

**Holiness Unto The Lord**

# **Precious Memories**

**By Rev. George Leon Pike Sr.**

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**Grace Temple  
1235 Locklin Rd  
Monroe, GA 30655 USA  
Web: [www.GraceTempleOnline.org](http://www.GraceTempleOnline.org)  
Email: [info@GraceTempleOnline.org](mailto:info@GraceTempleOnline.org)**

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## Precious Memories

Rev. Pike's beloved wife, sister Betty, reflects back in the life of the Pike family, and how God led them through many miraculous experiences. Come along and join us in this fantastic saga of a man and family as they journey across America and abroad by faith, preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ as they go. We believe these "Precious Memories" will both inspire your faith and compel you toward a closer walk with God. Thank you for stopping at our page, tell a friend and God bless you is our prayer!

As my mind and heart starts turning back the pages of time, it is sorrow and joy intermingled. A joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, but also, a continual sorrow, bringing back to my remembrance, the failures and heartaches of this life. I have often said that it takes a lifetime to learn how to live, then, about the time you find out how to live, it is time to die. This applies to the children of this world, but to God's children it is different. It is true that it takes this lifetime to learn how to live, but when we have come to the knowledge of how to live, then, instead of dying we just translate into a world where we can really live and put into practice, what it took this lifetime to learn. My heart is full of praise for God, who is the great eternal Spirit of life.

As far back as I remember, God has been in my life, talking and dealing with me, even when I had no knowledge of the real truths of God. I have often found myself, through the years, asking the question, "God, why art Thou mindful of me?" I have no earthly talent, but yet, there is a cry deep down in my heart that has always been with me, desiring the perfect will and plan of God for my life.

As every young girl, I looked forward to the day I would meet the mate God ordained for me. I can well remember how, in my simple, childlike prayers, I prayed for the Lord to give me a preacher for my companion, who would preach the Bible word for word. I always pondered in my heart, and questioned my heart, wondering why people didn't read the Bible and obey every word just as it is written. I stumbled through life, faltering and failing, because I had no one to guide me into the truth. As a little light would shine on my pathway, I would walk therein.

At the age of 14, I came to the realization that I was a sinner, and must be saved by the grace of God. I surrendered to Jesus and began to seek His divine will in my life. Looking back now, through the years, I know what a dangerous place I was in. When a baby is first born, it needs loving, tender guidance, but there wasn't much to be found except a little sincere milk of the Word, just enough to keep me going and to give me strength to go on from day to day; but, as I stumbled from day, God kept talking to my heart.

At the age of 15, someone entered my life, and, as you know, when you meet the one you love, you forget about everything else in life. All my praying was pushed aside, in the sense that I knew the one I had met was not a preacher; but, looking back now, I know God blinded my eyes by love, for the time being, because He was looking down through the telescope of time, seeing the end, as well as the beginning.

At the age of 16, I married the one God ordained for my life, and felt that heaven had begun; but, I was soon to learn that if you marry, you shall have trouble in the flesh, but the Lord has promised to spare us.

This part of my story, I am going to deliberately pass over, only to say that many times I wondered what happened, and why our lives couldn't be like other young lives around us; but, of course, the Lord has let me know that we had to suffer many things "to be first partakers" in matters, so we could better understand others later, when we started the work in the earth that the Lord had prepared for us. So, this part of our life, I just lay gently in the hands of God, thanking Him for His mercy, strength and understanding. It is all on record in heaven, and I feel it should stay with God. God has slain the giants, and I'll leave then buried beneath the blood of Jesus Christ, and share with you the resurrected life we have found in Him!

I can truly say that, since the day of our resurrection, the grapes of Eschol shine, and we are well able to take the land. I'll try to share a few of the golden nuggets and highlights in our adventure for Christ, with a prayerful heart, hoping that you will be encouraged to do more for Him. I guess every true Christian wishes they could have received the knowledge of God from the day they were born, and could have lived a perfect life before the Lord; but since this is impossible, because we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, and have to fall on His righteousness and His grace to save us, I just want to be more like Him, as I see the great day approaching.

About the year of 1953, we were attending a little Midway Church of God, down below Conyers, Georgia in a little place called Magnet. God had struck George down, as He did Paul of old, and turned his whole heart in a different direction. His one motive in life was to see that me and our three small children (at this time) had a home and the things we needed in life. We weren't aware that God said that if we would seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, He would add all these other things; so we, in ourselves, were trying to obtain the material things of this life.

One day, while working overtime, George encountered an experience he will never forget as long as he lives. He had worked all day and was working at night, putting lacquer on some floors. He and another man had asked the lady who owned the house to please turn the furnace down, because it was getting warm and causing the fumes of the lacquer to become too strong. She misunderstood and turned it up instead. All of a sudden, as they worked, they began to laugh over things said that weren't funny. When this continued, one of them became aware of what was happening, and he turned to the other one and said, "Lay your brush down and get out of here!" George related later how, when he hit the fresh air outside, he saw the end of the world, and the next thing he knew, someone was over him, washing his face, trying to bring him back to. He had passed out and found himself laying on the front lawn. This was the real turning point in his life. They brought him home, and no one could console him. God had a hold of the reigns of his life and was holding them with an iron grip.

He had been smoking, but he began to make promises to God. He gave up smoking, but God wanted more than that. Days passed, and he went through an ordeal that only God knows all the details about. Something had happened to him! He could no longer work on a job. He couldn't walk fifty feet without passing completely out. Many times we would rush him to the doctor; but, one night, I remember the doctor looked at him and said, "I'm sorry, there is nothing we can do. You must get a hold of yourself, or you will end up in a mental institution." When George realized it was beyond medical help, he began to seek God's help. It only takes a few minutes to brief this on

paper, but it lasted month after month. He fought a battle, until one night, he was invited to the little Midway Church of God and was miraculously healed by the power of God. I made the statement lots of times, that I was living with a different man from the one I married. He was as different as day is from night.

We began our training from that night on, but we didn't realize what lay ahead. George was working on a job driving a laundry truck, and we would attend the services at night. The Spirit of God was so wonderful! As he began to grow in the grace and the knowledge of the Lord, he was given a job teaching Sunday School and leading singing. One Sunday, we had a jail service and visited several men that were in jail for beating up an old man and robbing him. While there, Dale, our little five year old girl, sang to the prisoners. You could see tears falling down the cheeks of the men behind the bars, because they had children of their own. That night at church, our pastor asked everyone to pray and fast the next day for the service the next night. We were having a revival, and the Lord was really moving.

