

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1998 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

MY LIFE STORY
By Samuel Doctorian

World Gospel Mission
National Holiness Missionary Society
Marion, Indiana

Printed Book Copyright 1956
By World Gospel Mission
Marion, Indiana
National Holiness Missionary Society

* * * * *

No Evidence of a Current Copyright for the Printed Book Found

In searches performed on 05/22/98 of the Library of Congress database in Washington,
D.C., no evidence of a current copyright was found for the booklet, "My Life Story," by Samuel
Doctorian. -- DVM

* * * * *

Digital Edition 05/22/98
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

PICTURES WITH THIS PUBLICATION

As hdm0670a.jpg and hdm0670b.jpg, there are two pictures included with this digital
publication -- the first being one of Samuel Doctorian and the second being one of him and his
wife to be.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

On numerous occasions throughout the history of the human race, God has looked for a man to stand in the gap between the multitudes in their desperate need and God with His abundant grace and power.

The names of Moses, Samuel, Gideon, David, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, and others stand out among the many whom God has used to accomplish His divine purposes among men.

Today the Middle East stands in great need. Very few, if any, persons are devoting full time to evangelism on an international scale in that strategic part of the world. However, a few years ago God laid His hand upon one, Samuel Doctorian, through whom He has brought revival to the Middle East. This is not only the day of deep need in the Middle East, it is a day of unusual opportunity for the multitudes in those lands whose hearts are hungry for that which will really satisfy.

Born in Beirut, Lebanon, and reared in Jerusalem, Samuel Doctorian is thoroughly familiar with Bible Lands and other areas in the Middle East. He speaks four languages (Turkish, Armenian, Arabic and English), but most important of all, he is wholly devoted to God and His service. Thus, he is eminently qualified for this ministry.

Through a series of providential circumstances, which are outlined in this thrilling story of Samuel Doctorian's life, God has led him and the World Gospel Mission to join hands in the blessed task of carrying the gospel message to the millions of hungry hearts in the Middle East. It is a great joy to be a fellow worker with Samuel Doctorian in this blessed ministry of world evangelism, but I also count it a high honor to be a personal friend.

It is my hope and prayer that you, dear reader, as you peruse the following pages, will feel that you, too, have become a personal friend and co-worker with this young man whom God has chosen for a great ministry in the Middle East.

George R. Warner
Marion, Indiana
April 1, 1956

* * * * *

CHAPTER 1

Only the miraculous hand of God enables me to witness to the great power of the Lord Jesus for what He has done and for what He is able to do. I am glad, my dear friends, to be able to give you my life story and to prove to you that God is the same God as He was in the days of the apostles. He is the God who in times past did great miracles and who is doing them today. I am glad that I am able to witness because some time ago God did a great miracle for me. When I think of the past, and when I think of some of the miracles that have taken place, I cannot help but weep with thanksgiving and joy, giving praise to my omnipotent Creator who with His miraculous hand has brought me to this day.

Truly, what I am today I am only by the grace of God. God's hand has been powerful. If He had not saved me, I would not be able to give such a testimony. Believe my testimony, for I am speaking in the light of the Judgment Day and the fear of God. What I say is true. What He has done to my life He is able to do to your life. What a wonderful privilege to be able to witness for the resurrected Lord.

I am a young man from the city of Jerusalem. I have lived in that holy city for years, and I have learned many great lessons there. One of the greatest miracles that took place in my life in Jerusalem was the day that I met Jesus. But before I tell you how I met the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour, perhaps you would like to know something about my family background -- my dear parents, my grandparents, my relatives and loved ones.

Some of you remember the first world war, especially the days when the Turks were massacring the Armenian people. Thousands upon thousands of Armenians were massacred for their love of Christ. Many would not deny Jesus, stood true to their testimony, were strong in their love for Christ, were filled with the Holy Spirit and resisted the power of the enemy. They were not afraid of the sword. They were not afraid of death for truly they loved the Lord more than life, more than anybody else, more than their possessions, because the Lord was all in all to them.

I am told that my grandfather was shot with twenty-five bullets and killed because of his faith. My grandfather's sister is still living. In a miraculous way her life was preserved. She was the one that told us how her brother, who was my grandfather, was shot by the Turks while he was escaping on his horse. My grandmother was taken to the slaughter with hundreds of other women. She was given the privilege, if you call it a privilege, to deny Christ and to accept the Mohammedan religion. If she would, then her life would be preserved. I am proud and glad to tell you that my grandmother stood with the other Christian women and said, "I will not," and willingly she laid down her head beneath the axe. She was another martyr for the sake of our precious Redeemer.

My dear friends, if Jesus, being the Son of the living God, was willing to suffer and die for our sakes, we should be willing to suffer and make sacrifices for Him. After all, when we do, it is for our own gain for we have eternal life.

My four uncles were massacred because they followed the Christian religion. My father said he was going with my grandmother, as they were being led to the slaughter, but a kind soldier took hold of his hand, pulled him away, and put him in a cave, asking him to stay there until he came back. My father began to weep and to say, "But I want to go with my mother," but the soldier said, "No, you must stay here." With tears, my father had to stay in that cave. When the soldier returned, he found him weeping, took him, and made him a slave in his home. My father was brought up in a doctor's home (my grandfather being one of the most famous surgeons in the country) but now he was a slave in an enemy's home. He had to carry water in the morning from the well, take care of the children, and take the camels out to pasture. Many times he was beaten. Many times they gave him just a piece of dry bread to eat. Many times they tortured him in various ways.

Only nine years old when he was taken there, he stayed for three years as a slave, longing for his father and mother, weeping for his brothers and the only sister that he had. He did not know that she, my only auntie, was tortured and massacred. It is hard to imagine what wicked people will do. They killed her, too, because of her faith in Christ, and because she would not deny Him.

My dear father decided that ultimately he must leave that place. He could remember that his mother would sometimes pray to a person she called Jesus, so sometimes he would say, "Jesus of my mother, please help me." One day, when twelve years old, after taking the camels to the hills to feed, he ran away and left them. He did not know where he was going. He ran through the hills and the valleys, sometimes noticing children dead along the way, sometimes seeing the skulls and the bones of the saints of God who had been massacred. The young boy, shivering, cold, hungry, thirsty, in the midst of fears and a mixture of feelings, after two days of real torture from hunger and thirst, came to the place where he could no longer walk. He wanted to weep more, but there were no more tears to shed. He sat down on a piece of rock and waited for his death. Again he lifted his head toward heaven and made that prayer, "Jesus of my mother, help me." He was in need of water, in need of bread, in need of shelter, in need of loved ones, in need of a Supreme God who only could deliver him from such a state.

While my father was praying and weeping he noticed three men coming toward him. He thought they were enemies. He got up, thinking he could run away, but he had no strength to run. He said, "After all, I am ready to die. If they are enemies and want to kill me, let them kill me." He continued sitting on the rock until the three men came to him. When he looked at their faces, he saw that they did not look like enemies for they were smiling and seemed kind. Who do you think they were? They drew close and found the boy ready to die. Lifting him up, they gave him water to drink and food to eat. They looked at him and pitied him, and some began to shed tears. My dear friends, these three men were missionaries from America. We do not know who they were, but I am sure that one day heaven is going to reveal who those men were who found that orphan boy.

They smiled at him, telling him not to be afraid, and then took him to an orphanage where he found himself with hundreds of other Armenian children just like himself. He began to rejoice for he could speak the same language and have fellowship with them. He ate with them and was given clothing. I rejoice that not only did those missionaries rescue my father, but they taught the children in the orphanage the same Gospel for which their parents were massacred. I am glad that those children did not stay in the hands of the Turkish people where they would have been brought up in the Moslem religion.

After being cared for in the orphanage for several years, my father was taken to the city of Aleppo, Syria. One day, when sixteen years old, he was talking to a young people's group and having fellowship with them. Suddenly he heard a voice which he recognized as his brother's. They hugged and kissed each other. They rejoiced with tears that after some years they had been reunited. What joy flooded their hearts. After losing their parents, their brothers, their home, their possessions, they at last had found one another. In the orphanage church in Aleppo, my father heard the Gospel of Jesus in such a clear way that he was willing to give his heart to the Lord and was wonderfully saved. He received the new birth by the power of the Spirit.

