

Memories

That Spur Us

On !

By Brother Elmer Andrews

Edited and Written by Margaret Newton

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THAT SPUR US
ON!

by
Brother Elmer Andrews
Recorded on cassette tape,
August 1988

Edited and Written by Margaret Newton
as a college class project

Revised in 2009 by Elmer and Mary's daughter, D.L. Andrews

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THE LOVING MEMORIES
OF
ELMER AND MARY ANDREWS

Memories... Some believe that memories are the crutches of the aged; to help them totter through another day. But, to one who has lived and loved much, memories are the basic tools we use to show us which words or actions bring joy and peace; or which bring depression and despair.

TODAY IS
August 16, 1988

Fifty eight years ago today Mary Bebout and I, Elmer Andrews were married. What a wonderful 58 years. In all that time I have never once seen Mary lose her temper. If I had a thousand years to live here on this earth, I would want it all to be with Mary. I love the Lord more now, than when He saved me. This goes for our natural love also. Mary and I have been married now for 58 years, and I love her so much more now, than I did the day she said, "I do." I know it's the same with Mary also. Without her I could have done nothing. She has spent her time clothing and feeding children, talking to them about the Lord, and helping to fill their every need. Sometimes, when money was a little short, she would go out on a job and pack grapefruit, pick Broccoli, or do anything that was needed to help bring in a little more money. I thank God for Mary. Without her we would have had no ministry. God knew what He was doing when He brought us together and made us One in Him, and sent us out to minister together in the Wonderful Name of Jesus.

The Marion Star

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Andrews' wed 60 years

Elmer and Mary Andrews will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary Sunday, Aug. 19, with a half-hour live television program at 1 p.m. on local Channel 39. The Andrews, both 82, were married Aug. 16, 1930, by the Rev. S. F. Porter, pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church here. In 1935, they went to Arizona and started a mission work among the cotton camps. Mr. Andrews was ordained to the ministry at Emmanuel church and shortly thereafter was appointed Arizona Director of Mission to the Migrants, a nationwide organization. For the past six years, the Andrews have spent their summers in Marion where, every Tuesday night 7:30-8 p.m., they have a half-hour program on Channel 39. They are parents of four children, 20 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

By Way of Explanation:

Reverend Elmer Andrews and Mary graciously gave consent to have these marvelous testimonies written down. The message and spirit in them must forever be preserved. Their life is a true testimony to be shared. Our children and grandchildren will be delighted in watching God stand behind His love for others. The love that He has shed abroad in Elmer's and Mary's heart, and watching God come to the rescue in seemingly ordinary ways, with extra-ordinary timing... Will leave you spellbound.

You will appreciate how very easily these opportunities could have been missed, if their hearts had not been listening to the needs of others. How very fragile life is when you ponder on how you would have felt, if it had been you or someone you loved that had been in these people's circumstances. I say these words because you see, my daughter's circumstance is told in this book.

No one knows what the future holds; but these delightful testimonies remind us of how real is God's love for all of His creation. His mercies ARE new to us each morning. You will see this in reading these captivating accounts of God's use of two of His children

Margaret A. Newton

Acknowledgements

We first became acquainted with this precious couple in 1969 on a trip to the Kathryn Kuhlman meeting in Los Angeles. Shortly thereafter, we were having Friday night prayer meetings together. We saw the hand of God touch many lives at these meetings. I was also privileged to minister with them in music on the bus trips. They also stayed in my parents' home whenever they came in to Phoenix. We became just like family. Elmer's great love and wit were always much appreciated. His knowledge of the Word of God was awesome. It was always amazing to watch as others would discover that Elmer was not reading from his text; he was quoting the Bible from memory.

Mary was the strong, quiet, orderly one seeing that all things ran smoothly. It has been so exciting to watch Mary blossom in the Lord. She and Elmer had offered to help me by ministering on the phones at the Christian Broadcasting Network, until I could get some more volunteers.

They faithfully came every Wednesday at 6:00 a.m. After a year had passed Elmer said to Mary one morning, "Well, Mary, I guess Patti has enough people now so we won't have to come in anymore." To this day I remember Mary's quick reply, "Why Elmer, are you going to take the only thing God has ever given me to do for Him?" Mary also has a joyful wit.

So, faithfully for five years, these two beautiful people in their 70's came to minister on the phones at the Christian Broadcasting Network. I feel it has been a privilege and great honor to have been able to work with and know these two precious servants of God. They have both left a large print of Jesus on my life because of theirs.

Patti Eckhardt

MY FIRST DATE WITH MARY

In 1929 I was invited to a Halloween party by Paul Bebout. It was a costume party. I was to go as a Gypsy Fortune Teller. I sat in a little booth, and all the guests went by, to have their fortune told. Each one had to promise they would tell no one else their fortune until all had been by the booth. I promised each one I'd tell their past, present and future; but first they must give me a dime. I picked up the dime, looked closely at their palm and said, "This dime was once yours, now you don't have it. The future is: you will never see it again." Then I dropped the dime through a slot into a box. The money went to the young people's group that sponsored the party.

At the party I met Paul's sister, Mary. Her face had an expression of peaceful serenity. The only change was when she smiled; then it became as contentedly serene as before.

Before the party was over, I asked Mary if she would like to go with me to a show at the Palace Theater. She said, "I don't go to shows, but we are having a prayer meeting at our church Wednesday night. If you would like to take me there, it starts at 7:30." I thought, "If I take her to the prayer meeting, then she will go other places with me." So I said, "O.K. I'll see you Wednesday night." Wednesday night came, I picked up Mary and took her to church. The meeting started with a few songs. Then the men met for a session of prayer in the next room. Next they asked for prayer requests. The leader said, "Let's go to prayer at this time." All the men knelt down by their chair except for me. I was free, and 21 and wasn't kneeling to anyone just then. But as the men prayed aloud, one by one, I began to see my life in a different light than before. I got off my chair and knelt by the rest. Soon some of the men gathered around me and began praying for me. When the meeting was over, I had that same peace that Mary had.



I never have gotten her to that picture show; but we have been to many hundreds of prayer meetings. In many of them, we have seen the miraculous power of God manifested.

[The photo is of Mary with her pastor's wife, Alice Holliday.]

58 YEARS OF JOY

For about two years before Mary and I were married, I had been working at the Silk Mill in Marion, Ohio, making about \$50 to \$60 a week. That was considered very good wages in those days. I had bought a '1929 Model A Town Sedan' for \$930 new. It was my first new car. When the depression hit, about that time or a year later, I had to sell the car to make expenses for the

family. Soon, our first son James was born in 1932. Since there was no work to be had in Marion, or anywhere in Ohio, I left Mary and James with Mary's mother and went to Arizona looking for work.

[Before I met Mary, I had done some traveling by hitch-hiking and riding freight trains for transportation. I had worked on the '3 Link Ranch' in Arizona near Wilcox. . . that was in 1925. In 1932 there was still plenty of work in Arizona, but at very cheap prices. Cotton picking paid 50 cents per 100 pounds; and they paid 2 cents a box for picking grapefruit. It was very hard work to make \$1 a day, working daylight to dark.]

I went back to Ohio. Mary and I went out and picked wild blackberries and sold them. We made enough to buy a 'Model T' truck for \$35. I used the truck and bought vegetables wholesale at the farms and at the Farmers' Market and then retailed them in Marion, Ohio.

In 1935 I turned the truck into a house-car. Mary and I; our oldest son James, three years old; and Leroy our next son, 8 months old--started for Arizona. It was quite a trip. That first day we traveled 28 miles. We had our first breakdown: a rod went out. Our crankshaft was a little out of round. I had gone to Malo Bros. Wrecking Yard and bought 21 rods for 25 cents each. I put in the rod and the next day we traveled 250 miles before another rod went out. it took us about two weeks to reach Phoenix, Arizona. I put in the last of those 21 rods just before we arrived in Phoenix.

The first few weeks we picked cotton, broccoli... whatever was being harvested... we did it. Mary and I could make about \$1 per day, each. Then I got a job working at 'Citrus Park' for 20 cents per hour, 12 hours a day.

Citrus Park was like the little camps for families working in the harvests, located at that time about 35 miles west of Phoenix, close to the base of the White Tank Mountains. It was set among groves of citrus trees. There were no vacancies in the park, so for several months we lived in a tarp-covered dugout in a hillside. It was really rather dangerous living there. Every night, a herd of goats would run across our tarp roof. We were thankful that they were going single-file; but practically held our breath until we heard the hoof beat of the last goat scamper off the tarp and down to the other side of the hill. Every morning when we got up we would shake our shoes before putting them on, to get out any scorpions that might have crawled in overnight. Although the dugout was a warm cozy place for the winter, we were thankful when a cabin at Citrus Park became empty and we were allowed to move in. There was no rent for the cabins, as they were free for the people who worked there.

It was not long until the cannery started canning grapefruit juice and I got a job making juice. Later on at the cannery, I received the position of Company Chemist. I had to titrate a sample of every barrel of Juice and pulp we sent out, in order to determine how many parts-per- million of potassium Bi-meta Sulfite we had in it; for it could be a deadly poison and was added as preservative

to keep the juice from spoiling while being sent across the ocean to Germany and other countries that made a drink of it.

OUR FIRST SUNDAY AT CITRUS PARK

In August of 1937, our daughter Doris was born. She is our only daughter and the only one of our children to be born in Arizona. About that time we were given permission to use the mess-hall to start a Sunday School at the camp. We had been attending Sunday morning church services in Glendale, Arizona... About 25 miles from Citrus Park; so we held the Sunday School at the camp on Sunday afternoons. Each Sunday morning we visited every family in the camp, inviting them to the Sunday School. From the very start there was a good attendance. The people really appreciated the opportunity to hear the Bible being taught. Many of them had never been in a church; some had, at some time or another; but they were far away from any church at this place. Besides the Sunday School, we had a mid-week service with a Bible study; and afterwards there were games for the children.

