don't know yet where I am going. I can't go to the left because of the mountains; I can't go to the right because of the sea. There is only one way to go and it is forward."

I walked through Conwy and finally arrived at Caenarvon, wondering what to do next. Then I remembered a family living in Holyhead who had given me their phone number and asked me to visit them if I was ever up their way. The brethren in Holyhead welcomed me, and I ministered there for three days. Those brethren introduced me to another group in Bryngola and left me there with them. Within minutes after I arrived in Bryngola, a man walked up to me asking, "Are you God's man?"

Startled, I answered, "I hope so, but what do you mean?"

"I have a house here that I have been wanting to sell and God has told me to hold it for God's man." He showed me the house. Thinking this might be my next location, I noted it was right by the mountain and remembered God had told me to go up the mountain and bring wood. I inquired about a piece of land in front of the house which was also for sale, considering that I could possibly build there. Before I could do anything at all, though, I would need to sell my present house.

I became convinced this was what God wanted me to do. It took me over two years to sell my home. And after that, I went to see the man who owned the land in Bryngola. I had saved £3,000 from offerings a sister, Joanna Wood, (and there was that word again, "wood") had given me over that period. I paid £3,750 for the land and set about clearing it. Excited, I expectantly planned the building with the architects.

Penmaenmawr, North Wales

When I stopped with a brother, Win Williams, in Penmaenmawr, he asked me, "Would you like to look at a house with me?" This really didn't interest me, but I didn't want to hurt Win. When a man is in love with Lucy and someone says, "You ought to look at Mary," the man is not interested. To satisfy Win, I agreed to have a look at the house, but I was no more interested than if he had said he had a house to show me in the Sahara Desert.

I walked up the drive to this house, despising everything I saw. It didn't have a garden. It was a scrubland. I didn't like the slopes. "I won't even go to the door," I thought. I was turning around at the top of the drive to go back down when I saw a lady smiling at me through the window, and I thought I ought to explain what I was doing walking around on her property.

I planned what I would say to her: "Good morning. I was just having a quick look at your property. I understand it is for sale. My friend is waiting at the bottom of the drive. He must be at work by 9:00, so I can't stop. Good-bye." I didn't get a chance to say any of that to her.

"Brother Arthur!" she exclaimed as she opened the door.

"Do you know me?" I asked.

"Yes, I know you. I have tapes of your sermons here. I have heard you minister on the sea front, and I'll tell you something. I have prayed for 12 months that God would send you to this door."

Everything in me stiffened. "I'm not!" I thought. "I won't!"

"Do you know that my children...." This sister, Ruth, had sent her son and daughter to Kent to see me while I was in America. They had asked Marj if I would consider a straight swap between this house and our house, but Marj had told them they would have to wait until I returned from America. At about this same period, Ted Robinson had gone to Wales and had done some work for Ruth. Later, she sent me a photograph of the house which Ted had showed me after I came home. I had ignored it all, not even remembering any of that as I now stood in front of this lady's house.

"Well, will you have a look?" Very unwillingly, I was dragged in. She showed me the kitchen and took me out to show me the land.

I was itching to go. "My friend is at the bottom of the drive and he has to be at work at 9:00." I had a good solid excuse. "I must go." I came out into the passage and standing there was Billy Partington, Brother Jim's oldest son. "What are you doing here?" I asked him.

“Oh, I was on a sales trip, and as I was passing on the road, I saw brother Win at the bottom of this drive. He said he was waiting for you. Are you thinking of buying a house?”

“Look, I must go,” I explained to him. “Win has to be at work.”

“I’ll wait for you, Brother Arthur, and Win can leave,” Billy said, and before I could stop him, he trotted off down the driveway.

“Now you can have a good look,” the lady said. She dragged me around the house, room after room after room — through all 21 of them. I was against everything and left there determined that nothing would ever bring me back.

Sacrifice!

I was kicking and fighting inside because I was already involved in the other property and had spent £3,750 for the land. For 36 hours, I fought against Ruth’s place, until I woke up on the second morning at Win’s house. I hadn’t asked God to speak to me, but I knew He was going to speak.

I reached for my Bible and it fell open to Haggai where I read about the temple. Randomly scanning through the pages, I saw a reference to the temple wherever I looked. Then I read how David wanted a piece of land to build an altar to offer sacrifice to the Lord. (1 Chron 21:28) That Word “sacrifice” suddenly became alive, rising up off the page and hitting me squarely between the eyes.

“You want that other land,” God said to me, “but this place is what I want. Now take your land, put it on the altar, and sacrifice it.”

At the end of 36 hours, I surrendered. “All right, Lord. I will put the land on the altar, and the first man who comes up here, I will give the land to him.” About a week later, I had a letter from Jim Partington who spoke about moving from Kent. When I next saw him, I told him, “You don’t know what has been happening, but the Lord has spoken to me about my land, and it is yours, Brother.”

In the autumn of 1979, I went to Penmaenmawr in North Wales and bought the place, Bron Wendon, with all its disadvantages

— broken drains, damp basement — everything I hated. And so, that was that.

One day Marj asked me, “Are you in arrears in your life with God?”

Just before moving, I traveled to Jamaica where I went swimming one beautiful day. The sea was a heavenly blue, and there was nobody on the white sandy beach but me. As I swam in that clear water, something stung me, and immediately my right leg became paralyzed. I rolled over onto my back, and kicking with my left leg, made my way back to shore where I lay for half an hour, paralyzed, until I thought the crisis was over. But it wasn't over. The pain worsened and I knew I had been poisoned. The natives told me, if I had been bitten by a snake or stung by a squid or man-o-war, I would have nerve damage and it could take up to five years to get the poison out of my system.

During our move to Wales, I still could not walk, except in great pain. On the moving day, I jokingly said I was chairman of this operation because I could only sit in a chair. But it was far from a joke. The continuous pain made my advent to Wales not a very happy time.

God was dealing with me on the issue of my self-image. For the most part of 50 years, I had gone without doctors, hospitals, pills, or any other medical treatment. When I received Jesus as my Saviour, I also received Him as my Healer. As much as I knew how, I practiced what I believed and preached, and my dear wife and I brought up our family of nine... mostly without medical care. When we were sick, we went to the Lord. I believe this was pleasing to God, but something began to grow in me. I had a growth — not a tumor or anything like that — but a growth of spiritual pride.

Over the years, this developed in me until I became so anti-doctor and anti-medicine, I judged people who, even though they were Pentecostal, didn't live as I thought they ought to live. I preached from the story of Asa the King who had diseased feet. He did not seek the Lord but sought his physicians, and he died at the age of 41. My attitude was “It serves him right! He should have gone to the Lord.”

I judged people who were always taking pills, always going to the doctor. And while I believe I had truth, I held that truth in unrighteousness. God tolerated this attitude in me for a long time, until finally, He came for my words. I was gradually getting worse and worse, but God didn't touch me. God didn't heal me.

One day Marj asked me, "Are you in arrears in your life with God?"

"What do you mean, Marj?"

"Have you judged people who go to the doctor? Have you despised those who take medication?"

"Of course I have," I answered. "I've not only judged them, but preached against them all my life."

"Do you know what God may be requiring you to do?" she asked.

"No, what?"

"You may have to call the doctor."

"Well," I responded. "If I am in arrears with God on this issue, call the doctor."

In an hour, I was on my way to the hospital. The doctor said I was an urgent case and admitted me into the hospital where I remained for two weeks. During that time, I had surgery. I took little black pills, little purple pills, and was catheterized twice. When I returned home to recuperate, so weak I couldn't even lift a chair, I had to wear *nappies* as if I was a baby. After the whole business, I lost something I could well do without — my image of myself.

"When are you coming, Arthur?"

Several weeks later, when I finally was able to walk about, I was still in a good deal of pain and felt as if I was back at square one. All the hospital seemed to accomplish was getting rid of my picture of myself as a man of great faith. I threw myself down on the couch and cried out to God, "Oh, Lord Jesus, You are still my Physician. I still need You so much. I desperately need You!"

Then the phone rang. It was Harry Bizzell calling me from Charlotte, in the USA. “When are you coming, Arthur?”

“I don’t think I am fit to travel, Harry. I don’t think I am coming anymore.”

That night, God spoke to me: “Were you ever fit to travel? Don’t give me that!”

“All right, Lord. I’ll go.”

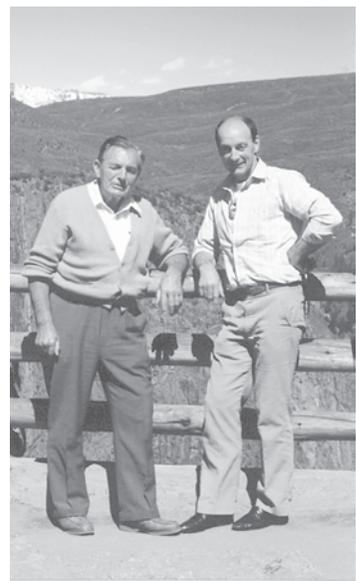
His grace is sufficient.

On the following day, I asked Joe to run me to the junction to catch a train to London where I presented myself for a standby to Miami.

Brother Clifford picked me up and took me to his house. On the second morning, I woke up aware something had happened. I got up and walked out of my bedroom completely healed, and by the grace of God, I have never had another pain in that leg since. Once God dealt with my pride and self-glorying, He gave me a miracle, for which I am grateful. Since that time in 1979, when I was 66 years old, I have traveled more than ever before. And wherever He has sent me — Israel, Australia, Hong Kong, Central America, South America — His grace has been sufficient.