Friends, missions really pay. Oftentimes we cannot see all the dividends when we give our possessions, our money and our lives, and we may wonder if we have acted wisely. But, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," the Bible says, "for thou shalt find it after many days." God keeps a careful and accurate account.

After this my father went to the city of Beirut, the capital of Lebanon. He was married in that city to an orphan girl who had lost father, mother and loved ones. She always had a feeling that her sister, Martha, was living. I was amazed when in Aleppo at the age of seventeen to hear that there was a certain person there by the name of Martha. I went to her home and knocked at the door, wondering if it would be my auntie who would come out. I wanted to see what she looked like for I had never seen her before. I had never known what relatives would be like -- uncles or aunts, grandfathers or grandmothers. The moment this dear sister called Martha opened the door, the moment she saw me, she quickly wept and, hugging and kissing me, said, "You are the son of my sister." Seventeen years had passed, here she was able to see me. I looked at her with tears rolling down her cheeks. I could not keep back my tears, and I began to weep with joy that I had found my auntie.

I had the great joy when preaching in that city and giving the altar call to see many coming to the altar. In one of the meetings I noticed my aunt. Suddenly she arose, walked down the aisle, came to the altar with tears flowing, and prayed to God. I went and knelt beside her.

I said, "What do you want, Auntie?"

With tears in her eyes, she said, "Samuel, I want Jesus to save me. I have never been saved. I want him to come and save me now.

I began to weep with joy that I not only had found my aunt, but was given the privilege of bringing her to Jesus, the eternal Friend. That was a great joy.

My mother was able to see her sister after many years. She had lost many loved ones but she had found Christ in the orphanage. Thus, when my father and mother were married they were Christians, and I was born in a Christian home.

I believe that according to the Word of God, believers must be married to believers. It does not say members of a denomination to members of their own denomination, but it says believers, born again believers, to born again believers. The Christian home is a valuable institution. It makes all the difference in the world. Young lady, when you are seeking your partner, do not put primary emphasis on whether he is handsome, rich, has a nice character and a good ancestry. These things are good, but when you search for a partner be sure to ask, "Is he born again?" That is the main thing.

And when you, my dear young man, seek for a partner for life, do not put the main emphasis on whether she is beautiful, tall, dark, rich, educated, talented -- no. These things are wonderful, but the main thing is whether she is born again and washed in the precious blood of Jesus. Then your home will be a blessed home with the Word of God in the center, Jesus the head of the home, and the blessing of God resting on all of the family's life.

I am glad that I was born in a Christian home in the city of Beirut. The first thing I remember was the church. From that day I have loved the church and grown in the church. Thank the Lord, I have heard the blessed gospel from my cradle until now, and I am not tired of it. I love the Word. The more I read, the more precious it is to me. The closer I come to Christ, the more I realize how powerful and great God is. The more I love Him, the more I realize how much he has loved me, and my vision is enlarged.

I lived in Beirut until I was four years old, and then my parents took me to the city of Tyre which is also on the shores of Lebanon. We stayed there for a few years, and I continued going to Sunday school and church, learning more about the love of Christ and the Bible. From my youth I had the great desire to one day be a preacher of the Gospel and to give my voice, my heart, my talents, my mind and all that I had to the precious Master who gave Himself for me. That was my desire, but I was not yet born again. I was not yet saved. Often I would dream of the time when I would stand before people and preach the Gospel to them, but I was not yet born again.

When I was nine years old, my parents took me to the city of Jerusalem that we might visit the holy places. We visited Bethlehem, Gethsemane and other places. Most precious to me was the place called Calvary. We attended the church there regularly to hear more about the love of Christ. While looking at Calvary, it seemed to me that I was able to picture the whole story of the Crucifixion. I could see Christ, the Son of God, in a great torment. It is so easy to hear about the cross, it is easy to read about Calvary, it is easy for people even to think how Jesus suffered for us, but it is a different matter to be able to go through that suffering. The innocent One became sin for us, the just One was condemned in our place, the One who was living in glory, honor and power in heaven, came to this sin-cursed world and died on a cross in our place. When I pictured Him, I could see Him nailed on that cross, blood coming from His hands, feet, and side; blood coming from His head pierced with the crown of thorns; and from His back because of the whipping in Pilate's hall. Oh, I could see the torture and suffering and my eyes were filled with tears. While I am writing these words just now, I cannot help but weep before my Master. Oh, the scene of Calvary, the torture of Calvary, the sufferings of Calvary, the price that was paid on Calvary!

My dear friends, when I caught such a vision I was melted before the Man of Calvary. I knelt. I remember the day, the hour, the very corner where I knelt and cried, "Lord, why was all this?" It seemed I could see those lips moving, turning to me and saying, "Samuel, because I loved you, because I loved you." My heart was broken when I heard those words, and I turned with tears in my eyes and said, "Lord, if You loved me so much, I am going to love You from today. If You have loved me in such measure that You have given Yourself for me, I am going to love You to the extent that I will be willing to give my life for You." Jesus loved me with a pure love, an eternal love, a deep and strong love. It was a love full of sacrifice.

That day the Lord did something in my heart. It was not imaginary, it was not merely a mental change, it was more than a change of feeling -- it was a heart change. I knew that something had happened in my heart. My life was changed because I had received the new birth. Old things had passed away, and truly all things had become new. No one can really know about this new birth until he has the experience. I am glad that though my eyes were closed, the Lord opened them. I was dead in trespasses and sins, but He quickened me by His Spirit. Truly, I was condemned, but

Jesus justified me. Truly, I was in the depths of sin, but He lifted me. I was far away from God, but I now felt very close to the heart of God. Truly, I was lost, without hope, but now I had a glorious hope which was Christ Jesus in my heart. This is a great experience. I am glad I am able to witness to the wonderfulness of regeneration by the power of the Man of Calvary.

I stood. Everything was changed! Nature was different! I was different! My loved ones were different! My friends were different! The world seemed different! Everything seemed changed because the heart of this little nine-year old boy was changed.

You might say to me, "But what did you understand when you were only nine?"

What I know today of the real basis of salvation, I knew when I was only nine. I knew I was a sinner. I caught the vision that He loved me and came to save me from my sins. The only thing that I needed to do was to pray humbly as a child to Him, "Lord, save me," and by simple trust He did save me.

That is what I am preaching today. The Gospel of Jesus is simple. We try to make it hard and people do not get saved. They become puzzled and wonder what it is all about. When the Gospel is given with simplicity, backed up with the power of the Spirit, then He will do the work in persuading men to come to the Man of Calvary, changing hearts and lives and giving them the living witness that they are the children of God. I am glad that the Spirit bears witness with my spirit today that I am a child of God. What a glorious experience!

After my salvation I did not want to be selfish. The Lord had given me a great salvation from sin, a great salvation from hell, a great salvation from the hand of the devil, a great salvation with a great experience, a great salvation with a great sacrifice, a great salvation that would lead me to a great place called heaven. I wanted to give out hundreds and thousands of tracts to everyone. I wanted to tell everybody at school and everybody I met what the Lord had done for me and what He could do for them.

I am glad for the burden for souls. I believe burden, and passion, and vision only come by the Holy Spirit, and when they come they are for a purpose. Every Christian must feel the burden for souls. We must have passion for the lost. We must catch the vision for those who are living in darkness. Let us unselfishly share what we have and bring others to the Lord. I am glad that "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." It is the power of God unto salvation, my friends. It saves you, if you believe.

