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OUT OF DEEP SORROW -- MIRACLES!

By Rev Bertha M. McCallie

Missionary Evangelist

Hobe Sound, Florida

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FOREWORD

During one summer in our tour of the camp meetings, Sister McCallie was a member of our party. She led 22 souls to the altar in one service and 88 during about 8 days of one camp alone.

It is comparable to the famous "Hospital Experience" of the late "Uncle Bud" Robinson.

Our family was one of the first to get a letter from Sister McCallie while lying flat on her back with a broken neck and other broken bones.

Yours in His Glad Service,
Evangelist Harry Black

* * * * *

What impressed me more deeply than any other trait of this remarkable character, was not her dynamic personality -- her marvelous prayer life, but her utter forgetfulness of self. "Others" truly is exemplified in her life.

Evangelist Elmer McKay

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OUT OF DEEP SORROW -- MIRACLES!

We live in this world so long and are so captivated by its weal and woe that we seem to forget we are visitors here, and that some day we must leave for eternity -- the great beyond. You may not believe in religions, or a God, a devil, a heaven or a hell, now while you are hale and hearty and surrounded by multitudes of friends, but by and by when you are stranded on a death bed and have but a few moments to live, you will feel quite differently.

I was born December 12, 1903, a few miles South of Terre Haute, Indiana, and spent 11 years in that section. My mother and father were divorced when I was five. Two sisters died in infancy, leaving one sister and two brothers along with myself living in scattered homes. When I was almost 12, I returned to live with my mother in the city.

Through the providence of God, my widowed mother, two brothers and I, moved into a Methodist parsonage in the city, and I became janitress of the Methodist church. It was here I first heard of Jesus. During a revival, I went down and shook hands with the preacher, and joined the church. It was the delight of my heart to attend the cottage prayer meetings and play the organ for the older folks. Many hours were spent, while cleaning the church, behind the pulpit preaching to empty seats.

Every Saturday night mother would take us to a nickel wild west show and I would start ahead of the family and linger at the street meetings conducted by the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. There was a hunger and a longing down in my soul that the church membership did not satisfy.

A missionary came to the church and showed pictures of the distress and need of the Gospel in India. A supernatural light streamed from heaven to my heart and a large hand pointed to a picture portraying a pile of bones, representing the great need of Gospel workers in India. It seemed as though I grew up overnight from childish ideas to serious thoughts about life. With these strange emotions intermingled with desires to go to India, I started to make plans to get there. Mother radically objected and told me that I could no longer take any part in the church or prayer meetings after a woman offered to finance me through a Missionary Training School. I had spent just two years in the church. Father died when I was 14 and I went to his funeral, although Mother forbade it. Trouble followed and I was taken by the police from Mother.

I tried to drown this call of the Lord by going to dances and theaters and playing cards. The pleasures of the world and worldly ambitions soon crowded out the desire for the things of God, but God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He will throw a network of Divine providence around us, when we start on our way while He has another mapped out for us. I tried to become an actress, a doctor's assistant, a court reporter and stenographer, but all of these plans were thwarted over a period of time.

At the age of 23, I was married to a young man, musician in dances and theaters. He was 28 and had been in the army and returned. We moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, purchased a home and lived an extremely happy life. He became a plumber so he could remain at home. A precious little son and a daughter were born into our home.

I started looking in another direction for something to satisfy that longing in the heart, and had ambitions for a nice home and a bank account. Nothing of this world can ever completely satisfy the longing of the soul, but God alone can!

God had to take a little nine-year-old niece, a rosebud from this earth, and plant it in the garden of immortality, to deepen conviction on my soul. It was the providence of God that a Sunday school superintendent should sit beside her dying form and tell her the beauties of heaven. Just before she went away, she told of seeing Jesus the Shepherd and little lambs. A beautiful heavenly, unearthly smile came across her face as her soul took its flight across the line of worlds.

Three years followed, with a life crowded with fears of death, of the night, afraid of the very future and what it might hold for me. Deep moods of melancholy swept over my being and many sleepless nights were spent down on my knees between two little cribs. I pictured myself or my children in a casket until my eyes were a fountain of tears. Friends and loved ones despaired of my mental condition, but I did not know what the matter was and neither did they. But old time Holy Ghost conviction had settled down upon me until I wondered if there were a true God, a Christianity, a heaven and a hell, which climaxed in a true search for the truth.

Christian Science and spiritualist literature was brought into my hands by neighbors, but only added to my confusion of mind, until my very soul cried out for deliverance. I'm glad the God of the skies thwarted all the plans of the devil to force some false religion upon me. How faithful our God is, bless His name!

With this terrible darkness clutching at my soul and wave after wave of despondency sweeping over my soul, I went back to my hometown to see Mother. Friends and relatives planned to entertain me with theater parties, dances and card games, but the desire for worldly pleasures had left me. Old time Holy Ghost conviction will make you quit the sin business, but it takes the blood of Jesus Christ to blot it away and put new desires in your heart. But when we get sick of the world, then God can do something for us. I learned that Mother had taken up with spiritualism, the false doctrine, and wanted me to go to a meeting with her, but God stepped in. We talked until the midnight hour on the subject of religion, and God began closing in on my soul.

The next day, at the noon hour on Saturday early in September, I was stricken suddenly, on the streets of my hometown, with a burning fever. This happened after hearing the report of a child dying with convulsions across the street. With hot tears coursing down my cheeks, I started for my sister's home, but lost my way there. They found me weaving from one side of the road to the other with my children, and took me to her home. I tried to stand on my head, and even climb the walls, to relieve the pressure on my head.

