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**GOD'S HEALING POWER MANIFESTED**  
**By John R. Harrell**

A Digital Publication Created From:

The Manifestation of God To John R. Harrell  
By His Pastor,  
A. Vance Comer

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## PREFACE

The following pages contain a most remarkable testimony. Since they have been submitted to the printer, further spiritual developments make imperative a few additional prefatory remarks.

This is the month of October, 1959. Mr. John R. Harrell has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate from the state of Illinois. He has not ceased giving his testimony, but continues to go to various churches as he is invited, now in four different states.

Soon after his wonderful experience last January, Mr. Harrell and his wife began to receive witness from the Lord concerning a political leading. These dealings of the Lord were as unusual and powerful as the manifestations accompanying his healing, and they occurred repeatedly night after night for a period of time.

To those of us who are close to the situation it seems most significant that a layman who is reaching and winning scores of persons for Christ every week should be led into the political arena. It shows that it is the Lord's purpose to move directly into the affairs of government, and this, in turn, is a noteworthy sign that the time is not far distant when the Lord Himself shall return and set up His Kingdom over all the nations of the world. HIS KINGDOM IS COMING and we are counseled by the word of God to WATCH for the signs of that coming, that we shall not be caught unprepared, as by a thief in the night. (I Thes. 5:1-9)

The Author

[Since the bulk of this booklet is attributed to its subject, John R. Harrell, I have listed John R. Harrell as the author, even though the booklet lists A. Vance Comer as such. -- DVM]

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## THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD TO JOHN R. HARRELL

Divine healing as a teaching and an experience must not be regarded as something new or fanatical, for it is as old as the Bible. We should see that all great experiences of God's grace and power are Bible experiences, firmly rooted in Bible truth, even though some may have occurred in a twentieth-century setting.

The Lord has seen fit to manifest Himself in most unusual ways to John R. and Betty Harrell of Louisville, Illinois. Not the first time, but the most remarkable up to the writing of this account has been in connection with a healing experience upon his body while he was awaiting surgery the night of January 16, 1959, at the Mayo Brothers' Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

Mr. Harrell is a business man, having engaged in various trades and services, owning a construction firm, at the present time, which operates mainly in the United States and Canada. His business connections have given him numerous opportunities for dealings with the public. He has let his light shine as an honest, upright, Christian business man, so that he has won the respect of his fellow men. He is highly esteemed right here at home in Louisville.

For a number of years he has been Superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday school, and it has seen substantial and consistent growth under his leadership. He has also been very active in civic affairs and in the program of the Clay County Interdenominational Holiness Camp, which is located here.

The year 1959 brought distinction to this small county seat town by making it the hub of the nation. With the granting of statehood to Alaska and Hawaii, the population center of the United States shifted westward from Olney, Illinois, to a point a few miles northeast of here. However, of far greater significance, because of its potential for the edification of others, is this amazing divine manifestation to these local citizens. As a result, the word of faith has already sounded out far and wide.

One week after his return from the Mayo Clinic, John R. Harrell told his remarkable experience in the Sunday morning service of his own church. Almost immediately, invitations began coming in for him to share this wonderful story with other churches of various denominations, both at home and elsewhere. Up to the present time he has spoken to thousands of people in scores of places in four states, and the end is not yet, God willing.

Obviously, not all of you will be able to hear the story; thus I have felt it would please the Lord to get it out in this form. I trust you will be inspired and helped by reading it. Through Mr. Harrell's telling it, God already has touched hundreds of people for salvation or the healing of their bodies, many times both. Great numbers have come to Mr. J. O. Evans, the man in the story with the gift of Divine healing, or have sent requests to him for prayer, and real miracles are taking place.

Read the booklet, but do not fail to hear Mr. Harrell yourself, if you have the opportunity. The account herein is in his own words, essentially as it has been related in many places. The particular service from which the testimony has been taken for this publication was a meeting of the Methodist Men of the Clay City Methodist Church, where he was invited to speak, the evening of February 23, 1959, by the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Evers.

These are a few inadequate words of explanation and introduction. I should like to add an observation of a personal nature. I have known John R. (Johnny Bob, as many call him) Harrell now for over ten years, and have had the privilege of being his Pastor for one year. I certainly regard him as a brother beloved, whose Christian experience is genuine and character above reproach. I wholeheartedly believe every part of his story and am seeing it confirmed of the Lord weekly by wonderful miracles of salvation and healing.

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## THE PERSONAL TESTIMONY

By John R. Harrell

I am glad to be here. The preacher called me up Friday and wanted to know if I would come over Monday night to Men's meeting. We are glad you are here. We are going to talk about a

circumstance upon the request of your Pastor. Until a few weeks ago, I had cancer in the lymph system. As most of you know, this is one of the most fatal of all places to have such a growth. I am going to talk about what God can do tonight. Let's all lift together and pray together and see if we can't get something out of this unusual incident.

I would like to read three Scriptures to show some things that are involved here. One of the things involved in what God can do for us is actually whether we believe that He can do it or not. Here is what Jesus said in the 14th chapter of Matthew. I will read just two or three verses. (If you write all of these down, Bill, you are going to have a long lesson.) Here's what Jesus said, "And they were offended at him, but Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house. And He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." So Christ can only do for us what we think He can do.

All right, that is the first phase. Now, there are things that people can help us do. You know there are nine gifts in the Bible and one of them happens to be prophesying or preaching. But there are some others. It says now in the 12th chapter of I Corinthians (Uncle Billy, if you want to write that down, there), "Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Now, there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operations, but the same God that worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another, knowledge by the same Spirit, to another, faith by the same Spirit, and to another, the gift of healing by the same Spirit." I wanted to read that to show you that healing is a gift God gives to some people, in order that God may work through them for His glory.