When I was in school I led a few people to the Lord. I carried a burden, and it has continued more and more until today. Sometimes I have so much burden that I am crushed under it, with pain in my heart, pain in my soul, tears in my eyes, waiting for more souls to find the Man of Calvary. When unsaved people close their eyes in death, the next moment they open them in the depths of hell. What kind of feeling will they have when they find themselves there? Eternally lost! We are responsible for them.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 2

I did not come from a rich home but from a poor one. My parents were just orphan children. The only thing they were able to do was to try to supply us with our daily bread and help us so that we might be able to go through school and get a bit of education. That was a hard task. My father worked far away from Jerusalem and once a month he would be able to visit our home. Every time he came he would have only about four Palestinian pounds, equal to about twelve dollars in those days. He would give some to the grocer, some to the baker, and some here and there, and then go back to work again. That is all we were able to see our father, just once a month.

One day as we four hungry boys came home from school, we came to our mother and asked for a piece of bread, but mother was not able to give us any bread. She asked us to go and play. We continued playing until night came. About 7:00 o'clock we came back again, wondering why mother was sad. We said, "Mother, we are hungry." She would not say anything to us. She washed our hands, feet and faces, and then said, "Come on, children, come and go to bed now. Pray your prayers and go to sleep."

But we said, "Mother, we want bread. We are hungry. What is the matter with you?"

She would not answer us but made us all kneel and pray, and then said, "Goodnight, children." She lowered the gas light so that we might go to sleep.

The four of us began to weep, each looking to the others with tears rolling down his cheeks. We were hungry and we wanted bread. Mother would not give us bread. Why was mother so cruel? Had we done anything wrong that she would not give us bread? With tears in our eyes we finally went to sleep.

At 2: 00 o'clock in the morning I awoke, crying, "Mother, mother."

She came close to me and said, "What do you want, Samuel?"

I said, "Mother, I cannot sleep. I want bread."

I could notice, although the gas light was low, bright tears rolling down her cheeks. She went away and brought me a cup of water and said, "Samuel, drink water."

I said, "Mother, it is not water I want. It is bread I want."

When I noticed her weeping I stopped my tears, wondering what was the matter. I drank the water and went to sleep again.

When morning came we all got up hungry and with tears still in our eyes. We did not know what to do, and mother did not dare tell anybody that we needed bread.

Then she broke into tears and said, "Children, pray. We do not have bread at home. We do not know what to do. We do not know when our father will come back, and we do not have bread."

We said, "What are we going to do? We cannot go to school if you do not give us bread."

She said, "Come, let us pray to the Father in Heaven."

We sat around the table. All five of us began to weep and cry for bread. We said, "Father, send us bread. Father, send us bread."

While we were praying -- thank God for His miraculous hand -- there was a knock at the door.

The moment the knock came my mother said, "Keep quiet, children. Do not make any noise. Do not let anyone know what we are praying and what our need is. Let only God know about this."

She wiped her tears and went to the door. When she opened it a man came in. He was a dear believer with a basket in his hand full of bread and cheese.

When we saw the basket, he turned to us and said, "Children, take. This is bread. Your Father sent it."

We all ran to that basket. I took a loaf in my hand, cut it, and began to eat it as a hungry child. I was so glad that father had sent us bread.

Only after some years had passed did I find that it was not my father. I went to that believer and said, "My dear brother, I want you to tell me what made you come to our home and give us that bread?"

He said, "Samuel, I bought all those things to take to Bethlehem to my family. I got my ticket and sat waiting for the bus to move. A Voice within me said, 'Rise. Take all that you have bought to the family down in the Valley of Kidron and give it to them.' I said, 'No, it is late. I must get home and give this to my family and come back to my business.' But the Voice continued, saying, 'Rise. Take it to that family.' I said, 'But they do not need this bread.' But the Voice within me kept saying, 'You rise and go. They need this bread.'"

He continued, "I could not disobey that Voice. I got up and left the bus, not caring about the ticket I had purchased. I walked down to the Valley of Kidron and before knocking I put my ears to the door and could hear hungry children crying and praying, 'Father, send us bread.' The moment I heard that I could wait no longer. I knocked at the door and when it was opened I said, 'Your Father sent this bread. Take it.' I gave everything I had."

While he was telling me that story I was rejoicing. How wonderful is the God in whom we believe. He is the God of Elijah, supplying our every need today. He is a great God! I praise the Lord that I believe in such a supreme Being who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Physical hunger is bad, but from that experience the Lord taught me to go with the living Bread and give it to the millions who are dying for lack of spiritual food, that they might eat and live.

When I was fourteen years old, my father had to tell me that I would not be able to go to school any more.

I said, "Why? You know how much I love school."

He said, "Son, I know. But I cannot afford it. I need you to work and to bring in some money to help with our daily bread."

Thus I had to leave school. I was placed in a goldsmith shop where I worked for one year. It was pitiful in that shop. There I found some evil friends who persuaded me to go to the world, and I tasted for a few months of the bitterness, the anguish, and the pain in the world. I began to go to picture houses. I lost my prayer life. I began to stop Bible reading. Very soon I would not go to prayer meetings in the church. I was getting cold and losing my spiritual life. I am so sorry I gave those few months of my life to the devil. He led me from one sin to another. He was binding me with all the chains he could put around my neck to make me a slave. But after tasting the world, I found it was bitter, it was bad, with nothing in it. It was foolishness and waste of time with no eternal hope or joy whatsoever.

Thank God, one day I came back to the Lord asking for pardon for my sin. He took me back and restored me to Himself. Today I love Him more than I ever loved Him before.

When I was fifteen my father placed me in a shoemaker's shop. He wanted me to be a shoemaker and said it might be better work and that we might have a better income. I worked as a shoemaker, earning fifty piasters a week, which is equal to \$1.50. I worked from 7: 00 in the morning until about 7: 00 or 8: 00 at night, and sometimes later when we had lots of work to do.

One day at noon when everyone had gone to eat, I was working in the damp, dark room of the shop where the sunlight never entered and where a gas lamp had to be used all day long, when suddenly the voice of God came clearly.

The Voice said, "Samuel, Samuel. Leave everything and follow me and I will make you a fisher of men."

When I heard that Voice, I at first wondered who was speaking to me. I dropped the shoes which I was sewing, knelt and began to weep.

I said, "Lord, no, no. I have left school. I cannot be a preacher. I do not have much education. I am going to be a shoemaker. I cannot be a preacher because I need money, Lord. O Lord, please leave me, as I have lost all desire now of becoming a preacher."

But the Voice came again as clearly as the first time. "Samuel, Samuel, leave everything and follow me, and I will make you a fisher of men."

I heard that Voice as clearly as I have heard anyone's voice, and I know He called me to be a preacher of the Word. I believe there is a definite call of God to preachers. Of course there are some who are man-called preachers, and there are some who are self-called preachers, but, thank God, there are some who are God-called.

I knelt weeping and said, "All right, Lord, I cannot disobey this heavenly call. I will obey. I will go anywhere. I will do anything. If You have called me, which I know You have, I believe You can supply my need. Open the way, do miracles, do the impossible, and give me enough education that I might become an effective minister of Thy Word.

After three days of fasting and praying to get closer to God, to make sure of my calling, and to pray through to some victories, He gave me assurance. I began to preach the Word with effect. I could feel the Spirit working miracles in me.

When mother invited me to eat, one of those days when I was fasting, I said, "No, mother. leave me alone."

She said, "But, why, Samuel?"

I said, "It is all right, mother. Do not force me."

She went to her room, closed the door, knelt beside the bed, and began to pray. I put my ears to the door and began to listen.

She was praying like this, "Lord Jesus, I feel You are doing something in the heart of Samuel. You know, Lord, we wanted him to be a preacher all the time but our finances were impossible. We had to make him leave school and work as a shoemaker. But, Lord, You know that we gave him to Thee before his birth. We called his name Samuel so that he could be a minister of Thy Word. Lord, if that is what You are doing, help him to obey Your call."

When I heard that prayer of my mother, I rejoiced and said, "Thank You, Lord, I was given to Thee before my birth. My name is Samuel that I might preach."

I began to pray, "Lord, lead me, guide me. Help me to go to Bible school."

There was no hope of going outside Palestine, none whatsoever. I began to pray and say, "Lord, You are able to open a Bible school right in the city of Jerusalem. I believe You can do it, Lord."

