

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

January 27, 1989

Dear beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Savior of men, the King of Glory, the Only Begotten of the Father of Whom I am unworthy. We need Him every breath, every heartbeat. We praise God from Whom all blessings flow. Hallelujah!

I just came in from a walk and stopped at the security desk to talk to Bud, the security man who looks after our building. I began to share with him about Ty, the man who had been the janitor some five to six years ago. I was surprised to learn that Bud had never heard of him. I was reviewing that day when I heard Ty running the sweeper in the hall outside our apartment. He had already swept the floors above us and I knew he was tired. The Lord spoke to me and told me to take him a glass of cold orange juice. When I came out and gave him the orange juice he sat down on the bench across from the elevators. I began to tell him about how the Lord once answered prayer for oranges to be sent in to our home. While I was sharing this experience with him, the Holy Spirit began to work and I asked Ty, "Do you sense the Holy Spirit calling you in your heart? It's like a wooing, a pounding, a drawing." He replied, "Yes, I do." I said, "If you will be willing to follow me in this little prayer, Jesus will come into your heart." He answered, "I'm ready," and prayed after me: "Lord Jesus, forgive me of all my sins, of all my iniquities, of all my evils, of all my wrongs, of all my past disobediences. Apply Your precious blood to my heart and save me. I accept You by faith as my personal savior."

How happy and blessed I was sharing with the security man just minutes ago how the Lord had come into our janitor's heart five years ago and how he was saved at the age of twenty-nine. Through the weeks, whenever we saw Ty (and when no one was around to misunderstand) I would love him and he would whisper in my ear, "I'm praying for you." As far as I know, Ty probably never went to church much in his life. He found Christ in the spring and we left in June to return to Indiana. That September, two or three days following prostate surgery, I called our condominium in Florida to ask Max, the security man, how everything was at Starlight Towers. "Oh, Rev. Helm, we're very sad here," he told me. "What has occurred?" I asked. He said, "Our janitor, Ty, was killed on the highway last night." The Lord had helped us to find him just before he was to be killed, that he might repent and find Jesus in his heart and know Him as his personal Savior. Praise the Lord. The love of God in a little glass of cold orange juice was used to rescue a precious soul. I was having a wonderful time with Bud sharing how the Lord had helped us with Ty. He replied, "Well, you've helped me, too." We are in debt to Jesus for this, because we're the least of all. We claim to be nothing--only a needy servant.

I'm still rejoicing how wonderfully the Holy Spirit visited us in our services back home before we came to Florida, and how the

Lord came so sweetly among the young people. How God came as Jason Six was praying under such anointing. Ralana Abraham began to weep and I said, "Oh, just ask Jesus to come and cleanse your heart." She was in a sitting position and would bend over and raise back up again. She began to pray and ask Jesus to cleanse her heart, and God gave her a marvelous victory. It was so precious. And as Christopher Gregory said, "It was worth everything!" God's presence was there so marvelously. Robert Goodwin thought it was one of the most wonderful nights of his life. God was faithful to us and we want to thank Him for His presence.

Some days after Christmas I was led of the Holy Spirit to call Michael and Linda Freeman and share with them a few things that were on my heart. I hadn't talked to them much since last August, when they went with us to Alaska, which turned out to be one of the most wonderful times of their life. In talking to them last night, I learned that one or two minutes before I called, Linda suddenly began to shake all over and cry. She thought perhaps she might be having a breakdown of some kind. Just two minutes after this started, I called. They shared this experience she was having, so I began to pray for her. Through the Holy Spirit, I found between five and ten burdens that she was carrying. All of this lifted from her in minutes. We thought it was so precious that after all those weeks and months God would have me to call within two minutes after this experience came upon her. Michael had her in his arms loving and comforting her, but she was under a great burden she had never embraced before. The Holy Spirit of God was so precious to give guidance and take it away. We thank Jesus for every soul saved, for every believer sanctified, every burden lifted, every heart encouraged, every soul blessed in Jesus' Name.

In our last letter I did not share that on Christmas morning I had invited the McAdams children, along with the two older girl's companions, Dr. Bullis and Dr. Reece, to come into our home. As they got ready to leave Lynn Marie told me in the foyer, "This has been worth more than all my Christmas gifts combined." Her father told me later, "And she is one who really gets excited about opening gifts, more than most persons." She has deep appreciation and a beautiful gift of expressing it. Some people have the appreciation, but they don't know how to quite express it. They hold it inside. So we are in debt to Jesus for this priceless letter from Lynn Marie:

"Dear Rev. and Mrs. Helm,

I wanted to write and express my deep appreciation for your care for myself and my family this Christmas holiday. It is very humbling when I think of hundreds of people who would have loved to have been with you and your family in your home on Christmas Day, and we were the privileged ones! It was so precious and rare how the Holy Spirit came

all over the room surrounding us all and blessed us like seldom any have been blessed on Christmas Day! What a gift!!

Scott asked me to make a list of many things I could think to ask for Christmas so that he could have a list of the things from which to choose for a few gifts. Well, I made quite an impressive list. What I didn't expect was that he bought me nearly every item on the list! Needless to say I was pretty surprised and excited while opening all my gifts, not to mention all the gifts I received from the other members of my family. I must say, though, that the few minutes you shared with us and the songs we sang and the goodbye hugs we all received from you and the love of God and the Holy Spirit warming our hearts, well, this is a far greater experience than opening **three hundred** Christmas gifts!! I'm not kidding! I felt like I was glowing by the time I got out to the car to go home. This is such a feeble attempt to say thank you for loving God so much, obeying Him so many times that His love could spill out of your life and touch us all, making us want to love God more and obey His voice. Praise His holy Name, Christ Jesus!

A blessed New Year to you both and may God's healing and deliverance overshadow you.

Love,  
Lynn Marie McAdams Reece"

Jesus helped us again in coming to Florida on the fifth day of January. The Holy Spirit was also in the service a week ago Sunday, and it was so precious that we can't praise the Lord enough for it. Dr. Adam Osborne, Brother and Sister Schultze and other visitors were with us. We began to speak, and I thought I would say, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." But when I opened up the Bible I went back to: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." I was sharing about how, in 1948, when I was preaching along this line, Brother Jacobs went out to his corn crib, selected a large ear, and began to count the individual kernels of corn on it. He counted nine hundred and eighty kernels of corn on that one ear and shared that information with me. I said, "Wouldn't it be a tremendous thing if each person, through Christ's spirit and the life of obedience and surrender, would win even one hundred souls in a year?" But this one kernel of corn produced nine hundred and eighty times itself in just a short time.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." I have been told that every ear of corn has only even rows of kernels, never uneven. Every ear of corn with every little kernel has an ability to reproduce itself times and times over again. How we need to follow Jesus, be obedient and be placed in the soil of his purpose. When we are planted in the soil of His purpose, we are out of sight. We die. To be planted is to be cleansed of this old nature that is so evil and deceptive and dark and black, that grieves God and disobeys God

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and brings hurt to our fellow men. Now anyone who plants a corn crop knows that if he goes out and uncovers the seed, he spoils the crop. Many times spiritual crops have been spoiled because we want to investigate: we want to know why and wherefore; we want to see how much we've grown, how much we've matured, what progress we've made. But if we're willing to be planted out of sight in the soil of His purpose, then He's able to bring us forth in His time with fruitfulness.

God helped us in the message, then He revealed to me that we should have an altar service. A young man came to pray and another young man came to the Lord. It was a marvelous time. Either Brother Richard or Brother Thomas said that he had seldom seen such a sight at the altar. The Holy Spirit then revealed to me that Sister Judy Bruffy was to sing number three on her list. She began to sing "Little is much when God is in it"--a song about the harvest. It fit right in with the kernel of corn! "Little is much when God is in it." We talked about how little each kernel is, and yet it can be multiplied into many. This song was as if you had made an investigation of all songs to see which one would fit the message most perfectly. It fit like the gloves on the hand, the stars in the sky, the water in the brook, the hay in the mow, the grass in the field, the shoes on your feet. Through the Holy Ghost again could it ever be revealed. It was so marvelous we can hardly tell it. People were inspired and stirred all over the congregation.

