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AN EARNEST CONTENDER
An Autobiography of Ed Rose

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FOREWORD

I first heard of Ed Rose in the fall of 1956. We were in a revival with Rev. George Burris in the Pilgrim Church in Newport News, Virginia. I had just read "Modern Miracles Through Faith And Prayer" by G. C. Bevington, but I had no idea that anyone was living who had faith enough to trust God for his physical healing as well as for spiritual things. Brother Burris told several incidents in Brother Ed Rose's life which made me hungry to meet such a devoted man of God. I was thrilled to hear that there was at least one man who would dare to believe God.

Several years passed before I was privileged to meet Brother Rose. I was in a revival meeting with Brother Elbert Barrow in Thomasville, North Carolina. We attended a meeting of the Free Trinity Association of preachers and it was there that I met Brother Ed Rose. From the first moment of our meeting, I felt Brother Rose was one of God's choice saints in this faithless generation. His fervent testimony has proven a great blessing to me many times. I have had the privilege to be Brother Rose's pastor for the past three years; and I feel that I can say in the words of Wesley as he preached John Fletcher's funeral sermon, "I have never met a more holy man, neither do I expect to till I get to Heaven."

I have never met a man that the devil fights harder than he fights Brother Rose. Certainly, he, like Job of old, has become the object of the devil's wiles; but under all the fiery trials of his faith, he always has a word of encouragement for others as well as a testimony to the goodness of

God. His miraculous experiences have inspired my faith many times, and I rejoice that he has lived long enough for my children to become acquainted with him. I am sure that these memories which will linger with them and others, if Jesus tarries, will prove a great anchor to their faith in this world of doubt and skepticism. I heartily recommend this book to all those who believe in the "Faith once delivered to the saints." It will inspire your faith and bless your soul. If you would like to meet Brother Rose, we invite you to visit us at Harker's island, North Carolina. God is giving us souls as a result of the prayers and consistent lives of the saints here.

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all those, who by their prayers, giving, and untiring efforts, have made this little book possible.

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01 -- A BRIEF HISTORY AND WARNING

The purpose of giving this life story is to glorify God and to give warning of the effects of sin. I was born June 22, 1902, in a little community known as Marshallsburg, North Carolina, into the family of George and Annie Rose, my mother being a Scott before marriage. I was brought up in this little community to about the age of ten, when we moved over to the little island about five miles long, known as Harker's Island. Since my father was one who moved around quite a little bit, I haven't lived on Harker's Island all the time. We moved over to the outer banks, lived there for a few years, then back to the community where I was born, then back to Harker's Island. However, I've been living here on Harker's Island a big part of my life. I palled around here with the boys of my day. Not too many young people at that particular time were going the way with God, even though we had some outstanding saints of God living here on this old island. They knew God and the way of holiness, lived the life, preached the truth and sowed the seed.

Thank God for their faithfulness! No doubt that's why I'm here today writing this life story. I've always had a consciousness of God, never questioning one time there being a God. I never questioned one time the plan of salvation; never questioned one time the difference between sin and the way of holiness; nevertheless I dabbled in sin. I sat in many a revival and don't remember one in which I was not conscious of the faithfulness of the wooings of the Spirit of God, encouraging me to serve Him. I was under the influence of Mormonism which took root in our family to the extent that my elder brother was named Telford and I was given the middle name Hanson, after the first two Mormon elders that came to this section of the country. They got in our home through the courtesy of my grandfather, who had an open door for any passerby coming our way. Through the influence of their coming in and out, a seed was sown in my mother's heart, the effect of which has lasted down through the years. The majority of my family are under that influence today. Nevertheless, I thank God we older children were brought up in the old Methodist Church, my father being superintendent of the Sunday school there for many years.

At that time he was a very staunch believer in the old Methodist doctrine so there was a seed sown in our lives by the Word of the Lord. I'm confident now that it fell in good soil, hallelujah The effect of it is living today. I'm still an old-fashioned, John Wesley, second blessing holiness Methodist. Hallelujah! Much is involved between the period of that day and the days of my getting to God. I fell under the effect of sin and went to its depths. The old deceiver of my soul painted many beautiful pictures en couraging me into this and that with the understanding I would have a good time and find that which would satisfy and bring peace of heart and mind. I found everything else except that. I traveled that road for many years, even though I sensed the fact that there was something better! Under the effects of sin, the taskmaster and enemy of my soul, I continued a servant; and the good Book says, "his servants ye are to whom ye obey." I tried a little bit of all of it, seeking to find satisfaction and peace of heart; but, brother, it's not found there! I look back in those early days on the attacks of the enemy which led me out under the influences of sin, and realize I began to go that way naturally because of the nature of sin. Beware of sin and the devil. Amen. Thank God for the goodness and faithfulness of the good God of the skies, and the extended mercy!

I think right here about the Scripture where the Apostle Peter said, "God is not slack concerning His promises as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Thank God for the longsuffering of

our God to us! Where would we be today if it had not been for the goodness and the mercies of God? Amen. Thank God for that familiar scripture of John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thank God for the love of God. Amen! It followed me down through the road of life into the depths of sin. I could give hours and hours of testimony of the realities of God's mercy to me when I escaped crossing the line of worlds and going out into the eternities of the damned.

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02 -- THE FIRST TIME GOD GOT HOLD OF MY HEART

I especially remember one particular revival in my early teen-age life held here in the Methodist Church. It was the first time God really got hold of my heart. It was a great revival, the results of it lasting until today. There is no question but that there will be some who, from the effects of that revival, will make their way to Heaven alone, with many who have already settled their destiny. Because much of the time I was fishing with my father, I was not privileged to be in the revival as some were. Conviction settled down all over the island, even in the midst of my class of young folk of that day. Many of them began to seek God, till the revival was the talk of the community. Reports spread over to where I was fishing. Every morning the buy boatmen would bring news of the revival. "So-and-so was saved last night." "This one was saved last night." "That one got saved last night!"

The atmosphere was charged with the spirit of revival. I had a "hankering and a hungering" for the end of the week to come when I too could get in on this revival. The Lord was already dealing with conviction on my heart. I became hungry for God and wanted to be loose from sin and the devil. The pastor was holding the revival, with a couple of his wife's sisters helping, who were consecrated Christians. They carried the burden for the unsaved youth of their day.

evening of that weekend. The big old Methodist Church, I imagine would seat two hundred or two hundred and fifty, possibly more, was crowded every night. Quite a few couldn't get a seat on the main floor. The balcony was full, some were standing round about the walls, others hung around the yard outside the church. Since I was a young fellow and on the bashful side, (I reckon to the depths of anyone) and backward, yet under the effect of the conviction of this revival, I crept my way in, slipped around to the very back of that huge church and stood in a corner. God was moving; the Holy Spirit convicting.

The service started; they began to sing those old hymns; the old saints began to shout the praises of God, and the young converts testified. God was moving, God was blessing! I could feel my young heart sob with a hunger for God, hallelujah! Though somewhat hid (I thought unnoticed), way over in the corner of the big old church of packed pews, God, who knows the hearts of all men, knew I was hungry for Him. The Holy Spirit through His faithfulness began to move and pull and tug at my heart. Then they sang, that old song of Zion, "Why do you wait, dear brother, why do you tarry so long?" I continued to feel the tug of God. Amen! Yet the old enemy was doing all he could to counteract it. The altar service was given. People began to flock to the altar. How pitiful it is to be tied up with the fetters of sin. Yearning after God, yet seemingly I couldn't move. Thank God, for a God that knows the hearts of all men.

Different ones were working around into the congregation, encouraging hearts. Up in the front seats of the choir stood these two consecrated Christian girls. Finally, I saw one of them take the chair that was in front of her and move it aside; and when she did that, something said to me, "She's coming to you." The old enemy said, "It can't be so. Why should she take note of you hid way over here in the corner of this old church behind all this mass of people?" But I had the feeling she was coming to me. She stepped out of the choir and down into the aisle. She neither looked to the right nor to the left but made her way right on down to the back of that old church! Hallelujah! Amen! She pressed her way through those crowded pews, looked me in the face and said, "Don't you want to be a Christian?" That's all she had to say, hallelujah! She just turned around and I followed her footsteps, weeping and confessing.

The old saints of God, shouting, met me in the aisle, wrapped their arms about my unworthy neck, and led me to the altar where I prayed through. God saved my never-dying soul. He did! I'll never forget those early days. I became a brand new creature, old things passed away, behold all things became new. I lived a victorious life for months after that wonderful transformation, testifying, forgetting about sin, not having the least hankerin' toward it. I turned out for prayer meetings and testimony meetings and felt like I could almost take wings and fly. That old church had mighty high walls and I'd get blessed so good sometimes, even though just a young teenagers I looked up toward those walls and felt I could jump and hit the ceiling. I continued on like that for quite awhile after the revival closed, faithfully attending services,, attending the prayer meetings, testifying, living inside and outside wherever I went, a Christian life. God mightily blessed me and I testified to it.

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03 -- LOSING MY FOOTHOLD WITH GOD

You know the old enemy didn't give up. He began to work on some of the young folk; they began to lose out with God. Then he would use them to deal with the others. In spite of it all, I fought my way through it, determined, amen, to go with God. I reckon I was one of the last of that group of young people to backslide. You know, the good Book says we are overcomers by the blood and the word of our testimony. I feel to drop a little warning right here to anybody, but especially to young converts, never fail to be witnesses for God. That was the last trick the old devil used on me to cause me to lose my foothold with God. As I was giving this story, I saw one of my buddies pass the window. He sat with me the last testimony meeting I was in.

Seeing him brought back memories and touched my heart, for that man is yet unsaved today. He had already lost out with God when we went to meeting, but hadn't confessed it, hadn't made it known. He began to whisper to me, "Let's don't testify." I did not know at that particular time that he had lost out with God. I had such a burning urge in my heart to testify, I could hardly sit on the seat. He'd keep punching me, saying, "Let's don't testify." The old enemy used that fellow. I'm not justifying myself, but putting this in as a warning, let nothing hinder you from testifying. , We're overcomers by the blood and the word of our testimony. I attempted to testify several times, and every time I did he'd even take my coat tail and pull me back. I just became weaker and weaker, in other words, not so anxious, until finally I gave in and didn't testify.

That is where I broke with God. There's where I lost that burning, yearning, fervency of heart, in failing to testify. I held on, or tried to get a hold, but the old enemy, using this influence of others, finally won the victory. I lost out with God. Friend, neighbor, brother in Christ, young people, take these warnings, the old enemy is purposed to damn your soul. From there I went on down, down, down into the depths of sin. The good Book speaks about man losing out with God and taking on seven more devils. The good Lord God only knows the devils that involved themselves in my heart after losing out with Him. I went on out into the depths of sin, hungering and hankering after that peace I once had known. The old enemy had given me a falsehood of a hope through the entanglements and devilment of sin. I went so far that I became a pest to the community, and a disgrace to humanity. I terrified the community where I lived, until no one wanted my association, especially when I was under the influence of drink. The old enemy brought out every sinful habit, through the effect of that old demon alcohol. I was doing things I never dreamed I would do.

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04 -- MARRIAGE AND GETTING BACK TO GOD

I finally met the girl, my good wife of today, and the day came when we agreed together that we would accept one another as companions of life. I knew I could never approach her mother or father and get consent for our uniting together; therefore we had to make some secret plans. We did, and with the aid of others we met together in this great rite of matrimony. It was a sacred moment I never got over, hallelujah! Thank God for the standing reality of those agreements of sticking together until death doth part. We have faced many a trying circumstance from that day until this. There were so many hardships and so many battles, even misunderstandings of one another, yet I do not remember a day when there's ever been a hint of doing anything other than sticking to my wife, even though it was a few years after we were married before I ever got back to God.

Thank God for the faithfulness of the longsuffering of God, Who followed me down through the years. Our children came along one right after another and the old enemy tried to wreck our home from the effect of this wayward, sinful life and the influence of drink! Yet on the other hand, I loved my companion, hallelujah, still love her today. I loved my children, yet under the influence of drink, I would go out and get into trouble. A few times I came home that way but most of the time tried to stay away until it was all over with. My conscience would bother me to the extent that I'd groan and mourn, even pray that God would help me to approach my companion and give her the assurance I would never do it again. Then the old enemy would get me back into it again! Thank God, that was all before any of my children were old enough to have one day of remembrance of anything other than that of a saved Daddy. Amen, thank God for that! Some of the old saints of God on this island, under the burden as we are today for a mighty moving of God, began to get together and pray and agonize that God would send somebody He could use to bring a revival.

I never have known how it came about or how they contacted the man I was saved under. I questioned some that I knew were involved in it but never did get a clear understanding how it

came about. They got hold of this man, whom they had never heard of before and who had never been on the island. He was a man of God, believed in the old-fashioned, second-blessing, John Wesley Methodist doctrine. There were "hard" times in those days, not too much promise of anything. The understanding had been given, "We can't give you a cent." God being in this, the man accepted the call. He wrote back, "I'll be there regardless of the finances." God used that man in a far superior way to any one man I recall, mightily moving among us. We had two Methodist Churches at that time on the island. Neither one of them at the beginning would accept this man in their pulpit. They wouldn't go along with his doctrine, his standards or holy living.

There was a little community church where the door was open and he started this great revival there. Some how from the very beginning, God began to settle down with conviction all over the island. He got a hold of me as well as others from the very beginning. There was nothing to do but go to the revival! Of course, at that particular time on this little island this was one of the main gathering places. Didn't have too much around to entertain the young folks and so they all went to church. I'd been married a few years, and to the best of my recollection, we now had two or three children. Yet even though we had to walk maybe a space of three miles and tote the children with us, we started attending the revival. From the very beginning God began to move in a mighty way, and people began to seek God. I don't recollect how many were supposed to have gotten saved in that revival but there were quite a few. The effects of it spread all over this little island to the extent that if you got a seat, you had to go early.

No question but what there were almost as many in the outside congregation as there were in the "inside" congregation. There were people standing out around the church entrance, on the steps, and all around everywhere listening in on the revival. God blessed this man. People were getting saved, people were getting sanctified, and from the very beginning God began to tug on my old ungodly, sinful heart. I came to be so hungry for God, those days will never be forgotten. I got so sick of sin and the devil, amen, with a burden of the possibility of dying in that state and going out into the eternities of the damned, that I couldn't sleep! I had dabbled in sin until the best illustration I know to give is what I've always thought of as a fly in a spider web. At the first entanglement the fly just gets a foothold. After the fly settles down awhile then the old spider runs down, throws a web around him and runs back. Sin after sin puts more webs around him until the old fly can't move. The depths of sin I had involved myself in entangled me until I found myself where I couldn't move hand or foot. Somewhere along in the middle part of that revival my elder brother Telford got saved. God saved his never dying soul, lifted the burden of sin and gave him peace of heart.

When the evangelist spoke to him and asked him how he was, he said, "Preacher, I found the greatest thing in the world, peace of heart. I have a brother in this congregation. I want him to know about this." The evangelist said, "Find him." I can see Telford now as he stood up in that huge congregation, looked over and spotted me, came down the aisle, made his way over to where I was and threw his arms about my neck. "Brother," he said, "I've found the greatest thing in the world. I want you to share it with me." The old dagger of conviction seized my heart, yet seemingly I couldn't move. The saints of God began to get under the burden for me. They began to fast and pray, hold on and encourage. The preacher would make the suggestion that if anybody wanted to be remembered in prayer to raise his hand. God only knows how bad I wanted to raise

my hand; but bound by fetters of sin, I seemingly couldn't lift my hand off the back of the seat anymore than if it had been fastened to the seat.

The old enemy had advantage of me. But thank God for the longsuffering of God to usward, the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, the gentleness, the kindness of God, amen. So the revival went on. I remember quite a few times after leaving the church, I'd make my way home, possibly a mile or a mile and a half. Conviction would get so heavy and the fear of the possibility of my never being in another revival would get so great, that I'd walk back to the old store building, opposite the home where the evangelist was staying, with the intention of calling him out to help me get to God. The old enemy would defeat me. I'd turn around and walk all the way home again, roll and tumble all night, or most of it, under the burden of sin and the fear of God. Thank God for the fear of God. Oh, the possibility of crossing the line of worlds and going out into the eternity of the damned. The revival went on with saints praying, the Holy Spirit being faithful, and everybody doing all they could to encourage me toward God. It was the last night of the revival and I was still unsaved.

That mass of people was again standing out around the church, and inside every space was filled up. God, in His goodness and faithfulness, reserved a couple of chairs where I could sit with my feet on the rostrum. We got there a little late. The windows were all filled and the entrance of the church, two or three steps high, was filled with people. I couldn't see inside, yet such a pull and a tug of God. I kept moving, little by little, with my companion right behind, from one step to another, until we finally pressed our way through to where I could see inside. Thank God for the old-fashioned "Amen" comer. I stepped up to where I could be seen from the inside. I could see an old saint of God, Ernest Guthrie, as he rose and pressed his way down through that congregation of people and came to me. He said, "Ed, I don't know why, but there are a couple of chairs up front that nobody will have. would you and your wife come up and occupy these chairs?" I spoke to this man in regard to the others standing around especially the women, and said, "My wife can take one of the chairs. There's so many people standing here, let one of these ladies occupy the other." So I put him off and he went back and sat down, but no one accepted the other chair. My wife went up and sat down. Brother Guthrie sat awhile, but got up again and walked down through that crowded aisle back to where I stood and said, "Ed, this chair must be reserved for you." So I followed him and went on over and sat down and put my foot up on the altar. Services started and God began to bless.

God began to move. The man of God preached the Word of the Lord, and during the altar service they began to flock in all over and around me, and there I sat. Nothing on this earth had I rather done than to have knelt down, just knelt down at that altar, but the old enemy had me fastened to that chair. The evangelist came to me, talked with me and tried to encourage me. Not a word could I utter, yea nor nay. The old devil locked my jaws! The evangelist left me but came back again. He did that three times. The meeting, was coming to a close; multitudes were getting to God and there I sat! I repeat again, there was nothing on this earth I wanted to do more than to have knelt down there and let God save my never dying soul. I didn't have to repent as I already had repented. I was sorry for I thing I had ever done, yet I could not move.

At this time the evangelist came to me and somehow God unlocked my jaws and I said, "Preacher, there's nothing on earth I would rather do than to move out of this chair and get right

down here, but I can move no more than as if there were a spike through me and this chair, and it headed on the other side!" He said, "Son, if you say so, I'll take you up into my arms like a babe and kneel down here with you." If I spoke one more word to that man, I spoke 10,000! The devil seemingly locked my jaws again. The evangelist stood there and waited for awhile. Time was expiring and the revival's last service was about to come to a close. Finally, he had to leave me as a seemingly hopeless case and go back up into the pulpit. That's the way I felt about it, yet it seemed like there was nothing I could do about it. They had the closing song and asked the congregation to stand for the dismissal of the revival.

There came a silence all over that congregation. That evangelist stood and looked at the congregation and they looked at him. Not a word was uttered for possibly five minutes. It was so quiet you could almost hear people sigh. In the midst of that he said, "I want everybody who can, to meet me down at the mail dock in the morning before mail time. We are going to have a farewell service." The Holy Spirit spoke to me at that moment and said, "Son, I'm giving you one more chance." No one else in that congregation that evening knew why that special service was set. Hallelujah! Thank God for His extended goodness and longsuffering. That revival closed and I went on home that night with only that one ray of hope, "Son, one more chance." I was looking forward to that morning service when we could gather together one more time and for another opportunity to seek God. You can imagine how I felt that night. I didn't rest too much, just rolled and tossed because of the thoughts of what might happen before time for that service came. I didn't need an alarm clock to call me the next morning.

As I was getting ready to go to service, I looked over toward my Daddy's home and saw him coming over my way with his good clothes on. There hadn't been anything said about whether or not we were going to service, but he walked in and said, "Are you going to service this morning?" I said, "I sure am." He said, "We'll walk on down to the shore (where my elder brother was living), and we'll take the boat and go up to the mail dock." We went down to the shore and my brother was all ready to go to service. This was on Monday morning and usually, at this particular time of the year after the revival closed, everybody would be getting ready to go back fishing; but there was no interest in going to anything other than this last special meeting. So we got ready and got over into the little boat and went off to the larger boat. I was under such conviction for sin that I didn't attempt to do anything. We got on to the larger boat and I got up on the side and sat down facing the shore.

My Dad turned the boat loose. My older brother got the motor going, then came back to the wheel and stood along-side of me where he operated the boat. We started up the shore. It was one of the gloomiest mornings I ever spent on this earth. When I left home that morning, I left my wife and family in the little old bungalow down there in the muck and mire of sin and despair. It was one of the gloomiest places I ever saw! I went up the shore that morning, trying to use the old cigarette as a comforter. I never will forget the old Camel package. I smoked the last cigarette that morning between our place and the mail dock where I threw the old package overboard. I watched it as it jumped over the waves as they came along; and about the third wave that went over, I looked up toward Heaven and said, "Lord God, I'll never smoke another cigarette as long as I live on this earth." Hallelujah! I've never smoked one from that time until now.

Thank God for victory over the old demon tobacco habit. We went on up to the mail dock, tied our boat and went ashore. The people were gathering all around so I went over to an old creosote piling lying down on its side, which protected the bank from caving in. A couple of other fellows and I sat down, one on one side of me and one on the other. We all gathered in front of an old store building that had been converted into a garage and wasn't in use at that time. There was a chute made where you could drive cars up into it and the doors closed. The preacher took that for a pulpit and the service started. They began to sing the old songs of Zion. The Holy Spirit of God began to bless and move in a mighty way and instill the convicting power which began to beat and throb in my old unworthy heart and pull me toward God. I sat down on that old creosote log that morning and the old devil, like he did in the chair, fastened me to that log. I felt like I couldn't move under any circumstance. When the preacher opened the altar, one of the boys next to me said, "I'll go if you'll go." I didn't say anything and finally he broke loose and went to the altar and God wonderfully saved him.