Clockwise from left:
1. Arthur and his daughter, Rachel
2. Victory on the Mount of Olives
3. With son Joe in Colorado
4. Literally obedient in Australia



13

These Foolish Things

When I was first saved, I had the idea I must always test everything, rather than just accept that I was right and everybody else was wrong. It was a foolish idea, because you don't have to roll in the mud to see what color it is. So I decided I would do the rounds and visit the Catholics, the Theosophists, the Spiritists, the Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses and Christian Scientists. I did the lot. Wherever I went, in my heart, I said, "Lord, I'm so glad You saved me, but who am I to think I'm right and everybody else is wrong."

Let them exalt Jesus and the precious Blood.

I would enter these places with a secret prayer in my heart, "Lord if this is of You, let them exalt Jesus and the precious Blood. Otherwise, let everything go wrong." In the course of my searching, I arrived at a spiritist séance, which was being conducted by a blind medium who began to give messages.

He said, "There's somebody in this meeting the third row from the front, the second from the right hand... will you please respond?"

Nobody moved. He repeated his request. Nobody moved. All of a sudden, I got a punch in the ribs from the person sitting at the back of me. "That's you," he whispered. "Say, 'Yes'."

Sure enough, third row from the front, it was me, so I said, "Yes."

The medium said, "I have a message for you from a lady called Ethel Dixon who died at the age of 68. She was a schoolteacher,

fond of animals, kept a parrot, and her guide, who was a red Indian, has requested that this message should come through her to you. Do you know the lady?”

“No,” I answered. He described her in even greater detail, but I still said, “No.”

There were 11 messages in that séance and not one person knew who the messengers were. Every one of those 11 messages went wrong. After the meeting, I went up to the medium and told him I was one of the people he was supposed to have received a message for.

He said, “I have never, in all my experience as a medium, been in a meeting where I received many messages and not one of them turned out to be correct. I don’t understand it.”

I left the meeting, having settled the issue. I had prayed before the meeting that the Name and Blood of Jesus would be exalted in that place if it was of God. The Lord absolutely and perfectly demonstrated for me: there had not been one mention of Jesus or His Blood, and everything in the meeting had gone wrong. I came away completely satisfied.

David’s legs were dangling from the loft...

Over the years, many people stopped for a time at our house. Amongst them was a black family from Nigeria, Joe and Flo Kolowola, who had just arrived in England still wearing long robes, their native costume. God enabled us to minister to them while they were students — Flo, in midwifery, and Joe, in electrician’s courses. Their second son was born in our home. We loved and cared for them, and Marj was like a mother to them.

I had extended the roof of our home in Paddock Wood, had put boards down to make the rafters into additional rooms, and had built a ladder up to the loft which we used whenever we had additional people stopping with us.

One moonlit night during the same period, my future son-in-law, David, trying to convince my daughter Pamela to consider his affection for her, came to the hospital where she worked as a nurse. He climbed the drain spout, sat on Pam’s bedroom windowsill and tapped on the glass.

“Go away! Go away!” Pam demanded, scared the matron would find out.

“No I won’t go away, until you promise to come out with me.” So Dave, more or less, blackmailed her into going out with him at the beginning of their courtship. Afterward, he got saved in a Billy Graham crusade. They are now happily married and are young people’s leaders.

While they were still courting, David came to visit Pam one day. Afterwards, he left on his motorbike to go home when his motorbike broke down. He made his way back to our house late at night. I directed him to the improvised ladder and he climbed to the loft where I rigged him a bed. There was no bathroom up there; anyone using the loft had to come downstairs.

In the middle of the night, David tried to come down from the loft, but the ladder was gone. Joe Kolowola had moved it away, not knowing someone was up in the loft. Poor David was trapped up there until morning. When Joe arose, he passed by the loft’s trap-door opening and discovered David’s legs dangling down! After they recovered from their mutual shock — David, seeing a big black face peering up at him, and Joe, seeing legs protruding from the ceiling — Joe rescued David from his accidental imprisonment.

Greater than the power of the downward pull

In my boyhood days, I had some conflicts with the law of gravitation. Once, I took an old umbrella, and standing on the backyard wall, decided to parachute down. The umbrella turned inside out, and I had a very, very sore *sit-me-down* for several days, having come up *second best* with an unseen law.

My second conflict with the law of gravitation came when I was a bit older. In those days, lorries (trucks) had written on the back of them a circle with the number “20” in it, indicating the law permitted them to travel up to 20 miles per hour, although the big lorries were capable of going faster and often did. When we boys rode our bikes up behind these slow moving vehicles, we could, by pedaling furiously, get into their draft and keep up to their speed of 20 miles per hour. We enjoyed cycling in the flow

of their draft... of course, we lads always enjoyed doing what we shouldn't!

The next temptation, when we caught up to the lorry, was to put our hand out and hold onto the back, keeping out of the sight of the driver. Now we could have a free, effortless ride as the lorry pulled us along.

One day, as I was enjoying a ride at the back of a big lorry, it suddenly accelerated, pulling me clean out of the saddle of my bicycle. My bicycle veered off to the left, leaving me, like some visionary angel flying through the stratosphere, clinging to the back — and the lorry was gaining speed! I knew the longer I hung on, the worse things were going to be. So, I let go, crashing onto the road. With knees and hands bleeding, I went home and told my mother a pack of lies so she wouldn't know what I had been up to.

Early in life, I learned the power of the unseen law of gravity over me. Today, when I go to America, I do not fall into the Atlantic Ocean; when I go to Australia, I do not fall out of the sky. Why can I now, as a man, flout a law which so overwhelmed me as a boy?

The answer is that the law of aerodynamics supersedes, cancels the lesser law of gravity. The power of the forward thrust is greater than the power of the downward pull. The Bible describes this principle in Romans 8: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Boat ride with Aunt Edie in Cullercoats Bay

When I was about 12 years old, while my mother and father were away for a weekend, they left me in the care of one of my aunts, Auntie Edie. I loved my Auntie Edie and she loved me and would often buy me chocolate elephants and all kinds of gifts.

On this weekend, we went down to Cullercoats Bay to enjoy a beautiful sunshiny day.

Auntie Edie said, "Oh, I would love to go out in a boat, but I have never learned to row."

Big (*in my own eyes*), pompous Arthur said, “It is easy. If you would like to go out in a boat, Auntie, I’ll take you.” Now, all I knew was the theory. I had never rowed a boat in my life, but I thought I knew all about it. You just put the oars in, you pull them, and you go. So we went down to where this old salt, with his fluffy white whiskers, his peak cap, and his blue jersey, rented us a boat.

Cullercoats Bay has two piers, which enclose the bay. Within the bay it is reasonably calm. Beyond the piers, you are on the choppy open sea. Auntie Edie and I got into the boat and I took the oars. It was just as I thought. I put the oars in, pulled them, and we began to move through the water. Everything was fine.

I began to pull across the bay, Auntie loving it... until we rowed out between the two piers. Immediately, the water became choppy. I got broadside to the waves, and the boat began to rock wildly.

“Oh dear,” Auntie said. “What’s happening?”

“It’s all right,” I calmed her and began to pull out into the sea. Soon, impudent waves began pouring water into the boat, while broadside on, I was desperately trying to turn.

“Shall we go back?” Auntie asked.

I managed to get back into the harbor, when suddenly, an angry voice emitting from a bald head in the water started cursing me. “Look out!” roared the swimmer who glared and shouted curses at us as we narrowly missed him.

I rowed on right into the path of a boatload of fishermen in a motorboat just coming into the bay. A man on the bow cupped his hands and shouted, “Ship your oars! Ship your oars!”

I didn’t know for certain what he meant. The fishing boat was coming straight into the side of us when I pressed on my oar, and it went up into the air. The motorboat passed us so closely that two of the men in it had to duck their heads as they passed under my oar, while again, we heard a flurry of choice language.

By this time, Auntie was getting worried. “Are...are we all right?”

“Oh, yes,” I answered wondering if we really were. I rowed over toward the caves on one side of the bay. Because the tide was in, the water was rough there, and as I tried to turn away from the caves, the boat became wedged between two boulders. We were stuck. Standing up, I tried to push the boat out, but it began to rock dangerously. Just at that movement, a big wave rolled over the boat, soaking my poor Auntie. There she was dripping at the other end of the boat while I was frantically trying to dislodge us. Poor Auntie Edie.

“Oh!” she exclaimed. “Oh! Please take me home!”

By this time, I was desperate. If I only had somebody I could have handed those oars over to who knew what to do! Another wave crashed into us. Finally, I managed to get clear. I sat down, soaking wet, and pulled the boat back to the shore. The old sailor with the white beard just grinned at us.

“Well,” he smiled. “That’s the quickest half hour I’ve ever seen. Have you had enough?”

“More than enough, thank you,” Auntie replied, stepping quickly out of the boat, while dejected, drenched Arthur followed her. We had been out only seven minutes.

There are many people, like me, who think they know it all, who think they can do it all and they set sail. The unexpected arises, and finally, they long for somebody they could turn the oars over to, somebody they could surrender to and say:

*Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life’s tempestuous sea;
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.*

I had to put my prophetic ministry on the shelf.

Like many young people, when I was a young man, I thought I knew the voice of God, but I didn’t. When Marj and I were first married, I thought God told me we were going to have a little girl and her name was to be Gloria Joy. When the baby was born, it was a boy — our Peter.

I thought I knew the voice of God and believed God had given me the name and sex of the baby, but my assumptions were all wrong. I had to put my prophetic ministry on the shelf and have the humbling truth that I wasn't as far along as I thought I was, and I did not recognize the Voice.

Many people never move from the place they are in, because they will not accept the truth of where they are. They cannot move from that position until they do. I have to own where I am to be able to disown it.

Such things die hard.