My relatives had planned a reunion on Sunday, and I was determined to go, even though they had watched over me through the night. The crowds gathered for the reunion, but I could not recognize any one. At my request, they put me on a cot devoid of a mattress and I scratched on those springs until blood was oozing out of the laceration on my back, limbs and arms, until they kept me bathed in soda water.

A nervous breakdown followed. They called a doctor and he said to take me to the hospital. I refused to go, and they called my husband to come after me from Indianapolis. When he arrived, they said, "Drive slowly because she is quite ill." Out on the highway, I told him to drive fast, as I thought I would die before getting back home. Upon our arrival at home, the front room was filled with neighbors and friends wondering what had happened to me.

They called for Rev. Robbins, the pastor of the Edgewood Methodist Church, to come and pray with me. He came at 1 o'clock in the night and stayed until 4 o'clock, leaving at that time because I had told him I was saved. I knew no spiritual language, and he told me later he left because I told him I was saved. I did not know what salvation meant, and I'm so glad the God of the Universe understands the heart cry for eternal life.

Dr. Neely was summoned, and he said I had pneumonia fever, and might not live through the night, and for all the people to leave, and leave me there alone. When the Doctor pronounced it pneumonia, they put a pneumonia jacket on me. He gave me one hypodermic after another, but none of them would take effect. In the providence of God, the wrong instructions were written on some powerful medicine, which hurled me down into the very shadows of death. They took my girl and boy to a neighbor to take care of them during my illness.

Since none of the hypodermic needles took effect, thank God the "Great Hypodermic Needle" of the skies was taking effect -- the king of old time conviction that takes sleep and appetite away! The Holy Spirit was convicting me! St. John 16:8-11, "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on me: Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."

I was afraid if I closed my eyes, I would drop into hell. I begged for prayer, but no one could pray. We may turn down prayer when we are hale and hearty, but there is coming a time we will want prayer. A radio preacher was contacted by phone and he said he would dedicate a song and pray over the radio for me. I was rolling and tossing from one side of the bed to the other, with my eyes rolling like two balls of fire, and begging for help. But God was faithful to the minister's prayer. And shortly afterwards I was left in a room by myself.

God shook me over hell. The atmosphere was growing hot from distant fires, while harsh thunders seemed to shake that dismal void. Seemingly from a distance, I could hear the roaring of the endless fire, the clanking of the fiery chain, and the sweltering and the waves of woe which were too wide to see beyond! I saw myself headed for hell, amidst the howling of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned.

Then God gave me a vision of the church as a life-saving station along the river of time, to stop perishing souls from going over the falls of eternal death. I realized that in committing the smallest sin, I had caused angels to weep and devils to rejoice. I realized every prayer, sermon, and Gospel song was only a lifeline thrown out from heaven to rescue poor souls from the whirlpool of sin. Sleep and appetite were gone.

Then God gave me a vision of the Great White Judgment Throne. I saw myself standing before the Throne with the Lamb's Book of Life spread out before me and my name wasn't written there. For two hours and a half following, I sat erect on my pillow and whistled these songs I had heard back in that little church where I had spent two years -- such as, "I can, I will, I do believe." "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus." I was trying to make covenants with the Lord.

They tuned in for the morning radio broadcast and they dedicated to me the song, "No Disappointment in Heaven." What a message in song! And it gripped my heart as they prayed for me. I observed that my name was not written in the Lamb's Book of Life and what a day of terror it would be at the judgment.

After seeing this vision of the hell and judgment, the reader wouldn't wonder why I have turned out to be a hell fire and judgment preacher, warning souls to flee from the wrath to come. We need more preaching on these subjects today and we do not hear it. In Job 33:14-18 we read, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. (15) In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. (16) That He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. (18) He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword." Psalm 107:18-19 "They drew near unto the gates of death. (19) Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses."

What an awful place for the sins and misdoings of the past to carry themselves before a dying person's vision like a regiment of soldiers. You may have your sins and misdoings of the past deeply buried beneath oblivious ruins, but when your conscience is quickened by death and your vision clarified by the light of eternity, they will all be resurrected and [devour] your soul like a pack of hungry wolves. II Corinthians 5:10, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Time is one of the most valuable articles on this side of Jordan's icy stream, and its full value is not realized by men and women until they are strangled upon their death bed with but a few hours to live. All the fleeting things of time are dropped in the awful hour of death.

The cold death dew was coursing its way down my fevered brow and I could feel the death rattle in my throat for 24 hours and I awoke to the fact that all the faces in the room, the furniture and everything, was fading from my vision like a dream, and all earthly sounds were dying away like the chime of evening bells. I was awakened only to the fact that the room was being filled with legions of devils from the "under world," and the impenetrable gloom of eternal night was settling down like a pall. I realized I was losing the power of utterance and my tongue was cleaving fast to the roof of my mouth.

Suddenly a strange sensation was creeping over my meager frame and the dart of death was flung through my fainting heart and I saw myself plunging into eternity without God. I had no time to fasten my eyes upon the so-called hypocrites in the church, or to fasten my eyes and thought upon friends and relatives in the distance who might mock! But I realized I was facing eternity without God and became more desperate. But praise God, the blood of Jesus Christ is just as powerful today as it ever was, and there is no help for that lost soul outside of the blood of Jesus Christ!