There I sat. Others came around and tried to encourage me and tried to tell me about it being the last service and my not yet being saved, but I just sat there and couldn't move. Oh, you just don't know how binding the fetters of sin are! Nevertheless, in faithfulness the Holy Ghost repeated those words to me again, "Son, I'm giving you another chance." I realized what that was all about, "One more chance." I believe until today that if I had let that opportunity slip away I would have sealed my destiny for time and eternity. That's just how close I came to missing Heaven. May God have mercy on us. We shouldn't trifle with the goodness and mercies of God. Over and over again the words would ring, "Son, one more chance," not two, but one more chance. Realizing, the meaning of God's word, in spite of the devil, I made up my mind, and these are the words I said, "By the help of God I'm movin' off this log." I don't remember lifting myself; I just remember slipping down.

The very moment I slipped off that log toward God, amen, God saved my never-dying soul in such a way I hardly even realized what had happened. When I really came to myself and realized what had taken place, I was up between two paling fences leading up from the old mail dock, jumping paling high, every jump praising God, hallelujah, for ever saving my soul! With all the gloom and despair gone that had followed me when I left home, I now was in a brand, spanking new world. I was a brand, spanking new creature, amen. That burden and load of sin was gone. The peace of God was bubbling over in my heart. I had never seen a day so bright in all the days of my life! Hallelujah! Seemingly, every scrubby oak tree along the shores on Harker's Island was bowing its head, amen, to the glory of God! Thank God, hallelujah, for the new birth! The old devil never has, from that day to this, come around to tell me I didn't get saved. He knew it and everybody else knew it. Thank God for the realities of being a child of God. That was the beginning of my Christian life. If I'm not mistaken, it is around thirty-eight or thirty-nine years, this coming April, since God saved me. Hallelujah! Thank God forever, and I'm still saved! Amen! The revival came to a close and the evangelist left.

I went back to that little bungalow home I had left just a little while before down there in the muck and mire of despair and hopelessness, but God had lifted it up on a little mound of glory, hallelujah, with the sun shining, the trees bowing their heads, all to the glory of God, and me a brand, spanking new creature in God! That was the beginning. From that time, I started to church and was active in the services, on the job taking part in the church work and testifying. God was

blessing! Word got around that Ed Rose had gotten saved. Anybody who knew anything, about me didn't question that; they knew it was so. This is where I started in the work of the Lord.

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05 -- AN EARNEST CONTENDER AND AWAKENED TO DIVINE HEALING

The Lord had done so much for me at that particular time, I wanted to know how to show my appreciation to Him in return. Realizing there wasn't too much I could do from the human standpoint, but being hungry to do something, I began to make Him some promises. I said, "Lord, if there's anything in this world I can do, I'll be glad to do it. Amen." So, from then on, the Lord began to work and I began to ponder over what step I could possibly take. I just wanted to be at my best for God in the Christian way of living. I began to wonder where I could get the proper information of what to do; and as I studied it over, I'd think about some outstanding preacher or some outstanding Christian who could give me some wisdom on what to do. Yet it would fade out and I just couldn't think that I had the ability to do any thing. The good Lord began to reveal some thoughts of Scripture to me, one especially, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

I began to take that "by faith" and I said, "Now Lord, You said, 'If any man lacks wisdom, let him ask of God and He'll give it to him.' I'm asking Thee for wisdom to know what step to take in my Christian life to be at my best for You." I came to the place that I believed that that part of Scripture was possible and was my privilege. "If any man," He said; and I said, "Well, that includes me too. I had an old praying ground out back of my home where I had erected a little humble altar of some posts driven down in the ground, and had put a little board across to sit on, and two more to lay the Word of God on. There I studied the Word, meditated, prayed and met God. I went out to that little praying ground that morning and I just got down on my knees and said, "Now, Lord God, You said, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.' I'm asking Thee this morning for wisdom from above to know what step to take in my Christian life, amen, to be at my best for God. Now, Lord, I'm starting a prayer here this morning, making a covenant that I'll never say amen to, until I hear from Heaven. You gave me the promise, and I'm trying to believe You. Now, Lord, if I don't get the answer now and I have to leave these woods, I'm going to continue to pray and I never will say amen until I hear from Heaven."

And I prayed and I prayed and I prayed! Seemingly I got nowhere; nevertheless it didn't discourage me. I made a covenant, I meant it when I said it, and God knew I meant it. Even though I wasn't satisfied, I got up from the altar and started for the house still praying and meditating with God. Somewhere halfway up from the praying ground back to the house the Lord spoke to me and said, "Son." I stopped dead still! Hallelujah! The thought of prayer had gone. Already I had an answer from Heaven. He said, "Go to the house, take your Bible, and where you open it, read."

That, too, was on a Monday morning. I can still see my wife with the old wash board and tub, standing there in the back room, washing clothes. She didn't know what was going on in my heart. I came on back to the house and walked into the living room. My Bible lay on the center table. I picked it up, opened it, and let it just fall open of its own accord. I stood there and looked

at one of the most familiar Scriptures. I could almost quote it by heart. The old enemy slipped up beside me and said, "There's nothing there." I stood there and hesitated doing what God told me to do, but hallelujah for the patience of God! I looked that Scripture over with the devil fighting me, saying there couldn't possibly be anything there that would do me any good toward my living for God. I began to question a little bit and the Lord reminded me of the experience of the apostle Peter, where he went fishing, and toiled all night. He came back next morning and the Lord asked him, "Have you caught anything?" Peter said, "No." Jesus said, "Let your net down for a draught." Peter looked over at Him and said, "Master, I have toiled all night and caught nothing." Then he came to himself, realizing Who had spoken to him, so he said, "Nevertheless at Thy command I'll do, what Thou sayest." Then I thought about how the Lord had told me to come to the house and open my Bible and read. I thought even though I had toiled many times over being at my best for God, as far as I was concerned I hadn't caught anything yet; but nevertheless I said, "I'll read." I opened to the book of Jude, only one chapter, and I read on down to the latter clause of the third verse. That's as far as I got. I came to these words, "Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." The Lord spoke right back to me again the same as He did in the woods, "Son, that's what you need." I was reminded of the scripture in Hebrews, "For without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Now, God said, "Son, that's what you need, to be at your best for me." This was even before I was sanctified, and that just encouraged my heart to know that the greatest step ever taken in the Christian way of life, amen, is the way of faith. Every benefit of the Atonement comes through the channel of faith. We get saved by faith. I had said, "By the help of God I'm moving off this creosote log." That act of faith toward God was the means of my getting saved. That faith was the means of my getting sanctified. Down the road a few more years later at an altar of prayer seeking holiness, I came to this conclusion. I said, "Lord God, I'll never leave this altar, amen, until I get sanctified." That's the exercise of faith. Now back to where I got that great revelation. God began to bless me with what it meant, "the faith once delivered unto the saints." For a little while I could hardly grasp it. I wondered what all was involved in it. Then one day the good Lord God of the sky referred me over there to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and I began to read there, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Then it went on to tell what this one had done and what that one has done by faith, even down to the great creation of this world.' It was all done by faith, hallelujah. Oh thank God for the marvelous workings of God, and His accomplishments in our unworthy lives, amen, through the channel of faith. Right then it seemed as though everywhere I turned in the Word of the Lord, it pointed to faith in God. Faith for our redemption, faith for our sanctification, faith for our healing, faith for everything! It seemed like everything I got hold of, especially on divine healing, was a channel in which the Lord led me to exercise faith in God. On the heels of that encouragement, I got sick and began to have trouble with my stomach. I went to a coast guard doctor who pronounced my case as an ulcerated stomach. He made it appear as though it was not too bad at that time. He gave me some pills and I just took them for awhile and went on. My condition went from bad to worse. Then I went with my elder sister to another doctor. He examined me all over and said I really had an ulcerated stomach. He also made it appear as though it were not too bad, so he gave me treatment and I came home and just went on that way for quite a while. Finally I got worse and worse, but all the time God was giving me light that there was in the Atonement a provision for my healing. So I began to partially believe to that end and accept the truth, but I went on and on and still got worse. Finally I went to my family doctor. He said, "I'm going to have to put you in the hospital." So he put me in the Marine hospital here in Beaufort, N. C., which I was able to afford at that particular

time. I was there for twenty-one days and I got better enough to return home. I went back to work again, but that old stomach still grew worse. So I tried to battle it out and get along the best I could under such handicaps. Lots of times when not able to work, the crew would keep my share going for my support. Finally it got worse and worse, worse and worse! The family doctor said, "Well, it looks like we are going to have to send you to the Marine hospital in Norfolk, Va." He got the papers fixed and everything ready and sent me to that hospital. So, there I was! I began to get serious over this as I had contacted men at that particular time who had ulcerated stomachs. I remembered meeting one man in our family doctor's office who had already been operated on three times. He was there again with that same trouble, no doubt for another operation. I thought about how I loved my wife and my children and the possibility of having to leave them right now in the young part of my life. Several others had already died from being operated on, and it was a dark picture that began to loom up in my life. I wanted to get well. I wanted to be able to come back home. I wanted to share life with my family, support them, and take care of them. I wanted to be with them! So I said to myself, "As long as I am leaning on man and the doctor, I'm going to cooperate and do whatever they tell me to. I was there with patients who would encourage me to go down into the basement, where they had a little canteen, to get a sandwich, like so many did. I said, "Not so, I'll not do it." They examined me and said, "We are going to have to put you on a sippy diet." This was a twenty one day treatment, consisting of two little bottles of different powders, one called sippy No. 1 and the other called sippy No. 2. They gave me a quart Thermos jug with instructions, which I could take to the diet room and fill up when I got ready, and also a little Mickey Mouse watch. They said, "Now, at 8:00 in the morning you take one of these sippy powders, No 1; then at 9:00 you take half an ounce of milk from the little two-ounce milk glass. At the next half hour you take sippy No. 2; then at the next hour you take another half-ounce of milk, continuing on through until 8:00 at night." That was the starting off of my diet called a sippy diet. Twenty-one days of that! So, I went and got my little bottle filled up. I was my own doctor, my own nurse; I did it all. I went according to the instructions. I could have done otherwise, but I was concerned. I wanted to live with my family, I loved them, especially after I found God. I loved my old Book, the blessed old Bible. I carried that with me everywhere I went. It laid on my bed and I dug into it, amen. I read its pages and all through it found encouragement and what was in the Atonement of God. Thank God, while I record this experience, I can testify to the realities of the Word of God. I found in the blessed old black Bible that every need for every walk of life was included in the Atonement, AMEN! On these terms I began to exercise faith in God. In spite of the results that followed, I still had a hope in Him; yet while I was relying on the doctor's source of help, I said I would cooperate to the extreme limit. I always loved milk, as good as a baby, and my diet included one-half milk and one-half cream, mixed together; yet the small amount of it didn't amount to much. I came to find in time, that on this little old slim diet, I was having to go to the restroom sometimes twelve or fifteen times a day. I knew that things couldn't go on like that; I'd never live it out because of starvation. If you don't know anything about it and someone tells you that you are going on a sippy diet, you are headed for starvation! Finally I said, "This will never do." I did mention it to somebody and found out that I was supposed to regulate myself with these different powders and so they helped me get straightened out. Never one time did I drink over the amount of milk they had told me to drink. I remember several times in that twenty-one days of starvation I would have my Thermos bottle practically full of this good milk and I could almost imagine how good it would be to just take the lid off that bottle and drink it all down. The old devil seemingly said, "That won't hurt you." I said, "Whether it does or not, I'm going to do only what they tell me to do. Possibly they may know what they're doing." I just handed it over to some

of the other patients and they drank it while I sat there and swallowed. I was in the ward most of the time in that big Marine hospital, the big "D" they called it. There were ten beds in the ward and most of the patients were men with sore legs and such like, which had nothing to do with their diet. The old mess wagon would drive down the hall and into the room with the steam leaving the good smell of food! They put those trays around on the different beds and they'd sit there and eat while I sat there looking at an old Mickey Mouse watch and drinking a half-ounce of milk every two hours and those sippy powders on top of that, day in and day out. At the end of twenty-one days they increased my diet to two ounces of milk every two hours. In the midst of it all, even in that old hospital, lying on my bed, the faithfulness of the good God of the sky continually burned the light of the truth of His Word into my heart and my privileges in Him grew. My faith little by little would take hold of God and the Atonement until I began to realize that I was leaning on that hope when men had failed! I stayed in the Marine hospital nearly three months. Finally they decided to send me home and I stayed on a strict diet, but every move I made was from bad to worse. In time I gathered up enough strength to try to go back to work again, which I did for a little while. I tried to cook for a bunch of men down on the beach where we had a fishery rather than to be sitting around. Sometimes I'd take a walk down to the beach where the boys were fishing not far from the house; but before I'd ever make the shore, I'd find out that I was so weak I'd have to sit down, rest a little while and then go on. It went like that for months, even years, going down, down; till one particular morning, I'd been feeling so bad that I didn't know what to do. I had to take hold of the table and help support myself around the camp to keep myself going. This particular morning I got up early. The boys had been out all the latter part of the night, so nobody was stirring around the camp. I began to try to get their breakfast ready realizing they had been working all night and were hungry. I got breakfast under way, but I just didn't know whether I'd be able to do it or not. Ever so often

I was standing over by the table, when I became so nauseated that in my weak way, I started for the door on the other side of the room. I didn't make it, and I began to vomit. Oh, what an awful taste it had. It looked like coffee grounds and was as black as tar. I had sense enough to realize what it was; those old ulcers had given way and I was bleeding. When it was all over with, I could hardly bear to stand on my feet even with the support of something else. Some of the boys came up and found me in that condition, put me on the old buy boat and sent me into the doctor. Thank God for the big-hearted doctor. I was raised with the fellow and he took this thing to heart. I related my story to him. He looked at me and said, "Ed, I'm going to have to send you to Duke." You just don't know how that sounded and how bad I wanted to go home. All my hopes were getting farther and farther away! There I was going down, down, down, not gaining any ground but gradually losing some all the time.

The doctor said, "We're going to make preparations to get you right off today." They put me on the old bus and sent me to Durham, N. C. There they began to treat me just like they did before, putting me back on the old sippy diet! Just imagine, a man who could hardly walk, on the sippy diet! I went through that twenty-one more days. They did everything they could, and I grabbed every ray of hope I possibly could from the human standpoint. I even questioned, "Doctor, is there a possibility that an operation would do any good?" He said, "No, an operation won't do any good for the type of ulcers you have." I just laid there, but in spite of it all, read my blessed old black Book anywhere and everywhere, God blessing my never dying soul, causing me to believe Him.

I'm glad I'm a believer and wouldn't take a billion worlds for the faith I have in the One Whom I serve. In spite of the dark circumstances of the physical condition, there was a ray of hope.

One day I was talking to a woman doctor and she was telling me how they had a bunch of colored fellows down in the basement experimenting on them with nothing but tomato juice! Men with ulcerated stomachs! That wasn't too encouraging, and this new experiment told me that they didn't have any hope for me. Down toward the end of my experience in the hospital, they finally said to me, "Would you like to go home for a few days?" I said, "I certainly would." I'd lain there and thought about that wife of mine and those little children and how bad I'd wanted to be with them. How hopeless it looked that I'd ever be privileged to be with them again. Yet on the other hand I'd already had an influence over my children as to what God could do. Those little children, even though they were small, were praying for Daddy just as hard as they could. I'd rather have a child-like faith underneath me than to have a billion worlds like this. It will accomplish that which nothing else can do.

I didn't have any way home and I didn't have any money. We had no bridge to Harker's Island then. We did have a little old ferry running there three times a day. There were no telephones and not a possible way in the world that I could get in direct, contact to obtain transportation home. I asked them if it would be all right to wait until the next day so I could get word home for somebody to come and get me. I sent a registered letter, doing everything I could to make it urgent. At home they then made preparation to "hit" the old ferry and come after me. Because of the condition I was in, we had been living with my in-laws, sometimes on their support and help in caring for us. My daddy-in-law was a coast guard man, so wasn't around home too much. He was the kind of a fellow you stood in fear of, yet, he was good-hearted. While we were at our own home we had our devotional time and prayer, but we somewhat let it slip in my father-in-law's home. God began to deal with me about it while I was waiting for them to come and take me home. I took worse again and was in such a shape I could hardly stand it; yet, on the other hand, I didn't say anything to the doctor because I was afraid he wouldn't let me go home. You just don't know how bad I wanted to go home. The very thought of his saying, "Well, we'll have to cancel this; you can't go," would almost make me shudder.

I lay down in suffering and pain, let the doctors and nurses pass my bed and wouldn't utter a word, just lie there and groan. My old Bible was lying beside me and I felt impressed to pick it up and just where it opened, to read. I opened it to the Psalms where David called on the Lord, and He had mercy and answered his prayer. The good Lord God said, "That means just as much to you as it did to David." I laid my open Bible over my face, and in the midst of doctors and nurses going in and out around my bed called on the good God of the skies. While I did that, He said, "Now, you've not been testifying for me. You're not having any family prayer in John Lewis' home." I said, "Lord God, if You'll help me and make it possible for me to go home, I will have prayer from the first night on." God began to bless and it wasn't long before I had perfect relief. My family made connections and came for me. My wife, who was expecting the birth of a child soon and wasn't really able to travel, yet so badly wanted to be with me, decided she would make the trip to Durham and back, which is "right much of a little ride" under those conditions. My brother-in-law, who had married my sister, drove up after me and my Dad came with them. It was on election night and they were having a time everywhere. My Daddy was all involved in that, so they were stopping here and there to see how the election was going. They had no more than started when my

wife became sick to her stomach, and she vomited and vomited until they had to have containers to take care of her while they drove. She rode all that way to the hospital under this pitiful condition. You can imagine how she was when they arrived, yet we had to turn right around and come straight back.

They loaded me into the back seat of the old car with my companion. There we were, two sick ones together I couldn't comfort her very much and she couldn't comfort me. She was sick like that all the way home. We "hit" the 3:00 o'clock ferry back to Harker's Island. When we got home, they put us to bed and then locked the door and said, "No visitors!"

The others were tired and worn out, so they got ready and went to bed too. As I lay there in that bed and was so awfully sick, I began to realize that it was getting dusky and night was coming on. All at once the Lord reminded me, "You told me the first night you would be in John Lewis' home, you would have family prayer." You don't know what a challenge that was! I had hardly given it a thought as everyone had gone to bed early, and everything was in dead silence. I couldn't hear any moving around. I said, "Lord God, what in the world am I going to do? I don't know whether there is anybody up or not. They have got us in here isolated; neither one of us is able to get up and I just don't know what I am going to do. I meant just exactly what I said, 'I'll do it if You will help me.'" I heard a tap on the door, the door opened and in came my wife's younger sister with those little children and that old white-headed father-in-law of mine following her up to the foot of the bed.

She was living in the home, caring for the father. She was a good saint of God and we had had so many good times together in the Lord, hallelujah, encouraging one another. She thought the world of me and was continually praying and trying to believe God for me. She said, "I felt like you wanted to have prayer." Amen, glory to God! I began to thank the good Lord. That man bowed his head and we had one of the greatest times praying! From that hour on, regardless of who or how many were there, never was I in that home, but that old man would always come around and say, "Ed, I'm going to bed if you want to have prayer." Thank God for His faithfulness. I stayed home a few days, but had an appointment to go back. They put me on a bus and back I went, still on such a diet that I could hardly exist or move around. Sitting there waiting for the bus to come, oh, you just don't know how bad I wanted some kind of nourishment.

That's the one time that I didn't do just what I was told to do. The doctor had told me, "Don't you drink a drop of water or any thing else, until you get to the hospital." Nevertheless, I staggered across to a little restaurant and bought just a small bowl of oyster stew and a few oyster crackers. I put them in that bowl and drank it down. Oh, you just don't know how much it did for me, how good it made me feel! Back at Duke hospital they put me to bed again, I lay there for three more days and never had one more thing to eat from the time I left that little restaurant. At the end of those three days they came to my bed very unexpectedly and said, "You are discharged." It was such a shock that I didn't know what it was all about. They brought me a warm egg in a cup and one hot slice of toast. I swallowed that egg like you would swallow a peanut and ate that little piece of toast. I was starving to death! I counted the little bit of money I had.

It was just barely enough to pay bus fare with a little bit of change left. I told them they could get me ready and I would go. I got in a taxi and they drove me down to the bus station where

I got my ticket and staggered onto that little old crowded bus. I don't remember seeing a bus just like it. It had a little extension seat out into the aisle where they could seat some people with some standing room left. As I got on that bus, you can imagine how I felt; for I realized that they had come to the conclusion nothing more could be done for me and, therefore, were sending me home to die. I felt such gloom and despair. As we started on down the road for home, the old devil sat beside me (how I hate that old monster, demon with no mercy, no love, no compassion), and began to tell me, "The end has come." I sat there in gloom, and thought, "If I could just see one face that I had seen before, it would be a help." I looked around, yet I saw no one familiar. The old devil said, "Well, this is it. That good wife of yours and that little family are going to have to let you go, even as bad as you want to be with them."

Then, just as if the bus had pulled off to one side of the road and picked up a passenger, the good God of the sky walked right down the crowded aisle of that bus and sat down between me and the other fellow! He began to talk with me, hallelujah! Oh, what an hour of consolation! He began to tell me of what He could do and what He would do. I'd been fighting with the thought of how I was going to get home. There was no way of getting to Harker's Island except by boat. Arriving at Beaufort at that late hour of the night with no money to go to a hotel, the old enemy had said, "Now, what are you going to do?" One of the first things the Lord said was, "Now, you just don't worry about this anymore, I'm going to have a boat there and you're going to have transportation home." He began to make me promises and I began to make Him promises, and it wasn't long until the sun began to shine, hallelujah! Despair began to go. I'll never forget that day as long as I live!

That was one of the greatest days in my Christian experience of learning about the faithfulness of God. I know this sounds a little bit fanatical. A lot of people don't believe things like this; but I can't help whether they believe it or not, IT IS A LIVING REALITY! Amen! I can't recall right now all that was involved in that conversation between God and me; but I do know this, I've ridden over that space of road many times since but never have I ridden that highway in more high spirits than on that day! I had a hope of the future and consolation, with all human despair in the past and so it was as HE said. When I got to Beaufort, the next thing for me to do was to look for the boat that was to take me home. The bus station being just across the street from the old town dock, I walked down onto the dock. I looked either way as far as I could see, but there was no boat to be seen to Harker's Island; yet I didn't waver, not one moment. There was a grocery store right there at the corner of the block, and you usually got all the information concerning Harker's Island from this little store.