My pride dies *hardly*. I've always had pride in the physical. I played football 'till I was 60. I jumped an iron fence at 66. *Well I tried to*. I'd always done it. And I cut an artery in my leg and it bled for four months. God has allowed me, physically, much grace.

I was the visiting speaker in an Easter Convention in Manchester in 1936. They thought that I would be spiritual and prayerful so they almost apologized. They said, "On Easter Monday, the young people go out and they have sports. Maybe you would like to stay at home and pray."

"No," I said, "I'll come along and watch your sports." So I went.

And when they had a 100-yard sprint, they said, "Are you coming to watch?" I said, "I'll join in if you find me some shorts and canvas shoes." "Oh, well," they didn't expect the *special preacher* to do this! But I knew what I was doing. And in my ego and in my pride, I knew and at the crack of the gun *I was off!* And I beat the lot of them! *Beat the lot of them!* They said, "Oh, we never dreamed that the preacher would come in first in the 100-yard sprint!"

Well, I went bigheaded. I just took it. I knew I couldn't do the marathon, 26 miles... but I could do the 100-yard sprint! And I beat the lot of them! And it filled my ego. It pleased me.

Such like things die hard. You know that if you can do something, then you want to show it. Whether it's driving, painting, cooking, mending, speaking, whatever, Wherever God has blessed me, I will respond by projecting myself.

And that's why I was mentioning the possibility of writing a book, *How to be Ordinary*. Not extraordinary. I don't know that I'm fit to write a book on how to be ordinary because I don't want to be ordinary. God's dealing with me, but I'm still putting the goods in the shop window.

Get rid of the spider.

Once in Kennedy Airport with several hours to wait, I browsed through a shop, picking up a *girlie* magazine. I had looked this way and that way to make sure no one was around who knew me, because after all, preachers should not do anything but read their Bibles. What I saw interested me. I liked it.

After a while, I had occasion to go to the rest room. I tucked the magazine under my arm and was making my way up the concourse when a Hare Krishna girl came up to me. She pinned a carnation on my buttonhole and tried to sell me a book.

"Look," I said in a very superior, spiritual tone, "I am not seeking. *I have found.*"

As quick as a flash of lightening, she whipped the magazine out from under my arm, opened it, spread it out in front of me, and asked, "*Is this what you've found?*"

I felt as if I was looking into the eyes of God. Ashamed and confused, I moved away from her, mumbling something like, "I am only answerable to God."

I was, and still am, disgusted with what I had done. If I could have bent down and kicked myself around the airport, I would have done it — not so much because of the issue of the magazine — but for the humbug, the hypocrisy. I was so superior before this girl, like a spiritual Pharisee.

We pay heavily for being out of the will of God in our attitudes. We always do. Thank God, in His mercy and grace, He takes hold of our folly and turns even our stupid actions into something for His glory. Occurrences like that demonstrate the difference between cause and effect, between what we term "pride" and "sin", like the difference between the spider and the cobweb. Get rid of the spider, and that will put an end to the webs.

This reminds me of the old story of the monks who were conducting an all-night holy vigil:

In the morning, as the old abbot walked down the aisle, one young monk came up to him and said, "Father, I alone have kept the holy vigil, while these, my brethren, have been engaged in irreligious slumber."

The old man looked at him and said, "Son, it would have been better for thee to be engaged in irreligious slumber than to remain awake to criticize thy brethren."

I believe God is dealing with us these days, making a sharp division between pride and sin, between cause and effect. For the failure and the sin, the Blood of Jesus cleanses. But for the pride, which produces the sin, God *resists*. The only answer is that I must humble myself under the mighty hand of God. Get rid of the spider and that will get rid of the web.

"OK..." "Hallelujah..." and "Coke!"

While in Ti Chung, I visited missionaries who were quite poor. We had only bread and jam to eat, and then jam and bread, and then bread and jam again, and maybe a little rice, and jam and bread.

"Don't worry," I told them. "I don't drink tea. A glass of water will do."

"Oh, you can't drink the water!" they exclaimed. "The water is polluted so we must boil it before we can drink it."

This was a problem because, without refrigeration, the boiled water stayed warm and tasted sickly in that heat. I didn't want to upset them, but I didn't know what to do. I walked up the lane into the village where I saw the magic word: "Coke."

Entering a shop, I offered the clerk money, telling him, "Coke," and for the remainder of the week, I lived off Coke. In my travels around the world, I learned there are three universally understood words: "OK", "Hallelujah" and... "Coke"!

I was surrendering on what I've always moved on... His voice.

I was in Savannah with some dear friends who thought that I should live in America. And with friends like these, who needs enemies?! It sparked off in a restaurant when a little black girl came up and kissed me and said, "How long are you here for?" I told her and she said, "*You are not...*" And they picked up on that.

Then there was a sister sent over to Bron Wendon with a prophecy that I should leave my home and my people and the people I was called to and shall go to another land and I should settle there. Well that did move me and I wondered about it. And then a brother offered me a home in Savannah. And a number of others all thought they had the witness. So I thought, "Well who am I to think that I'm always right and the others are wrong? Maybe they do have the mind of the Lord."

From the time I considered this, I was ill. My leg plagued me. It's difficult to discuss this without bringing people into it, because people were involved. And the people were wrong.

One brother said he felt it was God, I should come and live in Savannah. He would be the supporting co-pastor when I was away and look after the people. He talked about it but he never came... never came near me. Somebody else declared they had a *witness* they thought was God.

And for once, I was surrendering on what I've always moved on, *the voice that spoke to me*. So I thought, "Well, maybe I'm wrong, so listen —." The more I listened, the sicker I got. I ran out of shoulders, I've only got two. And at 4:00 in the morning, I was in such pain, I couldn't lie in the bed.

I went home and brought my wife over to look at the building in Savannah. And she very graciously said, "Well, if you feel to come, Arthur, I'll fit in with you." She didn't oppose me. She didn't fight me.

And all the time, I was getting sicker and sicker! Finally, there was to be a Convention in Savannah. *Big Convention...* The brother who was going to be co-pastor and the others, they'd arranged it. Norman and I left Naples, Florida early in the morning to

drive all the way to the Convention in Savannah. That's quite a long journey, from Naples to Savannah.

When we got there, to our surprise, there were only about three people. There wasn't any Convention. I no sooner got there and this brother, who'd been so valuable and so full of praise and the mind of the Lord... says, "Oh, my wife and the family, we're going down to the coast for a couple of days." And they went off, right on the Saturday, the day of the Convention. And I thought, this is a funny dude. And apart from Norman and myself, there were about five people at this Convention.

I thought if ever there was a flop, this is one. I spoke, nobody there.... We'd come all that way. I'd understood they'd advertised the Convention. I couldn't believe it. I thought this brother with all this talk, about... you come and the Lord is showing us this, that and the other! And then on the very day of the Convention, he says, "Oh we won't be here, my wife and I and the family are going to the beach for a couple of days." And he just marched out and left us.

Well, I really wondered then. I really wondered. I asked this brother how did he feel about these things.... It was a proper flop. I settled it. "I don't believe God wants me to come." I was in great pain. I was racked with arthritis. I made the decision.

Norman took me up to Atlanta and put my bags into luggage, and I crawled on the plane. The plane left Atlanta for Manchester, and in the air, *God healed me*. When I made the decision, I just knew I'm where God put me and I mustn't leave. And if I do, I'm a dead man.

The Manchester plane

The lesson is "*Beware of Covetousness*". I was covetous. I wanted a good fare to America. And I searched the television and I got a good fair. Roundtrip from Manchester to Orlando, £149! "Good!" I had a big bite off the tree – "the knowledge of good and evil". (Gen 2:17)

Got the flight, landed, everything was great. But it was only a week and I felt I should be over here longer. But then cunning, crafty Arthur, I always knew I could get an extension and pay a

penalty. I thought well, I'll do the same. "I won't go back on the date, I'll pay a penalty. Another \$60." When I inquired, they said, "No penalties on charter flights." That's it. So I missed the return date and I needed a flight back.

A brother in Atlanta said, "There's a sister in our group who works at the travel agency." He took me around to see her, sweet girl, she was. She was Taiwanese and spoke good English, "I got you beautiful ticket to Manchester."

And I ought to have known. But I was so greedy, I thought, "*Good. This is really cheap!*"

He put me on the plane. I changed at Philadelphia. And on the second leg of the flight, I said, "How long to Manchester?" He said, "45 minutes." I said, "*What?! Manchester, England?*"

"No," he said. "Manchester, New Hampshire. You're on the wrong plane." They graciously tried to help me and they began to check. And they said, "The plane for England left 10 minutes ago." I said, "What am I going to do?!"

"There's nothing you can do, if you'll just come with us." We were two hours from the wrong plane. So I landed at midnight, Saturday night. And they tried everything they could, but there was nothing they could do. They said, "The only thing we can do is put you up in a motel. Be here at 4 AM in the morning and we'll take you all the way back."

They took me back to Philadelphia, and then they took me back to Atlanta. I rang Marj up, "I'm on the wrong plane." Rang Norman up, "I'm on the wrong plane." He came down to meet me. And he says, "Never mind that, I'll get you a good flight." I said "Don't you talk to me about 'good'. I've had a big chunk of the knowledge of 'good'!"

"The first plane that will take me back, I'm going." I went to American Airlines. I was so weary, so tired. And they got me a single to Manchester, \$1,000. I said, "I don't have the money." I had to pay on a bankcard.

"It's via Chicago."

I got on the plane and looked at the ticket and I noticed the ticket got into Chicago, 6:00 and the Manchester plane left at 6:10. *Ten minutes!* I said, “Will I have time?”

“Don’t think so.”

So while we’re up in the air, the pilot said, “Could I have your attention?” There are very dangerous thunderstorms ahead. And rather than take you through them, we are going around. But unfortunately, it will add another half hour to the journey.” That was not now 10 minutes, but 40 minutes away!