Then He revealed to me that Debbie Johnson was to sing number eleven on her list. However, when we began to examine her list, we discovered that she had two lists, and the dear ones wondered which list should be used. The Holy Spirit helped me to know that she was to sing a number that I have never heard of before entitled "Broken and Spilled Out," and I shared that with the dear one. Within one to two minutes a man stood up on the back seat to my right and said, "I've been in a situation and what I really need is to be broken." (Of course, brokenness comes by the work of the Holy Spirit, by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus.) Here the Lord had revealed the number Debbie was to sing before this gentleman ever spoke about it: "Broken and Spilled Out." Oh, how that all fit together! Only the Holy Ghost could ever do this again--only Jesus of Nazareth, the God of eternity and of Israel, could do this again. We don't know anything and owe it all to God, all to Jesus for His direction, for His blessing and help. Judy and Debbie presented their numbers so beautifully and with such love. You see, we're in debt to Jesus for this, dear ones. Only the Lord can do this in this wonderful way of blessing, of help and instruction in His love, His Word, His truth. With each newsletter I've thought, "How can I make another letter, because I don't know anything?" It's by His grace, for I know that I am simply needy and crying out for help to the Lord for God's guidance and intervention, blessing, protection and provision. Praise His Name.

Recently I felt led to call Georgine

Christensen, who is almost like a granddaughter to us and is very, very dear. Rebecca Sue gave her our book in 1973 at Asbury College. She had only just met her, but said, "I want to give you a book." She gave Georgine our book and said, "Please read this." So Georgine took the book home to Texas where she lived and put it on the shelf, where it stayed for ten years. Georgine has been in the church all her life, and her parents are very precious. They've loved Jesus and have been faithful followers. But Georgine said that when she finally read "A Voice in the Wilderness" after ten years, her life was changed. God taught her through it to surrender herself and give all to God—not do her own will, but deny herself, be cleansed of the carnal nature, take up the cross to obey and follow Jesus.

When I called her the other day, I began to pray. She told me a few days later, "When you hung up I realized that you were praying for what I had been praying about those few minutes and hours before." Jesus is to be praised for that. As I said "Goodbye" to her on the phone, the Holy Ghost said that the conversation was not ended. As I began to pray, I found my burden was for her father and mother. When I called her back and told her that I was burdened for her parents, she said to herself, "I'd better call home and see how they are getting along." She called home and later told me, "My father was very sick. Since then my mother has been sick too." I thought how wonderful it was for God, in His mercy, to reveal to me about her father and mother in Texas, dear ones whom I've never met. We want to thank Jesus for the way God helped and guided and directed.

A few days prior to the meeting of the Board of Directors of Revival For Our Day on December 17th, I was on a telephone conversation with the Schultzes. The Holy Spirit spoke to me as I hung up, so I had to call them again and tell them that I was burdened for Camron, their third child. All we knew to do was to cry out to God, then trust and believe. On the sixteenth of December Kristin Dunigan had come to be with the young people, and April Marie had invited a number of Kristin's friends for a surprise party. Included were Chester and Camron Schultze, who drove all the way from Kokomo to be with the young people. When the boys started home from the surprise party that night, Camron fell asleep and the car went off the highway and into a field. It missed all the embankments, the trees, the poles. If it would have struck any one of them it could have killed them, but the Holy Spirit had burdened us days in advance that prayer was needed, and they were both spared from injury or death. We want to give God the glory and thanks for this.

On about the fourth of January I called Brother and Sister Schultze, and when I said "Goodbye" the Holy Spirit said, "Pray!" When I dialed them back I found my burden was not with Camron, Chester, Reimar or Marcia, but was with Karin and Don Litchfield, their youngest daughter and her husband. Later in the day, around supper time, Karin and Don started for Parker City to be in the meeting

we were going to have that night at Parker City Christ Fellowship. They were driving the new car that Marcia had received for a Christmas gift. On the way a person ran a stop sign and Don and Karin hit them broadside at fifty miles an hour. Ordinarily such a collision would badly injure or kill whoever was in the automobile. But by God's grace, the Lord had given the witness and the revelation for prayer through the Holy Spirit that morning and they were spared. They suffered a few bruises but were not severely hurt. They could have been killed. We want to be sure that God, in the Holy Spirit, has all glory, praise, honor and thanksgiving for watching over and protecting these dear ones, as well as all the rest of us.

In every situation of life, God can be such a help, as we give Jesus all the glory for it. Some days ago Barbara Hogue's brother, Mort Crim, lost his precious wife, Naomi, to illness. We were deeply saddened with him in his loss, for we have loved Mort and his family in a special way ever since we met Barbara and Oliver. The memorial service for Naomi was being held in Detroit, Michigan, and I called Kathleen saying, "I want you to send Mort Crim and his family the most beautiful flowers you can find." When Kathleen called Detroit to get the information about where to send the flowers, she thought she would reach Mort's secretary, but instead Mort himself answered. Kathleen told me, "What I heard in his voice, how he loved and esteemed you so highly, touched me deeply. His spirit was so gracious and gentle, and his appreciation for the phone call helped me greatly." While she shared this with me I was so stirred in my soul and water came into my eyes because the Lord had been so precious to comfort, to encourage, to sustain all around and underneath by His everlasting arms. It was so sacred that we want to give God praise for His presence and His help.

The other evening I had a desire to eat at the Fontaine Bleau, while Florence mentioned eating at the Riverside Hotel. However, we weren't able to go to either place, but went to the Marriott on the Ocean with Edward, Jackie, and the Schultzes. The hotel had given us the best table in the house, a table for six, and we had not been there ten minutes when one of our company saw Al and Lee Davis come in. They are dear ones from the Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship. I had brought Al and Lee to this restaurant four or five weeks ago, and he told me at that time that he liked it so well. They had not seen us and Edward was anxious to greet them, so I sent him right over. I learned just today that Al's wife's sister and her husband live across the state near Ft. Myers. They had wanted Al and Lee to come over there, but Al felt like they were supposed to come over here. So they drove across the state to Brother and Sister Davises, then Al drove them over fifty miles through difficult traffic to the very place where we were to be. You see, we wanted to go to the other places, but God brought us there.

Well, after we had eaten, I had such a strong leading to get with them, so I took them a tour inside and outside the hotel,

showing them different places of interest. Then we brought them back to our condominium. We had never met Lee's sister and her husband. We felt so close. They probably have been married thirty to forty years and appeared to me like they might be in their middle sixties. Our fellowship together was so sweet and precious. The time I had with them was so great, that I can't convey to you how it helped me. They were very encouraged as well. Lee and Al told their pastor that they have seldom ever seen Lee's sister's husband like he was. He was so appreciative and so gracious. The Holy Spirit was working with us together, and the Lord just blessed all of us so wonderfully I wouldn't have wanted to miss it.

We want to thank Jesus for every soul saved, every believer sanctified, and for the Kingdom of God operating in our midst. Thank you for your faithful prayer and intercession for our healing, as we need deliverance in the prostate gland, the bladder, the urethra, the stomach, the bowel, the throat. My wife needs healing in the vertebrae, for they have slipped until they are about to pinch the spinal cord. The doctor said that they must be brought back into alignment. We need prayer also for her joints and throat, for her stomach and her limbs. We try to pray each day together, as we know you are also, that we will be delivered from any affliction and disease which would limit our mental capacities, but that we would be given quickened mental abilities and be kept spiritually on fire.