At first we had no music but both Mary and I could play piano and organ... Mary, by musical notes and I by ear; so I purchased a three octave portable organ to use in our services... which, by the way, was the first of four such organs we purchased for use in the Lord's work over the years. We had an accident with one of those organs which I might mention later on; but it all worked out fine at the end. The first converts we had were one of the foremen, Virgil Isbell and his wife. They came forward at the invitation to receive Christ as their Saviour. We went from there to the First Baptist Church in Glendale to have them baptized. I had spoken to the pastor of that church and he offered to send out some of his workers from the church to help us, which they did. We appreciated it very much.

The people really appreciated the opportunity to hear the Bible being taught.

FISHERS OF MEN DURING SECOND WORLD WAR

During our stay at Citrus Park, the Second World War started and we went back to Ohio. I took a job at the Marion Metal Products Company and soon became foreman of the Burning Department. They made large gantry cranes for loading and unloading ships, besides other equipment for the Navy.

Because of the urgency of war-time orders, some of the men had to work many hours overtime. Two of the men on my crew had been working 14 hours or more a day for some time. They were tired and ready to quit. One day as I came by where they were working they said to

me, "See these orders here? We are expected to finish them before we quit. Well, we've decided to go fishing! What does the Bible say about that?"

Since I carried a small Bible in my pocket, I took it out, opened it up and read these words: "Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a fishing. They say unto him, 'We also go with thee.'" I said to the men, "When do we start?" I went fishing with those men, and we had a very good afternoon of companionship and discussion together. From that time on, they were two of my hardest workers. The shop superintendent did not understand why I had gone fishing with the men. He called me into the office and said, "I hear you went fishing yesterday." I explained to him how it came about. He burst out laughing, then said, "But don't let it happen again."

The Lord used that experience at Marion Metal Product Co. to get to some people who might never have been reached otherwise. There were two men in the shop who carried the Constitution of Soviet Russia in their pockets. One of them was the chairman of the Shop Union and the other, his assistant. They knew I carried a small Bible in my pocket and they were intent on disproving it. One of them said to me, "So, you believe the world is flat?" I replied, "No, what gave you that idea?" He said, "That's what our communist literature says... that your Bible speaks of the four corners of the earth." I said, "The translation may be a little confusing there, but in the original language it says, 'the four quarters of the earth': If you cut an orange in quarters, it doesn't mean the orange is flat. Also, the Bible says, 'It is He (God) that sitteth on the circle (or sphere) of the earth'; Does that sound like the earth is flat?" Many other things were brought up that the communist literature said was in our Bible, but always the words were twisted to mean something far different, and absurd. Finally, one of those men said to me, "Would you and your wife come over to our house tonight, and bring your Bibles?" We did; and after many questions were asked and answered, they said, "We want to receive Christ as our Saviour." It was near 1:00 a.m. when we all knelt, and they prayed to receive Christ as Saviour. Soon after, the other man did the same.

While working at that shop - every night before going to bed, Mary and I and the children had 'family worship.' First, we sang a song or chorus, with Mary playing the portable organ we had purchased in Arizona; then I would read a portion of Scripture and explain it for the children; afterward we all said our prayers, beginning with the oldest child and finishing up with Mary and myself. One of those nights we were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. It was the man next door. His name was Mr. Mann. He was there to complain about our not closing the curtains during worship. Shortly after, we moved to a house on the north side of town that had a bathroom inside; but we always included the Mann family in our prayers.

One night during that time, Mary and I awoke at the same time, having had a dream of singing a song I had written, with Mary accompanying me on the piano. In sharing our dreams, we found they were the same. We became more and more concerned about the ministry we had started at the Citrus Park camp, and prayed more earnestly that God would send someone to carry on

the work of the Sunday school. The more we prayed, the more He laid it on our hearts to return to Arizona.

I began studying for the ministry by taking night classes taught by our pastor, but supervised by Moody Bible Institute. They were the same courses given to the students in the Institute at Chicago. All the material had to be sent to Moody to be graded. After the courses were completed, I was ordained to the Ministry at the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Marion, Ohio.

Soon after the war was over, Mary and I with our four children, prepared to return to Arizona. Our youngest son, Paul born in 1942, was now five years old. Working at the shop with aluminum struts, etc. gave me incentive and knowledge for building a house trailer to take back to Arizona. The day I went in to our main office at the shop to tell my boss our plans; he gave me his blessings and said that if I ever returned, a job would be waiting for me. He also told me I could use any of the materials in the shop to build my 'mobile home.' This house-trailer was not like any other on the market. It was 29 feet long and the under-carriage was a welded framework of aluminum struts. About a year after moving back to Arizona, The Lord blessed us to be able to purchase 6 acres of grapefruit grove in which I built a house. One day, in passing, a man spotted the house trailer parked beside our home, and stopped; hoping for permission to look at the under-carriage. Soon after, there were 'house trailers' on the market that were larger than ever before and they were called 'mobile homes.'

"The more we prayed, the more He laid it on our hearts to return to Arizona."

ARIZONA MINISTRIES WITH FRIENDS TO HELP

It was cold in Ohio when we left in the middle of September; but one week later we arrived Phoenix, Arizona during the middle of a 'heat wave.' It was 118 degrees in the shade (by Mary's thermometer), but even hotter inside of our house trailer.

The Lord seemed to be leading us back to the same area from which we had left seven



years previously. The boss at Citrus Park gave us permission to park our house trailer there; and also gave us the use of a cabin for a Sunday School. Again, the folks in the camp were glad to have a 'church house' as they called it; and when they asked to be baptized, we went to an irrigation ditch, as you see in the photo.

I'll never forget one family that lived in the cabin next door to

our house trailer. They were a large family. One of the children, a little 6 year old girl, usually went with her family and other families on the big truck that took the camp families to town on Saturdays. She had one good dress she wore to town; but if she got it dirty at all, she would scrub it herself on her mother's scrub board and hang it up to dry so she would have it clean for Sunday School. We noticed too, she had a little white pet chicken and it got the same treatment on the scrub board anytime it got in the mud.

We had been given a tent that held about one hundred people. We would set it up at a camp and sometimes I would preach there every night for two or three weeks straight, until we would get a little church started. After turning that church over to Arizona Bible Institute students, we would then take the tent to another camp, and start another group. There were nearly 50 camps within a ten mile radius of Citrus Park.

Before long, we got a bus which we used for a 'traveling chapel.' I would go from camp to camp and stand outside the bus, playing my accordion until the people gathered in. As soon as the bus was full, we would shut the door and begin our church service. At the close, I would give the invitation for people to receive Christ as their Saviour. After praying with them we would encourage them to be faithful in reading the Bible, praying, and coming to the services. We would then go on to another camp for another service; and so we would go on from morning until late at night on Sundays. [Our son Leroy was driver that day.]



Soon after we began our mission work in those camps, we met a very interesting and devoted couple: Reverend George and Edith Palm. For a number of years they had been busy ministering in migrant camps in the west. They were representatives of the American Bible Society; distributing Scripture portions, gospels, tracts, and New Testaments both in English and Spanish. They also gave away some Bibles, or sold them to those who could afford them.

It was through the Palms that we were introduced to a former Bible School mate of theirs. He was the pastor of Palm Croft Baptist Church in Phoenix. This pastor and a Christian business man signed a note for me to get 1,200 dollars to buy six acres of grapefruit land. It was



on Glendale Avenue, about one half mile West of Cotton Lane. We paid off that loan; but shortly after that, some friends of ours came from Mansfield, Ohio. They thought the six acres was not enough, so the Millers, along with Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Quass (High school teacher at Litchfield Park) helped us to buy a few more acres until we had twelve acres of beautiful grapefruit trees. We had it fenced, and had some

good milk cows pastured there. They were a big help; for we furnished milk to the needy families in the camps... especially, those with children. This is where we made our headquarters; and this is where we built a 'church-house.'

The first Sunday after the church was completed, there were 132 people in attendance; of which number, 123 stayed for dinner. We had picnic tables under the trees outside the church. I built a stone barbeque pit covered by a grate that held two very large kettles. In one, we cooked potatoes; in the other, pinto beans with meat. Mary usually had a big salad made, also cakes and pies. Sometimes we had a large crate of bananas for everyone to help themselves. Almost every Sunday, practically all the people who came to church stayed for lunch. I also built two stone houses and one cabin. It seemed that they were always full of people. Some would come to us needing a place to stay; or sometimes it would be someone I felt led to pick up on the road; or some person at our meeting, out of work and homeless. We always made room for them at our place.

If The Lord has put enough in your hand to feed yourself,
You can share it with someone else; and you will find it multiplies
Just as the loaves and fish that Jesus blessed and broke to feed the five thousand.

GOD FILLS THE STOREHOUSE

One spring a friend of ours, Russell Badly planted about 20 acres of tomatoes. The market was good for a while. Then it fell, until it was unprofitable to pick and market the rest of the crop. He knew we were supplying food for needy people and told us to help ourselves to whatever was left in the field. Several boys... ours, and some from the camps helped me pick the tomatoes. We placed a long picnic table under the grapefruit trees outside our back door, and had a real assembly line going. After the tomatoes were scalded, three girls from a nearby camp and also our daughter, Doris... peeled and cut-up the tomatoes, ready for Mary to can. Several days a week, for almost a month we canned tomatoes. We purchased several dozen gallon jars which took regular size canning lids; then, there were hundreds of quart jars which we already had, or that were given to us. In all, that summer Mary canned 1,020 quarts of tomatoes, most of which we gave away. That was besides giving away a lot of fresh picked ones. Before the winter was over, they were all gone.

There was then a prominent business man and farmer by the name of Ralph Eaton, in Phoenix. He owned a large packing shed. When carrots were being harvested and packed and shipped, he told me to fill my pick-up with carrots. We had help with those also. and

Mary canned about 100 quarts of carrots, also some small potatoes were given to us as culls because of their size. However, most of the potatoes, we gave away just as they were given to us.

I can still hear Mary saying, "Don't forget the grape juice." About four miles from us there was a large grape vineyard and packing shed. Any bunch of grapes too small for shipping were tossed into the culls, besides the grapes that were clipped off a large bunch to make it more symmetrical. The owner also gave us permission to glean the vineyard after the last picking. We bought a small grape press; and after carefully washing the grapes, we pressed out the juice, then pasteurized and canned it. We had a little over 100 gallons. A lot of it we sold to health food stores in Phoenix. With the proceeds of sales we bought more groceries to give away. That juice made very good grape jelly too, so jelly-bread became the kids' favorite snack !