Ordinarily I would have just walked in there and tried to get the information that I needed, but I already had the assurance; what I needed to do was to locate the boat. I walked on by the store. When I got to the end of the dock, it was so dark I could hardly see well enough to tell one boat from another, nevertheless I went with the expectancy of finding the boat that was to take me home. The tide was low at that particular time and I had to walk almost to the edge of the dock before I located the boat. Being a fisherman myself, and acquainted with the boats about our community, I knew this boat was from Harker's Island. Well, here's the transportation that God told me He would have for me. The next thing to do was to locate the man that operated the boat. I might give this little thought right in here: when I left the hospital, I was so weak I staggered; but the blessings and great consolation of God during the ride on the bus, when I dared to believe Him,

so strengthened my body that I walked up and down that street and it didn't bother me too much even after riding all the way from Durham back down to Beaufort. Ordinarily, in the condition I was in, I would have been very feeble in getting around, but it seemed I had added strength.

I walked back down to the grocery store. The owner of the store and his son were both there and I talked to them a little while about my condition. I then questioned them about the last person from Harker's Island that they knew to be in Beaufort that day. The elderly man thought for quite a little while and said, "I haven't seen anyone here from Harker's Island since the middle of the afternoon." I didn't waver. I knew he was there somewhere so I started back out of the store and his son said, "Ed!" I stopped. He said, "There is a fellow by the name of Rose whose wife is here in the hospital; and if I'm not mistaken, he's over there now." I said, "Thank you!" At the hospital there was a flight of steps to climb, and though I weighed less than one hundred pounds, I went up those steps into the hall. I came to the second door and saw this fellow standing right beside his wife. I went in and we talked a little while. He asked me about my condition and why I was there at that time, and I told him my little story.

I then told him that I'd like to go to Harker's Island with him. So he said, "It'll be just a few minutes before I'll be going." I said, "Well, I'll go down to the store and pick up some fruit and things that I'll need for my diet." It wasn't long before he came, and after he had bought a few things he said, "All right, I'm ready to go." We went down to the boat and out onto the dock, and he assisted me in getting aboard. It was warm weather, a beautiful night, and I sat down on the side of the cabin. He untied the boat, got the motor going and we started. What encouragement the good God had blessed me with that day. In spite of circumstances, I had to admit that I was riding toward home with a brand new hope. Hallelujah! The scenery on the way home was beautiful. The old moon was almost full; and as it pulled itself up over the tops of the trees, I thought that it was one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen. It was just beaming its way right down on that little craft we were riding on, and I got blessed! Hallelujah!

After we had gone a little way, this man said to me, "Ed, I don't know why I came to town today. I was here yesterday. My wife was a lot better and I told her when I left, 'If you don't get any worse and the day is fit, I'll be going fishing, so I'll not be coming down tomorrow.' It was a beautiful day so I went out fishing but didn't get anything and came back early in the afternoon. On my way back something happened to the boat motor and someone else had to tow me in. I came to the landing, anchored my boat and went ashore. When I got to shore, I met two ladies from the island who had just gotten home on the old mail boat from Beaufort. They had been up to see my wife and she gave them a message to give me, 'You tell Ardell that I am 100% better and not to worry about me.' There was nothing to urge me to go to Beaufort and because my boat was out of operating condition, I went on to the house and laid around there for quite a little while. 'Something' began to impress me that I should go to town. It began to get stronger and stronger and there was nothing I could do but go.

I then borrowed another boat and went up and spent a little time with my wife." Then he said, "Ed, looks like I came after you." I then related to him my experience on the old bus and what the Lord told me He would do for me. He said, "I see now why I came to Beaufort! I didn't come to see my wife; I came after you!" I don't know how you feel about that, neighbor; but I don't question it one bit. It was the fulfillment of the promise of God. Hallelujah! I'm glad I'm a believer. That

blessees my never-dying soul and encourages my heart to lean on the faithfulness of the God Whom I serve. He took me over to the island and put me onto a dock not too far from home. I had to walk a short distance down through the woods, and suddenly I was just so blessed that I had added strength to press my way along that sandy path up the steps and into the house. They didn't know anything about my coming. I opened the door of my wife's old homestead, where my family was staying because of my being in the hospital, and went into the kitchen.

My wife's sister's husband was in there, and it was such a shock to him, he just didn't know what to do. Of course, he had another reason to make him feel peculiar, and that was my appearance, due to the poor condition I was in. Nevertheless, he finally got himself together and spoke to those in the other room and said, "Guess who's here!" They couldn't imagine, so finally I walked in. They were happy but at the same time they were wondering what it was all about. I related to them the whole story from beginning to end. From that time on I began to lean on God with faith, that if He could do this thing, He was able to do other things! I began walking in the light of my privileges in Him, which I had been reading in the blessed old Book for quite a little while. I was grasping the truth of leaning on God for every need in every walk of life. He gives us this assurance in the Book. Thank God for it. I then began to pray about my physical condition. I still was on somewhat of a starvation diet, and I began to talk with God about it. The Lord God impressed me that He would touch me if I would give myself to Him and let Him do as He wanted to do.

He gave me the understanding that if I'd trust Him, I could eat anything that came my way, that He would take care of the situation. I dared to believe God. When food was served, I tried not to make a hog out of myself but ate what was prepared, never failing to thank the good God for it, and left the consequences with Him! Little by little I began to amend and the day came when I knew that God had healed my ulcerated stomach. I could eat anything that came my way and it didn't hurt me! Hallelujah! Thank God. It was a living reality. I knew it was so. I began to pick up weight and gain strength. I began to get blessed in God and my wife's faith began to lay hold. I said, "Now, Lord God, Thou hast done what man failed to do, what man couldn't do. The good Book teaches us You are the Great Physician. For time and eternity, You will be my physician! Amen!

Never again will I lean on man, but on God!" That has been around thirty-three years ago and I never have made any attempt toward any other source of help other than the God that I serve! Not one dose of medicine of any kind, from that day to this, has ever gone between my lips, not even a dose of baking soda for heartburn. When different things would come my way, never have I put one thing on, not even a simple thing like Vaseline on a chafe! No, not one thing from that day to where I stand today. Amen!

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06 -- THE TESTING TIME COMES

I began to testify that God had healed me and that I was taking Him for my Physician. People began to talk, "Well, that's so, no doubt; but time will prove that when he gets sick enough, he'll call for a doctor." But, from that day to this, though I've been seriously sick in various ways,

God has never let me down! Hallelujah! A short while after my commitment to trust God as my Physician, I had an experience of ptomaine poisoning. I have always said that every time I "stick my neck out" and say what I am going to do or not going to do, seemingly the "testin" time comes. The old enemy can't stand it when we declare our faith; nevertheless I wouldn't take a billion of worlds for any of these tests! Hallelujah! God gave me the confidence and assurance it would work, just like He said it would. At this time I had gotten to the place that I could get out and do a little work here and there with the hope of supporting my family, and was getting along just fine. It was the time of the depression and there wasn't too much money going around, so everybody was picking up all the little odds and ends they could to make a living. On this particular day, I got up to go clamming and took my eldest son with me. He was just a little boy at that time and wanted to go with Daddy. We came on down to our home which is on the opposite end of the island, and I got my old clothes, rake, and tub. We fixed us a lunch, got into a small boat which we operated with an oar, and shoved our way down to the end of the point off Harker's Island and there I got overboard. The little fellow sat around in the boat and I went to Aclammin." It was a shelly bottom; but, nevertheless, I did some "right good clammin" that day. After I had caught the amount of clams I thought was worth a day's work, I was very tired. I got in the boat and came on back to the landing.

It was a little bit windy at that particular time and I would have had to go further up the island in order to find a market for the clams, so I said to myself, "I'll not go today; I'll go clammin' tomorrow again and carry them all at one time." I took some sacks which I put the clams in, tied a string around them and set them overboard where they'd be safe and would not spoil. After I finished, the little boy and I went up to the house to put on some dry clothes to go over to the other end of the island where my wife was staying with her sister, who at that time was sick in bed. I had changed my clothes and was sitting in the back door of my home putting my shoes on, when, all at once, the most awful feeling came over me. I became so nauseated, I didn't know what in the world was happening. Finally, after I was able to get my shoes tied, we got up to go. Outside the gate I met a good friend of mine who had gotten saved in the same meeting I did. How we loved one another. At this time there wasn't any electricity on the island. They were just beginning to put in the electric lines and were working right around my home.

This fellow was working with the electric company so he couldn't stop and talk, but spoke and said, "Ed, how are you feeling today?" I said, "I'm feeling bad!" Continuing on my way, I stopped at my Daddy's home where the folks were sitting on the porch. They asked me how I was. I said, "I feel bad!" When I got ready to go where my wife was, my brother-in-law, who was going to his mother's, said, "You can ride up that far with me." We started up started road and he said, "If I had gas enough, I'd carry you all the way, but I hardly have enough to get to Mother's and back." After I got in the car, instead of getting better, I got worse! I was really feeling bad when we got to our destination and the little boy and I got out and started walking up the road.. We had only a couple homes to pass before coming to a space where there were no buildings. I was doing everything I could fighting back that sickness. I hated to have a break-down there and go to vomiting and have people and have the people questioning what it was all about. I told the little fellow, "Son, let's step a little faster and get by these homes." We got by them a little piece to the place where the old school building and the Methodist Church used to stand. I stepped over in the shade of an old pine tree and there I stood for a little while. I thought I was going to die! That little fella would look at me and say, "Daddy, what are you going to do?" I said, "Son, there's nothing Daddy can do. I've come to my wit's end." I couldn't make it any farther and then I began to vomit.

Balls of foam would come out of me almost as big as your fist. It got from bad to worse and finally I stepped into the woods telling the little fellow to stay behind. I just vomited and vomited and got so weak I could hardly stand. I was scared. There were so few people on the island who had a car to help. Every once in a while that little boy would look my way and say, "Daddy, what are we going to do?" Again I'd say, "Son, nothing Daddy can do. I've come to my wit's end!" About that time I looked and coming around the turn in the road, I saw my elder brother. He already knew I was on my way home, but didn't know I was sick. He was on an old bicycle. When he saw me standing there, of course, he was alarmed. It had been possibly an hour or more that I'd been there. He came up all excited and said, "What in the world happened?" I said, "Brother, I don't know! I've come to my wit's end!" I told him how bad I felt and he said, "Can you ride a bicycle?" I said, "Well, bless your heart, no, I can't ride a bicycle!" He said, "Well, what am I going to do?" Then I thought it was about the time of day when my brother-in-law who ran the ferry over at the island would be coming back on his last trip. I said to my brother, "Brother Telford, if I'm not mistaken, it's around the time that Henry would be coming in. If you want to, you can just ride on up the road; and if you find him, have him come down here and pick me up in his car or else get somebody else." He took off and the providential hand of God, amen, had them to meet up the road a little piece, right in an old country store yard. When he drove up on the bicycle, Henry drove up in the car! He said, "Henry, Ed's down the road bad off, he's a sick man; we've got to go pick him up." I could hear the car coming, rolling right down to where I was. By this time I was in such a shape that they had to assist me into the car. Then on up the road we went and that big brother of mine went with me. He knew my stand. He knew I'd been trusting God and that I said He would be my Physician for time and eternity. He got saved in the same meeting I was saved in, hallelujah, and had seen the goodness and the faithfulness of God and the greatness of His ability. He knew God had healed me and so his faith was strong too. They drove up to my wife's homestead. They had only one bedroom downstairs and my wife's sister, who was sick, occupied that. They carried me up into the second loft and put me to bed. I continued vomiting and at every move grew worse. The cramps began to take me, and pulled my knees up into my chest. I began to have chill after chill even with all the covering they could put over me; but my head was burning up and they were fanning me! People began to gather until the yard and the room were full. They came from every side trying to help us out. My wife's eldest sister, bless her heart, wanted to do something so bad and came with a bottle of alcohol and tried to rub my head. I had always said alcohol smelled good, but at that particular time, the scent of it suddenly was about to kill me. I just got sicker and sicker until, when she wanted to rub my head, I said, "No, I'm trusting God!" "Well," she said, "it wouldn't hurt anything." I said, "You're going to have to take it out, I can't stand it. I'm about to die!" They were doing everything they could. Somebody started fanning; somebody just kept putting the covers over me; somebody carried the pans out but I got worse and worse. The news began to spread around the community and people began to come by and say, "Ed's a-dying." Finally that sick sister-in-law, Mary Frances, sent somebody to tell my brother to come into the room where she was. He went and she said, "Take me up those stairs; something has to be done! We can't let him die!" He took that little frail bunch of bones up in his arms and dropped her down, on her little old bony knees beside my bed and she called on God. She knew God. We always prayed together, we believed God together, we went to church together and we had a good time together. Then he took her up again, carried her back and put her to bed. I just lay there. I was conscious of the seriousness of it. I knew something had to be done or else I was going to die. Thank God, in the midst of it all I didn't waver or fear. The only thing that concerned me was that my faith would not fall. I was daring to believe God, I had proven Him to be faithful. In the past,

He'd done for me what man couldn't do; and therefore, my faith was riding high in God. I grew so bad until the men cornered that big brother of mine and said, "Telford, go get a doctor; this man's got no sense, he's a fool and is going to die." Telford said, "If he dies, he dies! I'm not getting any doctor." This continued on and on until people began to sense the seriousness of it and began to leave the room, as they knew I was dying and did not want to see all that they thought was coming, to pass. I knew I was dying! Finally they again got hold of my brother and said, "Telford, it's a bad thing to let this man die and his mother on the other end of the island not knowing anything about it. You had better get her and get her quick, or he will be dead before she gets here," so he contacted somebody who had a car. My brother-in-law had already stood it as long as he could. I'll never forget when he peeked around the door, then got in his automobile before my brother could go after my mother, and went down the road into the middle of the island and told everybody, everywhere, "Ed Rose is dying. If you want to see him you'd better go quick. He'll be dead in just a little while." I knew, too, in just a moment of time, I'd be crossing over into another world unless God undertook for me. The good Book says, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Hallelujah! I wasn't scared to die! "And the sting of death is sin!" Thank God the old sting had been taken out! I wasn't worrying about it. There was but one thing that I was concerned about and that was that I would glorify God. I saw my wife turn away from my bedside and walk out the door. I knew she couldn't stand it anymore. My heart went out to her. One old saint of God, old Uncle Jimmy Lewis, stayed there in that room after everybody else had gone out. God bless his memory. His head was as white as mine is now. He had been serving the Lord from forty to fifty years. He was pacing the floor, his old white head bowed, talking with God. After everyone else had given up and gone out, and I was lying there, all at once I looked up, and right plumb over my bed hung the scene of Calvary. Hallelujah! I don't know how it came or where it came from. I don't believe a human being could make it up. There Jesus hung on the cross with His hands stretched out and His head hung down. It was kind of dim, faded out, but I saw the agony of it. He spoke to me so sad and said, "This is for you." I said, "Forgive me, Lord God, that I ever thought that I had suffered. Forgive me, Lord, and have Your way with me." I don't know how it happened. I don't know that I'd taken my eyes off it. I didn't hear any commotion. I didn't see anything go, but it was gone. Right in its place hung the 23rd Psalm in great big letters just as plain as if there'd been a floodlight on it. I began to recite, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want..." and on down until I came to this part, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me Then, just as if somebody had lifted a window, I felt a good cool breeze hit me in the face. It penetrated right on down until it slipped off the end of my toes, and I was completely healed! I sat up in bed and for about the space of two hours testified just as fast as one would come in and another would go out. That room filled and emptied several different times while I was testifying to the healing touch of God. Hallelujah! AMEN! Thank God for the faithfulness of the good God of the skies! A little thought I would like to add here as to our attitude in regard to this matter of healing. I had told those folks, "I appreciate every thing you have tried to do; don't misunderstand me. I appreciate every visit; but if you want to do anything for me, go stay home and pray." They began to scatter out in various places and, no doubt, they were praying. After they went, the thought came to me that they might possibly be praying whether it was the will of the Lord to heal me or not, and I got a little bit disturbed about this. I called the attention of some of them to this and said, "You go tell those folks not to pray that the Lord would heal me if it is His will, but to pray that my faith fail me not." Hallelujah! I'm glad it didn't fail. I'm glad it came to be a reality, and I became a witness to the power of God. This began to spread all around

the neighborhood, and people began to testify, "I never saw it like this!" Thank God, He saw me through and gave me victory. From then on as I trusted God.

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07 -- THE EXPERIENCE OF MY SANCTIFICATION

I feel much impressed to relate my experience of sanctification. Before I do, I just want to remind you of the revelation God gave me when seeking for knowledge in my early Christian experience. This was the step of faith. Neighbor, I have been thoroughly convinced through years of experience with God, that right here is the foundation by which to receive every benefit of the Atonement. Hallelujah! Not only have I found this to be so through personal experience, but the blessed Book tells us, "He that cometh to God, must believe that he is (God) and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." The first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Hallelujah! Thank God for a faith in God. Also I think about the beginning of the ministry of Christ as Mark relates it in the first chapter. After John was put in prison, Jesus came preaching the kingdom of God and saying, "Repent and believe the Gospel."

There were several years between my saved experience and my sanctified experience. As you remember God gave me such a wonderful experience of saving grace, making me a brand, spanking new creature and living in a brand new world, that I lived a life of almost complete victory over the old Adamic nature for several years. I felt like I had just about all that I could have of the blessing of God. I would shout the praises of God, run the aisles and testify to the realities of the new birth in such a way that my heart would be overwhelmed with the joy of this new found way, to such an extent that the churches and others had confidence that I was sanctified. I knew I had wonderful victory in God, but was still conscious of the fact I had never experienced the eradication of the Old Man, and that there was still the old Adamic nature somewhere down in my unworthy heart. Neighbor, one thing I want you to remember; even though the Old Man can be suppressed and even pretend to be dead, as long as he is allowed, he will remain in our hearts. We are not responsible for the old Adamic nature being in our heart, because we're born in sin, the writer said, "shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." On the other hand, when we come to the age of accountability and realize the effect of sin but still go on and dabble into it, then we become responsible for every transgression we commit. This is why we ought to ask God's forgiveness and repent and let God make us new creatures. In spite of all the victorious life we may have keeping the Old Man suppressed, by the grace of God, yet he still remains. There is no way out other than a complete crucifixion and an eradication; and the Old Man does not care to die! Thank God, in spite of everything, for victory over sin and the devil! After a few years of victory over the devil, I had an experience in my daily work which made me realize the danger of the Old Man and that he will misbehave in spite of everything, just when we want to be at our best for God. My livelihood was fishing, as it was of others also. We had various places to fish, and we would sometimes share those places with our neighbors. They would have the place one time and then we would have it next. Someway through a misunderstanding, my brother and I were getting ready to make a fishing haul when another fellow came in and was doing likewise. We began to investigate and found that he was under the impression it was his day to use this place. I was confident, dead-sure, it was our day and there was a contention between us, even though this

other party was brother-in-law to my elder brother. The contention got so bad that one said he was going to use the place and the other said that he was going to use the place, which couldn't be done both at the same time.

My brother and I were saved men. Since my brother was high-tempered and we worked together, I would encourage him, "Brother, stand true to God come what may, and go what may!" Yet under the pressure of this experience, it looked like there was going to be trouble for both of us. All at once, even though he had been calm as calm could be, I saw my brother go after his brother-in-law, who was going backwards up over the hill. Before I knew anything, that old Adamic nature erupted, and I was running behind my brother with my fist doubled up and telling him to stick it down his throat." I "came to myself" and you'll never know the condemnation that fell on my heart! Nevertheless, I thank God for that experience and for the day in my life when I became conscious that the only way out was for the Old Man to be crucified! I was so under conviction from that act that I lay in the hills and dug sand and begged God to forgive me. I pled the blood and did everything I possibly could.

I was under condemnation, thinking about how that man used to have confidence in us. You'll never know the battle I had. God forgave me and showed me that the old nature would have to be, dealt with and the only possible way it could ever be done was through the shed blood of the Son of God... Hallelujah! AMEN! I sought from that day on, at every opportunity, to get back in fellowship with this man. The day did come, thank God, when He gave me an opportunity to do something out of my heart for that man to show him that I had nothing against him. I began to hunger and thirst after righteousness. and to seek God. The blessed old Book gave me encouragement, "He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be filled." There was quite a period of time before the day came that I was. sanctified but thank God, He takes notice of an earnest heart. Though we may not understand what it is all about, there's hope for an honest heart. I had quite a bit of experience with people telling me they got sanctified so easy; yet there was a deep yearning, down in my heart. I didn't want any substitute. I wanted the realities of the crucifixion, the eradication of the Old Man and the incoming of the Holy Ghost as a second definite work of grace. Hallelujah!

Thank God for the old-fashioned, second blessing, instantaneous work of grace wrought in man's heart after regeneration. I began to do everything possible, pray, meditate,. hold on and believe God. I would go to revival after revival but never felt definitely led to go to the altar. No doubt I didn't have the proper faith at that time. I felt that when I went to the altar, I wanted the work don! But one day I came to the right time. I don't know why God has been so good to me. I've already related in the forepart of this story how God extended His mercy toward me in saving me, and how it came about with a special service. Well, God gave me another special service. I hope no one gets the impression that God has any pets. I'm just trying to express the goodness and the faithfulness of God toward a sincere, hungry, seeking heart. At this particular time, there was a revival of another faith in progress. I was willing to go anywhere, anytime, any place that God would open the door of opportunity to seek Him for sanctifying power. I was like a drowning man grabbing at a straw. My brother and myself were hunting together and I well remember the day. I was meditating as I walked watching for game. I was in a state of expectancy and felt like David when he said, "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God." Several different times as the evening began to come on, I would remind my brother of the service

that night and say, "Brother, let's not run overtime and be late for service. Let's be sure we get home in time to go to the house of God," which we did.

He had to go a little early for some particular business before service, so I was left to go on my way toward the church alone, yet not alone, as I meditated with the great God of the sky. In those days we didn't have any concrete roads, just little old sandy, dusty roads and very few cars and I didn't have one. There weren't many neighbors around yet and it was just natural to get out and walk two or three miles; we didn't mind it a bit in the world. I well remember as I was making my way on up the road a right good little span from my home, just walking and expressing my hunger to God, that all at once I saw a car coming around the turn of the road. When it would hit those sandy places, the sand would spin up over the tops of the trees. When the car came to where I was, it stopped all of a sudden and I noticed the driver was my wife's sister (the one I referred to in my experience of the ptomaine poisoning) with her mother-in-law. They stopped the car and opening the door said, "Get in, you're just the very fellow we're looking for!" I got in the car and said, "What is the matter?" They said, "We have found one of the greatest little preachers that has ever been!"