The last one that I would like to read is the admonition of what it says to the church people, to Christians, if you get sick. Now, I know, you call the doctor, and I am not here to put doctors out of business. I'd hate to think they weren't there, but doctors are human beings, they make a lot of mistakes, and the undertaker buries the mistakes; yet, never has the need for Christian doctors been as great as it is today. Here is what it says, James 5, verses 14 and 15: "If any is sick among you, let him call the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." That's what the Bible says.

Now, I may say a few things tonight that you may find a little unusual; but, I trust if I do, you won't say immediately, "I don't believe it." Pray about it just a little bit, will you? And if you say you can't go along with it at all, wait until tomorrow before you say a word, and pray, not because of the way it will affect me, but because of the way it will affect you. We are free moral agents, and God will not go past the line that we say He cannot go. The very moment we say He can't do a certain thing, it may seal our destiny with regard to that circumstance. We may find, not too far in the future, that we would like to have the help that He can give, that we said He was not able to do, so I'd ask that for your benefit.

Secondly, the thing that happened to us, the experience that I had and am going to relate, happened to my wife also. It was a dual experience. In the Old Testament, I guess it took a witness to prove a case, and in this instance my wife was with me. She experienced almost the same things, with some exceptions, so when I say "I," I mean "we." This is my wife.

Another thing -- I'd like to apologize for being so personal, for this is going to need to be I, I, I, all the way through. They say if you want to know how much you think of yourself, read a letter that you write. Well, it is going to have to be that way tonight, so you stay right with me, and we will try to make it as short as we can and still bring out the points that are involved.

I am not a preacher and you will soon see that. I am a layman, and you sitting there have just as much right to be up here as I do, but tonight's my night, so, if you'll listen, I'll try to sit out there and listen to you some other time.

I am a business man and have had the good fortune of being quite prosperous by common standards. God has been good to us all the way along, but 1958 was just a little different. Our troubles started, actually, about May 30th. I gave an address to the graduating class in Louisville on May 29th. The next morning my oldest boy and I took off in our plane. We have two company planes. I was a pilot in World War II, so I can get a plane up and down again with some accuracy. We flew to Washington, D. C., to attend the entombment of the Korean Unknown Soldier and the World War II. You remember, it was this time last year. It was a great thrill to be able to be a part of that procession, to sit in the amphitheater, and to see the President of the United States lay the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously upon the caskets.

No more had the thrill of that begun to wane when they were trying to get me on the telephone at the hotel. My wife had taken suddenly sick from a recent childbirth. The child had been born a few days before on May the 21st. They had rushed her to the Olney hospital in an extremely serious condition, just in a matter of hours. It was a very fast development. I called the Doctor at Olney and wanted to know if I should come home that night. He said, "No, wait until morning, because it is going to be of a quick nature, one way or the other." Needless to say, that boy and I got down that night, and we really prayed hard. God was good, and she recovered.

Then in a few days, after I arrived back home, our little baby (he's not too old yet, about seven or eight months, I guess) started getting sick. He could not keep anything down; he almost choked to death. He was only skin and bones, anyway, with only enough skin to cover the bones. We took him to the hospital and they stuck needles in him trying to keep him alive. We finally took him from Olney to the St. Louis Children's Hospital, and in time he began to get better.

Then in June a lump developed on the side of my neck. We all have lumps and bumps, we all know that, and I've had lots of them before and I suppose will have a lot of them again; but this one was just a little different. It was a kernel in the neck. Now, if you get a sore throat, you know you get little knots and kernels in the neck, and they go away; but this one didn't leave. After a week or two it was getting larger. I went to Olney, to Dr. Wattlesworth, and he gave me some medicine. It was good medicine; the kernel kept getting larger. We talked, "Could it be cancer?" "Well, yes, it could be." That is what you think, you know, when you have such a circumstance, "Could it be cancer?" This Doctor advised surgery to remove it, so a diagnosis could be made.

From there I went to another town and had another throat specialist check it. I had still another one check it, he had a consultant, and all agreed it should be removed. Finally, within a few weeks, I went to Carle Clinic in Champaign, Illinois. Many people have a lot of confidence in

Carle Clinic, for most of the doctors came out of Mayo's at Rochester, Minnesota. There they had a specialist by the name of Dr. Lore check it. He called in a surgeon, Dr. Cooley, who had likewise been at Mayo's some five years as a surgeon; and they said it ought to come out immediately.

Well, they took it out. It took about an hour and a half. They started down here by the Adam's apple and ended up close to the left ear. As we were talking if it were cancerous, they said they didn't hardly think it was, but some of these things you don't know about until you get them out.

I came back home and was to go back to have the stitches taken out in a few days. I flew up to the airport, and took a fellow from Louisville with me who could fly (I wasn't feeling too good yet from the anesthetic), just in case I got a little dizzy and didn't know up from down. I have been accused of that before, but I did not want to be accused of it in an airplane. That would be most embarrassing.

As I was there in that Clinic, and as the surgeon was snipping those stitches (and if you've ever had stitches taken out, you know once in awhile one of them bites, kind of like a bee sting), he said, "John, do you know that was cancer?"

I tell you things began to change real quick! It was the lymph system. I knew it was the lymph system, for they had already told me that it was a lymph node. The lymph system flows like your blood system. It isn't like having cancer of the intestines, the stomach, or something like that. Oftentimes they can cut that out. I thought at the moment that I was in trouble. Then I asked myself the Question, "Is it the only one? Is this one the first one, or is it an outcropping of one somewhere else?" Well, I know now that the history of them is that, if they come in the throat, they are usually somewhere else.

I told the surgeon, "Let's check it carefully."

Usually, they start radiation when a wound heals up. You know about John Foster Dulles. They gave him radiation under this million volt machine.

They take these tissues and they perform what they call a pathology report on them. They look at them and go by the cell structure. Cancer is not a great, hideous thing. You have billions of cells in your body, and somewhere along the line one of them gets out of whack, it just gets out of line. Instead of getting so large and stopping, it keeps getting larger and larger, until it begins consuming the other tissues; and finally it consumes the life of the body.