The next morning, we got up to go on the laundry route, because me and the three small children went with him every day, and we wanted to turn our job into a ministry for the Lord, witnessing and talking about Jesus. I fixed breakfast for the three children, because I knew that George and I weren't going to eat because our pastor had asked us to fast. When I called Dale, Ricky and Cindy to the table to eat, Dale, who was five years old at the time, said, "Mama, I'm not eating. Didn't you hear what Brother Ralph said last night?" I looked at George to see his reaction, and he nodded an okay, but secretly told me to pack her a lunch in case she decided to eat later; but, as the day went by, she wouldn't touch a drop of water or a bite of food. On the way home that evening, she looked up and said, "Daddy, you know what I'm fasting for?" Her daddy answered and said, "Yes, I guess it's for the revival, like me and mama are." She said, "Yes, but daddy, I am fasting so Jesus will let those men out from behind those bars!"

We realized then that she was carrying the burden of seeing those men in jail the day before. She refused to eat until after the church service that night, and by some miracle of God, those men were released from jail and they took their families to church. They may never know, until they get to heaven, the power of simple childlike faith in a five year old, but God heard and answered.

God is so good and worthy of all our praises. Hallelujah! We began to grow in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus. When you enter the battle against Satan and his kingdom, you can expect him to fight back. He struck me about this time with what seemed to be tuberculosis. I had caught a glimpse of heaven and the wonderful benefits of God's promises, and for the first time in my life, I learned that not only could God save your soul, but was a healer, too.

Even though I lost weight and looked awful, I determined in my heart to trust the Lord and not lean on the arm of flesh. Finally, I got so bad, I could hardly get out of bed to take care of my family, and my cough got worse and worse.

I remember Mr. and Mrs. Bloodworth, our next door neighbors, and how they proved to be more than just a neighbor. We were young and they had more experience, being older. Many times they helped and advised us in our struggle to face life and its many problems. Mr. Bloodworth was real concerned, because he said that his first wife had died with tuberculosis, and he felt sure I had the same thing.

He knew that I was trusting Jesus to heal me, and had not gone to a doctor. He offered to loan us his car and pay the doctor bill if I would go see a doctor. I told him that I appreciated this with all my heart, but I had found something, for the first time in my life, that I could trust and feel was real.

I told the Lord that I was ready to die, and with Paul of old, I felt that to die would be gain, but to live was Christ, so I committed everything to His keeping. When I first repented, I went for several years without knowing or hearing anything about the Holy Ghost. When I was first filled with His Spirit, then He revealed healing to me. I thought, "Lord, if I can trust You with my soul, how much more can I trust You with the healing of my body?"

Mr. Bloodworth went himself and bought a bottle of medicine for me because I wouldn't go see a doctor. Then, one night, at the little Midway Church of God, several preachers stood up front and were praying for the sick. All of a sudden, faith struck my heart in such a wonderful way, that when they finished praying for me and I opened my eyes, their faces were shining with the glory of God, and I knew that God was working a miracle in my life. From that night on, I began to gain weight and to regain my strength. My cough left and I am still rejoicing today, with health and strength in the Lord.

Mr. Bloodworth came out one day and said, "Betty, I want to ask you something, and I believe you will tell me the truth." He said, "I know you are healed!" He could see that I was up and about my duties as a wife and a mother, and was no longer coughing, but was again healthy and whole. He said, "Where is that medicine I bought you? I have a feeling you didn't take it!" I went inside the house and brought the bottle of medicine and handed it to him with the seal not broken on it, and not one drop gone. He then said, "Betty, if you tell me the Lord healed you, I will believe you, because I know you didn't go to the doctor, and I know you are well." I said, "Mr. Bloodworth, the Lord healed me!" So, for a long time afterward, even when we moved to a different town, he would come and asked George to pray for him when something would happen to him. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and the joy of the Lord is our strength. He is all I need!

Right after the Lord healed me, we were praying, fasting and seeking God for His divine will in our lives. We were attending a little church near Conyers, Georgia, and George was teaching Sunday School and leading singing, but he knew that God wanted him to preach the gospel.

During a revival, an evangelist was telling of the great need for preachers in the little town of Wymore, Nebraska. The only holiness church in that small town was closed down because no one wanted to pastor it. It was considered a mission work because there was no income and no people to count on to come, even if the little church was reopened. I didn't think too much about what the evangelist was saying until George began to talk about how terrible he thought it was that four or five preachers were attending church where we were going and giving the pastor trouble because they were always trying to get "cottage prayer meetings" started, or were always getting groups off by themselves to discuss the pastor's failures or shortcomings; each one wanting to shepherd the sheep, thus causing confusion

constantly. None of them were willing to go to other places where people were begging for pastors, because there was no money and they weren't willing to bear the cross and suffer hardships like a good soldier.

This was heavy on George's heart, but what I didn't know was that God's plan was going to include us. I knew that this was about fifteen hundred miles from home, and, at this time, I had never traveled any farther from home than Florida, so to me it was like going to the other side of the world.

We had struggled and built a small house, and only owed a few hundred dollars on it. George, at this time, was driving a laundry truck. We worked on it, turning it into a ministry by passing out tracts, visiting and witnessing for Jesus. We sought out the poor and needy on our route, and in our small way, tried to help them.

One day, George asked me if I would be willing to go to Nebraska so that he could pastor this church. I tried to reason with him and talk him out of it, because we had three small children at this time (Dale-5, George Jr.-3, Cindy-2). I soon realized that all of my talk and reasoning was to no avail. This mission was growing heavier and heavier on his heart. One day, I thought I would put a stop to it, so I said very bravely, that we needed to put God to the test and see if He really wanted us to go. I said, "Write a letter to the overseer of the church and tell them that if they will pay our way, then we will come." I thought this would settle it, because I really didn't think they would; but, to my surprise, a return letter came right back with the bus fare in it!

So, to make a long story short, it wasn't long until we were on our way to Wymore, Nebraska. When we arrived at the little church, how well I remember the lonely feeling I had. Fifteen hundred miles away from our friends and loved ones! We found a little two story frame house with brick siding on it, and a little church that had been deserted and closed up for a long, long time.

We settled our few belongings that we had managed to bring with us in the little parsonage and began to clean and try to make our little family feel at home so far from home.

This was the beginning of some wonderful experiences that taught us faith, which will never leave our hearts throughout eternity. We were very young in the Lord, but He was so patient and understanding with us, as He taught us, step by step, as a mother does a small child when teaching it to walk. Many times we would stumble, only to find His gentle hands there to lift us up and encourage us to try again.

George opened the doors to the little church and began to have services again. A few people began to drift in from time to time, and God began to deal with the hearts of those few.

We learned what it meant to pray, "Lord, give us this day our daily bread." I remember one day when we had nothing in the house to eat. I told George this, only to hear him ask me, "Do you think God brought us here to starve us?" Of course I didn't feel that He had, so I began to dust and clean, as I saw him slip away into a little room in the back of the house, which he used as a prayer room. As I went about the living room dusting, I felt the tears running down my cheeks because of the shame that I felt in my heart over doubting God. I knew He said that if we would seek the kingdom of God first, then He would add all of the other things.