I tried to get off the plane. I couldn’t get out. When I got there, I was fed up, lost the Presence, weary.... I stood there and said, “*Oh Lord, I’m all wrong. Please forgive me, have mercy on me.*”

I thought, “Well, the plane’s gone, that’s it.” And I crawled along to the Manchester gate. It was empty, everybody gone. There were two girls laughing, giggling at the desk. I said, “Has the Manchester plane gone?”

“Mr. Burt, Mr. Burt! Are you Mr. Burt?!”

“Yes.”

“Get yourself down there! You’ve held the plane up for 25 minutes! They’re all waiting for you! Get yourself down there!”

And they grabbed me and stuck me in a first class seat!

“You weren’t late to the meeting after all!”

Some years ago, a dear little Episcopal priest named Father Sherwood took me on a tour of Cape Kennedy. We had arranged to go that night to a meeting of Charismatic Roman Catholics where they had invited me to speak. I was stopping at the home of Brother Tom Snyder. When we returned after our tour of the Space Center, we were rather late and Tom had already gone to the meeting.

I was still in casual clothes, and I thought, “Well, I suppose Tom would have taken my Bible and tambourine and my jacket to the meeting.” So, I turned to Father Sherwood, we called him “Sherry”, and said, “Well, we’d better go straight to the hall, Brother.”

“Yes,” he said. “Let’s go. Well, over to you.”

“No,” I said, “It’s over to you.”

“Don’t you know where the meeting is?” he asked.

“No.”

“Well,” he said, “I don’t either.”

So we started at 7:15 to call around to find the meeting which was to begin at 7:30. It was nearly 9 PM when I lost my peace, I knew I was wrong. The Lord rebuked me, and I repented saying, “Lord, I believe I am not late for this meeting.”

We continued our hunt and at 9:20 discovered a baby-sitter who directed us to the meeting. We got there at 9:30 and tiptoed in finding everyone lost in the presence of God. If we had rode in on pink elephants, they wouldn’t have noticed us. I felt so guilty about being late. Here we were, arriving at 9:30 for a 7:30 meeting, and here’s me believing we are not late. Suddenly the leader of the meeting looked up.

“Well,” he said, “now we’ll ask Brother Arthur Burt if he will speak.”

I thought, “It is 9:30. What should I do? I’ll speak 10 minutes and then sit down.” And so I did.

The leader said, “We’ll break for coffee and cookies and then gather again at 9:45.” At the end of the break, he asked me again to speak and the meeting went on until 1:45 in the morning.

As we walked out into the starlit night, a brother came up to me and said, “Well, Brother, you weren’t late to the meeting after all.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well,” he answered, “you know how these Roman Catholic charismatics are with reading their little letters, talking, announcements, and one thing and another. The meeting hadn’t been going on long when you came in. The Holy Ghost didn’t come much before you did, so you weren’t really late at all!”

Haiti. The large straw hat

Sometimes there were lighter moments on these journeys into the third world countries. Traveling over the mountains in a jeep from Port Au Prince in Haiti, we carried cement and wood for four-and-a-half hours to where some brothers planned to construct a church. There were no bridges over the rivers, so we had to drive across where it was shallow, passing little isolated huts with nothing in them, nothing more than shelters from the weather where people barely existed. Although I usually don't minister from my pocket, but from my mouth, when we arrived at our destination, God allowed me the privilege of giving the people some bags of wheat.

The pastor of this little congregation had a talkative wife who was so excited to have visitors, she would hardly let anyone get a word in edgeways. Finally, someone suggested that we pray, but she still wouldn't stop talking. The pastor turned to his wife who was wearing a large straw hat, grabbed the hat, pulled it down right over her chin, and then he began to pray, making me smile in spite of myself.

14

Far & Away

El Salvador

When I was in El Salvador, I couldn't wash my face because the guerrillas had bombed the water pipes. All that was available for bathing was a tin of water, which also contained cockroaches and mosquitoes that had committed suicide, their bodies floating on the surface of the soapy water.

I put my flannel in, squeezed it out, and rubbed my face, hoping not to be making it less clean than before I washed. It was either that or remain sticky with sweat in the 95 degree weather.

In El Salvador, I ministered in the hospital, the military academy and some of the churches. I also visited a pathetic little orphanage, a missionary school where they had dozens and dozens of children they picked up in the hills. Their parents were gunned down. These little orphans looked like little old men and women all under the age of 12. They wouldn't smile at the puppet I had. They wouldn't even take a sweet when I offered them from the bag of sweets. They were too afraid of taking anything from a man because they had witnessed men murdering their fathers and mothers on the hillsides. Cringed, fearful, terrified... from the horrors of war. No daddy. No mommy. So sad.

In the village, I saw a little girl with one leg and a wooden prop. I saw 14-year-old boys who had been sent out into a war conducted only at nighttime, boys who had been booby-trapped and had both legs blown off them — children who had been blasted, burned and blinded. The lads were casualties of a war that had no end to it.

Their only training was just to get them used to shedding blood. The army would take enlisted boys of 14, 15 and 16. And they'd pin to the ground an enemy captive, one of the *guerillas*. They'd capture these men, pin them to the ground and see how many times these boys could stab them without killing them – that they might get used to shedding blood. That was all the military training they got.

They put them in uniform to fill their egos. And the war was only at night-time. I watched the trucks go out at night filled with these young boys. They come back in the morning – legs blown off, arms burned, blasted, booby-trapped, perhaps blinded. And these kids were taken to hospital.

I visited the hospital. And through an interpreter, I talked to these lads who were lying there. All they had would be a bandage around an amputated leg. They had no crutches, they had no artificial limbs. They'd just lay there, lads of 15, 16. I said to them, "Well, look at life now. There's half your body blown off." And I talked to them about Jesus.

When reality invades your doorstep and death looms near, all of a sudden, the desire for liberty becomes intense and life becomes very, very precious. This is the world we live in. So *desperately* do we need the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Persecution

I felt there was a good response, in the military academy and the other places in El Salvador. People were hungry, hungry for God. Wherever you've persecution, it quickens people.

Mind you, it wasn't any better in Cuba when I have visited. The pastor had taps that didn't work, toilets that didn't flush. I had to wash in a bucket of water. And they seemed to have got reconciled to that kind of life.

I eased off in Cuba because I realized that the man who was responsible for my being there is there all the time. And they'd threaten to kill him. It's okay for me to go for two or three days and shout my head off. But then I'd leave him to clean up the mess and maybe get shot in the process.

It's easy for a missionary to go to these places and kick up a stink, denounce everything... and leave the poor people who are there all the time to reap the persecution, bitterness and hatred which came from people like me.

But I do see persecution differently. I read in the Word, "...all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (II Tim 3:12) So it's there! And if you're not being persecuted in some measure, you come under the next thing where Jesus says, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!" (Luke 6:26) It's not an acceptable thing with God to be popular with the world.

The rubbish dump in Guatemala

In all the places I have been, I have never been so grieved over poverty as I was in Guatemala when I visited a vast rubbish dump, a mile in diameter, in an area called *The Place of No Hope*. Hundreds of people live in tiny makeshift huts there, where they pull whatever they could find to use, and even to eat, off the tip of the rubbish. The tip is strewn with corpses of animals, and some have said it even contains a few human corpses.

They have no water supply and no toilets there. Sewers run open, level with the surface of the ground, and little children play in it with their fingers, making mud pies and islands as the urine-filled sewer water runs on its way. The stench of it all made me wish I could stop breathing.

We took the people big cans of soup, and children brought paint tins from the dump to get them filled. When the pastor and I returned to his house, which contained only six beds and a shelf, I was sorrowfully moved seeing that pathetic little house of God, an old cracked tambourine — all the music they had, and the children waiting with big shining eyes. I don't weep easily, but I did weep. I gave away everything I had with me — my money, my purse, my scissors, my knife. If I had given the pastor a Cadillac, he couldn't have been more thrilled than when I parted with my pen knife.

Everything is gray and colorless there. I vowed that on my next trip, I would take as many Christmas cards, birthday cards, whatever, to the children, so they might have a little color in their

drab lives on that rubbish dump where people live and people die.

Girls on Fire in Russia!

In Russia I saw young girls, 19, 20, 21... pastoring whole congregations in the faith. They were leading the people and shepherding them! To me that was *amazing!*

As it says of Abraham, his faith was counted for righteousness. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." (Rom 4:3) It was a substitute for what he hadn't got. And it would seem that for many of these girls, their faith is counted for experience. And they moved into a realm, by the Spirit, *altogether beyond human experience.*

Now I know experience isn't final. Our Lord Jesus is perfect, but He had *no experience* of sin. So experience must bow to the realm of the Spirit. And it's the Holy Spirit who guides us to the ultimate goal which is "all truth...". (John 16:13)

Costa Rica. We had been with Jesus.

In San Jose, Costa Rica, the pastor invited us to his house for a meal, and about twelve of us sat around the table. Among them, was a local pastor who supervised three churches on the coast, making his rounds on horseback through the roadless jungle. He had left his horse and had taken the bus to this pastor's home. He couldn't speak English and I couldn't speak Spanish, so I just watched him as he sang and played his guitar.

At one o'clock, we gathered 'round the table for our meal and they asked him if he would say grace. He was praying in Spanish, when suddenly, as if it were Pentecost again, the Holy Ghost came down. Another pastor and his wife from Las Vegas, clutching their stomachs, began to shout and run 'round and 'round the meal table. Two others leapt to their feet shouting and speaking in tongues and praising God.

We were caught up in the presence of God until 4:30 when, like someone awakening from a sleep, I abruptly came down to earth. We were all still there — the meal untouched. I don't know where

we had been during those hours, except that we had been with Jesus.

