

Believers Newsletter

for the endtime...

1st October 2011

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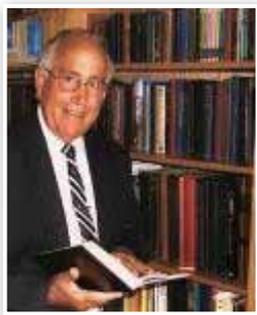
ISSUE 42

“He shall cover thee with his feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler”. Psalm 91:4



Under His Wings, Under His Wings,
Who from His Love can sever?
Under His Wings, my soul shall abide
Safely abide forever.

From behind the Editor's Desk



On Sunday the 28th of August at Bro. Derrick Donaldson's invitation, Bro. Graeme Harnett from Christchurch, gave two messages at the Spoken Word Fellowship in Auckland. The Lord blessed our two Services with His tender and loving Presence – showing us what His Love, Mercy and Grace is.

Sunday Morning:

Matt 27:62-66 – Matt 28:1-8

The seal of denomination has been broken. The tomb was opened. The power of religion was destroyed and He is alive forever more!

And because He lives we can live also and have the Seal in our lives of Eternal Life.

..and in the Evening:

Hebrews 4:14-16

Jesus went to Calvary. He didn't order the suffering for Himself, but for us, so that He can have

Compassion for us in our trials. When all else fails:-

"He will hold me Fast"

Alexander No.1. The Lord cannot let us go.

Photo: Bros. Stephen Main, Derrick Donaldson, Graeme Harnett and Charles Wilson



The Committee members. Brothers Bruce McCorkindale, Adrian Gray, Malcolm Ferris join me in sending you all, God's richest blessings.

Brother Charles - Editor

Praying for Missionary Work

I remember brother Reginald Searle testifying on many occasions that his mission work was successful because many people were praying for him. In particular he would refer to three elderly sisters that told him that they were praying three times a day for him. He would remember this when the battle was hard and drew great courage from the knowledge that such prayers were made on his behalf.

During the last few years on missionary trips, there have been many occasions that this same knowledge, that people were praying for the trip and expecting testimonies to come back, have been a great encouragement to myself.

There is one other aspect about missionary work that is not always fully understood, namely the need for continued prayer for the mission field and the missionary after the missionary has returned home. On the mission field, people are hearing new revelation from God's Word, which many times puts them in conflict with those round about them. As long as the missionary is present, they derive courage from his ministry. Moreover, the missionary is there to help and he is able to answer their questions. However once the missionary has returned home, the devil really attacks the people who have received the message, trying to take away or pervert the Truth they have received. In many places they are even unable to contact the missionary in his home country in a timely manner. Therefore, please do not stop praying when the mission trip is over, as the mission field needs your prayer even more between mission trips!

And for the missionary, prayer is needed when he returns home. On the mission field, everything is happening and he easily focuses upon the Lord Jesus, but once returned home many times it is hard to adjust to the different atmosphere. The missionary needs your continual prayers, to focus on what God wants him to do, and how he should respond to the many requests for help. Wisdom and inspiration from our Lord Jesus is needed to know how to continue in His service.

Brother Jim Carman

Amen! Ed.



*Photo of one of the fellowships in the Highlands, PNG.
By Adran Gray*

Goroka Convention

My 28 years in the message has seen many blessings, but none of those compare with the way the Lord came on the scene in Goroka in PNG and poured out revelation upon revelation onto the Saints in these meetings in September. Eyes were opened to the Saints' true identity in Christ by the opening of the 7 Seals and I believe there was a real move beyond the veil into the "Bride Age" on a personal level.

Firstly my thanks go to Bro. Derrick and the Saints in Auckland for their trust, support and prayers. Should the Lord wish me to continue with the work in PNG my desire is to do so in association with Bro. Derrick whose massive input has made these meetings fruitful. Also I wish to thank the Saints around the world who upheld me in prayer during this time.

Satan tried to withstand me with a terrible illness, but like his attempts through the ages where God is moving, he miserably failed.

Secondly my thanks go to Bro. Kare Dick the hosting pastor for his kindness and support. May the Lord prosper him mightily and also Bros. John Waka, Nicolas, Wagi, John Akek and the other ministers whose names, I regret, I have forgotten.

Over those 2 and a half weeks, other meetings were held in fellowships in the highlands of PNG and in Port Moresby. There was a ministers' meeting held at the end of the Goroka convention to encourage the brothers to take this message to their own people. PNG belongs to the PNG people and any missionary work is to focus the Saints on what God is doing scripturally in their day. You help them set the church in order, then quietly back out and let them continue the work themselves.

We had a special night meeting to teach communion and foot washing in the light of how Bro. Branham taught it and it was a tremendous blessing to see how easily it was understood. Now the ministers can take it to the smaller fellowships in the mountains and teach them these ordinances which are some of the fundamentals of Christianity.

The Lord said that this age would be a short quick work. With the former and latter rains running together, what is taught brings an instant growth and maturity for the harvest. It is way later than we think.

Shalom. Bro. Adrian Gray (Stratford, New Zealand.)