Well, most people take the word of one hospital which is of that reputation, but I said, "You've taken out plenty." (I understood it was about the size of a walnut) I said, "Let's send some tissues to some other places. You say it is. All right, let's suppose it is. Here I am, only thirty-six years old, with four children, none of them past the spanking stage and one of them not even well into the diaper stage. I am in business, with far reaching obligations even into foreign countries in some instances.

We decided we would send one sample of tissue to Mayo's at Rochester, Minnesota, and one other tissue to the Armed Forces School of Pathology, wherever that is in the United States. A

pathologist is not only one man; a pathologist is a group of men working together as a team. At this Armed Forces School of Pathology, they said that probably somewhere between eight and fifteen men would concur upon a tissue, and if one man said, "No," then they would start all over again.

Finally, the reports came back in and they all concurred. I read the letters. It was what they call Giant Lymphoma, or Malignant Lymphoma, from the lymph system; so a number of the best pathologists in the United States, in some of the best medical institutions, agreed one hundred percent on the cancerous condition. This is highly documented proof, as has been everything else in my case.

Needless to say, by that time I saw I was in considerable trouble. I knew that I hadn't felt well for quite a while. I was just tired all the time. I was born tired. It wasn't anything too unusual, but I was just "tireder" than ordinary, and among other things was losing weight. I knew that if I lived very long, God was going to have to do something.

Now, I did what I felt should be done. First of all, I was ready to do whatever medical science said; but I didn't forget God, because I knew I had to have Him. I tell you, whenever you want somebody to pray with you, you don't go running around town finding who has the political pull (and I'm not against political pull), nor who owns the big houses (and I'm not against big houses, big automobiles). You don't care about those things. You just want to know somebody that knows God, that's what you want to know, somebody that you feel can move in His Presence. I asked the Church to pray for me; I am Superintendent there. I wasn't hesitant about asking anybody that I saw to pray for me. I needed help!

I did resolve two things. First, I resolved I would not grumble. I determined that probably I deserved this, because God had been so good to me. After all, the sun can't always shine. If the sun shines all the time, you know what it is, it's a desert. There has to be a little storm, a little rain, and some clouds in the sky.

Second, as well as a female office force, we have men working for us; and I determined that, if I got so weak that I couldn't walk, I would buy one of these cars that you can slide them in the back, kind of like a hearse (I didn't want a hearse, that is too realistic, but one similar to it); and I would have one of the men that had worked so long take care of me as long as I could go, because it could be a fairly slow process. Then if I went to the cemetery, I was determined they were just about going to have to drag me if they got me there. I was just not going to go willingly.

I did, I think, keep a happy attitude. I tried to; there wasn't any use to be too sad. After all, if you've only a year to live, six months, or whatever it is, what's the use of just making it worse by living it sadly? You'd just as well live it happily. I meant to go to heaven, when I died, anyway! All of those things coursed my mind, and my wife and I would discuss them.

I decided one day I would go down to Flora and see Aunt Mag O'Dell. Some of you know Aunt Mag, a little, short, black-headed woman, who lives out in the country and ties her hair up in a knot (I don't know whether she glues it, wires it, or how she holds it there) She's a woman of God! I've heard so many people say, "If I were ever sick, I'd like to have Aunt Mag pray for me." I

went down there, up a muddy lane (they don't have the lane rocked, since they have no automobile), went inside, and there were two grand old people.

I said, "Aunt Mag." (Everyone calls her "Aunt.") I said, "Aunt Mag, I've got cancer. I'd like for you to pray for me."

She asked, "Do you want to be anointed?"

I said, "I surely do want to be anointed. I just want you to do everything you can."

She got out her bottle of oil, I knelt down, and she put some on my head. She prayed! If you've ever heard her pray, you know you can hardly tell whether she's praying or shouting; it's kind of intermittent between the two.

When I left, she said, "Now, we'll keep praying for you." That suited me fine.

I went back home and by this time was beginning to heal up enough that we were going to start radiation.

Radiation, as I understand it, is always debatable. It damages good tissues, but a cancerous tissue cannot stand radiation if it gets to it. A cancer cell is an unhealthy cell, hardly anything will kill it, but radiation will in some instances. Well, we were about ready to start that, but Rev. Gerald Gulley came by; and, because of his visit with us, I decided I would go to Mayo's Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota. Some consider it the best in the world. I don't know whether it is or not. They've eight hundred doctors there, if that would help any. (Or, they tell me eight hundred; I didn't count them.) It's quite an institution.

In the meantime, our Pastor, Rev. Comer, whom many of you know, said, "Say, I hear there is a man at Mason by the name of Bro. Evans that has the gift of healing." Now, that's the thing I read here to you.

I said, "If there is, let's go see him. I haven't a thing to lose, not a thing, and everything to gain."

We went up there and talked to him awhile. It did not take us long to see that he was a rather unusual man. I didn't know why I hadn't heard of him before, for all he does is pray for people. God called him into this type of work many years ago, and at first he wouldn't yield, but for about ten years now, that's what he's been doing. He sold his farms. He had two farms, was quite a prosperous farmer. All he does is pray with and for people. He's at home two days a week at his office, he's at Iuka two days a week, and two days a week he's on the road. He even travels into other states.

We talked awhile, and I gained confidence in him because of this -- healing was not what he was after, he was after a person's soul. (Christ's healing was very incidental; He healed people to get to their souls. He healed a lot of people.)

He wanted to know if I wanted him to pray with me. I said, "I surely do; that's why I am here."

We went into the part he has there for that purpose. He prayed! He prayed for my condition, not loudly, I could hardly hear him, just whispered. He prayed a little while and, "That is all," he said, "that's it."

We got up and talked awhile. As we were getting ready to leave, he said, "Say, you are going to be all right." Now, I didn't know it, but he had the witness at that moment that the work would be done.

I thought as I walked out the door, "Man, you don't know how sick I am, or you wouldn't say it so easy like that."