The devil came very close to me and said, "Samuel, you are very foolish. Do you think God will open a Bible school just for your sake in Jerusalem where you live?"

I said to the devil, "You keep quiet. I am not speaking to you. I am praying to Jesus."

The devil left me. I continued praying, "Lord, open a Bible school in Jerusalem."

After three months of prayer, do you know what happened? A dear brother came to me one day.

He said, "Samuel, did you hear?"

I said, "What?"

He said, "I just heard that the Christian and Missionary Alliance is opening a Bible school right in Jerusalem."

When I heard those words from that brother, I went to my secret corner where I had spent hours in the presence of the Lord. I knelt there and said, "Lord, You have opened a Bible school in Jerusalem."

Before I prayed, I turned to the devil and said, "Did you hear that! The Lord has opened a Bible school in Jerusalem."

I went back to the brother and said, "What are the conditions?"

He said, "Samuel, I do not think you can really go, because you are not a high school graduate. Secondly, you must have sixty Palestinian pounds if you want to be a boarding student. We might be able as a church to help you with your tuition if they accept you. But, thirdly, you must be twenty-one years old. Those are the conditions."

I began to think. I said, "Lord, I do not have high school education, but You can give me that right from heaven. Lord, I do not have money, but I am sure You can supply the sixty pounds. Lord, I know You could do these things, but how could I be twenty-one. I am only sixteen." I could not reason that out, but I said, "Lord, You are able to do the impossible."

I went to the school dean, Rev. Irish, and knocked at his door to speak to him personally. He called me in, sat down on his chair, turned to me and said, "What is your name?"

I said, "Samuel Doctorian."

He said, "What can I do for you?"

I turned to him and said, "Rev. Irish, God has called me to be a preacher. God has burdened me to pray for a Bible school, and I believe this school is in answer to my prayer. I have come to enroll as a student. Please accept me."

Rev. Irish turned and measured me from head to feet and then asked me the first and hardest question, "How old are you?"

When he asked me that question I had to speak the truth. I said to him, "I am only sixteen." I was praying in my heart, "Lord, help him to say yes. Help him to say yes."

After a few seconds of thought, he turned to me and said, "Samuel, I have a feeling we are going to accept you." He was six feet, six inches tall, a man of God. I loved that dear brother. He has been a great blessing to me, a saint of the Lord, filled with the Holy Spirit. I am thankful God used him so that I could be accepted in that school.

When I heard his words I said, "Thank you, Rev. Irish." I ran out of the door as soon as I could after learning the opening day of school, because I was afraid he would ask me the two other hard questions which I could not answer. If the hardest one was solved, I could say, "Praise the Lord, I will be a student here." I went home and said, "Thank the Lord, I am accepted. I am going to that Bible school."

My father said to me, "What about your money? You cannot be a boarding student if you do not have the sixty pounds, and I do not have it."

I said, "But father, God has called me. God has helped me to pray through for a Bible school. God has made me to be accepted in the Bible school and He will supply the need. Do not be concerned about this. I believe He will do it."

* * * * *

CHAPTER 3

The day came when the Bible school was to start. I cannot explain the joy in my heart. My father knelt on my right, and my mother on my left. Together we prayed, and they dedicated me afresh to the Lord, saying, "Lord, take him. Help him in the Bible school. Give him success and make him a soul winner."

I kissed them good-bye and went to the Bible school. I had a wonderful time. Young people of America, you have many Bible schools, colleges, and seminaries in this country. Thank God for it. In all of Palestine, this was the only one that was opened.

After two weeks had passed, the principal called me. He said, "Samuel, we are glad we have accepted you, but what do you think about the money? When are you bringing it? If you cannot bring all the money at once, we can have it divided into thirds and you can pay every three months."

I said to the principal, "Yes, brother, but I believe I am going to bring all of it at once."

He said, "When?"

I said, "Give me just a few days to pray about it."

He was very kind. He said, "All right."

I went to my room and prayed. I said, "Lord, my tuition is paid by the church I attend. But Thou knowest the sixty pounds for my board, books and other necessary things. Lord, I need money. You can supply it. You will supply it."

I prayed for about two days. The answer did not come. The principal called me in again. I was ashamed this time. I was biting my lips to keep from weeping before him because the answer had not come.

He asked me again, "What about the money, Samuel? We are glad we have you and we believe you are called by God and should be in this school, but what about the money? We would like to know."

I turned and said, "Please, would you give me just a few days more?"

He said, "All right."

I went back to my room. I wept and wept before the Lord. I said, "Lord, I am not rising from my knees until You give me this money, until You give me the assurance." I prayed hard. I said, "Lord, I believe You can send that money right now from heaven, right now into my hands. I believe You, Lord. You are the God of miracles, the God of impossibilities, the God of supreme power. You can do it!"

The moment I prayed like that, I felt I had the money. I said, "Thank You, Lord. I have the money." I got up from my knees and wiped away the tears. I said, "Hallelujah, I have the money, but I do not know where it is."

I began to search my pockets to see if truly I had the money, but, no. I said, "Lord, I do not feel like asking You any more because I feel I have it. Where is it, Lord? Please, show me where it is. I believe You have given it to me, but where is it?"

I went out of that room of prayer and began to walk in the garden. Wiping away my tears, I said, "I have the money, but where is it."

Just then the cook of the house came from Prophet Street, one of the streets of Jerusalem. She said, "Samuel, Samuel. Have you paid your money yet?"

I said, "No."

She said, "Praise the Lord."

I said, "What do you mean, sister? I have not paid it yet. What do you mean, 'praise the Lord'?"

She said, "Brother Samuel, just now while I was walking in Prophet Street, a man passed me. He has seen you once but you do not know him very well, and he does not want you to know him. He placed something in my hand and said it was for the Armenian boy in the Bible school."

I asked the woman, "How much is it?"

She answered, "Sixty pounds, Samuel. It is for your board at the school."

My dear friends, I did not know how to adequately praise and thank my Lord. I went to the principal after the money was paid and said, "Did you get the money, brother?"

He said, "Yes, but where did it come from?"

I answered, "I do not know. I prayed and the Lord supplied it. Hallelujah." He is the same God today.

In that Bible school I had such close fellowship with the Lord. I rejoiced in Him. I received the news that I should be baptized. I had not had that light, but I obeyed and was baptized in the river Jordan. It was a glorious day. I was baptized before many people, witnessing that I was willing to die for Jesus and to live for Him forever. It was one of the great days of my life.

I had one especially great blessing in the Bible school. Though I was called to preach, had a junior class in Sunday school to teach, was treasurer of two societies, and had a burden for souls, yet in my heart I felt that I needed something more. I did not know what it was. I did not remember hearing anyone preach about such a need or ever understanding about an experience that could meet it. I did not know what it was or what it could be.

Sometimes I had bitterness. Sometimes it was so easy to have pride. Sometimes jealousy would come and sometimes a harsh spirit of hatred. Sometimes carnality would spring up to trouble me. Many times I felt that I failed the Lord, and I failed people. I would be asking forgiveness from this brother and from that brother. From morning until night I would go about asking forgiveness.

I said, "Surely, Lord, You do not want me to live such a life. Wrong thoughts come and trouble me. Lord, I belong to You. Why do I have such trouble to overcome?"

I knew to whom to pray. I am glad that I did not know about the terms of holiness, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, or all the controversial arguments, the doctrinal differences, and the denominational barriers that you have in this western world. I am glad I did not know these things. I knew what I needed in my heart. After I got the real blessing that God gave me, I came to the western world and began to hear about the differences, the troubles, the arguments, the difficulties and the heart-breaks. Let me tell you, the more you argue about the Holy Spirit, the more you grieve Him and the less blessing of the Spirit you have within you. Every time people come and try to argue with me, I say to them, "I do not know what you are thinking about, but I know what I have. It is a great blessing in my soul. I cannot deny it. God has done a great work in my heart."