Ministers meeting at Goroka

A new day dawning in P.N.G.

September Convention News Report, Goroka, PNG.

Praise the Lord's Holy name. There has never been a day like this in P.N.G. The presence of the Lord was felt in every session of our meetings. I (Bro. Kare Dick) the local Pastor and Bro. Adrian Gray from New Zealand were scheduled to each preach during this convention in Goroka. But I felt the leading of the Lord to give all the meetings to Bro. Adrian to share what was on his heart. It was a wonderful 4 days of receiving the Word of the Hour and God's blessings fell on everyone. People came from other cities to the conference and more than 100 attended the meetings. The last convention meeting on the Sunday night had 15 people repenting and giving their hearts to the Lord in the message of the hour.

The following Monday night we had a wonderful meeting with Bro. Adrian showing us the three stages to the temple in every type and shadow in the bible at our local fellowship.

The next day was a rest day and on Wednesday the 14th we drove to two different locations in Simbu Province in the highlands. We went first to Moremaule where there is a village message church up high in the mountains which took about 4 hours driving to get to. We arrived at about 5-30PM so the Pastor said we would have our meetings straight away which we did. We spent the night there and the next morning we had another service then drove back down the mountain to spend the evening in a guesthouse.

On Friday the 16th while the whole nation was celebrating P.N.G Independence celebrations (36 years), we continued our celebration in the Word of God. We travelled onto a remote village in the bush in an area called Kup. There we met up with a school teacher who has come into the message of the hour who was holding a tent style meeting and we had two meetings that day and the next day we had one in the morning before heading back later to Goroka. The books of the Prophets Message were seen everywhere in the hands of the people we met in the places we went to.

The Pastors have brought cassette players to play the preaching of the Prophet and others took CD's to their friends who have players so they could hear the voice of the prophet and his message.

There has been an awakening among the people when they heard Bro. Adrian preach causing them to read more of the books of the message of the hour.

I believe the Revelation of the 7 Seals is breaking upon the people of P.N.G fulfilling the scripture of Isaiah 60 v 1 - 4

ISAIAH 60:1

1 Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.

2 For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

God bless you all.
Pastor Kare Dick.
Goroka, P.N.G.

Dear Brother Derrick Donaldson and the Saints,

Greetings to you and the saints of the Spoken Word Christian Fellowship and the board of trustees in the mighty Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is such a privilege to be a Bride of Jesus Christ in this late hour and to be identified as a predestinated seed that God has ordained before the foundation of the earth through the fullness of the Word – Jesus Christ, the revealed Word of God.

And also Brother, I once again thank the Lord Jesus Christ for you and the faithful saints with the Board of Trustees who had a broad vision to see a little Bride in this nation of Papua New Guinea to come and identify herself to the message of the hour, by receiving the seed Word which is the token by the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, by manifesting in the Bride, the statue of a Perfect Man through the fullness of the Word – Jesus Christ – the revealed Word of God.

My beloved Brother and Saints, the Convention in Goroka was organised and properly hosted by Pastor Kare Dick in which, during each session of the meetings, God was truly manifested in the lives of the predestinated Bride that attended this convention. The people came from Kup village, Western Highlands Province, Guminie Village in Simbu Province, the Lae Morobe Province, the Mustard Seed Ministry Saints and Pastor John Akek's congregations.

Altogether the saints attending the Convention were around 200 – 300. People came for the convention, including their Pastors who have received the revelation of the message of the hour in which the Pillar of Fire came down and manifested in the lives of the elect seed through the preaching of the Word by Brother Adrian Gray.

Also, a few of the denominational people attending the night session have recognised that God sent them a message for this hour through the Prophet of this age, Brother William Branham; a unique message for the Bride to come to their full redemption and full restoration by preparing them for the Bridegroom, the Lord Jesus Christ.

During the Convention on Saturday evening, Brother Kare Dick and I launched the second edition of the Seven Church Ages' Pidgin version to the Pastors and the saints and they were so happy and thanking the Lord Jesus Christ about the translation of the second revised 'Pidgin Version' which God has made possible through the Spoken Word Christian Fellowship to have this generous heart to reprint it and kindly give to us, the Bride in PNG to understand the revelation of the Seven Church Ages in our mother tongue so they can be a witness to their denominational brothers and sisters to come to the Message of the Hour in this nation.

And also on the Saturday at midday, Brother Adrian Gray gathered all of us together, the ministers of different fellowships and ministry who are in the Message of the Hour, to discuss how we are going to reach out to the elect Bride in PNG. One of the statements that I made during the ministers' meeting, was that we can be from different ministry and fellowships, but we have one thing that the denominations do not have is that we are one in the Message of the Hour. And also we are preaching One God, which is Jesus Christ, the fullness of the Word, because He has predestinated us to be the ministers of the endtime Message, by preparing the Bride for the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many things we discussed and made strategic plans, but I know that through the grace of God, He will help us to conquer the hybrid gospel in this nation of PNG, when we know that God has sent us a Prophet confirming Malachi 4:5 in this Laodicean Age with a Message of the Hour, to come out from the mother harlot [denominations] and identify the Bride through the Original Seed Word – Jesus Christ, the Mystery of God revealed. And on the final day of the convention, on Sunday morning, some handful of young people and old people responded to the message and gave their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. But there was no baptism service conducted.