We were ready then to go to Mayo's, left on Monday, drove up. I didn't fly because of the fact that I was convinced that there was a good chance they would cut me open for an exploratory examination. (I was willing.) I could drive back, a hundred miles at a time, and get out of the car, better than I could try to fly it and not find a place to set the plane down when something struck me that I didn't like too well.

We drove up and everything was ready. They have a marvelous place; one building is twenty stories high. Another is a ten story building, their clinic, that covers about a square block. People are there from all over the United States. All you've got to do is just drive into one of the places there, motels or the hotels, and you can see cars from almost every state of the Union.

I reported Tuesday morning. I am going to give it in a little detail, so it will piece together. I think it will interest you. I believe it has a purpose. Tuesday morning we went to the Clinic, and I went to my consulting physician, Dr. R. S. Fontana. All arrangements had been made, Dr. Coolie of Cane Clinic had written, they knew all about my case, and they already had a sample of tissue, so they knew where to start from and what to look for.

When you go into Mayo's, you get a consulting physician, then they run you through all the checks, get all the score cards, so to speak, and after a few days bring them all in. They lay it all out and they can tell what the circumstance is. A lot of healthy people go up there and they leave healthy. I was going up there, not very healthy, and I was to be worse before I did leave. One of the first things the consulting physician said was, "John, your condition is extremely serious, at your age." He kept bringing in the age factor. He said, "If you were older, it wouldn't make so much difference, but at your age we must go for broke!" Now, I suppose that's a gambler's term, where you risk everything. He said, "We must go for broke!"

I intimated to him (and we had talked it) that I was ready to be cut on, that if they said, "Just cut him open to see what you can find," there was enough involved that I was willing. (I certainly do not like to be cut on, I'll let you know that, for very, very sure.)

We started through the tests -- one day, two days -- and, on the third day, they called me in and said, "Now, we've found some trouble in the left kidney area." I knew they were having

trouble, because they kept feeling around, and they had other surgeons feel, poke, and gouge. If they had poked many more times they would not have had to cut me open, they would have already been in there. It just seemed like to me they were going to punch a hole right through me. The X-rays began to show things; so they said, "We are going to need to go up into the kidney with a tube. We are going to have to fill that kidney, examine it there, and X-ray it." They did that. It was quite painful.

Friday morning I went in, and began to see that some things were changing. I thought they treated me a little differently than they had before; perhaps they were beginning to feel a bit sorry for me. They took me in and called in a kidney specialist immediately. I had my consulting doctor, another doctor, and this kidney specialist. They began to show me the X-rays and what was wrong. The left kidney was deteriorating, it was being crowded, it was blocked; and they said, "In our opinion, this is the parent cancer, right here."

Then they sent in a kidney surgeon. Everything is specialized. Anything that is a little bit different they've got another man for it. He came in, a very fine gentleman, and we talked about it awhile, the fact that I had cancer involvement in my lymph system. He said, "This must come out and come out immediately." This is Friday now, -- Friday morning.

We talked and I kept asking him, "Do I have any other choice?"

He kept saying, "You have no choice at all, no choice; it is very urgent. It should be done immediately."

I told the doctor that I was just a little bit discouraged right then, but he replied, "I'm sorry, but that's what you came here for and that's what we've found" (which was true).

Finally the surgeon looked at me and said, "If you were my brother, I'd tell you exactly what I am telling you now."

That's getting it just a little bit closer yet, isn't it? -- when they say that?

He said, "Come back this afternoon, tell us you'll do it, and then Monday morning, we'll take it out at the Catholic hospital."

They have various hospitals there that aren't owned by the Clinic. There's the Catholic, I think a Methodist, and perhaps another one, I am not sure. You go to the hospital the doctor says. He works in a certain hospital, so you go where he directs.

We talked about the chances of survival. You don't die when a kidney is taken out, although it is a very serious operation and there are some fatalities, of course. We concluded that we'd have it done, and they wanted me to come back Friday afternoon.

I said, "No, let's wait and let me sleep over it until Saturday morning. After all, you are not going to do it in the morning."

They said, "That's all right; you come and see us Saturday morning."

They made an appointment and I left. I went back to the motel where we were staying. Motels there don't cater primarily to tourists; they cater to the people coming to the Clinic. Some have small kitchenettes in them and they have some of them fixed up real nice. People come and stay for weeks sometimes after operations, until they are well enough to go home.

I went back. Pretty soon my wife came in; I told her what the circumstance was and, of course, shocked her. We discussed it awhile and came to the conclusion we had no other choice than to let them operate. (There we were, five hundred miles from home, the two of us! Back home we had made some arrangements about our children but some of them were getting sick. I didn't even tell my wife until she finally found it out by talking on the telephone, because it wouldn't help her attitude any.) That afternoon we came to the conclusion that this was what we'd have to do. I called the Catholic hospital, made arrangements for a room, and was to check in Sunday at a certain time. I talked about special nurses, what they would cost. Since the town was of fair size, thirty or forty thousand, I believe (and a beautiful little town it is), we decided that we'd change our motel from where we were up town, out to the edge of town, where one was close to the Catholic hospital. We went to see about and inspect a new motel room, which proved satisfactory. We took care of other details.

We were ready to eat our evening meal. Before we do we read the Bible. I don't know how many of you folks read the Bible, but you ought to have one time in the day when you can all read the Bible together. You ought to have one time, at least. Since we have four kids, it's pretty hard to get them all together, but at the supper table, we try to read the Scriptures. We didn't have the kids with us, but that didn't change reading the Bible, so I took it and turned to the 91st Psalm, one of the many power-packed passages in the Book. That's the great Psalm of God's protection, "Under His wings He shall protect you, and cover you with His feathers. He shall be your shield and your buckler in the time of storm."

Well, sir, I couldn't read it I just choked up and finally closed the Book. I said, "I can't read it." It was so grand and glorious -- I so empty.

