

Linda, my wife and I have sat under the ministry of this precious lady. We would always be captivated by the Holy Spirit as she gave forth This miraculous testimony unlike any we've heard before. Simple words on this paper become more – but become new life in Him.

The Betty Baxter Story

A 1941 Miracle Of Healing As Told By Herself

AS FAR BACK as I can remember I wasn't normal like other boys and girls. My body was twisted and crippled and deformed. I guess I will never forget that awful feeling of no hope. I know how it feels to have the family doctor look in my face and say, "Betty, there is no hope." Also to be carried from one hospital to another and see the specialists shake their heads and say, "There is nothing medical science can do."

I was born with a curve in my spine. Every vertebra was out of place, the bones were twisted and matted together. As you know, the nerves are centered on the spine. The x-rays showed that the bones were twisted and matted together, therefore, my nervous system was wrecked.

One day as I lay in the University hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I began to shake all over. It was sort of a trembling at first but soon I was shaking violently from head to toe. I shook out of my bed and fell on the floor. The doctor rushed in and put me back on the bed. He said, "This is what I have been expecting. She now has St. Vitus dance and there is nothing to do but send her home."

They took wide straps and strapped my body to the bed. It didn't keep me from shaking but it did keep me from falling out of bed. They kept me strapped to the bed day and night, only removing them long enough for my nurse to bathe me. When the straps were removed my body would be raw and blistered.

I know what it is to suffer. I lived in pain. The doctors kept me on dope so I could endure the pain. When I came into the world my heart was not normal and under the power of dope it grew worse. Eventually I came to have a heart attack about every week.

At last my body became so accustomed to the dope that it couldn't take full effect. I would bite my lips to keep from screaming while the hypo took effect and then when the pain would not go I would scream for another injection. Only after two or three injections could I get any relief from the torturing racking pain.

I remember the day the doctor took me off dope. He said to mom, "Mrs. Baxter, it isn't doing her any good. Her body is accustomed to it." He removed everything from my bed and said, "Betty, I'm sorry but I can't keep giving you morphine injections. That's all I know to do." I was only nine years old at that time. Oh how long the nights were as I lay racked with pain. Many times I would twist in the bed struggling for a little relief and feel myself blacking out. For hours I would lay unconscious.

I was raised in a Christian home. My parents were not full gospel as I am today, they were Nazarenes, but they loved Jesus. Mom had taught me ever since I can remember the story of Jesus. My mother believed the Bible and told me that Jesus was the same Savior today as He was when He

walked the sandy shores of Galilee and that He still heals today if people will only believe and have faith in Him.

Before I go further into my story I want to say that the greatest miracle that ever took place in my life was not when Jesus healed my crippled, twisted, deformed body but when he saved my soul from sin. As long as I had Jesus in my heart, I could go to heaven even though I was crippled and deformed in my body. But not if I was not saved by the blood of Jesus.

My conversion happened when I was only nine years old after hearing our Nazarene pastor, Brother Davis, tell what he said was the "Greatest Story in the World." It was the oldest story in the world; yet it is ever new: the story of Jesus.

Beginning at Jesus' birth in the manger, Brother Davis told the beautiful story, finally ending with the Cross and the Resurrection. He told how with his two precious hands he touched the blind eyes and they saw; how he touched the deaf ear and it was unstopped; how he cleansed the leper, how he fed the multitude with a little boys lunch; how his feet carried him over the hot blistering sands of Galilee while he preached the gospel to the people; how he walked on the water and did not sink.

He told how the people after all this took Jesus and pierced his two precious hands with nails, and thrust a spear in his side and when they pulled it out, blood and water gushed out of his side and flowed down his limbs, the Royal blood spilling on the ground. He said this blood had power to save from sin and heal our bodies from affliction today.

It was the best story I had ever heard. He began singing in his beautiful tenor voice:

*"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See at the portals he's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.*

*"Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home.
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling;
Calling, O sinner, come home."*

Tears began trickling down my cheeks. I found myself kneeling and asking Jesus to save me.

As I knelt, I saw a vision of my heart, and Oh, it was black. I knew I couldn't get to heaven with a black heart, full of sin.