I uttered a feeble prayer in this language, "Lord, fix me up so I can die happy." That was the best I knew how to pray. Thank God, He can take a prayer and polish it up and hand it to the Father, in making intercession for us.

Jesus Christ, who was crucified on the cross of Calvary, and suffered, bled and died for my sins and the sins of the universe, appeared by my bedside with His long, flowing, white robe and beautiful countenance, quoting Scriptures. If there is ever a time we need the Word of God, it is today! He knew the Scriptures I needed. Hebrews 4:12, "For the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow and is a discerner of the thoughts and Intentions of the heart." Matthew 5:18, "For verily I say unto you till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matthew 24:35, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away." 2 Peter 3:9 "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Jesus knew the scriptures that I needed! Matthew 6:24 "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Also, Luke 16:13 "No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Mammon means the things of the world.

Then Jesus gave me the Scripture, Matthew 7:7-8, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Revelation 3:20, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The Lord said in 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Then you won't have to endure remorse -- life's deepest pain!

"All my past is forgiven I know;
Jesus' blood washed me whiter than snow.
'Blotted out!' -- Now His grace I adore,
For my sins are remembered no more!

Don't torture yourself by remembering sins that God has forgiven and forgotten!

God had to get me down on my bed of affliction to talk to me and clean up my heart. In that time when I had reached the end of myself, I had to have a settlement with God, and thank God it came and in a supernatural way! It seemed as though Jesus came and stood guard beside my bed and in a moment I was transformed by power divine! It was so real that had Gabriel or Michael, the archangel, come and said, "I want to introduce you to Jesus," I would have said, "I'm sorry; you're too late. I've already met Him!"

I was saved and healed instantly and called to preach the Gospel. I saw myself then in a vision, preaching to a large audience of people and also standing before a microphone singing and

preaching the Gospel. I got a spiritual glimpse that Jesus gave me of that beautiful place called Heaven, and it seemed like the angel choir in heaven was singing to me. Hebrews 11:16, "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

The old world had lost its charm for me since I have been to Calvary and know my sins are all under the blood of Jesus Christ! Our God is still performing miracles today! Many tell about the devil's getting them to doubt whether the Lord ever saved them, but the devil never bothers me about being saved, for it has been so real, I could never doubt it. The great plan of salvation is inexhaustible, indescribable, indestructible. No philosophy can solve it; no mathematician can figure it out; no artist can paint it, nor river drown it; no fire can burn it, nor ice freeze it; no dust storm can obscure it; no thunder can splinter it; no tomb can contain it; nothing in existence can stop it. It will drop out on the grand galleries of the city of the New Jerusalem some day and while the angels stand with the left wing folded over the right wing crying Holy, Holy, Holy, we shall sing the song of Redemption.

Death bed covenants are dangerous to trifle with and the commission came to go talk and tell others not to wait as I did, but prepare to meet God before you are stranded on a death bed. I requested the radio be turned on and they dedicated the song to me "The Home of the Soul."

My life was so marvelously transformed, and I saw my name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life. II Corinthians 5:17, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Luke 10:20, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." The Bible says in Matthew 7:14, "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Titus 1:16, "They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate." Many profess Christianity, not knowing Jesus Christ, but the Book tells us, "Few there be that find it." Oh, let us get a personal experience, knowing Jesus Christ!

I could walk now but my eyes were set in my head. I was so eager now to hear the Gospel. My life was so marvelously transformed, and people saw it and I was taken to a specialist to be examined for insanity before I could go to church. The specialist pronounced my case "exhaustion" and sent me to another doctor for examination. The report from there was, "Nothing wrong; turn her loose." So I've been turned loose from that day to this, and had the privilege of traveling to the church; for my eyes were moveable now, and the church was filled with people. Oh, that people went to church like they did back in those days!

I went to the Methodist church where the preacher had come and prayed with me that night. The church was quite a ways from my home. The Scripture the Lord gave me is found in I Corinthians 1:27: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." They had the teaching of Sunday school down in the basement of the church and upstairs was the preaching of the Gospel. The seats were all filled and so crowded I had to sit on a back seat of the church. After the Rev. Robbins preached, he gave an altar call. He had a funeral to conduct in the afternoon but when the altar call was given, many went to the altar. I asked the woman sitting next

to me if she would go to the altar with me. She was amazed and didn't know me, but walked down to the altar with me. She instructed me how to kneel, how to pray and testify. But the pastor said, "This is Bertha McCallie, who found the Lord in the shadows of death, and has come here to acknowledge Him publicly."

Five prayer meetings were going weekly in homes and the church, and I took my Jimmie boy and Norma Jean, going to every one of them. A great Holy Ghost revival broke out. Going around with my children, knocking on doors, I told them about the wonderful Jesus that had saved me and asked them to attend the revival. The altars were filled night after night and the meeting went on for four weeks.

After the revival was over, and nine months had passed by after Jesus had saved me, I went early one Sunday morning to get a front seat, so I could hear every word Rev. Robbins was preaching. His text was Hebrews 12:14, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." God has wonderful ways of revealing to His children the need of holiness. Many souls went to the altar that day, and I felt strange in leaving the church. But the next day, the blessed Holy Ghost came in my Mother-in-law's home where I was alone and revealed to me Hebrews 13:12-13, "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing His reproach."