I have not asked for an offering for many, many years.

All we do is try to fill a need. If we fill a need, in the name of The Lord Jesus Christ,

We know of a certainty that OUR need will be met.

He will fill our every need, because we open our hand and fill the needs of others, in His Name.

GOD SUITS ME JUST FINE

While we were working, establishing these little missions, a man from California came to see me. He was the head director of the National Mission to the Migrants. He went around with us from camp to camp where we had been ministering. He said they had no missions in Arizona yet, but they wanted them. He asked if I would serve as Arizona Director for Mission to the Migrants. I agreed to do so. He had many churches lined up all over the country that were helping support the missionary work.

He asked if I would make a trip to Chicago, Michigan and Ohio during the summer. When the camps were almost empty; in the heat of the summer. I decided to make the trip. I had used up all the good clothing that I owned; and as far as money at that time, I had just enough to buy my bus ticket to Chicago.

My first speaking engagement was at a church in Chicago. I was told that whatever came in from this church; I could use for our work at the camps, and to pay the expenses of the trip. It was a Swedish Baptist Church and it just happened to be the one which Mary's brother, Paul and his wife and children attended. When I was ready to start my trip, all I had to wear was an old pair of slacks, shirt and a jacket. I looked just like one of the workers in the camps. In fact, if I got out among them, no one would be able to tell who the preacher was, or who the workers were. Before leaving, Mary said to me, "OH, I sure wish you had a good suit to wear when you go to Chicago and speak at that church where my relatives attend." I replied, "Honey, if the Lord wants

me to have one, He will furnish it before I get there." I boarded the bus to Chicago. When I arrived in Chicago it was very early in the morning. I was sitting in the bus station debating about just when I should call Mary's brother on the phone, to come and get me. A man came into the station with a megaphone and announced, "I'm from the Welcome Travelers Program. We need some travelers to go to the radio station, to talk a little about WHERE you have been, WHERE you are going, and WHAT you're expecting to accomplish on your trip." I thought I might as well do that. He said he would bring us right back to the bus station when we were through.

Quite a few of us went out and got on his bus and went to the radio station. Of all who went, I was the only one that was picked out to be on the program. They asked questions and I answered them. When I answered the first question, I was given a certificate to go to 'Hart, Shaffner and Marx' store in Chicago. I could pick out any suit in the place; with shirt, shoes, everything else to go with it.

The morning that this radio program was to be aired, Mary was home in Arizona. She was outside at the washtub, doing a washing. All at once she had a strong urge to go in and turn on the radio. When she did, my voice was the first one she heard, answering that question. She heard me receive that certificate to 'Hart, Shaffner and Marx', to pick out any suit in the place. She almost had some kind of a spiritual fit, I think. She was praising and thanking the Lord, because she had prayed earnestly that I would be able to wear a nice suit when I spoke at the church where her relatives attended, God is always GOOD! He is always JUST ON TIME!

I went on around to the other churches where I was to speak, and before long I had enough... that I was able to buy another school bus in Ohio. As I went around to the churches, they filled that bus with clothing and different things to give out to the people in the camps.



I went back to Arizona rejoicing. Many of the churches had promised to send support to the National Organization of Mission to the Migrants. This photo is of their director, Ralph Blakeman and his wife.



Our God is GOOD; if we take Him at His Word... go when He says go, not looking for a supply. No one had promised to supply us anything when we started, except our home church in Marion, Ohio. They had promised to give us 35 dollars a month. Most days we spent more than that. God was always there with the supply, from some source.

I am so glad that when God sends us, He always sends the supply.

We do not have to beg for His supply.

If HE sends you, He will send the means. It is just that simple.

You can TRUST our wonderful Lord to supply for every work He starts.

A TRUE CINDERELLA STORY

When I was at the Welcome Travelers Program in Chicago, it was not just the suit of clothes that was given me... there were many other things. They sent home an Amana Farm and Home deep freezer loaded with a year's supply of frozen foods; they put tile on our kitchen floor; they also gave us a dozen pair of Gene Autry shirts and jeans to distribute in the camps. For the children there was a swing set with a sliding-board; but what our children and others might remember most was the 144 'Zero' candy bars.

From that program came financial help also; for after they had spoken with me for some time, they said, "Maybe you would like to tell the people that are listening, your name and address so they can get in touch with you. Maybe some of them would like to help in your work." I told them we really were not asking for help; but if anyone felt led of the Lord to help, we would be glad to receive it. I gave our name and address. To my surprise, we received help from Alaska, New York City, Pennsylvania, Ohio; and many other places in the United States. People had been listening and heard what we were doing in Arizona, and decided they wanted to help. Sometimes we would get a letter saying God had laid it on their heart to send us a little gift. One day a letter came with no name; just, "Preacher in Cotton Camps, Peoria, Arizona." The postman gave me the letter, saying, "This mail route out of Peoria, Arizona is the longest mail route in the whole United States; but you are the only preacher I know of in the cotton camps."

One lady who was a High School teacher in New York City had heard me on the Welcome Travelers Program and wrote to us. She said she would like to have some young lady to come and stay with her; and she would put her through High School. She said her offer was for someone who would not otherwise have the opportunity to attend High School. It just happened that we knew a young lady in that very circumstance. Her folks had said they could not send their daughter to High School, because they needed her to work in the fields to help keep the family. They decided though, that since it was free, they would allow her to go. The school teacher sent a bus ticket and arranged to meet the young lady at Staten Island.....that was where the teacher lived. The girl stayed for the four years of High School, then came back home. It wasn't long before she became acquainted with the rich young owner of the ranch where her parents worked. He fell in love with her, married her, and made her father foreman of his ranch.

It seems like things still turn out for good.

The Lord does so many wonderful things for us.

He blesses in so many ways!

He can save, He can heal, He can restore, He can keep....

Our God can do anything!

FEEDING THE HUNGRY

In that first winter in Arizona, there was a freeze. All the fruit and vegetables were frozen. Almost all the cotton had been picked and all that the people had been depending on was the fruit and vegetables; but now that source of income was gone. In the meeting I let them know, that if any of them were out of work and did not have enough food to keep their families from going hungry they could come to our house... we would share our food with them as long as we had anything to eat. THEY BEGAN COMING. Before long, it was common to come home and find almost a quarter-mile of cars parked by our house and reaching toward the railroad... people, expecting something to eat.

We bought potatoes by the 100 pound bags; bread from the bakery cost us 6 cents a loaf and we bought several hundred loaves at a time. We bought pinto beans by the 100 pound bags; and anything that any of the farmers could give us of what they had, we were very glad to receive.

It was not long until our money almost ran out. I remember one day... I was down to a little over 6 dollars. Mary had sent me to the store to get some things for ourselves. When I got to Tamarack Camp, I stopped; remembering I had heard that a lady in the camp was sick... I went to see her. Sure enough, she was in bed sick and her children were hungry and crying. After talking with her a little while I went to the grocery store and told the grocer about the situation. I asked if he would fix up all the food he could for the 6 dollars and some cents that I had. I told him just who it was for, and he said he would double it. He gave me a nice box of groceries to take back to her house. When I went in to tell the mother about what had happened, she sincerely thanked me, then asked me to pray for her. She said she just could not do anything until she was able to get out and go to work. I started to pray for her with an ordinary prayer as I had learned to do, not really expecting anything to happen suddenly. "But that isn't the kind of a prayer I want," she said. "I want you to come over and put your hand on my head and ask God to heal me, NOW." This was something I had never done before; but since she was sick and was asking me, I went over and laid my hand on her head. I asked, "God heal her, now, Lord; she is responsible for all these children. Lord Jesus, I know you love them, every one. So Lay your hand on her with mine, and heal her. Raise her up and make her able to take care of her children."

I then left and went home. I said to Mary, "Honey, I'm sorry, but I did not have enough money to get our groceries." Then I noticed she had her hand behind her back and was smiling ear to ear. She pulled out her hand, holding a check for 100 dollars. It was sent by a lady from Columbus, Ohio; someone we had never heard of before; but we thought she had probably heard us on that Welcome Travelers Program. She wrote that she had been praying, and the Lord laid it on her heart to send us a little gift. A hundred dollars in the 40s was the same as 1,000 dollars

now, because of inflation. I then forgot about being sorry for spending the money, and began thanking the Lord for multiplying that 6 dollars and some cents by more than ten times.

The next day I went back to the grocery store, cashed the check, got groceries and on the way home I stopped in to see how the lady that had been sick was getting along. She was up and around, had her house all taken care of, and had located some more cotton that she could pick up... cotton that was to be scraped-up where it had already been picked. There was some lying on the ground, but the farmer wanted it salvaged. He was paying by the hour for that. Then I told her, "I thought you were sick." She said, "Don't you remember, you prayed for me and the Lord answered your prayer; He healed me, He raised me up, and I feel just as good as ever." Well, I was surprised.

It was not my faith that healed her, it was HER faith;
because she had reached out to the Lord in faith when she had asked me to pray for her.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The word got out that we were feeding the hungry. One day Mr. Waddell sent for me to come down and see him. I did not know what he wanted, but went to his home and knocked on the door. His valet answered the door and told me Mr. Waddell was in the library. He showed me in, and I introduced myself. Mr. Waddell said, "I heard that you're feeding the hungry down at your place." I answered him, "Yes, we're trying to put out both the spiritual and the physical food." He replied, "I like that. Can I put you on my payroll for (so much) a month?" I told him we were not asking for money, but if anyone wants to give us help; if the Lord lays it on their heart to do so, we will gladly receive anything that is given. He put me on his payroll for fifty dollars a month.

A day or two later, one of the foremen of Goodyear Farms came to see me. The foreman said that the boss wanted to see me. I made the trip over to Goodyear Farms, and the superintendent called me into his office. Mr. Litchfield had heard of the work we were doing.