The devil fights severely and we have to resist him continually. God knows the deepest desire of our heart is to be true. We want to always put Christ first and be certain that the Holy Spirit is truly leading in any choice. We know that we (and you, also) cannot go by our emotions or sensations, or how we are feeling in the body. We must go by faith, by the Word of God and by the Holy Spirit in our hearts. And we must be very cautious about giving counsel to others. We have to be so careful that we don't mislead or misguide any persons, but that all will know God's will by the Word of God and by the Holy Ghost in our hearts. It's very necessary to do only what Jesus leads and not what we want or what we think. The enemy is so deceptive and can easily sidetrack us. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" I believe that the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are the only ones Who know how deceitful the human heart is. We have to constantly pray to be delivered from all evil, all deceit and all wickedness, that we might be cleansed vessels, sanctified and meet for Jesus' use. We are taught very slowly the ways of God. We must go by the leading of the Holy Spirit, not by feelings.

Our seventy-third year is coming up in a few days and it doesn't seem possible. It's by God's grace my wife and I have lived these seventy-plus years. Forty-six years ago last week, this week and next week, last month and next month--for six or seven months every night except when I was in the pulpit and for two or three other nights when we could not

meet--we were waiting at the parsonage for Holy Ghost revival. We are unworthy to even have thought of such a thing, because we're limited and feeble and know very little and can do very little. Yet, we were trusting and praying for The Awakening, for the Holy Ghost to be poured out in the Church to save souls, cleanse believers, that the Kingdom of God might come on earth--righteousness, peace and joy come on earth as it is in heaven. It's through His wonderful love and spirit and power we have made it and we praise Him for it.

We are so in debt to Jesus for each and every one who has prayed, fasted and believed, held on and trusted. We also want to thank the Lord for the great sacrifice some of you made in responding to our request for the need we had the last two or three weeks. We are unworthy of this, and want to praise Jesus for it. We are grateful for all of those who help us on our staff, our secretaries, our treasurer, our financial secretary, for those who assist Evangel Voice in making tapes--Jo Anne Gilbert, Joan Patrick, Martha Helm--for all those who come in to help in mailing the newsletter. Each person who assists us is quite a blessing and we find it impossible to name everyone, but we are grateful to Jesus for them all. Thank you again for praying for us and sacrificing and helping. We pray for revival and for the church to be cleansed and become one as God and Jesus are one, that we might win souls to Jesus, for Christ's sake.

In Jesus' Holy Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

p.s. We are so thankful for each of your cards, notes and letters. We look forward every day to hearing from any one of you, and do so appreciate your love and care. It helps us so much to hear how God is working in your lives. We would like to hear a short word from you. We can read printing and typing very well, but sometimes have trouble with handwriting and letters that are very long. I don't have a good writing hand myself, but prefer to print or type all correspondence. My wife and I are grateful for each and every letter and card and expression of love. It is a great encouragement to us. Thank you so much.

#### Reports on the distribution of copies of A Voice in the Wilderness

We have received some wonderful reports of how God has been helping individuals to distribute copies of "A Voice in the Wilderness". Our little fellowship here in Parker City has already purchased over two boxes of "Voice", and are very excited how the Lord has already assisted--some in jails and some with friends. Let us hear from you how God is helping you in sharing "A Voice in the Wilderness". Please write me in care of Evangel Voice Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 494, Parker City, IN 47368.

Jon Cullum

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

March 1, 1989

Dear Ones in Jesus the Christ, our Savior:

Years ago, when Rev. Reece asked me to start writing letters to those on our mailing list, I felt so inadequate. I felt that I did not know what to write, and I feel that way now. In our last newsletters I have not been able to share with you some wonderful experiences God gave us earlier. When we arrived at the Dayton Airport on November 10th for our flight to Florida, we were surprised to see Oliver and Barbara. He had been in prayer with other ministers and our staff in the morning, then had driven all the way there to assist us. Thomas Mullins had flown up from Ft. Lauderdale to accompany us and assist us in our travel, but his plane had been rerouted, causing him to be delayed. Instead of having three hours to wait for us there at the airport, he had just gotten there a few minutes before. And here came Oliver and Thomas pushing wheelchairs out to meet us so Florence and I wouldn't have to walk any distance. When we got inside the airport I said to Thomas, "Now Tina has provided us boarding passes, but we're close to the wall in the front row. If you could go to the first class desk and request if we might be changed to the second row, it would be a little help." He said, "I'll be delighted to do it." When he went to make the change for us, he discovered that by mistake he had been canceled out of the flight. He had flown here for the sole purpose to carry our things and assist us to Florida, and by mistake the computer indicated that Thomas wasn't even on our flight back. After some work, the lady was able to get Thomas back on the flight. I thought how interesting it was that God impressed me to have Thomas make a request for seating change before we ever went to the gate (which was quite a distance): and while he was doing that for us, God was doing a wonderful thing for him by getting him back on the flight.

During our stay in Florida during November and December, one day Edward and I were out in the buggy with Jojo. We had stopped along the highway and were talking as Jojo was resting and eating some grass. I looked up to see a man coming from the north and going south toward Margate. He had already passed by us and, as far as I know, hadn't even so much as looked over at us. "Oh, my brother," I called out to him, "may you have a happy Thanksgiving." At my greeting he turned, and as he started back to us, I saw that one of his eyes was badly mashed and the eyeball was not there. This black man was around fifty-five or sixty and needed clothing badly. As he came up to me, we were trying to be thankful and were praising the Lord. He asked, "Would it be possible, do you think, that I could have a favor?" I said, "Oh, surely brother, indeed. What is it you need?" In a rather hesitant, apologetic way he asked, "Would it be possible for me to have one dollar?" I replied, "Oh, yes," and got out two dollars.

As we talked to him I inquired if he had

asked Jesus to forgive him of his sins and come into his heart. "Yes," he answered, and we began to have a time of rejoicing together. I began to pray and soon my hand was up in the air and he had his hands up there as well. When I would say, "Hallelujah!" he would say, "Hallelujah!" When I would say, "Praise the Lord!" he would say, "Praise the Lord!" There were many cars going by the highway there, and I expect some thought, "Why do those two men—a black man and a white man—have their hands up in the air?" But we were praying and having such a time. When I finished my prayer I said, "My brother, I haven't given you enough money." I found two five dollar bills Jesus had given me and said, "Here are two more fives." There is no way to describe the closeness we had in Jesus. He took hold of my hand and said, "God bless you, Brother." Then he reached back again and repeated the blessing. When he left to go toward Margate, I didn't want to see him go. It seemed like a little bit of heaven was all around and within. I don't know how to express it. The next morning I said, "If I could just go back out along the highway and let Jojo eat some grass, perhaps someone else would come by who needed a little word of encouragement or a little time of prayer. Maybe I could be used to encourage another little one along life's way." It was a very, very precious time. I told Edward, "Now that experience was worth all that it cost to keep my horse and buggy out there all these years." Praise the Lord.

At another time Edward and I had to take Jojo's halter for repair to a saddle, harness and shoe shop in Davie several miles away. In all the years I've been in this area I had never been down there. As we were driving along the four-lane highway, a gentleman next to me did not see me and started right over into the lovely automobile which had been loaned us by Richard Smith. I could go no farther to the side because there was a fence on my right, and Edward thought he was going to scrape me. Just in time I blew the horn, which startled him, but saved us from an accident. The Lord helped me not to be just looking ahead or behind or beside, but I was looking right at his car. Jesus helped to save us from an accident.

