

Prove Me NOW

“Prove Me NOW.” This was God speaking. And yet I thought that after 77 years as a Christian, a believer and a preacher, I could never put down on paper a book that fully justified “Prove Me Now.”

But I began to realize if God is saying, “PROVE ME NOW,” this is obviously an opportunity for God. I meditated on this, an opportunity for God, not for Arthur Burt, but for God’s glory in whatever He gives me, whatever He shows me. I wondered how I have proved God through the years. I proved Him through my failures, my mistakes, through His mercy and His grace and through many emergencies.

— Arthur Burt

PROVE ME NOW

Arthur Burt

The Emmanuel Foundation
Stuart, Florida

Copyright © 2008 by Arthur W. Burt
Second Printing 2011
All Rights Reserved
Printed in the United States of America

Published by
The Emmanuel Foundation
Stuart, Florida

Scripture quotations and references are indicated. Scripture quotations are from:
The King James Version or
The Holy Bible, The New King James Version, (Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson, Inc.) 1982

**God says, "Prove Me NOW."
Now moves. Now is now. "Prove Me Now."
To live in the IS of God is to live in the Spirit.**

**God is in the Now.
"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday,
today, and forever." (*Hebrews 13:8*)
"Before Abraham was, I Am." (*John 8:58*)
He's saying, "I live in the Now. Prove Me Now."**

BOOKS BY ARTHUR BURT

And There Shall Be No Ebb
Prove Me Now!
How To Be Ordinary
Around The World In 88 Years
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
The Silent Years: A Divine Apprenticeship
Surrender!
Boomerang: The Funeral Of Failure
The Lost Key
Pebbles To Slay Goliath

Ordering & Information:
Web page: www.arthurburt.com

Contact Information:
Write or Call
Arthur W. Burt
Bron Wendon
Conway Road
Penmaenmawr, Conwy
LL34 6 BB North Wales UK

Telephone: 01492 623 338
From the US, dial 011 44 1492 623 338

ARTHUR W. BURT

ARTHUR BURT lives in Penmaenmawr, North Wales with family and friends all around. Many from round the world have visited his home, Bron Wendon, and come to his annual conventions. Many know the story of his home, “A house for the glory of God.”

He and Marjorie Burt were married for 65 years before she went to heaven in 2005. He has nine children, more than 50 grandchildren and great-grandchildren and he’s known all around the world as “Uncle Arthur.”

He came to Wales from Paddock Wood in Kent, in England where he was a pastor. One day in Paddock Wood, the Lord spoke one Word to Arthur, “Go.” He gave up his work in Kent and for more than 50 years, he’s taken a very specific message to some 44 nations. He says it was out of painful obedience that he entered into delight and purpose — to help prepare a people to handle the glory of God — to His glory. He says, “There’s coming a day...”

He often says, “Big doors swing on little hinges.” Arthur Burt’s life changed when he answered the call of God to “Go.” Consequently, many lives have been changed and refocused as he freely pours out the Word the Lord has given him all over the world.

His stories, teachings and proclamations echo deep ponderings over the Word. While he searches out the mysteries of the Kingdom, he also lives out many adventures exploring the ways of God in many nations.

He emphasizes with spontaneity, humor and serious outcries: “Prepare! We’re in the last of the last days! Humble yourself!” He’s calling for a people who can handle the Presence of God to the Glory of God! Jesus did everything with nothing. (John 5:30) We are at the end ushering in the dawn of a new day. The time is at hand — the dispensation of the fullness of time.

His messages are for *Now*. And he says in this Day, the Lord is saying to you and to me, “*Prove Me NOW!*”

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	1
<i>Time is in God</i>	
<i>He inhabits eternity</i>	
Chapter 2	5
<i>The Day of Fullness</i>	
Chapter 3	11
<i>He enlarged me in my distress</i>	
Chapter 4	17
<i>Emergency Pushes You!</i>	
Chapter 5	23
<i>From Glory to Glory</i>	
<i>...His Glory!</i>	
Chapter 6	29
<i>Folly and Falls</i>	
<i>How gracious God can be</i>	
Chapter 7	37
<i>He Cares...</i>	
Chapter 8	43
<i>Days of Revival</i>	
Chapter 9	49
<i>Prove Me, Test Me</i>	
<i>Trust Me, Try Me</i>	
Chapter 10	55
<i>Listen to His Voice</i>	
Chapter 11	63
<i>Some Live in Constant Danger</i>	
Chapter 12	69
<i>"Consider Your Ways"</i>	
<i>A House for His Glory</i>	
Chapter 13	73
<i>Beware of the wiles...</i>	
<i>Let God be True!</i>	
Chapter 14	79
<i>The Mystery Revealed</i>	
A Testimony	85
<i>Geoff Braceys's Story</i>	

INTRODUCTION

*The Lord took me back to a series of emergencies.
I wondered how I have proved God through the years.
I proved Him through my failures, my mistakes,
through His mercy and His grace and
through many emergencies.*

What is an emergency? A war, a flood, a hurricane, a fire, men striking, snow... All of these are opportunities for God to bring an individual into an emergency.

The Lord began to flood my memory with many of the emergencies I've experienced.

This book was birthed early one morning, 4:30 AM. I just came back from a trip to North America. I hadn't been to sleep and I was battling with jetlag. I was lying in bed and it came to me, first the title. It came very clearly... *Prove Me Now!*

"Prove Me Now." I knew where it came from and I knew that every begging preacher who wants money quotes this from the Book of Malachi.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes..." (Malachi 3:10, 11)

Now I knew this was something *entirely different* from that. "Prove Me NOW." This was God speaking. And yet I thought that after 77 years as a Christian, a believer and a preacher, I could never put down on paper a book that fully justified "Prove Me Now."

But I began to realize if God is saying, "PROVE ME NOW," this is obviously an opportunity for God. I meditated on this, an opportunity for God, not for Arthur Burt, but for God's glory in whatever He gives me, whatever He shows me. I wondered how I have proved God through the years. I proved Him through my failures, my mistakes, through His mercy and His grace and through many emergencies.

— Arthur W. Burt

CHAPTER 1

TIME IS IN GOD HE INHABITS ETERNITY

Prove Me Now. When is now? God said, "Prove Me Now." Now is a moment of time. God is the Great I AM! And the Great I AM is not in time. Time is in God. God is never late. God is never in a hurry.

How could He be? He is omnipotent. He has no where to go, He's omnipresent. He is not rushing into tomorrow, He is in tomorrow now!

The great I AM isn't the great I was. He talks about "I will be..." for your benefit and my benefit, not for His. He is there *Now!* He declares the end right at the beginning! The author of the Book of Life has finished my life. He declares the end from the beginning. (Isaiah 46:10)

God is never shocked or disgusted or surprised with anything I do. He is there now. Maybe I'm shocked, maybe I can shock you. But it can't shock God. He's in it. He was in it before I was in it. He is the great I AM! (Exodus 3:14) "For in Him we live and move and have our being." (Acts 17:28) God is in tomorrow... *now!*

I am in *today* now. Well I'm like a man reading a book. Before I begin the book, the author has finished the book. I turn the pages over. Every page is a day in my life. Every chapter is a year in my life. I'm like a reader traveling through the pages.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. God said to Moses, "I AM THAT I AM." (Exodus 3:14) He is the Eternal God, He inhabits eternity. He isn't in time. Time is in GOD.

A RIDDLE IN TIME

Here is a riddle I have told so often, maybe some of you know what I am about to say. If you have had revelation, you will know the riddle. If you have not had revelation, you will need it explained.

A farmer had 26 sheep, one died, there were 19 left. "Oh wait a minute! Wait a minute,

you've got that wrong!" says the man without revelation. The man who has revelation smiles and says, "Yes, I understand what you are saying." The man without revelation is confused and wants it repeated. "A farmer had 26 sheep, one died, there were 19 left." He told me, "You got it wrong!" "No I haven't," I said. One little girl said to me, "Uncle Arthur, you are so old, you have forgotten how to count!" But I hadn't.

The only thing the riddle needs is *the governing factor*, which in this case is *time*. God has a clock. And whilst God isn't in time, time is in God. He declares the end – *not at the end*, but at the beginning. (Isaiah 46:10).

How important it is for us all to be in God's time which includes *now!* Sometimes I'll ask, 'Are you an ISraelite or a WASraelite?' To live in the IS of God is to live by the *proceeding Word* of God, the *now* of God. Jesus said, "It is written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.'" (Matthew 4:4) The *now* of God is as vital to me as breathing is to my physical body. The moment I stop breathing, I stop living.

Back to the riddle – the governing factor for the riddle is *time*. I'll apply *time* to the riddle and speak slowly: "A farmer had 20 sick sheep. One died. There were 19 left." Time dispels the confusion. In this case, the governing factor is *time*.

THE GOVERNING FACTOR IS THE GLORY OF GOD.

Could the *governing factor* impart revelation in so many places where there is consternation? People are not in unity because they lack the governing factor. Everything in life has a governing factor, *the factor that governs*.

If you come to New York, Atlanta or Miami, the governing factor is you drive on the right-hand side of the road. If you are in London or Manchester or Liverpool, you drive on the left-hand side of the road. It's not optional, *it's vital*. If you don't submit to this governing factor, you soon find yourself in the cemetery!

The governing factor in a vehicle is not the engine; it is the gear that you are in. The gear governs whether you are in first, second, third or overdrive, not the power of your engine.

Everything in life has a governing factor. And the final governing factor in everything is the Glory of God. When God says, "Prove Me Now," the governing factor is the Glory of God.

EVERYTHING IS GOVERNED BY THE GREAT I AM.

God does not *do* anything to do it. He does not heal to heal. He doesn't

bless to bless. He doesn't change us to change us. He doesn't fill us to fill us. He does everything for one end, *the Glory of His Name*. That is the governing factor!

You mean to say, God does not fill to fill? *No!* And He doesn't heal to heal? *No!* The governing factor is the *glory due to His Holy Name!* People don't see this. They treat God like Santa Claus instead of realizing He is the great I AM THAT I AM. (Exodus 3:14) People don't realize that everything is governed by the great *I AM!* God says, "Prove Me Now."

The farmer does not plant to plant, but there is a *now* when he does plant for a *then* when he reaps. His responsibility is in the *now* and God must bless in the *then* on God's clock which is in man's future. The businessman will invest his money in the *now* that he might reap dividends in the *then* and the *then* is a *when*. Again, both are incidents of time. *When* is the *then*?

The businessman's responsibility is in the *now* when he invests. The farmer's responsibility for a harvest is in the *now* when he plants. There he sets God's clock in motion. There will never be a *then* without a *now*. *When* will the businessman reap or receive back in dividends? That depends on the *now* of his responsibility. *When* will the farmer reap a harvest? To a great extent, the farmer must choose his *now* in line with God's climate. Timing is vital with man. God does in the *Now*.

LIVE BY THE PROCEEDING WORD THAT COMES FROM THE MOUTH OF GOD.

Remember the story of Mordecai and Esther? Queen Vashti had been rejected and the King put on a beauty competition. (Esther 2:1-4) That was his *now*. The ultimate significance was that Esther was chosen in the King's *now*, his future Queen. *Now* and *future* are both elements of time.

Mordecai said to his niece, "Yet who knows whether you have come to the kingdom for *such* a time as this?" (Esther 4:14) "This is your *now!* This is why you have come into the kingdom and it is *now* that you are responsible. *Now!*"

God says, "Prove Me *Now*." My unbelieving heart will say, "*When* is *then*?" I will prove Him *then!*" God says, "No. *NOW*." I have to live in the *IS* of God. I have to live by the *proceeding* Word that comes from the mouth of God. He humbled them in the wilderness so they could "know that man shall not live by bread alone; but man lives by every *word* that proceeds from the mouth of the Lord." (Deuteronomy 8:2) "Prove Me *Now*."

CHAPTER 2

THE DAY OF FULLNESS

Only in this day has it been possible for everything to come to fullness. Because this is the day, this is the time. The purpose of God is to put in you what is in Him, "...the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."
(Ephesians 3:13)

THE LAST OF THE LAST DAYS

We are now living in a Day of Fullness. Everything screams of it! Henry VIII couldn't turn a television on. Even the Lord Jesus submitted to the day that He lived in; He rode a donkey. He didn't drive a Yamaha or a Cadillac into Jerusalem. He submitted to the day of measure with its limitations. This day is marked along every line by one thing. It is the Day of Fullness. Videos, televisions, motor cars, airplanes, washing machines, cameras — everything *screams* of the *Day of Fullness!*

If that be so, then *Now* is a tremendous day when God says, "*Prove Me Now.*" As the people of God, we have the responsibility of walking in more light than all the generations before us. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." (Luke 12:48)

We are in the last of the last days. More is required of you and me than any generation that ever was. They did not have televisions or motorcars or airplanes. They did not have the vast amount of information or communication. At this time, *now*, we are given all these privileges. But we are also given *responsibility*.

Lesser men like you and I have the privilege of seeing what so-called *greater men* didn't see in a lesser day. "I tell you, many prophets and kings have longed to see and hear what you have seen and heard, but they could not." (Luke 10:24) God says, "*Prove Me Now.*"

I am declaring what I am seeing now. What I am seeing now is the governing factor. It brings more light than other man ever had. With all the light they had, the apostles did not have the tremendous privileges that you and I have in *this day now*, of Fullness.

YOU PLUG IN AND SWITCH ON. THE POWER OF GOD ...

In Ephesians 6, Paul talks about putting the armor of God. What would you think *now* if you saw a man lumbering along in a suit of armor with a helmet and a shield and a sword? You would laugh at him. How long would the mighty Roman Empire last with their lumbering chariots and their prancing horses against the tremendous fusillade of guns and barrage of airplanes bombing from the skies? The governing factor of what we have *now* would make what they had *then* almost pathetic. You'd laugh at the man in a suit of armor.

I have lived a long time. I was born 1912. I remember the days of no electricity. When I was a boy, I went to bed with a candle. Now you go upstairs and your finger touches a switch and a flood of light comes into the room — *electricity!*

John Wesley rode thousands of miles on horseback. He would be laughed at today in the day of jet-propelled airplanes. My father never lived in this day that I live in. Our forefathers had none of the tremendous inventions we have now. *Now!*

My mother would put a flat iron on hot cinders, grab a duster to lift it off, turn it upside down and spit on it. And she'd watch the little ball of spit roll off to see if the iron was sufficiently hot enough to take the creases out of the laundry.

Today you *plug in and switch on*. You don't *put on*, like Paul says in Ephesians 6, "*Put on the whole armor of God.*" We simply plug in and switch on and it has the same effect, the power flows through! The governing factor is in line with the light we have. The power of God is available as we plug in and switch on to that power.

YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT AUTOMATICALLY RESISTS THE DEVIL

Many talk about "wrestling." Remember, Paul also said, "And yet I show you a more excellent way." (1 Corinthians 12:31) The more excellent way is to *nestle*. Yielding to the Spirit automatically resists the devil. The greater includes the lesser. Don't wrestle; *nestle*.

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." (Hebrews 12:2)

My faith is in *Another*. I don't rush to the door with my fists up to fight the devil. I say, "Lord Jesus, he's at the door; *You* go and meet him."

"Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us." (Romans 8:37) I don't conquer the devil by conquering the devil. I conquer the devil by yielding to the Holy Ghost. The greater includes the lesser.

The governing factor is the day we live in. We are now in the Dispensation of *Fullness*. Paul is 2,000 years ago. He talks about putting on armor. You'd laugh at anybody today putting on armor, clanking around the streets in armor. That day is gone.

Truth, righteousness, faith... Yes. *But Paul's linking it*. He himself declares in another place moved of the Spirit, "And yet I show you a more excellent way." (1 Corinthians 12:31) Now, instead of putting on the armor, *plug in and switch on* and the divine electricity will flow. There was no electricity in Paul's day.

They had armor. But the might of the Roman Empire in Paul's day could be destroyed in less than a week *now*. Airplanes and guns and everything we have in this day would destroy the mighty Roman Empire in a week, *in a day!*

THAT WE MIGHT SEE IN THIS DAY WHAT MAYBE EVEN PAUL DIDN'T SEE IN THAT DAY...

It says in Ephesians, "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened." Paul wrote this, but never knew this day. "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of *his* calling, and what are the riches of the glory of *his* inheritance in the saints, And what is the exceeding greatness of *his* power to us-ward (toward us) who believe, according to the working of *his* mighty power..."

Now he mentions this: "Which he wrought in Christ, (Now *listen* to this.) when he raised him from the dead, and set *him* at his own right hand in the heavenly *places...*" (Here it comes, *listen!*) "*faaaarrrrrrrr above*, all principality, and power and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: And hath put *all things* under *his* feet, and gave *him* to be the head over *all things* to the church, Which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all." (Ephesians 1:18-23) *Far above, Far above ... all principality and power.*

Here is Paul in line with his revelation. But he wasn't in *this day*. He's speaking 2,000 years ago. And he's ministering things which have become

the Word of God to us, not the word of Paul writing to people at Ephesus. Not knowing what he's doing, but ministering *beyond* — that we might see in *this* day what maybe even Paul didn't see in *that* day. The governing factor is the day we live in, the Dispensation of Fullness.

“THE FULLNESS OF HIM WHO FILLS ALL IN ALL.”
(Ephesians 1:22)

How much longer will I imitate? How much longer will I strive to be like Jesus? It's what the Church believes. It's what's in your Hymn Books. It's never worked. Because “Christ in you” (Colossians 1:27) is the only hope of getting glory out of you.

Wherever you're Christ-like, you'll steal His glory. The antichrist is somebody who is going to be so like Jesus, they'll say, “He is the Christ.” He'll deceive even the elect. (Mark 13:22) Only Jesus can glorify the Father.

You can't be full of Christ until you're emptied of yourself. To be fully emptied, you have to be fully surrendered.

I'm not going to improve. I'm not going to get better. God does not want to improve me, He wants to remove me. He means *Jesus living in me*. Have you seen the mystery which is *Christ in you*, the only hope of God ever getting glory out of you?

THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF GOD IS IN YOU.

We've entered into that Day, that Dispensation; we're on the edge of Truth. *It's God incarnate*. Until the Lord Jesus sees Himself in you or in me, He'll never be satisfied. The whole purpose of God is in you.

The Father was delighted with Jesus long, long before He came to earth. But as yet, all of heaven and all of earth has yet to see the travail of His soul and be satisfied. You don't have to believe this, *test it*. One wondrous day, He said to the Word, (and the Word is not a word, it's a Person, the Person of Jesus.) “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” (Genesis 1:26) God's our Father. Settle it on one issue — not a reason, but *God has said*.

All creation is groaning, waiting eagerly for the manifestation sons of God, (Romans 8:19) till we come “to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” (Ephesians 4:13)

Until that time comes, He'll never be satisfied. The mystery of the ages has been hidden until now. It's *now* to be revealed in His saints. “Christ in you, the hope of glory.” (Colossians 1:27) As yet there has never been a

fulfillment of the purpose. And only in *this day* can it be realized or can it come to life. Only in this day can it happen, because this is the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. Everything is coming to harvest.

Tabernacles comes in the day of harvest. It's the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. You see, Mary was geared to restoration. She judged Jesus. She rebuked Him, "Lord, if You had been here, my brother would not have died." (John 11:32) But Jesus is "the resurrection and the life." (John 11:25) Then He said, "Loose him, and let him go." (John 11:44)

God has purposed to bring us into Tabernacles. As He brings us into Tabernacles, there will be *change!* "Loose him, and let him go." (John 11:44) Tabernacles is taking the gag out of your mouth and loosing the bonds from your feet. It's removing the handcuffs from your hands. "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Romans 8:11) The *quicken*ing is resurrection life.