That aroused my curiosity, so they began to explain to me that a little preacher came over here on the mail boat and just then was at the home of the head of our church, which at that time was called the "sanctified" group. This was the first time he had ever been on Harker's Island and up to this particular time he hadn't even known anything about such a place. After he had expressed his doctrine, a fellow of another faith got hold of him and said he would take him to the man who was the head of our prayer band and ran a little grocery store on the other end of the island. He was taking him up the road when he met old Uncle Jimmy Lewis, the old fellow who was in my room when I saw the vision of Jesus and who was one of our group. This fellow turned the preacher over to Uncle Jimmy. He came on up to the store with the preacher, who began telling his experience. He was down this way through a misunderstanding. He thought he was coming for a revival in Morehead City, a little community not too far from where we lived. When he got there, he found it was a mistake; and they weren't expecting to have a revival. No one had asked him to stay, so he slept that night on the porch floor of an old house that was unoccupied. Somehow the next day, he got in contact with somebody who referred him to Harker's Island. He felt definitely led to come here. He began to make inquiry and found he could get here on the old mail boat. He didn't know what it was all about, but I'm confident to this day that it was the goodness and faithfulness of God on my behalf to meet the need of my own hungry heart. Amen. There were several of our group in the store when this preacher arrived, my sister-in-law, her mother-in-law, Uncle Jimmy, and Luther Yeomans, who was our leader at that time.

We had what they called a "Ladies' Aid" which met on Monday night. Eager to go to a revival, they had agreed to meet together and have their Ladies' Aid early that evening, so they could go to the service at this other Church. So they began to question this preacher a little bit and asked him of the possibility of speaking to them a little bit right after the Ladies' Aid service. He said, "Well, we'll talk to the Father about it." He fell right down on the dirt floor of that old country store and they said that man prayed a hole right through to Heaven! He agreed to speak for them just a little while after the ladies' meeting. My wife's sister said, "We've come after you. We wanted you to be there and meet him. They drove me up to the old condemned theater building where we were holding our services, since we had left the old Methodist Church because of its

compromise and disapproval of the "realities of God." My, this old building would fill up; people would weep, get blessed and get saved. God's anointing was on it.

This preacher wasn't there when we arrived so another fellow and I went in and sat down and waited for him to come. Finally, somebody came in and said, "The little preacher is out in the yard." We couldn't wait! We went out where he was and somebody introduced us to him. He was just a little fellow, small in stature; I imagine somewhat like Zaccheaus; but nevertheless he had the blessing of God on him. I don't believe I've ever seen a man who had more anointing than that man. He did acknowledge us a little bit, but seemed so lost in God that we mattered but little to him. We hadn't been standing around too long when he turned around to some of us and said, "Is there not a place around here to pray?" We were accustomed to gathering and going out into the woods to pray and get "a hold" of God, so that wasn't anything unusual to us. We said, "Yes, there is a place to pray," and we started down the old Ferry Road. At that time there were few homes on that road, but one was being built not too far from the entrance. It had been closed in and the porch floor was laid. He took the lead and was just like a prancing horse. As he started across the road I well remember what he said, "We don't have to go too far; we don't have to pray too loud; we just want to talk to our Heavenly Father." I said, "Well, it's not necessary that we go on down to the woods," and I referred to this new building. "Let's just go up here on this porch and here we'll pray." In this little group was a Sunday school teacher, one of the main leaders of our group, Uncle Jimmy Lewis, my elder brother, a fellow by the name of Sam Salters, the little preacher and myself. One started praying; when he got through someone else would start, and on it went until it came the preacher's time. Because of Uncle Jimmy Lewis' years of experience in serving God, and his example, my elder brother and I had always felt reverent when we were praying and seldom ever looked up. I managed to keep my head down in spite of all that was going on, but later Uncle Jimmy said they couldn't help but watch that fellow. He said it reminded him in his imagination of old Elijah! They said there were times when that man's shoe toes were the only things that were touching the porch as he prayed and called on God. After it was over, we noticed all the people were out in the store yard and at the scattered houses along the road as far as we could see. God blessed him and I've never witnessed anything just like it! I was told afterward, that some of them at the store and elsewhere felt as though there was a lasso around their neck and somebody down that road on the other end just pulling it! Hallelujah. That man had prayed through to Heaven. Amen! We got up from our knees and went back to the old theater.

The Ladies' Aid wasn't finished with its business, so we went in and sat down. That little old fellow could hardly sit still, and ever so often he'd slip down at the seat to pray; then up he'd get and down he'd go again, he did this several times before they got through with their meeting. Finally, the ladies turned around to this fellow and said, "All right, preacher, it's yours." I can't remember right now, but possibly they sang a song or two, and then they gave it over to him to preach. I'll never forget that old theater. It had a high old stage with about four steps on either side, and I can see him now as he sprang out of that seat almost in a half run, unbuttoning his vest as he went up the stairs and hit the stage! His text was, "Ye must be born again." I got rather unsettled over the man using that text, when as far as I knew, there wasn't an unsaved person in the congregation. He began to preach as if everybody in that little old church house was on his way to hell. No man ever preached a more sincere message than he did. When he completed the first work of grace, he paused a few minutes and then said, "I would like to cap this with the second instantaneous work of grace called sanctification." Brother, if ever a man preached old-fashioned

holiness, that fellow preached it! When he got through, for the first time I saw my way perfectly clear to go through with God. I'll never forget that meeting, as long as I live. I sat back about five pews from the front row and when he gave the invitation, I looked around to see if anybody felt like I felt. I saw my sister-in-law, whom I have referred to before, pitch her baby over to another woman and head for the altar. I didn't stop to go around the end of the seat, but I went over the back of the seats and hit that altar, which was erected out of two by sixes lying on two chairs. I've told my experience many times through the years of getting saved on a creosote log, and sanctified on a two by six! There were quite a few more praying for God to sanctify them. I had settled the question; and when I got to the altar of prayer, I said, "Lord God, I'm never leaving this altar until you sanctify me." Even though the "old man" didn't want to die and the old enemy fought me, I counted the cost and consecrated one thing right after another which God brought to my mind, even things which might not have been "light," until I had everything on the altar except SELF. Then God began to question me about the possibility of going to Africa! You talk about a call to Africa; it could not have been more real than if God would have demanded me to have gone right then. I wrestled with that until finally I said, "Yes Lord, I'll go to Africa." With God leading, I was there an hour and a half consecrating, agonizing and praying "through," waiting for God to sanctify my unworthy heart. I came to the completeness of an eternal "yes"; and just like stamping some important paper with a government seal, God put the stamp on my consecration for time and eternity. Then God said to me, "You sing that old song, I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

I'm not a fellow that sings and seldom even try. I just can't do anything at it; nevertheless God had said for me to sing this old song. I felt it was just a suggestion and so turned around to our song leader and said, "Sing, I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go." I am confident the woman wasn't telling a story. I believe God just took the memory of that tune out of her mind; for she turned to me and said, "I don't know it." I began to wonder what to do when God said, "Haven't you just told me you'd go to Africa?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will." "Well," He said, "I just asked you to sing this song and it seems that you don't want to do it." I woke up to the fact that it was God asking me to do this thing, so I said, "Yes, Lord, I'll do as You have said." I didn't sing any "so-low," I sang a "so-high!" You could, no doubt, have heard me a half-mile down the road singing that old hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go." We boys used to run around in the water and then keep on our clothes that were wet with salt water, so we were accustomed to having what we call a "blood boil." They would come on different parts of our limbs and were terrible things, and would go from bad to worse until that old center core, which was causing all the trouble, would get what my mother used to call "ripe." just as long as that old core stayed in there that boil would just rage and surge until the time would come when my mother would take her two thumbs and lay them along-side of that old "ripe" boil. She'd just press down a little bit and that core would pop out and it would get well. When I got through with that song, I felt the Holy Ghost of God, just as my mother had done many times, lay His thumbs on either side of my old carnal heart and press a little bit, and I felt the old Adamic nature pop out, tap-root and all, like the core out of that blood boil. In my imagination, it looked almost like an octopus with bunches of stuff in the old taproot.

I felt so clean. Hallelujah, I never will forget it as long as I live! I have also expressed it as being like a new joint of stove pipe with the air drawn through it. But there is not language on earth or words in Webster's Dictionary whereby we can express this cleansing. Thank God, for a pure heart! God had purified my heart by faith through my determination never to leave the altar until He sanctified my soul. The blessed Book tells how Peter told of the experience at Cornelius'

house and explained to the Church, "Their hearts were purified by faith, even as ours. The Holy Ghost spoke to me, "Get up, and tell this crowd you're sanctified." While God had been dealing with me and cleansing my heart, everything had gotten mighty quiet. I stood up, turned around and just quiet-like said, "The Lord sanctified me tonight." Hallelujah, something happened in the upper sky. Something broke loose and came down through the top of that old building and hit me in the bottom of my soul. HALLELUJAH! When I came to myself, I was about midway in that old theater, jumping just as high as I could, praising God for the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. That whole atmosphere was charged with the presence of God. This may sound a little bit fanatical, but that old building was nearly "plumb full" of blue smoke so that you could hardly tell one from the other. That night was Monday night, the Fourth of July. They were having fireworks over at Atlantic Beach, which we could see from the little island where we were; and while they had fireworks over there, we were having fireworks over here! For days afterward, different ones testified that the atmosphere out on the highway was charged with the presence of God. Hallelujah for the realities of sanctified heart.

The old devil has fought me many a time because of my unusual experience of getting saved and sanctified and many times has tried to hinder me from testifying because I don't know of anyone who has had one similar to mine. Nevertheless, I'm not testifying to hurt anybody's confidence. I'm sure that God deals with different people in different ways, but I wouldn't take a billion of worlds for the realities of my experiences of being saved and sanctified by the Holy Ghost of God. From that day until this I have sat under the influence of various preachers. I remember one particular time when I was sitting under the ministry of a man preaching three works of grace! I was sitting so close to the altar I could almost put my feet on the rostrum. I looked him right in the face when he preached an empty vessel in sanctification! The more he preached it, the more the Lord poured the witness of the fullness of God into my unworthy heart until I actually had to beg God to slack up. I just couldn't stand any more. God so blessed me at that hour, that it was a week before I ever got over the physical effects of it. Hallelujah! A lot of people say, "Well, I don't believe this experience of sanctification."

Isaiah, in the year that King Uzziah died, saw God high and lifted up and the door posts moved and the house was filled with the presence of God. Isaiah cried, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." Then the angel of the Lord took the coals of fire from off the altar and placed it on his lips and said, "Who will go?" Then Isaiah said, "Here am I, send me." Thank God for the sanctifying experience of Isaiah. I'm glad that John, the forerunner of Christ, taught it. He said, "I do indeed baptize you with water unto repentance but there cometh one after me whose shoe latchets I am not worthy to stoop and unloose. He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." I'm glad Jesus taught it in that great high priestly prayer in the 17th chapter of John. He looked up toward Heaven and said, "Father, I don't pray for the world; but I pray for these that thou has given me out of the world. They are not of the world even as I am not of the world. Now Father, I pray for them. I want you to sanctify them through thy truth, that they may be one as thou and I are one, that they might be one in us, that the world may know that thou hast sent me." Then I think about the apostles who taught this experience. When Phillip went over to Samaria and had that revival, the apostles sent Peter and John down. They laid their hands on the converts and they received the Holy Ghost. Thank God. Then comes the thought in the Scripture, "He that sanctifies and they that are sanctified are one; for this cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren;" and that great familiar Scripture, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That's the gift of God's Son, that we might have life. Jesus said, "He suffered without the gate that he might sanctify the people with his own blood." Thank God for the blessed truth of the Word of God. John in his second epistle said, "If any man come and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed."

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08 -- TRUSTING GOD FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING

In continuing this life story, as the Lord might help I me, along the line of faith and trusting God in accord with our title, AN EARNEST CONTENDER, I am reminded of another personal experience in trusting God for my body. From the outward appearance and effects I, no doubt, had pneumonia, although there wouldn't be any way to definitely know unless God would reveal it, because I didn't have any doctors to examine me. I don't know why God does like He does sometimes and then again I do; because if it had not been that way, I would never have known the faithfulness or power of God in this experience that I'm about to relate. I don't recall right now what space of time was involved, but it was, no doubt, weeks that I lay on my bed with a raging fever with no aspirin to relieve the pain, no shot given, just lying there and letting the fever rage at its own will day in and day out. I don't know why God would allow it to be as it was; but, nevertheless, I was confident that God knew all about it; yet as far as contact with Him, I couldn't get any witness. I did wonder why God was standing aside and letting me suffer so; but in the light of the Gospel, I believed the good Book, (that He is touched with the feelings of our infirmities) and did not question God. I suffered a "splitting" headache with pains all over my body, until it looked like it was almost impossible to endure the suffering. I lay there in that condition for quite a little while until it became so serious I feared that at any moment I might go into a coma and not know what was going on. With the possibility of my relatives and my wife getting excited over my condition and through that weakness calling a doctor, I became alarmed at the very thought of a doctor coming into my home after my promise to trust God. It would almost make the hair stand up on my head! Not that I've got anything against the doctors. God bless them in their place. Many a time I had gone to them and they tried to come to my rescue. I always referred to Dr. Moore, our family doctor, as having a heart "as big as your fist." He has done everything he could in various ways; and even now when some of my family, who do not have the faith to believe God, call on him, he'll help all he can. He was my doctor at the time I took ' Jesus as my Physician and I don't have any complaint against him. Still I was a little bit disturbed to think they might call one after my promise to God.

I called my wife and said, "You send over there to Telford, that big brother of mine, and tell him I said, Come over here a minute." She sent for him; he came in and we talked a little while. "Brother Telford, I'm a sick man, I don't know what moment I might go into a coma, and I have been lying here thinking, of the possibility, that my wife or some of the others, in the excitement and seriousness of it, might break down and call a doctor. Telford, I've got confidence that you are man enough to keep any doctor in Beaufort from coming through these doors if you don't want him to. Brother, in case I would go into a coma and not know what was going on, I want you to promise me that no doctor will come into my house." He said, "Brother, you just relax and

don't worry. There's not a doctor in that town that can ever come inside of these doors." This may sound a little fanatical, but thank God for faith that dares to believe God and will not waver.

I didn't go into a coma; but as I lay there wondering what it was all about with that raging fever, that splitting headache and aching body, my brother Dallis came over. I can see him now as he came into the room. He had come from work and was questioning me as to how I was. I began to express myself to him, "Brother Dallis, I'm a sick man. I don't know why it is I can't get in contact with God. He seems to have taken His departure and gone to some other country. I can get no witness whatsoever from Him." He began to encourage me and referred to job, and I said, "Little do I compare with Job." As we talked and I was believing God, suddenly "right out of the blue" I saw the flash of a glittering silver sword! As it flashed its way across the front of my bed, the presence of God hit my unworthy heart! So real was God's blessing and presence I thought I just couldn't stand it as it bubbled over in my soul. I couldn't even talk! When anyone would come into the room, I would pull the cover over my head and lie there and rejoice and thank and praise God for His faithfulness. That old raging fever and the ache in my bones began to subside from then on as the touch of God began to make this old body normal. Hallelujah! I pulled out of that experience a well man without anything except a touch of God.

Various experiences I can relate as the Lord reminds me! I'm thinking about one now, very short, yet very real. I was awakened one night with such a throbbing headache. I don't know that I had ever had one like it before and as far as I can recall, I wasn't sick when I went to bed. I lay there beside my wife who was asleep, and nobody else knew anything about it but me. The ache got so severe I felt like I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I said, "Lord God, there is no one on this earth that knows anything about this condition but You and me. Now Lord, I wouldn't want to ask anything out of your will; but if You can get any glory out of this, touch my head." Before I hardly got that last word out, the pain was gone, and I lay there in peace! Hallelujah! Another experience I had with God wasn't along the lines of healing, although it was similar. I was under the impression that God wanted me to do a particular thing, and I wanted to know it was really of God. He began to reveal to me my privilege of knowing whether it was the will of God or whether it was just an impression. He reminded me when God called Gideon to fight his battle, Gideon put a fleece out in order to be satisfied it really was of God. He said, "Now Lord, I'm putting my fleece out, I want You to wet this fleece with the dew of Heaven and let the ground around be dry as an evidence of this being of God." God did just like Gideon asked Him to do. Yet, Gideon wanted to be more sure and so he said, "Now Lord, I'm putting my fleece out, I want You to dry this fleece and wet the ground," and again God did just like Gideon asked Him to do. The Lord impressed me with the thought that I could be as sure as Gideon was. I just sat there wondering what my fleece would be.

My wife was doing something about the house and I was sitting there rocking the baby while I was meditating. At that time I had a spot of poison ivy on my arm about the size of a quarter. It was in full bloom, raging and itching; and the old devil had been questioning what I was going to do about that poison ivy. He had said that I wasn't going to get clear of it. He's always around trying our faith. As I sat there and thought over what I could use for a fleece, the Lord reminded me of that spot of poison ivy and He said, "There's your fleece. Show it to Lela." (Lela is my wife). I stuck my arm out and said, "Look at this poison ivy". I well remember what she said, "You better not let the baby get in contact with that." So I sat back, relaxed and said, "Now Lord,

that's my fleece. If this is of God, I want You to remove this poison ivy." I forgot all about the conversation we'd been having of what God wanted me to do and about my fleece being out. I don't know how long I sat with the baby, but after a while it was just as though someone called my attention to it and said, "Look at your arm." I looked back at my arm and it was as clear as it is now. The Lord said, "Show it to Lela." I stuck my arm out and said, "Lela, look at my arm, the poison ivy is gone." Now that was a supernatural act of God, and in spite of the devil's threatenings, I was satisfied as to what God wanted me to do. Thank God for the realities of God's Blessing.

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09 -- THE RED OAK SNAKE

During, a portion of the depression I was working on W.P.A. We were working on highways, cleaning up and various like things. Not having to do things one ordinarily would do on a job, some fellows would just stand around. I didn't feel right doing that, but there would be times when I would get under the burden of prayer and would slip away into the woods a little bit and talk with God and He would bless and encourage me. I was working on a section over on the mainland where there was a good possibility of contacting rattlesnakes and various other kinds, which were very dangerous. Sometimes I'd use the old log, trail, which had been laid for the trucks to go in and out, to make my way out into the woods where I could meditate with God. While I was going over these logs, the old devil would question me, "Suppose a rattler would hit you from under one of these old logs?" They had first-aid treatments for different kinds of snake bites right on the job. Would I use them? That was not a joke, neighbor, bless your heart, that was a reality! The question would just press down on me; and while I would meditate over that situation as serious as it might be, God would bless me. I had taken my stand to trust God for my Physician for time and eternity, but still the old enemy continued to fight bringing this and that to my attention at various times. Not knowing the span of my life, the experiences and circumstances ahead, or whether I could have faith for my needs, there was a lot involved in taking a stand like that.

I remember one woman right here on this island, who felt that she should trust God for her healing; and she took a somewhat bold stand. She made the announcement in testimony that it wasn't the influence of anybody, (referring to me), because we fellowshipped together quite a bit. She even wrote back home to Virginia, to some of her relatives relating to them that she had taken God as her Physician for time and eternity. As time went on this old lady got sick. It became a little serious and she got somewhat disturbed over the situation. Under the strain of the possibility of what could happen, her faith began to waver. It wasn't long until she was taking aspirin or some kind of pill, and then the next thing she did was call for a doctor. The doctor came, did everything he could, but in spite of it all, the old lady died. Quite a little while after that, in a service in the presence of her husband, I was blessed testifying to the goodness and faithfulness of God. I called this man's attention to his companion and said, "I believe that woman would have been living today if she would have trusted God."

Neighbor, I'm testifying today, in spite of whatever may come or go, under whatever condition of life, under the hand of sickness or various kinds of affliction, I'm glad my faith is in God, the great Physician of the skies, who is far superior to man, amen. I don't understand why it

is; but if we call on the doctor (and the most of them are blasphemous and God-haters), we'll place ourselves in their hands and just relax and do what they say to do. There is many a one, no doubt, today, in the hole in the ground because of the mistakes and lack of knowledge of the physicians. On the other hand, I am aware of the fact there are many living today because of the knowledge of the physician. I'm not fighting that; but there is one thing that I can testify to; if God can take the dust of the earth, pull it together and form man in the likeness of Himself, breathe into his nostrils the breath of life, then He is able to care for and fix up the old body that might have any defect in it. Thank God for confidence in a physician that is more able and far superior to men.

With the old enemy still fighting me about what might happen, I went back over to the island. I was working on a little piece of road on the western end of the island. It was close to noon, and I was getting ready for lunch. I stepped over into the side of the woods, maybe twenty or thirty minutes before twelve, and climbed into a little circle, probably about eight to ten feet across, where there was no underbrush. Leaves had gathered and piled up to about ankle deep. After I had stood there in the middle of that circle maybe twenty or thirty minutes, I stepped over to one side and looked over to the place where I had been standing. There was a red oak snake, one of the worse snakes we have on the island! That old fella was lying there stretched out to full length, and I'd been standing practically in the middle of him with both his head and tail free. He could have hit me maybe half a dozen times before I could have gotten away. I backed off a little bit, the hair standing up on my head and cold chills running up and down my spine from the thought of what could have happened, and wondering why it hadn't. As that old snake lay there not moving, his eyes a-sparkling, he looked as though he had committed a crime and would have given anything in the world to be under cover where he couldn't be seen. So I just stood there and looked at him with my heart pounding and cold chills running up and down my spine, trying to find a way to get something to kill the old fella. Finally he began to move just a little bit. Then the devil tempted me, "There's something wrong with that snake; he's sick or he would have bitten you quite a few times." It did look as though something unusual was wrong with this snake, for it is not the nature of these fellers to let you stand right in the middle of them, both ends loose, without doing something about it. Nevertheless, that's the way it was. Eventually he tried to get himself together and get away. He began to just move slowly; and as he tried to make his way toward cover, he began to pick up a little more speed. As he went toward the edge of the woods, the old devil would cry over and over, "Now, you see the way he's doing, sure there's something wrong with that snake!"