A little later in the evening I called home and talked to my mother, who manages the office and takes care of the office girls. I made arrangements about business. I told them what they'd found. I am the only living son. I lost my brother when he was young, and you know how this would affect a mother. We agreed it had to be done. There was so much at stake. If I could just gain a few months, a year, or two years by it, it would be worth it.

Then I called our Pastor, Rev. Comer, and told him some things about the church. Being Superintendent, there are a few things I know he would not know about. There are some arrangements. I teach a class once every third Sunday and made arrangements about that, because I couldn't make it back on the time schedule. I was sure to ask him to pray for me. I didn't forget that. That's really one of the main reasons I called him. I said, "Preacher, be sure and pray, for, unless the Lord steps in, they are going to cut me open, Monday morning.

Well, I was feeling low, to be frank about it. I called Brother Evans at Mason. I told him. I said, "Be sure and hold on. It looks like they've found the difficulty. As far as they are concerned, they have found the trouble, and they recommend immediate surgery."

He promised, "I'll pray for you."

By that time I had called back home again, changing some business arrangements, for relatives were coming up. Willard Todd and Moine were driving up for the operation. He used to be Standard Oil agent. Willard Duherst here has known him for years and years. He is an uncle of mine.

We had made then all arrangements, including business, hospital, family, and spiritual, and were getting ready for a night's rest. It came time to have prayer. That's another time we ought to set aside. We ought to have definite times for prayer. If we don't, God just doesn't have a chance to get in.

Well, we always get down on our knees and pray aloud. I knelt down and prayed and my wife was praying also. That night we were praying about this circumstance. It was quite serious. There was a lot at stake this night. In the morning at nine o'clock was the final word. We had already made the decision tentatively for surgery. If there was going to be a change, it needed to be made very quickly.

We started praying. I prayed awhile and the longer I prayed the better I felt and the worse I felt. I don't know how you could get both reactions in the same prayer, but that's the way it developed. The longer I prayed and prayed the more I was apologizing to God. I've known the Lord for years. We've had unusual spiritual experiences. I've talked to groups, I've gone out into other churches, and I've taught Sunday school classes; but I was beginning to see that I had measured shorter than God would have liked. I apologized and told Him I was sorry, and I just kept getting a little smaller and a little smaller. Who was it? -- Buddy Robinson who said the Lord just kept boiling and skimming him until he thought he was all going to skimmings? That's just the way I felt. I got smaller as I knelt by that bed. It just seemed that I shrank, I shrank, I shrank, and I shrank, and, finally, if you could have come into the room when I took my last shrinking spell, I don't think you could actually hardly have seen me. I felt so small. I became like a lone blade of grass, and whichever way the wind blew, I swayed with the wind, which was the Spirit. Then all became calm.

All at once, when I got into that condition, God's Spirit fell from the ceiling of that room! He enveloped my whole body! It was just like somebody took a barrel that had one end out of it and shoved the whole barrel over me, and the bottom of the barrel hit the top of my head. The single impact was so strong it seemed to recess my head down into my shoulders. It was so rough, rugged, and powerful!

I told my wife, "God's here; let's pray!"

We really got in earnest then. We prayed, prayed, and prayed, I don't know how long it was, probably several minutes; but soon God's Spirit walked through the door, just walked in! No more from above now, He just moved in! He stood by the foot of the bed!

We've had some unusual experiences. We were converted together in 1947, in July, there at the Camp Grounds. Claude, you know where it is. Then on November 10th, 1947 (it was on Monday night; I remember it just like it was yesterday), we got down at home, started praying, and we said, "Lord, if there be such a thing as the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we want it." For three hours, we had the wonderful experience of being in God's presence! He left us so lifeless that I couldn't walk! Now, that was in 1947; that has been twelve years ago. Then the room was full, and God's Spirit would just sweep and take your breath, until life itself seemed on the brink of eternity.

This time it was different. The Spirit stood at a certain place. He wasn't all over the room; He stood at a certain place. And He walked! He just walked! And our eyes would follow Him; they would just follow Him, there in the twilight of that room. It was wonderful! I suppose that maybe for fifteen or twenty minutes He did that. The room -- oh, you just could hardly stand it! The whole room was dynamically electrified and seemed to shout the power of His Presence!

I said, "What do you think this is for, healing?"

We did not pray for healing that night; but every time we'd talk about its being for healing (I don't know if God keeps glory in a golden bucket or a silver urn), every time we'd mention it, it was just like He'd dumped a whole bucket-full of His Presence, or a whole hog's head full right down on top of us, and, oh, we'd just gasp for breath and for life! We asked several times, "Is it for healing?" -- another bucket-full! "Is it for healing?" -- another bucket-full! And just time, after time, after time, until it was almost more than flesh could stand!

All right, then, we said, "Now, Lord, if this is really for healing, give us something unusual. There's a lot at stake here tonight." (We have no objection to being operated on; but the Lord has always known that anything He has ever given us, I've just broken my neck to tell people. It's never hurt me to tell what the Lord could do. He knew that if I ever got out of there, He could be sure that I was going to tell everybody that would listen, whether they believed or not.)

When we prayed that, we were kneeling side by side at the bed; and the Spirit came through the room with a rushing force that pushed us, just shoved us! My wife fell into me, I fell into a table stand, and I knocked the stand, with the table lamp, into the wall! The lamp almost fell off the top of the stand. We lay sprawled out on the floor.

While we were lying there in that condition (I was thrown all the way back; now, there wasn't any hand, it was just a great moving force; it shoved us, just like God's hand is big enough to take your whole body and just push it), and as I started to get up and was on my knees, the Spirit came into my neck! I grabbed my throat, and before I choked out, I told my wife, "The Spirit is in my throat!"

He came in just like a giant fist. I was choking out when I said that and I grabbed my throat. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't talk, and it was just like a giant ball in there. It stayed there a few

moments, I don't know how long, but then, all at once, it exploded, like a bomb, and it ran out all through the flesh, electrifying the whole neck area. Then I could breathe again.