We have been so blessed to have bro. Adrian Gray as the guest speaker of the convention in which God used him mightily to deliver the Message of the Hour to His elect Bride. The hunger and desire of the little Bride in this nation was so quick to come to the fullness of the Word, in that it will not take many years to get to the predestinated seed in this country. It will take 2 to 3 years for the message of the hour to reach that elected Bride before the rapture.

I thank the Lord once again for your prayers for the people in this nation in which I saw during the convention, the Message of the Hour has fully established a firm and concrete foundation upon the hearts of the people in this country and it will definitely and surely bear fruits in the lives of the elect and predestinated seed which God has already identified and manifested Himself in the lives of the Bride in Papua New Guinea.

I also give all the glory to the Lord Jesus Christ for the faithful Trustees of the Spoken Word Christian Fellowship and the Saints for having the vision of the Message of the Hour to identify the Bride in this country to come fully into the revealed Word of God, Jesus Christ the Mystery of God, revealed until the end comes.

We, 'Catch the Vision Ministry Saints' are sending our prayers and God bless to all the Spoken Word Christian Fellowship saints and the board of Trustees and Pastor Derrick Donaldson and the family for continuously supporting the message of this hour in Papua New Guinea. May the Lord Jehovah Jireh bless you and prosper your Fellowship abundantly in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Jehovah Shalom.

Prisoner of Christ

Pastor John Waka, Catch the Vision Ministry PNG

Cake for Breakfast

A Mozambique & Kenya 2011 Missions Report - by Brother Richard Oliver

Mozambique

I flew into Beira, Mozambique, on the coast of the Indian Ocean, to the airport Brother Branham used on his last trip to Africa. The country's southern border meets South Africa and it has Zimbabwe on its western side. I was booked to preach at Pedro Charles' message church in Dondo, some 20 kilometres inland.

I find it difficult to know what to preach in message churches. I have no set of polished sermons ready to use, it was a case of prayer and preparation for each of the eight sermons I was to preach.

My second sermon was based on living the Christian life. It had nothing to do with future events, vials, thunders, or how many souls we have, nor did it include a clever presentation of deep spiritual things. It was a "love your enemies, bless those who hate or badly use you" sermon. A simple practical look at Christian living. I included that "if you don't forgive others God will not forgive you and you won't make the Rapture no matter how many mysteries you know!" At the end of the meeting I was stunned. There were over thirty people weeping, on their knees in prayer at the front and other people making things right with each other. One person told Pastor Pedro Charles that the sermon had to be Holy Spirit inspired as it had hit every problem in the church. That made me feel better as I had wondered if God had sent the wrong preacher but God doesn't make mistakes.

Albert Matimbe came from Zimbabwe to meet me in Dondo and we got on well. Pastor Pedro Charles had also arranged that Domingo, an elder from the Vanduzi church, keep me company [he spoke English]. Being on missions can be a lonely calling, especially as nearly everyone spoke Portuguese, not English. But those two were great company. It was very interesting hearing native Africans discuss their wars for independence and civil wars; views at total variance to the impressions our media have colonised and programmed our minds with. I would have viewed Zimbabwe with suspicion yet in African eyes it is a rich country with an almost regal respect for President Mugabe who has ensured his native Africans have their land back in their own country. It is also reportedly the country where the largest christian group or "denomination" are Message Believers!

Breakfasts were variable. We were given delightful bread, bacon and egg sandwiches and cake for breakfast, cakes with icing on!

Bro. Albert Matimbe preached at Savane, a town some 2 hours down a sandy country road. Then I preached three services over two days. My final service was at Vanduzi, close to the Zimbabwe border and near the game park Brother Branham went to on his African hunt. We arrived two hours late but the people were warmly welcoming. Later Pastor Johnny Manuel Simoa took us out for a meal at 2 AM! And at breakfast next day I would have had cake again but I saw some chicken pie!

Johannesburg

Brother Harold Becket met me for my overnight stay in Johannesburg and I learnt a lot listening during the evening to his teachings. Brother Harold suggested that it shouldn't be New Zealand preachers having to run missions in African countries, South Africa could do more for its fellow Africa countries but there was a lack of missionary zeal.

Kenya

I then flew to Nairobi and from there spent a harrowing night driving in torrential rain, fording rivers to get to Nyahururu some 7,550 feet above sea level in the Kenyan highlands. This was my second visit and after preaching I opened a message reference library for the Pentecostal ministers and lay people to study the Message. Bro. Dean Gilchrist joined me on what was to have been the last day and so impressed the Pastors attending at Nyahururu that we spent an extra day there and he preached three sermons, not the planned one.

After a rest day spent in Nakuru Lake reserve with Brother Philip Bakina from Uganda, Bro. Dean took the lead role in Kisii, a hilly tribal area some four hours south west of Nakuru. Bro. Dean was responding to call from another Kenyan Pentecostal church who wanted to know about the Message.