About this time, I heard the kitchen door open and shut. I thought it might be one of our neighbors that I had already learned to love and appreciate. I went in to see who it was, but found no one there, but on the table was a bag with the grocery items that I needed to fix breakfast with. God had answered prayer so soon! I could only stand there a minute or two in silent thanksgiving before I slipped to the door of the little prayer room and called to George, "You can stop praying now. God has already supplied the need!"

Another day, I was standing at the kitchen table. I had a few potatoes and a little beef and I was thinking, "Lord, if I only had a few carrots, I could make enough beef stew for dinner." A knock sounded at the door, and when I had answered it, a young girl who lived across the street with her grandmother said, "Sister Betty, grandmother wanted to know if you had any use for these carrots. She was defrosting her refrigerator and didn't need them." These things began to happen daily and we learned not to worry about what we would eat or what we would wear. We learned that our heavenly Father knew all of these things and always sent what we needed when we needed it.

A young couple from seminary came to visit with us during this time and we were quick to learn another lesson that has stayed with us through the years. As a preacher used to say in our home church, "Some are called and some are sent and some got there because they went!" We learned that going to college didn't make a preacher out of a man. A man called of God will be Christ-like if he has never been to school a day in his life.

This young man taught us real patience. He told George that he just didn't know how to handle the people. He would go to visit, and whatever the people were doing, he would join right in, right or wrong. The people would come to George secretly and tell him, "If that preacher is a Christian, I don't want to be one." He was preaching at the little church because the overseer had sent him. He was fresh out of college and they were trying to help him out.

He would sit with his feet propped up in the living room while we walked to town and carried groceries back to fix meals for him and he would never offer the use of his car, knowing that we did not have one.

One day, I walked through the room at the wrong time, just as he openly slapped his wife real hard, right in the face, as she stood ironing. She had confided in me and told me that they had only been married a very short time, and how that he hated children, and she didn't know that he was like this until after she had married him. I have talked to lots of young girls in later years, trying to get them to make sure of the man they take to be their life companion, because a woman has to conform to whatever a man is. They should really consider the person that they are about to marry and ask themselves the question, "Do I want to become one with him? Is he a son of God or a brute beast?"

This young man demanded three meals a day at certain hours, even though he was just a visitor in our home. George was just as patient and kind as a man could be, knowing all of the time that the man wasn't right, but I am afraid my patience began to run out!

I would rush along with the duties of a mother of three small children, trying to fix meals for everyone, with him complaining if the

meals were a few minutes late, threatening to go up town and eat if we couldn't have them on time, until one day I turned to him and told him that if he felt he could do the cooking any faster, maybe it would be good if he should try it! This might not have been the best way to show Christian hospitality, but it worked! He didn't complain as much after that.

It would take a large volume to relate all of the experiences that we had with this young man before he decided to be on his way back to one of the southern states which was his home state. I have often wondered whatever happened to him and his precious wife, whom I felt was a real jewel.

During the time we were in Nebraska doing our first pastoral work, I saw George work in the hay fields many days, trying to feed us and meet the needs of the little church that was struggling after being closed for so long. He also bought an old car so that we would have a way to bring people to church and back.

We had a widow woman in the church who had served as secretary and treasurer before the church was ever closed, and she was so glad to see it open again. She always came to church and was real faithful. She had a son who lived with her but who was a sinner and would not come to church.

One day, while working in the hay fields, George was not aware of the sun being so hot, and before he realized it, his back was burned with second degree burns. For days, he ran a high fever and couldn't stand a shirt or anything to touch his back. After days of suffering, he was able to wear his shirt again, and he and another brother stopped by this woman's house to take care of some church business. She was really concerned and asked George how his back was. She was an elderly woman and wanted to do something, so her son suggested that she rub turpentine on it. When George got home, he was in terrible pain again. His back was blistered from the turpentine and I was furious! I said that anyone should know better than that. George said that he didn't think that is was the right thing to do, but he didn't want to offend her since she was only trying to help. I could just see her son, sitting off somewhere laughing over his evil suggestion!

George lived through this, but not without learning another great lesson. Today, he is as bold as a lion, yet harmless as a dove. He doesn't let Satan scare him into believing you have to tolerate his evil to keep from offending him. We learned that experience is the best teacher! Day after day we learned that faith in God was real and He put us through a schooling to prepare us for the work He had for us to do.

Those were the days when I washed George's suits with cleaning fluid because we couldn't afford to have them dry cleaned. Sometimes they would have to hang in the air for days before I could get the smell of the cleaning fluid out of them.

Sometimes we would watch for George to come home from working in the hay fields, hoping to be able to buy something special for supper, only to learn when he came in that he had been paid that day with eggs instead of money! We would have poached eggs, boiled eggs, fried eggs, and scrambled eggs for days, but we were always thanked the Lord, even for eggs.

I remember how happy I was the day that one of the farmers that George worked for and his wife brought me an old wringer-type washing machine and some fresh milk. This was a real blessing after washing clothes for my family in the old-fashioned way for so long. Looking back on these precious memories now, I wouldn't take anything for what Jesus taught us while we were striving to grow in the grace and knowledge of the Lord.

During our struggle at this little church, we also began to learn how corrupt and unfair that denominations were. We would travel a hundred miles to a prayer meeting at another church because holiness churches were so few at this time in that area. We always sent our tithe money into headquarters with our monthly report, but we saw things that we knew were not according to the Word of God, which we knew was the only true foundation.

Another young man, trying to pastor a church, while living in the basement of the church with his little family, was miserable because, when it rained, the basement would flood with water. They asked for help, knowing that in other states there was a surplus of tithe money because of so many prosperous churches. In the state of Nebraska at this time, it was a mission state for this certain denomination. The greedy leaders of these churches refused to share with Brother Johnny and his family by saying that each state was responsible for its own churches. These same leaders were living in earthly mansions, buying new cars and buying private boats, etc. to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. They did not have the love of God because the Word says that the only way you know that you have passed from death unto life is because you love the brethren. God was revealing to us how far off of the Word of God that people had strayed.

George began to seek God more than ever before, asking Him to reveal His perfect will for our lives.

Looking back now, I can see how wonderful His riches and blessings were in our lives and how His hand was upon us, leading and guiding us, as His Word proved to be a light, shining on our pathway and a lamp unto our feet.

We were on a long journey through life, needing Him to show us what step to take next. I can truly say that He has never failed us one time in our Christian walk. I say, over and over, "Blessed be the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior and soon coming King!" My desire is to share what we have found with others. While the storms of life rage, I have perfect peace in my heart because of Jesus.