I knelt in my room in the place where I had prayed for the sixty pounds. Now I had to pray through for something better, and richer and deeper. I was praying and reading the Book of Acts,

chapter 2. The sentence that touched me was this, "And the Holy Ghost came down." I could not understand this experience.

I said, "Lord, I do not remember a day when something like this happened to me. I believe I have the Spirit because I am saved, but I do not remember the day when the Holy Spirit came on me with such power."

I was not interested so much in the different kinds of gifts that the Holy Spirit gives, such as tongues, or miracles or healing, or prophecy. I wanted the Giver, the Holy Spirit Himself.

I said, "Lord, I want Him."

When I heard that I could have such a great experience, I did not oppose it. I began to pray. I said, "Lord, let the Holy Spirit come upon me."

You call it a baptism, or you call it entire sanctification, or you call it consecration -- I do not care what you call it, but get the blessing. That is what the Church of Christ needs today.

While I was kneeling and praying, the Spirit began to deal with me. He showed me certain things that I had in my life that I must make right. Certain brothers I had grieved and I had to go and ask forgiveness. Certain places I had to make restitution. Certain books I had to burn. Certain pictures I must not keep. He began to cleanse me inwardly and outwardly. When you allow the Holy Spirit to work, He does His work perfectly. He began to show me what I had to do, the price I had to pay, the consecration I must be willing to make.

Last of all, He said to me, "Samuel, are you willing to love your enemies?"

I could not say that I had enemies, but I knew within my heart I could not love those people who had massacred my loved ones. When the Holy Spirit said to me, "Samuel, are you willing to love them," I was afraid if I said, "Yes," He would say to me, "All right now, Samuel, I want you to go and preach to them and prove that you really love them. Tell them about me and my love."

I was afraid of that. I would not go to the Mohammedans and tell them about Jesus. How dare they massacre my loved ones! How could I love them?

Humanly speaking, it is not possible. Those who are not yet sanctified cannot love their enemies unless the fire burns every dross of sin. For two weeks I struggled. I said, "Lord, do not ask me that question, but give me the Holy Spirit."

The answer would come, "No, not until you promise you will be willing to love your enemies and pay every price."

I was so desperate for the Holy Spirit. I was praying to a living God. Thank the Lord for that day when I shouted at the top of my voice, "I love them, Lord, I love them."

Hallelujah, friends, the fire fell. The Holy Spirit came. The fire began to burn in my heart, my mind, my whole spirit and body. The wonderful Holy Spirit began to take possession of me. I knew that when I was saved I had the Spirit, but now I was allowing the Spirit to have me. What a great difference! What a great experience!

When the Holy Spirit came, my life was different. My hands were different. My eyes were different. My whole being was lost in Christ. I could say I was "crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." This is the experience that God gave me, and I give Him all the praise and all the glory. The Holy Spirit is the promise of the Father. He is the promise of Jesus. It is a Biblical truth, it is practical, it is personal, it can happen to you while you are reading these lines. You can receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit and you can know the difference. You will be a different Christian from the moment you receive the blessing of holiness. Allow Him to take full charge of your life, and you will be fruitful. You will become a great blessing and be a powerful witness.

This power of the Holy Spirit that the Bible speaks about is not physical power. It is power to be an effective witness. It is power to win souls to Christ. It is power to love your enemies. It is power to live like Christ Jesus. It is power to overcome the devil and sin. This is the power of the Holy Spirit. Allow Him to come in. It is the will of God, even your sanctification. It is the call of God. It is the work of God, who sanctifies you, your whole body, and soul and spirit to be preserved blameless for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. For faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it.

It is the prayer of Jesus, the command of Jesus, that you might receive the power of the Holy Spirit. It is the desire of the Spirit to come and dwell within you so that He might make you His holy temple. Will you pay the price? It is worth paying every price to receive this blessing.

I am glad that in the Bible school God gave me this rich, spiritual blessing. I am thankful for the professors who helped me to pray through, who continued praying for me, and who taught me afterwards. I had success in every lesson, with the Lord's help. I prayed every time I opened a book to study. Afterwards I would close the book and pray again that the Lord would help me to remember what I had learned.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 4

After nine months the Bible school closed. The Lord then led me to go to Scotland. The principal of the school did his best to persuade me to stay there. He said, "Samuel, although we may have a few others, if you are the only student next year, we will continue the Bible school."

I said, "Thank you, my dear brother, but the Lord leads me to go to Scotland."

For two hours we talked, but I was not persuaded to stay. He said, "All right, Samuel. The only thing I can do is to pray for you. God bless and be with you. Be true and faithful to Him."

God opened the way and supplied about fifty sterlings for my fare. That amount only got me to France. I began to fast and pray from Marseilles to Paris, then to Calais, then to Dover, then to London. I traveled day and night without food until I got to Scotland, hungry because I did not have enough money to purchase bread. I was desirous of getting to the college to study, to learn more about the love of God, and to be better able to preach the Word.

Two weeks after reaching Scotland, I received a letter from the dear Jerusalem brother, mailed on the Island of Cyprus. He had typed two pages.

He said, "Samuel, God has led you rightly. I am glad you have gone to Scotland. Just a few days after you left, the Jewish and Arab war came and we had to leave the Bible school and church and run for our lives to the Island of Cyprus."

I knew God had opened that Bible school in Jerusalem especially for me. For one year it was open to train me and give me experience before going out to preach the Gospel. Was not this an answer to prayer? Glory be to God!

I did not know the English language when I went to Scotland. I was not able even to testify or to say grace around the table. But I prayed every day during the four years I was in Britain that the Lord might teach me this language. I promised Him that I would use it only for His glory. It was He who really taught me to speak English.

The fellowship in Scotland was very sweet with those dear brothers and sisters. God supplied my need every day. It was wonderful. Miracles were wrought. Many, many times when I was in desperate need of money, I did not tell anybody about it, but the Lord worked miracles to supply all my need.

The day I arrived in Scotland, I did not have money to go to church. I did not have a shilling in my pocket. The students said, "Come on, Samuel, let's go to church."

I said, "I cannot come."

They wondered why, but I did not tell them the reason. I knew I did not have money to go. I went to my room and prayed. I said, "Lord, You have not brought me here to suffer like this. I want You to give me that shilling so I can attend church and worship Thee."

The Lord said, "I have given it, Samuel."

I got up, took my coat, walked downstairs and came to the outside door, but before I shut the door a woman from inside shouted, "Samuel, Samuel."

I went in.

She said, "The postman has come and there is a letter for you."

I took the letter in my hand and could not recognize the handwriting. I said, "Who is it?"

She said, "Oh, the stamps seem to be from Ayrshire."

I opened the letter and, praise the Lord, there were ten shillings in it from a woman who had never seen me. I had never seen her. She said in the letter that the Spirit had led her to send the ten shillings to the Armenian boy who had just arrived from Jerusalem that the Lord might be able to bless him and use him for His glory.

I asked the Lord for one shilling and He gave me ten. He is the same Lord today. That is the way the four years passed. God supplied every need—spiritual, physical, material. I give Him all the glory. I do feel that I am what I am only by His grace.

I was privileged to preach in many churches in England, Scotland and Ireland. I traveled about twenty-two times across the Irish Sea. The years spent there were a wonderful blessing. I had many problems to solve, many times of real distress and discouragement, and many kinds of disappointment. I am so glad for every privilege God gave me to witness for Him.

I pastored a church in Ireland for three months where God's wonderful power was manifested. I then pastored a church in Dunfirmline near Edinburgh on the other side of the Forth river where God richly blessed us for fifty-two weeks. I saw many coming to Him, the numbers growing Sunday after Sunday, and the blessing of the Lord resting on the meetings. Hallelujah for all the blessings in that church. I grew in grace and realized my responsibility more and more.

All the time that I was a pastor I could feel the burden in my soul for the evangelistic field. I felt the Lord calling me to a wider field where I could preach the Gospel to hundreds and thousands of people. Sometimes I had disappointments and tried to escape the call of God to return to the Middle East. I thought of seeking a comfortable church in Britain, or of even coming to America to the wonderful life that this country enjoys.