Just before he got into the enclosure of the thicket, the Lord spoke to me and said, "Take that fella by the tail and throw him out into the clearing." Conscious of what I was doing in obedience to God, I had the fella by the tail and threw him out into the middle of the opening. When he hit the leaves, brother, I'm telling you, I was somewhat convinced there was nothing wrong with that snake. The leaves just flew right and left while he was heading back toward the woods. Then the Lord said, "Take him again." I took him again. I threw him back into the opening, not playing with him, but I just put him out there and let him go. When I did that, the old fella turned about face with about six or eight inches of his head up in the air, that old forked tongue going, like lightning, and headed for me. Brother, I was ready to take off! All of this was done to defeat the old enemy and for God to show me there was nothing wrong with that snake. No doubt, some will say, "Well, there's one of those old 'snake handlers';" but, neighbor, I want you to know that my

way of handling snakes is with a club! I don't believe in playing with snakes, but under the providential hand of God this took place that I might be encouraged in the faithfulness of God.

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10 -- THE MAD ITCH

At this point I am reminded of my experience with the "mad itch," and in connection with it, I'd like to relate a story. When I was a young man in the hospital at Beaufort with my first attack of ulcerated stomach, in the ward with us was an old man who also lived in a nearby community. He had what they called the mad itch. It's something connected with too much acid. He was a great lover of tomatoes and such things as that, and every so often he would have an attack of this mad itch. The old fellow had a mighty good companion. She would come down every so often in the evening in the last visiting period and bring a little sack of corn meal. She'd just take this fellow and pull his pajama jacket off, take that corn meal, pour it into her hands, and rub him down. That was the only relief from the standpoint of human aid, other than medicine, that he would get. You couldn't scratch it. If you did, it would make sores and you couldn't get relief that way anyhow. He'd groan and show his appreciation of that corn meal being used to ease the itch. They would give him shots of different kinds when it would get so rugged that he couldn't stand it, to quiet him down for a little while. The mad itch went from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He was a little aged man and had a thin lot of hair. The skin on his head was just as white as could be and he would take both hands on the top of his head, scratching and rubbing; and then rubbing his feet and everything together, till we young fellows would just get tickled and laugh and have somewhat of a time. Not that we were throwing off on the old man; but the way he'd go about it, we just couldn't help it. It went on like that for a while with the old fellow having quite an experience, and the doctors doing all they could for him in various ways.

The time that I'm about to mention was on a Sunday. It wasn't a big hospital, yet it was a busy one; and this day they were so busy that for a long period, a nurse didn't pass by our door or come around and ask any questions whatever. The old man became so bad he finally just got out of his bed, put on his robe and walked up and down the hall. Every time he passed our door, he'd be scratching just as hard as he could scratch, his head and everywhere, terrified to death, and we fellas would get tickled. That was a poor way to feel about it. It wasn't that we weren't in sympathy with the old man, we just couldn't help but laugh as it went on and on. We didn't realize how terrified the old man was. Finally he came back to bed. It began to get along toward the last of the evening and a little bit dark. Everything was quiet and we were all lying there in the beds getting ready for the night, when a nurse came and pushed the door open. She said in a low voice, like she thought some of us might be asleep, "Is there anything I can do for anybody?" The old man reared right up in the bed and said, "You sure can. I want a shot if it's nothing more than a load of buckshot!" And we fellas! Oh, I thought we would never get over the laugh we got out of that!

Well, I told all of this to say that later on I to had the mad itch and you don't know the times that I thought about that old man. I wasn't much for eating before going to bed, but one night I opened a can of tomatoes and sweetened them up. I possibly ate about half a can and went to bed. I woke up some time before day; and brother, I want to tell you, I found out what the mad itch was. From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet that old raging itch had taken over. I had welts

almost half as big as your hand and they looked to be nearly half an inch thick. You talk about being terrified and itching; brother, that's the proper name for that complaint, the mad itch. I went on for several days trusting God, no shots, no meal rubbed on. The only relief I could get was when my wife would hand me a cold wet cloth; and I'd take that wash cloth, twist it around my thumb until I would almost twist it off, then around each finger, one after the other, around and around. Also I would catch my feet up in the bend of my legs just as far as I could get them and shove them right on down to where they'd be scraped, trying to get relief. Finally I came to the place where I said, "Lord God, I don't see how I can stand this." I told my wife, "You get my brother over here and have him go up yonder and get the preacher and some members of the church that dare to believe God. Something has to be done. I've got to have relief. I can't stand this." Yet there was never a waver or a doubt; I was still trusting God and leaning on Him. Of course, my brothers and sisters were around, especially those who were out of the faith.

One sister of mine lived close by, and she was very disturbed and upset because I was not doing anything about this, just lying there and suffering. As far as they were concerned, it was all uncalled for; but in spite of it all, hallelujah, I was still trusting God. The preacher and several of the church people who really had contact with God came into my room, knelt down beside my bed; and, brother, they got a hold of Heaven, hallelujah! God manifested Himself in that room in such a wonderful way with blessing, that in spite of it all, I was lying there praising God, and they were shouting all over the room having such a hallelujah time. My sister came running over and came in very excited. She thought I might be dead or something. God answered prayer and touched this old mad itch of mine. I was able to get up after that; and that evening I put my clothes on, went down to the shore and walked around a little bit. From then on, hallelujah, the old "mad itch" played out. In spite of what may come or go, thank God, for the faithful ness of the great Physician of the skies. I'm glad if you dare to trust Him, He'll never fail you! He'll see you through. I appreciate being a witness to His goodness and His greatness and victory in spite of the devil.

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11 -- LEG SORES AND BLOOD POISONING

This experience is one of the most outstanding experiences of divine healing, as far as the outward appearance is concerned, I have ever had. There is something about man that makes him question these different healings and whether they really happen, unless he can see the effect from it. So this that I'm about to relate was something that could be seen. I don't know how it all came about, but I was fishing at that particular time and wearing boots. It wasn't anything out of the usual for a fellow to get his foot chafed or galled from a boot and sometimes it caused trouble. Yet, on the other hand, it did not usually amount to much. He'd just wear something else until the foot got well. I had two places near my ankle that seemingly had been chafed or galled, and they began to get irritated and to cause me quite a bit of trouble. We changed our method of fishing a little bit, which caused us to work around the beach with a net, hauling fish. This type of fishing causes a person to be on his feet for most of the day, so it was pretty rough on those old leg sores with boots on. Nevertheless, I had my little pan and some sanitary gauze; and every evening when we'd get in from fishing, though the sores were smarting and hurting pretty bad, I'd sit down with some hot water and bathe the sores out. Then I'd take gauze and wrap around them and put a clean sock on. This I did once a day, day in and day out, after I'd finished work. I was trusting God, so I couldn't

put anything on them only keep them clean, which I did; but as time went on, instead of their getting better, they got worse. That period of fishing ran out, and in between season when fishing wasn't too good.

I did a little bit of carpenter work. My two brothers and I took our tool boxes and went over to Morehead City where a housing project was going on in the west end of the city and got a job framing houses. I still had that old sore leg, though it felt a little bit better when I could wear my shoes; nevertheless they were so bad that they did not get better. I was on my feet climbing up and down for nine hours a day. When I'd get home in the evening, I'm telling you, those leg sores were very painful. I'd just endure the pain and the suffering; and oh, the old enemy would fight. He'd say, "Where's God, and where's His goodness, and where's His faithfulness? Why does He let it be like it is?" Brother, I'm telling you right here and now, hallelujah, I wouldn't take anything in the world for experiences such as this one; it testifies to the faithfulness of God. If it hadn't been like that, I would not have this story to relate here. Thank God, amen, I couldn't understand it then, but I well understand it now. All of this I had agreed to when I accepted God way back yonder, years ago. When I asked Him what step to take in life that I might be at my best for God, He had told me to "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

After I'd get home and have supper and sit around a little while, trying to rest that leg, I'd get the little pan and some hot water. It would take sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes, possibly more, to get the old boil out of that sore. I'd have to bathe it and bathe it and bathe it. Then I had to clean it, dry the leg off, and take the gauze that was dry as dry could be and wind it around those sores, being just as particular as I could be to keep the dirt out of them. Then I'd put a clean sock on. I would go to bed and after lying awake for some time from the pain and suffering, I'd drop off to sleep for a little while. Yet, I want to testify right here and now that I wasn't impatient, hallelujah. I was still leaning on God. I wasn't disturbed; I wasn't alarmed. I knew God would take care of the situation even though He was standing aside somewhat and letting it be as it was. As time went on the condition of those leg sores grew worse. One of them looked like you could drop a half dollar right down into it and the other one maybe a quarter. They were eaten out, terrible to look at and very serious. Others were disturbed and alarmed about it and wanted to know why I wouldn't do this or that; nevertheless I was very calm and quiet, trying to believe God. I continued to work every day.

Finally on the day that I am about to relate I thought that old leg, was just about to kill me. I had suffered terribly all day with it, and got to the place where I could hardly stand the pain as it went through that sore and up my leg. I just grinned, and as the old fellow said, "endured it all." That day, which was Thursday, I came home with the thought that possibly the weather might be bad the next day, raining or something, so that I couldn't work. Then I could have Friday, Saturday and Sunday to sit around the home and put my foot up on a chair off the floor and relax. I just knew how much better it would feel; but with the responsibility of a big family, I needed all the work I could get. Then I came to myself and said, "Well, that may be a selfish thought; because if I can't work, my brother and others can't work and they would lose money." Yet on the other hand, you just don't know how bad I wanted some relief from that hurting leg at this time. It was just about to terrify me to death! After I ate my supper, I got my little pan and my sanitary gauze. I sat down, and I reckon, worked thirty minutes before I got the gauze out of those sores. They looked like they were half an inch deep and had eaten almost into the bone, and around the edges a circle almost as

big as your finger had turned black. When I pulled my leg up, I noticed going up from the sores to above my knee, red streaks like sun rays. I'm not as dumb as some folk think I am. I realized it was blood poisoning, but not one cold chill went up my back, and there wasn't a thought of being disturbed, alarmed or uneasy; yet, the suffering was just about all I could stand. So, I tried to dig out the black edges and then I bound the gauze over and over, around and around, right over those old rotten sores, then I put my sock on. I told my wife, "I'm going to lie down to see if I can relax a bit and possibly go to sleep."

For sometime I hadn't had a conscious moment without pain; but I had now come to the place where I just didn't know how in the world I was going to be able to stand it. So I went to bed; and after what seemed an hour or two of rolling from side to side, I unconsciously dropped off to sleep. For the first time I could remember in this experience, I slept all night long and never woke once. When I opened my eyes the next morning between daylight and sunrise, there wasn't a pain anywhere about me. I was so thankful that I just melted with gratitude toward God for His mercy in touching that leg and removing the pain. I have to admit, that through human weakness, I was almost afraid to, breathe or to blink my eyes for fear I might cause the pain to come back. I had suffered so long that I just didn't want to feel any more of it. I laid there for quite a while and praised Him over and over. Oh, the old enemy, he was still there too; he never gives up. He told me, "You know you had better not move that leg." You just don't know the argument he put up, but finally I decided I'd just wiggle my toes. I wiggled my toes very carefully and they didn't hurt! I wiggled them again, and the leg didn't hurt! So I began to muster up a little bit more courage and faith and finally I began to move that foot from side to side, back and forth, and it still didn't hurt. Oh, I just got so blessed thanking God for His goodness to me in removing the pain. My courage and faith in Him began to get stronger. Then the old enemy said, "Whenever you slip your foot off the bed and put it on the floor, it's gonna hurt." I was afraid to do it for quite a while; but, nevertheless, I finally gathered up enough courage to slip that foot over toward the side of the bed, very carefully and tenderly, little by little, until I felt my foot hit the floor. When it hit the floor, I let it lie there; but it still didn't hurt. Then I began to get more encouraged and said, "Well, if that legs not going to hurt, I'll get up; and if it doesn't hurt, I'll start walking around on it and get ready for work." I got up and the leg didn't hurt. I went downstairs and walked around for quite a little bit and it still didn't hurt.

Then I began to get ready to go back to work. Finally the boys came and we went on down to the job. They asked me how my leg was doing and I just testified to them that the Lord had touched me and relieved me so that I hadn't had one pain since I awoke that morning. Ever so often I'd forget about the leg; but when I did think about it, I would muster up enough courage to shake it different ways; and it still didn't hurt. I'd get blessed again, amen, and thank God for removing the pain. Never one time did I dream that my leg was completely healed. I came home and told my wife how I'd been blessed that day, that the pain was gone and how thankful I was to God, still not realizing all that He had done. After supper, as usual, I got my little pan of hot water, gauze and clean sock, and sat down to dress the old leg again. As I began to undo the gauze from around my leg, there being quite a bit of it, I was surprised that it came off so easily; whereas the evening before it had taken nearly thirty minutes. The gauze just slipped plumb off that leg, and there where the sores had been, were two circles of brand, spanking new, pink baby skin. Hallelujah! THANK GOD, AMEN, FOR THE HEALING TOUCH OF GOD! Those old sores were gone, and that leg was as slick as my leg is now. I took my thumb and rubbed over those places which the night

before had been rotten to the bone with evidences of blood poisoning, and they felt just like velvet. Brother, there's not a physician that could ever have done anything like that. Hallelujah! Thank God for the Great Physician of the sky.

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12 -- THE OLD PRAYING GROUND

When I took God as my Physician, it didn't altogether stop with healing. I took Him as my source of help, through the benefits of the Atonement, for every walk of life. I'm glad we can trust Him for anything and everything that we need. He's promised to supply our needs "according to His riches in glory." This incident that I'm about to relate deals with a vision God gave me concerning His attitude toward the needs of others. One Sunday morning quite a few years ago, I was getting ready for Sunday school and church. At that time our church supported a broadcast with a good outstanding holiness preacher as speaker. I looked forward to listening every Sunday to this broadcast and hearing a man of God dare to preach the old fashioned truth of second blessing holiness. How I enjoyed the good church trio singing the songs of Zion under the inspiration and blessing of God. This morning I finished my preparations early. And as the broadcast didn't come on until eight o'clock, I was sitting there waiting for it.

My uncle who lived in Beaufort, was spending the night with me. He was a good Christian man. How we enjoyed fellowship together. We were sitting there, talking about the goodness of God, when we heard a knock at the door. Two ladies from our church came in, Sr. Helen Lewis and Sr. Emma Lee Yeomans, and I believe there was a young'un with them. I couldn't understand why they were there so early in the morning, and so I asked the question, "Could there be anything the matter?" They tried to relate the circumstances. Sister Helen's daughter was in the hospital mothering her first child; and after the birth of the child, she was taken with convulsions and was having one right after another until it became so serious they were going around the neighborhood asking different ones to pray. I'll never forget the tremble of that chin and the throb of that heart, as long as I live. Even Emma Lee, though not related to this other lady, had the burden. They said, "Pray." Others cried, "Pray that Fay will get better." It just touched my heart like a dagger and cut me to the core. After they went out, I got my shoes on, slipped out the back door and headed for my old praying ground.

I do not live now in the same house as I did then, but at that time I had an old praying ground, hallelujah, where I'd go and meet with God. I had such wonderful experiences out there, praying through and getting answers. It was holy ground, just as much as was when Moses approached God at the burning bush. I knelt down by that old praying altar. My heart was touched. This mother and this neighbor and the girl who was having convulsions one right after another were a part of our church; so I began to call on God and began to get blessed and encouraged in Him. I don't know why, but I had the feeling I should have an answer before leaving the woods. I was impressed that someone would ask, "How is everything?" So I said, "Lord God, I'm not leaving these woods until you give me an answer." I was holding on to God and daring to believe Him, but I wasn't expecting the answer which came. While I was there on my knees, all at once there appeared before me the hospital ward; there was the hospital bed; and there was the girl, Fay Gillikin, lying there in that bed and Jesus standing beside her with His back to me. His hands were

behind Him, one in the other. I stood there looking at Him with not a word uttered. Just the expression He wore, looking down into Fay's face, was a satisfactory witness of His attitude. I had the answer to the question that might possibly be asked of me. "Everything is all right!" There wasn't a question or a doubt in my mind, but that Fay was going to be all right. When I saw the compassion of the Son of God as He looked down into her face, I got so blessed, amen, I started to take off. I almost got up off my knees when for the first time I saw her husband. There he stood, great big, tall, handsome young man, standing there in the middle of the hospital ward with his head dropped and his shoulders drooped with despair and gloom. It touched my heart, and I fell back down on my knees. I said, "Lord, how about Paul?" He turned away from the bed and walked over to where Paul was standing and just as tenderly put His arm around his neck. That was all I could stand. Amen. Brother, I hit the woods and I reckon I was thirty minutes getting out. Hallelujah! I was so much under the blessing of God, that several times I ran right by the mouth of the old path that led back home.

Finally I was able to bring myself somewhat back to normal, got in the old path, and went back to the house. The radio program was over, and they were standing there waiting to find out what it was all about. When I opened the door, there was my uncle and one of my brothers standing in the middle of the floor and the first words they asked me were, "How is everything?" I threw my arms around their necks and they put theirs around mine; and, bless God, we had a time praising God in the back of that old kitchen when I told them, "Everything is all right.", Everywhere I went, to the church, to the Sunday school teacher and the young people, I told my experience about Fay and Paul. I hadn't gotten a message from the hospital, didn't know anything, and didn't need to know anything. Oh, if I'd had a telegram right from the doctors saying, "Everything's all right," I wouldn't have been more assured of the reality of Fay's getting well. Certainly she did. Amen. Thank God for victory over the devil. Thank God for giving to us, unworthy as we are, such privileges and showing us such things that only He can reveal.

A lot of people say because of the day we're living in, it is a little bit fanatical; but the good Book teaches us in Joel, "In the last days I will pour out my Spirit on your sons, on your daughters, and on your handmaids, and they are going to prophesy and see visions, and they are going to dream dreams." Thank God for the reality of personal experiences in seeing some of the fulfillment of this Scripture. I'm living, oh bless God, with faith to see more accomplished in the day in which we live. Hallelujah for the faithfulness of God. Amen and amen!

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13 -- GO TO THE WESTERN

I am reminded of another unusual experience I had with God during the depression. Having a big family and money scarce, necessities had run out. Wife was cooking on an old kerosene stove. I was sitting and meditating about what I was going to do, still I was trusting and believing God. I hadn't called on anyone else, when the Lord spoke to me and said, "Take your oil can and go to the western. (That's our way of expressing going back to the western end of the Island.) I then picked up my oil can, left the house and started to the western. I had no money, just was minding God. I went toward my father's house, which is next to mine. When I came to the corner of his fence, the Lord said, "Set your can down. Go on over to David Willis'," which was the next house

to my Daddy's and the home of a good Christian man and woman. I walked over there and I'll never forget it. They were out planting flowers and cleaning up around the yard. We spoke a little bit together; and finally the lady threw the hoe down and said, "There's something better than this. Let's go in the house." So we went in the house, sat down and began to talk about the good things of God. We were sitting there having such a good time getting blessed that I forgot all about my oil can and everything else. I finally came to myself and said, "Well, I guess I'll have to go." Sister Georgie spoke up and said, "Well, were going to have prayer before you go." We knelt down at the chairs in that home and began to call on God. The Lord began to bless; and we had such a time in God, oh, I'll never forget it as long as I live. Sister Georgie got up off her knees, passed me and went into the bedroom. She stayed a little while. When she finally came back out, she walked over to me and said, "While we were praying, the Lord told me to give you some tithe money I had. When I left to go into the room, I thought I had ten dollars and I had in mind I was going to give you five; but when I went in there to get it, the Lord said, 'Give him the ten dollars!' Hallelujah, thank God. She gave me the ten dollars and I thanked her and the good God of the skies for it.

I went out and walked back down the road, picked up my old oil can and went my way to the store. I got the needed oil and some other necessities. Hallelujah, for a God that's touched with the feelings of our infirmities and has promised by Christ Jesus to supply our every need. I know people wonder how in the world I can get blessed like I do, but it's just the refreshment from the memories of those experiences in God. Spiritually speaking, I get so hungry sometimes to see days such as those in the time of the depression, which were some of the greatest I ever witnessed. Because of the fact that we're blessed with prosperity today, we're all prone to forget God, but in times like that, we leaned on Him, and He proved His goodness, faithfulness, mercy and love by fulfilling every promise in the blessed old Book.

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14 -- ANNIE FRANCES AND THE SWEET POTATO

I feel led to relate here an experience we had with one of our children, Annie Frances. She was our baby and at that time just beginning to walk a little bit. She was taken with bowel trouble. We tried to check it with different things for quite a little while, but it didn't seem to get any better. I was confident it was our privilege to trust God and thus honor Him, but my wife was not quite up to this place in faith, and her mother concern and love caused her to be pretty much disturbed when this condition continued on and on. So, we took the baby to the doctor. He checked her and gave us some medicine. We came home and began to doctor the child according to his orders, but nothing we did for her seemed to do any good. I went along with them in it as I didn't feel clear to take the matter into my own hands. I put her in the hands of the Lord, and in it all I was still believing Him to take care of Annie. This sickness lingered on until the neighbors around us began to get concerned. In those days people used a lot of patent medicines and old remedies. Some of them worked and some of them didn't. The neighbors were good and kind and took such an interest in the child. They would come around with this and that and say, "I believe this will help the child," and we would try it. We had a little eight by four foot shelf in the bedroom right behind the door practically full of all these different kinds of medicines. It seemed like almost anything that we knew wouldn't hurt the child, we'd try; but it didn't do much good. Finally we felt we should change doctors, which we did several times, but nothing seemed to touch the child's trouble. It

became more serious as time went on. Her bowels would move from four to as high as sixteen times a day, and quite a bit of that was just clear blood, not too much at a time, but enough that it would wet her diaper. This continued for possibly several months and I don't see how the child continued to get around like she did. It certainly became more alarming everyday. The doctors were puzzled. Where was this blood coming from and what was its cause?