[Photo: Bro. Dean Gilchrist ministering with interpreter]

I believe this was a very successful trip, but don't take my word for it

Missionary Report from Mozambique - by Pastor Pedro Charles Alcandra

Dear and beloved Our Teacher Pastor Richard Oliver .

Before everything we desire to greet all you Eagles brethren and Sisters from New Zealand in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen .

The believers praise Africa --- Mozambique , we are thanking God very much to send for us humble men and dedicated on the missions works of God .

Brother Oliver is a Teacher mature and full of experience and wisdom of God . We thank for good work done here in Mozambique, he is brother full of love and with great duty to Christ Jesus .

Pastor Oliver spent a lot of money to help our meetings in Dondo city. The meeting was done in the church without bench to sit on, most of people were seated on the ground full of powder in . The church is without plaster on the wall in out side and inside. It is a small church and people were blessed in.

After Dondo city we went to Savane church , Pastor Antonio Jose Matias , by grace on top without good conditions , seating on ground listening the message of God we were blessed and healed many people physicals and spiritually with the same humiliation. He was seating with us , drinking with us and playing with us.



[Photo : Pastor Pedro Charles Alcandra]

VANDUZI CHURCH

The Church of Vanduzi was very blessed , and there was a wonderful service with deep teachings it was God in his servant .

All the ministry are happy and we thank God to give us brother Domingo Albano Winger a good interpreter. God bless brother

Domingo who helped us in interpretation of English to Portuguese and to the African language Sena. We praise the Lord for that. God bless you Pastor Richard Oliver, Amen.

I am your small Timothy from Mozambique Africa,

Pastor Pedro Charles

Nyahururu Mission Report from Pastor Philip Bakina of Uganda

Dear New Zealand Brothers & Sisters,

First of all receive our greetings in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I also appreciate the zeal and courage you have that you can have such a missions breakthrough regarding the work of God and the effort applied during our mission trip to Kenya's Nyahururu and Kissii

It was marvelous for me to meet Richard Oliver and Dean Gilchrist in Kenya on my first time visit from South Western Uganda. We witnessed the ministry at Nyahururu by brother Richard as the first Message preacher to minister to the Union of Pentecostal Preachers getting them to believe directly in the Elijah of Malachi 4. To openly believe Branham to be the Messenger of the Laodicean age was something I wondered to hear the Bishop of PAG saying, though they have been doing nothing openly in the Pulpit. Richard taught about the Ministry of Elijah at every great event in the Bible when introducing the Secret Coming of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus in this Age. There are many things I noted from the teachings then he exposed the serpent seed that brought to many people a full understanding as to why some people cannot believe the message of their day.

Every one said that no one can approach the non believing people with the Message like Brother Richard. It is true he has a special gift. May God use it to further his Word to the thirsty souls.

It was the first time I met Brother Richard and heard him ministering. I believe God will lead him to some places in our country Uganda, and If possible meet with others in Rwanda, Burundi and Congo.

We shall cooperate to make use of the ministry because it is necessary for the true believers who are in different denominational affiliation at the moment. I believe Pastor Andrew of Jesus Voice Choice Ministry in Nyahururu is going to mature be the base of the message there.

For the spiritual edification we share Philippians; 3:1-21.

I will continue to pray for the ministry. Please greet brother Dean who was also tired but tried to teach the Sermons that confirmed what you had taught.

God bless

Pastor Bakina Philip

Are you waiting to be called?

Back when the telegraph was the fastest method of long-distance communication, a young man applied for a job as a Morse Code operator. Answering an ad in the newspaper, he went to the office address that was listed.

When he arrived, he entered a large, busy office filled with noise and clatter, including the sound of the telegraph in the background. A sign on the receptionist's counter instructed job applicants to fill out a form and wait until they were summoned to enter the inner office.

The young man filled out his form and sat down with the seven other applicants in the waiting area. After a few minutes, the young man stood up, crossed the room to the door of the inner office, and walked right in.

Naturally the other applicants perked up, wondering what was going on. They muttered among themselves that they hadn't heard any summons yet. They assumed that the young man who went into the office made a mistake and would be disqualified.

Within a few minutes, however, the employer escorted the young man out of the office and said to the other applicants, "Gentlemen, thank you very much for coming, but the job has just been filled."

The other applicants began grumbling to each other, and one spoke up saying, "Wait a minute, I don't understand. He was the last to come in, and we never even got a chance to be interviewed. Yet he got the job. That's not fair!"

The employer said, "I'm sorry, but the last several minutes while you've been sitting here, the telegraph has been ticking out the following message in Morse Code: **'If you understand this message, then come right in. The job is yours.'** None of you heard it or understood it. This young man did. The job is his."

We are so busy, living in a world that is full of noise and clatter, just like that office. People are distracted and unable to hear the still, small voice of God as He speaks in His creation, in His Scriptures, and most of all, in and through His Son Jesus Christ, God in the flesh.