Later, I said to the pastor's wife, "Well, I suppose you are disappointed with all this food untouched."

She said, "No, no. We'll clear the table. We've had meat to eat that we did not know of."

Four miles through shark-infested waters

Once, when I was in Jamaica attending a morning meeting, I met four young men — quiet, meek, unassuming young men. To make conversation, I asked them, "Have you come far to the meeting?"

"Well," one of them answered, "We've traveled four miles to get here."

"Oh," I said. I could tell by the looks of them that they didn't have much money. They probably didn't have a car. "Did you come by bus?"

"No," the one explained. "We swam four miles across the bay."

I asked them what they did for a living and they told me they were sponge divers.

"That's very interesting," I said. "Tell me about your work."

"Well, we have to dive deeply. We must hold our breath for about two minutes, cutting the sponges. We dive naked with a rope around our middle and tie the sponges on the rope.

This amazed me. "Is there no danger deep down in the water?"

"Not really."

"Are there no sharks?" I asked.

"Oh yes," they said. "There are plenty of sharks."

"Well, don't you consider that dangerous?"

"Oh no," they said. "If the sharks come around following our rope, we just swim underneath them and take our knife and just rip them up."

“Do you really do that?” I gasped.

“Yes. We always have to do that if the sharks come.”

These young men swam four miles through shark-infested waters and would swim four miles back again when the meeting was over. They didn't consider that a hardship or a sacrifice to come to a meeting. I marveled at their attitude in contrast with many others I had known who, by comparison, had pathetic little excuses for not gathering with the people of God.

You have to own where you are before you can disown it.

Once when I was in Montego Bay, Jamaica, the brethren there brought a woman to me who was suffering from deep depression. She was taking heavy doses of medicine and asked me to pray for her. I said, “No.” This is almost an unpardonable sin in Pentecostal churches — to refuse to pray for someone.

“Depression is not something cured by tablets or prayer,” I told her. “If you are a child of God, depression is a loss of the presence of God, and if you've lost the presence, you need to have truth where you've lost it. This is necessary.”

Whether the people agreed with me or not, I don't know. The man of God said to a woodsman who had swung his ax and lost the ax head as it flew off the handle, “Where did it fall?” (II Kings 6:6) This is what I believe, if you have lost your ax-head at the last church, you'll not find it at this church. You'll find it where you lost it.

If you are guilty of unforgiveness, criticism, backbiting or judging, you are not going to put that right with tablets. Depression is a sign of the loss of the presence of God. The only way to find the presence, is to find out where you lost it and what caused you to lose it. *It is a divine principle that you have to own where you are before you can disown it.*

In Denver. The Inexcusable Judgment

My plane landed in Denver at 7:20 PM. The pastor was there to pick me up for a meeting that began in a few minutes. We were late so he said, “Look, we'll go straight to the meeting.” He said,

“Are you all right brother? Do you need anything to eat?” I said, “No, I’ve eaten on the plane.” So we went to the meeting.

That night, I ministered on Romans 2... The Inexcusable Judgment. And I said, “That which irritates you is you in another person. Greedy people quickly discern greed in other people. Bossy people are very, very quick to sense other people being bossy. Who is it that says, “Ooohh, he’s so self-willed...”? *Well how did you find out?*”

Romans 2 says you’re without excuse, whoever you are that crossed that line in judging somebody else unrighteously — because you do the same thing. Well immediately, you react. You say, “Well I don’t.” God says you do. “I don’t.” You do.

So I ministered this at the meeting that night and I said, “You show me a church where there’s a company of elders and one elder stands up and points the finger at another elder and says, ‘All you do is seek for position in this church!’” I said, “Well, what do you think *he’s* after?”

After the meeting, the pastor came up all upset and he said, “Brother, if you’d been here last night at the elders meeting, you couldn’t have said it more particularly. He said, “I don’t know what to do. Because that elder will never think I didn’t talk to you.”

“Well,” I said, “how could he? You know brother. I know. God knows.”

“Ah,” he said, “but he doesn’t.” I’ll have to go around in the morning and try and sort things out.

Unerringly, I bow to this principle. The moment I climb to unrighteous judgment, I’m revealing what I am. Nobody would know, but it reveals itself by its cackle. And I reveal this sinful heart of mine by its judgments. By my judgments.

God says you’ll either believe it or you’ll prove it. Choose! If you don’t believe it, you’ll prove it. Romans 2... The Inexcusable Judgment! Without excuse! I’m the man sitting on the branch while I saw it off. And there may never have been a trace of that in my life because of the grace of God until I judge. Then God lifts the grace and I do it.

My briefcase

Some incidents are like a scar on a man's life. They never go away; he never forgets them. Once I was traveling from Duluth to Minneapolis, and while I was waiting for a connecting flight, I left my suitcases near the ticket counter and went to make a phone call. There were two rows of telephone booths with openings at the bottom where you could look in to see if they were occupied.

I went into a booth and put my briefcase between my feet. I took out my little telephone book, stood it up on the ledge, and began to count out the quarters the operator said I needed. While I was counting out the quarters, I felt a movement between my feet, and suddenly, my briefcase was gone. Everything of importance was in it — my tickets, money, passport — *everything*. Foolishly, I panicked, not knowing what to do. I left the phone dangling and rushed out into a milling crowd of hundreds and hundreds of people, looking through them desperately, but could see nothing of my briefcase or of the one who had slipped it out from between my feet.

“Lord,” I prayed, closing my eyes. “I’m sorry. I’m altogether wrong. I’ve lost my peace. I’ve panicked. I don’t know what to do.” I stood there utterly helpless.

God spoke to me: “Return to your bags at the ticket counter.” I didn’t want my other bags. I desperately needed my briefcase, but leaving everything in the booth — the telephone dangling, the stack of quarters, my phone book propped up against the ledge — I obeyed the Lord and went to the ticket counter. When I got there, to my complete astonishment, I found between my two bags was my briefcase.

Now, reason would say I never took it with me to the phone booth — but I did take it. I pulled my telephone book out of my briefcase between my two feet, and I felt a hand pull it out from between my feet through the aperture at the bottom of the telephone booth. How it ever got between my two bags at the ticket counter was beyond my reason. When I had repented of my fear, God, in His mercy and grace, gave me back my bag.

I picked it up and went back to the kiosk where the phone was still dangling. The pile of coins was still there, and so was my telephone book. To this day, I can offer no explanation for what had happened. My only answer — it was God.

Ethiopia. If I am out of God's will, I am out of everything that matters.

On my way to visit a brother who had gone to Ethiopia as a missionary with his wife and children, I flew from London to Rome where I had to change planes. When I presented myself at immigration before boarding the next plane, the official looked at my passport.

“You can’t continue,” he said. “Your vaccination certificate expired last night.”

“I didn’t realize that,” I replied. “I am so sorry. I’ll have it seen to as soon as I can.”

“You most certainly will,” he said. “You won’t go past me without a vaccination certificate.”

“You’re not telling me that I have to go back to London,” I protested.

“Yes, of course. That is my job. Your certificate expired last night. If you want to, you can go into quarantine in Rome, stop over a few days, and get vaccinated there.”

I stood there and watched all the people go past me onto the plane. Leaning against a wall, I challenged myself, “What will I do? Am I in the will of God? Did the Lord tell me to go to Ethiopia?” I knew God had told me to go. The official just stared at me coldly, and I knew I would get no help from him as, one by one, the other passengers filed past, leaving me standing there alone.

“I don’t really know what to do,” I said to the man. “I don’t feel I have to go back to London.”

“Look,” he said impatiently, “I don’t want to know you. Go away.”

The Spirit of God quickened those two words — “*go away.*” I acted on it and went away, walking straight down to my plane, where I sat down and was soon on my way to Addis Ababa.

My heart spoke to me, “What is going to happen to you when you get there?”

“I believe I am in the will of God,” I insisted silently.

My heart proceeded to warn me of the dire consequences awaiting me in Addis Ababa, and I continued to object that God had spoken to me through the man.

When the plane landed in Ethiopia, I went to customs where I spotted David through the grate. Just as he shouted “Brother Arthur!” a porter picked up my cases and walked straight toward David. Following him, I walked through customs. David tipped the porter who went on his way. For the first and only time in my life, I had gone through customs without showing my passport.

I was very busy ministering to the Ethiopians with several meetings daily beginning at 8:00 in the morning. After several days, God spoke such a clear and definite Word to me that I began to tremble. Sitting down to breakfast, I said, “David, the Lord has given me a Word for you.”

“Wonderful,” he replied. “Janet, come on and sit down. Brother Arthur has a Word from the Lord for us.” He waited excitedly to hear what I would say.

“Brother David, you are totally, completely and absolutely out of the will of God by being in Ethiopia.”

David received my Word as from God. He turned to Janet and said, “If Brother Arthur is right, it explains everything that has been happening.”

When I got to the airport for my departure flight, an official asked to see my visa. “I haven’t got one,” I told him.

“Impossible. You couldn’t be in the country without one.”

“Look, mister,” I said, “I am.”

“How did you get in?”

“The porter just picked up my luggage and I followed him,” I explained.

““Who is he? Where is he? Point him out to me.”

“They all look the same to me,” I shrugged, “with their curly black hair, brown skin, and all dressed alike; I couldn’t tell you which man it was.”

“You will have to get a visa,” he insisted.

He held my passport while I went to get a visa. When I returned, he was gone, and I had to hunt all over the airport for him and my passport. Eventually, I traced him.

“Now,” I thought, “what is going to happen about the smallpox vaccination certificate.” I showed him the visa, which he accepted. Then he opened my passport and spread out my smallpox certificate.