Then I saw a vision on a hill far away an old rugged cross. I saw shaping up above the cross bright, sparkling letters, these words which I read:

"HE DIED FOR YOU."

I said, "Jesus, now I know that you did die for me, and I want you to save me from my sins."

I saw before me a big door in the shape of a heart, Jesus walked up to that door and listened in. There was no knob or latch on the outside. (You must open the door). Then Jesus knocked once and listened, then the second, and the third time he knocked the door flew open; Jesus walked in and I knew I was saved. I felt the great burden of sin roll off of me. Jesus is still in my heart today because if he had gone out I would have known it.

I told Brother Davis I was going to be an evangelist. Then he gently put his hand on my head and prayed a blessing over me. Later he told my parents: "Don't ever let this girl get away from the call of God. I have never seen a child her age have such an experience with the Lord as she has."

But the hand of affliction began to cut my life short. The only relief I got was through my mother's prayers. My daddy did not have the faith in Jesus to heal my body as Mom did but he was a good dad to me and never hindered Mom from praying for me.

My mother loved Jesus with a great love. I believe she understood Jesus better than anyone I ever knew. She seemed to know how to make my faith strong in Him for Him to heal me someday.

My darkest hour came while they were wheeling me down the hospital corridor on a stretcher. The doctor walked up, stopped the stretcher, looked down at me and said, "Betty, we have x-rayed your spine. Every vertebra is out of place, the bones are twisted and matted together. Also you need a new kidney, as long as the old kidney remains you will have pain."

Dad said, "No, I am going to do everything in my power to make my child well again but never shall a knife touch my child."

I have never had an operation except the one when Jesus did the operating and He doesn't leave any scars. How wonderful it is when Jesus does something for us; it is always perfect and never leaves any bad effects.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," the doctor said, "we can never hope to untangle that mass of bones in Betty's body. Take her home and let her be as happy as possible."

I was eleven years old at that time and had no idea that the doctor was sending me home to die. I looked at him, "Yes, Doctor, but someday God will heal my body. I will be well and strong then."

I had faith then for Mom had read God's Word to me and talked to me about Jesus so that my faith was strong. One of Mom's favorite scriptures in those days was, "If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." Also, "Nothing is impossible with God."

They took me home where the doctor said I would soon die, I grew worse. The pain I had suffered before was nothing compared to what I began to feel after I returned home.

I would go blind and for weeks could not see; I would become deaf and could not hear; dumb and

could not speak. My tongue would swell, then would be paralyzed.

Then the blindness would leave, also the deafness and paralysis of the tongue. It seemed I was caught; some awful power was trying to destroy me. But each day Mom would pray with me and tell me God was able to heal my body.

I can't count the many times that for day after day I saw no one but Dad, Mom and the doctor. As I lay there during those years of loneliness, isolated from the world, I found out one thing: doctors can isolate you from your loved ones, they can take friends from your bedside but they can't isolate you from Jesus because he promised, "I will never leave you nor forsake you. "

So it was during those years of loneliness that I got acquainted with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Many people have said, Betty, why didn't God heal you when you were a little child and had such great faith?"

I don't know. God's ways are not my ways. God's ways are best. There is one, thing I do know – during those awful years of loneliness and pain I really got to know Jesus. He lives in the Valley, my friend. He is the Lily of the Valley and you will find him there if you look for Him. Standing in the shadows you will see Jesus.

Mom would bathe me in the mornings, then she would leave me. Sometimes I would hear a soft walk by my bedside and I would wonder if Mom had come in the room while I was not listening. Then I would hear a soft voice that I learned to know. It was not Dad's voice. It was not Morn's voice. It was not my doctor's voice. It was Jesus speaking to me.

The first time this happened He called me by my first name three times, very softly. He knows your name and where you live.

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

He called me three times before I answered. I said, "Yes, Lord, stay and talk with me for a little while because I am so lonesome."

Would He stay and talk with me? Yes, He would. He said a lot of things but one thing I will never forget. I believe the reason He always told me this was because He knew it thrilled me most. This is what He always said:

"Betty, I love you!"