There were uprisings in my heart and God has wonderful ways of revealing to His children the need of holiness. I began to pray silently and there came a revelation that I needed a higher Christian step, that would take the compromising spirit out of my life and set me apart for God; and no matter what people thought of me, I would stay true and be out and out for God. The word SANCTIFICATION flashed across my line of vision as though written in the heavens above. The magnitude of those moments! He has wonderful, ways of revealing to His children the need of sanctification as a second definite work of Grace. This glorious experience after the blessed Holy Ghost cleansed my heart removed the carnal nature that I was born with.

This illustration is crude but if the Lord gave it to me, it bears repeating. I saw a chicken gizzard with the inner lining of sand, grit and dirt, removed, leaving it with a white shiny surface and clean. The Lord seemed to whisper, "Your heart was like that chicken gizzard, with the sand, grit and dirt of the carnal nature you were born with, but through the cleansing, purifying power of the Holy Spirit, away went the sand, grit and dirt of temper, selfishness, jealousy, envy, strife, etc., and left your heart clean; and the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit is in your heart. Acts 1:8, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." What kind of power? Power to live like Jesus any time, any place, anywhere, under any circumstances. Ephesians 4:30-31, "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." John 14:26, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Galatians 5:22, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, (23) Meekness, temperance: against such

there is no law. (25) If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." Ephesians 4:27, "Neither give place to the devil."

A calmness possessed my soul such as I had never known before. Acts 15:9, "Purifying their hearts by faith." The revival fire spread into cold formal churches, and many souls were saved and sanctified. And a church was established in an old community dance hall at Sunshine Gardens, at Indianapolis; Indiana, where I held my first revival. Thank God for the transforming power that is so wonderful and so powerful that puts the "Go" into your heart to tell others about Jesus Christ! In the language of the Apostle Paul of old, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; who loved me, and gave Himself for me." II Corinthians 6:16, "For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

Then I received word from my mother that the Lord Jesus Christ had saved her out of the false doctrine and how happy she was to be serving the Lord! Three months later, she was up at 5 o'clock in the morning and dropped dead suddenly while fixing the fire in the stove in the front room of her house. My brother was there asleep in another room. I attended her funeral and she went to heaven with a smile on her face! Praise the Lord for answered prayer!

I was asked to preach in the Methodist church where my daughter at five years old got saved along with my son at the age of seven, along with my husband who knelt at the altar. Finally my precious father-in-law and mother-in-law came into my home to take care of my two children while I was out preaching and I paid them for it. They stood by me and so did my husband, encouraging me to preach the glorious Gospel. My father-in-law died and I returned from Old Mexico, arriving just before his death. My husband went back to his tobacco smoking after he had been delivered from it and gave up his profession of faith.

Philippians 1:12, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." Also I Peter 4:12-13, Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. (13) But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

God allowed me to be smashed up in a car wreck in order that I could be a great blessing to the world and to prove the miraculous divine healing power of God, or I would not put it in print.

As I traveled in revival meetings, Rev. Elmer McKay and Rev. Harry Black, who are in heaven now, got revival meetings for me through the United States. And the Lord has permitted me to be in every State in the U. S., but one.

I was headed for Louisville, Kentucky, being booked for a revival meeting. As I traveled, I pulled off the highway three different times to pray. It was in a blinding snow storm and over an icy highway, at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. I prayed and wept, asking God to remove that strange feeling, but it only intensified. No doubt God could see that the thing which was troubling me would in the long run work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

After the last prayer was uttered, I pulled back on the highway and my car wheels started skidding on the icy highway. A large Kroger truck came around the elbow turn and struck my car. The last thing I saw or remembered was that look of horror on the truck driver's face. I was unconscious for just a short time, and they started to lift me out of my completely demolished automobile, and I heard a voice say, "I believe her skull is fractured." I opened my eyes and found that my head was lying in a pool of blood.

They lifted me from the wreckage and took me across the highway to a home. Somebody robbed my blood-spattered car in the meantime and took the contents and the money I had earned at typing. They took me 90 miles back to Indianapolis, Indiana, to a Catholic Hospital. They had to put me in the ambulance with hot packs, for I was chilled, and they feared they would not get me there alive. A doctor was put in the ambulance with me. Pneumonia had developed and they did not think I would live through the night. Upon my arrival at the hospital, they took eight stitches above the right eye and on the left hand where I was injured and bleeding.

The next morning they took me to the x-ray room, for I had been spitting blood most of the night. The x-rays revealed a broken neck in two places, right pelvic bone broken in two places, six ribs broken and pulled loose from the breast bone, and a fractured skull. One physician and two bone specialists were on the case and after consultation, very little hope was held for my recovery.

They did not put me in a cast at all. Nurses were instructed to handle my neck "like it was tissue paper," for the two vertebrae were broken where the head pivots, and the life cord was drawn across the ragged edge of the broken pivot. They said it was a mystery to them how they had brought me 90 miles and gotten me there alive without my head slipping off and instant death resulting. But it was a miracle of God! They said that medical science could put plates in jaws, in skulls, repair broken limbs and arms but had not perfected anything to heal a broken neck of that nature.

It looked dark from a natural standpoint as they displayed the x-rays and explained the nature of the broken bones. But I am glad they told me the truth. But God gave me some opportunities to testify to people in this emergency room that I would not have had otherwise. The Lord gave me the promise, Psalm 34:19-20, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. (20) He keepeth all his bones."