One day I was traveling to Perth in the north of Scotland to an evangelistic campaign. I was sitting by myself in the train, when the voice of God came to me, "Samuel, you have finished your college. I helped you to finish it successfully. You have been a blessing here, for I have blessed you. I supplied your every need. But now, Samuel, go back to your own people in the Middle East and fulfill your promise to me to reach your people, the Armenians, the Arabs, and the Moslems, whom you promised you would love. Go, Samuel."

When I heard that call, I was trying to take out naturalization papers in Britain. I dropped everything. I canceled all my meetings which I had slated for months ahead.

I said, "I am going back. I am going to obey Him."

I got on a ship and began to travel back, praying all the way that the Lord would make me a blessing in the Middle East. It was a joy to go back.

When I reached the city of Beirut, Lebanon, I was glad for the privilege of preaching to my people. The first message was glorious. I rejoiced that the Lord had led me back to my country again.

I then went straight to Jerusalem to meet my parents. When I saw my mother and father, my brothers and sisters, I found that they had lost everything they had in the new part of Jerusalem where the Jews had taken over. They were now refugees, having escaped with only a few things to a small room in the old city of Jerusalem. It broke my heart to see their condition.

My father said, "Although they bombed our home, they were not able to bomb our Jesus."

I continued preaching for one month in Jerusalem. We had great meetings. Then the Lord led me to Amman, the capital city of Jordan. God blessed there, and I saw many souls saved. There was a great spirit of revival. I preached in many churches and baptized many converts in the river Jordan.

One day the Lord said, "Samuel, do not stay here, but go out and preach the Gospel everywhere I lead you. I will supply your need." The verse He spoke through was, "Go, and whatsoever is in thine heart, do it, and I shall be with thee." I obeyed that verse.

I said, "Lord, I will go."

People said, "Where are you going?"

I said, "I do not know."

I was just newly married. I had found a wife to whom the Lord had led me. I had prayed five years for God to lead me to the right person. The Lord had been working and preparing the heart of this girl, Naomi Pashguian, to be my future helpmate in the work of the Lord. She was a born again Christian. I am glad for the way the Lord led my life so that I could meet her.

In 1952 when we were married, we were burdened together for the souls of men. After only six months the call of God came as we were kneeling together and praying.

I said to my wife, "What shall we do, Naomi? The Lord is calling us. We must leave."

She turned to me and said, "I know. What about all this furniture?"

I said, "Listen, dear. We will take a suitcase for you and one for me. We will leave all this furniture behind us. Let us go out for the salvation of souls."

I was glad that she said, "Yes, I am willing to go."

Thus, we began our journey. In the station at Amman, Jordan, there were many Christians to bid us good-bye, with tears flowing down their cheeks. We sang, "Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go," while the train began to move.

The Lord took us to Aleppo, in the north of Syria, where we had one of the greatest of revivals. A dear brother who had been there for thirty years witnessed to me that he had never seen such movings, such unity among the Christians, such power manifested. I give all the glory to God. We had the largest churches packed to the doors with hungry souls coming to the services every night for five solid weeks listening to the Word and finding the Lord at the altar.

Then the Lord took me to Cyprus, to Egypt, back to Lebanon, and then to Damascus where we had a great revival.

I was in the midst of revival in Egypt when I got the news that God had given us a son. I began to weep with joy. I wanted to go home quickly.

I said, "How can I. I am in the midst of a revival."

A voice within me said, "Go and see your son."

Another Voice said, "Samuel, do you love revival, or do you love your son?"

I said, "I love both."

He said, "Which one do you love most?"

I said, "I love revival, Lord."

He said, "All right, Samuel, you cannot go now. You must stay here until I tell you to go."

I said, "All right, I will do it, Lord."

I stayed there and continued working and winning souls to Christ. When the Lord led me back home, my son was two months and two days old. Before I kissed him, I took him in my arms and dedicated him to God. I was glad that the Lord gave me many spiritual sons in Egypt. Spiritual children are more valuable than physical children.

After we had a great revival in Damascus, the Lord led me back to Egypt to have meetings not only with the Armenian people but with the Egyptians. We began in Port Said where God's Spirit began to work on the first night. The second night we had such crowds as we had never seen before. The churches were packed and we had to go outdoors. We went to a large yard and packed that place. God richly blessed us there.

From there we went to Alexandria, to Cairo, and to fourteen of the largest cities in Egypt where we saw thousands attend the services. I said, "All these things are for the glory of God."

Do you know how the revival in Egypt came about. It was through the instrumentality of Miss Ethyl Young. I attended a conference for the Presbyterian Church in Cyprus on the Troodas Mountains. Here in Cyprus people had gathered from all over Egypt and different parts of Lebanon

and Syria and the Lord had given me the privilege to be the evangelist in that wonderful conference. I preached one night about revival, God came down upon the scene and the missionaries began to weep. God's Spirit moved in the whole camp and when the altar call was given the missionaries were the first ones to come forward and kneel at the altar. God had touched their hearts and begun a revival in their own souls. Among them was a dear sister whose name was Ethyl Young. After the meeting she got hold of my hand and said, "Brother Samuel, the Spirit of God says to me that you are the one for Egypt. We need revival there and you are the man." I looked at her and said, "Sister Young, thank you for such a wonderful invitation. I want to come to Egypt. When the Lord leads, I'll be there."

It was nine months before the Lord opened my way to go but He finally did so. After having meetings in Egypt for some time, it was suggested by Miss Spurlin that I become a recognized Peniel Missionary and that is what I now am. This organization is now affiliated with World Gospel Mission.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 5

For several years I had been praying, "o God, grant that some day I shall be able to get to America." When the Lord told me that I should be a preacher of the Word, I thought that the best place to study and prepare myself would be in the United States. Even after taking Bible school work in Jerusalem and further training in Scotland, I still felt that perhaps it would be advantageous to come to America for some kind of further training in order that I might be well equipped to do God's work in the Middle East. Thus I had been praying, "Lord, would you open the way for me to go there?" One day I was on my knees praying desperately with tears and crying out, "o Lord! If you bind together all the prayers that I have prayed today, surely they would be enough to get me there."

The Lord then gave me a vision and after the vision He said to me, "Samuel, my son, I will take you to America." The moment He gave me that wonderful promise I said, "But when, Lord?" I wanted to know the time. But He said to me, "Samuel, wait and you will see."

After waiting for seven years, God miraculously opened the way and brought me to the United States, not that I might enjoy myself by studying and going about to behold the scenery, but that I might represent the cause and the burden of the Middle East countries -- the cause of my own people, the Armenians, and the cause of the millions of Arabs who are without Jesus.

Perhaps you would like to know how the matter was worked out so that you might praise the Lord with me. Dr. George R. Warner, President of World Gospel Mission with headquarters in Marion, Indiana, was making a world tour for the purpose of visiting a number of mission fields. He had heard about the revival in the Middle East where God had wonderfully undertaken and moved upon the people with great power. In December of 1954, Dr. Warner cabled me from India that he would like to see me while passing through Egypt. At that time I was holding meetings in the largest auditorium in Cairo where the power of God was manifested every night. However, at the time Dr. Warner could reach Egypt, I would need to be in the city of Jerusalem. I cabled him

saying, "I am sorry, Dr. Warner, but I will be in Jerusalem during the days that you will pass through Egypt." In the meantime I was praying that he would find it possible to come through Jerusalem so that we could meet there.

One morning shortly before Christmas about 7:00 a.m. while I was eating breakfast in a Jerusalem hotel, the telephone rang and I heard someone say, "Are you Rev. Doctorian?"

I said, "Yes, who is speaking?"

He said, "I am George Warner."

When I heard those words over the telephone, I said, "Praise the Lord, Brother. Where are you?"

Dr. Warner said, "I am in the National Hotel."

I said, "I would like to see you, Brother Warner."

Dr. Warner quickly came to the hotel where I was staying, accompanied by Rev. Marshall L. Leary from Columbus, Georgia. These dear men of God had been traveling together on that missionary itinerary to various lands. The moment we met each other, we felt a wonderful unity of the Spirit.