My wife said, "You are healed! I saw His hands on your throat! I saw them!"

I said, "Did you actually see them? With your eyes?"

She answered, "No, I saw them spiritually."

I said, "Show me how those hands were."

She cupped her hands and brought them around the side of my throat, just exactly like Brother Evans had done at Mason when he prayed with me. I had never told her. She knew I went. She didn't know how he had prayed for me nor did she even ask. There are scores of ways you could pray with a person. You wouldn't even need to touch him, or you could hold his hand or kneel by his side. This then was another witness that was involved. That was two.

God's Spirit was there! He just moved and walked! I was in my bathrobe, I was walking that room, I was shaking a handkerchief, and I was walking back and forth into that kitchenette and that bedroom! I would pray five minutes and I would walk five minutes! I'd pray five minutes and I'd walk five minutes -- or however many minutes it was.

His mighty Presence seemed to stalk the room with majestic and princely dominion. His Being has an unseen glow as white as driven snow and as penetrating as the all-knowing God He is. His Power radiates as though it were the combined force of a million Niagara Falls. This is the very Giver of Life, the Life of Life, the Good Shepherd, the Chief Cornerstone and the Great Physician. He is grandeur, honor, glory, nobility, splendor, pomp, circumstance, preeminence, joy unspeakable, and love sublime. The English language breaks down under an attempted description, for even the strongest hyperboles cannot touch the descriptive hem of His Holy Garment. We were aghast, dumbfounded, and at times utterly speechless. We never knew such a thing could happen or even was in existence.

Pretty soon, as I was sitting on the edge of the bed, my toes started burning, on both feet. Soon my arches were burning. It got into my heels and started up my ankles, just like a lady would roll on her stockings, just easy, just roll, and roll, and roll, both legs now; and it rolled up to the knees. I sat there on that bed and my legs were burning, and burning, and burning, and burning, by a cool, mysterious flame. I felt that once before when I was sanctified, twelve years ago; but it burned in the breast then. Then, when it all burned out (that's the dross, you know; that's the inbred sin), whenever it was all consumed, it was like you were in a room where you couldn't breathe, and you walked out into a moonlight night, like you saw tonight as you came in, nothing but moon and stars in the clear sky, not a cloud over head. The prison bars had fallen! I was free! That's the way my legs felt. They were free! That which was in them had been burned out.

We were getting tired now. God's Presence is extremely exhausting! I don't know how many of you have experienced His Presence. Everyone can! It's for you, if you want it! (This may be a little bit unusual.) It was nine-thirty when this began, and here it was almost twelve-thirty. We

were completely exhausted, so we dropped off to sleep. I know now how Jacob felt when he wrestled with the Lord!

At three-thirty we woke up and it was the same thing all over. His magnificent Spirit walked the floor! One time He walked up close to us when we were kneeling down and we fell back! I cringed! I threw up my hands! I saw a picture somewhere years ago where Christ came upon two people and they just fell back. And that's the way His glory was! It would radiate, like a dynamo; you could hardly stand it! His Presence was still invisible.

Finally, He backed off and we began to get some relief and breathe again. You don't breathe when He is around real close! Natural processes are suspended! We couldn't stand to see God as we are! You couldn't stand it! The body could not possibly take God's glory in its present form! You are going to have to have a new body to see Him, because this one just couldn't take it. It cannot stand His Omnipotence!

This went on and on; this was three-thirty, and at four-thirty, still the same thing. My wife said, "Well, let's call Brother Evans, down at Mason, Illinois."

We went up to the phone booth. It was very cold up there. My wife went with me. It had been between 10 and 20 below zero practically all the time we were there. We went to the motel office. I entered the phone booth and, after a time, looked out at my wife. I had Brother Evans on the other end, was getting ready to tell him what had happened. We had wanted God's assistance, but now I wanted some advice what to do with it. I had so much help I hardly knew how to handle it. When I had reached him, I looked out at my wife, and she was in a greatly excited condition, her eyes wide open, and her face registering great amazement. I didn't know what had happened, but at that moment the Lord came into that phone booth and it almost ripped loose at the seams.

I yelled, "Brother Evans, He's here in the booth."

He said, "I can feel Him down here." Of course, that was five hundred miles away, but that would not be hard for the Lord, would it?

When I went out, my wife said, "The door latch clicked. When He swept by to go into the telephone booth, I could hardly stay in the seat."

We went back to the motel room. God's Presence was still there, but the devil began to get involved now. The devil is a real personality, and I'd never known it so much until this time. The moment God's Spirit would begin to subside, the devil would come in and start trying to create doubts. "You are going to go home and you are going to die. You are not going to do this now, since all this has come in, I suppose. You are an intelligent fellow. People around Louisville think maybe you have most of your senses, at least. You are going to go home, you are going to get up and tell all this stuff to people, and there's not going to be a word of truth to it. You are going to die of this disease you have."

When we'd get down and pray, God would push the devil out; and there He'd be, just witnessing, witnessing. But there were a lot of things at stake. One of them was that some night

before too long, unknown then to me, I was going to be at Clay City to tell you folks what God could do.

Our faces had begun to swell by that time. Oh, it was so strenuous! so strenuous! We had a refrigerator; we got ice cubes out and for two hours we kept ice water poultices on our faces, trying to get them down, they were so swollen from the Presence of the Lord. My wife also had an appointment this day. They were trying to find an allergy that she has had for some time -- which they never did. The Lord has taken care of that since this experience.

At nine o'clock I was to be back at the Clinic to tell them that I was ready. I tried to look half-way presentable, used Murine eye water -- my eyes looked like little pinpoints in a couple of big mudholes. I never saw the like! I looked like I had been dragged behind a horse for a half mile on a rock road.