They had a sign on the door, "No visitors allowed." But some friends from the church came, along with a backslidden preacher, to see me. I used this, "You are coming down to this hour some time, and all you can hold in your cold hands at death is the treasures you have laid up in heaven." Praise the Lord, the backslidden preacher got back to the Lord there in the room. He took me by the hand and said, "I am going to send my lumber to help build me a mansion in heaven." The Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

One morning one of the Catholic Sisters came and wanted to know when I was going to have any more of those "Mission services" in the room, as there were other patients in the hospital! She said she had heard some praying and singing in the room the night before. God gave me promises. Isaiah 45:2, Isaiah 30:21, Psalm 91:1; Deut. 33:27; Psalm 91:11; Job 1:10; Zechariah

2:5. Praise the Lord, that is GOD BEFORE US, GOD BEHIND US, GOD ON THE RIGHT HAND AND ON THE LEFT HAND; GOD ABOVE US, GOD OUR ETERNAL REFUGE; UNDER NEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS; GOD OVER US, AND GOD AS A WALL OF FIRE AROUND AND ABOUT US! We have Divine protection in the midst of fiery trials.

The Catholic priest came in with a bottle of whiskey, suggesting that I take some of it for the pneumonia condition. I said, "If I've got to meet God, I want to meet Him clean. No whiskey for me!" He was a constant visitor, trying to get me to turn Catholic.

Six different patients came and went in my room during my stay there which gave me many opportunities to testify for Jesus to them and their relatives and friends. They reported I was dying. I told the pastor of my church who came in that if I did not make it, to have a testimony meeting at the funeral and a time of rejoicing instead of weeping; and to give an altar call over my casket. My husband had remarked, "She'll be up from there again and out preaching."

Those old boards on which I was lying seemed to vibrate with the power of God, and the fire was running up and down my spine. Every nerve and fiber of my being was tingling with His Healing power. For they had put me on boards with a 40-pound weight on back of the bed, to keep me looking at the ceiling, and were feeding me through my veins. Those old bones snapped together and I thought everybody in the hospital could hear them. Here God had performed a twentieth-century miracle by saving those souls in such a miraculous manner, and now the healing!

God is trying everything He can in these days to prove His power if we will but have faith in Him. No wonder the Divine truth asks the question, "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" We are saved, sanctified, and healed by faith and in fact, walk this pathway of life from earth to glory by faith in Him. I felt I was some place in the third heaven, and His presence was so real. My tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth, and I thought I would either have to shout or just "blow up" in that Catholic Hospital. The prayer had ascended to the Throne and glory crowned the mercy seat, and the healing had taken place!

When God gives you a promise, hold on to it and in due time, the work will be done! Divine healing is something beyond your own will power; it is a supernatural power in the blood of Jesus Christ. All of the will power I could have mustered together would not have enabled me to lift my broken neck from those boards; but it was through faith in the healing power in the blood of Jesus Christ! They brought the x-ray machine down and took an x-ray, and it proved the Lord had healed me.

One day after the Catholic priest had had mass on Sunday, he painted a picture -- a painting of the West, framed it and gave it to me. He seemed disturbed because they hadn't put me in a cast instead of just keeping me under morphine.

Another day he came in and said, "Don't lay this on to the devil because you had this accident. The Guardian Angel permitted it. Just like St. Paul on the road to Damascus to persecute the true Christians, the angel knocked him down in order that he might receive the true light." He came near my bedside, looking me in the face, and said, "You came here that you might receive the true light."

I said, "Twelve years ago I received the true light, and it's growing brighter every day."

One day he came in and said, "I believe I am going to die; a fish bone lodged in my throat and infection has set in."

I said, "If you are ready to meet God, sudden death should be sudden glory."

One day after the Kroger Company had sent some representatives of their company in and an attorney came in also, I began to realize I was becoming a dope fiend for I was so dazed that I could not remember the conversation between us. I looked up to God and asked for deliverance. Thank God, I met the Great Physician of the skies who gave me a deliverance!

I want to testify that the Kroger Company paid my hospital bill, but never got me another car. I wrote the Kroger Company, telling them that I held nothing against them, for I praised God for His healing power! I would rather have a well body than the money I might get. The Kroger Company paid my hospital bill of \$500. Hospital bills were cheaper back in those days and the healing took place after I had been in there the fifth week. God had called me to go to the mission fields across the waters before leaving the hospital. They took me home in the ambulance and I got ready to leave for other meetings I was booked for in the States.

After leaving the hospital I was told to remain in bed four weeks to regain strength and to wear a \$34 brace on my neck for over a period of three years until the neck bones were strengthened, and I was to sleep in the sling with weights at night time for over a period of time. I remained in bed for just a few days, then went back to preaching the third week in the pulpit without the brace.

The Lord opened the way for me to visit the Catholic priest before leaving for meetings. Much to my surprise he had lost so much weight his clothes hung on him like sackcloth, and he was pacing the floor back and forth. I told him the Lord had healed my broken neck and bones.

He said, "Healed you? He is punishing me! I've been this way ever since you came here and I can't understand it, after being a priest all these years. Can't eat or sleep, but just pace the floor like this day and night."

I said, "You told me that I was permitted to come here to find the true light, but I believe that God permitted me to come here and testify to you of what God can do."

He said, "I'm the most wicked man that God ever let breathe and God is punishing me." I saw his rosary beads lying by a smoke stand with five pipes and his tobacco on it.

I said, "You are now in the place your rosary is not going to do you any good. Thank God, ever since the veil was rent in twain, we can now go into the Holy of Holies, and we need not a priest, for Jesus is our High Priest. I will have to meet you at the Judgment one day and I would not want you to point your bony finger at me and tell me I failed to warn you. After the Judgment -- Hell!"