Resurrection life is Tabernacles. We're leaving Pentecost and entering into Tabernacles. And He'll fulfill and thereby *fill full*... in Tabernacles. It's "Christ in you, the hope of glory." (Colossians 1:27)

CHAPTER 3

HE ENLARGED ME IN MY DISTRESS

And in His wisdom, not only the eagle, but you and me ... we need the ripping up of distress to push us out of our comfort zone into the realm of the Spirit where we “mount up with wings as eagles.”
(Isaiah 40:31)

He said, “And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes.” (Malachi 3:11) “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and *prove me now* herewith, saith the LORD.” (Malachi 3:10) And this is how he requires us to prove Him. From His side, He says He will “open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that *there shall not be room enough to receive it.*” (Malachi 3:10)

And I say, “Oh God forbid! Make room in me!” He says, “*Prove Me Now!* I will open the windows of heaven.” Is there a place where they can be shut? “I will open the windows of heaven.” *Prove Me now* and I’ll “pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

Stay, Lord! Stay, Lord! Make room in me! God forbid He shall pour out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it! In this, *the Day of Fullness*, make room in me.

I know how He’ll do it. “Thou hast enlarged me *when I was* in distress.” (Psalm 4:1) Distress makes room in the individual. The purpose of distress is to *enlarge*.

PRESSED OUT ... HE LEARNS TO FLY.

The apostle said, “We were pressed out of measure.” (2 Corinthians 1:8) I loved my measure, I hugged my measure. I wanted to stay in it. I was like the little baby eagle that loved the protection, the correction and the provision of the mother bird.

But the time came when the mother eagle came home, ripped up the nest and *pushed* the trembling, shivering, terrified eaglets onto a ledge.

Surely they were wondering what on earth was happening to the mother bird! That's not the finish. She now deliberately pushes the babe off the ledge and it hurtles *down, down, down*. At the last final moment, the whirr of the mother's mighty wings sweep underneath him and she brings him back to the ledge. "*Ohhh. Ohhh.*"

The process goes on. There's more distress, he's pushed off again. The relentless operation goes on until the tiny bird finds the birth of his new life at the end of his shoulders and he begins to use his wings. And he is *enlarged*, not in the comfort of the nest, but in the challenge when he's *ripped* up to the ledge and pushed out! And that's how he learns to fly. *Prove Me Now*.

PROVING GOD IS RESPONDING TO GOD

That brings *tithing* in, *in order*. Don't neglect it. "Bring ye all the tithes in," *in responsibility*, and "*prove Me now.*" (Malachi 3:10) In that sense, there's a place where humanity must respond even as a soldier must obey the commands in the Army. *Prove Me Now*. We must answer God. Proving God is *responding* to God.

God says, "I'll open the windows of heaven ... and *prove me Now.*" The Pharisee thanked God he was not as other men. He was better. He despised the publican. "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men *are* ... even as this publican. I fast ... I give tithes...' And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as *his* eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" (Luke 18:11-13)

EVEN IN HIS LOVE, THERE'S DISCIPLINE.

In the last war, we found "*Necessity is the mother of invention*" and it is when you've got your back to the wall. I didn't have a car. If I did have one, the government wouldn't give me petrol. I went to the scrap yard and for just a pence, I bought scrap. I took it home and built bicycles.

When you're building bicycles, every spoke on the bicycle wheel has to go from the *hub to the rim*. Inside, there is a ball race of 12 metal balls in grease and that's the principle upon which the wheel goes around. Then comes the cone, then the washers and so on. On the outside of the forks comes another washer. Then comes the nut and the double nut, one against the other. That fixes it. Now the wheel goes round.

Now comes your big problem. The wheel must go around perfectly. It can't have a wobble from side to side. It has to be aligned. So every spoke

has to be adjusted. You hold the wheel up and spin it and it goes from side to side. At the end of every spoke there's a little nut. You have to adjust each spoke until you get the wheel going perfectly, no wobble. But every spoke goes from *hub to rim*.

Every attribute of God goes from *hub to rim*. The hub is the glory of God. You could define the rim as humanity, man's need. The righteousness of God, the mercy of God, the love of God — but it doesn't just run on those. The wisdom of God, the wrath of God... every attribute has to be perfect.

God is not more wise than He is loving. God is not more merciful than He is wise. The severity of God is as perfect as the goodness of God. The Bible talks about the "goodness and the severity of God." (Romans 11:42) But God isn't a silly nurse. The severity of God — even in His love, there's discipline.

And that's why at present, we're in serious times. You can't even slap a child now. Young children, before they are teenagers will impudently defy their parents and say, "*You hit me!* I'll challenge you. I'll dare you to hit me. And if you do, I'll report you to the police!" You can't even discipline your own children in this country now.

When I was a boy, I had the *cane* for bad writing. I had three on one hand, three on the other. The teacher with a big stick said, "Hold your hand out! *One, Two, Three!* Now the other hand! *One, Two, Three!*" I was left-handed and I had six with the cane for bad writing.

Look at the lack of discipline in the schools today. *It's gone*. But look at the problems, your muggings and your thuggings. There's a discipline in divine love. And because mankind has eliminated discipline, mankind's now in a hell of a mess. The kids are rebellious, there's every evil thing.

"The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom." (Proverbs 9:10) And that begins here. Every attribute of God is perfect.

THE SEVERITY OF GOD IS A VISITATION.

Now at the moment, He's *demonstrating*. He says, "They will know Me." They'll know the Lord. (Hebrews 8:11) But they're going to know the Lord through His other attributes — *the judgment of God, the wrath of God, the severity of God*. When these attributes have effectively done what God purposes in His wisdom they should do, people will be ready for the greatest move, the greatest visitation this world has ever seen.

Now I don't believe everybody's going to get saved. But the Scriptures say everybody will "confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God

the Father.” (Philippians 2:11) That’s the ultimate end. The wheel will spin around perfectly.

But every spoke in the wheel must be adjusted. Loosen that one, tighten that one. Now spin it. No, still got a bit of a wobble on it. Alright, where’s the wobble? Here. Alright, loosen this one, tighten that one... until you get it.

I spent hours in the last war building bicycles. You had to work patiently until you got it smoothly going round. The glory of God is not just in one attribute. The glory of God is the hub from which *every attribute* goes to the rim.

When Katrina hit New Orleans, there was as much a *visitation* from the hurricane as if there’d been a tremendous visitation in the Holy Ghost. And until men see God in Hurricane Katrina or Queensland’s Cyclone Larry, and the likes of these, they’re not going to know Him. The Bible is full of things that happened when God visited mankind.

Plagues ... In 1918 at the end of WWI, there were almost as many people dead from the flu as had been killed in the World War. I was a child and I had it for about six weeks. I knew that my life was in danger, my mother was terribly concerned. It was serious, people died like flies.

The Fire of London in 1666 followed the Black Plague. The fire burned it up. Looking back, it was a visitation from God. People don’t see the glory of God in a plague or in a fire. But it’s a visitation, it’s a judgment.

NOW DON’T THROW THIS OUT, THINK ON THIS.

He upholds “all things by the word of His power.” (Hebrews 1:3) And if He does, that’s the only reason it stands. If He takes His hand away, it falls. He doesn’t have to push it down. He just withdraws His hand. *You can’t breathe.*

The attributes of God are like the spokes of a bicycle wheel. He’s not more loving than He is severe: the goodness *and* the severity of God. People say, “Isn’t God good?!” How often do you hear, “Isn’t God severe?”

We have to say, “You’re righteous, Lord. You never change. You haven’t stopped being loving. You are always that, just as you’re always righteous in your judgments.”

WHAT’S THE GOOD OF GOING OUT WITH NETS THAT HAVE HOLES IN THEM? PREPARATION...

“Prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that *there shall not be*

room enough to receive it.” (Malachi 3:10)

The Syrophenician woman almost contradicted Jesus. He said, “It is not meet to take the children’s bread.” (Mark 7:27) She said, “Just a minute!” She contradicted Him and He was surprised! “I’ve never found such faith amongst the children of Israel. This woman is an outsider, but she’s got Me! She’s pulled my arm through the door and I can’t shut it. And because I can’t shut the door, I can’t shut her out!” And He marveled at the faith this woman had.

Now God says, “I’ll pour you out a blessing, that *there shall not be room enough to receive it.*” (Malachi 3:10) And I say, “*Just a minute, Lord!* I’m not settling for that. I’m not settling for it! I don’t want You to pour out a blessing that I don’t have room for. So shall we postpone the blessing until there’s room to receive it?”

I continue in my argument. “You say *Tabernacles* is *fullness.*” So *Tabernacles* is more important. It’s fulfillment. And in *Tabernacles* comes digging, dunging, planting, watering because the ultimate end is *Harvest*. So until there’s room in the preparation, I fully agree with Your purpose of *Tabernacles*.

But I remind you, Lord, at *Tabernacles*, *there will be room to receive!* You said there’s no room to receive. But the Book of Malachi was written in a day of measure. We are now in *Tabernacles*, and we’ve lost that measure.”

Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles ... significant seasons in God. We’re coming out of the day of measure into His fullness. It’s another season, a new day, the Day of Fullness.

As we come out of Pentecost, we enter into *Tabernacles!* That’s the day that we’re in *Now*. We stand on the threshold. Everything screams of fullness. God is emphasizing fullness.

The Lord said to the disciples, “Launch out into the deep.” (Luke 5:4) You don’t catch big fish in a little stream. *No, no.* You’ve got to launch out into the deep if you want big fish. BIG speaks of *Harvest*.

So then the issue is not *Harvest*, it is *preparation*. What’s the good of going out with nets that have holes in them? There’s a time to fish and there’s a time to mend nets. The disciples were “mending their nets.” (Matthew 4:21) It’s no good going out with broken nets that cannot hold fish.

The trouble with the church is we can’t hold to *the glory of God* what God could give us. The more God does, the less I do. God does much with little, most with least, everything with nothing. “Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit.” (Zechariah 4:6)

DESPERATION, DEVASTATION, HAVOC...

We're no longer little fishermen catching *tiddlers* in a stream. We are considering a mighty sweeping worldwide invasion of this planet with a climate. *A climate...*

I remember the prophecy. "*Souls shall be saved like falling leaves from mighty oaks in a great forest swept by a hurricane.*" By a gentle breeze? *No.* By a hurricane — by the terrifying effect of Katrina and other hurricanes that are yet still in the future.

The television declares they've restored Mardi Gras. They've got it up again, they're blowing their trumpets and they're celebrating. But then they show you the picture of all of New Orleans with the wreckage, miles and miles and miles of broken ruins. And now they're struggling to introduce Mardi Gras again.

Well there it is. The eaglet will never learn to fly whilst it is in the comfort and security of the nest. The nest has to be broken up to push the babe out into desperation, devastation. And God now includes all these in the bicycle spokes.

Desperation, devastation, havoc. Saul wrought havoc in the church, therefore, the disciples were scattered everywhere preaching the Gospel. (Acts 8:3,4) Hadn't Jesus told them to do it? Yes. Hadn't they done it? No. So God got it out of havoc.... He tightened that spoke up on the wheel. He tightens up ... *havoc.*

Some may say, "Oh well, God doesn't need havoc, it's the devil who causes havoc." No it isn't. God permits the devil to cause havoc. And God *uses* the devil, He doesn't have to fight him. He *uses* him. He is a tool in God's hand. *Of Him are all things,* (Romans 11:36) and God is as much in the hurricane and the havoc as He was in the Welsh Revival. The Welsh Revival and every other revival are only spokes in God's wheel where every spoke goes from hub to rim. God isn't lopsided.

And in His wisdom, not only the eagle, but *you and me...* we need the ripping up of distress to push us out of our comfort zone into the realm of the Spirit where we "mount up with wings as eagles." (Isaiah 40:31) *Amen.*

CHAPTER 4

EMERGENCY PUSHES YOU!

*I had to believe that God loved me when I felt as if He'd forsaken me.
Desperate times, emergencies...His wisdom, His mercy and grace.*

I WAS 12 YEARS OLD.

This was before I was saved. He proved Himself, “while we were yet sinners....” (Romans 5:8) I was silly, stupid and sinful; that was me. *God was careful, loving, wise and gracious.*

In those days, trucks had two drivers and a circle on the back of the lorry marked “20 mph.” That was the speed they were permitted to go. Now I was wrong like so many times, but I would often get at the back of these trucks on a bicycle and cycle until I was doing a considerable speed. I would peddle furiously and I'd finally catch up and hold onto the back of the truck. And then I'd just hang on and the truck would pull me along!

They weren't supposed to go more than 20 mph. The drivers couldn't see me. I did this a number of times until one day the truck increased his speed beyond 20 mph.

I held on tightly, but the truck lifted me out of the saddle of my bicycle. I was now flying through the air, my bike whisked to the side and fell on the road. I was being whisked through the air at the back of a truck!

Eventually I was so scared, I had to let go. I fell with a *crash* on the road at quite a speed. My knees were cut and bleeding, my hands and arms were badly scraped and bleeding and I did very well not to have a serious accident. I was only 12. Looking back, I see this was an outstanding incident in my life before I even knew the Lord. I didn't get *saved* until I was 15.

I was a stupid silly boy of 12 and I fell onto the road. And by God's mercy, my wounds were not sufficient to put me in hospital. I learned a hard lesson. I could have killed myself! I didn't know what it meant in those days to *prove God*. I didn't have any recollection of God. The Word of God says,

“while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Romans 5:8)

But I see now that I did *prove God* in His mercy to a silly young schoolboy. He saved my life and just a few years later, He gloriously saved me for all eternity. I proved Him in a silly stupid situation where I could have killed myself. *It was an emergency!*

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

Just a final word before we usher into the fuller meaning of *Prove Me Now...*

Emergency pushes you! Even the world says, “Necessity is the mother of invention.”

In the early days of motoring I didn’t have to pass any test. I simply got into a car in 1930 and drove through London. A tire puncture was a major disaster in those days! In desperation, I’d stick clods of earth into a punctured tire. And I’d limp back home having to put off traveling till the next day. Nowadays, if a person has a puncture, it’s only a matter of a short time. But then, it altered the whole program for the day! *A puncture.*

I remember buying an Austin 7, a car for £5 (\$25). I’d no money. I was very tight with a big family. I had to take my son on the back of my motor-bike, a Norton 600, and go collect it. I tied a rope on it and I put my son Peter, a schoolboy, in the Austin 7 to steer it home while I towed it. If I did this now, they’d jail me! Today you would hire somebody to tow the car.

HEAVY SNOWS IN STANTON HILL

I was living in Stanton Hill in Nottinghamshire, one and a half miles from the mission we attended. The snow and the wind were bad in 1948 and the snow drifts filled the road up six feet deep. That’s how high the hedges were on each side of the road. Snow drifted into them until it was almost level with the top.

We were stuck in the snow drift at our house. You can start to dig, but you can’t dig a mile and a half at six feet deep. I dug my way to the gate but then I had a challenge!

We had two children at that time. So I contrived a sledge and strapped a perambulator (a baby carriage) onto the sledge. Night after night, every time I went to the mission, I pulled the sledge a mile and a half with the pram tied to it and I had to pull it back home as well. It was the only way we could get through the snow to the meetings and if we didn’t, we were stranded.

That was an emergency! It was tremendous in those days. God was gracious. He met me and blessed me.

THE WAR YEARS

Memory comes striding back in... 1940, a time full of emergencies! There was literally nothing in all the shop windows at Stanton Hill. Absolutely nothing! We were on war rations. We went to Hunters, the one shop we were allocated to. But there was nothing in all the shop windows.

The desperation of no coal! I lived in a mining district where every miner was given a generous ration of coal each month. This made the miners very fussy and they would throw away *brass knockers*, coal mixed with stone. I built an old tin bath, put it on wheels and I'd go out in the lanes in the cold days of war time with a brush and a shovel to shovel these brass knockers up and take them home. I also asked permission to *riddle* through miners' dustbins. They threw big cinders away, bigger than my fists.

I WOULD TRADE IN THE WAR TIME

Throughout all the war years I contrived, I created, I traded. *We had to*, these were desperate years! I never went near a coalman for six or seven years, but always kept two fires going all through the winter! Many, many a times, there'd be a knock at the door. A miner would be there offering to give me a hundred-weight of coal for a packet of tea. We always had plenty of tea on the rations. I didn't drink tea and I never encouraged the children to drink tea. So we always had plenty of tea and we would trade. A tremendous amount of trading went on in those days.

War kids had never seen chocolates, grapes, oranges or bananas. After the war, the first time Malcolm Denbigh saw a banana, he ate it with the skin on. He didn't know any different. It is like the city kids now; they think milk comes from cartons, they don't know it comes from cows.

Currency changed to cigarettes and nylons in the war years. These were the main currencies outside. Money ceased to be of any great consequence because everything was rationed. Unless you were dealing with the black market, you just had your limited rations every week.

SCRAP. I HAD TO MAKE DO...

Situations were desperate in wartime. *Emergency situations!* Nobody had toilet paper. I would use a bread knife to cut up newspaper for toilet paper. (*Just too bad for anybody whose photo was in the newspapers!*)

Horse meat was quite nice. We could get horse meat off the ration. *It was an emergency!* I remember when my wife would take the last bit of butter and with a half-pint of milk, she would beat the milk into the butter to make more butter. This was an emergency.

The only carpets in those days were peg rugs made from sacking and scrap cloth. I would cut up scraps of old clothing for peg rugs and make rugs. We always had plenty of peg rugs, there were no carpets. But the kids had comfort.

Even if you had the money to buy a car, you could not drive it unless you had a ration book from the government for petrol. Only doctors and nurses and people like that had a ration book for petrol. We got around on bicycles. *It was the only way.* I invaded the scrap yard and built bicycles from scrap. I built everything from scrap, even a long cigar-shaped vehicle.

We were called *the Mad Burts*. I would take the kids to the meetings awake and put them to bed. They got into the habit of falling asleep every night down at the mission. In our makeshift trailer, there would be one sleeping that way and one sleeping this way and another on the top in a hammock. I built the long cigar-shaped trailer with a tow bar and a knuckle joint that fastened underneath the saddle. I had it for years and years and my legs did the job!

Those were the days when you hammered out a crooked nail. Well you had to. You couldn't get nails, you couldn't get anything. The men who made such things were away fighting for king and country.

DESPERATE! ...WWII IN ENGLAND!

Things were desperate in the war! We were ordered by the government to dig up our lawns and plant potatoes. We were also ordered by the government to dig underground air raid shelters, which I did not do. Our railings were cut down for government use to make weapons. The government panicked in the early days of the war. Soldiers were even issued broom sticks. They learned their drills with broom sticks!

I was very unpopular. I did not allow my kids to wear gas masks. I said, "God is our refuge and God will look after us." That was that.

Things got pretty desperate. Then they got worse and worse and worse. People did not realize, no one was prepared for this! For instance, who would ever think of a sack with dry twigs in it and coats on the top to make an emergency bed? But such things had to be. *You couldn't get anything, anything at all.*

I WENT TO PRISON

I went to prison in 1941 because I refused to conform to the government. I said, “*God is our refuge,*” (Psalm 46:1) and soon found myself in Lincoln Jail doing hard labor. There was no heat in my cell in Lincoln Jail in November.

I didn’t have a mattress. I would arrange my clothes round so that my hip bone would go in a kind of a hole in the middle and I would cover myself over with mail bags to keep warm. It was my responsibility to make a certain number of mail bags each week. But on Fridays, the warden would come and collect all the mail bags and over the weekends it was *mighty cold!!*

I would try skipping with the rope that went round the top of the mail bags to keep warm. But skipping made me terribly hungry. I was faced with the choice to be cold or to be hungry, one or the other but not both. I struggled with this. It was a case of cause or consequence.