So I ask you, as I ask myself, "Are you listening, or are you waiting to be called? Do you hear the Lord when he speaks to you? Is your spiritual ear atuned to Him or are you blocked from hearing His voice because you're focused on all the other voices in your life?"

'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. [John 10:27]



Invitation to the South Pacific Convention in Vanuatu

There has been a request for a convention in Vanuatu for sometime and after discussions with local ministers in Vanuatu and abroad this is now going to take place in January of 2012. Please see attachment.

The host pastor is Bro' Paul Hinge of North Pentecost Island and he is preparing for an influx of 300 plus visitors over a period of 6 days of meetings.

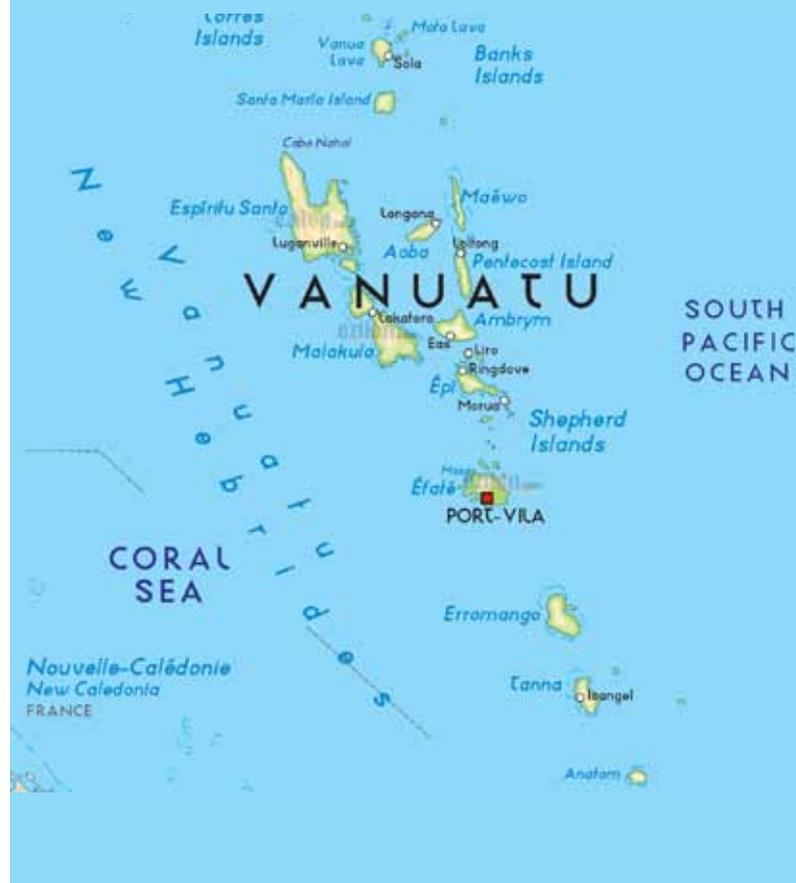
This nation is coming to a real maturity in the message it is requested that as many brethren from the South Pacific region could support it with their attendance.

The airfares are generally for international and Vanuatu domestic about NZ\$900 - NZ\$1000 return to NZ. Accommodation and food is free.

Please feel free to contact me any time in respect of these meetings.

Shalom.

Bro' Adrian Gray.



The Red Heifer

Numbers 19:

The Lord spoke to Moses and unto Aaron concerning this special ordinance of the law that the children of Israel bring a Red Heifer without spot, no blemish and had never been under the yoke.

Modern day Rabbi's in Israel have been searching for a Red Heifer to re-enact this ordinance and their search required that every hair on the Heifers hide must be red, with no flaws in the sacrifice.

Then Eleazer the priest took the Red Heifer without the camp to slay her and he took the blood and sprinkled it before the Tabernacle of the Congregation Seven times.

Brother Branham brought us the message '**The Thinking Man's Filter**' from the text of Numbers 19 and Ephesians 5:25-27

25 Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;

26 That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,

27 That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.

Jesus Christ is our Red Heifer, for in Hebrews 13:12-13 it says:

12 Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.

13 Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

Now the blood of the Red Heifer was sprinkled Seven times before the congregation, signifying Seven times for the bride of the Seven Church Ages.

After the slaying of the Red Heifer, she was burnt, skin, flesh, blood, dung, and into the midst of the burning was added 3 elements: **Cedar wood, Hyssop and Scarlet.**

Numbers 19:9 *And a man that is clean shall gather up the ashes of the heifer; and lay them up without the camp in a clean place, and it shall be kept for the congregation of the children of Israel for a water of separation: it is a purification for sin.*

The Red Heifer and the Cedar wood, Hyssop and scarlet were now turned back to their original elements and in that state they were applied to the believer.

Numbers 19:11 *He that toucheth the dead body of any man shall be unclean seven days.*

There is only one living body, that's the body to touch, the resurrected Lord Jesus Christ and we are baptised into that body by one spirit. All other bodies are dead in their creeds, dogmas and interpretation, don't touch (Handle) a dead body.

Numbers 19 deals with the state of uncleanness and the complete and perfect redemption from that state.