We had one former family doctor, Dr. Hyde, whom we hadn't been to yet, and in whom I had as much confidence, as any doctor around. I felt I should take the child to him and I told my wife I was going to. I believe the providential hand of God worked out our taking her to him at this particular time. It was a very busy office day. When our turn came my wife and I began to relate the experiences we'd already had with the child and what had been done for her, even the medicine the neighbors had brought. He seemed to take an interest in the story, just turned around in his swivel chair, laid his foot over the desk and seemed to forget all the rest of the patients outside as he sat there and questioned us. Wife and I were the only case he took the rest of that day and I don't know how long we stayed in that doctor's office. After we had related everything we could possibly think of, he looked over at me and said, "Mr. Rose, I feel I'm a qualified doctor. I don't feel I'm the best, but I feel equal with others of my profession; and as I've sat here listening to this story, you have thoroughly convinced me that as yet nothing has been done for this child that has touched the cause." He said, "Under no circumstances would I dare write you a prescription. Everything that has been done for this child has been experimental; and for this reason," he said, "I wouldn't dare experiment any farther. Annie has had far more already than she has needed; but," he said, "I have a suggestion, if you will consider it. I know two baby specialists; and as far as I'm concerned, either one of them is good." He told me where the two were located. We decided to take her to the one in New Bern, N. C., as he was closer to us than the other. He said, "Mr. Rose, I would not wait another day. I'd make arrangements to get this child to that specialist today."

We didn't have a bridge at that time from Harker's Island, just a ferry. We had brought the baby over by boat. I told him I would have to go over to the island and make arrangements to get the car to take the baby up to New Bern. He said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You go right on home and make this arrangement as soon as possible. On your way to New Bern, stop at my office; and I'll call this specialist and make an appointment for you, so that he'll be waiting when you get there." I thanked him and said, "Doc, what do I owe you?" He said, "You don't owe me a cent." I don't know how long I had been in that office, but this man had taken this thing to heart and I appreciated that. He said, "If there is anything in the world that I can assist you in doing, gladly will I do it." So I said, "Well, Doc, just as soon as I can make the arrangements, I'll be back by the office." We brought the car across on the old ferry, came back into Beaufort and stopped at the Doctor's office. I went in and said, "Doc, I'm on my way to New Bern." He said, "Well, just go right ahead, and I'll call the specialist. He'll be waiting for you." We drove on; and when we got there, he was waiting for us. We related everything to him in detail as we had done with the other doctors. We had tried to memorize everything that had been done for the child and the various things we had been giving her. After he had taken it all in, he sat there for a little while meditating. Finally, he acted as though he was very confident in what he was attempting to do and said, "Mr. Rose, I'm going to put this baby on an apple diet. I'm confident this will take care of the condition, and she'll soon be on her way to recovery." Since he was specialist, I felt there was a possibility of his knowing what he was doing, and it seemed to be a little ray of hope. He suggested that we

stop by the fruit stand while we were in New Bern and get a certain amount of real ripe apples and instructed us on how to scrape them real fine and get all we could into the child through the day. He said, "Now, she'll possibly come to the place that she won't want or care for it; nevertheless you just do all you can to get the apple into her. After a certain amount of days, if the child is not better, you bring her back to me." He encouraged us that it was going to work. So we stopped at the fruit stand and bought some good mellow apples and drove on home.

We began this treatment of apple diet and the child seemed at first to like it. We went according to the instructions the doctor had given us and got all the apple we could into her day after day. The time the doctor had allowed was about to run out, but as not one thing that we did was healing this child, we were somewhat discouraged and alarmed. Still you'll never know how confident I was that God wanted this case, and how eager I was to see the day when it could be turned over to Him. I was praying that my good wife could muster up enough faith to believe God, and we together, could put her in the hands of God. We took the child back to the doctor as he had said for us to do. He seemed to be very puzzled after we had related it all. He was very satisfied with what we had done, and was convinced that the apple diet did no good at all. He seemed to be the most disappointed fellow you ever saw and began to stare at the floor and scratch his head. Finally he looked like he had found a ray of hope and said, "No doubt, the trouble with this child is that her kidneys are bad and this is why her stomach trouble is not getting any better. At her age it is hard to get a specimen and can only be gotten when she cares to make water. I don't know how long you might have to stay here before I could get a specimen, so I suggest that you go back home. Before you leave town, go down to the five-and-ten-cent store, and get a little pot. Take the baby's diaper off and watch her on your way back to Beaufort. If you can, get a specimen of her urine and bring it into Dr. Hyde. He'll check it and then call me and I'll tell him what to do."

We followed his instructions, but the baby's kidneys didn't act. I went into Dr. Hyde's office and told him what the specialist had said. He seemed to be somewhat surprised, too. He said, "No doubt, you are very tired, so you just go on home and keep watch of her. The first opportunity you have, get a specimen and tomorrow bring it down to me and I'll check it." After all this, weeks and even months of unrest and worry, we were whipped out. My sister's husband, who lived close to us was a coast guard man and a pretty dependable fellow. He'd been over to question about the child, and I told him what we had to do. He said, "I'm going back to the Coast Guard station; and if you don't care, I'll take this specimen to the doctor and have him check it. When he tells me what he has found, I'll send word right back to you on the mail boat." I gave him the specimen. The doctor ran a test and told my brother-in-law, "You can tell Mr. Rose there's nothing wrong with the child's kidneys." My brother-in-law sent the word back that there was nothing wrong with the child's kidneys, and you might know how we felt. I can imagine the disappointment of the specialist, as he was convinced he knew all about it. I just dropped the thoughts of a specialist as I was convinced that he, too, like all the others, didn't have knowledge enough to find the cause of this child's trouble. Yet, on the other hand, this made it more serious and alarming. So I began to pray even more than I had been praying, knowing all the time how able God was, and confident that He would take care of the situation if we could only get to the place where we could trust Him. I would gladly have done so, but I realized my wife's lack of faith for the child's healing and I tried to co-operate with her the best I could.

It had become so serious that I really got down to business. This particular night my wife and I had gone to bed, and I seemingly couldn't think about going to sleep. In the quietness of the night, thinking that she had fallen asleep, I prayed practically all night that God would help her faith so that we could put this child into His hands. This looked like our only hope. Later on she told me that she, too, had been praying silently all night that God would strengthen her faith to trust Him with this child. There is no question but that He did! I took notice, as the days passed by, that the child continued as she had been, and I don't recollect that my wife gave her anything. I learned later that God had strengthened her faith to the place where she could take her stand and trust Him with the child. She was being tried, for it was possibly two weeks from the time that she took her stand before anything happened, but God blessed her. Sometimes she was surprised, as she told me later, that when she would go into the bedroom to this little medicine shelf, thinking she would give Annie something, the Lord would say, "Leave it alone." I didn't understand it all then; but I'm thoroughly convinced now, that before God would take this case in His hands, He wanted all of the medicine out of the way so that there would be no question that it had had anything to do with her healing.

One day God gave me an experience to verify this even before we had taken the child to the specialist. I had said at the beginning of this story how old people had different remedies. Well, one of wife's oldest sisters lived just a little piece from us, and she was one of those that depended very much on old remedies. She was visiting our home one day and told my wife, "If you'll get some good sweet potatoes and bake them and start giving them to this child, it will check her bowels." She had such confidence in this, although I don't know why. Anyway she always had sweet potatoes on hand. She went home, baked a pan of sweet potatoes, and brought them over to my wife. We hadn't given her too many, when the child's bowels returned to normal. Brother, you can imagine how thrilled we were. When neighbors came in and wanted to know how the child was, I said, "Sweet potatoes did it." You can't imagine how I felt when I said, "sweet potatoes." If God had hit me with a sweet potato, He wouldn't have opened my eyes any faster than He did with the conviction of how human we are. Even if God had undertaken, we would have given an old sweet potato the glory for what God had done. You just can't imagine how unworthy I felt as I begged God's forgiveness and asked for a determination to trust Him regardless of anything else.

As soon as God revealed our attitude and where the praise would have gone, the child's bowels became as they were before. Surely, it wasn't the sweet potato that had touched this child. It was the mercies of God. More and more I put the child into the hands of God; and as I've already said, my wife had gotten to the place where she was doing this too, though unknown to me. After a long period of time had gone by, so that there would be no question in her mind or anyone else that medicine or other remedies had anything to do with it, God touched Annie Frances instantly; and from that day until today, she's never had one symptom of that condition return. Hallelujah! She is the mother of two children, one of them in high school and the other in elementary school. She is about two years old in Christ with a wonderful saved and sanctified experience in God and on her way to Heaven. Hallelujah, thank God, amen!

Neighbor, I encourage you from my own personal experiences that you can afford to trust God, hallelujah! Not only is God our great Physician, but He is a God for our every need. In the Atonement, the need of man is met for every walk of life. I think about the Scripture where Jesus is instructing us to take no thought for this life, not for food or raiment and not even for tomorrow.

"For the morrow," He said, "will take thought for the things of itself." I see illustrations of God's faithfulness even toward the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. The birds don't have any barns to store in. They completely and entirely lean on their Creator. I've never gotten hold of one of these little fellows, unless he was really sick, but that they were just as fat as a butter-ball. We have hundreds of them roosting all around our house. They are out there in the morn ings, chirping and skipping around the yard and God supplies their needs.

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15 -- THAT DORY IS FLOATING

Just recently in our morning devotional, we were reading about another of the privileges we have through God's greatness. After Jesus had sent the disciples by boat to the other shore, they were out in the middle of the sea in the fourth watch of the night, toiling, against a contrary wind. He'd gone up into a mountain to pray. I don't know how far the distance was, but the Lord was able to see their toiling. He was touched with compassion and walked down to the side of the sea and out onto the water to those fellows. Hallelujah! When they saw Him, thinking it was a spirit, they were afraid and disturbed. He spoke to them, "Be not afraid, it is I." I'm just relating the realities of the ability of God our Father and our elder Brother. Hallelujah! He promises that "If we would ask anything in His name, He would do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." With these Bible truths in mind I feel I should relate an incident which we experienced, displaying this power of God. Over at Cape Lookout we had a fishery down toward the point of the beach, which we used in the fall of the year to make our livelihood for the remainder of the winter until the springtime came with stationary fishing. We had our nets and boats there and an old fishing camp up in the hills. We had a couple of small boats that we would pull up and down the shore, one to put the haul net on. At certain hours of the evening we'd pull out from shore and catch tons and tons of fish. Then we had what we called a mullet seine, a special net with which to catch jumping mullet. This we had on a big dory, which was rowed by four different men with a man in the stern. When we came down from the point to the fishery after using the net, we would get our other net and put it on the boat, with one end fastened to the beach and the other end off so far, then down the beach with an open mouth. We only let it sit there until the fish would gather down into it and then we would haul it ashore, sometimes catching as high as fifty thousand pounds. That was our way of life at this time of year.

This day that I am speaking of, the winds were northeast, blowing maybe thirty to thirty-five m.p.h., and it was very stormy, rainy, dark and misty. As the evening came on and we returned to the fishery, we got the other net on the boat and set it off the shore. The tide was low and we got the men all around the boats and pulled them up onto the shore a good little piece. We realized the tide was still rising; but since the cook had supper ready we said we'd come back down after a little while and pull them up over the high water mark. We went on up to the camp, had supper and sat around talking. Some of the coast guard men had walked over from the station, which was about a mile away. They would often come down and sit around with us until bedtime and sometimes go down and help us haul and get themselves some fish to carry back. We'd had very good fellowship together that night. As it was so very cool and windy too, after we had eaten, we sat around an old iron stove that burned wood and on which we cooked. It was very comfortable in the old camp that night and, somehow, we forgot about those little boats that we'd

hauled up on the shore. The wind was right where the boats were, blowing off the beach. It was smooth with just a little sea rolling occasionally, and yet it was stormy.

I well remember my elder brother, Telford. He was a very thoughtful fellow and kind of took on himself the responsibility of going ahead with the work. He was sitting down on the camp floor leaning up against the wood pile. We were talking and enjoying the comforts of the old camp, waiting for the time to come when we would go pull that net ashore, when we heard something. The camp wasn't too far from the sea, and it sounded like someone had thrown an oar into a boat. When my brother heard that sound, he jumped up and said, "That dory is floating." Everybody ran out of the camp, coast guard men and all, down to the edge of the beach. The smaller dory with no net on it, which we had used to set that net off, was just in the edge of the breakers, with the oars lying across it. When it went off, it turned sideways and the sea turned it over and caught the blade of the oar in the water, and that's what made the noise that we had heard. The oar fell back into the boat; and before we could get close enough, it had gone too far for us to reach. There wasn't another boat anywhere around on that part of the beach for maybe three or four miles. The big dory with a seine on it, which possibly would cost three to four hundred dollars, ran before the wind. The oars across it became somewhat like sails and gave the wind a chance to make that boat go much faster, and the heavy net on the back of it kept it going straight, right plumb off shore into the stormy night. The coast guard man, my older brother, and another one of the coast guard boys took off running. They ran from the camp over to the coast guard station. All of the crew was in bed and they had to get them up, tell them to get dressed and go a mile down to the dock where they could get a boat that would take them to the surf boat. It was a coast guard boat and very able, a self-bailer that could take care of itself and make pretty good time. They had to get off the mooring and start the motor running, then go around that harbor and out around the breakwater about a mile long, then down around the rocky point and on down toward the old fishery where we were.

You can imagine the length of time it took to do all of this: running a mile or mile and a half, setting the crew up, going down to the boat, getting it off the mooring, and underway, then coming four or five miles abreast of that old fishery where they could get their bearings on the direction in which the boats were drifting off the shore. I went out into the blackness of that stormy night. It was raining; and oh, it was a terrible night. I took our Coleman gas light and for a guide, put it on a pole on top of the hill. You can imagine how slowly time passed. Oh, it seemed hours had gone by before we ever saw the coast guard boat come close enough that we could recognize it. All this time that big dory had been gone. It, no doubt, was making possibly from three to four m.p.h., drifting right off with that heavy wind and those oars across it. My brother and some others were Christians, and he was a man of God and of faith. I especially was praying. I'll never forget it. Hallelujah! When I got through sticking the pole on top of that hill with its light beaming out and as the coast guard boat made its way from the camp right out to sea, the good God of the skies spoke to me, "Go down into the valley and pray." I walked down off the top of that hill into the valley, and my knees hit the sand. The first thing I said was, "Lord God, Thou dost know right where the boat is. You see her right now." The Scriptures came to my mind about Jesus walking, on the water to His disciples. It blessed my heart to know the ability of the God whom we serve. While those fellows were out there toiling on the sea, He was up there in that mountain praying. I said, "Lord God, You know right where that boat is; and even though there's a man at the helm of the coast guard boat, You can guide his hands right to the place where You know it is." Hallelujah. Amen. You can imagine how eagerly that coast guard crew and my big brother, hanging up there in

the riggings of the boat were looking with all their might for those dories. That entire Atlantic Ocean was just white, white, white. The dories were white too, and it was almost humanly impossible to spot them in a time like this; but with the old coast guard boat laboring under the storm of that night, they went on and on. They testified the next day they were as much as fifteen or more miles right out into the Atlantic Ocean. They were zig-zagging as they went, looking for the dory. That big brother of mine didn't lose confidence in the possibility of finding the boat, but he was convinced that they had already passed the distance she could have traveled; and he finally said, "Captain Dan, we might as well turn around and go back. That boat is between us and the shore. I'm confident she would not have come this far." The Captain of the boat said, "No, I'm going a little farther." He held the boat on a straight course for quite a little while; when all at once, directly ahead, they saw something buoy up and cried, "What is that?" They drove the boat on and right ahead was the dory! They passed it, turned around and came back up beside it, and my big brother jumped over into the boat. They gave him a line and he tied it on and they started back toward shore. Brother, you may think that it was just an accident; but there's not a question in my mind but that the providential hand of God directed that dory right into the path of that boat.

As yet they had not seen the little dory which we had seen as it left the shore. They came back zig-zagging a little bit; and, without a question of it too being providential, they spotted the little boat and picked her up. All of us men were standing down on the shore, looking and listening; till we finally spotted the light of the boat. They said later, that when coming back they ran for quite a while before they ever spotted the gas light on top of that hill. We couldn't see anything until they came up to the back of the net. They turned that boat right around parallel with the beach; and when those two dories swung out behind them, brother, there was a time on that shore. Those big, robust men broke right down and cried for joy. There was not one unsaved man on that beach but knew that the great providential hand of the God of the skies had everything to do with those boats being picked up. Amen, neighbor, hallelujah! It pays to trust God in every walk of life. He never fails. While trying to relate the high points of this life story, I think about the experiences of the Apostle Paul, especially his voyage to Rome, and of that shipwreck, and how hopeless it appeared to be. In the midst of the storm, he was down in the bottom of the boat, waiting and calling on God. After those four teen days of raging storm, we find him, coming on deck and saying, "Men, be of good cheer. The God, Whom I serve and Whose I am, stood by me this night and said, 'Paul, not a man or a hair on your head is going to be lost. All of you are going to make it ashore!' "

Oh, this is a changeable world. We are in the midst of an age when you can't tell what will happen from one day to another. In spite of all that is going on, thank God for the blessed old Truth, which says that Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. No doubt, the old enemy will say to you, "Well, those things just happened," or "It would have been so anyway," but thank God for the realities of the supernatural power of God that He never fails. Hallelujah. Time would not permit me to tell all of my many experiences but I wouldn't take a billion worlds for them even though many of them have been mighty trying. The good Book teaches us, "Not to think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you," and that "The trial of your faith, which is more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The old enemy comes around to a lot of people and says, "If God loved you like He says He does and you can depend on Him like you say you can, why does it happen like it does?" Well, hallelujah, it is

all for His glory and for our good. Not one experience I've had in some thirty odd years would I change for anything in the world. I would not have known the faithfulness and the goodness and the greatness of God if it had not been for the trying of my faith. The good Book teaches us, that many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all. The Lord is coming back after a tried people, who have stood true to God. It makes no difference what the need might be, we can recommend Him. Hallelujah. I saw Him drop His head, as I related in the forepart of my life story, as He was hanging over my bed, and I caught a glimpse of the agony of His suffering and He said to me, "Son, this is for you." it included every need for every walk of life. I have proved it to be true, far beyond what I had ever dreamed. I'd rather be a Christian with victory in my heart, with the hope of heaven, even if living in a little old hut, than to be a billionaire with no compassion. Faith and confidence in God will do that which billions of dollars can never do.

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16 -- AN ATTACK OF APPENDICITIS

At this time my oldest daughter, while in her early teens, had an attack of appendicitis. It troubled her a little while before we took her to our family doctor. He ran some tests and, hoping to prevent an operation, gave her some treatment and sent her back home. He told us to keep watch over her and if she got any worse, to bring her back. We brought her home and treated her as the doctor had told us. He put her on a particular diet, but instead of getting better, it seemed the attacks would be more often and every time a little bit worse. So, we took her back to the doctor on Saturday. He ran some more tests, hoping that possibly something could be done. He took her off all food and told us to take her home; and if she didn't get any better to just go ahead and take her to the hospital. There would have to be an operation. We battled it out through the night, and early Sunday morning we took her to the hospital. It was a beautiful summer day. My brother had an old car and he went with my wife and me. We arrived at the hospital and it happened to be the day the surgeon had off. He had a place we called the "hideout," where no one knew how to contact him. They admitted her and covered her with ice packs to ease her suffering hoping that sometime through the day they would be able to contact the doctor. The nurses watched her and we just stood around.

We hadn't been there too long before men began to come in and get their stages ready to paint the inside of the hospital. I had a conviction in this regard, and it really terrified and made me miserable to see the Lord's day desecrated. People didn't usually desecrate the Lord's day like they do today. When they did, they were conscious that it was wrong. My wife and my younger brother sat around the car most of the time, but I was in and out as much as I possibly could be under the conditions, of the desecration of the Lord's day and the entire place practically filled with cigarette smoke. It seemed you could feel demon power in the atmosphere because of this evil deed. Back in those days our church people took advantage of beautiful Sabbaths on which to have street services about the county. This Sunday we had a service set for the evening in Morehead City. Those were good days spiritually, I've seen men run across the street, fall down in the dirt, pray through and God would save them. I just looked forward to those times anxiously so that the very thought of having to miss the opportunity of being with the church people was very gloomy. How I yearned to be privileged to be in that service, yet here we were in this hospital, my daughter

sick with appendicitis, and knowing the scarceness of money and obligation of bills that would be involved, you can imagine how I felt under these trying, miserable circumstances.

Time finally slipped by and the church people, knowing about this, took off early, and some came down to the hospital to visit with us. As we stood in the hall, they told me how they appreciated us and that they were praying for us. How comforting this was. They told me how they had dared to believe God and that He was going to undertake for this situation. I don't know why it is, but even back in those days when anyone began to talk about the goodness and mercy of God and His ability to perform miracles, they nicknamed them "holy rollers." I guess the nurses had branded us as such when they heard those church folk encouraging us to lean on God and that everything was going to be all right. After visiting with us for a while, they went to the street meeting and then came back to the hospital to tell us about the results of the service and how God had blessed. They came in such high spirits, still encouraging us that God was going to undertake. I believe, as far as I can remember, that was the longest day I had ever spent. I thought it would never end.

How weary and anxious I was, hoping the doctor would get in. The girl had been without anything to eat for several days. They wouldn't give her a thing, not a drop of water, juices or anything. She had told me sometime through the day, "Daddy, if the doctor comes, you ask him if I can have some juice or something. You don't know how hungry I am." "Well," I told her, "Sis, I'll mention it to the doctor, but it's not very likely he'll let you have anything. Nevertheless, I'll speak to him about it when he gets in." She seemed to be very patient even though she was somewhat in pain under the ice packs. Around 7:00 that evening as I was out at the car talking to my wife and brother and the others that were there with us, someone came and said the doctor had come in. I jumped up and ran to her room. When I got there, he was standing at the bedside talking with her and checking her over. I sat there listening. When the doctor finished, I asked him if the girl could have some juices or something. "Mr. Rose, if she stays here, she won't get anything." That started me to thinking "If she stays here," stood out to me, and I just didn't know what he was referring to. We brought her there for his judgment about an operation if she needed it. Finally he questioned her all he cared to and ran some tests on her. After he was through, he turned around and said, "Mr. Rose, if you leave this girl here, we'll do the best we can for her; or you can take her back home and give her Dr. Moore's pills, or you can pray with her if you want to." I'll never know why he approached me like he did, but I've always been under the impression that the nurses told him, "There are a bunch of holy rollers in here." He turned on his heels and walked right out of the room at that statement. When he was getting ready to close the door, that fellow drew right up until he looked like a little elf to me. Neighbor, you may not understand the effect that statement had on me "You can pray with her if you want to," but that was a challenge to my faith. Amen. There wasn't a question in my mind but what our God was able to take care of this child; yet as I said in some other parts of this story, we had to consider the mother and others.