In jail, I would shave in my tea with a brutal tin razor that cut me and bled my face. The hot tea was brought to me in prison. I didn’t drink tea but we didn’t get any warm water, so I used it to shave. I had to!

WHILST IN THE MIDST OF HORRIFIC ATROCITIES IN SAN SALVADOR

Many years later I would travel to San Salvador, a country ravaged by the ongoing guerrilla warfare. We ministered to the men — *to the boys* — day after day. The soldiers were boys, young lads.

We were thirsty, dirty, hot and sweaty and there was *no water*. We all washed in the same filthy water over and over. There were dead mosquitoes and flies floating on the top of the dirty water in the big bowl. You had to do this or you remained very dirty and sweaty. Water was so scarce.

I proved His grace and I had to believe in His wisdom. And I had to believe that God loved me when I felt as if He’d forsaken me.

CHAPTER 5

FROM GLORY TO GLORY ...HIS GLORY!

I got the message! God doesn't do anything to do it. He doesn't heal to heal. He doesn't bless to bless. He doesn't fill to fill. He doesn't deliver to deliver. God does all things for the glory of His name. I got the message and I stopped sulking. Then God laid His hand on my life.

How can I describe **Prove Me Now!** without mentioning my personal salvation? It is told in detail in other books. I had never been inside a church, a chapel or to Sunday school, not even once. I was nearly 15 when God saved me in 1926.

My father was a doctor, a surgeon. He had a terrible accident while mixing substances with a pestle and mortar. It exploded in his face. His eyeballs were out on their strings and whilst they were put back in, his sight was so bad that from the earliest age, I was enlisted to be his eyes. I was illegally mixing medicines when I was twelve. He also had his own whiskey distillery down the cellar. I was mixing whiskey and I was making up medicines. Innocently, I delivered these packages for him in the dusk.

One day he came in and threw a leaflet on the table. "*Pastor Steven Jeffries... The Blind See!!*" I sat down and wrote a letter. I inquired when the Catholic priest waits on his patients? We got a letter back. "*There is no Roman Catholic priest. Jesus Christ is the only One.*"

So in 1926, eyes to my father, we got on the electric train up to the Victoria Hall in Sunderland. It held 6,000 people, three times a day — 18,000 people a day! It was there that God put His hook into me. When I saw a young girl about 21 instantly healed from blindness I thought, "*Oh, God is real!*"

GOD DOES EVERYTHING FOR HIS GLORY

I didn't get saved straight away; it was several months later in a Baptist church that I received Jesus. Then I swept from one extreme to another.

I read about Peter getting out of the boat when Jesus said, “Come!” He walked on the water as long as he had his eyes on Him. He took his eyes off Him and he sank. Jesus rebuked him, “O thou of little faith.” (Matthew 14:31)

I was like the young man preaching on this declaring, “*He should have kept his eyes on Jesus — that’s why he sank.*” His old father hit him on his elbow and said, “*Sit down and shut up!* If it had been you, you would never have got out of the boat.”

Well it was typical of me. I judged Peter. I even went down the corkscrew steps at Whitley Bay and stood there completely believing I could walk on water. Needless to say, I fell in. When I fell in, I fell out with God and I sulked for months.

Then one day I saw this Scripture. Jesus said, “And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do,” (It isn’t a full stop, it is a comma!) “*that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*” (John 14:12-13)

I got the message! God doesn’t do anything to do it. He doesn’t heal to heal. He doesn’t bless to bless. He doesn’t fill to fill. He doesn’t deliver to deliver. *God does all things for the glory of His name.* I got the message and I stopped sulking. Then God laid His hand on my life.

But I made a big mistake. The man who led me to the Lord introduced me to the Church of England to go to church and become a preacher. But God had already met me with the vision of Pentecost and I slumped back into bondage.

“LOOSE HIM, AND LET HIM GO.” (Mark 11:44)

I got saved and the man who led me to Jesus put upon me the bondage of his own revelation. He did not believe in Pentecost but he was an evangelist who led me to Jesus.

But the *Now* of that day was *Pentecost*. This man started to clothe me with the limitations of *his* revelation. It reminds me of the day that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. He was bound and gagged, still in the limitations of the past or the death that he was in. Jesus said, “Loose him, and let him go.” (Mark 11:44)

This evangelist who led me to Jesus saw me later and asked me how I was. I told him the minister in the church did not believe what the Bible says. You can’t put a live chicken under a dead hen. I knew I had life! I knew the minister wasn’t born again. I went seeking for life because I didn’t find it in the death of the church I was in. I landed with the Pentecostal people.

Of course *now* we are entering into another era, a new day, *Tabernacles* — the day of fullness. But this was in *that* day, Pentecost, a Pentecostal season. At that time, there was newness and life, visitations and revival.

The moment I mentioned Pentecost, he flew at me like a tiger. This man whom I esteemed said, “Don’t go there, it’s of the devil!”

I grieved. I was broken-hearted. I loved this man, he led me to Jesus. I went away and said, “Oh God, what can I do?” And the Lord brought His Word to me. “Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” (Galatians 1:8) Don’t believe them!

Because I believed *Him*, I didn’t believe him and I went past him. But he wouldn’t let me go! He spun around me the spider’s web of his own limitation and pulled the strings and influenced me so that I ended up in the Church of England College when I had a bigger vision than he had.

The Church of England in another era was on fire for God. Many were martyrs. Then the fire cooled down and I believe it has developed into a gigantic commercial situation.

I went there as the live chicken under the dead hen. I was like a captive fly in a spider’s web. But I struggled and I got away. Finally I was expelled from the Church of England and landed with the Pentecostal people.

I WAS LIKE A CHILD WHO KEPT OUTGROWING HIS CLOTHES

Well I was out of one lot of bondage into another lot of bondage. Because then, whilst I was like a devil in the Church of England, I was like a hero in Pentecost. The things that the Church of England threw me out for, the Pentecostal people put me on a pedestal for. I became highly esteemed by everybody in Pentecost.

But I was like a child who kept outgrowing his clothes. I kept outgrowing every thing I came into. To this day, I am still seeking to get back to the ultimate purpose of God which is “the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” (Ephesians 4:13)

Everything I am and everything I do aims at an ultimate end which is back — not to Pentecost, not to the Church of England, not to anything except the original purpose, which is *dominion*. “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion.” (Genesis 1:26) I’m not in that. I haven’t arrived, but I’ve left.

The ultimate purpose of God is that we should become as little children. The disciples asked Jesus, “Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?”

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, And said, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 18:1-4) I've found I've had to stumble and humble my way.

I learned more in prison than I did in college. At Bible School, I became educated. I *enlarged* in my vision and in my pride I became eligible to be rebuked in the revival. I was told to sit down and shut up.

SEEKING TRUTH

In those early days I often challenged myself. How do I know I am right and everybody else is wrong? So I put this to the test. I said "Lord, I will go to every meeting but cover me with the precious Blood of Jesus."

In due course, I had been to them all and then I landed in a Spiritist meeting. I prayed, "Lord if this is of You, let them *exalt Jesus*." I was in my *first Love*. "Cover me with the Blood," I would say.

I sat in the Spiritist séance and the medium said, "I have a message here for the person on the third row from the front on the second right aisle. Please respond." Nobody spoke. He repeated it, nobody spoke. Then I got a dig in the ribs. "*It's you, it's you, respond.*" So I said, "Yes."

"I have a message from a school teacher. She died at 68 and she was fond of animals and parrots. If you know the lady will you respond?" I didn't. There were 11 messages, I counted them. I went up to him afterwards and he said, "I have never been in a séance like this before. Every message has not gone through."

I didn't have the guts to stand for what I believed, but I left the Spiritist meeting and said, "Thank you, Lord. Every one of those messages went wrong because I was in the meeting and I asked you to cover me with the Blood of Jesus." That was the end of my adventure of going round testing what I believed.

I BECAME A RELIGIOUS ZEALOT... BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANY SOULS SAVED.

The movement I was with was very strong against the Roman Catholic Church coming into the Church of England. I was encouraged and conditioned to preach against it. Once in Grimsby, I ridiculed a Roman Catholic Priest as he was passing by. I said to the people who were standing by,

“Look at that man! Look at him! His mother put him in trousers and he has gone back to skirts!”

If he had any sense, he would have ignored me. But he didn't. He came and raged at me and the result was for two weeks, we had crowds of up to 1,000 people there! I was pelted with stones and rotten fruits in the course of it, but I did not see any souls saved and that concerned me. I was losing confidence in the movement I was in.

RADICAL, RELIGIOUS AND ROUGH... THE PAPERS SAID I WAS THE “BIG BAD VILLAIN.”

Looking back, I held truth in unrighteousness. It was truth. But even the papers said I was a “*Big Bad Villain.*”

St. Hillary's was a little church in Cornwall. They sent up to our headquarters, a request for preachers to allay this *invasion* in their Protestant church. I went down with another brother.

When I think about what we did, I am almost ashamed. We took down all the Stations of the Cross which the Vicar had put up. Some of the protesters rammed the Sexton into a cupboard and shut him in.

God-fearing Christians in the church asked us to come and get Canon Carr, who was taking them back into Roman Catholicism, *out*. It was because he was introducing again the doctrines that Luther had fought to throw out.

So I organized 250 people in St. Hillary's Church and we sang hymns while Canon Carr was celebrating his *Divine Service*. He went out and phoned the police and six carloads of police came. We were finally summoned for disturbing Canon Carr's '*Divine Service.*'

I said, “No, he wasn't celebrating a *Divine Service!* The Church of England describes his actions as blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits. That's what we disturbed — *blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.*”

Finally I was brought before a court in Penzance and they fought it out over three days. I was fined 10 shillings. I refused to pay the fine. “*I'll go to prison first,*” I said. Somebody paid the fine over my head and that was that.

I had much to learn. I was boldly persecuting others while standing for the *Truth!* But I lost confidence in this movement and so when I was turned out, I was very thankful to be expelled.

EXPULSED FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

I went to the Church of England College in London and for many years told people I was expelled for standing for truth. It was only in recent years that God showed me I should take the blame, not for standing for the truth, but for getting involved in the first place.

I was expelled in 1934 for embracing the doctrine of tongues and I was out. That brought me to a state of *emergency*. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where to go. I had all kinds of experiences for the next ten years.

Like Jesus, I've learned obedience by the things I've suffered. (Hebrews 5:8) But my suffering often took on a different form than His. Often, it was the result of my folly, my mistakes, my pride. And yet, in His mercy, He kept me.

CHAPTER 6

FOLLY AND FALLS HOW GRACIOUS GOD CAN BE

In the hour of our failure, we prove His mercy and His grace. "The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psalm 34:7) God is positive with the negative. And all my negatives only glorify God. So I'm not afraid to have the truth, because the truth is the glory of God.

You cannot purposely prove God in your folly or in your mistakes. You can't blatantly quote Scripture and say it doesn't matter what I do, "He goes before me and He's my rear guard... *I'm invincible, I'm protected.*"

But God **is** in all things. "For of him, and through him, and to him, *are* all things: to whom *be* glory for ever." (Romans 11:36) He's in my mistakes. He's in my accidents. *I'm no accident.* He's in me. It's a mystery isn't it? A glorious mystery!

When I say I proved God in my folly, I mean I proved His mercy. I proved His grace. I proved His everlasting arms hold me up... and that, by His mercy.

THE HAND OF GOD

I remember I had been away to take a meeting outside of New South Gate. In those days, I would carry a piano accordion around in one hand and in my other hand, I would carry another case. I even carried a Young's Analytical Concordance and a big Bible. Here I was with two big cases, piano accordion in a case and heavy books in the other case. The veins used to stand out on my arms as I carried these!

I went to a meeting at Zion College where all young men loved to go, all the *big men* in the Pentecostal Movement preached there, Smith Wigglesworth, Willy Burton, Donald Gee and many more. While they spoke at these meetings, the amazing thing was they would give some of us little

fellows like me, *little nobodies*, ten minutes to speak. It was an opportunity to mingle with the big men and I wanted to be one of the big men.

After one of the meetings, I came out of Zion College carrying my two big cases. I saw my bus that would take me to my lodging. I thought, "*There's my bus!*" I didn't have to rush, they come every quarter of an hour, but you know what it is like. All of a sudden, spurred, I ran.

The bus had already stopped when I saw it. By the time I ran along the pavement with the two heavy cases, it was already moving in first gear. Now if I had not had the cases I could have jumped on easily. I was a fit young man. But I leapt in the air with two cases and landed on the platform of the double-decker bus at the same moment the bus driver put it into second gear. As my two bags hit the floor, the bus jerked into second gear and pulled forward. Now in those days, there was no back on the bus just a pole.

I fell back! That should have ended my life. Behind the bus was a stream of traffic! I lost my balance and fell back. There was no possible means but that I would fall and strike my head on the road in the midst of oncoming traffic! At that very moment, a *Hand* was placed in my back and pushed me onto the bus.

I know the hand of God pushed me in my back! If ever I had a miracle, it was then. My life would have been finished! I would have fallen backwards on the road and what the fall didn't do, the oncoming traffic would have just run over me. I certainly proved God that day.

And of all the incidents in my life, this stands out. It was not the mighty act of a man of faith. It was God having mercy upon a silly, stupid young man. *I know! I was there! I was that young man.* Nobody could ever persuade me otherwise. If ever there was a miracle—it was the most miraculous thing that ever happened to me. God says, "*Prove Me Now.*" I proved Him in that hour.

I was subdued for days and I thought, "God has had mercy on me. I was altogether wrong, I was foolish and should never have done it. *But God had mercy on me and saved my life.*"

ACT NORMALLY!

After I was expelled from the Church of England, I landed with the Pentecostal people. I finished up in London as the Pastor of New South Gate Assembly. I was asked by the Bible School in Hampstead to take over a church which had been sadly wrecked by the immorality of the last pastor.

“We can’t offer you much money, 22 shillings a week. That’s all we can pay. The church has been wrecked, many have left. We can’t even find somebody to put you up.” I ended up sleeping in a chair in the vestry for the first two nights.

On the third day, they found a lady to put me up. “She is willing to put you up for 22 shillings a week!” The treasurer would give me 22 shillings Friday night and on Saturday mornings, I would give it to the landlady. I was virtually living without money.

I didn’t have money for toothpaste or razor blades. I didn’t have money for bus fares. I was stuck on absolutely nothing and I was supposed to be the Pastor of New South Gate Church. Well it was then that I was really challenged as to what I was doing, *what I believed*.

I received an invitation to go to Walthamstow to a special meeting and I felt I should go. “Well Lord, how do I go? I don’t have any money!” *And the Lord said to me, “Act normally.”* Act normally? What does that mean, *act normally?* Well, I suppose if I act normally, I act as if I have got some money.

So in the simplicity of faith, I went down and waited for the bus believing that God would send someone along who would put the bus fare in my hand. I had no money, none. All of a sudden the bus came, I lifted my hand up, the bus stopped and I got on the bus.

My heart raged at me, “You silly fool, getting on the bus with no money, and you are the pastor of the church. It will be in all the Muswell Hill papers at the end of the week! *Local pastor attempts to ride on bus without money! Turned off bus!*”

I believed God told me to “*Act normally!*” “Rubbish! The conductor is upstairs and he will be down in a minute and coming to you and you will be turned off the bus,” my mind warred.

The bell rang, the bus stopped and I was so concerned with my own battle that I didn’t even look around. I could tell that a company of people got on the bus, they were all talking. There must have been 8 or 10 people. And here I am battling. Then all of a sudden, I hear someone say, “*Yes, Praise God!*”

I turned around and looked. Someone recognized me and said, “Hello Brother Burt. Are you going to the Walthamstow convention?” I said, “Yes, yes.” “Have you got your fare yet brother?” I said, “No, not yet.” “We will pay yours along with ours, put your money back into your pocket.” I thought, “They don’t know I haven’t any money in my pocket.”

Anyway when I got there, they asked me to speak and when I left, they pushed a 10-shilling note into my hand. *I'VE PROVED GOD*. I *proved Him* on a very tricky situation.

Well after that, things improved a little bit. They were paying me 25 shilling a week instead of 22 shillings. I did have a little bit of money while I pastored there.

“THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE GOOD SAMARITAN IS HE HAD SOME OIL AND WINE AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY.”

I reached a stage in my life where I got so frustrated. At that time, I was taking evangelistic meetings in halls. I remember at this particular meeting I said to the pastor, “Are there unsaved people here?” He looked around and said, “Oh yes, there’s a woman from the Presbyterian Church. I don’t know if she is saved or not.” I thought, “*Oh God, what am I doing? I’m preaching my guts out to a lot of people who are all saved! Why do I do it?!*”

I knew the answer. I know why I did it. The treasurer puts a little envelope in my hand at the end of the evening. And what’s in that envelope governs my life!

I thought, “Right, I’m through! I’m finished! I’m done! No more evangelistic meetings!”

I read in the Bible about the Good Samaritan and it said he “came where he was.” (Luke 10:33) He came to the broken down traveler. He did not put a big sign out in his window, *‘All broken down travelers crawl in here!’* We think we will put them right. *He came where he was.*

I decided, “That’s what I will do!” I got a trek cart and I went on trek for Jesus. I went to the market squares, village greens, beaches, race course, anywhere. I went out to preach the Gospel this way, but things seemed to dry up. Finally one day I pushed the trek cart nearly 17 miles and at the end of the day, the handle broke and everything swung off onto the road! I was fairly fit in those days, but that finished any fitness I had. *I was through.*

I knocked at a cottage door and said to the lady, “Would you give me a drink of water please?” If I had less pride, I would have asked for a crust of bread because I had nothing to eat. I think I shocked her as I drank about eight cups of water!

I came back to my mess and sat down and said, “God, what has gone wrong?” And the Voice spoke to me. “The difference between the Good Samaritan and you is he had some oil and wine and you haven’t got any.”

That was a shocking blow. I put my head into my hands. I was so broken I had to reach up to touch bottom. As I sat there at the roadside I heard a motorbike and I looked up. The motorbike stopped. I had pulled the stuff to the side of the road.

It was Aaron Datsun! He looked at me, "Brother Arthur, what are you doing?" In my pride I covered up and said, "The trek cart's broken." He got off and helped me take all the stuff into a wood close by. We covered it over with a tent.

He said, "Get on the back. I've just bought this new bike, I'll run you home." We drove on and landed with his father and mother on Walney Island. I will never forget that night, gooseberry pie and cream, salmon, scones... *ohhhh, how I ate!* I sank into bed that night as if I was in heaven.

In the morning, his parents gave me a sum of money. He said, "Before I set out on the afternoon shift in the shipyard, I'll run you back."

So I went back on the passenger seat and that was the end. With the money I had, I got rid of everything and I went and spent the rest of the summer with a brother in Knott End.

How did I prove God? *I didn't.* But I had to humble myself and learn a hard lesson and go on... to prove God in the days ahead.

God says, "I'll open the windows of heaven... *Prove Me Now.*" The Pharisee, he thanked God he was not as other men. He thought he was better and he despised the publican. How do we prove God? *How do we?!*

Well, in the hour of our failure, we prove His mercy and His grace. "The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psalm 34:7) God is positive with the negative. And all my negatives only glorify God. So I'm not afraid to have the truth, because the *truth* is the glory of God.

I HAD THIS IMPISH DESIRE TO IMPRESS HER.

I remember the time when my wife, Marj and I were courting and we were up in the Lake District at Grasmere. Like so many young men, I wanted to impress my future wife. Whilst we were there, I had this impish desire to impress her. I dived into Lake Grasmere knowing I could swim under water and hold my breath for about two minutes. In my pride, I thought I would swim right back to where she was standing and trick her that I had disappeared all together.