I went about nine o'clock to the Clinic. The waiting rooms are quite large; they hold, I suppose, about two hundred people on each floor. Everything is extremely elaborate, a beautiful place. As I sat there in that soft, upholstered chair, waiting for my time, the devil came up to me just as real as could be. (Now, let me tell you -- I heard a fellow say one time, "You talk about the devil, but I never meet the devil." Then he gave a very intelligent answer. He said, "Two people going the same direction never meet." If you've never met the devil, you ought to turn around, go the other way, and you'll meet him. He's there!) As I was sitting there in that chair, the devil came to me, and this is the strongest tug I've had of all. He said, "This is one of the best medical institutions in the world. These doctors are sane, sensible men. You are going in there to tell them a story that is utterly ridiculous. You are willing to base your life on this and it is going to kill you. You are going to go back home and no one's going to believe a word of it, because it is too fantastic."

Now, the devil had a good point there, too fantastic, and his whole argument sounded sensible. He said, "Why not have the kidney taken out, anyway? It won't kill you." That was sensible. The devil comes as light. He doesn't come tempting you with things that you know are wrong. He comes in with light and with reason. He reasoned along the lines of things we like to hear. He covered the suggestive points about material accomplishment and success, the fact that because of background and attendance in two colleges, some scholastic achievements and attainments, reason could not explain this, that such an experience defies all concept of normal life and that to which we are accustomed.

Yet I knew for an absolute certainty that for six hours we had been in the presence of Him Who created the universe in its totality. He was and is the anthem of all life. I bowed my head and said, "Lord, I've just got about all I can carry. Give me relief and give me strength!"

You know, that [satanic temptation] left and God just settled around me like a cloud in that seat! It seemed like a kind of mist that was mysteriously magnificent!

Well, they called my name, and I went in. Doctor Fontana is a tall, lean, athletic-type man, his height, I suppose, about six one or two. He is a very intelligent talking man. I always had questions to ask the doctor. I had about seventeen on a card; such as, How long can I live? What's

the case history of this thing? How much time have I got? When I got in there (he had never had time before; he had always been rushed), this time I said, "Doctor, have you time for a story?"

He said, "Yes, I have."

I started in telling what had happened, how I had called, how I had made arrangements at home, and what had happened this past night, all night I felt he could just look at me and tell something was wrong.

Oh, I had really been worked over! I looked worse then than I do now. He listened, he never took his eye off me, and, finishing, I said, "Doctor, what do you call this?" I was curious to see what he was going to say.

Here is what he said, practically word for word, "I believe in God! I believe in Christ, and if you believe in Christ, you must believe in miracles." (That was a great statement for a doctor to make. If you believe in Christ, you must believe in miracles. He is the miracle of all miracles.) "But," he continued, "we in the medical profession, when we begin to get a little knowledge," (now, this man was modest, he was not conceited; there he sat at the pinnacle, in one of the highest medical centers in the United States, as a consulting physician) "when we begin to get a little knowledge, we tend to become skeptical. This thing that you've got -- you need the faith of an Irish washerwoman."

Now, wasn't that good? See, the Irish washerwoman perhaps never did know much and doesn't care whether she ever knows much or not -- over the scrub board, raising a family, taking care of the kids, letting the Lord do it, with just complete, absolute faith in Him.

"Now," he said, "your condition is still serious." (He made some great statements, but he didn't seem to agree with me.) "Your condition is very serious. We couldn't operate on you now. You are not even an operative risk," (which I agreed I wasn't; I surely wasn't a risk for them to be working on then) "but," he said, "two weeks at the latest, two weeks at the latest."

I answered, "All right," but when I was leaving he said, "Say, let me hear from you, will you?"

I've written him a time or two since, got a letter from him a few days ago. Let us pray that God will have His way with them! There was some purpose for my being at Mayo's when this happened, else the Lord would have healed me earlier.

My wife was getting an allergy check, and we went to her consulting physician. We were hurrying things up now to get out that Saturday morning. Her physician, as we were leaving and he was giving her the report, said, "Say, what's the matter with you?"

I answered, "I've got cancer of the lymph system and a blocked kidney."

"Well," he said, "immediate surgery?"

"No," I replied, "I'm going home."

"Oh, you're not going home?"

I said, "Yes, I am!"

"Did they release you?" he asked. (I understand it is pretty difficult to get released whenever they give a diagnosis, for they are the apex of medical knowledge.

I answered, "Yes, and I've got the release." (I had the slip. I was ready to go.)

He shook his head, as though he were puzzled.

We went back to the motel and got ready to load into the car. You know, while we were loading that car, the devil was so real. We had to go in and get down on our knees three or four times to pray. The devil would come in and he would just reason with us; but we would pray and we were clear. Finally, the motel man came down. We had become acquainted with him since we were there. He knew we had a motel in Louisville. He slapped me on the back and said, "Say, you'd better get it fixed up while you're here." Now, the devil sent him down. I know the devil sent him, because I had heard some of his language the past few days. I knew he sent him down there. Any man that swears, he doesn't need to be going around claiming he's a Christian. We've a lot to measure up to here. I am not judging! The Bible says that by their fruits you know them. This is fruit inspection!

My side was hurting; the kidney area was hurting. I had high blood pressure; I'd had it for six months. I had a blood pressure machine of my own and took it frequently. That was where it was coming from, this kidney area. Blood pressure is very responsive to kidney conditions.

The devil said, "You're hurting, you're aching, you're in pain." I surely was, and I think he'd just gouge and make it hurt a little bit more.

When we had everything in that car, I slammed the door and started driving home, afraid even to eat dinner in town. Well, sir, the devil came right along, but the farther we got away from Rochester, Minnesota, the less he bothered us. We'd pray and the Lord would come into that car so strongly it felt as though He'd almost break out the glass! I would brace my arms against my knees when the Spirit would fall, to hold the car in the road.

We drove into Illinois, stayed all night in a motel. The Lord graced that room practically all night, just sweeping back and forth as a giant dove. The closer we got home, the better it was -- the closer, the better. I said, "I believe when we get home, the pain will leave before long." That's just about the way it was.