At the harness shop we were met by a most gracious young woman of about thirty. While we were talking, in came a beautiful lady dressed in white. Edward said that on her dress there was a little pin that read "Juryman." It looked to me like she was a registered nurse. The young woman who operates the shop said to her, "Oh, you look so beautiful today!" She replied with some expression of thanks to her, and before I knew it I began to witness about Jesus and soon was sharing under a sweet anointing. I didn't know it was going to happen in a shoe shop. This lady took me by the hand and said, "God bless you. I could listen to you all day." We were having such a time, but simply had to stop because she had an appointment. When we returned in three or

four days, as soon as we came in the door, that young woman said, "Mr. Helm, how are you anyhow?" We had not seen her all that time and it would be hard to tell how many people she had seen in the interim, but she knew us right away. She had given us just a ticket with a number as receipt for the halter. How she ever remembered my name I didn't know, but she did. I gave her a couple of extra dollars and she said, "Here, I'm going to put one dollar in this little can for the young men and women who painted the Christmas scene on my window. I'm trying to show them appreciation." God gave us a time in there, and I thought it was worth more than I could tell you.

While enroute in the car one day, I needed a rest room and pulled into a Burger King restaurant, leaving my car parked down a distance so I would not be an imposition. Before returning to the car I thought I would get a cold drink for my wife and Edward and Jackie. A precious black girl about eighteen years of age served me. As she gave me the change, I placed a dollar back in her hand and said, "Now, honey, this dollar is in Jesus' Name, and it says 'I love you.'" I was unaware of it, but two little boys about twelve years old, one black and one white, were standing on my right. "How about you giving us something in Jesus' Name?" they asked. And I said, "Oh, certainly," giving to one boy the change the young lady had returned to me and then reaching into my pocket for some coins to give the other little boy. When I took the refreshments out to my family, the experience in the restaurant had rather slipped my mind. However, just as I stepped into the car and put my seat belt on, here were these two boys coming across the parking lot just waving and waving at us. Now what was that worth, dear ones? We didn't know it was going to occur. You never know what will take place when you are doing what you should be doing for the glory of God and for Jesus' sake.

When Florence and I were at Nieman Marcus, we got into such a great meeting with a precious black lady. She must have been about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. I was sharing with her how the Lord had helped my wife and I together for fifty-five years since last April 4th. "Oh, that is so wonderful," she said. "I've just been married six months and it has been such a struggle." I said, "Well, it requires much prayer and the Lord's help. Of course, we've had our battles and struggles and heartaches, but God has helped us and blessed us and made a way for us." She was so stirred up. If we could have had you with us, you would have said, "This is worth the whole trip." She became almost like a daughter or a grandchild to us. It was so dear in Jesus that we could hardly praise the Lord enough for it. We want to thank Jesus for how He has helped over and over and over again in various places. Praise the Lord.

In one of the services at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship the Holy Spirit worked so wonderfully. He revealed to me at the beginning of the service that Edward was to sing number three on his list. While Thomas

was praying I sent Jefferson Todd to inform Edward in order that he could have the song ready. Jesus so sweetly had been helping for nearly an hour when our dear sister, Jayaphrada, entered the sanctuary. I had no idea she was coming, but soon after her arrival I had Edward come and sing number three on his list. I had no idea what it was and soon learned that I had never heard him sing it as a solo, but Florence and I had sung this song forty to fifty years ago. The song was:

There's a Rose blooming for you, friend,  
There's a Rose that is blooming for me.  
Its perfume is pervading the world, friend,  
Its perfume is for you and for me.

Far away in a valley so fair, friend,  
Far away by a beautiful sea,  
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloomed,  
friend,  
And it blooms still for you and for me.

All in vain did they crush this fair  
Flower, friend,  
All in vain did they shatter the tree;  
For its roots deeply bedded sprang forth,  
friend,  
And it blooms still for you and for me."

Jaya said that in the last few months her two little boys would ask, "Oh, Mother, can't you wear this flower in your hair?" And she would answer, "No, children. There is a custom in India that after your husband dies, a widow cannot wear a flower in her hair." She told us, "You know, after Edward sang this song, I saw that I don't need to wear a flower in my hair, because I have a Rose in my heart." How God ever revealed that song, and how He timed it and tied it all together to be the very thing our precious missionary from India needed, was so great. We want to praise the Lord for that.

How God leads and guides is so precious. I'd reviewed in the service about Mrs. Applegate, the dear widow in our home congregation--about how lonely she was and how God sent word to her through us that she was not forgotten. Later in the service I was praying through the list of musicians when I saw Judy Bruffy's name. I remarked to Thomas, "In all these years I didn't know this daughter sang." He said, "Yes, she has twenty-four songs." When I prayed, the Lord told me she was to sing number eight. Those who have heard her before said that they had seldom ever heard her sing under such an anointing. And the song Jesus chose was: "Lonely voices crying in the city." It was so great because this song of loneliness joined everything together about our sharing of the widow who had been lonely. It was a very, very meaningful time.

We had loved ones from Haiti make their way to our church service on one Sunday. Mr. Valentine works at the Fontaine Bleu Hotel. He, his wife and their five children had to leave a little after six o'clock in the morning in order to get there in time. Even though he had only an hour or two of sleep he pressed to come. When I talked to him later about the service, he said that all the children (including three teenage daughters

and a teenage son and another daughter about eight to ten years old) enjoyed the service. The pastor said that in our exhortation on "The Lost Sheep," he wrote down some thirty sermon topics, which I wasn't aware of at all. At the altar call we had to place three chairs at each end of the altar to accommodate the people. The altar was filled with those who wanted to bring their burdens to Jesus and repent, or to trust to be cleansed of the carnal nature. The Lord revealed to me that even though there were a number at the altar, there were still four more who should come and seek God's will and give their burdens and lives over to Christ.

One day at the checkout counter of a grocery store, a dear black girl who had waited on us the week before was totaling our purchases. After she had given me the change I said to her, "Would it be alright if I give you a little Thanksgiving offering in Jesus' Name?" Smiling she said, "Oh, yes." So I doubled up a ten dollar bill and said, "This is in Jesus' Name. It says, 'We love you!'" At the same time a young black boy was placing my groceries in sacks. As we went out to the car I talked to him and told him of the Kingdom of God and how we need the Lord. He was stirred up and said, "You are the third person today that talked to me about God." When he had placed all the groceries in the car and had started back toward the store with his cart he turned again and said, "Remember, you are the third one who talked to me about God today." I thought it was wonderful that the Lord would have me talk about Jesus to this beautiful black brother about sixteen years of age. He was so dear and we had such a time trying to love him. Wasn't that precious?

One Friday afternoon, while Edward and I were out at the ranch, a gentleman with two little girls drove up in a truck. He was not familiar to us, but we assumed he had a horse there at the stables. We had the carriage put up and were ready to leave for home when this strange man came over. I told him, "I am so sorry. If you would have been here just ten or fifteen minutes ago we would have taken the little girls a ride." After we talked to him a while I began to witness and share about Jesus. He made some remarks that one of his relatives had come out to see Jojo, and of course, that made me very curious. Finally I asked, "What is your name?" And when he answered, "Robert Vaughn, Jr.," I ran over and got my arms around him and loved him. "Oh, your father and mother are very dear to me!" I exclaimed. "They went to Israel with me in 1981 and we had quite a situation getting your father's passport." I had met four of the Vaughn's five children--Sherry, Thomas, Michael and John--but I hadn't met Robert, Jr.. I loved him again and was so delighted that he would stop by. He casually mentioned, "My mother fell in the kitchen last night. She doesn't know whether she broke her wrist or just how badly she's hurt. She's injured enough that she can't move her hand or wrist."