After we came home from the state of Nebraska, in our early life, George opened a service station and tried to settle down, like other families, to a normal life, but we were soon to learn that when God has the reins of your life, you are not your own, but you are bought with a price. I remember George's dad used to tell him that he believed he was a jinx, because everything he tried seemed to fail, but I realize now that the Lord would not allow us to prosper because He wanted George in full time work for Him. He had a plan for his life and didn't want him entangled with the things of this world.

He was restless and we moved from place to place, searching for something we couldn't seem to find. This caused George to turn to the Lord and desire His divine guidance above everything else.

On one occasion, we started to Florida and stopped at a little store to buy bread and sandwich meat for a meal. One of the children

asked for a cantaloupe, which was only twenty-five cents at this time, but I quietly explained to him that we couldn't afford it. We got in the car and started down the road again. A few minutes later, George asked me if I felt like driving. He pulled the car over to the side of the road, and I got out and started around the front of the car to get in on the driver's side, and I almost stumbled over the prettiest cantaloupe, laying in the grass. I picked it up, walked around the car, and handed it to the children. This was just another testimony of how God, so many, many times, heard the smallest desires and granted them in our walk from day to day.

I have regretted many times not keeping a diary of our travels and adventures in Christ, but when we were going through them, we didn't realize the greatness of what the Lord was doing in our lives.

Following Christ and going through hardships together and sharing in the joys of the Lord together brought our little family into a unity that not too many people ever experience. My heart longs many times to recapture those years of happiness, but they have gone down on record to be in my heart as precious memories throughout eternity.

We were misunderstood by our families and friends so many times. They didn't see the invisible force that we were being driven by, to cause us to go the way we were going. The hand of God was moving us like a man would move a chess piece on a board. I learned to follow George as he followed Christ.

He sought God through prayer and fasting and, when the Spirit spoke to him, he learned to obey, no matter what the circumstances were. He read his Bible from cover to cover. He read the New Testament on his knees. He would stay in his room for hours at a time, praying so fervently that when he would finally come out, he would be soaked with perspiration so much, that he looked as if he had been dipped in a pool of water.

God began to deal with him in dreams and visions. One time in Macon, Georgia he was working at a bottling company, driving a drink truck. One morning, he got up to go to work and related a dream to me that had troubled him through the night. He had seen one of the men who drove for this company have a terrible wreck, and saw him paralyzed. He tried to get to the man to warn him, but somehow missed him. A few hours later this man wrecked the truck and injured his spine, and is still paralyzed from his waist down today.

He got an invitation one time to go to a little church and preach a revival meeting. About this time, two young preachers came along, saying God wanted them to do certain things, even though George felt he was supposed to go to the little church to preach. They all got down in our living room and prayed, and when they got up, they still felt that he was supposed to go with them. But, knowing that God isn't the author of confusion, George just let them go their way, and we went where God had showed him to go. As a result, God wonderfully blessed us in a great way, while we found out later that, had he gone the other way, we would have really had trouble.

We would rent whatever was available to us when we got to a place. We had rented some furnished rooms in a small town, one time, where George was preaching. On the way to this little town, we had passed by a little twenty-eight foot house trailer that had a "For Sale" sign on it. We had really been going through a terrible financial battle, and didn't have hardly anything, as far as material goods were concerned.

George stopped the car and turned into the big house where the trailer was parked, which we found out later belonged to a lawyer and his wife. I felt like we were wasting our time because, in my greatest dreams, I couldn't imagine owning a nice little home on wheels like that. I knew that we didn't have any money, and, at the same time, I didn't realize that the same simple faith that we had, which caused God to give us our food every day, would also bring the other needs in our lives as well. Besides this, I knew that if those people found out that we didn't have any money, they wouldn't be interested in even showing us the trailer. I hadn't learned that the preparation of man's heart is from God.

George got out of the car and looked the trailer over, as he talked to the lawyer and his wife. When he got back in the car, he told me that he had claimed the trailer by faith and that we would get it. The lawyer had given him the terms he would sell the trailer for, which were more that I felt we could ever get. We had traveled in the car so long, staying with people and renting trailers, furnished rooms, or whatever we could. Sometimes our children were really mistreated by people when we stayed in their homes, but we just swore to our own hurt, as the Bible tells us to, and just went right on doing what we could to help build up the kingdom of God on earth.

After we left the lawyer's house, we went to what was our home at that time, a few furnished rooms. A few days passed, and I didn't think too much about the trailer, even though George had told several people the trailer was ours. I was leaning to my own understanding, trying to figure out where we could get enough money to buy it. One night, George was sitting in a chair, reading his Bible, and I started to tell him our rent was up on the furnished room the next day, and that I knew we didn't have the money to pay for another week, but when I got to the door of the room he was in, I saw tears, streaming down his face, as he talked to God, and I knew by his expression on his face, he was in touch with the great Spirit of God, so I didn't interfere.

A few minutes later, someone knocked at the door, and I answered it to find a well-dressed, dignified man standing there. He introduced himself, and I recognized him as being the lawyer George talked to about the trailer. I asked him in and told him to sit down, and I called George. They talked to each other a few minutes, and lawyer turned to me and asked if I would like to see the trailer. Since it was in another little town, I answered, "Yes, maybe sometime, when we come back through, we can stop by and look at it." He laughed and said, "It's parked out here beside your front porch!" He and his wife, who had on a fur coat, had driven a truck over themselves and brought the trailer with them.

This was their testimony. She said that she was in the house and her husband was in the barn. She said she just couldn't get George off of her mind, and when she went out to talk to her husband about it, he said it was strange, but the same thing had happened to him. He said there was just something that wouldn't let either one of them rest until they finally decided to bring the trailer over to us. They left it sitting in our yard without a penny down, and monthly payments that we could meet. We had a celebration that night, and many people

came over to witness what faith can do.

You can't imagine what it meant to have a little place to call your own, and one that we pulled everywhere we went. God surely had opened up the windows of heaven and poured us out a blessing that was hard to believe!

In September of 1962, the Lord gave us our fifth child, a little child whom we named Melody Sue. We were in Battle Creek, Michigan at this time, where George was having a revival at a little church there.

We were living in a rented apartment. Our little family was very poor in this world's goods, but we had riches that exceeded anything that money could buy. We had joy, peace and happiness, which we realized were true riches.

When baby Sue was twelve days old, I walked into the living room and found tears flowing down George's face. I knew the Lord was talking to him, so I quietly slipped back out, so as not to disturb him or interfere with the precious anointing of God. I knew our lives and souls depended on the guidance of God's Spirit.

A few minutes later, he came out and asked me if I felt like going to Detroit, Michigan, since I had just had surgery. I told him that if God wanted us in Detroit, He would surely take care of me.

So, we loaded our few belongings in an old Ford we had at this time. The window was out of the car on my side, and I remember how George had to cut a piece of cardboard to go in its place, to keep the cold wind off of me and the children, because it was October and was cold in Michigan at this time.