Some of the men who now worked there said that when they were out of food, we had furnished it for them at no charge. He said that Goodyear Farms also would like to help. "Could you use some dates?" he asked; saying that they had tons and tons of dates going to waste. He said if we had a way to pick them and process them, he believed they might help with the feeding of some of the hungry. I began taking people over there to help pick the dates... people for whom we were furnishing food, besides some of our own family. Many of the trees

were lining the streets in the town of Litchfield Park, and were young enough that we could reach the dates by ladder. We had some large refrigerators given to us that were not good for keeping food cold anymore, so we put a light bulb in each of them and then stacked lugs of dates inside.

With the dampness from washing the dates, and then heat from a single light bulb, it was enough to process the dates and make them real soft and nice. When the dates were ready, we packed them in one pound containers and covered them with plastic wrap. I took them in by the pick-up load and sold them at the Farmers' Market in Phoenix; then used the money to buy more food. One day I was headed to town on Sarival Avenue with a load of dates. I saw a farmer stopping up a gopher hole; he did not look very happy. I stopped to talk to him after he finished stopping up the gopher hole. I told him about the Goodyear Farms giving us the dates and that they were very good to eat, and selling very well. I asked if he would like for me to give him a pound of them. He said, "Oh, sure, we like dates." He took them and ate one. He then replied, "Could you use a moose?" He had gone hunting and got a large moose. He had it cut and wrapped in small packages and put into his locker in Tolleson. He said they raised beef, and had so much of it; and his family preferred beef rather than wild meat. I told him we certainly would be happy to have it. He told me that as soon as I unload the dates, to come by his place and he would take me to the locker. So I did, and I came home with almost of pickup load of moose, packaged and ready to give out to the people to eat.



[In the photo, Elmer is standing beside his mother in Ohio, who along with other family members and friends, helped to buy the Jeep pick-up truck]

Over and over we proved the Lord's words true: "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosom." It is true... it works. For many years, Mary and I have lived by giving. Give, and it returns. We never know when, or from where it is to return. It always comes in; more, much, much more than we can give.

COULD I HAVE SEEN AN ANGEL UNAWARE?

Besides feeding the people, there were many who depended upon us to take them to the doctor or the hospital in Phoenix. I had taken many of the women from the camps into the hospital for babies to be born.

A man named Mr. Tavender had an accident and his arm became infected. Time after time I had taken him to the doctor. One day his little boy came running, seven and a half miles from the Waddell Camp to our house of Glendale Avenue, West of Luke Field Air base. He was all out of breath when he got to our place. He said, "My daddy has to go to the hospital right away. He's sick."

At that time I was driving an old 1936 Chevrolet. The tires were getting pretty bad. One

of them had a bump on it, and my spare was flat. I measured the gas in the tank with a stick and decided there was enough gas to get to Phoenix; but not enough to get back home. I had just a few cents in my pocket that particular day; not even a dime... just a few pennies. I went to Mary and told her the situation. I explained how the little boy had run all the way down here, and right now he was so out of breath he could hardly stand up. I said I would take him home, get his father and start in; because if the Lord gives you something to do, He does not always give you a return ticket before you start.

When we got to the hospital in Phoenix, the doctor examined Mr. Tavender. They called me in and said the man was really bad off and they would have to keep him there.

After talking with the doctor about Mr. Tavender, I went back to the car. That tire that had the bump on it was completely flat. I measured the gas in my tank and there was not any left. It just made a damp spot on the bottom of the stick that I had put into the tank.

While I was sitting there on the curb just thinking, wondering what I could do... all at once a man came hurrying down the street. He just asked if I were Brother Andrews; I answered him that I was. I had never seen him before and have never seen him since, that I know of. He said he had some tithe money he wanted to give to me and he handed me a 10 dollar bill. He said he didn't have time to stay and talk because he was in a hurry, and off he went. I did not have time to question him but I really believe that he was one of God's angels sent to fill our need at this time. Right then we desperately needed a tire fixed, and gas to get home. I took off the tire and wheel, and took them to a filling station a little way down the road.

With the tire fixed, I drove to the filling station and filled my tank with gas. At that time, gas was about 20 cents a gallon.

I went on my way rejoicing. I arrived home with money in my pocket, and a tank full of gas. The man had been received at the hospital and we had been over-paid by the Lord.

Oh, how faithful is our God. If He gives us a job to do,
We do not have to wait until we have all the money to do it.
We do not have to see that the means are all there.
If God says, "Go," we can start.
If we go at His command, the supply comes right in.
If His hand is in it, it cannot fail.

THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME FOR MERCY'S SAKE

One morning very early... hours before daylight, I started for Tucson with a load of grapefruit to sell at the markets. Just as I was coming into Tucson, I saw a young girl running down the street with a man chasing her. I pulled up and stopped. The man turned back, and the girl

hurried to the truck and jumped in. She said, "Let's get out of here; he has been chasing me for several hours." I asked her name, and where she was coming from. She told me her name was Edna; and that she had escaped from a convent in El Paso, Texas. She was looking for someplace where she could stay and work, and make her own way.

I had just finished preaching for a week at one of the churches in Tucson. I knew many people there, so I took the girl to the home of one of our friends and asked if they would keep her until I would be going home later in the day; which they did. I came back and picked her up and on the way home she began telling me some of her experiences. She said she had been trying to get some rest in the bus station in Tucson. That man had come up to her there and tried to force himself on her. She had left the bus station; but he had followed her. The faster she went, the faster he went. She was sure glad to see me stop and pick her up. I told her about our mission work in the camps; and that we would be glad to have her come and stay with us as long as she liked. She could get a job in the fields, or wherever she could. She came to our home where she stayed and worked in the fields for a few weeks. She had talked to some of the other workers, and they finally talked to the police and told them she was a fugitive from some justice. One day a deputy sheriff came out, picked her up and took her into Phoenix. We went in to see the judge, but he said her parents in El Paso wanted her to go and stay with her aunt in California for some time. They sent her there; but then, a couple of weeks later, Edna came limping into our house. She was exhausted; her knees were skinned and bleeding. She said her parents had decided she should be back in the convent. A deputy from El Paso had been sent over to California to bring her back to the convent. They were on the train, and when they were coming close to where she thought we lived, she asked the deputy if she might go to the restroom. He gave his permission. She locked the door, opened the window, and jumped out while that passenger train was still traveling fast. It is a miracle that she lived through it; she was so badly skinned up and bruised. Edna had not been in our home for more than a few minutes when the police arrived. They took her to El Paso; and we found out when she was to have a trial there. At that time, my sister Dolly and her husband Harvey Wilson from Marion Ohio, were visiting us.

Harvey took us to El Paso for Edna's trial. Edna told the judge she would surely love to go back and stay with us in Arizona. She said she wanted this, because Christians just love each other so much more than anyone she had ever known before. The judge decided though, that since her parents were Catholic and did not want her to be in a protestant home, he would give her a choice: Since she had found a place where she could be satisfied, he would not send her to the convent; but he would let her choose any Catholic family in El Paso that would keep her. She chose some Catholic people who were friends of hers.



One year later, Mary and I went back to El Paso to check up on Edna. We found that she was doing very well. She still remembered us, with joy. She was still trusting in the Lord.

One day in a restaurant in Buckeye, I sat beside a man who asked the waitress for a cup of coffee. She refused. I learned he was 'broke,' so I bought breakfast for him, then took him home with me. He said he had been depressed and was driving the wrong way on the freeway, not caring what would happen. He was arrested, his car impounded, and he was taken to jail. After paying his fine, and spending 30 days in jail, he had no money and no way of continuing on to California. We gave him lunch, took him to Tonopah, paid the impound fee for his car, and filled it with gas. Before he left, we prayed together for his salvation, then gave him money for a room and eats the next day. Later, this businessman sent a check, repaying all we had spent; and thanked us for giving him a helping hand in his time of trouble.

We believe that as long as we fill the needs that god puts in our way,
We will never have a need that God does not fill.

GOD'S HAND EXTENDED FOR THE HOMELESS

In driving from camp to camp one time, I got acquainted with a family living under a tree: mother, father, and ten children. One day the father left them. I began taking them groceries; then one day when I came, the mother was gone. The children said she had gone to jail. I took them home and asked Mary if she could take care of ten (10) more children. She said, "If they need it, I can." Suddenly, we were a family of 16; until their mother was released from jail. [Standing in front of the service tent: Our family plus two of the ten Children we took into our home.]



Another time, I had gone to Phoenix and on my way home, I saw an Indian woman walking down the road, crying. This was the first time I had ever seen an Indian crying. I stopped and asked her what the problem was. She said, "They kept my baby!" I told her we were running a mission station and were trying to help people who were having problems; and if she would like to go home with me, we would do what we could to see that she got her baby back.

Her problem was, that her husband had been killed in California, leaving her and their baby with no means of support. She was a member of an Indian tribe in California; but she did not like to live on the charity of the tribe. She wanted to make her own way.

She had seen advertisements from some ranches in Arizona. The advertisements stated they wanted people to come from California, the east; or anywhere. They would even pay their way if they would come in groups, to pick cotton here in Arizona. She had enough money to pay her way on the bus to Phoenix. However, she had so little money left over after the bus trip, that she stopped a policeman on a Phoenix street and asked him where she could get a cheap place to stay; because she was almost out of money; and that she had her baby with her. He took her to the police station and they booked her for vagrancy... having a baby with her, and no place to stay. They gave her thirty days in jail. Meanwhile, the Welfare Department had put her baby in a foster home. When she got out of jail, she asked for her baby; but they refused, saying they were keeping the baby; and that she was not able to care for the baby. That is why she was walking down the road, crying.

We took her into our home and we found jobs for her: picking cotton, fruit, vegetables, or whatever was being done. Every time she would get paid we would put her money into an account at the Valley National Bank in Litchfield Park, in her name. By the time she had been there for three months, she had quite a little sum of money in the bank. We had not charged her anything for room nor food. What we were trying to do was to help get her on her feet so that she could get her baby back. Then we went in to see the juvenile judge in Phoenix.

We showed him the lady and told him how her baby had been taken away from her; we told him she had a place to stay, and steady work; we showed him her bank book; and explained that she wanted her baby back. The judge called-in the Welfare Department; but they did not want to release the baby. The judge decided that they would get in touch with her tribe in California. They said she was a member of the tribe, in good standing; and that if she were in trouble, they would be glad to help. The judge then decided that the Welfare Department must give back the baby. Also, they were to pay her way back to California, and all her expenses until she got there.