Brother Branham in the message '**Anointed Ones At The End Time**' Page 55-56 is speaking of the three unclean spirits like frogs coming out of the mouth of the dragon, out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. Three unclean spirits, individual spirits – A trinity doctrine against the truth. Notice it comes out of the mouth, it's teaching a doctrine an unclean spirit.

Beloved believe not every spirit but try the spirits whether they are of God.

In the Garden of Eden the serpent is the unclean spirit that deceived Eve for he got to the womb of her mind before he got to the womb of her body.

As Paul revealed in 2 Corinthians 11:2-3

2 For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy: for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. (Without spot or wrinkle)

3 But I fear; lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.



Now to have a thinking man's filter and a holy man's taste we need to apply the waters of separation, the purification from sin, total separation from all unbelief.

In the process and order of this purification Numbers 19:17

17 And for an unclean person they shall take of the ashes of the burnt heifer of purification for sin, and running water shall be put thereto in a vessel:

18 And a clean person shall take hyssop, and dip it in the water, and sprinkle it upon the tent, and upon all the vessels, and upon the persons (Applied by Faith)

Notice it was running water, not water from the broken cistern full of barnyard dust, manure and beetle juice sieved through some old rag. Running water is living water and pure water full of oxygen, which is refreshing.

Numbers 19:12b: *but if he purify not himself the third day, then the seventh day he shall not be clean.*

The first washing, 1 John 5:7 *For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word (Son), and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.*

Brother Branham said 'the Oneness of the Godhead is all the way from Genesis 1:1 to Revelation 22:21 and when he taught the baptism of the Holy Ghost he said 'It would be much easier for all to understand if all believed in the doctrine of the Oneness of the Godhead, for there are not three persons in that Godhead but One.'

The Trinitarian doctrine is an unclean spirit. The washing is to flush out all the misconception of the Word and to bring us to the power of transformation. Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.

Greetings to all the lively stones of this spiritual house from Brother Barrie Boyes.

Greetings Brother Charles and Sister Joan. A special thanks to you both and all the believers who upheld Julia during her medical treatment for cancer. All is now well and Julia is now fully active again.

Genesis Chapter 15:1 After these things the word of the LORD came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.

God bless you, Brother Barrie Boyes.

The Betty Baxter Story

As told by herself



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 recognised 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 colour, 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, it's not your time to cross yet. Go back and fulfil 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 much 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 a while. I want to be alone." I heard Daddy sob as he left the room but 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 the 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 the 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 on 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 on 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 knew that the Lord had told me the day and hour that I would be healed.

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, I'm 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 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 testified.

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 strangely of me but I knew exactly what was going to happen on 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 neighbour 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, and 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 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 to 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 realised 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 to 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.

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 centre 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 paralysed 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 centre 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 normally 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 speaking to you tonight. I was healed inside and outside. In ten 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 Physician 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.

The ‘Main Course’ is completed. I know you will agree with us when we say, “Isn’t our Lord Jesus Wonderful? Isn’t He Lovely? What would we do without Him when we need His Healing Touch?

He said in John 12: 35-36, *“Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.”*

John 14:14, *“If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.*

John 16:24, *“Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.”*

What precious promises our Lord Jesus gave to us all.
I’m amazed that You loved me!
I’m amazed that you cared!
Through Your precious Blood, I found pardon –
And my sins are washed – they’re all washed away!
Oh my sins are washed away.

The Believers’ Newsletter is published by Christian Publicity and Promotions (NZ). We invite news, testimonies, comments, interesting anecdotes. Anything that would glorify God and could encourage your fellow pilgrim, and suggest that any doctrinal questions be directed to your Pastor. The Editor reserves the right to select, abridge and adapt materials submitted for publication. - The Committee.

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Website version available at www.heishere.net/bnl/

Brother Jim continues his tales of Solomon Islands

During this trip, God really moved in an area south of Honiara, where Fred Talo is farming. Brother Fred had been playing the DVD of Bro. Branham to several people and witnessing to many families in this area. As many do not have electricity, I brought with me a portable DVD player for bro. Fred, which he can also use to play bro. Branham's sermons to the people.

As a couple with their baby were passing the farm, I went to the roadside to share the Gospel of our Lord Jesus. They told me that they wanted a "Nufala Heart" and were willing to give their all to Jesus. Then our Lord Jesus spoke to the sister about the hurts she was carrying. After prayer they were not only saved but our sister



totally changed, and she was rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

When we arrived at the house of this large family late afternoon, the head of the home had unexpectedly gone to Honiara. While we were waiting for him to return, two teenagers gave their hearts to Jesus Christ. It was approaching dark when bro. Jonas returned home, he told me that I had to stay the night as several people wanted to hear the Word of God.

I only had what I was wearing, and slept fully dressed, on a mat on the floorboards; however I had one luxury, a mosquito net. That night people kept coming for prayer till after midnight. I could hardly



stand and asked if they could return in the morning. They said, "Mi hia now, yu prey now." Most received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour and many were healed.