Once I learned of her fall, we came home. And instead of going to the refrigerator to get a glass of water or to the patio to tell

my wife that I was home, I went directly to the telephone in the kitchen to call the home of Robert and Francis Vaughn. When Francis came to the phone I began to pray to God in Jesus' Name for her--that He would move into the bone, the muscle, the cartilage, the tissues, the fibers, the tendons, the ligaments, and heal her hand and wrist. In a moment or two she said, "Oh, Rev. Helm, I can work my hand!" Then she could work her wrist just a little. When we went to the Sunday night service, she not only could shake my hand with the wrist, she had strength to do anything with it. Michael had said to her, "Mother, you fell on you knees," and she said, "Oh, Son, it's better too." This very sacred experience which occurred at the ranch is worth all it cost to have our pony there these years. I told Edward that if we hadn't shared with Robert, Jr., and witnessed, we could have missed him, and Edward concurs that this is true, because he didn't tell us who he was. It was by our witnessing and sharing that we learned who he was and then about his mother falling. Jesus--even Jesus of Nazareth, the Risen from the dead, Who saves, sanctifies, heals and makes whole--allowed us to call to God for her. He went into the hand and wrist and performed a miracle. She was calling different ones to tell them she was healed. We praise the Lord for this victory.

Between one and two in the morning one Saturday, the Holy Spirit moved upon my heart to call Georgine Christensen. I got up before seven o'clock and started calling her, but couldn't reach her or the Johnsons. When I called Edward he said, "Oh, we took her to the airport the night before. She's flying to Texas." I didn't know this until later when I talked with Georgine, that before she left for the airport she had called Vera Wagner in tears. "I'm in such pain," she said, "and here I am flying to Texas to be with my parents and sister." When I talked with her some time later she told me, "You know, for three or four days at times I was almost bent over with pain and couldn't stand for more than two or three minutes. I would have to sit down." Of course, I didn't know this yet. All I knew was that she needed prayer. She was in Texas and here we were in southern Florida. When I reached their residence, her sister, Pauline, answered and was so gracious and kind. When Georgine came on the line I said, "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth be thou whole, be thou healed, be thou well, be thou delivered. Dear Father, go into the lower parts of the body and take out this infection, this sickness, this disease, this affliction. Jesus of Nazareth healeth thee." She didn't say anything to me over the phone, so I didn't know how she got along. But a few days later I learned that when the Lord led me to give prayer to God for her, all that pain and suffering went out of her. She was able to go to a wedding shower two hours later and stand up for three to four hours. This was way beyond what she had been able to do, because she had been suffering for some days and couldn't stand more than two or three minutes. After she had stood for some hours assisting her sister at the shower, she went shopping. I don't know how long she shopped,

but she went for a while longer. Here were two answers to prayer. One was because we witnessed to a strange man at a ranch and the other because the Holy Spirit laid it upon my heart at one or two in the morning to call a precious daughter who was in Texas. We want to thank God for all guidance, through Jesus Christ our Savior.

Forty-six years ago last week, this week, next week, we were waiting night after night for the Holy Ghost revival. We were aware of the fact that we were unworthy and needy and limited for such a tremendous request, knowing that our abilities, our littleness and nothingness are very apparent. Nevertheless, we have been waiting for the Holy Ghost revival, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, for about forty-six years, knowing that it is only through God's mercy and Jesus' love, the work of the Holy Spirit, that the Holy Spirit could be poured out upon us as unworthy and needy as we are.

We send greetings and thanksgiving to all of you. We are thankful for all prayers and fasting and sacrificing for us. The Holy Spirit has been merciful to lead us and to help us Sunday after Sunday at our services at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship. Jesus has recently had us preach: "Except a kernel of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The pastor and his elder shared with me that if they would have revealed to us the special circumstances, conditions and burdens of families in the congregation, we couldn't have presented a message more appropriate for their encouragement. No one had informed me of the needs, nor do I know to this day, for the pastors have not shared any of the problems with me. God loved this congregation so much that the Holy Spirit helped me to cover the various situations and conditions being faced in the lives of the families there. It was only by the grace of God and the help of the Holy Spirit this could be. We give God all the praise, Jesus all the glory, for helping us without being told a thing. The pastor said, "The Lord, through you, hit the bull's-eye again." It's only through Christ it could ever be again. We give God all the glory for the sanctifying blood which we need so desperately.

This past Sunday we had an altar call and our pastor, Thomas Mullins, was privileged to lead a young man from New York to Jesus. Please pray that he will be able to read the Word, pray and commune with Jesus sufficiently, witness to God's mercy and grace, and obey by denying self that he may be victorious over the weakness of the flesh, the terribleness of the devil, the influence of the world, and strengthened by the might of Christ within the heart to be an overcomer and live **victoriously** to the end.

We are so thankful to each of you for all your thoughtfulness and helps, your sharings and sacrifice. We are deeply grateful for each birthday card and valentine card. We are very unworthy of the gifts many of you included. A few arrangements of flowers also arrived at the time of our birthday, and we

were very thankful. On February 3rd, Edward, Jackie, Oliver, Barbara, Florence and I went to Diana's to eat our lunch before going out on the intercoastal waterway to view the beauty of the homes and scenery by boat. The restaurant was nearly filled with somewhere between sixty to eighty people. As we were finishing our lunch, here came Mrs. Gaynor, the owner's wife, carrying a pineapple cake lit with beautiful candles to our table, accompanied by ten to fifteen of their waiters, waitresses and cooks, who then sang "Happy Birthday!" to me. I was surprised and embarrassed, for the eyes of all the people were upon us. I was astonished because in the nine or ten winters I have eaten there and in the eight winters Edward has eaten there (which would be a few score times) neither of us has ever seen or heard of the staff singing "Happy Birthday" to anyone at anytime. So while they were singing to me, I was thinking of all the old-timers who had eaten there for years saying to themselves, "Who is this so honored, for we have eaten here for years and never once has this ever been done for anyone?" It was a moving experience because of the love from the staff. As we looked at Mr. Gaynor, the owner, he had this beautiful smile on his face. It was like a twelve-year-old boy's gratitude with a certain look that says, "Well, we really surprised you this time." We were surely humbled.

Then Oliver and Barbara took us on this wonderful boat ride provided by Scott Depot Christ Fellowship. During the afternoon they also shared birthday surprises with us. They had brought five special balloons and a tiny antique carriage in silver with horses pulling it. There also was a magnifying glass with a silver handle, a clock which I needed, along with a little knife about two inches long that had a pair of scissors, tweezers, a file, a screw driver, a cutting knife and a toothpick in it. Finally there was a lovely card with a gift from the people of Scott Depot Christ Fellowship for us to buy some clothing and shoes. We were humbled and unworthy, but very honored and thankful. That night they took us to the Plum Room of Yesterday's Restaurant, which is similar, perhaps, to an elegant Paris restaurant as far as earthly beauty is concerned. The six of us enjoyed quite a beautiful dinner together. Edward and Oliver had Pheasant, Barbara and Florence each had a two-and-a-half pound Maine lobster, Jackie had venison, and Oliver wanted me to have a steak. It was quite a celebration. We were so unworthy, but deeply grateful.

Of all the many beautiful letters we have received, I share these two for your encouragement.

Dear Rev. Helm:

Praise the Lord for His goodness and mercy!

Last evening as I was reviewing our day yesterday, I thought I would like to write and express our appreciation.

It started out with the wonderful story of how God had provided the use of the van, that we could all go together. How God helped you

sharing about the coal. The money was provided, then He got you to the right store just at the right time, to be directed to a young man going to war, then to the right coal company, not only to find coal but to help an older man know it was still not to late. "Glory."

I was impressed with your care in trying to help us see as much as possible, even the "stretch car." How you were able to jump into a strange vehicle and drive it around like a "pro."

How God gave you strength. Your enthusiasm, and even after all these years the childlikeness and joy. Years ago someone said the witness of the Spirit at conversion was a strong but gentle persuasion within that we knew it was done. When you mentioned yesterday the awful accusations of the enemy against you, again I felt that strong, gentle persuasion all over me that the devil was a liar.

Finally, after all the years we have known you, God continues to help you to have a strong body and mind, as well as a remarkable, up-to-date experience. Very consistent in all things.

Praise the Lord for His great love and mercy. Thank you for taking time to be with us and making it a great day.