I thought, “Here we go now.” Just at that moment, a man behind him touched him on the shoulder and asked him a question. He turned his head around to answer the man, and while he was speaking to him, he took his rubber stamp and went “bomp” on my papers. He closed my things up, handed them to me, and I was through.

Shortly after I left Ethiopia, David and his family also left. Almost immediately afterward, the Communist party took over the country and put 260 of the Christians into prison. David got out just in time. Being in the will of God is of paramount importance. If I am out of God’s will, I am out of everything that matters.

Falsely accused

There was a season when I was attacked as being the leader of a cult. I was accused of teaching sinning for the glory of God. And letters against me went out all over Britain and as far as New York and Australia. A pastor who I’d never met was invited to back up accusations against me. On the church notepaper, to give it authority, he decreed and declared, “*This man, Arthur Burt...!*”

I got a letter from Australia saying, “Dear Brother Arthur, I do not accept this accusation. But what do I do? What do I tell my elders?”

So I rang him up on the phone. I said, “Raymond, I have nothing to say based on ‘Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves... for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay...’.” (Rom 12:19) *And oh, how God dealt with those people.*

I believe I’m right in saying the dear man went to prison. He was asked to look after a boys school and he got involved in immorality and he was denounced. I’m not sure whether he lost his church, whether he became divorced. But I know he paid heavily. *Heavily.*

And all I did was nothing. That’s what God told me to do. And He says, “Vengeance is mine....” (Rom 12:19)

He’d never even met me! He’s never seen me! I’ve never seen the fellow.

I just accept it, well alright....

Norman

Bless him, I believe he’s given me his backbone for a whistle. I mean he’s run me around... Florida, New York, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina... meets me right at the airport, any airport. He’s never expected anything, never said anything. Norman has been tremendous. You see, now in my old age, he picks me up and he drops me, and so on. And for years, he’s driven me all over North America.

Norman was running me around in his old car. And it was getting very decrepit. The paint was coming off of it. It looked a real “crate”! We laughed. I said to Norman, “Don’t leave it down in the corner near the garbage, because the bin men will take it away! They’ll think that in a nice neighborhood like this, this man doesn’t want it.

So we laughed about it, “Norman brought his crate in.”

Then a brother from another part of the country said to me, “When’s Norman going to get another car? That old crate, it

doesn't really do much for your image." I said, "Well, my image doesn't count."

He says, "Listen, I'll give you...." (I can't remember now, I think it was either \$3,000 or \$5,000.) He said, "Don't tell Norman who's given you this. You give it to Norman to get a change of cars." So I gave the money to Norman.

Well for weeks and weeks and weeks after that, he haggled. He went into this place, he went into that place. He hemmed and hawed and if'd and but'd. And I exploded with the fellow! I said, "You're like a perishing old washer woman! Why don't you get on with it?! Buy something somewhere!" Saw all sorts....

Now on the 2nd of January, I fell sick. And around January 5th, Norman and I landed in Florida at a dear brother's home. He and his wife began to care for me.

I hobbled in and out, Sandra pumped pills into me and I was in much pain. I washed in bed, I cleaned my teeth in bed. Pierre slept in the next bed to me. They put cushions all around the bed to help ease the pain. And the only time I got out of bed was to walk across to the toilet. And I did that in extreme pain. I just had to wait and let God heal me. I think it took about three weeks.

Norman finally said, "Well, there's nothing I can do for you, I may as well go home." And as he walked out the door, *he pushed the money into my hand*. And he said, "Take this, you're a sick man, you need it."

I didn't have a meeting from the second of January 'till the end of March. And the money just came right. But poor old Norman didn't have his car.

So the end of the story... He's back home in his *old crate*. And he's taken his wife and kids out and he stops at the traffic light in Atlanta. And a big city waste-bin vehicle drives up into the back of his car and hits him, gives poor Mary a whiplash. The two kids are screaming of fright. It's a hot day, the windows are down. Norman had stopped at the lights. And there's a police station right there at the lights.

Kids are screaming as the crash from this fellow hits the back. The police come running out, poking their heads through the win-

dows. And there's Norman so pleased with himself, but pretending he's so upset. The city reimbursed him and he got a change of cars. So God met him.

15

Crumbs from a Broken Loaf

It is for God's people... for the glory of God.

How gracious God is to guide us. He will answer a fleece like He did for Gideon. "This time, let the dew wet the fleece and the ground remain dry; next time, let the fleece be dry while the dew wets the ground around it." And there's another time, Abraham's servant prayed, "Let the next woman who comes to draw water from the well draw for me and my camels, and then I will know she is to be the wife of my master's son, Isaac."

God will speak to us through many means. Most of the time, we go to the Bible for guidance, but even there we must use caution. If a man, distressed about the course of his life, should open his Bible to Matthew 27:5, he would read that Judas went out and hanged himself. If he should turn a few pages over to Luke 10:37, he would read the phrase, "...Go and do likewise." He might draw a disastrously wrong conclusion from linking those two verses.

Randomly thumbing through the Bible for direction can be highly dangerous. There is no breath, no anointing on this type of search for guidance. Even when we get a direct Word of guidance out of a Bible reading, we still need to exercise caution on how we interpret it and move on it.

The Bible may be the Word of God, but is it the Word of God to me for this moment, for this circumstance? If there is an anointing on my inquiry, then no matter what the method — Bible, fleeces, watering the camels — the anointing teaches me as the Spirit

guides me. If I wait for God to perform His Word, He will, confirming it in unmistakable ways.

Over the years, as I waited for Him to bring about the promise of my taking wood and building a house for His glory, Sister Wood ministered financially to me many times. You can give me a hundred reasons why I could have imagined that God was speaking to me out of the Word in Haggai. But after all, can imagination bring checks for a thousand dollars?

The house is no longer a vision or a desire. It is there. I live in it. Bron Wendon is a 21-room house in Penmaenmawr, North Wales, four minutes from the sea on a hillside at the foot of the mountains. After many years of hard work, the last of those 21 rooms, the master bedroom, finally has been renovated — a 50th wedding anniversary gift to us from the Body of Christ. We do not run our house commercially. It is for God's people, and many hundreds have come here, receiving ministry with peace and blessing for the glory of God.

The Coal House

Vision can come to one man among thousands who have no vision. I once knew a retired air force man from Cornwall, Brother Baker, who saw an old dilapidated coal house — slates off, bricks out, holes in the roof — sitting down the hill toward the sea from the owner's cottage. Its only value was that it faced the main road where all the tourists went down to the beach. One day, Brother Baker, who had gone down that road many times, bought the coalhouse.

Brother Baker, a widower, and his artistically gifted daughter, Joy, rebuilt the coalhouse, turning it into a little souvenir shop which they called *The Hole in the Wall*. They would go down onto the beach where they would collect shells, and then Joy would glue them together to make little Victorian ladies with big-brimmed hats and long dresses. She also did raffia work, basket weaving, and paintings, which they sold in the shop.

In about three years, Joy and her father made a fortune out of that coalhouse. They took the money, bought a fish and chips restaurant, and after sweating through another three years, retired and moved to the United States.

Joy came to me one day and asked me to pray for her that God would enable her to play the guitar, so I laid my hands upon her and prayed. Joy had learned no music, but from that time, she sang and played beautifully. Shortly afterward, she met and married a Canadian evangelist.

None of the many blessings would have occurred to this family if that one man, out of the thousands of people making their way down to the seaside, had not seen the value hidden in the old coalhouse. He had a vision and saw what the other people didn't see. When we envision, either in a coalhouse or a ruined life, what others don't, then, thank God, hope burns and births again where there is no hope.

“Dad, do you think it is possible to bring the girls to your meeting to be dedicated to the Lord?”

After our move to *Bron Wendon* in Wales, I asked my son, Steve, now a building subcontractor, to come up and do a job for me. When Steve was a boy, he would sometimes fall asleep in my meetings with his mouth wide open, quite uninterested. The years rolled by, and Steve spent a time in the army, wandering, drifting, drinking, and doing the things people do who are away from God.

We all have troubles with people we know, people we live with and work with. And because there is sandpaper in me and sandpaper in them, we rub each other. Instead of taking any blame, we blame the other sandpaper for the agitation. My trouble is not the trouble. My trouble is in my attitude toward a situation or a person — sometimes my children. In spite of the way he was living, though, Steve still knew we loved him.

When Steve finished the work I had asked him to do, he said, “Dad, do you think it is possible to bring my two girls into your meeting to be dedicated to the Lord?”

I was amazed. This was from somebody who, as far as I knew, was as much interested in the Lord as a codfish would be in Shakespeare. The night Steve brought the girls to the meeting, he came himself. The Spirit of God fell upon him and he has never been the same.

Very soon afterward, in 1981, Steve moved up to live with us and later Joseph did the same. God has wonderfully blessed these two sons who had been far away both physically and spiritually, but God brought them back. Now we rejoice in a wonderful unity, and I know what Jesus meant when He said, “I and my Father are one.” (John 10:30)

God will supply all my need.

I don't know many people who really want to have much to do with the tax man. I suppose most people are on the defensive when they go into his office, feeling he is demanding too much, but God has dealt with me in some measure in my attitude toward the tax man.

I have been in many countries where I've seen poverty, the scarcity of water and desolation from war or natural catastrophe. Then, coming back to my own country, I was grateful to live where conditions were far better. Here, the least we can do is to “Render... unto Caesar” (Luke 20:25), even if we don't trust him, at least render to him knowing that God has given us much blessing through our government and we should appreciate this.

I found myself one day in the tax office where the tax man asked me, “These are your bank statements, your airplane tickets — all this bundle are yours?”

“Yes,”

“How many years does this cover? Does this cover your life?”

“No,” I answered. “That's just for the last two years.”