We had been talking to the lady about the Lord while she had been with us. She was now trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. She was so thankful that she was able to have her baby back, and go back to be with her tribe in California.

We had not charged her anything for room nor food.

What we were trying to do was to help get her on her feet so that she could get her baby back. . .

We had been talking to the lady about the Lord while she had been with us.

She was now trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ.

She was so thankful that she was able to have her baby back, and go back to be with her tribe . .

CONSENT GIVEN

One morning I was up early and going out doors. I saw a car parked across our driveway. I walked out to see who it was. There were three boys and two girls in the car. The boys seemed to be around eighteen years old; and the girls, I learned later, were seventeen. They told me two of the boys and the two girls left California to get married. The other boy owned the car. They had gone to Yuma, Arizona to get married but didn't have enough money. The boys had traded their leather jackets for gas money to get them over to Phoenix.

They had been driving around, not knowing any of the country here in Arizona. They ran out of gas, right in front of our house! Accidental? You might call it accidental; but I would say it was PROVIDENTIAL. It was ORDAINED of the Lord. We asked them to come in and have breakfast, and they did. Now... just at that time, the company that we sold our grapefruit to, was picking our fruit. I told the boys they could have a job for a few days, picking grapefruit. They were glad to do this. Then, after our fruit was all picked, I introduced them to the cotton patch. They told us their story.

The two young couples wanted to get married; but the parents would not give consent. They had eloped; but not having money enough to get married, they had been living together as though they were married. They did not want to go back home because they were sure the girls would be sent to a convent, and the boys would be going to jail. We gave the girls a room in our home to sleep in; while the boys occupied our cabin.

After they had stayed for about a month, I asked them if they would allow me to go over to California and see their parents; explaining that I would get all the parents together and try to get a notarized consent. One of the girls said: "Oh No! If you just knew my daddy! He would do anything to keep me from getting married." My daughter said, "Well, if you just knew my dad, I think you would let him go; because I think he could get that consent for you." At that, they decided to let me try.

They gave me the names and addresses of their parents. I went to California and visited each one of the parents. I got them all together and told them that their children were living in Arizona among the camps. I said that they were working and that there was enough work in these out-of-the-way camps that they could live there, if pressured to do so, until they were 21 years old or older. I encouraged them, saying, "It would be so much nicer, if you would rent an apartment for each couple, give notarized consent for them to get married, and send along a little money to help them along the way." I said that in doing this, they would have gained their children. But, I said, "If you do as you have been doing, they are lost to you." They all agreed to give their notarized consents.

You never saw any happier boys and girls than those were, when I got back to Arizona; and showed them the notarized consents. Right then they were almost broke, so I took them in to get their licenses and I paid for them. When we arrived back at our house, we had a double wedding,

right then and there! Mary had made a three-tier wedding cake. After the wedding, we had sandwiches and fruit Jell-O. Then the newlyweds cut the wedding cake.

These children were so happy! They seemed as children to us, even though the girls were 17 and the boys were 18. We had given the boys suits to wear; and we also had some nice things for the girls, besides just what clothes they wore home. We sent them on their way rejoicing.

It was just a little over a year after this, that Mary and I went to Los Angeles to visit. We visited one of the 'newly-marrieds' mother. She said to us, "What happened in Arizona? It used to be I tried and tried for years to get my daughter to go to Sunday School with me. She just would not go. Since they were over there, every Sunday she comes to ME, saying she wants to go to church." These young people stayed with us long enough that they saw how happy we were, serving the Lord. They had received Christ as their Saviour and Lord. That is the reason that a year later, they were still happy in the Lord. They then wanted their parents to get more excited in Christ.

Earlier, I had mentioned that there had been an accident with one of the portable organs we had bought to use in our services. This seems to be the right place to give some details about that accident.

After one of our evening services, we loaded the little organ on the pick-up and drove home. Later, when we looked in the back of the pick-up, the tail gate was down and the organ was missing. We turned around and retraced our route. We went several miles and then just ahead, we saw something in the road. Sure enough, there was our organ; but no one could have recognized it as such. Although not one piece of wood was broken, each piece was separated from any other by several feet in the roadway. The keys, all 36 of them were scattered from one side of the road to the other. These pieces stayed all jumbled up in a big box at home until the day I came back from California after getting the notarized consent for the two young couples. Mary and our son, Paul had gotten busy and glued and screwed those organ pieces back together. They had every key in its right place and it worked as good as new. We had organ music for the double wedding.

We just "picked up the pieces" and glued them together again . . . Just as The Lord does for us when we're broken ; only--the glue He uses is His Precious Blood.

GOD MADE THE WAY FOR A CAPTIVE TO BE SET FREE TO LIVE FOR HIM

Another time, we had our tent set up at Tamarack Camp. I was preaching a series of services at night. After we dismissed one night, everyone had gone home except one young lady. She seemed to have passed out. We could not awaken her. We put her in the car and took her to

the hospital in Phoenix. They checked her and finally told me they thought it was something that was bothering the young lady mentally. They suggested we talk to her, so we did. We found out that the young lady had had some terrible experiences. When she was yet younger, she had been given to a man to live with him. He had taken her up to Oregon. She finally escaped and came back to Arizona. Her father saw her working at one of the camps and told her she had to come home and stay with them. She was afraid it was going to be the same situation all over again. She said she would rather die than have to go through that again. I told her she would not have to; she could come and stay with us. She said, "Oh, could I?" I went to see her father and told him that the way she had been treated was very illegal in this country; also, that she was not to be bothered when she was working at the camp.

We sent her to Bible School... one that taught in both Spanish and English. She was so happy going to Bible School. On week-ends we would get her from the school; and on Sundays she would go with us around to the camps for the services. One day we were at a camp that was almost totally Spanish. Of course children of school age all understood English. I stood outside the tent and played my accordion while the people were gathering in. Mary and the children went around and knocked at the cabin and tent doors, inviting people to come to the service. This young lady said to me when they returned: "Could I preach

today?" I told her, "Sure, I would be glad to have you preaching." She did, and there was an elderly Spanish lady who came forward at her invitation and gave her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. This girl said, "Oh, that's why I wanted to preach. I talked to her before the service, and I thought I could get through to her for the Lord." She did get through to her.



MARY'S NEW SPANISH WORD

We had Spanish services also; they were held on Sunday afternoons in the chapel built by Elmer, Bob Shaw, Leroy and some of the students from Arizona Bible Institute. A Mexican preacher from Phoenix came and preached in Spanish for us.

Mary thought at one time, that she had learned a new Mexican word. The word she thought she had learned, was the Mexican word for 'free.' She was very mistaken and this is a little of how it happened: Our son, Leroy had a summer job helping a few Mexican Nationals load watermelon into a train-car. They had an 'assembly-line' going. One of the watermelon had a big white spot on it, that almost covered one entire side of the melon. Leroy passed it on to the next man in line, only to have it thrown back to him. Leroy knew just a few words in Spanish, so he

asked in Spanish, how much money they wanted for the melon. The man replied: "No caro por dinaro porque, es 'pelon.'" Leroy was sure then, that 'pelon' meant 'free.' The next day a Mexican



National came from the cotton field across from our mission station and asked in Spanish for a 'Nuevo Testamento.' Of course, Mary understood what he wanted. Our friends, the Palms had supplied us with New Testaments printed in Spanish, labeled 'Nuevo Testamento.' Mary went to

the house and brought out a Nuevo Testamento and gave it to the man. In his Spanish, he said what she understood to be "How much money for the Nuevo Testamento?" Mary thought, "Now is a chance to use that new word I learned," so she said, "No caro por dinero, porque is pelon." He looked at her with a quizzical expression on his face. He then thanked her in Spanish and walked away; but looked back over his shoulder still wondering what she had meant when she had said it was 'pelon.' She found out later...

A few weeks later, a friend of ours came from Phoenix to teach a class in Spanish. Mary said to Josie, "What is the meaning of the Spanish word 'pelon'?" Josie said, "It means bald, or bald-headed." Mary then told Josie that she had actually told a Mexican National that she did not want any money for the Spanish New Testament she had given him, because it was 'bald-headed.' We all had a good laugh, and Mary, then understood why she received the strange look she got from that puzzled Mexican.

Those New Testaments we gave out to the Nationals from Mexico, did much good; as well as the Sunday afternoon Spanish services at our chapel.

After the cotton picking season was over and the Mexican Nationals had gone to their homes in Mexico, we received a letter from one of them asking information as to how he could start a church in his home town in Mexico.

Oh, we feel so full, so thankful that God has enabled us to touch the lives of others and turn them to the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been a joy. It has been a great privilege to work together with Him; and see souls saved, and loves changed as He reaches out in LOVE, sharing His life with those that are in deepest need.

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GOD'S HAND EXTENDED FOR THE MINISTRY

In 1955 we met the Granados family. The father, mother and ten of their children had crossed the Rio Grande River from Mexico into Texas. Now they were in Arizona, picking Cotton. First, the children came to church and received Christ as Saviour; then the mother gave her heart to the Lord. Then one Sunday, Mr. Granados stood, picked up his wife's Bible, held it up in the air and said, "Today, I take Jesus as my Saviour."

[Reviser's note: This is actually the family of the young lady mentioned in the story of a captive being set free. Rita was instrumental in bringing her whole family to the Lord.]

The oldest son, Alex fell in love with a lovely Mexican girl, Diana. He asked me to go with him to see the girl's father, who readily consented to the wedding. Mary bought material and made a beautiful wedding dress for the bride. I was raising a few young steers for meat at the time; so we butchered one of them and let the Granados family and friends barbeque it; and have a grand fiesta for the wedding. There were so many of their friends that came from the camps nearby, that one steer was just enough.

Twenty-five years later, we received an invitation from the couple's children, to go to Fresno, California and perform the 'renewal of vows' ceremony for their parents' 25th wedding anniversary. The reception following the ceremony included a barbequed steer, like their parents had told them about... from the wedding that was 25 years before. Alex and Diana were, and still are faithful members of their church; and are truly on fire for the Lord. The oldest daughter is a secretary in the main office of a large manufacturing Company in Fresno, California and she is usually ministering for the Lord, somewhere most every week. The next-oldest of their seven children was in Bible School; all were Christians. And, by the way, Diana still had her original wedding dress, and although she had outgrown it, one of her girls modeled it for Mary to take a picture. The dress was still beautiful, and so was the girl wearing it.