We fell to our knees; he prayed through and Jesus Christ saved him. Five or six Catholic patients got saved in that hospital and were dismissed from the hospital. This Catholic priest was also dismissed from the hospital!

The doctor said to me, "You certainly are lucky, for you had one foot in the River Jordan and the other on a banana peeling, sliding in, the night they brought you in here. You must be like a cat with nine lives."

I said, "Doctor, no doubt there are people who doubt that I ever had a broken neck."

He said, "We have plenty of x-ray pictures showing the neck bones have been broken and now are knit."

I am seeing more and more the need of preaching the old fashioned rugged Gospel truths on Repentance, New Birth, Holiness or Sanctification, Healing, Hell, Judgment, Prophecy and the Second Coming of Jesus!

My former co-worker who was with me in a revival in Kentucky was threatened by her husband to quit preaching and come home or he would divorce her. She was from my hometown community. She quit and returned home. Her son, who was studying for the ministry, backslid and was called into the army during the Japanese war. Her daughter backslid and married a Catholic. The son was killed in the Japanese war, and in the meantime his wife married; and when the body was shipped back for burial, the mother dropped dead suddenly and was buried two days after the funeral. The daughter and her husband were divorcing. But at the mother's burial, they reunited. The woman's husband was married a short time afterwards. God began to talk to me en route to Egypt on the boat. If I had not minded Him, I would have gone through the same sorrow with my children.

After the ambulance took me home after the healing, my husband and mother-in-law were most encouraging to me to keep on preaching the Gospel! I had to get another car to travel to California for a meeting. I received a letter from a precious co-worker, telling me that if I didn't return home, my husband was going to divorce me. Knowing that he did not believe in divorces, I wrote him and my mother-in-law, inquiring whether I should come home. Letters were received from them: If they didn't want me to be preaching, they'd let me know, and not others.

Upon my arrival back home, they made telephone calls in my presence to this party and threatened them with a lawsuit if they didn't keep out of our business. But after two or three years passed by, while I was in Oregon State, a summons for divorce papers was received at my hands from the Marion County Divorce Court. What a shock! Indescribable! In Kansas my husband called me long distance on the telephone but never mentioned this divorce summons. He encouraged me to keep on preaching the Gospel.

A letter returned from the lawyer to whom I had written, saying my husband had paid him and hired another lawyer because he would not grant a divorce without my presence. But the letter from the Marion County Court in Indianapolis told me the date to appear for the divorce. I was

booked to hold another revival at the close of this one. So I went there, weeping much of the time during the day and nights after preaching. I told no one about it.

I arrived back in time for the trial at the Marion County Court House. They sent my husband and me to a reconciliation room. All my husband would say was, "I'm setting you free to preach; don't cry." Then going to the witness stand from that room, my husband told my death-bed experience and of my call to preach, and that he was setting me free to preach.

I refused to sign any divorce papers, saying, while weeping, "I want my husband my children, my home."

The judge came down with his gavel on the desk and said, "Silence in the courtroom!" They put me on the witness stand. Tears were rolling down the cheeks of the judge's face, and the lawyer's, and the judge said, "Set aside all legal procedures, as I am granting him a divorce and taking the children. Set aside all legal procedures as this is the only case of this kind in the united States, but a similar one in Canada. The Orders of the Marion County Court are for you to keep on preaching. This is the highest calling on the earth. Both of you have the privilege of the children and the home, but your husband will keep them in the home while you're gone, and you can also stay in the home when you return."

Yet, how could I stay in the home and preach, if they said I was divorced! I stayed with my sister-in-law next door, and the children came to see me there, when I was out of meetings.

Following the trial, the judge and lawyers gave me just enough time to get home, pack my things, and get out preaching the Gospel. My Jimmie boy, who was too young to attend the court case, was roaming out in the vestibule of the courthouse. My husband left the courtroom with me with his arms around me. Upon arrival back home, he helped me get my clothes packed and in the car. When I kissed the children good-bye, he said, "I wonder if she has a kiss for me!" I'm telling these things so you'll understand how hard it was to continue preaching and telling what happened, even after five years had passed by. Along the road, I would stop and pray, so heartbroken. It just seemed like my mind would slip. I was so grieved.

Arriving home from an Iowa meeting, seeing our home in the distance, I passed out completely. My husband took me later to the hospital where they diagnosed my case as a "broken heart." After a week in the hospital and God's telling me to go to Egypt on a missionary journey, they found me wandering alone by Buck Creek, not far from our home. Only God knows what might have happened. Jude 24, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy ..." In the hospital God had revealed to me He was calling me to preach against divorce.

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own."

My Jimmie boy and Norma Jean came to rescue me, perhaps before I was going to jump in the water and drown myself. "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert"

(Isa. 35:6). Our sorrows often appear to us as a desert. We pass into experiences that are dark and cold and lonely, and over which there blows a bitter wind. Surely, sorrow is a black cemetery to untold multitudes of souls! But from this desert of loneliness and despair, my children came to rescue me. It is a simpler faith we need to take the consolation our Father sends when our hearts are breaking. Through the gates of deepest sorrow, great souls found their way to a more splendid life.

The children said my husband and mother-in-law wanted me to come to the house so they could see me. Upon my arrival there, they encouraged me to keep on preaching the Gospel. My husband sang for me while my daughter played the piano. "If when you give the best of your service, telling the world that the Saviour has come ..." Then he played the trombone as she played religious songs. He saw me weeping and said, "Don't weep. I'm setting you free to preach the Gospel." I kissed the children good-bye and my husband said, "Wonder if she has a kiss for me."