“You mean all these airplane tickets belong to you from the last two years?”

“Sure. My name is on them. Look at them.”

Then the tax man began to question how this could be possible.

“Look,” I told him. “I am no different from anybody else. I am a believer in Jesus Christ, but even so, I can be tempted to be defensive or to be dishonest like anyone else — but I don't choose to be. I choose to be honest and truthful as unto God. By the way, do you pay income tax?”

“Oh,” he sputtered, “of course I do.”

“Well then,” I remarked, “you will understand the attitude most people have when they come into this office. Their whole desire is somehow to escape paying one penny more than they have to. Now I have it settled that I do choose before God to be truthful with you.”

So the tax man started questioning me about my income. I told him I have no guaranteed income except my old age pension. That’s all I have. Also, I have living with me a son and his family and we live by faith — not faith in the people of God but in the God of the people. I make no appeals in my ministry, write no letters appealing for money, no gimmicks.

“But,” he objected, “excuse me. You have written a number of books.”

“Yes, but I do not charge for them. If people want to give me something for them, that’s fine, but I don’t charge for books.”

“What about tapes?”

“I don’t have any. If I ever do, I give them away.”

“What about this big house you live in? Twenty-one rooms!”

“We run it for God’s people,” I explained. “We don’t charge anybody who comes. We’ve a box in the hall if they want to give us anything toward expenses, but we do not run our house commercially.”

“Oh,” he said. “Well, let me have a look at your books.” I handed them across the table. “These look interesting. I’d like to read these.”

“You’re welcome to have a copy of each,” I offered.

“Thank you very much. How much do I owe you?”

“Listen,” I retorted, “you’re not going to catch me with that! I told you I don’t sell my books. You are welcome to them.”

The tax man resumed his questioning, and as far as I knew before the law, I answered his questions properly. The more I did so, the more mystified he was.

“I cannot understand how you live,” he puzzled. “Your rates are over a thousand pounds, you also have water, drainage, and telephone, gas and electric bills, and coal bills. You say you have no regular income except your pension, and then you say you travel the world.”

“Yes, I travel the world. I stopped counting the times I’d crossed the Atlantic when it got to 200. Wherever it is that I travel, God meets me. Where the appointment is, the provision is. If God doesn’t meet me, I don’t go.”

“Well,” he mumbled, “I don’t understand this.”

“That makes two of us,” I remarked. “Neither do I. If you are leaving God out of the picture, I don’t have any answer.”

I feel that living by faith includes rendering to Caesar what is due him, and so I pay my income tax, believing God will supply all my need — even my taxes. I don’t have to moan and complain about it.

One day, many years ago, God *rebuked* me for saying about any particular expense, “I cannot afford it.”

“If it is My will,” He said, “you *can* afford it. If it’s not My will, you shouldn’t want to afford it.” I am grateful to the Lord because He does meet me in grace and mercy.

No newsletters, no appeals, and no charge

People have passed through Bron Wendon, many hundreds... without charge. God has always provided abundantly... and without any appeals for finances.

Well, when I was 16, I read the life of George Muller. And Muller believed in a life of faith: not faith in the people of God, but faith in the God of the people. He never ever made an appeal for money.

And I read the story of this woman who’d got saved. She said to her husband, “Who is George Muller?” He said, “Well everybody knows who George Muller is.” “Well,” she says, “I don’t.” He says, “What are you talking about?” She says, “Well God told me, while you’d been out, He said, ‘Bake George Muller bread.’ Why can’t he buy his own bread like anybody else?” she said.

He says, "Are you telling me, your God is so real He can give you the name of a man you never heard of?" And she said, "Yes."

So that night, they baked. And in the morning, the horse and cart were outside the Muller's orphanage. There they were, all the kids at the table chattering away, completely oblivious of the situation... that there was *no bread*. And the matron was whispering to George Muller, "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

He's says, "It's alright. When you've lived here a bit longer, you'll get used to the way we live." And he gave Thanks. And there was a bang on the door. One of the orphans went down and he opened the door. Soon there's a shuttle-service running – *bread, buns, scones....*

I read that when I was 16 and I said , "Lord, You can do that with George Muller, I'm free, if that's Your mind God." And whatever fault or failure I may have had over the many years, from 16 to more than 86, which is 70 years... I've lived that way. *No newsletters, no appeals, and no charge*. Nobody's ever been charged. We have a box in the hall, we've baskets at the meetings, and it's entirely left to people. ...*And faith in the God of the people.*

For the glory of God

Some people have asked me why I moved to Wales. The highest goal of life, even as players using all their strength and skill in a football game, is getting the ball into the goal. Football's goal really isn't a very wonderful goal. It's only putting a bag of wind between two sticks. If that were all there is to life, life would be shallow indeed. You could outwardly appear to be a pillar in the church but actually only be a caterpillar crawling up and down your cabbage leaf. What is the goal of life? What is the purpose of my creation and then my salvation?

Jesus is the first-born of many brethren, and God's ultimate purpose for my life is that I, like Jesus, live my life according to the Father's will, for the praise and exaltation of His glory and grace. I see nothing beyond that. When people ask me why I moved to North Wales, I can only answer, "Because I sincerely believe God has sent me here." I do not presume I will never move again. All I am saying is I believe it is God's will for me to live here now.

I am speaking of more than a physical residence, but about the temple of the Holy Ghost as well. As His temple, I can only glorify Him, satisfying the plan of the Lord Jesus, when because of the example of my life, others are both birthed into His Body and conformed to His image.

I certainly haven't arrived. I feel no more like settling down now that I am nearing 90, than I did when I was 20 and life spread before me like an open sea. Today, and every day of my life, I choose that my ministry should glorify God. My philosophy and only purpose in life is faithfully to do the will of God for the glory of God.

I didn't come to Wales with any heroic vision. God told me through Haggai to go up to the mountain, bring wood and build, and "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former" house. (Hag 2:9) That is all I know. I do wonder whether there is yet an unrevealed purpose in my being here — whether there will be a resurrection of the Welsh revival. I don't know.

I do know how particular God is about place. For each important event in the lives of His people, all the pieces have to be in the place which the Lord designates: Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles. Each time God established those feasts, he clearly stipulated the *place* to observe them as well.

North Wales is the place where the Spirit of God moved many years ago, using Evan Roberts, when the whole of this little country throbbed and thrilled with the power of the Holy Spirit. I wouldn't want to limit God by believing in a forth-coming revival for just Wales. His Word promises that *all the earth* — not just Wales — "*...shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.* (Hab 2:14)

It could begin in Wales. There are many people who have said they had visions of the fire of God falling on the Welsh hills, but at any rate, I believe God is preparing His people. Like yachtsmen who spread their sails for the wind of God, they will be ready for the day of His visitation.

My ministry has evolved into a call for preparation, as I go from here to there, seldom spending more than two nights in any one place. Wherever God has sent me across the world, I find inevita-

bly that the message the Spirit of God gives me is “*Prepare, prepare!*” The whole issue is not having revival, but *handling* it — not how much of the presence of God can I have, but how much can I handle to the glory of God.

Breaking the alabaster jar

When we announced the first convention we were planning at our home in Wales, people wanted to know what the program was.

“There is no program. We’re having a ‘*1 Corinthians 14*’ convention.”

“Who are your speakers?” they asked.

“We haven’t got any,” I told them.

“Oh, I see. You are going to do all the preaching, are you?”

“No,” I explained. “I am the number one enemy of the whole operation if I do the preaching. If I cast my shadow on the water, will the fish come? This is a time when everyone will minister as the Holy Spirit directs.”

Surely, the first objective of this kind of meeting is to get me out of the picture, and for everyone attending to get themselves out of the picture. It is a fine, sensitive operation for the Lord to keep a man in the picture, while in the man’s heart he is out and the Lord is in.

At convention time, the people came from Northern Scotland, Guernsey in the Channel Islands, Florida, and as far away as Australia. We learned one thing. Oil isn’t ladled out of rock, it has to be drilled out. Our problem is that we are hard-hearted, while the Word of God says, “...harden not your hearts.” (Heb 4:7)

Sadly, everything the church claims to be over, she is really under. Sin often has dominion over us. Sin, divorce, disease, financial and emotional bankruptcy are all evidence that the birthright God has given us is not yet ours experientially. The struggling church has not yet entered into what she should have, because she cannot handle it for the glory of God.

What is the drill that penetrates the rock of our hearts? It is repentance. Ultimately, repentance will break through and the oil will flow. We all have had our conventions and meetings of polished preaching and gifted singing. If that could have done the job of breaking us, it would have happened by now. We need only one thing before the perfume of our lives is released and accepted in the nostrils of God — *the “alabaster box” (Matt 26:7) of ointment must, must, must, break.*

At our convention, there was weeping and breaking. It wasn't a huge revival. It never hit the newspapers, but those who were there were conscious of God's presence. I believe this is what will constitute the next move of God on the earth, a ministry of His presence. How can I minister His presence, when I am so full of my own presence, when my ego fills me like air fills a balloon? I need to disappear, *we need to disappear*, so Jesus will manifest Himself in His mystical Body.

Meetings never end.

Revelation, which you get in a meeting, which is *upon*, has to be followed up by *situation* to ram it “*in*.” Now, the situation, it has to be *wrrrrrought in*, which speaks of fire and a hammer. And the truth that you buy out of the meeting is in forever. You never lose it. But the initial anointing “*on*” – you can lose it.

It's the difference between window shopping and going to the counter and buying the goods. An acknowledgement of truth prevents me going *out*... but it doesn't put me *in*. “Oh, isn't that a lovely clock! *I do like it.*” Well you're not going to have it for nothing. It's up for sale.