We love you both,  
Dave and Ellen Currier

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Dear Rev. and Mrs. Helm;

I send you my warmest greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who reigns today in your hearts, and also in mine. I hope and pray that this letter finds you well, and in good physical health.

I had an experience some time ago that was most unusual for me and I promised the Lord that if he wanted me to share it with you, I would do so. At that time I had no idea of how to contact you, so I put it before the Lord that if he wanted me to share this with you he would have to provide me with your address. Some time ago you included your present address in one of your newsletters which my parents (John and Diane) receive. So at this time I am honoring the promise I made to Jesus.

In late November-early December I was reclining with my wife about 6:30 p.m. (PST). I suddenly became very aware of Brother Helm, and began to pray physical healing in earnest. I was so overwhelmed that I told my wife nothing, and went to take a shower to refresh myself. I continued to pray when suddenly the presence of the Almighty overshadowed me, and the Lord began to speak to me through His Spirit. He told me that if I wanted to see you healed (and I did) I would have to take your burden, and carry it for you. I knew that what the Lord was asking me to do was permanent in nature, as I was praying for your permanent physical healing. The Lord then showed me the great burden you

carry for the church at large, it is no wonder that your body suffers. I thought about the consequences of accepting this assignment, and then told the Lord I was willing. I believe the Lord has promised me that you and your wife will be touched in a special way, in the coming years.

I do not understand all of what happened to me that night, but I know my life has been significantly altered by this experience. I have asked the Lord for a double portion, even as Elisha did of Elijah (2 Ki. 2:9-15).

I do not know if we shall ever be privileged to meet again upon this earth, but I pray now and will continue to pray that all will be well with the people who are called by His Name at Christ Fellowship.

Your loving servant,  
Timothy (Good)

We are thankful for the prayers and the fastings and the sharings you all have showered upon us. We are thankful for each prayer on our behalf and for the saints to sanctified. About the third week of February I learned through my financial secretary that we had insufficient funds for all the salaries and taxes to be paid for that month. We are just trusting the Lord for help, for we know He never fails. The failure is on our part. We thank you for this consideration. Thank you again for all these times of crying and supplications in prayer, and for your sacrificing for us. Praise the Lord for His many blessings.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

Reports of thanksgiving for A Voice in the Wilderness and video tapes from the Waiting on God.

"The video tapes are a wonderful thing to have. Today I discovered that it is a great way to pray for people as you watch it. Many times I forget beautiful people and then I'll see them on the screen and I can lift them to Jesus! Isn't He wonderful! Praise the Lord. Thank you for all your hard work and your many kindnesses to me."

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"I have watched the video tapes and have appreciated the Holy Spirit's presence while the praises were going up to the Father. It was inspiring and thrilling and clear enough to make out all those on the tape. It is great."

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We are continuing to pray that a vision will be open to our hearts about regularly distributing copies of A Voice in the Wilderness. The following are a few excerpts from Letters of those whom Jesus has blessed.

"I appreciate your faithfulness and vision of A Voice in the Wilderness. I was talking with my mother about the book today. We both laugh, cry, and pray our way through each page. It is a relatively short book--one that (in length) would take me one afternoon to read. I've never read it in one afternoon, however. Neither has my mother. Once you begin to read, the hours are too short, your heart too shallow to perceive, your mind too finite to comprehend the wonders of the Kingdom of God opened up in each paragraph.

"This book reminds me a little bit of chocolate mousse torte. One tiny bite has all the taste of a huge, freshly baked, moist chocolate cake. In other words, it's rich. A glimpse of the Kingdom of God--the wonderland of the soul--leaves me with the desire to enter heart and soul into the will of God, and live a life that is holy and acceptable to Him. It is amazing that in the pages of this book is the revelation of God, His love for and His working with His people. It is the reality and truth of Jesus in it that speaks hope to my heart and fans the fires of a longing to be sanctified. After the Bible, it is my favorite book." (This letter was from a precious teenage young woman.)

"Thank you very much for your recent letter printed in the RFOD Newsletter to encourage us to share copies of A Voice in the Wilderness. We confess we have slumbered too long in this area and have been convicted by the Holy Spirit to meet this challenge. Too often we have been buffeted with thoughts how it may not be the right time to share or such, but now I must resist these accusations and obey the Lord.

Today in the church we are attending here in Montreal, an organization requested women to donate various articles for missionaries. Some of the articles requested are books, in particular, Christian literature. You can imagine the excitement we felt when later this afternoon we read in your letter: "Ministerial students abroad, as well as missions and missionaries, often desire Christian literature." Praise God, the message couldn't be any clearer than that. By God's grace we will try to provide books for that need and be alert and sensitive to the future opportunities for sharing or providing copies of A Voice in the Wilderness. Thank you again for your words, for they have helped us."

"In response to the newsletter, I wanted to share how God helped my husband to send A Voice in the Wilderness to an employee where he works. She came to church yesterday driving forty-five minutes. God is helping! We love you!"

"I want to thank you for suggesting that we all distribute at least one A Voice in the Wilderness per month, I think it is a good idea. Thank you for your love and steadfastness!"

"Here is the balance on my account. I am very sorry for the delay. We were excited about Brother Jon's "Re-Awakened Vision" regarding the book in this last letter. We have already shared two copies and they were thankfully received."

"When I asked the Lord where my January copy of A Voice in the Wilderness should go, He answered, "The library." My husband and I were planning to go to the Charleston library that very day. I was excited the Lord gave me such specific guidance. It may be there for just one person or many--we may never know. But it's worthwhile for me because of the joy of hearing and heeding."

We are grateful for these and other very precious responses of how God is helping you with A Voice in the Wilderness. We would be delighted to hear of your special experiences in sharing the book. Please continue to pray for us and for all of us as a fellowship that we might be able to embrace the seriousness of this privilege of regularly sharing copies of A Voice in the Wilderness. Thank you.

In the love of Christ,



Jon Cullum  
Evangel Voice Pub.

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

March 27, 1989

Dear ones in the Lord Jesus, our Savior, the Christ, the Mighty One, the Risen from the Dead.

Forty-four years ago from today (as I am beginning dictation of this newsletter) I went out in our yard at 1616 West Washington Street to select a bouquet of flowers. Growing in the beds was one of the greatest varieties of tulips in a single yard that I can remember seeing. I picked a beautiful bouquet of many different kinds of tulips, packaged them and carried them to Parker City. I did not go to the back door or to the front door of my wife's parents' home, but I went, instead, to the dining room door. As far as I remember, I had never entered into the house by that door or knocked on it in the many years I had gone there. When Mother Spence opened the door I began to sing: "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you. May God bless you, Mother, Happy Birthday to you." And as I sang, she cried. The tears simply ran down her cheeks. When I finished she said, "Oh, Loran, I forgot it was my birthday." Jean Bagley (whom Mother Spence had raised from the time she was three-and-a-half years old until she was married) and her baby had been staying with them for months, and Mother had been so busy with them that she forgot it was her birthday. That took place on the twenty-seventh of March, 1945.

We are so in debt to the Lord Jesus, as we have said over and over in previous letters. We want to give God all praise and all thanksgiving for the work of the Holy Spirit, for it is through Jesus, by the grace of God and the Holy Spirit leading, that we are able to do that which would be lasting and helpful. We were so thankful for the guidance of the Holy Spirit yesterday in the Easter service. The Lord revealed that Michael Shipp was to sing a certain song and it was a blessing. Pastor Thomas Mullins was excited and happy as he shared under such precious anointing about Jesus coming forth from the grave. He was overflowing with joy and thanksgiving and adoration and praise. We were thankful. The Lord was soon to do a wondrous thing in our midst...but I will share that a little later.