Holding my breath, I swam back to the shore intending to come up. Then to my tremendous frustration, I sought to break the top but it was

covered with thick weeds and I could not get through!

Frantically, I tried to break through the weeds but I couldn't do it. My lungs began to burst and turning around, I swam desperately away from the shore to anywhere I could get up. Finally with bursting lungs and gasping breaths, I made it just in time to the surface. *I nearly drowned!*

In my folly, I had nearly drowned. Things like that we don't forget! I knew I was as near going as ever a person could be. Another two or three more seconds and I would have had to release my breath and that would have been the end of Arthur Burt. God says, "Prove Me Now." I did. And it is something I have never forgotten, *my folly!*

I WAS STUCK THERE, UPSIDE DOWN WITH ONE LEG STICKING OUT!

One day, I decided to prune a plum tree in the garden. Maybe an 86 year old man should not do these things. I should have asked some of the lads to help but they were all very busy. I erected a ladder against the plum tree. The ladder was on wet leaves; it slipped and I fell backwards off the ladder! As I fell, the ladder hit a broken metal television aerial which bounced and struck me in the throat. Incidentally I fell almost upside down into the dustbin where I was putting all the pieces off the plum tree!

I was stuck there, upside down with one leg sticking out and struck in the throat saying, "*Gahhhaah, Gaahhhaa.*" I was helpless, hardly able to breathe! They heard the noise and ran from the house. Philip, my daughter's husband, picked me up and carried me into the car and rushed me to the hospital. *It was an emergency!!*

I could barely swallow water, I couldn't swallow anything solid. They kept me in the hospital for a number of days. I woke up one morning and I was healed!

I said to the doctor and nurse, "Can I go home?" They said, "Oh no, no, no. You must wait." "Well," I said, "at the end of this week, I have a ticket to go to America." They said, "You go out on your own risk." I discharged myself from the hospital and again I proved God. How gracious God can be to a man who does stupid things like climbing a ladder to prune a plum tree at the age of 86!

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT IN BLACKPOOL

This is only time I remember making such an interruption when I was ministering. I was in Blackpool preaching and I rushed off the platform

in great pain, *stomach pains*. It went away and I came back on and I continued, but then the pain came back. I had to excuse myself and rush off the platform again! When the meeting was over, I learned that some good soul, *bless her*, in cooking a meal for me, she had mistaken hyacinths bulbs for onions. *God kept me alive!*

*I've done all the wrong things, but I'm here
as a demonstration of the grace of God.*

CHAPTER 7

HE CARES...

“...and be clothed with humility, for God resists the proud, But gives grace to the humble. Therefore humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you.” (1 Peter 5:5-7)

WE MARRIED WITH NO MONEY. GOD UNDERTOOK...

As my relationship with Marj developed, twice I decided to save up money for when we got married. Twice God came to me and said, “That money is not yours, it is Mine.” Each time He directed me to give it away. That meant when God told me to get married, I actually had no provision. On our wedding day in 1940, all I had was £5 (\$25). By the time I bought the wedding ring, I was literally married with no money.

Marj’s mother was a missionary in China. When she died, Mrs. Fentiman became her custodian and took care of Marj and her siblings for a number of years.

A good lady in her church had given her son all her furniture when he got married. Soon, they had a terrific upheaval and her son and his new wife walked out leaving everything behind. And it went up for sale.

Somebody bought the lot and when we entered our first home in Stanton Hill, there was everything a newly wed couple could want for — a fire in the grate, food in the cupboard, blankets on the beds. Nothing was new, nothing to suit our pride but everything to meet our comfort.

God royally undertook for us and gave us everything when we got married. We had nothing. Twice saved up and twice it went but God undertook. God says, *“Prove Me Now.”*

OBEYING HIS VOICE. THE PRAM...

I was in a Breaking of Bread meeting at the mission on a Sunday. This was

at a time when by law every shop was shut on a Sunday, unlike today, and a thought came to me. "Go out and buy a pram." (baby carriage)

Well, what would you do if God, *not knowing for certain it was God*, came in the middle of the Breaking of Bread service and said, "*Go out and buy a pram?*" I threw it out! I thought it was a trespassing thought.

It came back and I threw it out again. It came back and I thought, "How can I get rid of this thought?" I was embarrassed with it. It was almost blasphemy in the middle of the Breaking of Bread service when I was supposed to be remembering the death of the Lord Jesus.

Finally I decided that the only way I could get rid of this thought was by leaving the meeting and obeying what I believed couldn't be God. (*Or was it?*) "I must be the biggest fool ever," I thought. I tiptoed out of the meeting.

I walked down the street confused, a battle raging inside. "Well at least, Lord, I had done what I felt I should do." I walked down through the main shopping district of Outram Street and every shop was shut. Well they would be, it was Sunday. "What a fool I am to go out to shop for a pram in the middle of the Breaking of Bread service," I thought.

I passed a second-hand shop. *There it was!* Right there, a second-hand Silver Cross perambulator, 30 shillings (\$7.50)! I said to myself, "That's it. *That's the pram!*"

But again, unbelief came in and my heart began to talk. "The shop is shut, how can I buy it?" The second-hand shop was on a corner. After looking at the pram in the window, I turned the corner and saw a van. A man was unloading the van and carrying chairs into the side door of the shop.

I went up to him and asked, "*Excuse me... Is that pram for sale?*" "Well, of course," he said, "what do you think it's in the window for?" So I asked him, "Could I have it now?" "If you have the 30 shillings, you can," he answered. I took the money and offered it to him and he wheeled out the pram. In less than fifteen minutes, I was walking up the street wheeling a pram on a Sunday morning! I didn't know what to do with it, I didn't know why I went to buy it, except *God told me to*.

I crept back to the mission. Fearfully almost, I wheeled it in through the side door and into the vestry and tiptoed back into the meeting and sat down. At the end, typically, everybody's fussing, bustling around. Mothers were pulling coats onto kids, people were talking and leaning against the walls.

The girls came around, “*Ooh, look at this lovely pram! Whose is it? Mrs. Cousins is it yours? Joyce? No? Where has it come from? I’m sure it wasn’t here at the beginning of the meeting. Whose is it?*” Nobody seemed to know.

I leaned against the wall somewhat confused. “*Arthur, do you know anything about this?*” At that moment, a girl named Lillian (whose husband had ditched her) and her little girl Marilyn came in exclaiming, “*Ohhh, what a beautiful pram! Just what I have been praying for. Oh, isn’t it lovely? Whose is it?*” “Nobody seems to know,” the others said. “Arthur do you know whose it is?” said Lillian looking at me. I said, “*Yes, it’s yours.*”

HOLY GHOST DIRECTIONS

I was walking down the street in Banbury in England, it seemed to come so clearly. “Take the first left turn and go down to the seventh house.” Again like the perambulator incident, I threw it out. *Was God saying this?*

I surrendered. I turned left, I counted seven houses and opened the gate. I walked up the path only to find the front door was ajar. I pushed it a little and I shouted, “Hello, may I come in?”

I heard a weak, pathetic voice say, “Oh yes, please come in, come through the front room, I’m in the back room.” I went in to find an old lady in bed. She said, “Oh, I’m so glad you came! I didn’t know what to do. Elsie was supposed to come and see to me. I’m so helpless, I’m so sick, I can’t do anything for myself. Would you please help me?”

I knew then why God had spoken to me. *Yes, it was God. I proved Him once again!*

THE DREAM COMES TRUE

I had a letter from a lady in Herne Bay and she said, “Brother Arthur, I had a dream of you being in an accident. I don’t know what it means. I did not want to write to tell you, but I feel impressed *of the Lord* to do so.”

I shared it with the people before the trip and wondered what to do. Do I not drive any more? The only thing I felt to do was to commit myself to God. I continued driving.

As pastor of Paddock Wood, I was taking a bus load of people to a meeting at Lambeth Hall in London, about 40 miles away. It was termed a *Glory Meeting* headed by a brother named Henry who was used of God. We had arranged to go up and I’d be the one to drive them up.

I was driving and we came to a steep hill. Approaching the hill, I put the vehicle in low gear. On my left hand side was 20-foot building. And to

my utter amazement, a lorry was coming down the hill towing a vehicle. I saw the terrified eyes of the driver as he desperately pulled out of the way. I could do nothing except stop.

On my left was a wall, in front of me was this man and there was nothing I could do. He managed to pull the vehicle clear so we did not collide, but the trailer at the back hit me and ripped the side of the bus almost from end to end. Then shock threw nearly all the people on the floor. There were no seat belts in those days.

The side of the bus had been ripped off. My little boy, Andrew, who is now in his forties, was knocked onto the floor. I sustained nothing but a huge bruise on my right-hand side. Nobody was injured! Again it could have been the end of life's journey for many of us. *I proved God again.*

IN NEED OF A BED

Many times I'd got out and I didn't have a car, so all I could do was hitchhike. One time a man picked me up and kept me a long time. I had been talking to him about the Lord as we drove. When he finally dropped me off, I found myself walking through a silent city at midnight. I was tired.

The time had got much later than I had expected and I hadn't reached my destination. Weary and tired I said, "Lord, I don't know what to do. I do need a bed." Those were days when money was scarce. It wasn't a case of going to a hotel and getting a bed.

The Lord spoke to me and said, "Your bed is at the next turn on the left." Again I questioned the Voice, but I lost my peace so I settled it and said, "Alright Lord, *I believe.*"

At the next turn, on the left was a cul-de-sac. A dim gaslight was flickering up and down as I turned into this blind alley. I walked to the end of the cul-de-sac and there stood a beautiful long-distance coach. I questioned it and I said, "*Lord, I can't!*" Then it came to me so clearly when Jesus told His disciples to go down and fetch the colt. He told them if anyone asks, tell them, "the Lord hath need of him." (Luke 19:31)

I tried the door and it opened. I walked to the back seat where there was a collection of rugs. I slept until 6 AM the next morning and then went on my journey. And I said, "*Thank you, Lord, for a bed.*"

HOME FOR BOXING DAY

For many years, I was invited to minister in Ireland on Christmas Day. In 1968, I was destined to go again. My little girl, Beryl asked, "Dad, you are

always away at Christmas time, could you stop with us for one Christmas?”

I was challenged. I talked with the people in Ireland. I asked to be allowed to speak first so I could catch the plane back home to spend Christmas with my wife and my family. I ministered on Christmas night and a dear brother, drunk *in the Spirit* took me to the airport in Knock, Belfast’s old airport. He wavered from one side of the road to the other. He was very drunk in the Spirit. I got there and said, “Thank you. Now you get back to the meeting!” So they left me.

I walked up to the ticket counter and asked, “What time is your next plane back to London Gatwick?” It was snowing hard, thick snow! He said, “You don’t think you can just come in here and book a flight back to England, do you? Every seat is taken up until next Thursday. We can’t book you in till next Thursday!”

My heart said, “So much for your promise to your wife and your family! There is no hope for you getting back on time.” I thought it would be easy over Christmas to get a flight back to England. I had promised I’d be home on the late plane. I promised we would have a wonderful time on Boxing Day and we would celebrate Christmas then.

All my hopes were now dashed to the ground and I stood there. I stood there stunned. I covered up my disappointment by not going away. I said to the men at the counter, “I don’t mind sitting on the wings if you can put me in!” It was more of a joke to cover up my disappointment.

Then one of the men said, “Buddy you don’t stand any chance of a seat until next Thursday.” And the *Voice* inside said, “*Stay! Stay!*” So I stood there by the ticket counter and I heard them talking and one man said to another, “Mind you, the snow’s bad. They are closing down the airports in London.” Another said, “*You don’t say!*” “I do! You know the six o’clock flight from London? It has not come in yet and it’s now ten o’clock. I don’t know if the plane will get in. The snow’s that bad.”

Then all of a sudden another man appeared from nowhere and said, “You know the flight to Birmingham has not gone out, it has been delayed with the snow.”

I said, “Is it late?” He said, “It should have gone out an hour ago!” I asked, “Is there any room on the Birmingham flight?” He replied, “There is one seat empty.” I said, “Could I go to Birmingham?” He said, “If you’ve got the money! It hasn’t gone yet, I don’t know whether it will.”

I got on it and the plane arrived in Birmingham through thick snow an

hour later. I walked out of the airport in the blinding snowstorm at about 2 AM and I saw an old *tumbledown* truck. I waved to him and he stopped and I asked, "Are you going anywhere near London?" He said, "I'm going right into London but there is no heat. This is a refrigerated van and you are welcome to a lift if you can stand being cold."

He dropped me at Charring Cross, London and the 6 AM train to Pad-dock Wood hadn't left. They were still trying to thaw the points. I got on it and I got home. Every train and every vehicle after that was blocked in 1968 for almost a week. We had a wonderful, wonderful Christmas holiday and I kept my word to my wife and my kids.

CHAPTER 8

DAYS OF REVIVAL

That night changed my life. In proving God, I cannot avoid my folly. Now I find that the message the Spirit of God gives me is "Prepare, prepare!" The whole issue is not having revival, but handling it. It's not how much of the presence of God can I have, but how much can I handle to the glory of God. Before God can do a new thing, there needs to be a humbling.

MY OLD CHURCH!

I was the youngest pastor of the London District Presbytery. There were 44 pastors who gathered once a month to discuss things that didn't matter. They wasted hours over minutes at the meetings. I was the youngest of the pastors, I represented New South Gate Assembly.

At one of the monthly meetings, they were discussing a reported revival in the Midlands. Apparently a young girl, "*A female... A female!*" went up to our beloved chairman, Donald Gee and laid her hands upon him and rebuked him, "*Except you repent of your pride, the Lord will deal with you.*"

"How dare a female... a young female rebuke our respected chairman! Brethren, these things should not be." I listened enthralled with the whole proceeding. Brother TJ Jones stood up and said, "Remember what Gamaliel said, '...for if this plan or this work is of men, it will come to nothing; but if it is of God, you cannot overthrow it — lest you even be found to fight against God.'" (Acts 5:38,39)

They all nodded their heads, mumbled in agreement and closed the meeting. They unanimously agreed on the agenda for next month's meeting, *the Revival at Huthwaite*.

Huthwaite! I shot out of my seat! *My old church!*

When I was kicked out of the Church of England, I went to Huthwaite and ministered there. But I left with *hurt pride*. It was because the girls

in the back row were laughing, giggling, blowing bubbles, chewing gum, throwing toffee papers! I judged them. Talk about giving them a Word, I nearly hurled a Bible at their heads. This wasn't conducive to anointing, so I left. That's how I arrived in London.

What's God doing visiting my old church when I have left it? I decided to pay them a visit but I had to wait some weeks. When I arrived at Huthwaite, I could hear the din and the noise as I walked outside. I turned the handle and opened the door. It was like a blast of heat off the oven! Everything was happening! Some were singing, some were weeping, some were shouting, some were praying, some were speaking in tongues. It was sheer pandemonium!

I took one look at it and crossed it out. *"That's not of God!"* I turned around and started to walk away but the brother at the door recognized me and ran after me and got hold of me, *"Brother Arthur! Brother Arthur!"* He remembered me when I was pastor of the church. *"Come in, come in,"* he said. I didn't have the guts to tell him how I was feeling inside. He persuaded me, I came in and he found me a chair. I sat down in the midst of this upheaval. Everything in me was against it.

I had only sat down for three minutes when *"Bang! Bang! Bang!"* at the door. In walked this big man shouting, *"Give me my wife!"* He was cursing and swearing and blaspheming. The man at the door said, *"There's your wife on the floor, I didn't put her there. You take her."* So he strode into the meeting, stepped over one or two of the bodies and came to his wife. He started kicking her. I watched this man. All of a sudden he looked up and terror filled his face... from fury to terror in split seconds! Like a frightened rabbit, he ran out the door and slammed it. Well that impressed me.

Then all of a sudden I saw her. My thoughts were loud, *"Oh no, oh no, ooh noo..."* At the far end of the hall was Lizzie Hayes, one of the young girls who would chew gum and throw toffee papers as I would preach. She was one I had judged at Huthwaite. She had her hands up, stepping over bodies, she was coming towards me. And I thought, *"If you come near me, I will spit in your face!"*

I got up and walked around the perimeter of the meeting and hid behind some people. There I was crouched down and through my fingers, I watched her. She followed all the way around the hall and finally she stood above me. I glared at her and thought, *"Yes, you touch me and I will spit in your face."*

She put her hands on me and it was like a thousand bolts of electricity

went through me! I felt as if all electricity there ever was went through my body! I could hear every word she said above the din and the music. She was revealing every thought of rebellion in me. I could hear it as clear as if there wasn't a sound. Everything in me turned to jelly. *"Oh God, Oh God, Lord have mercy on me."*

And that night changed my life! That night so changed my life and broke me, I cancelled the pastorate in London and made the decision to come back there to the Midlands. I stopped with that group for 25 years. I was married there. I had all my nine children there.

In *proving God*, I cannot avoid my folly. I trust by God's grace in this recounting of proving God, I do not avoid the truth of my foolishness.

I DIDN'T GET SHOT AND KILLED. BUT HE SENT THE FIRE!

It was the time of a tremendous visitation which lasted a number of years. I witnessed people with fixed limbs, arms straight up and they could not pull them down. Others were prostrate on the floor and even four of us men would not be able to move these individuals. We had to wait till the Holy Spirit had finished His sovereign interview and the secrets of people's hearts were made manifest.

In the midst of this tremendous move of God, meetings went on until 1 AM. One lady who came to the meetings every night was married to the Postmaster, an unsaved man. Instead of using wisdom and letting her conversation and her manner of living speak, (1 Peter 3:1-5) this sister very unwisely stayed until the end of the meetings every night.

He, and rightly so, as an unsaved man judged that his wife was having an affair up at the mission. It finally drove him to lock his wife out and for at least two nights, she had to sleep in a shed in the garden. So my wife and I took her in when her husband would lock her out. In his position as Postmaster, he spread the word through the district that I had stolen his wife.

One night at the meeting, the mission door opened and he came in partially drunk. He staggered down the aisle with a gun in his hand. He pointed the gun at my head and I just waited to be shot dead. Obviously, he didn't shoot. But it got very, very close.

He cursed me and shouted at me and then he went into the vestry at the back where he took a can of paraffin and spread it all over the vestry and set the place on fire. *We prayed that God would send the fire, but we didn't mean it like that!* We survived and I proved God in a very, very difficult situation.

THE CHILDREN HAD A VISITATION. ONLY THE CHILDREN...

When I was at Paddock Wood, the children had a *visitation*. It was remarkable! God sovereignly only visited the children. Not one adult was touched by the Spirit. God came *to the children* and they were laid out under the power of God all over the floor.

People soon heard about the visitation. One man came up to me and said, "How did you start it?" I said, "I didn't start it, God just came." Others said, "You ought to stop it!" I said, "I didn't start it."

The Lord said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." (Mark 10:13) Another version says, "Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them." *Allow* the children...

I found myself having to carry the children out every night at 10:30 PM. Their arms and legs would be kicking frantically as I carried them and people would be pulling back the curtains wondering what on earth was going on. I'd put them in my van and drive them home as they shouted, "*Jesus! Jesus!*"

The adult congregation objected. "Are the children more obedient? Do they do their homework? Are they better children at home?" I said, I don't know. All I know is it is God." "Well you ought to stop it!" And the adult congregation ganged up against me and demanded that every child should have a responsible adult by them who would hold them forcibly on their seat and prevent them falling on the floor.

There wasn't one adult quick enough. The Spirit of God just came, *Boom! Boom! Boom!* ...and they were all down on the floor, the same as ever. Then the adults ganged up against me again, "They are spoiling our meetings, the children are in a religious mania, you ought to stop it!" I said, "Look, I didn't start it. *It's God!*"

"Well, we are not having it. We will help you to carry all the children into the back vestry." So they carried them out to the cold vestry in the back where there was no heat at all. And the super spiritual adults got on with their meeting.