Just before we went to Battle Creek, we had a beautiful little Rambler station wagon that we were so thankful for. It was the prettiest car we had ever owned; but, on our way to Michigan, while traveling through the mountains, we were not aware that a water hose had broken, and by the time we realized what had happened, the car had gotten so hot that it ruined the motor. There we were on the side of the road, stranded. The car would not start!

After a little while, George came out of the woods and told us to get back in the car. It started up again, and we drove down the road, stopping by a place where a man had cars for sale. George explained what had happened, and that man said that he had been looking for a Rambler station wagon, for he had motor to put in it. He offered us a rugged looking Ford, which had a good motor in it, for our car. We traded even with him because we didn't have any money, and we started back down the highway again, thanking the Lord that the preparation of a man's heart is from God.

God had made a way again, as always, and we were on our way to do His will. This is the car we had when we left Battle Creek and started on our way to Detroit.

We didn't know why we were going, all we knew was that the Lord had said, "Go!" and we were on our way.

When we got to Detroit, it wasn't easy to find a place to rent with five children, and we were worn out by the time we finally found an upstairs apartment. As soon as George got us settle in this apartment, he went into a room and asked us not to call or disturb him. He was seeking God's will concerning what our mission was in Detroit.

I don't remember just how long he stayed in this room, but the day he came out, he told us to get ready, for we were going to church. I asked him where, but he said, "The Lord will show me."

So, we got in the car and started riding, when soon we came to a big theater building which had been turned into a place of worship. He felt to stop, so we quietly slipped in and sat down on the back row. The services had already started, and everyone was a stranger to us. The pastor, who was up front leading the services, all of a sudden stopped what he was doing and said, "I don't know these people sitting on the back row. I have never seen them before, but I do know the Holy Ghost, and He just spoke to me and said, 'God sent this man for a revival!'"

There was no question in our mind, for we knew it was God, so George began a revival there, and I can't find words to describe how God blessed this meeting. The pastor's wife received a miraculous healing the first night, and the whole area was stirred.

Right in the midst of this great revival, God spoke to George and told him to go to Canada. The pastor stood and begged him to stay longer, but when he found his pleading was to no avail, he then told us that the people had secretly gotten together and were making plans to buy us a brand new car. He thought this would surely change George's mind, because we had never dreamed of owning a new car, but, even though Satan was talking to my mind, trying to convince me that a few days probably wouldn't make any difference, I am glad George's heart wasn't toward worldly gain, and he refused to turn to the right or to the left when God spoke. So, we left for Canada in our old Ford with the window out.

The pastor tried to get George to promise him that when he returned from Canada, he would come back by so they could still buy us a new car. George told him he would pray about it, but the Lord led us in a different direction when we left Canada, and we never saw those precious people again. Maybe someday we will meet them again and be able to thank them for their love and concern.

Somehow I failed to get their name and address so I could stay in contact. I guess the Lord suffered this for His purpose. I can look back now and see how God was to use this old Ford in His divine will. If we had received a new car at this time, it would have interfered with His future plans. God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

We left Detroit in the rugged old Ford, and were on our way to Canada. When we reached the Canadian border, the man on duty asked us where we were going. George told him the name of the place the Lord had told him to go. The man said that he had been working there for years but had never heard of a place in Canada by that name. He got a map out and looked at it. He came back to our car laughing and said, "You are right! There is a place by that name, but don't bat your eyes when you go through or you'll miss it!"

Sure enough, when we got there, the town consisted of one building, with the post office, hardware, grocery and all in it. We found the little church we were sent to, and the pastor gave us a hearty welcome, but informed us that there was no money there. George told him

that he wasn't interested in how much money he would receive. He explained that God had sent us, and that He would supply our needs. The pastor said that their custom was to place a little box at the entrance of the little church, and if anyone wanted to give an offering, they would drop it in this little box. They didn't take offerings during the church services. We told him not to change a thing for us, that our faith was in God's Word and He would provide for us.

The first night of the revival, after church, the pastor opened the offering box and found a fifty dollar bill in it, to his amazement. This was over twenty years ago, when fifty dollars was a lot of money. He said that this had never happened before. God had proven Himself again.

While we were in this meeting in Canada, one night, I had already dressed baby Sue for church, and was about to wrap a big blanket around her, when I noticed that she wasn't breathing. I grabbed her up and almost threw her into the arms of the lady where we were staying, but when I saw the expression on her face, I knew she couldn't do anything. So, I grabbed her back and ran all the way to the little church where George was. As he saw me coming, he met me half way down the aisle, knowing something was wrong. He grabbed her out of my arms and began to give her mouth to mouth resuscitation, and she revived and gave a small cry. Then, he told me to sit down with her and not to worry. Everything would be all right. After life was restored to her, he went right on with the service that night, while I sat with her in my lap, afraid to look down at her for fear that she wouldn't be breathing again. I never realized that night what a battle we were to have over the next few years, fighting Satan, as he tried so hard to take her life over and over again.

I am glad that Christ came to give life, and He made me to know that death is an enemy to God, and it is the last enemy to be conquered. Death is cruel, and God's Word teaches us that we have passed from death unto life, so death has no power over us.

At this time, my eyes had not been opened to this great truth, so I fought a battle with death, as it wrestled hard to take our baby's life. I was afraid to let George go anywhere without us, for he was the only one who understood how to work with her, to bring life back into her little body when Satan would attack her. Many times it looked as though she was going to die, but through Christ Jesus, I can report victory over Satan. She is a living testimony of the great power of God's healing virtue. Now, she is over twenty, married and has a beautiful little girl of her own.

During the time of this terrible ordeal, we went to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where Brother William Branham was preaching at his tabernacle. One particular night, the tabernacle was so crowded, and for some reason, the air conditioners went off. Little Sue was fretful, and I had to walk her outside all during the services, hoping Brother Branham would pray for her when he finished preaching. To my disappointment, I heard him say over the outside speakers that since it was so hot and miserable without the air conditioners, he wasn't going to pray for sick. I walked to the back of the church, and was standing in the shadows with a sad, heavy heart, after traveling so far, and then, worrying with her all during the preaching, only to find out that he wasn't going to minister to the sick that night.

I looked and saw Brother and Sister Branham get into their station wagon to drive off. (You that are familiar with Brother Branham when he was living knew how he would slip out after he finished ministering before the people were dismissed, because there were so many people desiring to talk to him until they would just throng him.)

As he started out the driveway, all of a sudden, he stopped the car and began to back up to where I stood. He rolled his glass down and asked this question, "Do you want your baby prayed for?" I said, "I sure do, Brother Branham!" He laid his hands on her and prayed, and then he drove off as I stood there crying and thanking God that He had seen the desire of my weary heart.