Along the road to Cincinnati, Ohio, as I was engaged to speak in the camp meeting in the missionary service at God's Bible School, I would have to stop, park my car and pray! After speaking there and seeing pictures of the church God had permitted me to build in Cuba and telling about the one that was to be built in the Bahama Islands, I seemingly lost desire to face audiences again. My first revival followed in Grand Rapids, Michigan. After speaking, they put me to bed and watched over me. I wrote the judge and lawyer back in Indianapolis, "Please don't tell me I'm divorced."

While preaching along the Nile River, letters came from my precious son and daughter that God had called them into the ministry. I shouted up and down the Nile River, and began to plan my return to America to put them in a Bible School. I had learned my husband had joined the church where my daughter went, and sang in the quartet and played the trombone in the orchestra there. God led me to go to Africa first and spy out a mission field. Taking two other missionaries, we went to Eritrea, Africa to Sudan, Ethiopia; and it was in Eritrea we spied out a mission field, after having a revival, and turned it over to Rev. Victor Glenn.

Returning to America, I heard my son preach a farewell sermon, and my daughter was there, too. My husband was there, and arose to his feet and said, "I've given my wife, son and daughter to preach this glorious Gospel and how they need the Gospel in Japan." But after my children were called into the ministry, my husband turned against them and the door of the home had been locked against them, and they were forbidden to come in. The Lord permitted me to put the children in Bible School for four years. Norma Jean went to Grayson, Kentucky Bible School and Jimmie to Taylor University. My husband didn't attend their graduation from Bible School. Jimmie went to Europe on a missionary journey with a quartet from the Bible School. My husband didn't attend Norma Jean's wedding to a preacher. Neither did he attend Jimmie boy's wedding after he had returned from Europe.

My mother-in-law was put in a Catholic institution by my husband. She passed away suddenly after my daughter's wedding to a minister. She asked me to come to her bedside before her death. My Jimmie boy went with me there where she had been in this institution for three or four weeks. My husband had belonged to a Masonic Lodge, and they were against Catholicism, but she told me how her only child, my husband, had turned against her and put her there. She told me

of a woman that lived a mile from our home who was trying to captivate my husband. We prayed for her on the death bed and the Lord wonderfully saved her and took her to heaven! We attended her funeral, and I was in an Indianapolis revival for four nights.

[It would seem from the following, that Bertha's husband had some trumped up charge placed against her, resulting in a warrant being issued for her arrest. -- DVM] A policeman came to arrest me after the meeting that night of the funeral. He said, "I was to summons you before you entered the pulpit tonight, but I didn't have the nerve to do it." The policeman and matron woman took me to jail, but wouldn't let me go in. Neighbors followed in a car, and they let me out on bail; but wouldn't let me go in. Neighbors paid the bail. The police insisted I have a warrant issued for his arrest, to counteract this for the coming trial. They said my husband's mind was badly affected and according to the law, I should do it.

The day of the trial arrived. My neighbors were all there, and my case was first. The judge and lawyers of my husband forbade that we be near my husband, for his mind had gone completely bad. My husband had loved the children supremely, but now had turned against them, and they were forbidden by the court to go around him or write him, as well as myself. Our home had been sold at an auction sale, and he was rooming down the road from this woman. God had promised us through prayer that he would never marry this woman! It pays to pray regarding things!

On January 6, 1952, while roaming through a cemetery in Jamaica, facing our 27th wedding anniversary on April 3, I felt led to write him a letter. The neighbors had said he had talked over and over of the divorce until the groceryman had to stop him, and all the others. The woman was writing him letters warning him to quit talking about his wife and children. In this letter, I told him how the children and I loved him and believed that he was going to be saved and our home united, and he would be out with me in the work of the Lord. I told him I was playing recording tapes he had made for me to use in meetings back there and his exhortations to the sinners, exhorting them to be saved -- that a judgment day was coming. I returned to Florida, May 18, 1952.

After he sold our home he gave me half of the money he received from selling the home and furniture. I gave this to the children to finish paying for their Bible School training. The woman he was going to marry got the half of the money he received, and later disappeared.

When I was in Tarpon Springs, Florida, in a meeting, every way I would look day or night, I could see my husband rolling and tossing on a bed. Later I learned this was exactly what he was doing. I told the people I could not go on with the revival, for I felt I should return home; maybe our home was going to be united; for I had believed within my heart, I should return.

One night, preaching on Noah's Ark, I could see him entering the ark at the close of the service. A long distance telephone call came June 8, 1952: "Come home. Mr. McCallie is dead, committed suicide." I let out screams of shock. Yet this was what God was warning and preparing me for!

Somebody was going to drive my car back for me as they put cold packs on my head. They were late coming, and I started out alone, driving day and night until I reached Indianapolis. Neighbors, son and daughter, met me as I came in the driveway and said he shot himself on the

woman's doorstep that he was going to marry. He lived an hour, and in the ambulance they took him to a hospital in, he said, "Forgive me wife, children, and Mom!" He died on the hospital elevator.

The children were instructed before my arrival to go to the court the next morning early to have the will contested. On February 2, he had made a will out to this woman. The lawyer said, "You have a son and daughter." He said, "They are Christians; it will be all right. They won't mind." But according to law, he had to leave them a dollar each. The lawyer made out the will, and it specified that she was to get all, but pay his funeral bill.