At the end, I opened the door to the vestry and the place was dripping. They generated their own heat. The kids were laid out on the floor shouting and screaming, "*Jesus! Jesus!*" They were totally unconscious of where they were, lost in the Presence of God.

The adults continued to question it. They were left out. They altered their tactics and totally quenched the Holy Spirit. He moved on and the visitation was over.

*I got up in abject weakness. But as I obeyed, the trickle developed...
See, the birth up on the mountaintop, it's dew. And two little dew
drops come together and they make fellowship.
And then when they make fellowship, the two dew drops
become a trickle and the trickle becomes a rivulet
and the rivulet becomes a stream. And the stream flows
and becomes a river. And the river, with its swollen majesty
goes down to the sea and loses its identity in the sea.
It began with two little dew drops.*

CHAPTER 9

PROVE ME, TEST ME TRUST ME, TRY ME

Why He's kept me alive all these years, I don't know. I'm getting closer to 100 everyday. I don't take it lightly. And when He says "Go," I go. I've learned many lessons over the years.

HE SAID, "GO!"

I have been traveling now for over 50 years. The decision to become an itinerant preacher was not mine, it was God's. One day God said, "I want you to Go!" I said, "No." God said, "Go." I said, "No!" Then God began dealing with my stubborn heart.

At that time, I had been pastoring in Paddock Wood for 20 years. One day a lady from London arrived in the village and declared she was building a house in Paddock Wood. She fed my pride and flattered me about my beautiful rose garden. The truth was I did not design the garden, I merely maintained it. The previous owners were the ones who made it beautiful.

"Oh," she said, "I do wish you could make me a garden like yours, I'll pay you." I fell for it and I started preparing the ground. There were huge rocks on it so I used them to build a rockery. After two weeks, she came for a visit and when she saw the rockery, she said "*Oh, I hate rockeries!*"

I said, "Well why didn't you tell me before I began the work?" "I don't want it! Remove it," she answered. When the job was finished she asked, "What do I owe you?" I told her, "Eighty-eight hours at five shillings an hour." "*That's exorbitant! Ridiculous!*" she exclaimed.

I explained I spent two weeks carting rocks and digging up the garden. Yet I thought inside, "I'd like to dig a hole and put you in and put every rock on top of your head!" (...not very loving of me!) Anyway I said, "Look, I'll take *nothing* from you. *Goodbye!!*"

From that time on, I began to feel excruciating pain in my body, like razor blades cutting me on the inside and it got worse and worse. On my back, I knew I was dying. I woke up one morning at 2 AM and I surrendered to God! I said, “*Lord, I’m going.*” He said, “Yes, you are going! And if you don’t go and do what I tell you, *you’re going.*” (... to Glory!)

***AS I YIELDED TO THE TRICKLE OF LIFE, IT INCREASED.
I WASHED MY HANDS AND FACE.***

I was in bed for two weeks with thrombosis. A brother came to visit and brought a tape by Oral Roberts. He left and *the Voice* said, “Put your hand on the tape recorder and I will heal you.” And I did. I had a tremendous witness from the Spirit. But the next day, I felt twice as ill! I had to fight the battle, “*Have I ever had the witness of the Spirit to anything but to truth?!*”

“So everything my body is screaming at me now is a lie. *I am healed!*” Pathetically, I pushed one leg out of bed and felt just a little trickle of life. As I yielded to the trickle of life it increased. I washed my hands and face.

My wife, Marj came into the bedroom, “Arthur! What are you doing?!” I said, “*I’m going!*” She said, “Where are you going?” “I don’t know, *God’s told me to go.* That’s all I know.”

I walked out the house and with every step, God was giving me *just a little more strength.* I went to the corner of the street. I had no vehicle. I had very little money and with a rolled-up newspaper, I signaled and a car screamed to a stop. “*Going to London, do you want a lift?*” the driver called out. “Thank you.”

He dropped me in London and I asked, “What am I doing here, Lord?” Suddenly I remembered, “*Nelly Bennett!*” God reminded me of an invitation from a mission in London. I went there and they welcomed me with open arms and with every passing minute, God gave me more and more strength.

The trickle was becoming a rivulet, the rivulet was becoming a small stream and finally it came to what it is now. The years have rolled by. I have seen the *challenge of truth* having to be the price. *Obedying the truth... it proves God.*

AS THEY WENT, THEY WERE HEALED.

After I booked a ticket to Australia, I felt very ill. *Reason* said I had better cancel my trip. I laid in front of the fire battling whether to go or whether to cancel. I went to the Word for guidance. Turning the pages of the Bible

over, I came to the story of the lepers who went to Jesus and appealed to Him and He said, “Go, show yourselves to the priests.’ And so it was that as they went, they were cleansed.” (Luke 17:14)

Like Mary, I answered God back and said, “Lord, if I had been one of those lepers, I would have said, “Well, You heal me and I will go to the priest, that’s the order. Now You are telling me to reverse the order and go to the priest to be declared I’m healed *when my body screams I’m not!*”

So on that I made a decision to go on my trip to Australia. And I discovered that once I made the decision to go and was on my way, I was healed. It was just like the lepers, *they were healed in the ‘venting’ of their obedience.* As they went, they were healed.

I saw something from that. I saw that when Jesus cursed the fig tree, it was the next day before Peter said, “The fig tree which You cursed has withered away.” (Mark 11:20) There was a period with the fig tree of 24 hours where sense knowledge was permitted to contradict the Word of Jesus. Like flowers, from the moment they are cut and separated from their root, they are doomed to die.

MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE...

After a series of meetings in Grand Rapids, Michigan, I arrived at the airport in Minneapolis. I had arranged to telephone some friends upon arrival. I left my two bags near a seat in the terminal. In those days there was nothing to stop you from leaving your travel bags unattended. The telephone kiosks were in a row and all of them were open at the bottom so you could see in a moment if anyone was in them. You could see their feet.

I went into one and I put my small bag down at my feet. I got my telephone book out of the bag at my feet and I propped it up. At that moment I felt a movement at my feet. Somebody snatched my bag!

It had my tickets, my money and my passport! It was all gone! I panicked. I left the pile of coins, I left the telephone dangling and the book propped up and I rushed outside. There were hundreds and hundreds of people passing. There was no possible means of finding who had snatched my bag. It was gone! I didn’t know what to do.

I knew I was wrong in having panicked. I stood there in the crowd and I shut my eyes and said, “Oh God, what can I do? What can I do?” I didn’t know what to do. “*My sheep hear My voice.*” (John 10:27) Again it came, “Go back to your bags.”

I quickly went back to the seat where my bags were and right there in the middle of the two big bags was my little bag, right in between.

Talk about proving God, I was dumbfounded! Reason couldn't find fuel, couldn't find food. *How did it get there?* I don't know. My reason couldn't find a reason! Till this day, I don't know. I picked up my little bag, passport, money and went back to the telephone kiosk. The telephone was still dangling, the coins and telephone book were still there where I had left them.

For days I was subdued. *How? How? How?* The more I thought, "How," the more I was rebuked. I felt like Mary in the Book of Luke; I was thinking, "How can this be — seeing I know not...?"

SHARK-INFESTED WATERS IN MONTEGO BAY...

Four young men came into the meeting where I was speaking and I asked them what they did for a living. "We dive for sponges." I asked, "Where, down here in the bay?" "Oh, no, no, no," they said. "We come from the other side."

I was surprised, "That's a long way to come!" "Four miles. Just four miles," they said. "You mean to say you *swam* here?" "Yes, it is sixteen miles round but only four miles across." They swam four miles to the meetings!

I said, "Is this how you live? Diving for sponges? Aren't there any sharks?" "Oh yes plenty of sharks!" "What do you do when you see one?" "Well," he said, "if a shark comes near, I rip up his belly with this knife!"

I remembered the price Daniel paid to *pray*: the Lion's Den. That was the price. I marveled that these men swam four miles through shark-infested waters to meet with God! *The price of truth! The price of truth!*

"THIS ENTIRE GOD-BOTHERING BUSINESS... DON'T BELIEVE IN IT!"

I was hitch-hiking and a man picked me up in a *super hot* Cortina. We started talking and when he found out I was a Christian, he mocked me. He said "Bah!! This entire God-bothering business, this Jesus people! Don't believe in it!"

I knew he deliberately purposed to scare me. He shot up the hill at 60 miles-per-hour. We breasted the top of the hill and looking steeply down the other side, we saw a flock of sheep completely blocking the road. There was no possibility of his being able to avoid the flock, they filled the whole road with a lad behind them.

He screamed, "JESUS!!!" On the right-hand side of the road was a field with a gate that was swung open. He pulled the steering wheel over and we *bumped, bumped, bumped* across the field. He wiped his brow. I turned to him and said, "It's interesting. After all you said about Jesus, that's the one word, the *one Name* you shouted. I believe God has saved our lives."

IF IT IS SO VITAL IN THE ARMY, HOW VITAL IS IT WITH GOD?

What is right for God is not right for man. God knows what's good, I don't. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." (1 Thessalonians 5:21) *The only way* is to reckon that the ultimate is the *proceeding word* – that man shall live "by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God." (Matthew 4:4) And the proceeding word is the *proceeding* word, it's *now*. And it can cover contradictions.

Now in the Army, the soldier has to obey commandments. "Halt!" But he doesn't halt forevermore. "*Quick — March!*" ...which is a contradiction. Now he doesn't halt because he thinks it's a good idea to halt. And he doesn't march because he thinks it's a good idea to march. He halts and he marches *at the command of another*.

And his whole life now has to be *commanded*. The Commander, the General, the Sergeant... and it's an entirely new way of life. In *Civi-Street*, he did as he liked. But now he can't even get up when he wants. The bugle announces what time he should get up. The Sergeant comes, "ATTENTION!" You're not even permitted when you listen. You're commanded. "*Attention!!*" You go for your breakfast *at a time*. You're commanded until the moment when you're commanded not to and someone says, "Stand-at-EASE!"

Now unless you recognize the vital importance of obedience, one day it may cost you your life. "Halt! Who goes there?" "*Quick — March! Left, Right, Left, Right, Left, Right...*" You can't even put your foot down when you want. Once you join the Army, the ultimate goal is *life or death*.

It's entirely different from the way you lived in *Civi-Street*. From the moment you're commanded to awake, the bugle will call you. The Sergeant doesn't say, "Excuse me, may I have your attention?" Oh no. "ATTENTION!! *Quick— March! Left, Right, Left, Right, Left, Right...*" It's all commands. And you're commanded every moment unless you're commanded not to be commanded. "Stand-at-EASE!" Then there's another word, "Dismissed!" Now for a little while, you're not under the commander.

If it is so vital in the Army, how vital is it with God?

CHAPTER 10

LISTEN TO HIS VOICE

Prove Me Now. How do we prove God? Obviously to a great extent, it's by His Voice. Living by faith is not living by faith in the people of God but living by faith in the God of the people. Where the appointment is, the provision is. So the provision becomes a means of guidance. If there is no provision, is there any guidance? Jesus says, "My sheep hear My voice."

THE APPOINTMENT IN ETHIOPIA

Many years ago, God sent me to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. I took the plane and had to change in Rome.

In those days, all travelers had to have a vaccination every three years against smallpox. The certification was stamped at the back of every individual's passport. When I got to Rome where I had a connecting flight to Addis Ababa, the airline official said, "Do you know that your smallpox certificate ran out last night?" "*Oh no, no. Surely not!*" I said. He pointed and said, "There it is!" I replied, "I'm so sorry. I'll have it seen to right away."

He said, "You most certainly will. You can't go past me without a smallpox certificate." Rather confused I said, "But you're not saying — I'm so sorry, *you're not saying you're going to send me back to London!*" "That's exactly what I'm saying," he echoed. "You can make your choice. You can go down into the city of Rome and go into quarantine or you can go back to London."

I was challenged. Had God sent me? Had I heard *His Voice* to go to Ethiopia? I was faced right away with this issue: *Where the appointment is, the provision is.* I was now stuck.

This man barred my way. I stood there and began to challenge myself. "Had God sent me or not?" I went back to the little office where he was and said, "I'm so sorry. I do apologize and I promise you I will have it seen to as soon as I can." He said, "I told you, you are not going to get past me

without a valid smallpox certificate.”

I flung myself against a wall opposite his little office, “Lord did I hear *Your Voice*? Did You tell me to go? I believe You did.” I went back again and said, “Let me say again I apologize and let me offer again to get a vaccination as soon as I can.”

He turned on me, “Will you go away?!” The Spirit of God quickened his two words, “*Go Away*.” So I did! I walked past him down the gangway and got on the plane.

My heart began to rebuke me, “Now look what you have done. Now you are in a mess!” But I believed I heard God speak to me when he said, “*Go away*.”

I remembered the battle (recorded earlier) when I sat at the bus stop with no money and my heart was shouting at me, *storming at me*. Now again the same heart was shouting at me. “*You fool, now look what you’ve done, you have gone outside of the law. What will happen when you get to Addis Ababa?*” I believed I heard God speak to me. I believed I heard Him say, “*Go Away!*” “*Don’t be ridiculous!*” I heard my heart say, “*That was just your thoughts.*” “It wasn’t, I heard His Voice.” “*You didn’t!*” “I did!” “*You didn’t!*” “I did!”

The plane landed in Addis Ababa. I struggled and wondered what would happen. I could see David Milton through the partition where you pick up your luggage at the airport. He was the missionary I came to visit.

“*Hello Brother! Hello!*” he shouted. I said, “Hello David!” This was the only time in my life I had ever gone through an international airport without showing my passport. A porter who saw me waving to David came along and picked my bag up and headed to David. I followed him. He took me out, deposited my bag and got a tip from David.

I couldn’t believe it. I was through an international airport without showing my passport! My heart was quiet and then it rose up again. “*What will you do when you go back? Then you will be in trouble! You’ve no smallpox certificate and you’ve not had your passport stamped! You will be in real trouble!*” “Will you shut up?!” I said to my heart. “*No I won’t!*” “Yes you will!” So I had a real ding dong.

There was civil unrest rising up in the country. The Communists were about to take over and 260 Christians were about to be put in prison. My heart said, “You will join them. Wait until you get to the airport when you’re leaving!”

I arrived at the airport. Only passengers were permitted in at that time. I went to the check-in counter and of course, I had to show my passport. A

big noise said, “Where’s your visa?” I said, “I haven’t got one.” “You haven’t got one? You couldn’t be in the country without one,” he bellowed.

“Look Mister, I am proving I have been in the country because I want to leave it.” There was no issue about the smallpox certificate, but a visa. “You haven’t got a visa? Well, you have to get one,” he said. He asked me if I had some Ethiopian money. I said, “No, I have no Ethiopian money, only English money.” “Well you have to get it changed and go and get a visa over at that counter and come back to me,” he curtly instructed.

He folded my passport up and put it on the side. Here I was in crowds of people in a foreign place and I had to go and get a visa. When you lose your passport, it is like losing your head. Which counter was it? Where was it? Where was the *big noise* who told me I had to go and get a visa! I struggled, looking for the visa counter.

After a while, I found it, got the visa and went back to the man with my passport. “Let me have a look,” he said. I handed him the visa. He opened my passport and spread it out with my visa. I waited long and thought he was going to notice my smallpox certificate had expired! I continued to stand there as he picked up his stamp and studied my passport and spread the smallpox certificate out, but at that moment somebody from behind asked him a question. Then with a, ‘*Bomp! Bomp!*’ he stamped my passport and handed it back to me. I was through! I’ve proved *the Voice* in Ethiopia.

YOU WILL HAVE THE TRUTH AND TAKE THE BLAME.

This next incident, I proved the negative. I did not obey the Voice this time. Years ago, I had an invitation to Sweden. A brother in the Lord mentioned that a young man was going to Sweden the same time I was going and suggested I could travel with him in his car.

A group of people in Church Lea took up an offering for me to pay for my trip to Sweden, so I had no problem about provision. But in my pride, I thought I didn’t want to share the ministry with him, a very sincere man, but selfishly I judged him.

I didn’t want him. So I took the plane to Osnabruck, Germany. In my reasoning, I thought when I got to Osnabruck, I could pick a lift up and probably get a ride into Sweden. I got myself to an appropriate spot, stopped this big truck and told him I was going to Sweden.

“Yes, yes. I’ll take you all the way,” he said. So eating off the *tree of the knowledge of good*, (Genesis 2:9,17) I thought, “That’s good, that settles it,

that will get me there.”

What I didn't know was how long he would take to get to Sweden. He wasn't in any hurry and leisurely I found myself committed to this man. After an hour or two, he stopped and went for a swim in a lake! So here I was hanging about waiting. Then I found he wasn't going *directly* to Sweden. To cut a long story short we finished up in Frankfurt where he said, “Well, I will see you in the morning. I'm staying in a hotel tonight.” I was in Frankfurt, in the opposite direction of where I wanted to go.

My knowledge of German was very limited. As I went on, I knocked at doors asking for a drink of water and people were slamming doors in my face. I learned later that I was using the German for “I am drunk.”

I finished up that first night in the wood. I spread my coat on the ground and lay there. The ground was hard and though I had money, I had not been able to buy any food, I couldn't speak German. I stayed half the night in the wood and the rest of the time on a parapet of a bridge in Frankfurt.

Despondent I thought, “Lord, I've missed You.” He said, “*You most certainly have!*”

I told Him, “Well, I will go on to Sweden in the morning.” But the Lord said, “You will not go on to Sweden tomorrow morning. You will have the truth and *take the blame*. You missed Me. You could have had a complete ride into Sweden with that young man. That was My provision and My purpose. You missed it in your pride and now you're paying. *You will return and take the blame* and you won't go on.”

The next morning, I picked a lift up from a bare-footed big fat German. I managed to tell him I wanted the railway station at Osnabruck. He drove like a maniac! He swept this way, that way, the other way until he finally got me to the station. I was feeling very low, discouraged, I had missed God.

I was not only taking the blame but I was hurt about having to be blamed when I had set out so wonderfully at the beginning... only to find I had missed God!

I got to the ticket counter at the railway station and I said to the man, “What time can I get a train back to the airport?” He said, “There will be one in the morning.” “*What?!*” He said, “The last one is going out now!”

I spent most of the day rushing to get to the railway station. I had to get on that train. He said, “It's leaving now.” I said, “Can I have a ticket?” “No, the gate is shut.” I thought, “*Gate shut or not — I'm going to get that train!*”

There were about 22 platforms and I had to run most of them. I raced and the train was moving when I opened the door and jumped in. Then

my heart began to talk to me, “You fool, you’ve no ticket, you’ve jumped on the train. Serves you right, you’ve missed God, you’ll reap what you’ve sown!” I walked along the corridor and finally I found the conductor and told him I didn’t have a ticket. He gave me a ticket.

We were living in Maidstone at that time and my wife was expecting me to be away about two weeks. I turned up two days after I left and she said, “Well, I didn’t expect you.” I said, “I didn’t expect to see you so soon either. God’s rapped me over the knuckles and sent me back. I’ve missed Him and He is not going to let me cover it up by going to Sweden to tell a tale to everybody about how God blessed me in Sweden.”

I had to come home, take the blame and admit I was all wrong. Knowing the Voice obviously involves taking the blame anytime we miss the Voice.

JAMAICA. SHE HELD HER HAND OUT AND THEN BROKE DOWN AND WEPT.