The Lord has been in our house for five weeks, almost every night. We woke up this morning about 3:30 and prayed about an hour. He came in and swept back and forth so gently. It's a wonderful thing!

It's wonderful to have your life given back to you! He showed me that I lost mine, but He put it on a platter, like a piece of bread, and said, "Here, have it back."

Now, healing is a wonderful thing, but it is not the great miracle. My, I've always believed in healing. How can we believe in a creation such as this, with all of its wonders, without believing in healing? Why, it takes almost an insane man not to believe in healing. I don't see how we can claim to be sane and not believe in it, if we accept all this. What would you think of the Ford Motor Company if they could not make an automobile that you could change a spark plug or the timing a little? Healing to God is finger-snapping business, merely changing the timing of cell action. It is so trivial to Him, so great to us; but the great miracle is that He can save our souls. That's the great miracle; that's the thing that counts. I am still going to die; I can't be healed forever. You should use every means to be healed, but it may not be His will. After all, that is the thing that is involved; but we are obligated to do everything we can toward that end, to see if He does desire to heal us. We did it, and God did the work.

I stand here before you tonight to tell you that He is able. I hope that I have helped you get just a little bigger glimpse of Him. You know, we're so busy limiting God, we'd rather talk about what He can't do. This thing has caused lots of comment in Louisville. Why, they are even calling some of the other ministers. I spoke in the Baptist Church last night and it was just jam-packed. There was a lot of unbelief there. People were there that hadn't been in church for years. Where Christ is, He creates a division. We are so busy talking about what God can't do, we won't let Him do. We'd rather talk about "What I don't believe He can do" than "What I believe He can do." The Bible is full of his great works. This is very small, just the arranging of some body cells so they grow right instead of growing wrong, that's all -- very small. But God to most of us, if we are not careful, is like a little bitty puppy dog on a chain. He isn't the great God of the Universe. He's a little puppy dog or a little puppet. We track Him around, and we say, "Lord, you sit up here, and you sit tight, now! We'll be married by you, we'll be baptized by you, and we'll be buried by you;" but He does not become our great God. If you would think of some of your prayers, and if I would think of some of mine -- if God would have actually answered some of my prayers that I have prayed, I would have died of fright; it would have scared me to death. We didn't think or believe He'd do it, anyway.

Here is another strange thing that is involved. When I was going up there, I had another lump coming on the other side of my throat. Only my wife knew it. She knew it about two days before we went. That one is gone! My blood pressure is down to normal, the pain has left, and everything is all right.

My son kept asking me the latter part of last year, "What would you like to have for your birthday, dad?"

I said, "Well, what I want, money cannot buy."

He asked me several times, and I never did answer him other than that. I wanted health, and you can't buy it. All this happened on January the 16th! That was my birthday! You may say it just happened -- but, remember, there are 365 days in a year. One to three hundred sixty-five is very poor odds, isn't it?

I trust as we have discussed these things here tonight, that you'll let God have His way in your heart. He just wants to help you, that's all. He asks for the rest of your years, and they may not be as many as you think they are. For that He will give you an Eternity. We have lain in the bed at night praying when God was there. I wonder what He'll look like. We have no conception. The Bible says it has not even entered into the minds of men. The wildest dream you can conjure in your mind, you still haven't begun to comprehend His Glory and Magnificence! Let me say this, I have lived on both sides of the tracks, and God can give you the happiest time you can ever know.

There are things coming out of this for us. There are leadings; we are getting these leadings steadily. Part of it is here; part of it in the distant future.

I recommend Him to you tonight. He is wonderful! He is the great I AM! He is the Light that never fails! He is the Bright and Morning Star, the Captain that has never lost a battle! Let us not limit Him! You know what? He just wants to be loosed and let go! And you'd be surprised what He can do for your life, if you'll just lose yourself in Him. I don't know how spiritual your church is, but you'd be surprised what would happen in this church if you'd just let God have His way in your hearts. That's all He wants! That's what He's entitled to! You are God-made! We're all God-made, and there's a longing in our hearts until that space is filled. Things don't fill that space, do they, preacher? They don't fill it. When you are God-made and God-inspired, you must be God-filled to be totally like you should be, and then comes the rest, the assurance, and the peace. This makes your life a great symphony.

If you have a longing in your heart, if you're not sure, if you're not sure, you don't have all you need. Let Him save your soul if He hasn't, and let Him fill you with His Spirit. That's two works of grace; it's not one, it's two. Give Him a chance to do it, and you'll be surprised at what a change there is in you. He makes you new. Why, I'm starting on my second life! If I'm allowed threescore and ten, I lost this one at thirty-six, add seventy onto thirty-six, and that would be a hundred and six, wouldn't it? Now, I don't know whether I can make a hundred and six or not, and it doesn't make any difference. When you get into this relationship, and whenever you are under the Spirit, it's easier really just to go on with Him than it is to stay. I'm in business, I have a fine family, we have prospered abundantly, but I don't know of a thing I'd want to stay here for. I told the Sunday School class, Sunday morning, "I wish He'd come at six o'clock tonight!" I'm ready to go; I don't have a thing to stay for. I think I have as much to live for as probably anybody in this church -- maybe no more, but as much.

Won't you let Him have His way in your heart? You've been nice to talk to; I appreciate it very much. Remember, Christ is the answer! Thank you.

\* \* \* \* \*

As this book is being printed, Mr. Harrell is still giving this testimony in various churches. It has been revealed to him that unusual circumstances are yet to develop, this revelation having been given also to several other reputable citizens of this area. What has been revealed cannot as yet be published, but some day will be obvious to everyone. The Lord made Himself known in

Divine manifestations to enough people that when the proper time comes there will be many to show that all of this has been for His Glory and His Honor.

Let us therefore watch as God stretches forth His Hand across our mighty land to do a work which will make the Nation's ears burn.

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THE END