After so long a time I went into the scripture, reading from the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke: "Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them." The Word says "they...and others with them." This means that there was a group bringing these spices which they had prepared. Now I want you to know that they invested some time collecting these spices, and they had not come without considerable cost. They had prepared these spices to anoint the body of Jesus. Now that spoke to me as I had never seen before in my fifty-some years of preaching. The fact that they were bringing spices to put on the body of Jesus tells us that they expected Him to stay in the grave. I had

never thought of it before, but God gave it to me as I read the phrase: "...they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared..." That meant that they had believed Jesus was dead and was going to stay in the City of the Dead or they would not have purchased these expensive spices to cover Him, to preserve His earthly body. That is a point I had never thought of or read about. It's probably been in print, but I had never observed it until yesterday morning while speaking.

But these who came found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. We are told that this was a very large and very heavy stone. It perhaps would require a number of men to remove it, but it was rolled back and the grave was open. "And they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." Now they had come to the sepulchre to put spices upon the body that was in the grave. They thought He was going to stay there. They had not heard where He had said two or three times or more that He was going to be crucified and be killed and then be raised from the dead. As far as we know there is no Biblical record where any of Jesus' followers heard it or remembered it at His crucifixion.

The tomb was open and the body of Jesus was not there. He had risen as He said. Verse four reads: "And then it came to pass, as they were much perplexed..." Now it didn't say they were "perplexed," it says they were "much perplexed." That meant their bewilderment was increased or multiplied. The word "perplexed" does not exactly mean "upset," but it conveys to us that these loving women were moved upon, deeply disturbed and in awe. They were much perplexed because they had carried special preparations for the dead from their homes to the burial place and Jesus' body was not there. He had been lifted and raised from the dead. Hallelujah! But instead of rejoicing at an empty sepulchre, we find them "much perplexed."

But "...behold, two men stood by them in shining garments." Now I want you to see that these two men standing by them are not ordinary men. They are not known by the women. They are not members of the community nor are they relatives. They are not dressed in traditional garments--the ordinary robe or cloak or coat. Their garments are shining. Now how can you get a garment to shine? Anything that shines has to have some kind of a power within it to send out light, because shining cannot exist without light. Light cannot exist without power. These two men standing by them are in shining garments. The entire garment is shining. That meant all through the garment there wasn't a place that was not shining.

Verse five says: "And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth..." Of course, such an extraordinary experience would have been frightening. They are bowed clear down on their knees with their faces to the earth in terror, when the angels of the

Lord said unto them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen..." He is no longer wrapped in the linen and the cloth of death. It was laid aside. He came forth from the grave and is not held here anymore. He has won the victory. Death and the grave have been defeated. He is risen!

"...remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,..." Notice, if you will, that the angels in Heaven had heard what Jesus had said. It was on Heaven's record. "Don't you remember? He spoke to you about it when He was yet in Galilee." This is an interesting verse, isn't it? (Now Galilee is a good ways from where Jesus arose from the dead. When we were first in the Holy Land almost twenty years ago, it took us two-and-a-half to three hours to make the journey from Jerusalem to Galilee. The roads weren't quite as good then as they are now.) But the angels said, "...remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." These Mighty Ones of the Father are reviewing with those at the tomb what Jesus had told them weeks or months before those miles and miles away in Galilee.

"And they remembered his words,..." They hadn't remembered His words before the crucifixion. They didn't recall while they were preparing the spices. They had forgotten. (How serious, how important, how expedient it is to review. You see, if you and I don't review day after day--morning, noon and night--what the Lord has done for us, it will slip away from our minds. Foolish things can be remembered; disappointing or discouraging things can be remembered; but the devil and the powers of hell take beautiful, precious, godly and holy things out of the mind and out of the heart.) The loving women finally could recall the prophetic words the Master spoke in Galilee, but not until the angels had told them. "And they remembered his words, And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest." How many were there in that room? They not only told the eleven, but told all the rest. Verse ten reveals that..."It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles."

Now verse eleven records a statement that is really something for us to consider. "And their words seemed to them (the apostles and those with them) as idle tales, and they believed them not." (It is by God's grace we could have faith and believe, resisting the devil and all these powers of hell that rage about us. We rebuke them and resist Satan, because we want holy faith, precious faith. We don't want unbelief and doubt, by God's grace. I know that "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" But God's challenge to us to: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.") I want you to see here, Beloved, that the dear ones, the apostles and all the rest, did not believe these women of great character and deep

devotion. They had taken all these special spices and preparations to anoint the dead body of Christ. They had had an extraordinary experience with angels who even helped them remember what Jesus had told them before going to Jerusalem. But the chosen apostles "...believed them not." (May we, by God's grace, have believing hearts.)

"Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre;..." I don't know how far it was for Peter to run, but the scripture says that he arose. Peter either got up from his knees or a sitting position to his feet. I want you to see that this precious apostle didn't walk. He didn't trot. Peter ran. Running is twice faster than trotting, I believe. "...and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves,..." He had to get down low to get in, and when he got low enough, he saw the linen binding cloths laid by themselves. But Peter must not have recalled the words of the Savior either, for when he saw them, he departed from the sepulchre. He didn't make much of an investigation. He simply left the place "...wondering in himself at that which was come to pass."

This scripture continues the account of the two men on the way to Emmaus who were discussing the death and burial of Jesus. They were sad, but Jesus Himself joined them on their journey and began to reveal to them all that their scriptures had to say concerning the Christ. When these men arrived at their destination, they constrained the stranger they did not recognize to come in with them. As He blessed the bread, broke it and gave it to them, their eyes were opened and they knew Him. Jesus then vanished out of their sight. They returned with the good news to share with all the rest that Jesus was truly alive. He had risen and come forth from the grave, conquering death, with the keys of death and of hell dangling at His loins. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?...Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Well, there simply is no way to tell how God has helped in preaching the Word, for we know that we cannot preach or pray or testify or do anything unless the Holy Spirit helps us.

I have saved how Jesus led earlier in the service until now, because we learned a little more how marvelous God's presence was at that time when the Holy Spirit led for me to call Jeffrey Johnson this morning. He was appreciative that Jesus would have me to call him. As we shared together, the Lord revealed to me that He was going to "lift" him today, and then Jesus touched my heart that He would also "strengthen" Him. His reply to me was: "Oh, how I needed this call this morning." We began to review how God had helped yesterday. Jeffrey had hurried out to the car after the Easter morning service to tell me about a marvelous experience that his sister-in-law had concerning a dear friend. Debbie's brother and his wife, a very dear couple, were visiting that morning. I did not know them nor had I ever seen them.

During the service I began to review when the Lord had told me weeks ago about someone

suffering in the head. As I began to pray, Donna Mullins, who had suffered headaches every morning for nearly a full year, claimed the promise as prayer was made. God took away the suffering so that she has not experienced any headaches like that all the days since. While I was reviewing this marvel of Jesus' love and revelation, this sister-in-law prayed to herself, "I wish you could reveal to Your servant about my dear friend. I am so worried and concerned about him. He has this growth back of his ear."

Just this morning, a precious Christian daughter told me that a few seconds after this young woman prayed this in her heart, the Holy Spirit revealed to me that someone had a growth just behind the ear in the brain. I paused as I continued to pray, then said, "It has been there about eight weeks." The sister-in-law was not only very stirred and deeply moved, she was helped in her heart. She was praising the Lord because just seconds after she requested the Lord to reveal it to me, Jesus did just that, to God's praise and honor! We pray now that God would go into this growth of the brain. May He stop it and kill it and let this young man be recovered, because he is very dear. He has talents and gifts that Jesus could use to encourage people if they would obey the Lord and follow Jesus, doing God's will. We were so greatly in debt to the Lord for this precious direction and guidance of Jesus, which took place just seconds after her request took place back in the congregation.