The scenery changes. Another memory springs to light where I proved God. In Jamaica, a missionary brother named Noel Timmerman knocked at the door and said, “Would you like to come with me up the mountain? I am going to collect some baskets and chairs for the mission.” “Yes, I’ll come.” “Oh,” he said, “this is Pastor Oscar Collie.” We met and we greeted and the old vehicle humped and bumped up the mountain. There were great big caverns in the road!

We fetched the chairs and we came down to Falmouth, Trellawney by the side of the Caribbean. Noel said, “I’d like to visit the orphanage here, just for a few minutes. You don’t mind do you?”

As we entered the orphanage, many little black children with great big eyes were staring at us, the white men. While there, the Voice (*His Voice*) spoke. (*Oh dear, this Voice!* It was so often unexpected and often unwelcome, like now.) When I saw the matron of the orphanage, a little American lady in her mid-sixties, God said to me, “Minister to her.” I knew what He meant – not with my lips but from my pocket.

I don’t think it would be possible now, but at that time I was on a single ticket to Jamaica. The only way I was interested in money was *towards me* and *not from me*. I still didn’t have my ticket back home! So of course I had a little argument with God which I lost. So I finally offered very generously, “Lord, I’ll minister to this woman, \$40.00.” I originally said I would minister \$10.00 but God said, “No, you will not, you will minister \$40.00.”

I slipped into the toilet or the bathroom and counted out \$40.00. I came back in and very spiritually, I decided to minister to her like Jesus said, "...do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing." (Matthew 6:3) I waited for opportunity and none came. Finally Noel said, "Well, we are going."

We got to the door step and there seemed no opportunity. Either do it publicly or do not do it at all. So I thought true humility does not mind being thought proud and I'm not truly humble so I'm over that one. *Amen.* I stuck my hand into my pocket and grabbed \$40.00 and withdrew it.

As I did, we were like three marionettes, Oscar Collie and Noel Timmerman the American missionary and I stretched out our hands to this little woman at the same time.

She held her hand out and then broke down and wept. She said "Oh brothers, you don't know what this means to me! Last night, I fed all the children and I went into my bedroom and I cried out to God. "Lord, nobody comes out this far, not even the postman. I have no money and I can't go shopping. Lord, if you are listening to me now, in the morning, *send a man!*" She wept and said, "Look what He has done! He sent three!!"

I went on my way, my pocket lighter and my heart lighter! I managed to get a ticket from Montego Bay to Miami. I arrived back and I was picked up by a brother and I went to Fort Lauderdale for three days.

FT. LAUDERDALE. ...A TICKET BACK TO ENGLAND!

While I was there, a brother came up to me in one of the meetings and said, "Brother Arthur, I would like to talk with you." He said, "I am seeking guidance as to whether I am hearing the voice of God or not. I believe I have heard the Voice but there's nobody except you who can confirm it."

That sounded very flattering. He continued, "I believe I heard the Voice and that God told me to buy your ticket back to England. Have I heard correctly or have I made a big mistake?" God says, "*Prove Me Now.*"

RIDE TO IRELAND

I believed *the Voice* had told me to go to Ireland and I decided to cross over at Rosslaire. I met somebody and sat in their car ministering to them a long time. This meant that any thought of getting to the port on time was out. I only got as far as Carmarthen and it was getting dark. I stood outside a hotel and thought, "Well, what shall I do?"

A man came out and I asked, "Excuse me, would you be going westward

towards Rosslaire?" He said, "Yes, *boyo*, I'd be going quite a long way up there." "Could I beg a lift?" "Yes, of course, *boyo*." I smelled his breath, he was partly drunk.

I said, "There is only one thing, it is getting dark. Would you drop me somewhere where there is light?" "Yes *boyo*, plenty of light now, plenty of light where I drop you!" So I got in I soon found the whole car smelled of whisky as he staggered on. Finally we got to a place along the way. It was pitch black. And he said, "Well *boyo*, this is where you and I part company. I go up the mountain 'ere and you go straight on for the boat."

I reminded him, "I did ask you to drop me in the light and not in the dark." "Always plenty of light here *boyo*, but it all goes out at midnight. Good night!" There I was stuck in blackness so dark I couldn't see my hand in front of me. I tried finding a ride as best I could but no vehicle would stop, not one of them. "*Lord, what do I do now?*"

I tried to cheer my rebellious heart up and I sang a little chorus, "*Everything is alright now, free from condemnation, Christ is my salvation, everything is alright now.*" But my heart began to get louder and louder, "Nobody is stopping!" Unbelief crept in and my heart began to talk to me. I thought, "I'll never get that boat. I don't know what to do, it is pitch dark, I don't know where I am, I don't know where I am going. Things couldn't get worse!" That's what my heart told me.

I tried to encourage myself in the Lord. Then desperately, I waved a rolled up newspaper when I saw a big beam of light. "*My goodness it's a police car!*" It screeched to a stop and a big torch was flashing in my eyes. "*What are you doing?*" enquired the officers. I began to explain to the policemen, "Well gentlemen, it's like this.... Then he dropped me off in the dark which was unexpected because he agreed to drop me by a town near some street light."

God gave me favor with the police. The first car they stopped was a doctor who was on his way to a birth so was unable to assist. Next, a cinema van came trundling along. "Yes," the driver said, "I'll give him a lift. I'll take him right down to the boat." I thanked the policemen and I got to the boat five minutes before sailing time! I just made it. God says, *Prove Me... Now!*

YOU WILL GIVE THIS MAN A HOME.

Long ago, I visited a prisoner in Stafford Jail. I had been asked by friends in Leigh if I would visit this man. He was in jail for offences against school boys. I went to visit him.

At that time, I had a young son, a school boy. I felt so pleased with myself because I visited this man in prison. God said to me, "You will not only visit him in prison, you will give him a home."

So I opened my home to this man and he lived with us for 25 years. His name was Ted Robinson and I had to trust God. I said to him, "I know why you have been in jail, I have a young son but God has told me to offer you a home."

I proved God for 25 years. Ted was a tremendous blessing. He lived with us, and many, many times he blessed us and served us and he did all kinds of jobs. For all those years, Ted was part of us, almost like our family. I thank God for his every memory, and I thank God that I did listen to Him when He said, "*You will give this man a home.*"

We must develop sensitivity to the Voice. Sometimes God just comes without any original, initial explanation.

CHAPTER 11

SOME LIVE IN CONSTANT DANGER

*I've had to prove God in all kinds of adventures. He's our Deliverer.
Whether it's Daniel in the Lion's Den or Abraham with Isaac...
wherever I'm delivered, I prove the Deliverer.*

GUNMEN IN COLOMBIA

I have been to Colombia, South America many times and by His grace, I've been at peace in the midst of tumultuous situations.

But I've certainly had some adventures! I was driving through town in Brother Randy's van as I watched a man kill another man. A man came out of a shop carrying a big carton of milk. We slowed down to allow him to cross the road in front of us when another man came up and put a pistol to his head and shot him dead.

We stopped of course, and a crowd gathered. They didn't send for an ambulance, they didn't send for the police. They completely blocked the road and just stood around the dead man talking and discussing. We had to wait. We couldn't go, we were blocked. Different countries, different cultures...

Again in Colombia on another day, a man took a van right across the road and completely blocked it. He got out and marched up and down with a gun!

Many times, I proved God in South America with bandits, drug addicts and killers. Life was never dull! And I find the people there are very hungry for God.

THIEVES, BANDITS, RAPISTS, RATS... IN JAMAICA

I've had to prove God in all kinds of adventures in Jamaica for over a quarter of a century. I was visiting some missionaries there one time and in the middle of the night, I heard our Volkswagen start up. By the time we all got out of bed, it was gone. It was stolen.

Life was full of challenges in Montego Bay. Bandits banged on the door of the Center where we were staying one night at one o'clock in the morning. A man went down to open the door. "*Open the door! It is the Police!*" He opened the door and the *police* came in but they weren't the *police*, they were bandits.

The police there were so corrupt. When we reported it at the station we also found that they were totally anti-British. I wondered if they were the perpetrators and if they were the ones who took everything in the middle of the night — *everything!* Even the missionary's little nine-year-old girl was raped that night.

On another visit to Jamaica, I remember sleeping with my wife in a place in Kingston and hurling boots and shoes at the gnawing rats. Then I had to get up in the middle of the night and collect all the boots and shoes and start all over again. We would get about a quarter of an hour's sleep and then rats would start again.

AN INCIDENT IN BETHLEHEM...

Amongst my many visits to Israel, this memory stands out. I was in Bethlehem with a company of believers who had gone into a little shop to buy souvenirs. I had been to Israel many times before so I waited for them outside the shop. Three big-bearded black Arabs approached me, attempting to sell their wares which included rosaries, crucifixes and so on.

I told them, "Look, if I had all the money in the world, I wouldn't buy those things. I don't believe in them!" They continued to pester me. I walked away; they followed me. Finally they got me in a corner and one of them felt my right hand pocket where my wallet was. I didn't know what to do. My heart was going *Boom! Boom! Boom!* The Spirit of God came on me. I closed my eyes and *ripped* out a message in tongues. It was tremendous! When I opened my eyes, they had gone.

When the rest of my party returned, we boarded the bus. The bus was about to start when the big-bearded Arab jumped on the bus and started pestering the people to buy souvenirs. The driver shouted to him, "I'm going now, *get off!*" But the man walked down to the middle of the bus, pointed his finger at me and said, "*I know you, Arthur Burt,*" and then jumped off the bus.

How he could have known my name, I haven't a clue. I was reminded of the young woman in the book of Acts who declared to the disciples their identity and I thought, "*Yes, I've proved God again.*"

THE ETHIOPIAN WHO FOUND US...

Immediately after I left Ethiopia, the Communist party took over the country and put 260 Christians into prison. One of them was an Ethiopian teacher called Herriot.

When Herriot got out of prison, he got out of the country and came all the way to England. All he knew was there was a man named Arthur Burt in a town called Paddock Wood, somewhere in England. He was a precious brother in the Lord and found his way all the way from Ethiopia.

He landed at our house and stayed with us for about nine months. *Precious Brother!* He got a very responsible job in London when he left us. He could speak English and the Ethiopian language.

I'M A BLUNDERING IDIOT IN JORDAN!

Memory takes a big leap now to Jordan. I was holding meetings in Jordan while staying with Bob Prather. He was responsible for all electrical and phone equipment in the King's palace in Jordan. At that time there was no connection between Jordan and Israel. I believe any post or mail or messages had to go all the way from Jordan to England and England back to Israel.

Bob said, "I have a number of contacts in Israel and I wondered if you would act as postman and deliver some parcels for me?" I agreed. So I took them and crossed the Allenby Bridge and met up with a Canadian evangelist who put his car at my disposal for a week and I delivered all the letters at that end.

When I was leaving for Jordan to fly back to England, the Canadian brother asked if I would act as a courier for him to Jordan. I agreed. He loaded me with some parcels. He assured me that everything was alright. "Where's your faith?" he asked.

I got in the limousine and arrived back at Bob Prather's in Jordan. One of the things the Canadian brother had given me was a Bible with instructions for Bob to give it to King Hussein. He said, "What's the matter with this crazy man? The King's got enough Bibles! He doesn't need any more. The man is crazy! Let's see what else you've got? This? What's this?" I said, "I don't know. I've just been acting as postman."

He ripped it open and he exclaimed, "*Good God! God looks after His blundering idiots!* I mean what I say! If anybody had opened this inflammatory political thing, I mean, this man needs his brain examined! Fancy expecting you to carry that! *If the contents of this letter had been opened you would have been in prison for four years at least!!*"

He said, “God takes care of His blundering idiots!” Well on that issue, I found I had *proved God... now!*

HITCH-HIKING IN SCOTLAND

I traveled thousands of miles hitch-hiking through Scotland. Once when I hitched a ride in Ecclefechan, I was sitting beside the driver in a lorry. Suddenly a car cut out in front of us and my driver *desperately* had to leave the road. He plunged through a hedge and on the other side of the hedge was a 40-foot drop to the river. The truck tipped forward and my leg was trapped by the gear.

The driver crawled out, cursing and swearing at the man who disappeared. There we were with the front wheels dangling through a hedge and the possibility of a 40-foot drop. He got out and said, “Well mate, you will have to take a chance. I’ll try to get back on the road. I’ll stick it into reverse.” I could not move; I was trapped. Thankfully, he brought it back on the road.

God took us as far as the cliff and let us hang over with wheels dangling. But I lived and the man went away with a seed planted. God says, “*Prove Me Now.*”

A TERRIFIC COLLISION IN ENGLAND

Another time, I was hitchhiking down to some meetings held by a brother called David Greenow in Portsmouth when we were involved in a terrific collision. The radiator burst and steam shot up in the air. A huge television in the back of the van hit me in my back and I found I could hardly move my legs. It had hit me right in the seat of my spine.

The driver was panicking; the radiator was hissing and steaming. The man he collided with was shouting and they both got out and were arguing and fighting. I was in much pain, nobody bothered about me. I was only a hitch-hiker, I didn’t come into it. As the men argued, I crawled under a nearby bush and lay down on my back.

And I said, “Lord, what are you saying to me in this? I have no rights and I can barely move except in great, great pain. What do I do about it?” I just laid there. Time passed by. What happened, I don’t know for I had crawled into the bush.

Finally with much pain, I got up and traveled on from Arundel to Portsmouth. I picked another lift up and they got me to where the tent was. As soon as I got to the tent, I asked David and one or two of the brethren to

lay hands on me *in Jesus name*. They did. Two days later I was swimming in the sea! I proved God once again.

SOUTH KOREA, SO REAL FOR GOD!

Memories keep rolling in. This time, I was going out to Cho's church in Korea. I arrived at the airport and we were driven to Cho's church which was reputed to be the biggest church in the world.

When I got out of the car, my foot got caught in the handle of the holdall and I tripped. So my introduction was *flat on my face!* They must have thought this man is in a hurry to greet the biggest church in the world, he's prostrating himself on the ground. But I fell and I cut my leg and it was bleeding badly. Eventually I got to the hotel and they helped me with it.

I was there for a number of days and I ministered there. I remember being awake at 1 AM in the hotel and hearing music, hearing people singing! I pulled on some trousers and a sweater and followed the music and finally discovered a building with about 1,000 people in it. There were about 20 women with babies in their arms standing around the walls of the building. It was packed! They were worshipping God at one o'clock in the morning! I was impressed!

I went to another meeting that didn't begin until 10:30 PM. Why did it not start until 10:30 PM? Well they were waiting for the last company to get out and as they got out, another 10,000 got in! I think I left about 2:30 AM to go to Hong Kong, but all the time I was there I was *profoundly impressed*.

I went up 'Prayer Mountain.' I ministered at some of the meetings and I asked myself a question. "*Are these people more spiritual than everyone else in the world?*" How is it that at 1 AM in the morning they are hungry for God? They put us Westerners to shame!

They had a fleet of buses and any time I saw a bus it was *full! Full! The people were hungry for God*. And I kept thinking, "Are these people more spiritual than we are? Yes, they are undoubtedly. But then, *why?*"

I began to find out a number of things. South Korea is a nation of young people. All the old people are dead. They live in constant danger. They are living on a time bomb just 25 miles away from North Korea who claim to have *the Bomb*. North Korea makes no bones about it with their threatening attitude, "We've got it; we're not afraid to say it. You touch us and you'll know it!"

The South Korean government discovered a long, long underground tunnel coming into the country from the north. North Korea purposed to use the tunnel to invade into South Korea but they defeated the plot and blew it up. When I was there, most of the shops and hotels were going underground. It's safer.

I observed a huge runway. I mean it was a great big road, not just *at* the airport but *from* the airport right to where the church is! It would take three or four minutes to cross over that *runway* road! It was there for instant action whenever it is needed for evacuation to safety.

They're a people filled with Godly fear. They turn up for meetings at any time. They told me Billy Graham came and ministered to literally a million people at one time. They said they erected a metal construction towering 60-feet high for him and dropped him by helicopter.

At each side of the huge runway, there is a road. The runway is there for emergency as I mentioned. And it's designed to allow planes to come right to the city or to leave the city. I also observed that air museums were replacing out-of-date planes with modern planes. And I thought, "*Why?*"

Then I began thinking of all of us back at home. If we knew the enemy was only 25 miles away, would we be more spiritual? If we knew our carpets, furniture, home, house, children... that *everything* could be destroyed within an hour or two, would our churches be filled? Would our hunger increase?

These people live dangerously on the edge of a precipice where their life could be finished at any time. Could that contribute to their spirituality? If you knew the enemy was within 25 miles and could invade you and destroy you, would you be more spiritual than you are? *Selah!*

CHAPTER 12

“CONSIDER YOUR WAYS” A HOUSE FOR HIS GLORY

I didn't come to Wales with any heroic vision. I sincerely believe God has sent me here. I do know how particular God is about place. God told me through the Book of Haggai to go up to the mountain, bring wood and build and the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former.

Some 40 years ago, I was holding meetings in St. Blazey, Cornwall. I was sitting in the front room of a friend's home where I was staying and casually reading my Bible in the Book of Haggai.

I read about two men, Zerubbabel and Joshua. The Lord said, “Consider your ways! You eat, but do not have enough... You clothe yourselves, but no one is warm...” (Haggai 1:5,6) You are frustrated “because of My house that *is in ruins*.” (Haggai 1:9)

I was reading this casually. It didn't mean a thing to me till all of a sudden it was as if somebody leaned across the table and smacked me on the face! “*Listen, stupid! I am talking to you!! Consider you ways!*”

And as I read in Haggai 1, I looked at the name “*Zerubbabel, the son of Shealtiel*” and every letter in *my name* leapt out of “Zerubbabel, the son of Shealtiel.” **ARTHUR BURT!!**

I couldn't believe it. If you gave me a *million pounds*, I couldn't find or read my name anywhere else in the Bible if I tried. I wasn't trying *then*, I wasn't playing “*eni-mini-myni-mo*” with God. I was arrested, almost as if God had *smacked my face* and said, “Listen stupid, I'm talking to you!”

“Thus saith the LORD of hosts; Consider your ways. Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the LORD.” (Haggai 1:7,8)

GOD WANTED ME TO BUILD A HOUSE FOR HIS GLORY.

I straightened up and kept reading. “Go up to the mountain and bring wood, and build... and the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former...” (Haggai 1:8, 2:9) *I was quickened, I was arrested, I was challenged!* And from that time, I just knew that somewhere, sometime in the future, God wanted me to build a house for His Glory.

The months and the years rolled by and I forgot the Word. But through those years, I believed everything with that Word. I resurrected it, murdered it. I punctured it, I slew it, I restored it. I polished it and put it on the mantle piece. For many years, that word in Haggai suffered a terrible mauling at my hands. The time finally came when I had forgotten all about it.

I mean I believed *everything* with the Word. But I believed it, I rejected it. I murdered it, I resurrected it. I polished it, I dusted it and finally it became Bron Wendon.

SHE THREW A CHECK ON THE TABLE FOR \$1,000.

Many years later, I was in Florida reading this Word once again quietly when a sister named Joanna Wood came into the room and asked, “Have you any more copies of your book, *The Lost Key*?” I said, “Yes.” She asked for six copies, so I gave her six copies of *The Lost Key*.

A few minutes later, she threw a check on the table for \$1,000 and said, “That’s towards your house for the Glory of God.” At the back of the book, *The Lost Key*, I put an insert in about “*A House for the Glory of God...*” and had forgotten all about it. But it was in print and it was there! I had forgotten all about that Word and that insert and now I was so enthusiastic, so excited! I thought, “I had forgotten about it!”

I went home and said to my wife, “I can’t use this \$1,000 for bananas or cereal. Joanna particularly said it was to go “towards the house for the Glory of God.”