Jesus would look down upon me in my pitiful condition so crippled and deformed that when my daddy would stand me up I stood only as high as my little four year old brother. Large knots had

grown on my spine, the first one at the base of my neck, then one right after the other to the base of my spine. My arms were paralyzed from my shoulders to my wrists. I could only move my fingers. My head was twisted and turned down on my chest. When I drank water I had to drink from a tube because I couldn't raise my head. Yet in this condition Jesus whispered that He loved me. I said, "Jesus, help me to be patient because I can do anything as long as I know you love me!" Many times he whispered, "Remember child, I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Listen friend, I am confident that he loved me just as much when I was crippled, forgotten by all the world, as he does right now when I am well and strong and able to work for him.

I remember as Jesus stood by my bedside I would ask him, "Jesus, do you know the doctors won't give me any morphine for my pain? I wonder if you know how sharp that pain is in my back where the knots are?"

And Jesus would say, "Oh, yes, I know. Don't you remember? One day when I hung between heaven and earth I took the pain and the sickness, of the whole world upon me there."

As the years went by I gave up all hope of ever being made well by a doctor. Finally my dad came in and took my crippled body in his arms and sat on the edge of the bed. He looked at me with big tears splashing down his rugged face. He said, "Honey, you don't know, you don't have the least idea what money is but I have given up everything, I have spent all I have and more too in order to get you well. Betty, your daddy has gone as far as he can go. There isn't any hope anymore."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face dry. Then looking at me he said, "I don't believe Jesus will let you suffer much longer. He's going to take you to that place called heaven and when you get inside, stand there and watch everyone that enters. Someday you will see daddy coming through those gates. It won't be long. The doctors say it will be soon."

I want to say right here that although I had given up hope as far as man's help is concerned, I still had faith in God.

One day just before the sun went down I was struck with such unbearable pain that I lapsed into unconsciousness. Three hours later, my mother noticed my breathing was too slow and I scarcely had any pulse. She called the doctor. After an examination, he said, "This is the end. She will never regain consciousness." I lay unconscious for four days and nights. The family was called in and they took up the death-watch.

The fifth morning I remember opening my eyes. Mom leaned over the bed and put her cool hand on my burning forehead. I felt as if I was burning up inside. Knife-like pains were shooting through my spine. Mother said, "Betty, it's Mother, don't you know me?" I couldn't speak but smiled at her. She raised her hands toward heaven and began praising God for she felt God had answered her prayers and given me back to her.

As I lay there looking at her, I thought, "Which would I rather do – stay here with my mother and daddy – or go to that place mother has read to me about, a place where there is no pain."

I remember mom used to say, "Betty, there are no cripples in heaven. Everybody can walk in heaven." She said that in heaven there was no sickness or death and that God took His big handkerchief and wiped away all tears from the eyes.

I prayed a prayer that day that I suppose many other people have prayed. "Jesus, I know I am saved and am ready to go to heaven. Now Lord all these years I have prayed to be healed but I have been denied. Lord I have reached the end of the way and I'm not particular what you do. Please come and take me to that place called heaven." As I prayed, a thick darkness settled over me. I felt coldness creeping through my body. In a moment's time, it seemed, I was cold all over and completely surrounded by darkness. As a child I had always been afraid of the dark so I began crying, "Where am I? What is this place? Where is my daddy? I want my daddy."

But, my friend, there's a time when daddy can't go with you. There's a time when mother can't go with you. They can stand and see you draw your last breath but it takes Jesus to go the way of death with you.

As the darkness settled about me, I saw through the darkness a long, dark, narrow valley. I went inside this valley. I began to scream. "Where am I? What is this place?" and from a distance I recognized my mother's voice speaking slowly, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

I remember saying, "This must be the valley of death. I prayed to die and I guess to get to Jesus I will have to walk it," and I started through this dark place.

Friend, as sure as you live, every single one of you is going to die and when death comes upon you, you will have to walk through this valley. I am confident that if you don't have Jesus, you will walk it in the darkness alone.