During the few days that they were able to stay in Jerusalem, I was able to escort them so that they might see a number of the holy places in the city. One night I was asked to preach at the Shepherds Hotel where many Christians from different parts of the world were gathered together, having come to spend Christmas in the Holy Land. Included in this group were Dr. Lela G. McConnell and Miss Martha Archer of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association. The power of God was upon us in that meeting and we were richly blessed.

Just before going into this meeting I noticed that Miss McConnell had a letter in her hand. Calling Dr. Warner to one side, she began talking to him and I could not help but notice the sad expression which came to his face. He seemed to be very much burdened. Then they called Brother Leary and gave him the contents of the letter and great sadness came to his face also. Tremendous anguish seemed to take hold of his heart.

I went quickly to Dr. Warner and said, "Brother Warner, would you please tell me why you seem to be so sad. I would like to know."

Dr. Warner took me aside and said, "Brother Samuel, we have just gotten word that Brother Leary's son in Montgomery, Alabama, has suffered a very serious accident. He has fallen from a tree and injured his backbone. His condition is very serious. Brother Leary feels that he cannot stay in Jerusalem any longer but must catch the first plane back to the United States." Brother Leary then left the meeting and went back to his hotel.

After we had concluded the meeting in which the Lord so wonderfully poured out His blessing and power that we felt like the household of Cornelius in olden days when the power of the Spirit came upon them, I said to Dr. Warner, "I just cannot go to sleep until I see Brother Leary again. I would like to go and ask him if there is anything we can do, and have prayer together with him." I had never met Brother Leary's son who had suffered the accident but I knew that he was a member of the body of Christ, and I knew from God's Word that when one member is hurt or in danger, the whole body suffers.

Dr. Warner and I went together to Brother Leary's hotel and the three of us knelt together in prayer saying, "Lord, You undertake about this matter. Please guide Brother Leary. Help him, take hold of his heart and his mind and give him peace. Help him all the way as he travels home."

After Brother Leary had caught his plane for the United States, and also after Dr. Warner had left Jerusalem in a day or so, I was still so burdened for Brother Leary's son that I went to Calvary and dropping on my knees I prayed, "Lord, I am so sorry for this news which has come, but, Lord, You are able to heal this man. You are in Montgomery, Alabama, now although I am here at Calvary. Lord, You can bless him, touch him and heal him."

While I was thus praying, my dear friends, I felt Heaven open. The answer came, "Samuel, all is well."

I felt happy and rested. "Thank You, Lord," I said, "for the healing power which You have manifested." Later in America I had the privilege of meeting this dear son and finding him perfectly healed. The doctors who had worked on him had said that the only way that this healing could have come was by the power of God. Truly, God had done it. Glory to His holy Name!

Before Dr. Warner left Jerusalem, we went together to Bethlehem where Jesus was born. When I pointed out the spot where He was born, Dr. Warner could stand on his feet no longer. We both knelt there at the manger in a few moments of silent devotion with the Lord. While we were kneeling there, I asked myself, "Why was Jesus born here?"

The answer seemed to come, "Samuel, I was born that you might be born again." Jesus became incarnate in Bethlehem. Jesus became a man that He might make me like Him. He came to this world that He might take me to Heaven. He became poor that He might make me rich. Praise His holy Name.

While we were visiting Gethsemane, the Tomb, and other places of holy interest, we talked about the possibility of gospel work in the Middle East. There is such a tremendous need in these countries. There are millions of people without Jesus, and many of them are waiting for someone to take them the good news of salvation. The Middle East was the birthplace of Christianity. There the Gospel was first preached. Jerusalem, the Holy City, is today desperately crying for Christian workers, and its people need the gospel.

Friends in America, the primary need of the Middle East is not armaments or dollars or clothing and relief work. The Middle East's greatest need is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel is the answer to the serious and difficult questions that are arising in the Middle East

today. Christ is the answer to these problems. The Middle East is a very difficult mission field, but there is nothing too hard for God. He is able to do the impossible. He is able to move the immovable. He is able to shake the Middle East with great revival.

After Dr. Warner and I had talked at length about the need of revival in the Middle East, about the need of the establishing of a Bible school for the training of Christian workers, and the need of a Christian broadcasting station, Dr. Warner said to me, with tears in his eyes, "Brother Doctorian, I believe that it would be worthwhile for you to come to America and tell the people about the need of the Middle East. I agree with you about the great spiritual need and the need of national Christian leaders prepared to teach and preach the Word of God. Why not come to my country and tell my people about this need?"

I said, "Of course, Brother Warner, I have been praying to the Lord to come and I am just wondering when He will open the way. I have been praying that His will might be done."

Dr. Warner said, "All right, we will pray about this. I will join you in prayer."

By the following April (1955) God had miraculously answered prayer and supplied the funds for my passage to America. The money was contributed by dear Egyptian Christians with whom I was laboring at that time. I had not told them about needing money to go to America, but the Lord laid the burden upon their hearts and the money came in. It was the answer to the promise that God had given me seven years before in Jerusalem when He had told me, "I will take you to America. Wait and you will see." I had waited for seven perfect years and now had the privilege of seeing God work out His way.

In early April, I flew to the United States and met Dr. Warner in Chicago. I had the privilege of traveling with him for two or three weeks during which time he introduced me to many people. Announcements were made in Christian magazines about my visit to America.

Very soon God began to open doors of service before me. Pastors from many parts of the United States began sending invitations for this unworthy servant of the Lord to preach in their churches. God began to give me spiritual children even in this country. Many were saved, many dedicated their lives to the Lord, many received the blessing of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and many came to know the Lord in a deeper way than ever before. Many young people in the colleges consecrated their lives for missionary work, saying, "I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be, I'll say what You want me to say." With tears in their eyes, they came to the altar and gave their lives to the Lord for service.

During the next few months God gave me the privilege of traveling in more than thirty states, from New York to California, and from Michigan to Florida, with two trips into Canada, preaching the Word every night and sometimes six or eight times a day, in colleges, universities, seminaries, and in churches of various denominations. I had the privilege of working in city-wide revivals where God wonderfully undertook. How glad I am that God led me to America and gave me the privilege of meeting the Christians here. I have found, however, that America is in need of revival also. Oh, that we might pray, oh, that we might get right with God, that in these last days America might be ready also for the coming of Jesus through a great outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

After holding constant and intensive evangelistic meetings from April through October, the brethren felt that it would be a good plan for me to return to the Middle East for a few weeks before continuing my evangelistic work in the United States. It was suggested that I gather further information about the holding of city-wide revivals in the main cities of the Middle East countries, and that I gather more specific information about the establishing of a Bible school in Lebanon, after which I would return to the United States and present the needs more definitely to the people. I, too, felt that this was in the will of God. At the end of October, I flew back to Beirut, Lebanon, and rejoined my wife and son whom I had not seen for seven months.

During November and December of 1955, I held meetings in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Egypt and Iraq. As I preached the Gospel each night, I saw the tremendous spiritual need as I had never seen it before. People flocked to the meetings and souls were saved every day.

In the course of this intensive ministry I came to the conclusion that the best method of evangelism in the cities of the Middle East would be through the use of a large gospel tent seating four or five thousand people. Moslems will not enter a church building but they will come to a tent. The members of the various Orthodox eastern churches such as the Armenians, the Greeks, the Coptics and the Assyrians will not enter Protestant churches, but they will come to a tent meeting. Thus, I concluded that a large gospel tent would be the key for successful revival meetings in the Middle East.

Another conclusion reached was that the best place for a Middle East Bible school would be in the city of Beirut, Lebanon. Lebanon is known as a Christian country and freedom would easily be granted for the opening of an interdenominational Bible school. Lebanon is a little country seventy-five miles wide and one hundred seventy-five miles long. Already there are more than fifty young men well educated, some of them university students, some of them good business men, whom God has called to preach the Word and they are willing to attend a Bible school to prepare themselves for the preaching of the Gospel. Thus, we could have fifty students right now if the Bible school were ready to open. Oh, what a challenge, my dear friends. Think what it would mean for the Middle East to have at least fifty young men trained in the Word of God and filled with the Holy Spirit. I pray that many may catch the vision for this much needed Bible school.