And the next year or two, nobody sent me a *penny-piece* except that woman. She kept sending me money and I kept putting it in the bank until I had about £3,500 believing it was only for a house for the Glory of God.

I was arrested, *stopped in my tracks*, when she threw that check on the table at the particular moment I was reading Haggai again! *The very moment!* Here were two men, Zerubbabel and Joshua; they were rebuilding the temple. I had just read that and I turned over to the New Testament where Simeon went into the temple and picked up the baby and said, Lord, now I “have seen Your salvation!” (Luke 2:25) It dawned on me!

I thought like a table, *wood*, the stuff that comes from trees. I saw it! “Go up to the mountain, and bring wood.” (Haggai 1:8) This was the Word to me years before. And now I saw it, the woman at the temple was called *Anna* and *this* woman who was ministering to me – her name was *Joanna Wood!* “This is remarkable, *it’s God!*” I nodded to myself.

The result of that came years later. I bought a piece of land in Llanfairfechan, North Wales and got it all settled. This was to be “a house for the glory of God.” I got planning permission and had the architect draw up plans for building. I was traveling up from Paddock Wood where I was still the pastor.

One day, the brother I was staying with in North Wales asked if I’d like to have a look at another house in Penmaenmawr over the mountain from Llanfairfechan.

Here I am involved with planning permission. I’ve got the architects going. I’m a man ready to marry Mary and someone says, “Will you have a look at Lucy?” To shut him up, I agreed to have a look. He dropped me at the entrance of the house.

THE FULFILLMENT OF HIS WORD

As I walked up the drive I thought to myself, “I wouldn’t want to be found dead in this place!” Everything about it, I spat out. I turned around to go back down the drive when I saw a lady at the kitchen window. I thought, “Now I have to explain what I was doing up her driveway.” So I had my little “party piece” ready, “Oh, Good Morning, I understand your house is for sale. I was just having a quick look. Sorry I can’t stop, my friend has to be in Bangor for 9 o’clock and I’m with him.” I’d got my “party piece” all ready.

But she opened the door and held her arms out and said, “Brother Arthur!” I said, “Do you know me?” She said, “Of course I know you! And I’ll tell you something else! I prayed for 12 months that God would send you to this door. I’ve heard you minister, I’ve got tapes and one or two of your books.”

Everything in me rebelled. I fought God for four days and then finally I surrendered. I gave the other property away and bought this home in Penmaenmawr. I have been here at Bron Wendon in Penmaenmawr for more than 26 years. And over the years, the Word has come to pass... and still lives.

CHAPTER 13

BEWARE OF THE WILES... LET GOD BE TRUE!

We once believed in fighting the devil. But as God brings more light, we learn to resist the devil by yielding to the Spirit of God. The greater includes the lesser. It is the same principle as plugging in and switching on. The greater includes the lesser. You don't have to bother with the lesser. When you yield to the Holy Spirit, you automatically resist the devil. The greater includes the lesser.

Do I have to wrestle with the devil or do I nestle in the Everlasting Arms? *Surely the greater includes the lesser!*

“Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same....” (Hebrews 2:14) Children *do* take after their parents in looks, etc., according to their genes. Jesus didn't lean out of heaven. He came down to earth. He was born in a manger. The Son of God became the son of man. He “took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.” (Hebrews 2:14)

We can apply the governing factor of *time* as we did with the *riddle* earlier. Let's see what *time* does, “...Through death He might destroy him that *had*....” (Hebrews 2:14) *Had* declares a principle. *Had* nullifies and cancels out *now*. The devil *had* the power of death. It does not say the devil *HAS* it.

In the *now* of God, which is *now*, revelation makes me see that the devil lost his power. Jesus says, “All power is given unto me....” He said, “All authority has been given to Me in heaven and on earth.” (Matt 28:18) How much is *all*? 100%.

How much power has the devil got? He only has what you and I give him back again. Because Jesus took it from him. *We give him back the power through fear.*

PEOPLE GIVE THE DEVIL BACK WHAT JESUS TOOK FROM HIM.

Hebrews 2:14,15 shows us that the Lord destroyed the one who had the power of death to “deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.” Yet people give the devil back what Jesus took from him.

When Jesus died on the cross, He did not accomplish it. *It was when He rose again that He destroyed the power of death.* All mankind must die. “And as it is appointed unto men once to die...” (Hebrews 9:27) *But this Man rose again!* I am not saved by His death; I am saved by His death *and resurrection.*

We celebrate His resurrection at Easter. It’s not a date on the calendar. It is an eternal revelation. Jesus rose up from the grave, a mighty triumph over the grave! (Matthew 28:7; Luke 24:46; Mark 16:9, Acts 4:10...)

Notice the past tense, “*And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.*” (Colossians 2:15) “He made a public spectacle of them, triumphing over them in it.” He *spoiled* the power of principalities.

“You are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” (Colossians 2:10) Why is Jesus the head of all principalities and power? Because He “*spoiled* principalities and powers.” He conquered the powers of darkness and disarmed its rulers and authorities. He broke the devil’s power; He disabled him.

The devil’s only hope is to get people deceived. His power is gone but not his *wiles*. Beware of the “wiles of the devil.” (Ephesians 6:11) The devil uses schemes, or *wiles*, to deceive us and to get you and me to give him back the power that Jesus took from him at Calvary.

WE ARE COMPLETE IN HIM.

We are living in more light than they were 2,000 years ago. They were riding bullocks and horses. We are driving cars and trucks. *And this is more light:* We are “complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” Jesus is the head. He destroyed the power of principalities. He has taken over and He is the new head of principalities and all power is given to Him.

The devil’s only hope is to get people to believe in fighting principalities and to get them engaging in spiritual warfare in heavenly places. It is a lie of the devil. Jesus has destroyed the power of principalities and made a show of them openly. And you are complete in Him who is the head of all principalities and powers. (Colossians 2:15, 2:10) Don’t believe what I say, *test*

what I say. God has declared the end from the beginning. (Isaiah 46:10)

“For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” (Hebrews 10:14) “You are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” We have been “sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once *for all*.” (Hebrews 10:10) *Once for all!* Calvary is bigger than you and I ever dreamed and it has finished the work the Father gave Jesus to do.

MY UNBELIEF IS FAITH IN THE DEVIL.

Many will argue that they are wrestling against principalities and powers. And yes they are, but it is a lie. God permits the lie in line with those who make God the liar. If you don't let God be true and let His Word declare it, then you pay the price and God permits the devil to deceive you. So we end up wrestling against the lie of the devil.

I thought the devil was bringing bombs but he was only bringing *bubbles and balloons*. The sharp edge of the sword of the Spirit pricks the balloon and explodes the bubbles and shows it is all a deception. The devil is desperate to deceive because it is the only way he can get power.

“The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that you may know what is the hope of His calling, what are the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints.” (Ephesians 1:18) Notice it is not the *saints' inheritance in Him* but *His inheritance in the saints*.

The power of the will lies in the death of the testator. Jesus died and we are heirs. Now the Father waits for His inheritance which is that you might die that He might inherit in the saints. But the dying isn't in a coffin. It is a daily dying as we *let God be true*. And as we “let God be true,” (Romans 3:4) we begin to see these things.

Is Jesus Christ a liar? Did He speak the truth when He said, “All power is given unto Me?” (Matthew 28:18) What does *all* mean? The only power the devil has is the power that I give to him through fear which is in making Jesus Christ a liar. *My unbelief is faith in the devil*. I give him back what Jesus took from him at Calvary.

JESUS HAD ALL POWER. HE GAVE HIS LIFE AS AN OFFERING FOR SIN.

Contrary to some beliefs, Jesus did not die helpless. Peter took out his sword and aimed to defend Jesus by trying to take a man's head off. He missed. He cut his ear off. Jesus placed the man's ear back on and said,

“Peter, put your sword away. Don’t you know I have power?” (referring to John 18:10; Luke 22:51; Matthew 26:53,54; John 19:11) Peter must have thought “Well, it didn’t look like it.”

Pilate said, “Do You not know that I have power to crucify You?” Jesus replied, “You could have no power at all against Me unless it had been given you from above.” (John 19:10,11)

The Lord Jesus with the flick of His finger could call 12 armies of angels to His rescue. (Matthew 26:53) If one angel destroyed 185,000 of Sennacherib’s soldiers, (2 Kings 19:35) what could 12 armies could have done? With a flick of His finger, Jesus could have called them. He had the power but He surrendered. His life was not forced from Him, *He gave it*. He offered Himself. He died in your place and in my place.

His life was not taken from Him. Roman soldiers didn’t take His life. *He gave His life* as an offering for sin. (1 Timothy 2:5,6; Titus 2:14; Isaiah 53:10) He crossed the bridge of “*Nevertheless*” when He said, “I don’t want to drink this cup but “*nevertheless* not my will, but thine, be done.” (Luke 22:42)

He surrendered all the power available to Him to the point where they mocked Him and said, “He saved others; himself he cannot save.” (Matthew 27:42) He could have done, but He did not. That’s what Calvary means to you and to me.

HE HAD LEARNED OBEDIENCE. HE WAS ONE WITH HIS FATHER. HAVE WE LEARNED OBEDIENCE?

Internal Combustion! The power of Jesus was an internal power by the Father living in Him. In John 5:30, Jesus said this of Himself, “I can of mine own self do nothing” and then He proceeds to do *everything*. And all of this began at Cana of Galilee as John 2:11 describes. “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory,” when He turned water into wine.

Jesus had never done a miracle. He declared to Mary, “mine hour is not yet come.” (John 2:4) He was less than an hour off His hour when He said that. Within the hour, His first proceeding word came and the first miracle. “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.” (John 2:11)

Is there a Cana of Galilee for you and for me? Before Cana, He was learning obedience. (Hebrews 5:8) And that had to be *learned* before He could begin. Does this principle apply to you and me? Is the reason we are so powerless because we have not learned obedience?

“And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.” (Luke 24:49) “*Tarry ye at Jerusalem, until....*” There was something more important than the power. It was the ability to *learn obedience* in handling the power. Jesus did no miracle until Cana. Our lives have been conspicuous by the absence of that which should have marked us from the beginning, “I give unto you *power....*” (Luke 10:19)

FEAR OR FAITH?

Is the devil powerless? It’s through *fear* that we give him power. The devil is a eunuch, he cannot create. He can only imitate and he does this through fear.

Faith is given to us through our Lord Jesus. He is the “author and finisher of *our* faith.” (Hebrews 12:2) *We have received this faith.* It is our responsibility for that faith to go into the Word of God and become creative. “*He shall have whatsoever he saith.*” (Mark 11:22)

In the same way, fear goes into a lie and becomes creative when you and I believe it. The devil can’t create; he is dependent upon you and me through *fear* or negative faith. We create out of fear what the devil offers us. He cannot create, he is dependent upon you.

GOD SAID, LET US MAKE MAN IN OUR IMAGE, AFTER OUR LIKENESS. (GENESIS 1:26)

Right at the beginning he told Adam and Eve a lie. He said, “If you eat off that tree, “you will be like God.” (Genesis 3:5) See, “God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” (Genesis 1:26) So man was made like God.

The first lie of the devil was when he told Adam and Eve if they ate of that tree, they “will be like God.” (Genesis 3:5) Do you see? He told them they could have *what they already had*. They could “*be like God.*” He offered them the lie that they could be like God, yet they already were! He said they could get what they already had. When they believed they didn’t have it, *they lost it*. And that has been the principle of the devil throughout all ages.

Oh the *wiles* of the devil, the deception whereby we make God a liar and make the devil true! *Only as we humble and let God be true* do we stay clear of the devil’s web.

“The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus *will* make me free from the law of sin and death.” *Wrong!* “For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus *hath* made me free from the law of sin and death.” (Romans 8:2) “*Hath*” spells “*Got It!*”

Have I made God a liar by thinking *I can get it* when *I have got it*? If I continue to think that I still need to *get it* when I have already *got it*, then I have made God a liar. And He will hand me over to the devil's wiles, the devil's schemes, as I believe the lie because I've made God a liar. *Let God be true!* (Romans 3:4) And He says, "*Prove Me Now.*"

CHAPTER 14

THE MYSTERY REVEALED

*Christ in you,
The hope of Glory*

NOW THE MYSTERY IS NO LONGER A MYSTERY.

The Book of Colossians speaks about a mystery which has “been hid from ages and from generations, but *now* is made manifest to His saints.” (Colossians 1:26)

God says, “Prove Me, *Now*.” Now is *now*. It isn’t *then*. It isn’t *when*. It’s *now*. Here’s a mystery which has been hidden from ages and from generations, but *now* is made known to His saints: “To whom God would make known what *is* the riches of the glory of this mystery... Christ *in you*, the hope of glory.” (Colossians 1:26,27)

The Scriptures say you were buried with Him in baptism and “raised with Him through faith of the operation of God, who hath...” (*That means Done. ‘Hath’ spells ‘Got it.’*) “...who *hath* raised Him from the dead.” (Colossians 2:12) We have been forgiven. *You* being *dead* in your sins, the same as Jesus was *dead* on the cross — *with Him*, have been forgiven. The slate is wiped clean, my sins are blotted out. *Now* the mystery is made known: *Christ in you, the hope of glory.*

Jesus “spoiled principalities and powers.” (Colossians 2:15) It’s done. The principalities are spoiled. They’ve lost their power. They are now trying to bluff it out, hoping we will give them back the power that Jesus took from them. “*And* having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.” (Colossians 2:15)

“You are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” (Colossians 2:10) The devil was the old head, but Jesus is the new head. He destroyed or *spoiled* the power the principalities had. He did that at Calvary.

And this is the mystery which is now made known: “Christ in *you*, the hope of glory.” “You are complete in Him.” (Colossians 1:26,27; 2:10)

The whole issue is in *now*. It’s not in what *was*. It’s what is *NOW*. According to Colossians 2:15, Christ destroyed the devil’s power when He spoiled the principalities and powers. He disarmed them. “He made a public spectacle of them, triumphing over them in it.” The *only* power the devil has is that you can be bluffed into giving him back what Jesus took from him. But now, the mystery is revealed.

LET GOD BE TRUE.

The whole issue revolves around *now*. This thing began at the beginning. The devil spoke to Adam and Eve and told them if they ate of the tree, they would be like God. (Genesis 3:5) *There’s the lie*, because they *were* like God. God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” (Genesis 1:26)

So they were made like God. The devil deceived them into believing they could get what they’ve got. When they didn’t believe they had it, they lost it. The devil deceived them, confused them, bluffed them until *now*... on the issue of tense, *Now*.

They were deceived, so they *now* had to believe they could get what they once had got. From that time on until Christ came, all mankind was under the power that Adam and Eve had given to the devil when he deceived them.

Jesus came to bring atonement, or ‘*at-one-ment*,’ to bring man back to God. He destroyed the lie and He made both *one*.

See, the devil made one *both*. He persuaded Adam and Eve to eat of the *tree*. And the *tree* made one into two, the knowledge of good and the knowledge of evil. (Genesis 2:17)

Jesus came to make both *one*. He broke down the middle wall of partition and made both *one*. (Ephesians 2:14) He came to bring us back where we would see God in *all things*, not some things, but all things. (Romans 11:36) And now (*Now!*) I have to see God in all things.

Now the mystery is no longer a mystery. It’s clear, but only as I let God be true. (Romans 3:4) I can see God in all things as I let God be true.

“Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now (*NOW*) is made manifest to his saints: To whom God would make known what *is* the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory...” (Colossians 1:26, 27)

CHRIST LIVES IN ME.

It is no longer being *Christ-like*; it's "Christ in you." "...Greater is He that is in you..." "Father, Thou in Me, I in them..." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless... (*maybe the more... but nevertheless...*) Christ lives in me." That's Colossians 1, John 4, John 17, Galatians 2, *the Word of God*.

What does the Word say? "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me*." (Galatians 2:20) This is the mystery which has been hid but now is manifest... "Christ in you, the hope of glory." (Colossians 1:26, 27)

"Christ lives in me; and the *life* which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." (Galatians 2:20) This is the mystery, which is no longer a mystery but is *now* made manifest in His saints!

Anything less puts me back into the mystery. If I believe to be Christ-like, I am now a counterfeiter, an imitator. Imitation is what the devil does. The devil imitates.

To be *like* Jesus, as far as I'm concerned has never worked. I could never do it. I've told the story of the lady next door, my 84-year-old neighbor. When I threw the old lady out the back door years ago, I came to the end of seeking to be *like* Christ. And I said, "Oh God, I've let you down." He said, "*You never held me up.*"

LET HIM LIVE HIS LIFE IN ME.

The Christian life isn't hard to live. It's impossible to live. I believe He's saying, "I've waited for you coming to the end of seeking to be Christ-like. *Now*, will you receive this? It's Christ in you." In John 17, Jesus is praying, "Father, Thou in Me, I in them..." He is saying to us, "*As you are in Me, so I purpose to be in you.*" Thus, the mystery is declared. It's no longer a mystery.

What is it? What is the mystery that has been hidden from all generations, but *now*, *NOW* is made manifest? It's "Christ in you," (Colossians 1:27) the only hope of God getting the glory out of you. This is the mystery that was, but *now* is revealed.

God says, "Prove Me...*Now*." I'm no longer believing I have to be *like* Christ. I am believing that the indwelling Christ must take over and *live His life in me*. Not *me living my life* in me, but I'm to *let Him live His life* in me. This is the crux of the whole thing.

I CANNOT GO BECAUSE I CANNOT SEE.

Only the Spirit of God can dispel fog. He is the Head “and you are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” (Colossians 2:10) Why should I struggle? Why should I wrestle when *Another* has done it all? Christ died in my stead. He took my place. He seeks to take *my* place in me.

In nature, fog is the equivalent of being in a mystery. I cannot go because I cannot see. But the Word of God declares God dispels the fog. “The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that you may *know* what is the hope of His calling, what are the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints.” (Ephesians 1:18) “Which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand.... *Far above* all principality, and power...” (Ephesians 1:20,21)

He’s the *head* of all principality and power. God raised Him from the dead “Far above all principality...” *taking the power out of principalities!* “...and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: And hath put all *things* under his feet, and gave him *to be* the head over all *things* to the church....” (Ephesians 1:21,22)

He is the Head. The Scriptures say, “You are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.” (Colossians 2:10) Jesus spoiled principalities when He took their power from them. How did He do that? “Through *death* He destroyed him that *had*,” (*past tense*), “the power of death, that is, the devil.” (Hebrews 2:14)

Unless the devil can bluff you and me into giving him back what Jesus took from him, he’s powerless. Except a power to deceive – beware of *the wiles*, the bluff of the devil. (Ephesians 6:11) He is an imitator. He hopes that you and I will believe what he offers and put him back into power.

IT’S NO LONGER A MYSTERY. JESUS TOOK MY PLACE. HE LIVES IN ME.

God has put all things under Jesus. He’s “put all things under His feet.” (Ephesians 1:22) Why should I struggle and wrestle when *Another* has done it all? The whole principle of the Gospel is *Christ died in my stead*. (1 Corinthians 15:3) I should have, but I didn’t. He took my place and He seeks to take *my* place in me. *Substitution* – that Christ shall live His life in me instead of me living my life in me.

“*By one offering....*” One offering! No more offerings. “For *by one offering* He

hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” (Hebrews 10:14) Hebrews 10:10 says we are sanctified through the offering. “We have been sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once *for all*.” This is the completion of the mystery. This is my standing before God. He’s made me one with the Father.