I had barely got inside when the place lit up with the light of day. I felt something strong and firm take hold of my hand. I didn't need to look. I knew it was the strong nail-scarred hand of the Son of God who had saved my soul. He took my hand and held it tightly and I went on through the valley. I wasn't afraid anymore. I was happy for now I was going home. My mother had said in heaven. I would have a new body, one that would be straight instead of bent and twisted and crippled.

At last we heard music in the distance, the most beautiful music I ever heard. We quickened our steps. We came to a wide river separating us from that beautiful land. I looked on the other side and saw green grass, flowers of every color, beautiful flowers that would never die. I saw the river of life winding its way through the city of God. Standing on its banks was a company of those who had been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb and they were singing, "Hosanna to the King." I looked at them, not a single one had knots on their spine or a face marred and marked with pain. I said, "In a few minutes I'm going to join that heavenly band and the moment I step on the other side I will straighten up and be well and strong."

I was anxious to get across. I knew I wouldn't have to cross it alone for Jesus would be with me. But at that very moment I heard the voice of Jesus and I stood at attention as I do when I hear the

Master's voice. Very softly and with great kindness Jesus said, "No, Betty, its not your time to cross yet. Go back and fulfill the call I gave you when you were nine years old. Go back for you are going to have healing in the fall."

As I stood and listened to the words of Jesus, I must confess I was disappointed. I remember I said, as tears rolled down my face, "When I'm so close to happiness and health why must Jesus deny me. I've never known a well day in my life, now when I'm so close to heaven, why can't I go on in?"

Then I thought, "Oh, what am I saying?"

Turning to Jesus I said, "Lord, I'm sorry. Your way is better than my way. I'll go back."

I slowly regained consciousness. Then the doctor said I would not last through the summer months. For weeks after that I could not speak. The knots grew larger. I would hear Mom say, "Dad, look, the knots are so hard and they are getting larger. She must be suffering."

I couldn't tell her just how I was suffering because the words would not come. Listen, I know what it is to be in such pain that I would bite my lips to keep from screaming with pain so that my mother could get some sleep.

Early summer came. Everyone in Martin County, Minnesota, knew the little Baxter girl was dying. Saints and sinners alike came to my bedside but most of the time I was unconscious. When I was conscious they would pat me on the shoulder, say a kind word, and pass on.

But during my moments of consciousness, I never gave up hope. I couldn't speak out loud but in my heart I said, "Lord, as soon as fall comes I'll have healing, won't I Jesus?" I never doubted because Jesus never breaks a promise. Jesus is a man of his word. I kept believing he was going to heal me in the fall.

That summer on the 14th day of August my speech returned. I hadn't spoken for weeks and I said, "Mom, what day is today?"

She said, "The 14th day of August."

My daddy came in at noon. I said, "Daddy, where's the big chair? Please put the pillows in it and set me in the big chair." The only way I could sit in the chair was with my head resting on my knees and my arms hanging down at my sides I said, "Daddy, when you go out close the door. Tell Mom not to come in for awhile, I want to be alone." I heard my daddy sob as he left the room and he didn't ask any questions. He knew why I wanted to be alone. I had an appointment with the King.

My friend, I want to tell you that you can have an appointment with Jesus at any time you want to talk with him. Any hour of the day or night, He is ready to talk to you.

I heard Dad click the door. I began to cry and sob. I didn't know how to pray. All I knew to do was merely talk to Jesus but it got the job done. I said, "Lord, you remember months ago I almost got to

heaven and you wouldn't let me in. Jesus, you promised if I would go back that you would have healing for me in the fall. I asked Mom this morning what day it was and she said the 14th day of August. Jesus, I guess you don't count this fall yet because it's still awful hot but Lord I wonder if just for this one year you could call this fall and come and heal me? The pain is so bad, Jesus, I have gone as far as I can go. I can't stand the pain any longer. I wonder Lord if you will call this fall and come and heal me?"

I listened. Heaven was quiet. But I didn't give up. I pray differently than some people, I guess. If I don't hear from heaven, I pray until Jesus answers. I listened a while longer. When there was no answer, I began to cry again. I said, "Lord, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a bargain. Now Jesus listen to me, I'm going to bargain with you. Jesus, if you will only heal me and make me well inside and outside I'll go out and preach every night until I'm ninety years old if you want me to."