He ordered a \$450 casket, picked it out himself, and ordered the body cremated, and the ashes sprinkled on his mother's grave. It was June 8, 1952, when he shot himself -- exactly one year from the date of his mother's death. 1 Peter 4:12-13,16,19, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; (13) But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. (16) Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. (19) Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

The following March, 1953, the children went into a trial to break the will. The court would not permit my presence, for they said I had been through enough. The trial lasted ten days, and they charged me half the price of \$350 for the trial. Neighbors and children were there, and the jury debating broke the will. The woman then produced a will he had made out two weeks after his mother's death, similar to the February will, but without the funeral arrangements contained in it. It meant another trial. Since I had not ordered the other trial, and the children didn't know then about what to do. We refused another trial and let the second will stand. She requested that we settle out of court. I had to pay a settlement to her to resolve the matter so that my children could inherit some family property from my husband's parents and the few personal belongings he had left.

The woman fled to places unknown shortly thereafter. It was rumored that she was married and living somewhere out West, within a month after the trial. She had another lawsuit against me. But I was preparing to go to the Philippine Islands, Formosa, and Japan, and had the ticket purchased to sail at a certain time.

My husband's aunt, who was a Christian Science nurse, attended the funeral, and she and I went down to see his body in the casket put in the fiery furnace to be cremated. It was so sad to see that! They ordered us to come the next morning at 8 o'clock for the ashes to be sprinkled on his mother's grave. She took me to Columbus, Indiana, along with some other relatives who were of the false doctrine, Christian Science, to see his ashes buried on the top of his mother's grave.

Two years passed by, and the woman had not paid the funeral bill, according to her part of the settlement. So I paid it before leaving for Japan, the Philippine Islands, and Formosa. Since my husband had been a soldier in World War I, the government paid ...

[The text that should have ended the preceding sentence, and the text that should have connected with the following words is missing in the printed booklet. -- DVM]

...ing but some letters she had written him. She requested these letters, and my daughter copied them before returning them. They were worth much to me. They were the letters she had written, scolding him for talking about the children and me constantly. She said she was sick and tired of hearing about us, and that he must have loved us. I had purchased from the police court the 'Coroner's Inquest' papers of his suicide, and still possess them. His conversation en route to the hospital was even asking forgiveness of wife, children and Mother, and that he died to set me free to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Upon my return from Japan and later preparing to go to India, I returned to the place of my calling as a young girl and bid my son good-bye in his home. I learned that the lawsuit the woman had was wanting money to pay for the storage of my furniture that she had gotten. My son had paid much of the bill of \$842, so I went to the bank and borrowed it, and paid it all myself, for it was not his responsibility.

Our God will never fail His own, and He has permitted me to write ten books, along with one called *Missionary Journeys Around the World by Faith*. The Lord instructed and helped me to have nine churches built on the mission fields. He also helped me to bring a young native preacher from Haiti Islands here to Hobe Sound Bible School for four years, and a preacher from Ceylon Islands to India for Bible School training. I lost all to begin with, but God has blessed me constantly and given many souls where He has permitted me to be: in the Bahama Islands, Cuba, Haiti Islands, Jamaica Islands, Philippine Islands, Formosa, Hong Kong, Kaloon, Taiwan, Japan, the Holy Land, Europe, Africa, India, Ceylon and from one end of the world to the other.

After being in Haiti Islands for the fourth time, and returning to the States, I purchased a trailer for my home. While away preaching over the weekend, the fire department called me and said, "Come home; your trailer is burnt with two fire fighters here." All I had left was the dress I had on, without a cent of insurance. 2 Corinthians 12:7-10.

Out of deep sorrow, Jesus has called me to preach against divorces, along with preaching on old-fashioned rugged Gospel truths on repentance, new birth, holiness, sanctification, healing, hell, judgment and prophecy.

Both of my children are in the ministry and my daughter's four daughters married preachers and are in the ministry. I've never married again, nor desired to. 1 Corinthians 6:9, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither idolaters, nor adulterers ..." 1 Corinthians 7:10,11, "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord, let not the wife depart from the husband. (11) But and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband; and let not the husband put away his wife." 1 Corinthians 7:39, "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord."

Now, precious eternity-bound friends, will you take the advice of one whom God has permitted to suffer much, and never, never enter into a divorce-marriage under any circumstances?

And if you are now in one, and love your soul, and want to gain heaven, do get out of it even at the cost of all things, or else you will regret it throughout all eternity. Exodus 20:14, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Romans 7:2,3, "For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband, so long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. (3) So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress: but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man." Galatians 5:19, 20, "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, (20) Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past: "THAT THEY WHICH DO SUCH THINGS SHALL NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."* [See my note below. -- DVM]

In my preaching, called of God, it was my privilege and duty to preach on heaven, hell, judgment, sanctification, against divorce, holiness traits, and living a life of victory in this world! May God help us today TO PREACH THE WORD OF GOD He has given us!

* * * * *

THE END

*While not all Christians, nor even all holiness people, agree that there is absolutely no Bible ground for divorce, all must agree that if this be a misinterpretation of the Bible on the subject, it is one that errs "on the safe side" of the issue. Also, every true Christian must have the same attitude toward divorce as the Lord, Who said in Malachi 2:16:-- "For the LORD, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away: ... therefore take heed to your spirit, that ye deal not treacherously." Those who "deal treacherously," i.e. falsely, deceitfully, with their spouse and their marriage vows, those who would love to get a divorce, if some loophole could be found through which it could be justified, are far from the Spirit of Him Who declared that He HATES PUTTING AWAY. -- DVM