I would probably have despaired if I had not remembered what Brother Branham had preached that night. He said that after you were prayed for, Satan would fight harder than ever to cause you to doubt your healing, but if you would not let your faith waver for seventy-two hours after prayer, Satan could not hold on any longer.

Sue started having more attacks and got worse, but I held on to God's promises. Then, the attacks began to get farther and farther apart, until she stopped having them altogether.

I still praise God for this great miracle. She was healed! God's Word had prevailed again, and Satan lost the battle! This is the victory that overcomes the world: our faith in what Christ has already done for us.

We left Canada in 1962 after having a wonderful revival, and stopped in Baltimore, Maryland. Dale, George Jr., and Cindy would be enrolled in school wherever we stopped. I know that this was a real task for them at times because we were constantly traveling from one place to another, thus causing them to continually change schools, but they were brave little warriors for the sake of Christ and God always blessed them wherever we traveled.

While they were enrolled in the Baltimore schools, the teacher gave assignments to write essays about schools in other places. Dale was supposed to write concerning Canadian schools, so she found this easy since she had just left the little school in Canada.

The children came home one day, telling us that they had spent hours with the counselors instead of having class that day. We learned that the counselors had asked many questions, trying to find the secret of how the children could get passing grades so easily even with changing from one school to another, while they had other children enrolled in their schools for all of their lives and they couldn't seem to pass. I told them that if they would have come and asked us, we could have saved them a lot of time and trouble. The secret is in prayer and seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness first, then watching God do the rest by adding these things.

One time in the state of California, we enrolled our children in school and they tried to force us to let them dress out for physical education. George and I joined forces and said, "No, they will not dress out!" The principal said, "They will dress out!" We said, "No! They will not!" Finally, he said, "Are you the only people in the state of California that feel this way?" I said, "I sure hope not. I hope there are other Christians who are teach godly living." Our children did not dress out, even though the principal said there was no way around it. We know that Jesus said, "I am the way."



One time in Arizona, we weren't aware that George Jr., who we call Ricky, was having a battle trying to keep his studies up. He hadn't mentioned it to us at the time, but he felt that he was not able to keep up with the class he was in.

So one night, we went to one of Brother Branham's services there in Arizona. Ricky knew we had planned to go that night, so he fasted all day. When we got to the church where he was preaching, it was real crowded, so all the family wasn't able to sit together. Cindy was sitting on the front, and George and I were sitting about middle ways in the church while the other children were seated in different places. As soon as the singing was over, the piano player left the piano, which was right near the front row of seats, and I saw Ricky slip onto the piano bench where he could be close to the front. Brother Branham preached that night, and when he finished, he began to minister to different ones in the audience. He spoke to Cindy that night by the Spirit of God and told her that the Holy Ghost was right beside her, waiting for her to invite Him in. He spoke to different ones and revealed their heart's secrets.

As he finished that night and started easing out before the congregation was dismissed, he walked right by where Ricky was sitting on the piano bench. He stopped and laid his hand on Ricky's head and said, "The thing you are asking God for, He has granted it." He told us afterward that he was praying for God to help him catch up on his studies, and the Lord had answered!

Precious memories flood my soul so many times when I begin to think back on the years we traveled as a family, doing what we could for Jesus. As Dale, George Jr. and Cindy began to grow up, they joined us in fasting and praying, not because we made them but because they loved the Lord and wanted to follow Him.

Many times during our travels, George Jr. was used by God in so many different ways until he learned that faith is real, and even today, though he is grown and has his own family, he travels all over the United States and into many foreign fields, using his faith to receive from God.

As a young boy of about twelve years old, he started to school one morning and found out that the baby (Melody Sue) didn't have any milk. At that time, she was on Carnation milk. He had a nickel that he was planning to buy notebook paper with on the way to school, but he tried to give it to me to help buy her a can of milk. I told him, "No, go on to school and don't worry, we will get her some milk." He started to school and had been gone only a matter of minutes, when he came running back into the house all excited, holding a can of Carnation milk in his hand, and told me how he found it laying in the grass close to the sidewalk on his way to school. I said that maybe it fell out of someone's grocery bag since it was close to a grocery store, but really in my heart, I knew that God had placed it there.

I remember hearing about a little Christian widow woman who was down praying one day for God to send her some bread because she was in need. The little story told how that her sinner son heard her praying and went and bought her some bread and threw it on the bed where she was praying. When she saw it, she got up and started thanking God for it, and her evil son came in laughing and mocking her and told her that God didn't send it, he had bought it himself. She said, "I don't care if the devil did bring it, the Lord still sent it!" So, it doesn't matter how the milk got there on the day we needed it. I knew God had placed it there.

We were in Cincinnati, Ohio and Sue was only a few months old. George was preaching in a little store building, and we were having a great revival. Dale, George Jr., and Cindy had been singing at night during the revival, and their hearts were really stirred. Dale at this time was about 15, George Jr. about 13, and Cindy about 12 years old. I found a note on their dresser that they had written to remind themselves not to eat. They were in a two or three day fast, and I remember how one night, as they sang under a great anointing, that a young man came in and sat down in the back of the little church. He later testified that he was a Church of Christ minister and was in seminary, and was only a few hours away from his B.A. degree. He was also pastoring a church. He said that he had been asking the Lord to make His Word real to him. That night, as he walked down the streets of Cincinnati, he said that he heard voices that sounded like angels singing. He followed this sound and ended up coming into the little storefront church where the children were singing. Then, of course, he stayed and listened to the preaching of God's Word. He said he had never heard the Word expounded in the manner he heard it that night, and he was so spellbound as he listened, until the next morning found him sitting on our doorsteps, waiting for George to get up. He left the seminary and its professors to follow the Word of God being preached by revelation. Brother Frank Taylor is still with us today after twenty-four years, working hand in hand to spread the gospel.

We now laugh as we think back over the years since Frank and Lindy, his wife, joined us in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were baptized in the lovely name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and that upon receiving the truth and finding the pearl of great price, they were willing to sell all that they had to buy it, and to take up their cross and follow Jesus.

They immediately began to make plans to sell everything and go with us, but we didn't want to see them leave their home and their good positions in life and follow us, because we travel many, many miles, and sometimes don't have a place to lay our weary heads. We knew that they were comfortable with the material things of life, because both of them had good paying jobs. Lindy was a surgical nurse and had graduated from nurses training as the valedictorian of her class.

We decided to slip off and write back to them so they would understand why we did it, but they had gotten a hold of something that was like fire shut up in their bones. Since we had no place to call home and were on the road so much, we would have a mailing address so our friends and loved ones could write us and stay in touch. When we would settle for a while, I would contact the ones taking care of our mail and have them send it to us.