Listen, God knew I was sincere. I prayed again, "Lord, I'll do more than that. If you will heal me so I can walk and use my arms and be strong and normal I'll give you my whole life. It will no longer belong to Betty Baxter – it will be yours and yours alone."

I listened after I made these vows. This time I was rewarded. I heard the voice of Jesus speaking audibly to me. He spoke these words: "I am going to heal you completely August 24, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

A thrill of hope and expectancy swept through my entire body and soul. God told me the day and the hour. He knows everything, doesn't He?

The first thought that came to me was "Won't Mom be glad when I tell her. Just think how happy she will be when I tell her I know the day and the hour." Then Jesus spoke again and said to me, "Now, don't tell this until my time comes. "

I thought, "I've never kept anything from my mother. How will I keep this from her?"

Before I got healed I walked softly before the Lord for fear I would do something that would displease him. I was afraid to tell my mother I knew the day and the hour.

After Jesus told me this I felt like a new person. I didn't mind the sharp pains any more or the violent throbbing of my enlarged heart. The 24th day of August would soon come and I would have relief. I heard the door open and Mom walked in. She knelt down on the rug and looked up in my face. I wanted to tell her what Jesus had told me. The hardest thing I ever did was to keep from telling her.

I looked at Mom. I thought, "Something has happened to Mom. She looks so pretty and young today." Then I thought the reason she looked so different was that I knew the secret about my healing the next Sunday. I looked at her again and I was convinced more than ever that something had happened to her. Her eyes had never shone like that before. Then all at once she leaned over me, pushed the hair back from my forehead and said, "Honey, do you know when the Lord is going to heal you?" Oh, I knew but I wasn't supposed to tell. I couldn't say, "No," for I would not be telling the truth. So I said, "When?"

Mom smiled and said, "August 24th, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

I said, "Mom, how did you know? Did I let it slip and tell you?"

She said, "No, the same God that talks to you talks to me."

When my mother said that I was doubly sure God would heal my body the 24th day of August and make me well. I said, "Mom, am I getting straighter? Are the knots going away?" She looked at me and said, "No, Betty, you are getting more bent every day and the knots are growing larger."

I said, "Mom, do you still believe God will heal me the 24th day of August?"

She said, "Sure I do. All things are possible if we only believe."

Many people have asked how my mother knew the day I would be healed. While the Lord was talking to me, the rest of the family were in the dining room eating. My mother had taken a fork full of food and as she was about to put it into her mouth it dropped back on the plate with a clatter. Then she heard the inner voice of God speak and say, "I have heard your prayers and I am going to reward you for your faithfulness. I am going to heal Betty, August 24th, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and she knows the same thing, as I have already told her. So when Mom came in the room she already knew that the Lord had told me the day and hour that I would be healed.

A NEW DRESS

I said, "Mom, listen to me. I haven't had a dress on or shoes on my feet since I was a little girl. I have worn these night clothes all these years. Mom, when Jesus heals me Sunday afternoon fm going to church Sunday night. The stores are closed on Sunday. Mom, if you really believe Jesus is going to heal me, will you go to Fairmont this afternoon and get me some new clothes? Will you, Mom?"

My mother showed her faith by her works. "Sure, I will go into town today and get you some clothes so you can wear them Sunday night," she said.

As she was driving away, Dad stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to town," she said.

"What for?" he asked.

"Well, I am going to get a new dress and shoes for Betty," she said.

"Now, Mother, you know we won't have to buy her a new dress until we lay her away and let's not think about it until we have to," Dad said.

"Oh no, she has had word from Jesus that he is going to heal her Sunday afternoon, the 24th and I've had word too. I'm going to Fairmont to get some new clothes for her."

My mother brought them home and showed them to me. I thought the dress was the most beautiful I had ever seen. The shoes were patent leather and they were pretty.

Packed among my treasures, in the bottom of an old chest, in my mother's home up in Iowa there lies that old blue dress right now.

After my healing I wore it until I got a hole in it where I had rubbed against the pulpit when I preached.

I said, "Mom, don't you think I'll look pretty when I get straight and can put on this dress and these shoes?"