I was reminded of David when he went out to the battlefield. That little shepherd boy, having come from the field where, probably, he had composed "The Lord is my Shepherd," obeyed God. The Philistines were ready for battle and the old giant came out and challenged the God of Israel, which, no doubt, inspired David's faith. I felt somewhat like that when the doctor closed the door and the knob clicked. Before I said anything, that child, who had been brought up under the influences of faith in God, was sitting up on the side of the bed saying, "Daddy, I'm not going to

stay here." Hallelujah! Moments before, I had already made a decision. It was the same as hers, and I said, "Sister, that you're not!" Amen, hallelujah, thank God. I could see her bedroom slippers beside her bed, so I picked them up and put them on her feet. I put her robe around her, slipped her down off the side of that bed, and put her arm up over my shoulder. We opened the door and started down the hall. Every doubt was gone and every fear went somewhere out into space. A faith to lay hold of God without a waver or a doubt became mine. I'll never forget it. We came down the hall toward the nurse's office where several were standing. As I got a little closer to the desk, one of them said to me, "Where are you going?" I answered, "We are going home." She said, "Are you going to take this girl out?" "I sure am. I'm taking her home." "Well," they said, "that's up to you; nothing we can do about it." I said, "That's just what we're doing. We're going home." No more was said, and we walked on down to the door and opened it. I'll never forget, as long as I live, how good and clear the air was that I inhaled into my lungs and how blessed the thought of deliverance from this place.

I took the girl down a flight of steps to the level of the street. My wife and others sitting in the car saw me coming and about went to pieces. As I got up a little bit closer, they said, "What in the world happened?" "Well," I said, "We're taking this child home!" "Taking her home?" "Yes, taking her home," I said. "There's nothing, to worry about; just take it easy," and I related some of the experience that we'd had, the doctor's attitudes well as mine. I didn't feel disturbed a bit, uneasy or worried, as I had earlier in the day, but thank God, for victory over it in every way. I felt so good in God that I felt like taking wings and flying away. We came home, fixed a day bed in the living room, and put our girl on it. I felt impressed to give her some juices for a little bit of nourishment, and just completely and entirely put her into the hands of God. As far as the physical was concerned, she was very weak; yet she speedily recovered, and lived to be a woman up in age without the doctor having to, put the knife in her side. She is still living today, though we are very afar apart she out in California and me way over here in North Carolina. She called me the other night after hearing that I had been sick. She was very happy to hear my voice as she knows her Daddy is still trusting God.

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17 -- DEMON POWER FILLED MY HOUSE

I am referring here to another incident with my next oldest daughter. She too was in her teenage years. She was taken with some trouble in her side. It wasn't around her appendix, but in another part. She complained of it a little bit off and on, but seemingly it didn't appear to be too serious, and we let it go for quite a little while. As time went on, it began to give her trouble more often and seemed to be a little more serious. After investigating, we found a lump in her side. We hadn't had her to any doctor as far as the lump was concerned; but, nevertheless, with the thought of what could be involved, cancer or other things, the situation became serious and alarming. Like I've said before, we had a big family with just the means of getting by, and the thoughts of having a big hospital bill made me realize how serious this was. I sensed the fact that God was the great Physician of the sky and that it is our privilege to accept Him as such; yet, on the other hand, there was the mother to consider, who was concerned for the child's condition. She was alarmed to a very great extent, and I was too, as far as being conscious of the fact that something had to be done.

I had an old praying ground as I related before. I headed out to the woods back of my home to this place where I had met God and He had blessed me many times.

I've often thought about the time when God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. Moses turned aside to see this great thing and God said, "Moses, pull your shoes off, you are on holy ground." That praying ground was holy ground, a sacred spot where I would find consolation and comfort in time of trouble while meditating and talking with God. With the burden of the condition of our child, I got down on my knees and began to acknowledge God. "Lord, thou art God!" I poured out my heart and told Him the condition of this child, knowing that He was a God of compassion, touched with the feelings of our infirmities. God began to deal with me and gave to me the assurance that He'd take care of Nova Doris and that I had nothing to worry about. I believed God, like Paul, when he came up on deck the next morning, bringing the good report and consolation of God's promises, "Men, be of good cheer . . . I believe God." I felt so good with the consolation of that faith. I came out of those woods with every worry, every doubt, every fear gone. There was nothing more to be alarmed or disturbed about.

The girl's condition, however, had gotten worse until she was suffering constantly. When I got back to the house, God still had not touched her. I didn't see a bit of difference, but that didn't cause me to waver one bit. I'll be frank with you, I wasn't expecting anything like this; but I just turned it all over into the hands of God with the faith that He'd take care of her. That was on Saturday, and on Sunday I went to church. I was the young people's Sunday school teacher. That morning I was blessed good and related this experience I'd had with God, expressing my confidence in Him. The wife of our pastor, Brother Bowling, was also sick at this time. After the eleven o'clock service, he suggested that a few of us go over to the parsonage and pray with her. Before we ever went to prayer, I felt definitely impressed to give a word of testimony concerning this child and how God had promised He would take care of her, hoping it would encourage and increase our faith on behalf of this pastor's wife. Then we prayed and God blessed. The next morning when I got up and got ready to go to work apparently there wasn't too much difference in Nova Doris; but I was just as relaxed as if she had been running around the floor and whooping and hollering. I was not disturbed one bit. Hallelujah! God had said, "I'll take care of her," so I had nothing to worry about. If it had been the word of a doctor or someone else, there would have been the possibility of his not being able to back up what he had said; but this had been God's word and I wasn't worrying about His ability to perform it! I knew He could take care of her regardless of the situation. My faith was in my God.

My younger brother and myself were putting a foundation under a house which was a very complicated job. We were placing blocks, and to make it more convenient, I had, gotten under the house, and he was on the outside. We worked those blocks together, setting them into place, and were going along fine. We hadn't been there too long when a car drove up and stopped. I could see a man's feet as he approached the house. I was not thinking too much about it until I heard my brother-in-law, who lived next door to my home, say, "Where's Ed?" "He's under the house," my brother said. He answered, "Lela has sent me up here after him. Nova Doris is bad off and very sick." "Well," you say, "How did you feel about it?" I didn't feel one bit of disturbance. I was still believing God. He called me; and of course, having already heard, I crawled out from under the house. I went to the car with him and got in. To the best of my recollection, not a word was spoken between us all the way home. Some people's attitude toward me was that I was the biggest fool in

the world. They imagined the things that could happen and what might follow. I had even been threatened with the law if the child would die. I wasn't worrying about her dying. God had said He'd take care of her. Hallelujah.

My brother-in-law didn't go in; he stopped the car, and I went into the house. A close neighbor, who had some experience along the line of nurse's training, was visiting my wife at that particular time. Another woman who had several children, whom we had often helped in time of need, was also there that morning. I'll never forget the experience of that morning. As I walked into my home, where God had blessed in family prayer so many times, I sensed demon power filling the house. You can imagine how terrible it was. I couldn't breathe normally. When I came in, neither my wife nor anyone else opened their mouth. The girl was silent. Neither did I say anything. I pulled a chair over to one side and sat there for quite a little while. You could hear the different ones sigh; and, I'm telling you, it was an unusual atmosphere. During the silence, this daughter of mine was crying, her knees drawn up to her stomach, suffering with pain. You say, "Didn't you feel disturbed?" Not a bit in the world. She broke the silence, "Daddy, are you going to take me to the doctor?" I said, "No." She burst out crying and said, "Daddy, you mean you're not going to carry me to the doctor? You're going to let me lie here and die?" I said, "No, I'm not taking you to a doctor and you're not going to die!" This lady who had had the nurse's training spoke up and said, "Brother Ed, you had better be careful what you are doing." I said, "I know what I'm doing." That was about all I could stand of the demon power in my house. I felt like I was smothering to death, so right then I got up, walked out the back door into the yard and down the trail to the old praying ground. I fell down at the old altar where I'd met God quite a few times before. You say, "Did you ask God if He was going to take care of her?" No, not one time! I hadn't wavered one bit at God's faithfulness in taking care of her. I said, "Lord God, You are going to have to clear the atmosphere of demon power in my house. I can't live or breathe in the midst of that." Not too long after, I got up and went back to the house. They were still sitting around very disturbed and alarmed, not knowing what in the world to say or do as the question of taking her to a doctor was already settled.

I didn't go back to work that day, just stayed around the home. Things didn't get any worse; and after a while, attitudes seemed to change somewhat. The girl began to relax and get better. I can't remember right now just how long it was before that girl was healed and up and about. The lump was still in her side, but she forgot about it. Years passed by and she married a service man who was stationed in Portsmouth, Virginia. Some years after her marriage, she had trouble with the growth of her arms. It possibly could have been an attack of polio, but there wasn't much known about polio then. Some bones in her arms grew and some didn't, until it began to trouble her very much. She was taken to the hospital and the doctors said there had to be an operation on her arms. This was kept a secret between herself and her husband, so quite a bit had been arranged before we ever received word for Daddy and Mom to come up. When anything happened to my children, they always called for Daddy. I've heard them say many times, "Whenever Daddy comes in, everything is all right." We drove to Virginia and went to the big Navy Hospital at Portsmouth. On the way, and even after we got there, I had the greatest urge, which was only natural, that I'd like to see the doctor. I felt like I just had to see him. There are times around these big government hospitals when it is almost impossible to contact a doctor. I had a talk with the nurse concerning the condition of my girl. She gave me all the information she knew and then I asked her about the possibility of having a talk with Nova's doctor. He was a bone specialist and very busy. She told

me, "Mr. Rose, it would be almost a miracle to see that man. You don't have any idea, but he is one of the busiest men in the service. I doubt if there is a chance of your being able to see him today." Well that disappointed me quite a bit, yet I still felt that I would have to see that doctor. The nurse left.

There was a colored orderly standing by who had overheard the conversation. I believe God gave him boldness; for after the nurse had gone, he walked over to me and said, "Would you like to see Dr.?" I said, "I sure would." He said, "You come on with me." You know, I was prone to believe that God was in this, since that little colored fellow had taken authority to do what the nurse wouldn't even attempt to do. He said, "This doctor is in and he is making his rounds." Of course, that made it much more complicated as far as seeing him; nevertheless we went down the hall, around a corner and started down another hall. At the time we turned the corner, a group of doctors and nurses came out of a room where this doctor had been explaining to them the different cases. This little fellow didn't hesitate a bit in the world. He just went right up, spoke to this doctor, and told him who I was and that I'd like to speak with him a few minutes. The doctor stepped right out from that group of nurses and doctors, walked over and shook hands with me. I told him I was the father of Nova Doris, that I'd traveled quite a distance and wouldn't be staying and that I'd like to speak to him. He said, "Sure." We were right abreast of a little room; he said, "Step in here," and he shut the door. I began to question him about the condition of our daughter and about the operation. He began to explain it to me, just as if to a patient. He was seemingly in no hurry whatsoever, for he stood there and listened to everyone of my somewhat silly questions. Finally, after I had asked him all that I had cared to know, he said, "Mr. Rose, in examining this girl and running different tests, I found a lump in her side, but you need not worry about it. It's dead." Hallelujah! Brother, you'll never know the effect that man's statement had on me. Well, you can imagine what was in my mind. God had said, "I'll take care of her." If the lump had been done away with, no doubt, someone would have said, "It would have gone away anyhow." God didn't do it that way. He left it there, but He killed it! I felt just like jumping out the window and saying, "Well, hallelujah! Thank God for his faithfulness!" The devil hates that worse than anything in the world, but the good Book teaches us that without faith it is impossible to please God. I don't know of anything today that I'd rather do than to please God, Whom I serve. Thank God for faith, which is our victory! Let me encourage you. There are many places in different walks of life when men come to their wits end and nothing else can be done as far as the human is concerned.

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18 -- BOAT YARD INCIDENTS

This experience I had while working at the boat yard here on Harker's Island, where I had worked for years at different times. I was dressing some lumber on a planer, making, different sizes, widths, and lengths. I was standing: off to one side shoving a short piece through. Before I was conscious of what had happened, something, had interfered with this piece of lumber and somehow caught it; and just like a shot out of the dark, just as quick as the bang of a gun, that piece of lumber was gone, and I shoved two of my fingers, into the planer. It cut off the side of a finger, and the nail I didn't even try to find it, for it was gone. I remembered seeing the shavings move and a piece of the finger fly off. I was standing with that hand in my other hand, the blood running off my fingers, when I noticed the other finger too, had the whole side cut off of it, and there was just

one little piece of finger hanging down by a thread. By that time some of the fellows that worked there came over to me. One fellow said, "What are you going to do?" I said. "Well, I'm going to have to tie it up." I took a pocket handkerchief, tore it in two, and took the piece of finger that was hanging down and put it in place. Then this fellow took the other half of the pocket handkerchief and wrapped those two fingers together. Oh, you just don't know how they bled. Right at that time, they didn't hurt too bad because there was very little feeling in them. I felt like going back to work, but not to planing. I let someone else have that job, because I couldn't do that type of work with my hand bandaged. I went back onto the boat and worked on the deck that afternoon. It looked like those fingers would never stop bleeding and the cloth was saturated. It dripped down on the deck, and you could almost follow me around and know where I had been that afternoon, yet I continued to work. Finally it became very painful.

When anything like that happened down at the boat yard, someone usually takes the place of the one who gets hurt. It is not unusual for things to happen like that where a bunch of men work around all kinds of machinery, and ordinarily someone takes him down to the doctor for a shot and he dresses it. Mostly they stay out for several days before coming back to work. I didn't do any of these things. Of course, all the men around there knew my stand, so nobody insisted. Oh, somebody every once in awhile would say, "You'd better do this or that," or "You'll get in trouble with such things." Nevertheless, I worked right on through with nothing for me to do but trust the Lord and try to keep the hand clean. After I would get home, I'd try to clean it up as best I could, then put some sanitary gauze on it. I worked under these circumstances and the fingers didn't bother me too badly. Every morning when I'd go to work the brother of the man who ran the place would ask me, "How are your fingers doing?" I just told him they were doing fine. It continued like that until those fingers were well. I didn't have to put a thing on them, not one thing! Hallelujah!

Thank God, in some thirty-three years, I've never taken one dose of medicine or put anything on and God has taken care of the situations so far. Anyone who would care to verify the truth concerning these fingers, I have them here today. The one finger on which I placed the piece back, that had been hanging by a thread, grew back to perfection and the nail even grew to its natural width. At another time while working at this same boat yard, it was my job to put port lights in one of the yachts. There were two of these boats, side by side, with just passing room between them. This job involved a lot of screws and putting stuff in to seal them. I'd finished one side of the boat and was working off a stepladder, a homemade affair on which we would go up and down the side of the boat to do this job. At this time I had moved the ladder over to the opposite side. It was sitting down beside the boat and lacked a good step of reaching the bumper. After I had gotten over there and was set up to start the job, I found I had forgotten the compound with which I used to set in the windows. So I stepped up onto the ladder with the intention of getting onto the deck of the boat and going over to get my bucket. Just as I stepped on top of the ladder and went to make my next step onto the deck, I don't know altogether what happened, but the ladder turned over; and just as if someone had kicked it out from under me, it shot down under the side of the boat and left me standing right out in space. Down I came, all 200 pounds of me; and the bumper of that boat caught me up under my short ribs, stopping me in mid-air! I then slipped off the bumper and fell to the ground, landing on my feet. I fell up against the side of the boat which was behind me. For a moment of time I hardly knew what was going on. Everything turned black. When I came to myself, I could hardly breathe. No one saw what had happened, so I was left standing

there against that other boat for a period of time before I could even dare to move. Finally I was able to get breath enough to get on my feet.

The first fellow I went to was my brother-in-law, and I told him what had happened. It was just common sense that told me I had broken several ribs. Right then, I thought possibly I might survive and get back to work, but not so. The more normal I became, the more I realized the condition I was in. I could hardly breathe. I had to take short, easy breaths as it cut just like a dagger if I did anything more than that. The boss and different ones just stood around looking at me, wondering what I was going to do under a circumstance like this. Quite a few times in my life it has been said by people that if certain things would happen, I'd have to go to a doctor; but, thank God, as yet I've never had to go to any physician other than the Physician Jesus. Nevertheless, I was in a very pitiful, painful and somewhat serious condition. I asked someone to take me home, which they did. My condition became terrifying. I got very little rest, and the only way I could get any at all was to lie almost entirely on the opposite side. Even if I got on my back, it interfered with my sleep. I went for quite a little while like this. Sometimes people question, "Why does God allow us to suffer such things?" Hallelujah. I wouldn't take anything in the world for these experiences. If it had not been for such, I would not have had the privilege of relating this story as a witness to the faithfulness and ability of God.

I just couldn't work this time; I couldn't saw; I couldn't hammer. This thing was so painful that I had to be as particular as I could be in handling myself. I suffered this way for quite a period of time, but God had a purpose in it. God does things in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. All I could do was sit around and wait on God. Finally, the owner of the place approached me one day, "Ed, we have insurance to take care of you and it will give you support, but we are going to have to have a doctor's statement before we can get the approval on it." I told him, "James, I've trusted God these many years. I'm not going to a doctor, support or no support. God will take care of that." "Well," he said, "I don't blame you; but I will make a suggestion. It is not a matter of going to a doctor for help or aid, but let me give you a form. You take it to the doctor and let him X-ray you. There's nothing wrong with that just get the report on your condition; and on those terms, we can get you some support, which I'm paying for and you are entitled to." I said, "Well, James, that doesn't sound too bad. I'd not be going to the doctor for treatment, just letting him get the evidence of what happened." So he gave me a form to have the doctor fill out. On the other hand, knowing that folk expected me to give in and go to the doctor some day, I wouldn't dare go without having a witness with me. I said, "I'm taking somebody with me." A nephew of mine spoke up and said that he would go with me and be a witness to the fact that I didn't go to a doctor other than to have an X-ray in order to get the benefits of this support.

After we had talked this over, my oldest son, who was having trouble with some kind of tumor on his brain, felt like he wanted to talk to this particular doctor. So he said, "Daddy, let me go with you. I'll verify that you're not going to him for treatment." I said, "All right son, you can go." We went to the family doctor, a man whom I had been reared with. We had gone to school together and I'd known him all my life. I appreciate Dr. Moore. I've always referred to him as the man with a heart as big as a fist. When our turn finally came and the nurse took us into the doctor's office, he wanted to know what he could do for us. "Well," I said, "Dr. Moore, you have a peculiar patient here this morning." Then I told him all that had happened. From my experience of going to the hospital with an ulcerated stomach, he knew somewhat of the stand I was taking. I told him,

"Dr. Moore, James has suggested that I come down here and let you take some X-rays in order to get proof of my condition that would enable me to get support while I'm off the job, but I don't want any treatment." I don't know why that statement had such an effect on him or why he took this attitude toward it, but, he swivelled around in his chair, threw his leg up over the desk, looked at me and said, "Ed, I've spent too many hours beating my head against the walls of learning to try to find out some way to help humanity and here you are down here this morning in this condition, wanting me to take an X-ray, yet you don't want any treatment. Ed, if you get an X-ray made, someone else will have to do it; I will not." I said, "Well, thank you Dr. Moore. My boy wants to speak to you a little while concerning his trouble." That was all I said, and that was all I did.

Dr. Moore began to talk to him about his condition; and when he finished, we went home. No form filled out, no possibility of any support, and no attention given to broken ribs. Yet I didn't feel hard, insulted or alarmed, and I didn't feel discouraged. I just came on home. At that particular time one of my favorite preachers, Rev. George Burriss, was holding a tent meeting up state in a community where I had quite a few friends. Some lived right close by where the meeting was being held, especially Pat Curtis, bless the man. I knew I had a home with him anytime. The old devil was fighting me; and I told my wife since there was nothing I could do in this condition, I thought I'd pack up and take in this meeting and enjoy the good things of God. She encouraged and helped to get me ready and I went up to Pat Curtis. 'Attending the tent meeting, God blessed and we had such a good time. I really enjoyed it, even though I suffered quite a bit with this rib condition. His wife, who had one of these elastic stockings, suggested one night that she wrap that stocking around me, thinking it might help to relieve me a little bit. She seemed to be so kind and nice and persuaded me and I said, "All right, go ahead, wrap it around me." It was just there a few minutes when I told her, "I can't stand it; it seems to have gotten worse. You'll have to take it off. I'll just trust God." The tent meeting came to a close and I was making plans to return home. I had my suitcase packed and was out in the yard but hadn't yet gotten into the car, when a car drove up and turned into the yard where I was standing. There was Eleanor Nelson, one of the most consecrated Christians I have ever known. She had driven the distance of around forty miles. She said God had told her to come over to Pat Curtis' and anoint me and pray with me. Hallelujah! Thank God for His faithfulness. We don't understand altogether why God does some things like He does, but He does all things well. We just dropped everything and went back into the house. Everybody gathered around me while she took her little bottle of oil and anointed me and prayed. God blessed and we had a good time together. The time came that I had to go. Oh, the good fellowship that we had had together, and they encouraged me, "Brother, we'll be praying for you." I didn't feel any different right at that particular time, nevertheless I knew it was of God.

I came home completely worn out from the ride of about four or five hours, went to bed that night with those ribs the same as they had been. I could only lie on the one side and it soon became tired, but somehow I fell asleep. I wrestled under that condition through the night; and the next morning when I awoke, I was worn out. As I lay there thinking about how bad I felt and how I looked forward to the time when I could relax and lie on my other side, the good Lord God of the sky spoke to me and said, "Get up on all fours." In obedience I did just like He told me to do, got up as best I could on my hands and knees. After I had done as God had told me to do, He said, "Now lie down on that side." Neighbor, you'll never know how comfortable, how good and how relaxed I felt as I lay down on that side without a pain. How God blessed me there and how I thanked Him. I don't know how long I lay there in satisfaction It was like John Kenyon, a

consecrated old warrior, testified one time as he looked across the church at me while God was blessing him and said, "Brother Ed, I'm suffering with satisfaction." Amen. I'll never forget that! This was somewhat the way I felt that morning when I lay down on that opposite side where those old broken ribs had been which had given me so much trouble.