While we were there in Fresno, they had me ministering somewhere every night. At the close of one service where I had ministered, a young man came up to me, shook hands and said, "Is your name Andrews?" I replied, "Yes, it is." Then he asked, "Did you build a chapel in a grapefruit orchard in Arizona?" I said, "Yes, I did." "That's where I was saved when I was 12 years old," he replied;; "and now I'm preaching over here." That was Jr. Brumley, and this is a photo of him at an earlier age.



The cotton camps are no more; but wherever we go in the western part of the country, we meet people quite often... to whom we ministered when the camps were full and flourishing.

Jesus came to meet the needs of mankind. He poured out His soul to death, that we might have eternal life. Jesus filled every need that was brought to His attention. When He went back to heaven, He gave His followers a charge to keep: "The works that I do shall ye do also." He expects us to be....."His Hand Extended."

INDIAN MINISTRY

One year, a large group of Indians were working on a farm about half mile from our mission. One of them came to the mission and said that one of their group was very sick and needed to go to the Indian Hospital. I had a station-wagon at that time, so I went down to their camp. He was lying on blankets which he had lain-on for about a week without being cleaned-up. The odor was very bad. He was not able to get up, so I had some of the group pick him up with blankets and all, and slip him into the back of our station wagon. We took him into the Indian Hospital.

About a month later, he was well and they brought him home. The very next Sunday after that, we were starting our church service at the Waddell Camp that was located at Indian School Road and Cotton Lane. All at once a group of Indians came in. They filled every empty seat and some stood around the wall during the service. They attended regularly, as long as they were working at this man's farm. Some people do not understand the Indians; but actually, they are just like us... if you do something for them, they appreciate it.

Another time I had just come out of the store where I was buying groceries. There was an Indian woman standing outside the door. When I came out she said, "Could you give me five dollars? I came from Oklahoma looking for my father. He left our home over a year ago, and we have not heard from him since; except I hear that he had come to Arizona." She had been looking for him until she ran out of money and had no place to go and no money to eat on. I told her about our mission and asked if she wanted me to take her there. She could stay as long as she wanted, and we would try to help locate her father. She went home with us, then I took her to the Indian Organization in Phoenix. They had pictures of Indians all around the wall. She was looking at the pictures and suddenly exclaimed, "There's my father!" She was pointing to the picture of an Indian wearing an elegant, feathered head-dress. I asked the man in charge if he knew who the Indian was. He replied, "Oh, yes, that is Chief White Feather. He's in Hollywood now, making movies." They knew where he was, and gave us the telephone number to contact him. We called Chief White Feather, and he was very glad to get in touch with his daughter. He sent the money that was needed for her to come to him in Hollywood.

SOME OF OUR EXPERIENCES - NOT NECESSARILY PLEASANT

All of our experiences in the camps were not necessarily pleasant. One night I heard a noise out in front where our car was parked. I walked out to see what was happening. Just before I got there, I heard a gun shot and someone cried out. I went on out there and found that some boys were stealing the gas. One of them, about 16 years old had a rifle. He had been waiting, watching for me to come out. He was going to shoot me if I tried to keep them from taking the gas. When he heard me come out he became so excited, that he just pulled the trigger... the shot went through the top of his foot. We took him into the house. Mary got a basin of cold water, washed and soaked his foot, then bandaged it, and took him to a doctor's office in Phoenix. The boys told the doctor that they had been hunting and he had accidentally shot himself in the foot.

I remember the time I was preaching in our tent at another Waddell Camp located at the corner of Waddell Road and Cotton Lane. The tent held around 100 people; and it was full that night. A man came in and said, "There's a man outside walking up and down, and he has a gun. He says he's going to shoot the preacher if his wife gets religion." When I gave the invitation that night, his wife was the first to come forward to receive Christ as her Saviour. The man with the gun was standing at the tent-door, looking in. When his wife came forward, he got disgusted, turned around and left. The next night when we came, she had been beaten-up. Her face was black and blue. This was not the first time he had beaten her. He had left this time and she was really glad to have the Lord to depend on, instead of this fickle husband. He had left, and never came back again. We furnished her with groceries as long as she stayed at the camp.

The year of the big-freeze mentioned earlier... when the fruit and vegetables froze... we were feeding many people... buying groceries by the pick-up load; also giving away some of our grapefruit and milk from our cows, and anything the farmers nearby would supply. One day a man walked from Tamarack Camp to get some groceries. I gave him some potatoes, beans, bread, and a few other things that he could carry home with him. I noticed he hung around quite a while before going home. He was sitting out on the ditch bank, then he left. About an hour later, a little Mexican girl named Alicia (everyone called her Leecha), came running down to our house, all out of breath. She said, "That man stole your duck."

She wanted me to go right down to the camp and get him; but I knew the duck would have been killed by the time I could get there. I told Leecha I was busy then, but I would be going down to the camp the next day as we took groceries to some who were not able to walk to our place. I had our son drive Leecha home.

The next day I went to the camp. As I drove in, I saw the opened door of the cabin where the man lived, that had stolen our duck. As his wife stuck her head out the door, I heard a chorus of children's voices yelling, "Why did you steal the preacher's duck? The door closed; and not wanting to cause her further embarrassment then, I visited some of the other families in the camp. I talked to the children who had been making the woman's life miserable, and asked that they not holler at her anymore, because it really wasn't her fault and besides; her husband who had stolen the duck was so afraid of what I might do, he left the camp.



Then I knocked at the door of the cabin where the woman was; and upon answering the door, she said she was so sorry her husband had stolen the duck. She said, "All I did was cook it and help eat it; but he made me do it." The very next day, the woman also left the camp. They just couldn't take what the children were doing to them.

When children love you, they can make life so pleasant for you;
but when they really get-it-in for you,
they can make it just a little bit of hell.

NO FROZEN FRUIT IN HIS KINGDOM OF LOVE

The year on the Big Freeze we will never forget. We were warned about it by radio; and for three nights straight the temperature dropped to 19 degrees Fahrenheit. Our 12 acre grapefruit parcel was just a little notch back into the grapefruit grove owned by Citrus Park. They had over 1,000 acres of grapefruit trees... it was almost solid orchards from Glendale Avenue to Northern and stretching from Cotton Lane for two miles to the west. Ours was a quarter of a mile of that; and it went back into the grove for 21 rows. On three sides of ours, just one row over, was the grapefruit owned by Citrus Park.

Mary and I really prayed for our fruit. We were depending on the sale of that fruit to keep-on buying groceries to feed the people who were out of work because of the freeze. After the freeze, there was a moratorium put on picking or selling grapefruit or oranges in Arizona. About three weeks after the moratorium was placed, I went into Phoenix, to see the fruit inspectors, about coming out to test our fruit. They said, "There's no use going; there's no good fruit out in that area whatsoever. We've been out and checked and it is all frozen."

I did not believe that ours was frozen, because I had cut many of them and they were good. I went out and picked some of our fruit and took them in to the inspection station and

asked them to check them. They did and they said, "These fruit are good! Where did you get them?" I told the inspectors they were from the trees in our grove; so the very next day, they were out there. They cut fruit all around our last row next to Citrus Park's, and ours was good. They went over one row and cut those that belonged to Citrus Park, and they had been frozen. They couldn't understand it.

We told them what we were doing with ours; and that we had prayed and the Lord had spared our fruit. We received a good price for our fruit that year. All the farmers around, called me the "Grapefruit King." It gave us a good opportunity to witness to them as to Who protected our fruit; and what we were doing with what God gave us.

The Lord does so many wonderful things for us. He blesses in so many ways! He can save, He can heal, He can restore, He can keep... and yes, He can keep fruit from freezing. Our God can do anything! Our Lord is Wonderful. He has promised to provide for the needs of all of His children, and He does it! We do not always know just how He is going to provide; but this time He provided by saving our grapefruit from freezing... so we were able to keep on buying groceries for people who were out of work. Not only did we give them physical food; we gave them the Bread of Life; the Lord Jesus Christ, Who Never Fails!

One can try to serve the Lord for any other reason but LOVE and it won't get very far. For the Word says, "Faith worketh by Love." That's one thing of which The Lord gave Mary and me and our children... an abundant supply. "The Love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us," and the Word says, "Love Never Fails." We've found it to be true.

We could tell many more incidents of the things we have seen the Lord do in the camps; but this is enough to show anyone who is interested... that if God gives you anything to do, you can do it. Everything He gives is as breakable as the loaves and the fish. If He gives you His 'so great' salvation, you can share it with someone else and still have your own left. If He fills you with His Holy Spirit, it is shareable. If He has put enough in your hand to feed yourself, you can share it with someone else; and you will find it multiplies just as the loaves and fish that Jesus blessed and broke to feed the five thousand. He has used us to feed many more than 5,000. We had so little to start with; but, the more we gave... the more we did... the more we Had. God never

fails. May you share His Love, Joy and Peace until Jesus comes.

MEMORIES

THAT

HEAL

PART II

OF

MEMORIES THAT SPUR US *ON*

BY

Brother Elmer Andrews

A WOMAN PREACHER? ?

By July of 1968, most of the camps were gone. Mechanical cotton-pickers had taken over. A few camps remained in Hidden Valley, Rainbow Valley and some other remote places; but they contained few people.

One day Mary said to me, "I would surely like to go to one of those Kathryn Kuhlman meetings in Los Angeles." I replied, "I wouldn't walk across the street to hear the best woman preacher in the world." I had been taught... and believed, that women were not to preach.

However, as we were going to Fresno, California in July, we decided to stop at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles for one of Kathryn Kuhlman's meetings. We drove by the auditorium about eight o'clock in the morning. It was raining; yet there was a group of people waiting outside. The doors were to open at one o'clock. We came back about 11:30 and the crowd was immense. The Shrine seats 7,000 people; but we were sure there were more than that many waiting. We found a parking place and walked back to join the waiting crowd.