We had traveled to Tucson, Arizona and rented a trailer, and we were sitting around the table because we had just received our mail. I was taking one letter at a time out of the big brown envelope that the mail was in, and I was reading it aloud so all the family could share the news from home and from our friends. I said, "Look! This letter is from Cincinnati, and it is from Frank and Lindy." As I read, we all laughed, because in the letter, they were telling us how that they had sold everything and were praying for God to lead them as to where they should go, and they felt that God was wanting them to go to Tucson, Arizona. They had no idea that we were there at this time. I

read several other letters, and all of a sudden, I pulled out another letter from Frank and Lindy and noticed the return address. We got all excited when we found out they were only a couple of blocks away from where we were in Tucson. We quickly got in the car and drove over to the address that was on the letter, and you should have seen the look of surprise on their faces as they opened the door and saw us standing there. We realized that God had put us back together, and since that time, we have shared many joys and shed many tears together. We are looking forward to spending eternity with them when our lives are finished here in this life.

In the last article I wrote, I remember relating how we were in Tucson, Arizona and how the Lord put us back with Brother and Sister Taylor by a great miracle. When we found out that they were only a few blocks from where we were, we got in the car and drove over to where they were staying and surprised them.

When we got there, we were also surprised because they had a third person with them that we had never met. This woman found out in Cincinnati, Ohio that Brother Frank and Sister Linda had given their hearts to the Lord and were real zealous toward doing the will of God. The Taylors found out that we had slipped off so they wouldn't be influenced in any way by us in making decisions concerning their lives.

We wanted to give them time to pray and seek God and not make any hasty decisions that they might later regret. We knew that if they had really found the pearl of great price then they would be willing to sell all and take up the cross and follow the Lord wherever He might lead them. But this woman knew they were young and inexperienced, so she took full advantage of their new zeal for God. They sold everything they had and she decided to travel with them.

She told them they needed to go on what she called a "Back to the Garden" diet. This required buying all health foods from an expensive health food store instead of going to a regular grocery store. They didn't travel long before most of their money was gone. By the time we were reunited in Tucson, Arizona, they were both about sick and on the verge of a broken marriage because of this woman.

They were glad to see us, and after fellowshiping a while we all had a good meal together, from groceries bought at a grocery store! George told them to forget the diet and to pray and let God heal and deliver them from Satan's hold. Those that keep their minds stayed on Christ Jesus shall have perfect peace. I know it is wise to eat the right foods, but sometimes on the field of evangelism you eat whatever the Lord provides and you pray and God takes care of your health. Jesus was our example, and the Scriptures record how He would stop and get figs from a tree, or the disciples would pluck corn in the fields, or they would catch fish and cook them. We should not keep our minds on what we are going to eat. The Lord knows our needs and will provide our daily bread if we follow Him. The joy of the Lord is our strength, not what we eat.

This woman that was with Brother and Sister Taylor asked George a question. She said they had talked a lot about him and she felt that God could speak to her through him. She wanted to know what he thought about her and her husband's marriage problems since they were separated. George shocked her, as well as us, by answering her, "It is not this marriage that is troubling you. It is your previous marriage!" She had never mentioned to the Taylors or us that she had been married before. The Lord will reveal the secrets of your heart.

I learned a lesson that has stayed with me through the years that I would like to share with you. This woman felt that she was called to preach, and every time I would get around her something would happen to me. I would be feeling fine when I came into her presence, but immediately, it felt as if someone was pouring lead on the inside of me and I would feel terrible and would start resenting her. I would go home and pray and pray and ask the Lord to remove this horrible feeling because I didn't want any part of it. I would feel it lift and felt sure I had the victory over it, but the next time we would go back around her I would feel the same way all over again.

I talked to Sister Linda about this and she confided in me that she had been fighting a similar battle since the woman had been with them and that it was about to split their home up.

I would go back to God in prayer again, sincerely seeking to find out why this feeling would come over me when I would go around her.

One day, I decided to ask George if he had the answer. I explained exactly how I felt, and he teasingly said, "You aren't jealous, are you?" I admit that this kind of upset me, but later he told me he knew that God was trying to use me and I wasn't aware of it, so he just let me go on battling this, until one day, I went face to face with the woman and told her all about it. I told her I didn't want to feel this way toward her, but I just couldn't seem to help it.

She looked at me with a funny expression, but said she would pray about it. Later, she came back and thanked me for facing her in this. She confessed that so many women had felt the same way about her, and she couldn't seem to find fellowship with them, not even with her own relatives. In praying, she said the Lord showed her very plainly that she had taken on a real forward, protruding spirit. Feeling that she was called to preach, she formed a habit of sitting around talking to the men while the women would be in the kitchen preparing meals, etc., and when the meal was ready, she would take her seat at the table with the men and expect to be served. When the meal was finished, she would return to the living room to fellowship while the wives would clean the kitchen. Of course, this caused resentment after a few times. I know we can play the part of Martha and be too concerned about the natural things of life instead of being like Mary and sitting at the feet of Jesus, but I believe there is a time and place for all things, and it is never a woman's place to feel more comfortable around men than she does around women unless the wrong spirit has control of her. This woman had already experienced two broken marriages because of this, so it sure couldn't have been right.

I learned to give thanks to the Lord for all things and to remember He is holy and greatly to be praised.

During the year of 1963 or 1964 while we were in Tucson, Arizona living in a trailer, George had gone up into the mountains to pray. For some reason, I felt a real heavy burden on my heart and had knelt in the living room to pray. Unexpectedly, George returned home and came in real quietly and knelt down and prayed close to me. After a while, when we got up from our knees, George asked me if I could have everything ready to leave the next morning to go back home. I was shocked, because I knew he had planned to stay in Tucson for a while. I questioned him concerning this sudden decision, but he just said he felt to go home.

I got everything ready, knowing we didn't have any money, but I knew if God wanted us to go home, He would provide. Sure enough, early the next morning a delivery truck came driving up to our door with a special delivery letter from Cincinnati, Ohio from a brother in Christ. This letter contained a money order and a testimony saying he had promised the Lord that if his foot was healed after George prayed for him, that he would send the money it would have cost him if he had gone to the doctor to help in the work of God. So God had confirmed the fact we were suppose to go to Georgia.

Later, George told me why he felt to go home. At this time, his family lived in Memphis, Tennessee, while mine lived in Georgia.

On the way to Georgia, we stopped at a roadside park to fix something to eat. While I was cooking, George walked off down into the woods to pray. When he came back and we finished eating, he told me the Lord had spoken to him and told him he was to stop by Memphis, Tennessee to see his family before we went on to Georgia to visit with mine. (The Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.)

So real early on Sunday morning, probably 3 or 4 o'clock, we reached his parent's home and were surprised to see all the lights on and to find them still up. As soon as we greeted them, we found the reason they were up. His youngest brother, who was about 22 years old, was very sick and had been sick for days. George talked to him and prayed for him and he was able to go to sleep. Early on Sunday morning, a local pastor found out we were there and came by and asked George to minister at his church that morning. His brother went to church with us that Sunday morning. Some friends of ours invited us to come over for dinner that next evening and we accepted their invitation. His brother went with us and there was quite a number of people there for dinner, so we prepared the dining room table for the men so they could all eat first.