When people came to see me I would say, "Mom, get my dress and shoes out and let my friends see them." They looked at me, then at the dress and shoes, then at my mother. I knew they thought strange of me but I knew exactly what was going to happen the 24th day of August.

Yes, there are a lot of people who stand by and say, "If I could only see a miracle I would believe." But if you don't believe it before you see you will find some excuse after it happens. I told a neighbor of ours who was not a Christian, that if he wanted to see me tall and straight, to be at our house Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock because Jesus is going to come and heal me. He looked at me and said, "Listen, I want to tell you if the day comes when I see you straight I'll not only become a Christian but I'll be Pentecostal." Today he is still unsaved.

Saturday the 23rd of August came. My mother always slept in a bed in my room so as to be near me. That night when she got me all settled I fell asleep. Sometime in the night I awakened. The moon was shining through the window across the foot of my bed. I heard somebody mumbling and I wondered if Daddy was in my room talking to my mother. Then I saw a form on bended knees with arms raised in the moonlight. It was Mom and tears were streaming down her face. She was praying "Lord Jesus, I've tried to be a good mother to Betty. I've tried hard to teach her about you. Now Jesus, I've never been away from her but when you heal her I'm going to let her go anywhere you want her to go, even across the stormy sea, because you are going to do for her tomorrow what no one else could ever do. She's yours, Jesus. Tomorrow is the day. You will set her free, won't you Jesus?"

I dropped off to sleep again. I couldn't stay up to pray but Mom took my place. It is because of her faith that I believe in God today, that I have healing for my body.

Sunday morning came. Daddy took my brothers and sisters to Sunday School. They said he requested prayer for me with a broken heart, telling the people that I was much worse and was going to die if God didn't undertake.

I asked my pastor to be present that day at 3:00 o'clock but he said that he had an appointment to try out for a church in Chicago and that was the only time he could go but for us to wire him if I got my healing.

My mother invited a few friends in, saying, "Be sure and get here about 2:30 because 3:00 o'clock

is the hour.

They came at 2:00 o'clock. They said, "Mrs. Baxter, we are early but we know something is going to happen and we don't want to miss it. That is the atmosphere they had around me when I was healed.

At 15 minutes of three my mother came to my bedside. I said, "Mom, what time is it?"

She said, "Just 15 minutes before Jesus is coming to heal you."

I said, "Mom, take me in and place me in the big chair." She carried me in and set my twisted body in the chair and propped me up with pillows. I saw the people as they knelt on the floor around the chair. I saw my baby brother, four years old, and I realized I was so bent that I stood only as high as he did. He knelt down by me, looked up and said, "Sis, it's not very long now until you will be taller than me."

At 10 minutes of three my mother asked me what I wanted them to do. I said, "Mom, start praying, I want to be praying when Jesus comes." I heard her sobbing and praying for Jesus to keep his promise and come and heal my body.

HOW JESUS CAME

I didn't lose consciousness but I became lost in the Spirit of God. I saw before me two rows of trees, standing tall and straight. As I watched, I saw one of them in the center begin to bend until the tip of it touched the ground. I wondered why this one tree was all bent over. Then down the road I saw Jesus. He came walking through the trees and my heart thrilled as it always does when I see Jesus. He came and stood by the bent tree. He stood and looked at it a moment and I wondered what he would do. Then looking at me he smiled and placed his hand on the bent tree. With a loud crack and pop it straightened up like the other. I said, "That's me all right. He will touch my body and the bones will crack and pop and I will stand up straight and be well."

Suddenly I heard a great noise as if a storm was coming up. I heard the wind as it roared. I tried to speak above the noise. "He's coming. Don't you hear Him? He has come at last." Then all at once the noise subsided. All was calm and quiet and I knew in this quietness Jesus would come. I sat in the big chair, a hopeless cripple. I was so hungry to see him. All at once I saw a great white fleecy cloud form. It wasn't the cloud I was waiting for. Then out of the cloud stepped Jesus. It wasn't a vision, it wasn't a dream. I saw Jesus. As he came walking slowly toward me I looked on his face. The most striking thing about Jesus is his eyes. He was tall and broad and was dressed in robes glistening white. His hair was brown and parted in the middle. It fell over his shoulders in soft waves. I will never forget his eyes. Many times when my body is worn and I'm asked to do something for Jesus I would like to say no. When I remember his eyes they compel me to go out into the harvest fields to win more souls.