I had never before been in a group where you could feel so much love. People were praying for one-another; others were telling of how they had been touched by the Lord, and received healing. Finally, the doors opened and we were fortunate to get in. Thousands were left outside. Early in the service, a Methodist minister went to the platform and asked Kathryn to pray for him, that he might have more power in his ministry. Kathryn turned to the audience and said, "Are there any others here... ministers, or priests, who would like prayer for the same thing?" I found myself walking up the aisle to the platform; and when we were prayed-for, there were 154 ministers, priests and a few nuns, who had fallen under the power of God.

As we continued to go to Kathryn's meetings, I began to search the Scriptures about women preachers. I found that when the Apostle Paul called someone a minister, he used the Greek word "dee-ak'-an-os."

When he meant servant, he wrote "doo-los," or "doo-lo-o." In no other place in all of Paul's writings was "dee-ak'-an-os" translated 'servant,' until the translators came to 'Phoebe.'

- In Romans 15:8, it states "Jesus Christ was a 'dee-ak'-an-os" of the circumcision..."
- In Ephesians 3:7 Paul states, "I was made a 'dee-ak'-an-os"..."
- In I Thessalonians 3:2 it says, "Timotheus, our brother and 'dee-ak'-an-os" of God..."
- Colossians 4:7: "All my state shall Tychicus declare unto you, who is a beloved brother, and a faithful 'dee-ak'-an-os" and fellow-servant in the Lord;"
- Colossians 1:7: "Epaphras our dear fellow servant, who is for you a faithful 'dee-ak'-an-os' of Christ."

Romans 16:1: I commend unto you Phoebe our sister, who is a 'dee-ak'-an-os" of the church which is at Cenchrea. In Phoebe's case, the translators said: 'servant.'

I believe the facts of scripture show without contradiction, that Phoebe was the minister of the church at Cenchrea; and as Paul said, "Help Phoebe in whatever way she needed help;" even so, when I see a person exalting Christ; winning souls to Him; manifesting the gifts of the Spirit in healing sick bodies; opening blind eyes and deaf ears... I, for one, am going to help them in any way I can; whether it be man or woman.

We still had one bus left from our work before, so I started to a meeting at the Shrine with a group of people from Phoenix. My bus broke down on the way, and we went the rest of the way by Greyhound.

We again went to Fresno to visit family and friends; and for several months, went on the Fresno Chartered busses to Kathryn's meetings. Then, when we were back in Arizona, one day I was praying for the Lord's leading and said, "Lord, show me something in Your Word." I picked up my Bible, and when it opened, the first words I saw were from II Corinthians 8:10 and 11: "And herein I give my advice: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago. Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have."

It had been just a year since we started out in our bus which broke down. I said,
"Lord, thank you for the answer; and as long as we can help anyone who has a need,
Whether they have money or not... we will do it."

SIX YEARS OF GREYHOUND CHARTERS

We made 75 trips in chartered Greyhound busses in the next six years. On every trip there were some who had no money. Sometimes there were as many as twelve in that circumstance; but they were as welcome as those who could pay their own way. We took care of their hotel bill also, if they were unable to do so; but God was gracious, and sent in the money from some source for every trip.

On one trip when several people had testified of their blessings, including several healings; when they had no money for bus fare, hotel or meals; another passenger, Vester Jones, a certified public accountant of Glendale, Arizona came to me and said, "Aren't you short on money this time?" I replied, "Yes, a little bit." Actually I was \$225.00 short of having enough to pay Greyhound. Vester said, "Come by my office tomorrow;; I'll have a \$100.00 check ready for you." I said, "Thank you, Vester. If I need it, I will."

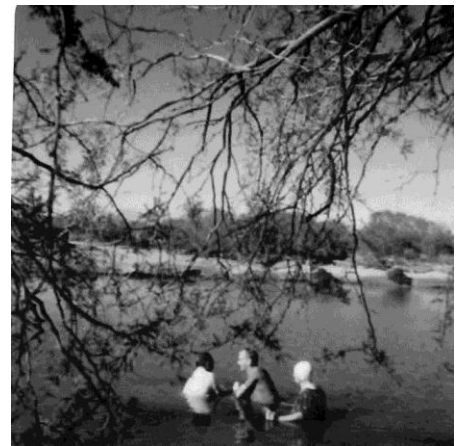
In the morning I went to the Post Office at Palo Verde. In our box was a letter from a lady in Sun City, containing a check for \$250.00 to help finance the bus trips. I called Vester on the phone and told him, "Tear up the check... The Lord has taken care of the bill." Vester replied, "That

increases my faith. This is the first time I've been told to tear up a check." The Lord is so faithful; and I was afraid that if I should try to make money on these bus trips, the Lord might lift His blessings from them. That - I could not afford!

This was not a "one-man-operation." Mary was right by my side, doing more than her share. She kept all the records, month after month; and still has the names of all the people who went with us in those six wonderful years. When I was not preaching or singing, we would go back through the bus... laying hands on the sick or those who were hurting... praying for them. I would rather have Mary praying with me than anyone else I know.

We had some wonderful healings on the busses or in the prayer meetings in the lobby at the Clark Hotel on the Saturday nights, before the Kuhlman service on Sunday afternoon. Many of the healings AMAZED us; NONE were insignificant. To the Lord belongs all the praise and thanks for all that He did.

At this time, Mary and I lived about 45 miles Southwest of Phoenix. We had built a rather large tri-level house on the desert. I laid the stone walls, and Mary plastered the inside with mortar; using fine sand and cement. I hauled the sand from the Gila River bed. She sifted it, and mixed up her own cement to plaster the walls. This house has two living rooms, two kitchens, four bedrooms, three bathrooms, a large pantry, one atrium, and a large patio. We also had a half-acre pond in which I baptized many people.



The Lord is so faithful; and I was afraid that if I should try to make money on these bus trips, the Lord might lift His Blessing from them. That - I could not afford!
To the Lord belongs all the praise and thanks for all that He did.

MANY NUMEROUS HEALINGS

I shall not attempt to describe all of our chartered bus trips from Phoenix to the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, but the first one started Saturday at 10:30 a.m. January 17, 1970. Charles Stires was our Greyhound driver. We had 29 passengers, 11 empty seats. One passenger, John Boyer, wore very thick lens in his glasses. He couldn't see without them. Saturday night in the lobby of the hotel, we had a prayer meeting and prayed for Brother Boyer's eyes. In the morning he reached to the night stand for his glasses, put them on, turned on the light, picked up his Bible

and couldn't see a word! He took off his glasses and could read perfectly without them. God had healed his eyes.

At Kathryn's meeting that Sunday, Larry Lichtenberg's knee was healed of an injury he had received in college, playing football.

A man who was part-owner in a chain of restaurants was healed of a phobia about talking to strangers. He could not talk in a group of people. On the way home he took the microphone and gave a testimony of his healing to everyone on the bus.

In the Sunday meeting, there were hundreds of healings. We went home rejoicing, because we had all been touched by God; and at least three of our number had been made whole

Our fourth trip to the Kuhlman service was April 12, 1970. On each trip we had some healings; but to save time for ourselves, and the reader, we will mention just those that seemed the most remarkable. Before this trip, Mrs. Emma Boyer had called and said, "My son Ed is sick. He's been in bed 30 days and cannot eat anything. We will bring him to the bus and John will sit beside him and hold him up." With such faith as hers, we couldn't object and said, "Bring him." They needed help getting him on the bus. With Ed's head leaning on John and John holding Ed in his seat, we started out. On the bus we prayed for Ed; then just as we were going by Quartzsite, Ed sat up and said, "I'm hungry, when do we eat?" We had a time of praising the Lord and rejoicing. We asked the driver to stop at Indio so Ed could eat. He ate a good lunch; then two hours later, at our regular evening meal stop, he ate again. He was completely healed.

Our fifth trip started May 17, 1970. Emma Boyer went this time. She could not hear normal conversation without her hearing aids; and as a sign of faith she had left her hearing aids at home. As we were on the way, about 60 miles from Phoenix I was ministering when Emma raised her hand and began waving it. I said, "What is it, Emma?" She replied, "Why did everything get so loud all of a sudden?" We praised the Lord for His loving touch on Emma's ears. She did not need her hearing aids anymore.

Also on this trip, Pastor Greg Rodman and his wife Jean accompanied Brother Elmer to the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Such an experience it was, indeed! Greg was now pastor of the First Southern Baptist Church in Buckeye, Arizona. To begin with, both Greg and Jean had numerous excuses as to why they could not attend one of these meetings. Finally, Brother Andrews took away the last excuse for them not to go. Elmer's wife, Mary would baby-sit their three children, Greg Jr., Terri, and Jeannine.

Among the many miracles the Rodmans witnessed, was a young boy who had been in a body brace for years. He was miraculously healed and his mother had taken off his body brace and was holding it in her hand, crying for joy. He was also crying. They walked slowly to the platform because he was learning to walk again. The whole auditorium was filled with awe and a rejoicing spirit.

On another bus trip that followed some months later, Don Buffington was healed of a serious blinded eye. Don had worked for the space program eight years prior to this; and was blinded by a wire that broke loose and hit him. Doctors said there was no way he could ever see again with that eye. God had a different plan! Don's eye was healed while he was sitting in the auditorium as the music was playing. The service had not yet begun when Don jumped up and declared that he could see out of the blinded eye. It was confirmed; and later, he was on Kathryn's radio program testifying of this miraculous healing. Don was a member of Pastor Greg Rodman's church when he had pastored in Walker Community, Colville, California.

August 22, 1970, Costos Zacheroudis was seriously ill, in the Veterans Hospital. The doctors wanted to amputate one of his legs. They said it was either amputate, or he would die of gangrene. Costos had heard of our bus trips, and he told the doctors, "No operation until I go to a Kathryn Kuhlman service first." The doctors agreed; but only if one of them would go along. Dr. Bushard volunteered to go on the trip, to take care of him. When we stopped for lunch, the rest of us waited until our driver and the doctor helped Costos off the bus and into the restaurant on his crutches. In the meeting at the Shrine, Costos was completely healed. The bus driver did not go into the meeting; but was visiting with other drivers in the parking lot. We were all in the bus when he came back. At our evening dinner stop, he reached out toward Costos and said, "Mr. Zacheroudis, let me help you out." Costos said, "Just get out of my way!" as he stepped unaided from the front seat to the doorway; then jumped from the floor of the bus onto the sidewalk. Before leaving the Shrine, Costos had called his priest, Father James, of the Greek Orthodox Church; and about half of the church members were at the bus station in Phoenix to meet him when we arrived at one o'clock in the morning. (Several years later, when Dr. Bushard retired; he drove out to our house, about 45 miles Southwest of Phoenix, and asked for prayer that he might have the anointing of God upon him as he went about serving the Lord.)