This sister that we were visiting set George's plate at the head of the table and set his brother's plate to George's left, next to him. As they served the plates, all of a sudden, his brother pushed his plate forward and arose from the table and walked out on the front porch. George said immediately the Lord brought to his mind the vision he had while in Arizona that caused him to come back home. He had not mentioned this vision to me because he didn't want to trouble me. In the vision, he was seated at the head of a long dining room table. My dad was seated to his left. (My dad had severe heart problems at this time.) He said in the vision, all of a sudden, my Dad fell away from the table with heart failure.

George got up and went out on the porch where his brother was, and his brother was having problems breathing and asked him to please take him to the hospital. They carried him to a nearby hospital and they put him in intensive care and diagnosed it as congestive heart failure. He was there for about a week before he went on to be with the Lord. George was torn up, but he realized that God had brought him home to spend some time with his brother before his death.

The question was asked, why did the Lord show George my dad instead of his brother in the vision? I feel sure the reason was that God knew George had to drive from Arizona to Tennessee, and this would have been a terrible weight on him, but by showing it as my dad, George didn't tell me to keep me from being troubled, but was going to bring me home to see him before something happened. God used this to bring him home and waited until he got almost to Memphis before He led him to stop by his parents' home.

I saw the greatness of God and His mercy manifested, and I still thank the Lord for bringing us home so George could spend some time with his brother and talk with him and hear him confess Christ. This was a real consolation, because had we not come, it would have been a crushing thing to receive news of his brother's death so unexpectedly. I have found in serving the Lord Jesus Christ that He has never failed us one time, but His Word is sure and we can depend on every word of it. It has truly been a light to our pathway and a lamp unto our feet.

In one of our previous articles, I mentioned an old Ford that we were driving which carried us thousands of miles doing our little bit for Jesus. We were on our way from Canada, down through Maryland, and on south to Del Rio, Texas bordering old Mexico.

As we drove into the little town of Del Rio, our car tore up. We had seventeen dollars left and didn't know anyone, but Jesus was with us, and though we were all tired and weary, we found a furnished apartment that rented for fifteen dollars a week. This was back in 1963 when things weren't quite as high as they are today! We got settled in and George lay down across the bed to rest a little while before he tried to fix the car. All of a sudden, he got up and told me he would be back in a few minutes. The Lord had impressed him to go out and start walking.

He was checking at used car places to see what he could do. The owner of one of the used car lots came out and they began to talk. He was a minister too, so they began to get acquainted. This man finally said, "Brother Pike, I would like to give you a car since you are in the ministry." He wanted George to pick out a car. George looked around and finally found an old white station wagon in the back of the lot. He told the man this was the car he wanted. The man told him this car had to have new rings in it before it could be driven, and insisted that he pick out another car in good condition.

George felt this white station wagon was the one the Lord wanted him to have, so the man gave it to him, even though he was puzzled over why he wanted that particular car that needed to be worked on when he could have chosen one ready to go and much nicer. But when you follow the Lord, He wants obedience because He has a plan for certain things, and we found out later what His plans were for this car.

The Lord began to open doors for George to minister and Satan began to rage. He had a real strong hold on this town and didn't want anyone preaching the truth.

The Lord proved Himself in so many ways that we won a great victory over Satan and his powers, and left a great testimony by the help of Christ.

While we were in Del Rio, we worked over in old Mexico in the little villages where people didn't have very many of this world's goods, but they were hungry for the Word of God. They lived in little huts with dirt floors, and their meals usually consisted of goat meat, beans and tortillas. This is where we started our first missionary work outside of the United States and Canada. We learned to love the people

of old Mexico, and continue even until this day, thirty years later, working all over old Mexico, as well as many other countries, sharing clothes, money, food, and the gospel of the Lord Jesus with thousands of people.

At the time of this writing, we will be leaving, if it is the Lord's will, for Israel and Egypt in a few days. We pray for the great God of love to help us to take advantage of every opportunity given us to reach out and give a helping hand to others who are in need, as we give thanksgiving and praise for all the mercy and love He has given to us through our lives.

When we left Texas, we finally ended up in California, where the Lord was leading. We had been in the car for five days and five nights looking for a place to rent. Everywhere we would stop and inquire, the rent was either too high or wouldn't rent because we had children.

Finally, we got down to two dollars and we pulled into a service station to buy gas with this last two dollars. George said, "God will move, because He knows I have done everything I know to do, and I know He sent me to California, so I am trusting Him."

George got out and was waiting for the attendant to put the gas in. I noticed a Spanish man talking on the telephone inside the service station, but he was looking at our car. He kept staring straight at us, so I looked back to see if any of the children were doing anything to draw his attention. They were sitting very quietly, and I glanced back at the man and he was hurrying out the door coming straight toward our car. I saw him talking to George and they walked around to the back of the car, and the man acted real excited. I found out he was telling George that he had bought this white station wagon when it was brand new down in Del Rio, Texas. He went on to explain that he was in the Army at the time and when he was sent overseas, someone stole his wife's allotment check and she couldn't make the payments and they had come out and repossessed it. He said it tore him up, and he begged George to go home with him and let him show him pictures to prove it. He found out George was a minister and he said he had been called to preach, but was so frustrated over so many churches preaching different doctrines, until he had been praying and begging God to show him the truth.

So, to cut this short, we ended up going home with Brother Al Gonzales and stayed in his home for a week or two. George and Brother Al talked night and day, and Brother Al ended up being one of our closest friends and brothers in the Lord. He interpreted for George many, many times in Mexico, and it was so amazing to see them preach and interpret under the same anointing. They wouldn't be looking at each other but their hands and movements were the same. Brother Al has gone on to be with Jesus now, and has already received his reward, and Sister Nabe, who stayed by his side for all those years and was a true and faithful wife, lives here at Little Bethlehem with her children living close by.

The memories of Brother Al and his family on the battlefield for Jesus are treasures in our great storehouse, and it enriched our lives to be acquainted with them. And many times, we think of how God, in His great plan and wisdom, caused George to want that particular car so He could bring us all the way from Texas to California, to one little service station out of the thousands in the world, to one who was managing that station who had bought that car when it was brand new in Del Rio, Texas. How great God is and how much effort He will go to to answer a person's sincere prayers. How could we ever doubt such a wonderful Savior! All things surely work together for good to those that are called of God. Those that love righteousness, and hate iniquity, shall surely be anointed with the oil of gladness.

By Sis. Betty Pike

First Lady of Jesus Christ's Eternal Kingdom of Abundant Life, Inc.