So you move from an acknowledgement to the next situation. You see the ticket on it. There's a price to pay. *Then* are you still willing to have it – at the price of the ticket?

You may have to make arrangements how you purchase and how much you can pay and when... But the thing is, you make the decision. Do you still want it at that price? Now, if you do, then you go to the third situation, *you go to the counter.*

And many, many, many people never get passed window-shopping with God. They see things in meetings, they acknowledge

that they're wonderful. But then they come out of the meeting and they go home to nagging wives, unsaved husbands, fussing mothers-in-law, yapping kids, disobedient, noisy neighbors next door with their windows up and television blaring away waking your baby.... And basically, life is full — ablaze with situations.

Now those situations have to be married to your revelation. You got your revelation. Now come out of the meeting and enter into situation. So we say, "*Meetings never end.*" The flat tire, the leaky tap, the noisy nosy neighbor next door — life's full of challenges. And if your revelation doesn't marry to your situation, you haven't got it.

In our meetings at Bron Wendon, I say, "Alright, we'll break formation now." And when we break formation, the meeting continues. Now you apply your revelation to your situation.

"It wasn't you, it was God."

As I look back over more than 70 years as a Christian, I sometimes feel as if I am dreaming and will soon awaken, hardly believing that all these years have gone by. Most of my contemporaries are gone. Except for a handful, all the people from my generation who I knew, loved, esteemed and fellowshiped, are gone. Over the years, a lot of the events which make up people's lives have also made up my life. I bought some hens and sold them, vegetables in the garden changed to apple trees... but these are of little or no consequence.

I have never been important in the eyes of men, never one of the "*greats*". If you ask me who I am, I will tell you. *I am nobody*. The message I bring today is that every somebody will now have to become nobody. We must lose our identity in the Body of Christ, because Father will not give His glory to anybody but Christ.

Joseph stood before his 11 brothers, his awkward, envious, jealous brothers who had sold him into slavery, and he absolved them with a single phrase: "It wasn't you, it was God."

I don't know whether that revelation had come to Joseph like a flash of lightning from heaven, or whether it was a process over long years of prison until he finally came to power in Pharaoh's

court. In any event, he did see God's hand in his situation. "It wasn't you, it was God." "...you meant evil against me; but God meant it for good..." (Gen 50:20) In finality, Joseph's revelation stands for us all as we acknowledge the truth of the sovereignty of God in our lives.

Everything I didn't want... now thrills me!

Some people who believe in the sovereignty of God conclude man doesn't really have free will and can't really resist God. Whether our will is in cooperation with God or in resistance to Him, it is still our will. A motorcar is still a motorcar whether it is going forwards or whether it is in reverse and traveling backwards.

Nothing can alter or frustrate God's sovereign will — neither devil, archangel, man nor beast. His will shall be done. Inside the big wheel of God's sovereignty is the little wheel of human responsibility. Jesus is the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, while inside of God's sovereignty concerning that event is Judas's human responsibility when he betrays the Lord.

The fall is still so much a part of man, his first reaction to the will of God is always against it. Looking at my own life, I had never taken the initiative toward God. At first, I didn't want to be saved; I fought it. I didn't want to be a preacher; I fought it. I didn't want to leave home; I fought it. In 1932, before I was baptized in the Holy Ghost, I didn't want it because I knew I'd be expelled from the movement I was a part of.

Even though I was in love with Marj, I didn't want to marry her because she kept touching my pride. I rejected her and jilted her. Then, God had to show me she was the woman He had appointed. I didn't want a big family. After Peter and Miriam were born, I said, "Okay, we have one of each. There is no other species." Then, God dealt with me through George Muller with his many orphans, and I saw that God didn't look upon children as a lot of nuisances. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." (Ps 127:5) I thank God for all nine of our children.

I didn't want a traveling ministry, traveling all over the way I do, and I didn't want the house I live in. What a different outlook I

have now about this house from the day I came up the drive kicking and spitting.

Everything I didn't want, now *thrills* me. I have seen the principle of Philippians 2:13 at work in my own life. "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure." And this brings us back to His glory. If He is to get the credit, He must do the work. He does not want His people popping out their chests, crowing: "Oh I am onto the will of God!" The will of God is always something He has to work into us. Man cannot produce for himself the will of God. It is not something we can manufacture, like people in a factory produce pork sausages.

When we learn of God's will in a given matter, the only time we react with joy initially, is when His will happens to coincide with our personal desires. When God's will opposes our will, though, our first reaction is opposition until God works His will into our hearts.

The Roman soldier could require a civilian to carry his armor one mile for him, but Jesus said we should volunteer to go the second mile. The first compulsory mile is where God does His work in our heart. When finally we agree to carry the burden an additional mile, we can hardly take credit for seeking God's will. When we come to the place where we say, "*Thy will be done, I surrender,*" our surrender suggests there was a battle.

Even though I initially opposed God's will, I learned that when I partook of it, it was sweet. I thank God for my family. I thank Him for saving me and for baptizing me in His Holy Ghost. I am grateful for the world-wide traveling ministry He has given me. I thank Him for my house. I thank Him for everything. I see myself as a creature who God, the Potter, has shaped from the clay. I'm not even clever clay, but only clay which God has kneaded, so He gets the credit.

Only... give Him the glory.

Christian workers must always be sure the Lord of the work is more important to them than the work of the Lord. If you want a tree to be fruitful, you must cultivate, fertilize, and water the

roots. And if you want a fruitful Christian life, you must also cultivate the root of it. What is your life rooted in?

There is no Christian activity higher than worship, and true worshippers will be the most effective workers. If, however, you have work without worship, you have missed God. This is the choice the Church must make today.

God would rather have 10 men who are 100 percent for Him than 100 men who are 10 percent for Him. Why did God tell Gideon to send home more than 30,000 soldiers just before the battle? "...lest Israel vaunt themselves...." (Judges 7:2) He wanted only those men fighting His cause who would give Him the glory. The others would have taken credit for the upcoming victory because of their numbers.

"All I ever did, I never did..."

At the marriage feast at Cana, Mary seeks to relate Jesus to the need. "They have no wine." (John 2:3) "And they are such a nice couple. Can't You do something?"

Jesus is abrupt and almost rude as He says, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." (John 2:4) Within an hour, His hour came, and He said, "Fill the water pots with water." (John 2:7) ...the beginning of the miracles manifesting His glory.

Jesus went to only one man at the pool of Bethesda, healed him, and left the rest. Why? Was He tired? Fed up? Backslidden? No, because this principle governed Him — His Father hadn't directed Him to do anything more. In John 5:19 Jesus says, "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He sees the Father do."

Jesus always related primarily to His Father, and His Father related Him to need. The church does not recognize this priority today. You can blackmail most Christians just by using the one word, "need". The needs of the world are overwhelming. Every time the clock ticks, a child is born; every time you take a breath, an Indian dies.

Tell most pastors there is a woman in need in the hospital or a family in need down the street, and they'll come into bondage, running around like scalded cats, ministering to needs rather than

ministering to God. When you minister to God, God properly relates you to need, letting you know if He intends to meet that need through you or through some other means.

Authority is an important issue to God. I have seen in Jesus' life that I must first relate to God, and then God relates me to others. Jesus wasn't related to others on a horizontal line, but was directed on a vertical line that took Him up to the throne. Then the Father opened His mouth with a proceeding Word which came down to the Son, and Jesus said, "Amen!" There was no hindrance in their communication as that Word bounded out of Jesus. It had lost nothing in doubt. It had lost nothing in a committee meeting weighing up the pros and the cons. The government was and always will be on His shoulders.

The cross settled this before the foundation of the earth. It was settled in the Lord Jesus who is not only the expressed image of the Father, but He is the divine purpose for my own life. I see how Jesus operated, how effective He was in glorifying the Father.

It was the Father in Jesus who healed the sick and raised the dead. His whole life makes this statement: "*All I ever did, I never did.*" He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing." (John 5:30) "I don't speak my own Words; the Father gave me a commandment of what I should speak. I didn't come as a volunteer; He sent me."

Slowly, it has begun to dawn on me that as it worked for Jesus, it should work for me. This is the only way the Christian life will ever work. I first must go humbly to my God for instruction and direction where I completely surrender to the Son and let the Son live His life through me. "...which is Christ in you, the hope of glory..." (Col 1:27) — the only hope of God ever getting any glory out of me.

God-consciousness rather than self-consciousness

I am three men. There is the man I think I am; there is the man I want you to think I am; there is the man I truly am. The first two men are false. The last man is the real me. God must deal with my pretense and even self-deception to bring me to a place where

I can recognize the man I really am in the sight of God. This entails God-consciousness rather than self-consciousness.

Self-consciousness is linked with people-consciousness. We need to surrender to God in such a way that God can work in us to deliver us from being men-pleasing eye-servants. Too often we deceive ourselves thinking, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing..." (Rev 3:17) All the while, God is saying, "You don't know you are 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind..." (Rev 3:17) All I have is in Jesus. I have a blessed bankruptcy that brings me into the sufficiency of God.

The price for this is to get rid of my glory.

There is no substitute for moving in the will of God. When I stand in the presence of my Saviour, I don't want Him to look at me and say, "How often I would have guided you. How often I would have directed you, '...and ye would not!'" (Mat 23:37) Or, "...you did not know the time of your visitation." (Luke 10:44)

Oh, how I covet that place where He will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant..." (Matt 25:21) The price for this is to get rid of my glory, my self-esteem, the projection of my personality, my pride, and all that is in me that seeks to be a god instead of having a God.

The only success I now seek is to be *faithful*, so what I do, I do to the glory of God. I don't do anything to meet humanity's need or to suit my convenience. I don't minister to project my personality or to puff up my ego. When the glory of God means to me what it means to God, then I will be one with the Father.