Next morning more received Jesus Christ including an old lady who had many sicknesses, but Mary gave everything to Jesus Christ, and was healed of all her diseases. She could hardly walk when she arrived, but now had no trouble bending or turning around. She left praising our Lord Jesus! [see photo above]

On the way back to Honiara, bro. Fred and I visited another family, where God saved and healed the husband, and the wife also accepted Jesus Christ. Their daughter was deaf and dumb, but after prayer she indicated that she was beginning to hear out of her left ear, and she was also making sounds trying to talk. A



was free from all hurts. On another occasion, as Fred and I were walking along the road to visit a large family in the area, we met a young woman holding her baby. She looked very downcast, so I spoke to her about the "Oldfala Rubbish Heart" we were all born with, and that if we give every bit of this heart to Jesus Christ, He will give us a "Nufala Heart". I also told her that she was carrying serious hurts. After prayer she told me "she had an extremely serious domestic dispute, that very morning." Jesus Christ came on the scene, and she was completely saved and healed. Her face

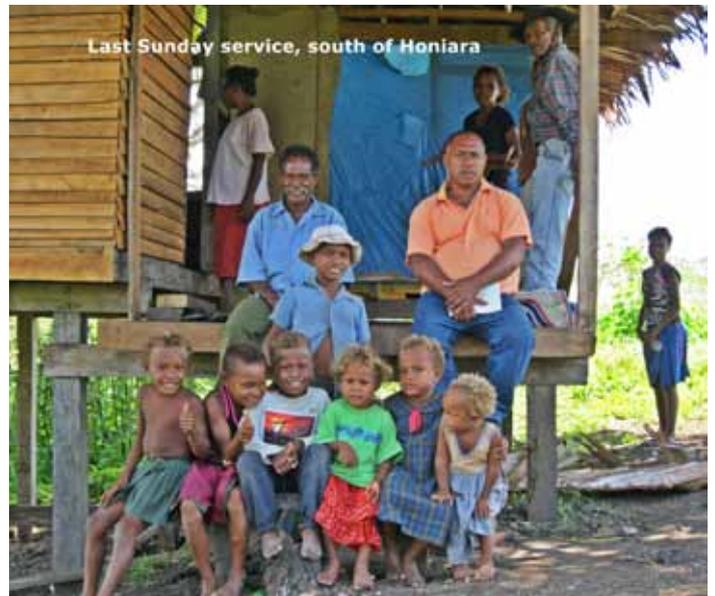


few days later bro. Fred and his wife were baptised in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. [Photo on previous page]

The last Sunday I went back to the house where our Lord Jesus had blessed so many. On the way, I gave a Gospel tract to a man who was travelling on the same bus. After reading the tract and asking some questions, he said he wanted to come with me to the house meeting. He gave his heart to Jesus Christ, as well as some others. He told me that it was the Lord Jesus that had him on the same bus as me; he did not even know why he got on the bus. He had no definite plans for the day.

These are just some of the things I witnessed our Lord Jesus doing during this trip. Once again I thank you for your prayers for this trip, and please continue to pray for Solomons.

Brother Jim Carman



Never the less I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away

Brother Ed. Byskal

God bless His Word. John 16:7-13. We are well acquainted with these statements. We've heard them many times – The Word comes to the Prophet. I'm happy it does. It doesn't come from a great theological school. But the Word comes to the Prophet and the Spirit comes to the Word. Now those of you that question and wonder about your Baptism in the Holy Spirit. I want to settle this today for you. 'The Spirit comes to the Word'. He is the Author of the Word and it is not like some single great big explosive text that has been taught by some Pentecostal or some of the other denominations as such. But if you hear the Word. I want now – You talk about the day of Pentecost. Don't forget, prior to the day of Pentecost, those disciples heard His Word - heard His Word – heard His Word, for two or three years and then they ended up on the day of Pentecost and He told them, 'Go up to Jerusalem and tarry in Jerusalem'. The Bible said, He was seen of above 500 brethren, but only 120 got to the Upper Room. 380 didn't make it, for whatever reason. They had other things they were occupied with as we would today. But of the 120 that got there, Jesus never stressed on any of the disciples 'Peter, you be sure and be there. You must be there, and the others – James and John, you three especially. You were with me on the mountain. You were here and you were with me in the garden of Gethsemane. You must be there.'

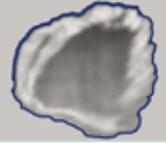
No, He just threw the Word out like He's doing today, like He's done for years. He just throws the Word out and for some, it means to us a whole lot more than it does for others. And for some, they do something with it. But if you take the Word into an honest, sincere heart, I would say one thing to you – The Holy

Ghost will come to that Word. He is the Baptiser. Whether you have an emotion or you don't have an emotion, I don't know what will happen to you. We are all built different. Some are more emotional than others. But one thing is absolutely certain: The Holy Ghost will come to the Word and the Scripture says, 'When He is come, He will do various things. So I want to start out where we get the best view from the beginning of Eden in Genesis. The first man was a spirit man. Now if you can just remember these things as we move through. The first man was a spirit man made in the image of God [No.1.]