Jesus came slowly toward me with his arms outstretched toward me. I noticed the ugly prints of the nails in his hands. The closer he got to me the better I felt. When he came real close I began to feel very small and unworthy. I wasn't anything but a little forgotten girl who was deformed and crippled.

Then all at once he smiled at me and I wasn't afraid anymore. He was my Jesus. His eyes held mine and if I ever looked into eyes filled with beauty and compassion, they were the eyes of Jesus. There aren't many people I've seen who have eyes like Jesus. When I see one who has that love and compassion in their eyes I wish I could just stay close to them. That is the way I feel about Jesus; I want to live as close to him as I can.

Jesus came and stood at the side of my chair. One part of his garment was loose and it fell inside my chair and if my arms had not been paralyzed I could have touched his garment. I had thought when he came to heal me I would start talking to him and ask him to heal me. But I couldn't say a word. I just looked at him and kept my eyes on his dear face trying to tell him how much I needed him. He leaned down and looked up in my face and spoke softly. I can hear every word right now because it is written in my heart. He said very softly, "Betty, you have been patient, kind and loving."

As he spoke these words I thought I could suffer 15 more years if I could see Jesus and hear him speak to me again.

He said, ' I am going to promise you health, joy and happiness.' I saw him reach out his hand and I waited. Then I felt his hand go over the knots on my spine. People say, "Don't you ever get tired of telling of your healing?" No, because every time I tell it I can feel his hand again.

He placed his hand on the very center of my spine on one of the large knots. All at once a hot feeling as hot as fire surged through my body. Two hot hands took my heart and squeezed it and when those hot hands let my heart go, I could breathe normal and I knew my heart was normal for the first time in my life. Two hot hands rubbed over the organs of my stomach and I knew my organic trouble was healed, I would not need a new kidney and I would be able to digest my food because he had healed me. The hot feeling ran on through my body. Then I looked at Jesus to see if he would leave me just healed inside. Jesus smiled and I felt the pressure of his hands on the knots and as his hands pressed in the middle of my spine there was a tingling sensation like I had touched a live wire. I felt this sensation like an electrical current and I stood on my feet just as straight as I am on this platform speaking to you tonight. I was healed inside and outside. In 10 seconds Jesus had' healed me and made me every whit whole. He did for me in a few moments what the doctors on this earth could not do. The Great Phvsician did it and he did it perfectly.

You say, "Betty, how did you feel when you jumped out of the chair?" You'll never know unless you once were a hopeless cripple. You'll never know unless you sat in a chair with no hope. I ran to my mother and said, "Mom, feel, are the knots gone?"

She felt up and down my spine and said "Yes, they are gone! I heard the bones crack and pop. Betty, you're healed! You're healed! Praise him for it!"

I turned around and looked back at the chair that was empty and tears rolled down my cheeks. My body felt light all over because I didn't have any pain and I had always had pain.

I felt tall because I had been bent almost double with my head on my chest, the knots were gone and my spine was straight. I raised my arms and pinched one of them. My arms had feeling. They weren't

paralyzed anymore.

Then I looked and saw my baby brother standing in front of the chair. Big tears were rolling down his little cheeks. Looking up at me I heard him say, "I saw Sis jump out of the big chair. I saw Jesus heal Sis." He was really thrilled. I picked up a chair, raised it above my head and said, "See what the God I serve can do!"

Standing right behind my baby brother Jesus still stood. He looked at me from the soles of my feet to the top of my head. I was straight and normal. Holding my eyes with His, He began to speak slowly and I'm going to tell you what he said. "Betty, I am giving you the desire of your heart to be healed. You are normal and well. You have health now. You are completely well because I healed you."

Pausing a moment he gave me a searching look and with authority in His lovely voice He said, "Now remember, every day look at the clouds and watch. The next time you see me coming in a cloud, I will not leave you here but I will take you to be with me forever."

Friend, He is coming back again.