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19 -- HEALING OF AN INFECTED NOSE

One time while working at the boat yard, I had gotten an infection inside my nose. It went from bad to worse, until my nose was puffed up and terrible to look at. It was very painful, and the infection had spread into my eye. I continued like that for quite a while until it became so painful, I could hardly stand it. I quit work and sat around the house. My family and I were staying with my mother, who was bedfast at this time. Mother became so alarmed. She always remarked how crazy I was and thought I should be doing something about it. She was disturbed to death! She always said that she would rather see anybody in the community sick than to see me sick! On Sunday a lot of friends, church folk and a group of children began to gather in. They were alarmed and disturbed. I was in such a painful condition that I longed for the time to come when I could be quiet and get by myself. The eye had gotten blood poisoning in it and there was a pouch hanging under it so that I had to bend my head down to see the floor. It felt like something inside that eye was about to shove it out. I didn't know how in the world I was going to be able to stand it. I was sitting there by myself with my mother in the other room complaining and worrying.

My older, sister and brother had left to go home. Out in the yard my Sister said to my brother, "Telford, it's blood poisoning, isn't it?" My big brother looked at her and said, "He'll be all right." Thank God for his faith. I was sitting in that painful condition suffering so, when I guess, the good Lord felt I'd had enough! I felt a Touch! I had experienced it before, that cool breeze. It struck me in the face like somebody had opened the door! I could feel my eye pop, after the touch of God, and felt it ease right down.

Thank God. I was so blessed and conscious that it was the touch of God's healing virtue that I jumped up, ran to the bedroom, stuck my head inside, and said, "Hallelujah, Mom, the Lord has touched me!" She said, "Well, I hope so." She was somewhat a doubter and could hardly realize the realities of this. You'll never know how wonderful it was, under those circumstances, to have and feel the virtue of His healing touch. That pain in my nose began to ease and was soon gone. The swelling went down and the pouch disappeared, and my eye became normal and well, thank God. I prefer, far above any shots or anything that might have been given, the realities of the healing power of God. I don't know how to express myself. The old enemy fights me along these lines, even while writing this story, as to how many times I say "amen" and "hallelujah." Bless God, you know why I say that and act like that? That's the way I feel about it!

When I was beginning to relate this story on tape, being out here all alone, I thought it would be one of the most dreary things that a man could do; but you don't know how I've enjoyed it and how good I've been blessed. I could not have been blessed more than if I'd been at a camp-meeting, relating to multitudes of people the realities of this truth. Hallelujah! I am feeling good way down deep in my in my soul, as well as in my body and still trusting God.

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20 -- A FAITH TONIC

The Lord had not impressed me to give this experience in the forepart of this life story, though it was one of my very first experiences along the lines of faith, but I feel He would have me to add it here. This happened back in the days of the depression. Those were trying days, nevertheless good days; and I believe, some of the best days spiritually that I ever witnessed since I've been a Christian. We completely and entirely leaned on God, and He would bless and the atmosphere seemed charged with His presence. We had lots of time, to meditate and pray, and everyday seemed just like camp-meeting with the blessing of God on our unworthy hearts and lives and on our fellowship one with another. We were working on what we called the W. P. A., a sort of relief system, which we appreciated. Even though it wasn't too much, it helped meet the necessities of life. This particular time I was out on the job. Noon came and I was the only one that day who had carried a lunch. All the rest lived nearby, and could go home, so I was left alone with my lunch and my Bible. I was taking the Pentecostal Herald written by Dr. H. C. Morrison and other great men of God. How blessed it was to read after men who would give such inspiring truths as they did in this great holiness paper. I most always had it in my possession, together with my little Testament.

After everybody had gone, I got my lunch and sat down on the side of the ditch, asked the good Lord for His blessings on the food and ate hurriedly. I was hungry to get into the truth of God, like David of old, when he said, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Possibly the Lord would give me something through this Pentecostal Herald. After I finished my lunch, I walked off to the side a little and found an opening in the oaks, a circle possibly ten feet across. After having had prayer and asking God's guidance as to which I should read, the Word or the paper, that the hungering of my heart might be satisfied, I laid down on the white sand. I was impressed to read the Herald, and God encouraged and blessed my never-dying soul. I don't know how long I lay there, lost to what was going on around me, when my attention was called to a peculiar sound, and I raised up on my knees. Coming up from the southwest was a thunderstorm. The sky was black and the clouds were rolling and tumbling, the winds were blowing and the rains sounding.

The thought came to me that I had on what had been a "dress" shirt, it was blue, and I was using it as a work shirt at this time. I thought, even if it was not much, I'd be losing work if I got wet and I couldn't afford that; yet it was quite a distance to home and it seemed there was nothing I could do about it. I started to get up when the Lord spoke to me definitely and said, "Lie back down." In obedience and faith, I didn't hesitate or give a thought to what it all meant but just lay right down as I had been before. Then it began to pour. I don't believe I've ever seen any larger drops of rain in all my life than were falling that day. That rain just poured down, yet right in the little space where I lay, not one drop of that rain fell. I lay there hardly realizing what it was all about, how it could possibly be! I got so blessed I couldn't stay on my stomach, but got up on my feet and praised God for His greatness and goodness and what He can do. I'll never get over it as long, as I live. Nothing is impossible with Him. I got so blessed I could hardly stay there and even

walked quite a distance out of that small space; yet wherever I went not one drop of rain fell on me.

I mentioned the blue shirt awhile ago for a reason, as it probably would have shown the rain drops more than a white shirt. Not one speck of rain touched me because of faith and obedience to God. When the fellows came back on the job not one of them had forgotten that I was out there away from shelter and getting all wet. They thought I'd have to go home; but I was dry! One fellow in particular looked at me and said, "Where have you been?" I told him where I had been! "What happened that you're not wet?" Then I related the incident to them, and they looked at me with great amazement. They knew it could be nothing less than God. Some people don't understand, and think this is a bit fanatical, but I always have considered this experience as a "Faith Tonic." There's never been one question in my unworthy heart but that this was of God. The old enemy would say, "I've seen it rain here and yet not rain a very short distance away." Neighbor, there is quite a bit of difference. It was raining and blowing all around me, yet in the midst of that little circle where I was, not one drop of rain fell. Thank God for the privilege of glorifying our God with these real experiences. Through the years it has been a booster to encourage me in the faithfulness of the good God of the sky, and has helped me to "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

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21 -- BRING THEM UP IN THE WAY

How my mind is refreshed with Scripture. The great apostle said, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire. . ." Hallelujah! Thank God for the trying of our faith. In my experience I would have to agree, it hasn't all been pleasant and blessed while I was going through them, but not one can I recall this morning hour that I would regret ever having faced. These realities have meant so much to me down through life. We had a big family of eight children, but not one of them knew Daddy as anything but a Christian Daddy, even though a couple of them were at a tender age when I got saved. Thank God that He got to me while those children were young. Though the enemy has fought in every way down through the years, the most trying experiences of my faith concerned our little family. I can hardly explain how good God was to us back in the early days. With a burden and a concern for their future life and desire that they live for God, we taught them from the very beginning the realities of God and His truth.

We did everything we could to keep them from all the evils. The good Lord blessed us and those little children seemed to be so hungry. and in their early years had unusual faith in God. We even trained them in their amusements and the Christian principles of everyday life. This entered into their play many times, and after they had grown up and knew what it was all about, they would pretend they were having services, and God would bless even this. I have told many times how my sister-in-law, Mary Frances Davis, had slipped out to a little building in back of the house which we used for storage and found those little children using it for a place of worship. They'd have one of them for the preacher, and one of them would read the Scripture and they had their little choir. They would sing and get blessed and that sister-in-law of mine would come back to the

house almost on shouting ground, blessed from the reality of God's blessing on those children. The old devil seemingly didn't have a chance, God blessed us so good. Those little children weren't even interested in the things of the world. They'd follow us to church; and when it came time to pray, everyone of them would get down on their knees just as reverent as could be.

The old enemy, you know, was determined it would not continue like that. Even professing Christians didn't think it was necessary to go to that extent. They just let their children run loose. I've known the time when the theater man would drive down the road with advertisements for a particular picture and he'd throw some of them into my yard, then tell the children to come to the show and they could get in free. They'd laugh and have a big joke over it and weren't even interested. Others of the church, on prayer meeting nights, would drop their children off at the show and go on to church and pick them up afterward. As they grew older, the old devil took advantage and even some of my family influenced my children until they began to think that Daddy was too hard on them and they became rebellious against the truth. But, hallelujah, the good Book says, "If you'll bring, them up in the way they should go, when they get old they will not depart from it." Thank God, for the truth of the blessed old Bible. As I've already said, a few of them became bitter and stubborn and began to rebel as they grew up; yet the many nights we had sat around the family altar reading the Word of God, impressing and sowing seed in their hearts, took root, in spite of devils and demons.

They never have forgotten it even though some are yet outside the ark of safety. I'm confident this morning hour, that not one of them will ever get to God without having already known the truth. Many of them have said, "When I come to be a Christian, I'm going to be a Bible Christian." The old enemy has fought me far more than anything else over the concern and burden for my family, with my heart of love wanting them to make it to heaven and not go to hell. I've held on and lifted them in prayer toward the throne of God everyday. I don't remember for one day in about forty years of being a Christian that I haven't lifted the children up toward the throne of God, saying, "Good Lord God, don't let them miss heaven." They've gone on and on for years in the wayward way, hardly showing any concern since they got out on their own and married. Many, many times the enemy has come around and said, "You might just as well give up. It's useless. Why pray? What hope do you have?" But every time, especially at the close of the day when I bow my unworthy head, I find myself saying, "Lord God, bless these children. Don't let them miss heaven." In these late years I've come to be afraid of what it might mean, but I can say, "Lord God, save them at any cost!" Amen. We've got to pray like that in spite of the devil and the dark outlook in these last days. God is getting them in. Hallelujah! Thank God for His faithfulness. I'd always been faithful in getting around to these children and encouraging them, telling them about the realities of God.

Many times I tried to impress them with how much better it is to live the Christian life, than to live the sinful life, to serve God than the devil, and how many more benefits and enjoyments they could have. Many times I have told them, "Children, you just don't know what you are missing. With the talents you have, how blessed you would be in the work of the Lord, and how you would enjoy it." They would all seem so indifferent and unconcerned, and how the devil would fight. When we'd have revivals, I'd always go around and say, "I want you to be in service tonight. Sometimes they would come and sometimes they wouldn't, not too much concerned. They'd just go once in a while out of courtesy for their Dad. About two and one-half years ago, we called a man

of God for a revival. When I came to the place, "Lord God, save my children at any cost in this revival," they came out to service and God got hold of them and they began to hit the altar. Already in the space of about two years, four of my daughters have been born into the kingdom of God. They are going the old-fashioned way, and not with the compromising, ungodly outfit of the professed church of the day. Our "baby" girl, as we call her, and she's not too large in stature, many times had said, "Whenever I attempt to be a Christian, I'm going to be a 'real' Christian."

Just a few Sundays ago, in a week-end revival, she was gloriously and wonderfully saved. What a witness she already is, carrying a burden, dealing with souls and testifying to the realities of God. She puts some of us to shame. I'm daring to believe God in spite of the devil, for the rest of my family to be saved, and still praying, "Lord God, save them at any cost." It doesn't stop there. Two of the daughters of my elder brother Telford, have gotten in and are going the old-fashioned way! Many times he and I had prayed together for our children. Nor does it stop there, as four of my grandchildren are taking the way of God. Two of them are at Hobe Sound Bible School, Florida, witnessing for God and being examples of believers. Two of the younger ones are here with us; and already they are dealing with other children, trying to lead them into the kingdom of God. Others are interested, and I'm looking forward to the day, even though I'm up in years, that all of them will get in, in spite of demons and devils! God has given the ability to write gospel songs to one of our younger daughters, Sidney Rose Gilliken. They are all written on the foundation of gospel truth. I can hardly believe how it could be possible for her to have such a knowledge of the Word of the Lord in the short space of about the two and one-half years that she has been serving God.

It is amazing how God impresses this girl in such wonderful ways. Sometimes she'll be about her work and a thought will come across her mind and God will give her the title for a song. Often, right then, she will go and get her paper and pen and God will give her the inspiration to write a complete song and put the tune to it. Already God has blessed her with between fifty or sixty songs. You just don't know how God has blessed her with such truth in composing these songs for His glory. How we long to see the day when these messages in song, for the needy, compromising day in which we live, spread all over our land. Perhaps God will lay it on someone's heart to help get them published. Sidney, her sister Annie Frances Willis, and Telford's daughter, Frances Lewis, make up our church trio. How we appreciate these girls and how wonderfully God is blessing them in singing the gospel message, singing mostly the songs Sidney has written. The old enemy is fighting in this day in which we live, with compromise on every hand. Thank God, here and there, you'll find a faithful few that have not bowed their knee to Baal, neither are they going to. They are standing for the realities of truth, uncompromising in this compromising age.

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22 -- FAITH BECOMES SIGHT

My mind goes back to the many different times that God laid the possibility of writing my life story on others, and at different times it was mentioned during revivals. I don't recall one time that God did not put His approval on it being written. Especially did Brother George Burris, one of our former pastors and a close Christian friend, carry the burden for this life story. He told me

many times how he looked forward to making his little contribution to it. God bless his memory. Even though he didn't live to see it written, I'm confident he had a great part in it by his many prayers, his concern, and by his faith. God has kept this somewhat warm" down through the years. I did not know why getting started on it always seemed distant, but I see how that God had His hand in it. As it is now, I have so many more realities in this life of faith in God than I would have had, if the story had been published before now. Thank God for the day when He put not only His smile of approval on this, but backed it up financially. The providential hand of God led Brother Dan Parker our way to be our pastor. In this needy day when compromise is on every hand and the mass of the people are carried about with every wind of doctrine, thank God for him. He's not one of those who would pat you on the shoulder and tell you how good you are; but preaches holiness, without which no man will see the Lord, and without which you are on your way to hell.

We are determined not to bow the knee to Baal, but stand for the realities of old-fashioned, second-blessing holiness truth! Years ago when others were beginning to drift, I looked ahead and saw this day of letting down and the taking on of worldliness, (like one of the songs that Sidney wrote), even taking television into what was supposed to be holiness homes. I've seen the day when preachers stood in the pulpit and declared the whole counsel of God against such evils; yet today there has been such a backsliding, it is just about all right to do anything. just go along with the crowd. This is a day when most people say they have "learned better." Thank God for this thick, dumb head of mine! Never have I yet gained that territory where I "learned better" and don't ever intend to! I'm not interested in anything but holy living. May God help us to be faithful in this calling. This good pastor of ours came as one of the evangelists for our camp meeting here at Harker's Island, which is known as Eastern Second-Blessing Holiness Camp, and God blessed his preaching. How I appreciate the day when I first met him, there was a kindred spirit between us. What a sacrificial man he is, not looking for the high places in life, but determined to mind God and go the way of the Lord at any cost.

At that particular time we were deeply impressed with the possibility of his coming our way and working with us. We talked it over with him during the camp, and he seemed to be very interested and said he'd pray about it. In the meantime, Brother Parker received calls from several churches, all far superior to what we have here, because here he would have to support himself. So we prayed about it. He had, to some extent, accepted one of those calls, but after praying he had to write and refuse that call saying, "I'm going to Harker's Island." Well, hallelujah! Thank God for one more old-fashioned, second-blessing, pioneer preacher, willing to mind God and establish truth and holiness even on this island. I'm glad he's still here preaching and still uncompromising. God blessed this man and he too, with us, got under the burden of relating this life story. He often made mention of it and made plans for when it would be accomplished. While with him in a revival in Ohio, (sometime in the latter part of that revival), he made mention of its being published. In that very service was a young missionary woman from that church who providentially had received an inheritance. She had it in the bank and was wondering what to do with it. Though she was a missionary and could have used it in various ways, all for the glory of God, there was a question in her mind of what she was supposed to do with it.

Hallelujah! Thank God for the sacrifice of this young woman, giving her life over there in the dark corners of Haiti, completely and entirely for the salvation of souls. While Brother Parker was mentioning this book she testified that God had said, "That's where I want you to put

\$1,000.00 to help publish this life story for My glory." Thank God for this consecrated girl who was willing and ready to mind God. That was the confirmation from God that the day had come to write this book. God has taken care of me down through the years and up to this time there wasn't too much the matter with me; but from that revival until now, the old devil laid his hand on me, determined this book would not be printed. The devil is not a joke or a fairy tale. He is the prince of this world. He is the over-ruler and is doing a "good" job. I think of the authority and power of the devil, when he took the very Son of the living God and carried Him to various places tempting Him. The devil is a reality and only by the grace of God can we be more than conquerors over him. He laid his hand on me in every possible way he could and said, "We'll not let this book be written. We'll kill him if we can!"

I had no more than gotten home from Ohio when I had one or two heart attacks, but I trusted God and didn't go to the hospital or rely on doctors putting little pills under my tongue. You will never know the seriousness of those attacks. I could hardly get my breath or get comfortable in any position. It looked like it would be just a little time before it would be all over with, but thank God for His faithfulness. He defeated the old devil and gave me victory! The devil did not stop there, but he laid various sicknesses on me. I was taken with intestinal flu and in connection with that, a case of hemorrhoids. One was battling the other until it became so severe I cried. I was in bed quite a few days with this and it got so serious and painful that I felt I just wouldn't live. I told my wife, "Get my brother and have him to come over and you send for the preacher." Something had to be done, I had to have relief and help. They met together, prayed and anointed me and God touched and blessed. Hallelujah for victory over the devil. Here I am telling the end of this life story, not dead yet! Oh, bless God! I'm determined to serve God in spite of the demons and devils and trust Him to the end, come what may.

Right here I am reminded of a statement I made quite a few years ago, if the day should come when there would be a compromise and letting down and so little faith that I would be somewhat by myself; before I would compromise with sin and the devil, I would go out back of our old homestead, find an old dead stump, stick my head under it and wiggle my toes for the glory of God! It has almost come to that end, with just a few of us standing down through the thirty-nine or forty years of my experience in serving God on Harker's Island. Others have been carried about by every wind of doctrine, entangling themselves in everything. God has blessed us to this day and I haven't had to do so yet, even though I have been to the place where I felt sometimes that I was entirely and completely left to stand alone. Because of faithfulness and holding on to God and not compromising, He began to bless my home and save my children. He has established a brand new, second-blessing holiness church! It is growing and the blessing of God is on us to extent that we have started a church building of our own on the island.

Though there are quite a few churches here, I thank God for an open door and of having a place where men, women, boys and girls can hear without any restraint, the preaching of the old-time gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Concerning the interest in this book, may God bless all the good people who are eager for the printing of this truth, especially in this day when faith is about to an end. Jesus, no doubt, referred to this day when He asked if there would be any faith when He comes. Certainly, I'm confident there will be faith! He's coming back after those who are looking for Him. The old enemy is fighting, but we have confidence in His faithfulness that He'll see us through. That is why we're blessed and encouraged, because Jesus said Himself that if we'd

ask anything in His name, He would do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Certainly, there is no other purpose in connection with this attempt other than to glorify God. We have nothing of our own to offer. God hath done it all! Neighbor, we come to the end of this story and want to leave this encouragement for you.

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23 -- CONTENDING TO THE END

Since this manuscript was written, it has been our privilege to witness this earnest contender's last battle. From the very first day we set out to get Brother Rose's life story on the printed page, Satan fought even harder than ever. Brother Rose would sometimes be smitten with heart attacks that would almost usher him out of the world; but by prayer and confidence that this was God's will, the book was finally finished.

The day the final manuscript was proof read and put into the mail to the editors was a big day with Brother Rose. He told me that day he felt as if another great battle had been fought with the prince of the power of the air and won. Brother Rose even expressed a sentiment somewhat like that of Simeon of old when he said, "Now lettest thou thy servant die in peace." On different occasions during his last few weeks on earth, Brother Rose would refer to his soon home going. He even reassured me that he wanted me to take part in his funeral. On one occasion he made a request in the presence of his family, that there be no tears shed over his departure from this world. He requested me to shout when I saw that he was gone to be with Jesus. Brother Rose testified, as usual, the Thursday night before his home-going in our prayer service. During his testimony, he said that he could think of no better way to die than to die praising the Lord. He even made mention that if it would please the Lord, he hoped he could die praising God. Wednesday of the following week, he and I had planned to do some visitation in the hospital. We spent a good day visiting the sick and encouraging one another.

That night Brother Rose went to a revival service in the Free Grace Pilgrim Holiness Church. Rev. Tommy Kenyon was the evangelist. Brother Kenyon was always one of Brother Rose's favorite preachers. He gave me this account of Brother Rose's last testimony. Several songs had been sung and prayer had been made when Brother Rose stood up to testify. He declared how he appreciated what God had done for him; and then in one of his usual expressions he said, "I wouldn't take a billion worlds for what I feel in my soul." He went on to declare that he still had every one of the God-given convictions that he had ever had. He stated further that he was backing up the truth that Brother Kenyon was preaching, "like the little boy backed up the tractor." Brother Kenyon said he flipped off his coat as he usually did when blessed in the Lord; he then turned, placed his hand on the altar, said, "Amen and Amen," and fell quietly before the altar. Brother Kenyon and Rev. Michael Neese rushed down from the pulpit to his side, but the "Earnest Contender" had fought his last fight. He was at last in the home he had so often talked about. Truly the great text of this man of God's life was, "that ye should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

May God make of each of us and you who are reading these pages, contenders for the faith, that we may some day be reunited with such saints as Ed Rose.

Dan Parker

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HE'S NEVER LET ME DOWN

By Sidney Rose Gilliken

Many trials have come across my pathway,
But He has never let me down.
Many friends have I lost since starting this way,
But He has never let me down.
I have failed many times to do my duty
But He has never let me down.
When I stumbled He didn't turn His back on me,
No, He has never let me down.
Temptations I've had in times of weakness,
But He has never let me down.
And my faith has wavered in times of sickness
But He has never let me down.

Chorus:

He's never let me down,
Oh no, He's never let me down.
Not once can I say, since starting His way.
He's been so faithful and so true
And He will never fail you,
No, Jesus will never let me down.

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THE END