No. 2. That spirit man was put into a body of flesh. By natural birth we have bypassed our original intended form., to be tested and to be formed back to the original by the Word of God. When the testing of His Word is over [phrases that Brother Branham used] we are taken up to this original body, the one we bypassed when we are tested on His Word. We are here on a trial trip. It was the Word of God that was tested in Adam and Eve. It was the Word that was tested that they had received and only the true Word of God can take us back to our eternal dwelling place. And I can say, only the true Word of God can give us a new birth, born not of corruptible seed, but by the incorruptible, by the Word of God. God has always and will always vindicate or prove His True Word. Don't ever forget that. The Word of God, in Truth, comes only through His Prophets and the Bride of Jesus Christ is formed back to the Original Word of God.



Pak Tabernacle Karachi Pakistan



Mission Update September 2011



Psa 41:1 Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.
Dear and beloved Believers in Lord Jesus Christ,
Christian greetings in merciful & matchless name of Lord Jesus.

Dear and beloved believers first of all I would like to inform you that recent flood in Pakistan affected people very badly and almost 75 lacks are affected and homeless.

This time it was very harmful and destructive in our province called Sindh. We are also living in this Province. Poor people are affected too much by rains and flood, people lost their shelters and all possessions. People are dying by flood, rain, hunger, disease, and crops also destroyed by floods there is no electricity, drinking water and food for the people.

Call from affected believer: (Bro. Patras Punu)
Pastor Irshad Masih called me and told me about Brother Patras Punu was preaching in his church Sargodha city in Punjab after finishing the meeting 10:00 pm then Brother Patras Punu received phone call from his wife she informed him about own area situation and she told him please come back home as soon as possible because our house is affected by flood and walls are broken but thanks Lord Jesus Christ our souls are saved.

Brother Patras Punu is a new message believer, he is converted from Hinduism and he is ministering the Word in Hindu community in Bhawalpur city. He is very much affected by the recent flood, his home's wall are broken and he lost most of his possession. Please kindly keep him and all the people around him in your prayers. I called to Brother Patras Punu and asked the entire situation of his area and about his house he told me my house is affected but my family is safe by the grace of Lord Jesus but he told one family of our community is very badly affected and all the member of their family died. Their roof was fallen upon them when flood water struck their house. Brother Punu requested please pray for us and help us as much as possible. He has five children. Pak Tabernacle is requesting to you and all the believers around you please participate in this good work for new

believers in Bhawalpur City in Punjab Pakistan. So Pak Tabernacle is planning to visit to these affected believers and non believers in October 2011. So we will pray for them, share the Word of God with them and distribute those things, God will provide us for them in this very bad and tough situation. We also request to you in Christ please keep Pak Tabernacle in your personal and social prayers because Karachi city is also facing these problems by rain from last few weeks.



Bro. Ejaz is inviting to sister Rani share the testimony

Healed from Cancer:

Sister Rani couldn't walk she was on bed since last few months and under treatment at hospi-



Prayers change the things. Last month we went to their house and prayed upon her, by God's grace and His amazing and wonderful grace she is healed by the blood cancer and now she is well and blessed with good health.

Last Sunday she came to Pak Tabernacle Church and shared her testimony and praise God for His tender mercy, amazing grace and kindness. Glory and honor to God for everything He is doing among us. He is the same, yesterday, today and forever. Amen

Please keep our outreach trip to Punjab and flood affected areas in Sindh province in your personal and social prayers because we need your precious prayers and support for the ministry of God in this Islamic country of Pakistan.

We are praying for you and your precious ministry and thankful to you for your loving kindness and great burden for the end time message in Pakistan. May Lord JESUS Christ richly and abundantly bless you and use you for His glory and honor around the globe.



al after three month doctors said that they can't treat her any more because she can't get better and day by day she is getting worse. She actually had blood cancer and her family was very worried and upset because of her health, They sent prayer request to Pak Tabernacle. We kept on praying for her healing and trusted in LORD JESUS CHRIST and believe that

God Bless You Richly



Your brother in Lord Jesus Christ
Brother Shamoon Yaqoob
Pak Tabernacle Karachi Pakistan

Letter to the Editor

Dear and beloved brother, Brother Charles Wilson,
Warm Christian Greetings in the matchless and most precious name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I hope that you are well and blessed by the grace of Lord Jesus. I am well and blessed by the same grace here in Pak Tabernacle Karachi Pakistan. Precious brother can you please add this updates in the Believers newsletter. Appreciated God bless you.

Precious brother attached is the Pak Tabernacle mission updates of September 2011. Please have a look and keep us, Pak Tabernacle, our ministry and flood affected believers around Pakisatn in your precious prayers. We greatly and highly appreciate your kindness and precious

prayers. I am leaving for mission trip to Punjab and interior Sindh tomorrow night and will be back on 16 of October. Please keep in your prayers. We strongly believe that Prayers change the things

We are praying for you and your precious ministry and all the saints around you. God richly and abundantly bless you and yours. Amen

Best regards to all the saints in Christ
Shalom

Your brother in Jesus, Brother Shamoon Yaqoob
Pak Tabernacle Karachi Pakistan.

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