I fell out. I rebelled. I ate of *the tree*. (Genesis 2:17) And I entered into the *two*. Jesus brought me back where I can enter into *one* and be *one* with the Father and see God in all things. (Romans 11:36) This is the mystery. *No longer a mystery!* It’s “been hid from ages and from generations, but *now* (*NOW!*) is made manifest to His saints.” (Colossians 1:26)

I would suggest to anybody reading this book... If this is not made manifest by the revelation of God, that you put the book down and have truth. And ask God for mercy, that He would “make known what are the riches of the glory of this mystery... which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.”
(Colossians 1:27)

How am I perfected forever? I am “sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ.” (Hebrews 10:14) I am “complete in Him... the head of all principality and power.” (Colossians 2:10) He’s the Head; God raised Him. And... *it’s all in Jesus!* (Ephesians 1:20-22)

IT’S NOT A FOGGY DAY.

I have a little illustration...

I’m driving on life’s highway. As I drive, I realize it’s a foggy day. I judge all the people who are passing me on life’s highway. “*Look at that idiot! And another! And another! Driving at that speed on a foggy day! They’ll all be in the cemetery! Serves them right, they deserve it!*”

“But wait a minute, *wait a minute!*” I pull a handkerchief out of my pocket and I wipe the inside of my windscreen and I discover it is *not* a foggy day. Those men are right; I’m wrong in calling them idiots. “I’m the idiot! It’s not a foggy day! It’s the condensation on the inside of my windscreen!”

The mystery is now made manifest. There is no “condensation...” *There is no condemnation to them in Christ Jesus.* (Romans 8:1) The mystery is made known: “Christ in you,” (Colossians 1:27) the only hope of God ever getting glory out of you. *Let Him live His life in you.*

A TESTIMONY

GEOFF BRACEY'S STORY

*“Finally, it’s not reading the Bible, it’s being the Bible. The “Word was made flesh...” (John 1:14) The New Testament church did not have little New Testaments in their back pockets. Many, many people never read the Bible, but all the people we come in contact with have to read us. Here is a man who is known and read by others. I’ve asked him to give his personal testimony and thus, **Prove God Now.**”*

...Arthur Burt

“I have known Geoff Bracey for nearly 50 years. I referred to him in a previous book as the man who was involved in witchcraft. At that time, I changed his name. But over the passage of time, Geoff has freely and openly shared the truth of his experiences to the glory of God. He is quite willing to be interviewed. In line with the title of the book, Prove Me Now, I believe now is the time for his story to come out.”

...Arthur Burt

Arthur:

God had already blessed you and met you and used you before I knew you. It was about 48 years ago when I first met you at one of the Glory Meetings in a little village in England.

Geoff:

It was an insignificant little place not many miles from Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. You would drive by it and never know it was there, but God knew it was there.

After having been mightily touched by God in one of Brother Henry’s Glory Meetings, the anointing of the Holy Ghost was upon me and God took me to that region and revival broke out in that little village.

One evening, I met three young ladies in Newark. They asked if I could give them a lift home. It was Christmas time, the decorations were up and as I went into one of their homes, I felt the presence of God come down. I didn’t know it then, but it was the beginning of the Holy Ghost move — nothing to do with me, nothing to do with anybody. It was God moving in a mighty way. I hadn’t been there more than an hour before the occupants of the house were out of bed, two young sons came repenting and giving their hearts to Jesus. Everyone stood in amazement as the power of God started to move.

We had a meeting at the church the next morning. There were only six people there but the power of God descended. That Sunday evening, the power of God descended once again and the place was packed from that time on. God started to move. People were healed in the streets — people with epilepsy, people with broken bones. Many people were saved and prophecies were given.

I remember clearly one particular *“Thus saith the Lord...”* prophecy, *“This very night, the Bell Ringer in the Church of England shall come into this church and be saved.”* That night, the Bell Ringer walked in and at the

invitation, he came forward and was gloriously saved! Today he is with Jesus in glory.

There were so many more wonderful things that happened. The meetings went on every night until 10 PM, but they carried on in the houses all around. You'd find people standing in the farmyards in the early hours of the morning holding hands, singing, speaking in tongues and the power of God coming down. Young men from these meetings went on to be wonderfully used of God and are still in the work of God today.

I would try to drive home to Cheadle, 50 miles away, and they would follow me in cars and we'd stop in Macclesfield and have another meeting and the power of God would descend again. It was during this time that I was mightily used of God and people from all over would come to see what God was doing in this little place.

I had no idea what God was going to do or would allow. But I would like to emphasize that the rest of this story comes with the motive of helping people who think they have gone beyond the pale or people who think they have gone to the place where they cannot find repentance.

Many have come to a place where they think they have committed the *unpardonable sin*. (Matthew 12:31) But God has chosen you and if God has chosen you, *His hand is upon you* and He is in the good that is happening and He is in the evil that is happening. God is in all that He might be all in all. (1 Corinthians 15:28) Now it was at this time that I met Brother Arthur.

Arthur:

The title of this book is **Prove Me Now**. How many have been used of God and have not known how to handle the blessing to the glory of God? This issue has damned and cursed hundreds and hundreds of people that God has used. Pride is the enemy of the glory of God. It is man's glory. Often, pride has been birthed out of the blessing of God. As you read this book, beware of the danger of the blessing of God. *You mean the blessing of God is dangerous?* Yes! That's where man puts his hand upon God's glory.

Remember Uzzah who touched the ark? (2 Samuel 6:6,7) Whether we like it or we don't, God struck him dead. That was God's mind. How many men have been blessed in the beginning and finally destroyed in the end? Geoff's story should encourage any man or woman who has been blessed by God and yet found themselves *unable to carry it*. Many have finished up cursed with condemnation... *out of blessing*, never finding a place of repentance. (Romans 2:4, 2 Peter 3:9)

Geoff:

Yes. I met Arthur around this time, during the Revival. One night about midnight, I was put in a position where I had to share a room with the visiting evangelist. That evangelist was Arthur Burt.

He sat down on the side of his bed peeling an orange and started to tell me about the glory of God. I had never heard the message of the glory of God in the manner that this messenger of God was about to tell me. He talked to me about pride — that if one exalted himself, he would be abased and if a man humbled himself, God would have mercy upon him and give him more grace. (1 Peter 5:5,6) I did not know at this time that I was about to go into hell itself.

Strangely enough, Arthur gave me his address and phone number should I ever need him. He said I was welcome at his home at any time.

In those days, I never had any fleshly thoughts or disobedient thoughts toward other people. I was at a place where I was enjoying the blessing of God. I was seeing God save people, heal people, and many other mighty and wonderful things were happening. But one day I looked upon a young lady as she walked by. I looked upon her form and I saw a shapely lady and I thought, “That lady has a wonderful pair of legs.” *Yes, men of God can think thoughts like that.*

But I thought, “*What? Swap what I have for that? Never!*” Right there at that point I exalted myself, I left God out. I should have acknowledged the Lord and remembered His grace. *But for the grace of God, there go I...* There’s no good thing in me, in any of us. It’s the Lord, He gives us grace to overcome.

Not long after that thought, I became involved with this young lady. Now the man that had been used by God to bring such blessing to this little village and to the people of God in Staffordshire was about to embark into failure because he had exalted in his heart!

I ended up putting a ladder up to this young lady’s window. She climbed down with all her belongings and we ran off. We ran away — wanting to get married. The only place I knew to go to was Arthur’s at Paddock Wood to see if he could help me.

Arthur:

There was a knock at the door. It was raining. I opened the door and standing in front of me was a couple, distraught and distressed in every way. I invited them in and then the explanations followed. I put them up for the night, Geoff on a camp bed downstairs and the young lady in with my daughters, upstairs.

Very soon, the telephone was ringing. The girl's father had alerted the police and finally got through and found them.

I was accused of helping them in their problem. I told the brother who owned the house we were staying in that I was seeking to deal with the situation as unto the Lord. Weeks went by and finally the situation broke. The young lady went home and I was left with Geoff.

I took this broken distraught man to Euston Station and put him on the train and that was the last I saw of him. At that point I did all I could and we lost touch.

Geoff:

I made my way back to Staffordshire, but I had a void in my life. And you know if you have a void, something's got to fill it. No matter who you are, if you have a vacuum, something will be sucked into that vacuum.

I remember the story Jesus told of the man whose house was cleaned and garnished and the evil spirit was thrown out and how that evil spirit came back again with seven worse ones. The last state of that man was worse then when he started. (Matthew 12:43-45; Luke 11:24-26)

I was deeply wounded through my own sin, but it was my pride that brought it about and brought me down. My heart and the devil were telling me that there was no place now for me to go. To back this up, the church, the body of Christ was rejecting me. They didn't want me, I was an embarrassment. I've heard it said that Christians are the only people who shoot their wounded. It's sad but true in some religious circles. So this left a vacuum, a void in my life.

It was at this time that I met a man called Gerald Gardiner. He was reputed to be the head witch in the world, the founder of Wicca. He was on the Isle of Man. I went there to meet him and found myself being initiated into witchcraft. How did this happen? How did a man who was mightily used of God end up in witchcraft?

When you are in the depths of despair and you listen to your own heart, the devil does not spare you one mite. He comes and brings all sorts to you. One of the most deceptive things in witchcraft is this — believe it or not, they say the devil does not exist! They say the devil is an invention of the Christians, that there isn't really a devil.

So it was at that time I found myself initiated with a mark which I still have on my arm. I have tried to remove it with an operation but some of it is still there. I have questioned myself about this mark and the Lord told me, "Son, when you are changed in a moment, in a twinkling of an

eye you will have a brand new body. (1 Corinthians 15:52) All which is not of Me will vanish." I've settled it. But it is there, a reminder to me of what happened!

Arthur:

That's right, like Paul's thorn in the flesh, "...lest I be exalted without measure." (2 Corinthians 12:7)

Geoff:

I look at it and consider the pit from where I was dug out of and the Rock on which I now stand and I am thankful to God. And the testimony I now share is to serve as a warning to all who are tempted. You can be in the greatest blessing one day and then the next day be brought down to earth because you exalted yourself in your heart. There is no grace for pride. "God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble." (James 4:6)

There is power in the Blood to remove every sin, every stain, and not only remove it but to put it into a place as if it never happened. There is power in the Blood to blot it out and to be forgotten by God! He'll forgive you. But there is no power in the Blood to cleanse for pride. The only answer for pride is that you humble yourself under the mighty hand of God. (1 Peter 5:5,6)

Arthur:

In the purpose of God, I was invited back to the church in the little village where the Revival broke out. While I was there ministering, Geoff came back and peeped through the window and saw this fellow Arthur Burt ministering. What he saw, he didn't like and he decided to tiptoe away. The crunching of the stones around the mission alerted the brother at the door. When he opened the door, he saw the retreating figure of the man who had been so blessed and used of God in days gone by.

They told me after the meeting that Geoff had been there. I said, "Where is he?" They thought he might be up at a house by the church so I followed them up. They went in the front door and I thought if Geoff didn't want to see them, he would run out the back door. So I stood under a tree in the dark, believing Geoff would come out that way.

I flung my arms around his neck when he came out and I said, "*Geoff! Hallelujah!*" He gave a frightened yell. We went back to the house and he was trembling, fearful, almost bordering on insanity. We gathered round and sought to minister to him.

I pulled out a New Testament and opened it to read the story of Diana of the Ephesians in the Book of Acts. When I came to the words about

the men who made images and they said "...this our craft is in danger," (Acts 19:27), he clutched the table and terror was written all over his face. He believed these people in witchcraft had the power to destroy him, to kill him.

From that time on, by God's grace, I followed him. I don't remember all the incidents but I followed Geoff again and again. I sought him with mixed feelings and without much encouragement from his side. Even when I called at his house, his wife would not let me in but shut the door in my face. I sat on my suitcase and waited until he came home from work.

Geoff:

After I left that little village, I was in such a dilemma. God had once used me, but now I found myself involved in witchcraft. I was in such turmoil. Arthur did not know that these people involved in witchcraft can reach you if you are not under the Blood of Jesus. They can work up and dance up power through the devil. They can reach you anywhere, any distance. They can direct that spiritual power. And combined together in a full coven, they can send that power to wherever they want.

If they have something from that person, they can find that person. And one of the oaths they take in witchcraft is dreadful. It's an oath against your own children, your spouse, your family, against everything you have. If you break that oath, you give them the right to seek after you and finish you.

Arthur:

Did I understand from you that they work up a cone of spirit power?

Geoff:

They worship in a circle that is nine feet in diameter. The circle is drawn by a special sword dedicated to the craft and purified and consecrated by their holy water. Then they proceed to call down from four corners all the spirits from the north, the south, the east and the west. They call them down into the circle and sometimes they manifest themselves. And the way to give power to these spirits is to give them one's body and the power that is in one's body.

To do this, some take drugs and dance to music and drums and dance a frenzied dance. Then they would go round and round and round and the power would come down in a cone and you can sometimes see it or feel it and be aware of its presence. The high priest would give a command and each witch would point to the place on the compass where the dancer is with his own athame (a black-handled knife) and utter chants and the

power flows through you and goes off like a gun to the given point. That is why I was afraid.

One night I was doing this and *just as I had felt the power of the Holy Spirit moving in my life in days gone by*, I felt the power of the devil go through my body. It frightened me! And I knew then, I was in trouble. I started to be in turmoil. That's how I ended up once again in the little village at the church where Arthur was preaching. *I went back to be at the place where God had once used me and blessed me to contemplate if I can get back to God.*

Arthur:

Later on, the day came when we went to find Geoff again. We went to the place where these people would meet and walked into this coven. There was Geoff on the brink of insanity and full of fear.

Geoff was trembling and fearful. At that moment, the Holy Ghost hit me and I began to sing, *"There's no power like the POWER OF THE BLOOD. No power against it ever stood!"* Geoff clutched my arm and pleaded with me not to speak about *the Blood* in this place. I replied, "If there is any *hoo-doo* here, I'm putting the *hoo-doo* on the *hoo-doo*!! I'm binding this curse now!" I believed it broke when I sang the song about the Blood.

Jesus took the power. He destroyed him that *had* the power. The only power the devil has now is that which we give to him.

Geoff:

When they came into the room, it was set up ready for a witchcraft circle. A circle was drawn, the altar was raised and the tools were out ready for a ritual.

That night I found repentance and came back to Jesus. It was the night when the Blood of Jesus was applied that I was set free and the power of the witchcraft circle was broken! Hallelujah! It was broken that night.

Three of us, Jim Partington, *who is in glory*, Arthur and I began to dismantle the paraphernalia of the craft. We took all the books and instruments of the craft and broke them in pieces and burned all that could be burned. *They had to go!*

If you have anything that refers back to when you were under the control of the devil, *it must go.* We went out to a place in the country that very night and *in the Name of Jesus*, we cast all the paraphernalia into the river. The Holy Ghost hit me and I was running round with great joy shouting my head off and speaking in tongues!

We turned round to see a policeman watching us, so we hurried off back to the car. From that day to this, God has had His hand on my life.

Let me refer to the Word of God to substantiate this story which might seem so incredible to you. I mean that a man can be in the height of blessing, go off and serve the devil, then come back again and be used of God. Since my deliverance, God has used me all over the world and He's used me in the deliverance of others involved in witchcraft.

Once in India, from mid-day to sunset nearly everyday, I baptized people who repented and turned away from their old life, from their past. They surrendered to Jesus and burned their idols. They were hungry for truth.

Can a man who fell into such depths of sin come out and be used like this? *Well, yes!* I am here as a witness. God is still using me wherever the door is open to minister. What God has done for me, He can do for you.

Look at this in the Scriptures. Long ago, a king in Israel called Manasseh did evil in the sight of the Lord. He practiced witchcraft.

"Manasseh *was* twelve years old when he began to reign, and he reigned fifty and five years in Jerusalem: But did *that which was* evil in the sight of the LORD, like unto the abominations of the heathen, whom the LORD had cast out before the children of Israel. For he built again the high places which Hezekiah his father had broken down, and he reared up altars for Balaam, and made groves, (*wooden images*), and worshipped all the host of heaven, (*This is what the witches do.*) and served them."

"Also he built altars in the house of the LORD, whereof the LORD had said, In Jerusalem shall my name be for ever. And he built altars for all the host of heaven in the two courts of the house of the LORD. And he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom: also he observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards: he wrought much evil in the sight of the LORD, to provoke him to anger." (2 Chronicles 33:1-6)

God, with His grace, brought this king to a place of repentance. And it is only the goodness of God that brings you to repentance. (Romans 4:2) Whether you've been a witch or whether you've never known anything about witchcraft at all, *without Christ you are lost!* It is only the goodness of God that brings you to a place of true repentance.

"Wherefore the LORD brought upon them the captains of the host (*the army*) of the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon." (2 Chronicles: 33:11)

That's where I was. I was bound with fetters and bound to the devil!

God was using the devil to do something in my life. Believe it or not, that's what happened and it's true. That's how I ended up in that church farmyard with Arthur — *frightened because I was bound*.

“And when he was in affliction, he besought the LORD his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, And prayed unto him: and he was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the LORD he *was* God.” (2 Chronicles 33:12,13)

God gave him back his kingdom, this king who had gone into witchcraft. Every king had to be separated and holy to lead Israel, but he went into witchcraft and actually brought it into the house of the Lord. There seemed to be no hope for Manasseh. *But there was!!* His secret — *he humbled himself greatly in the sight of the Lord*. (1 Peter 5:6)

This happened to me when Arthur came into that coven, *he cursed that curse*. He pleaded the *precious Blood of Jesus*. I was set free, running round the town-hall in Bolton in the rain, speaking in tongues and glorifying God. And God started to use me to win men to Christ again. *If God can cause you to stand on the place where you once fell, then the Glory of God is safe*.

Wherever I go now, my message is “*Christ in you, the hope of glory*.” (Colossians 1:27) I give God all the glory, there is nothing in me. There is nothing in us. He chose us, we didn't choose Him. If you want to be delivered from *whatever* you are in, it's the *Blood of Jesus* that has the power and anything can be broken in your life.

Arthur:

Jesus made captivity captive. He cursed the curse. He bound the bondage. And that which would devour is devoured! Christ died on the Cross of Calvary, *yet He lives!* Calvary covers it all. Calvary is not a pathetic attempt, it is *complete*.

You are complete in Him who has spoiled principalities and power. (Colossians 2:10,15) “It is finished.” (John 19:3) Jesus said, “I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.” (John 17:4) *It is not to be added to or interfered with*. “For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” (Hebrews 10:14) The Scriptures say in Hebrews 10:10, “...we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once *for all*.”

We must recognize the devil's been defeated. There's only one God. “*And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it*.” (Colossians 2:15) We often feel we are

to bind every demon and every devil that *had* power but lost it at Calvary. Our unbelieving hearts give it back again. The only power he has over me is the power I give him. God permits the devil to deceive. Beware of the wiles of the devil. (Ephesians 6:11) *It's the devil's bluff!*

The Lord Jesus became a curse that we might be the blessing. (Galatians 3:13,14) Nothing is able to separate you from the love of Christ. (Romans 8:35-37) The issue is to put the devil on the spot where he's confronted like Goliath was confronted with David. David knew that the battle was the Lord's.

Finally, the only one who has the power to curse is God. "Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not." (Romans 12:14) We are meant to bless, not to curse.

Geoff:

Over the years, God has revealed the message of *His Glory*. No matter how far away you feel from God, if there is a place you can humble yourself in His sight, *He will receive you unto Himself and pardon all your iniquities and wash them away in His own Blood*. This is the message of the Glory of God. God says, "**Prove Me Now.**"

• • •

Geoff Bracey lives and ministers in England and many parts of the world. At times he is called out on specific missionary journeys. He ministers in house groups, church gatherings, events, conferences, and to individuals.

Geoff Bracey

Ivy Cottage

25 Heath Road

Uttoxeter, ST14 7LT, England, UK

Telephone: 01889-566031 (from UK)

011-44-1889-566031 (from USA)