I gave more thought also to the possibility of establishing a Christian radio broadcasting station in Lebanon, the heart of the Middle East. God showed me the great possibility in connection with a project like this, and the burden increased upon my heart.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 6

On December, 1955, I left again for the United States, this time taking with me my wife and little son, Paul. We left from the city of Beirut on a Pan American DC 7 plane, which was to travel by way of Rome, Brussels and Shannon. Flying at 24,000 feet altitude over Turkey, Greece, and Italy, was a wonderful experience. Only six hours from Beirut to Rome! How long did it take Paul, the Apostle?

After stopping for an hour in Rome, we continued on in the same plane and with the same passengers. We were headed for Brussels, Belgium. After climbing higher and higher, the plane leveled off at 20,000 feet. What a beautiful journey!

By 9:30 p.m. we were getting tired and thinking of getting some sleep. The pilot announced that in three and one-half hours we would be in Brussels. My wife soon fell asleep. I was holding our little son, when suddenly (I wish that people would think more of that word "suddenly" for many things in life happen so suddenly) one of the engines just outside our window exploded with a noise such as I had never heard before. Immediately the whole engine caught fire. The passengers immediately began to prepare their safety belts. Everyone was very pale. I was scared. The hostesses were very much frightened and did not know what to do. What could we do? Where would we fall, on the sea or in the mountains? We knew that at any moment the fire would reach the gasoline tank causing an explosion which might tear the plane apart and bring death to all of us.

It is easy for me to write these words now and easy for you to read them, but it is another matter to go through such an experience. When one is on a ship, there is the possibility of getting away from danger in a life-boat. When one is in a car accident, there is the possibility of rescue, but when one is on a plane, there is nothing to do but to sit and wait for the end. I am sure that each of the more than sixty passengers, believers and unbelievers, was praying to a supreme God. People were saying, "O God! Won't You help us? O God, deliver us." Two women who were sitting just behind us were praying, "O Mary! Mother of Jesus, please tell Jesus. Mary, please help us." They were praying with tears. I was so glad I did not need to go to the Mother of Jesus, to Mary, but that I could go straight to my Redeemer, to Jesus Himself. Glory to God! People were closing the curtains so that they would not see the fire for all felt that we would be killed any moment. Though I expected the explosion, I knew that surely the Lord was able to perform a miracle and save the plane from the great danger. Looking through the window of the plane, I could see no hope, but looking through the window of faith, I began to see great hope and began to lift my heart to God in prayer.

The thoughts that came to me in that moment were these. First, I was so glad that the three of us were ready to die -- my wife, my son, and myself. Before the plane could crash to the ground we would be with the Lord. Secondly, I was so glad for the meeting the night before in the city of Beirut where I had preached to a large congregation. I was glad I had done my best and felt clean from the blood of the people that had listened to me. Thirdly, I was glad that my family was with me so that we could die together. My friends, it is good to be ready to die any place and in any way, and to know that we shall have the privilege of opening our eyes in the presence of the Lord. When we close our eyes down here, we should be ready to open them in the presence of God.

I felt led to go to the washroom on the plane where I could better pray. There I lifted up my voice to God and began to weep.

I said, "Lord, surely You do not want me to die now. You are a great God. You can do great miracles. Show Thy power today." I reminded God of what He had promised to do through this unworthy life. I said, "Lord, You promised me these things. Do You want me to die now?" I began to weep more before the Lord, not because I was afraid of death, but because of the burden I

carried. I said, "Lord, if I die now, what will happen? Thousands of people in the heathen world will be so glad that I am dead. Many spies have been threatening me. They have wanted to put me in prison, they have wanted to kill me, and now, Lord, if they know that I have burned to death in the air, they will be very glad." I also prayed, "Lord, the devil likes to do things like this to hinder Thy work, but I am glad that You can overrule the power of the devil."

My dear friends, Jesus came right in that burning plane and stood beside me and said, "Samuel, my son, do not be afraid. For your sake, I am saving the plane."

Hallelujah! I thanked the Lord from the depth of my heart. I said to Him, "Lord, though Satan is the prince of the power of the air, yet You are the God of the universe and nothing is too hard for Thee. I know that all things are possible to him that believeth. Thank you, Lord."

I went back to my seat bubbling with unexplainable joy. Looking outside the window again, I noticed that the fire was worse than before, yet I felt in my heart more assurance than ever before, and I said to my wife, "The Lord Jesus just appeared now and told me that nothing is going to happen and we are going to be saved."

She said, "Is that so?"

I said, "Yes."

Looking outside again we could see that the fire was still increasing but we were sure that God's Word is true. He is the omnipotent Lord. He never changes.

Suddenly, as we were looking out the window, the whole engine which was on fire completely dropped from the plane, The pilot, who had come back and was looking out the window, could not understand why the engine had dropped out. Not just the propeller but the whole mighty engine had fallen completely from the plane, just before the fire had reached the gasoline tank. The pilot could not explain it, but we knew Who had caused the engine to fall.

Immediately after the engine had fallen, the pilot said to the passengers, "The plane is under control. Do not be afraid, we will be all right. We are going back to Rome. Fasten your seat belts until the end of the journey."

When we reached Rome again, we found many people at the airport -- members of the fire brigade, policemen reporters. and many other people. They wanted to see if the plane would land safely or if it would catch fire again.

We emerged from the plane with inexpressible joy in our hearts. The passengers were weeping as they came out. What a tremendous experience! What a miracle! Glory be to the Name of Jesus! He is still the God of miracles who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. He is the God who delivered Daniel from the lions' den. He is the God who delivered Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the fiery furnace. He is the God who supplied every need of Elijah. He is the God who has done great miracles in all generations of the human race. My dear friends, I am so glad that I can witness to the fact that this blessed Lord, who spoke to Paul when

his ship was in great danger and who told him not to be afraid but that the lives of all would be saved though the ship would be broken to pieces, is the same Lord who came into that fiery plane and delivered our lives.

After landing again in Rome, some of the passengers came to me and said, "We were so glad, Brother Doctorian, that you were with us in the plane. We feel our lives were saved because you were there."

I said, "Do not thank me but give the glory to Jesus for He is the same Lord yesterday, today and forever."

After this wonderful deliverance, we continued our journey in another plane and arrived safely in New York. Later I read in the Chicago Tribune that the engine which had fallen from the burning plane had landed on the shore of Italy and continued burning for nearly three hours.

Immediately after arriving back in the United States, we resumed our evangelistic meetings, traveling into all parts of the country. Funds came in well for the purchase of the gospel tent and other equipment. In seeking the mind of the Lord, it seemed to us that July or August of 1956 would be the proper time to return to our work in the Middle East, laboring on a larger scale than before with the use of the equipment which God had made possible.

In concluding this account of how God has led me thus far, let me say again how glad I am that at Calvary, when I found Jesus, He burdened me for souls. I am glad that in that shoemaker's shop when God called me, I obeyed Him. I am glad that in the Bible school when God wanted to sanctify me, I consecrated my life and He did the work. I am glad I have obeyed the moving of the Spirit until now. I thank the Lord that every day with Him has been sweeter than the day before. There is nothing more valuable than this wonderful, glorious life.

Today in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Palestine and Cyprus, there are millions who need Jesus. Friends, who is going to give them the Gospel? God has burdened me for these countries. I believe He is going to visit the Middle East once more. A great and glorious day is coming.

I trust this life story will be a rich blessing to you. If you are not saved, He can save you, and sanctify you, too. He has done both for me.

Young people, if we ever needed laborers, it is now. If we ever needed preachers full of the Holy Spirit who can take the Gospel to the far corners of the earth, it is now. Perhaps God will call you after you read this story. I trust He will and that you will obey. And I trust that you will become winners of souls for the glory of Jesus. May the Lord bless every one of you.

* * * * *

THE END