While we had been preparing for our first bus trip, a friend in Phoenix, Josephine Colin agreed to let her phone be used for people to contact us. While we were there one day, Father James of the Greek Orthodox Church came to see us. He wanted to see if we were for real, before any of his church members went with us. He invited us to a home prayer meeting to be held the next week. After we arrived, they sang a few songs; then Father James told us we were wanted in the next room. When we went in, we saw a nurse standing beside a lady in a wheel chair. The nurse told us the lady had cancer of the breast, in an advanced stage. I placed my hands on her head, and asked Mary to put her hands over the cancer while we prayed. I asked the Lord to manifest His love, and to reach out in mercy and heal the lady. We went back into the other room and a few minutes later, the nurse came in, all excited and said, "The cancer is all gone!"

September 19, 1970, we started out with a new driver, Sam Oliver who was to be with us for over five years. He had been a choir director in his church, and many times he sang for us on

the way. However, on this occasion, Sam was in misery all the way there. He and his wife Ginger had been in an automobile accident about three weeks before. Ginger was still at home recovering. Three of her neck vertebrae had been fused by surgery, and her neck was in a brace. Sam's back had been hurting him, all the way from Phoenix to Los Angeles. In the meeting on Sunday, Sam was one of the first ones touched of God and healed. Tears streamed down his face, and on the way home he asked, "May I bring Ginger next time?" Ginger was with us the next month, and just before the service was over, I saw Ginger's head start moving rapidly, back and forth. God's hand of healing had touched her. She took off the brace and never needed it again. Sam told us later, that she went home from that meeting and painted a room in the house, ceiling and all.

This is a little poem I wrote for Sam's birthday:

CHARTERED FOR GOD

Chartered for God, a Greyhound bus rolling down the road,
Filled with God's praising children, some bearing a heavy load.
You'll Find the blind, the halt, the maimed with us on every run.
Many will go back home made whole, Touched by God's own Son.

At the Kathryn Kuhlman meeting we surrender from all our strife.
Then our Lord puts forth His hand and touches every life.
The deaf, they hear; the blind, they see; wheel chairs are emptied too;
But best of all, those dead in sin are given life anew.

Our driver, Sam is chartered too; chartered by God above.
One day God touched Sam's ailing back, filled Sam with God's own love.
Into every life a little spice should be added now and then;
So Sammy has his Ginger who sticks through thick and thin.

Today, Sam has a birthday. We wish him years that never cease,
In which he may live with Ginger, in God's love and joy and peace.
Soon we all will reach our station in God's Great Terminal Above.
Our Lord, our loved ones will be waiting, in the sunshine of God's love.

MANY MORE AMAZING HEALINGS

On the same trip when Sam's back was healed, John and Betty Walther came for the first time. Betty had Osteomyelitis, and had been told by her doctor that she would spend most of the rest of her life in a wheel chair. As I took the microphone to speak and began quoting the 14th chapter of John, Betty began to cry. The crying lasted most of the way there. On the way home, her crying had turned to laughter, for she was going home without the Osteomyelitis. We soon became good friends with John and Betty. They gave us a key to their home, and we stayed there many nights after returning late from the bus trips. Betty was soon very active in helping with our work, and used their phone as a contact for the bus trips.

This was also the first trip on which we had two full busses. Father James had asked me to charter a bus for them. While in the lobby of the hotel in Los Angeles, a lady from Father James' group came up to me and said, "Do you remember me?" I said "I'm sorry, I don't though your face does look familiar." She said, "I'm the one you prayed for last January. I had cancer of the breast." I asked, "Has it ever bothered you since?" She replied, "No, not a minute; I'm completely healed." Praise the Lord!

In January 1972, we received a call from Margaret Newton. The Newtons had a daughter, Scheila, who had bronchiectasis since she was three years old. Part of one lung had been removed. She was in-and-out of the hospital most of the time. She had been on 'home-bound' schooling for three years and had used a breathing machine to clear her lungs for five years. Now, the doctor wanted to remove part of the other lung.

Margaret asked, "Can we go with you to the Kathryn Kuhlman program?"

We started out January 15, 1972... singing, preaching, praising the Lord and praying for one-another. Our driver, Sam helped by singing "HOW GREAT THOU ART." At the hotel that night in Los Angeles, we had a prayer meeting in the lobby of the hotel. Mary, myself, and several others were standing around a chair in which we invited anyone with a need... to come and sit while we prayed for them. We prayed for several people; then Mary asked a young man, Eugene Malito standing near, to go over and bring Scheila to the chair. When she sat down, we all laid hands on her. I was praying aloud; the others silently. All at once, the power of the Lord was so strong around us; I had to take my hands off Scheila's head and hang onto the chair to keep standing up. One of the young ladies fell to the floor and saw a vision. Scheila began to cry, walked over to her mother and her mother asked if those strange people had frightened her. She said they had not. Then her mother asked her why she was crying. She said, "Jesus touched me,"

* (Her mother had been fasting and praying for over a year and a half, but was very hard-headed. Her comment was very sad to the Lord; and unspeakably rude. She had asked the Lord to heal her daughter; but did not say "Thank You." Instead, Scheila's mother said, "If anything has

happened, my doctor will tell me about it." The Lord is gracious and kind; and soon enough, her doctor did tell her that her daughter was healed. God will take you just where you are; so He can bring you to where you ought to be. He is THE Great King. His patient grace touched her heart; and she now is most polite when people speak of the workings of the Lord.)

Soon Scheila and her mother went up to their room on the tenth floor, accompanied by several young ladies of our group. Scheila was so full of pep.....there was no thought of sleeping. At about midnight, Scheila wanted to go down to get some ice cream, at a store near the hotel. She and the young ladies started toward the elevator; but then Scheila took the stairs and said, "I'll beat you down!"... and she did! They watched her; as they had to wait on the elevator. She then, ran back UP the stairs. They saw her coming back up, and waited for her. They all had a good laugh. Scheila has never been bothered with Bronchiectasis again. She is now a student at Grand Canyon University in Phoenix. The place in her lung where the lobe was taken out, has become full, according to the x-rays.

*This paragraph was added by Sheila's mother, as she was typing the manuscript.

In February of 1972, we had a dentist, Dr. Hiebert and his wife with us on our bus trip to the Kathryn Kuhlman meeting in Los Angeles. They had vacationed the year before, at Brncic's Guest Ranch in Scottsdale. They had been given a copy of Kathryn Kuhlman's book, I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES. Mrs. Hiebert had bone cancer which had progressed to the point where doctors had diagnosed her case as terminal. Since the Hiebarts had heard of our bus trips; they flew from their home in Kansas City to Phoenix to make the bus trip to the Kuhlman service, accompanied by Mrs. Brncic.

Mrs. Hiebert was on constant medication; not only for the pain, but pills to help her sleep. After the prayer meeting in the hotel Saturday night, she decided to go without any medication that night.

In the morning she said, "I slept good all night, and I'm feeling fine." We enjoyed the service at the Shrine Auditorium that day and went home, praising the Lord.

One year later, Dr. and Mrs. Hiebert flew back to Phoenix, and made another trip with us, to celebrate the anniversary of her healing.

On one trip, Bob and Fern Hammer were with us. Fern's eyes constantly ran with matter and tears. She had been to doctors; but nothing they did had helped. Each morning, it was hard to get her eyes open. At the hotel prayer meeting, I preached on forgiving, and how God would turn us over to the tormenters if we would not forgive. In the morning, Fern stopped me in the lobby. She said, "Brother Andrews, look at my eyes. Then she told me that when she heard me preach on forgiving, she remembered she held a grudge against a woman for years. Right then, she forgave this woman. When she awoke in the morning, her eyes were perfectly clear. The tormenters were gone!

GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT, NOT CONFINED

The gifts of the Spirit are not confined to great healing services. Whenever we are honoring the Name of Jesus, and letting the Holy Spirit lead, we will see signs and wonders confirming the Word. Anytime I feel a strong pull of the Spirit to do a certain thing, I do it, the Lord does His part, and a miracle follows. As an example: One Sunday morning as I was preaching in a North Phoenix church, a lady walked in, carrying a little four year old boy. The way he was lying across her arms, you could see there was something very wrong with him. I was not through speaking; but I had a sudden urge of the Spirit to call them to the front for prayer. The urge grew stronger. I ended my sermon and asked the lady, "What is wrong with the little boy?" She replied, "When he was two years old he had Spinal Meningitis. It left him deaf, dumb, and immobile. I have to carry him everywhere." I asked her to bring him to the front. She did. My faith felt a little weak, so I asked, "How many believe that the Lord will heal this little boy?" About half of the people raised their hands. I said, "Everyone who raised your hand, come forward and lay hands on this little boy while I pray for him. They did. Many couldn't reach the boy, but laid hands on the ones who could. While I was praying, the boy looked up and said, "Mama." His mother screamed. She had not heard him speak for over two years. The very next Sunday, the boy ran up and started thanking me. I said, " Don't thank me... I only said a few words. The Lord Jesus did the work." Praise the Lord!

IN CONCLUSION

These are just a few instances of the many times we saw the Lord reach out in love and mercy, and change lives and heal bodies. Jesus still saves, heals, keeps and satisfies. He came to heal the broken hearted. The Word says, He gives beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness—Isaiah 61:3. Mary and I have found it so.

We are now each, 80 years old and we find that His love, joy and peace grow stronger and more precious every year.

May the Lord Jesus bless, and give each one of you such wonderful experiences of His mercy and grace; the very memories of which will cause you to wake up each morning singing, praising God and looking forward to experience His glorious Presence every day until He comes again.

Lord Jesus, come quickly.