Her husband and his sister, Debbie Johnson, then began to sing and the Lord helped them wonderfully. His voice was very beautiful, just like Debbie's. He was so blessed at times that he was not able to sing, and Debbie continued the duet by herself. Seldom has he been moved to such a blessing as this, for he is very strong and well-controlled. We know it's because the Holy Spirit was helping and blessing and working. We owe it all to the Heavenly Father, the blessed Jesus, our Savior, the Risen from the Dead, the Christ, the Son of the Most High God: born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He arose and came forth from the grave. Hallelujah!

While Jeffrey and I were reviewing this morning, he also said, "I want to tell you something else that took place a few weeks ago. You were in the service, and I had such a desire in my heart that you would share with the congregation that morning your experience with Terrance on the roof." He said that a few minutes after he longed for this in his heart, we began to tell how God revealed that I was to help Terrance shingle our father's roof in May of 1943. We want to give Jesus all the glory for this, because just a little bit after he desired to hear this specific event, the Lord had me to start sharing how Jesus helped me there. I thought it was a lot to praise God about, Dear Ones. We are in debt to Jesus and want to be sure that God, through Jesus and the Holy Spirit, has all the glory and all the praise for this, for it could never happen again except by God's mercies and by God's grace.

I never tire of reviewing how Jesus helped spare Terrance's life almost forty-six years ago. He had asked me if I wanted to help him roof our father's home, but he was not really serious. He was rather teasing me. We were both surprised when the Holy Spirit touched my heart that I was to help him. I had never roofed a house before and had quite a fear of heights because I had fallen out of a tree in 1926 almost breaking my neck as I fell down on my head, my neck and shoulders. Before we could get up on the roof I had to ask Jesus to take this fear out of my mind, and He did it! Then Terrance and I went up the scaffolding to the tallest part of the house to begin to shingle the roof. After three hours I said, "Terrance, you have been in the church for twenty-three years. You've prayed a lot, but have you ever thought about giving your heart to Jesus? Has He ever called you?" He replied, "No, He's never called me." I pounded a few more nails in those shingles, then asked, "What are going to do one of these days when He calls you?" He answered, "There is only one thing to do." I asked, "What is that?" and he said, "Answer."

We worked on through that Monday and on Tuesday, shingling that part of the roof which was so steep (and Terrance could really tell you how steep it was), that we had to have four-by-four cleats, held by chains hooked on nails, so we wouldn't fall off. On Wednesday we were working on the southwest part of the house. After a few hours he said, "I'm going to get down and go back where we were yesterday and put putty along the sides so it won't leak. I'll call you after a while." Well, I hammered one nail, two nails, but after the fourth or fifth nail Jesus spoke to my heart and said, "Get down." I made my way to the scaffolding and down the ladder, hurrying to the north part of the house where Terrance was up on the steep roof. Our second ladder was at the north end, and just as my body got to the top rung, the chain came over the top of one of the nails and the cleat gave way beneath Terrance. He was falling!

Now just below where he was falling, a roof had been taken off an old porch and only the floor remained. Sticking up about one or two inches from the floor of that old porch were sixteen-penny nails. Terrance weighed about one hundred-eighty pounds, and he was falling some eight to ten feet on to his back. Any of you who know about sixteen-penny nails know that they would have penetrated clear into his spinal column, back and organs. How could you have pulled him off of them without damaging him seriously or killing him?

The very second that the cleat began to fall away and Terrance started falling, I was there to hold him to the side of the building! I was about six to eight feet from him, but I could support the cleat because the other end had not come unchained. Most of his weight was still on the roof, and with his foot on the side of the building and the other on the loose cleat, I could hold him enough to keep him from falling. God had gotten me there the split second that cleat gave way. I caught him and held him to the side of the house until my father could get

out of bed upstairs, come down in his stocking feet, cross the yard where the nails had been (and he didn't get a single nail in his feet), get the ladder which I had just descended and put it right up to Terrance over that floor, and he came down safely. So by God's grace and protection, Terrance was spared from death or terrible injury. The Lord had done it and performed it.

The wonder is that Jeffrey had prayed that I would share this experience, and the Holy Spirit led me to do just that. It's almost too great for the mind to comprehend. Just like after the sermon Easter Sunday, one of our Christian sisters came to me and told me how she had prayed in her heart when I was speaking, "Oh, if Brother Helm could just give this certain instruction, share this story and give this counsel." She had certain desires in her heart for loved ones in the service whom I had never seen before, and she felt certain experiences would fit their lives. This precious Christian told me yesterday that Jesus helped me to cover every one of the requests in her heart! We were humbled and knew that only by the grace of God, through the Holy Ghost, could this ever be experienced again. The Lord did it and we want to praise the Holy Spirit for bringing it to our minds, for He said that He would bring all things to our remembrance.

But this is all under God's guidance. I'm just an unworthy instrument. It's through Jesus that we can remember or know what ought to be said, what is to be done, how to proceed, what choice to make. We don't know in ourself. Precious people have sometimes trusted that God would reveal to me what they are to do, and it so very serious to give counsel. When people who have been divorced and still have a companion living and want to know if they can marry again, that is an awful big order to ask any minister. When we make the choice of companions, we promise to take them for life. If we put them away, even though they were not what they ought to be, we place ourselves in a very serious situation. This is such a delicate area, and we don't want anyone to become discouraged. But it's a very great responsibility upon any minister when anyone who has made that choice asks them, "May I marry again?" If our counsel is not right, we would be held accountable at the Judgment of God. We must be so careful in all things, because we don't know what to say or do in a church service. We don't know what to say when people want us to counsel them. It's a high responsibility, a serious and sacred trust. It is one thing when precious persons request in their hearts for us to share certain things that would be of help to different ones, and the Lord does that. But for us to tell people what to do when they have made the choice years before, it is so serious and we have to be very careful in our choices so we make the right one. Even when we do make the right choice, there are burdens, trials, tests, struggles and battles. So we simply press on by the grace of God.

When I called Oliver the other day I said, "I have the feeling that as you go to West Virginia it would be wonderful if you could

listen to some tapes of a Waiting Upon God." I have asked Oliver to share, to Jesus' glory, how God blessed him because of God's leading.

"Dear Rev. Helm,

When you suggested that I listen to "Waiting Upon God" tapes during my Easter trip to West Virginia and North Carolina, I was surprised. In all of these years you have never once suggested that I listen to any kind of tape. However, through the years I have listened to "Waiting Upon God" tapes regularly. Still, you have never suggested specifically for me to do so, but whatever you have recommended or suggested, I have taken seriously all the years I have known you, and have benefited greatly because of it.

I asked Roger to pray with me about which set of tapes I should listen to and the Holy Spirit witnessed on those which recorded the meeting held on July 2-4, 1981. I was so anxious to get started that I began listening to tape number one right away. My first blessing began at the beginning where Daniel Light was singing, "His Eye Is On The Sparrow." I felt the anointing so strong that I began to weep. Easter morning in Scott Depot I sang "His Eye Is On The Sparrow," and most all of Scott Depot will agree that it was one of the most wonderful anointings I have ever had in singing. On Saturday before Easter I resumed listening to the tapes and heard you call on Pastor Jim Wright to preach in that first session. Jim had arrived at the motel about two that morning and didn't even bring his Bible. He borrowed Virginia's and began to preach from Galatians 6:9: "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The title of his sermon was "Don't Quit." By the time I drove past Dayton, Ohio, I was calling Pastor Jim to tell him what that sermon was meaning to me almost eight years later. I was crying so hard that I could hardly talk. Jim thanked the Lord and stated that he wanted to hear it again himself. The story of 2910 Kanawha Terrace is central to that sermon. It seemed that I wept as much over that as all the rest. What a miracle it was, Brother Helm, that the Lord witnessed to you the very piece of land where Maranatha was to build her church building. Jim informed us that we all had a "due season" coming if we didn't give up. It was very encouraging!

I continued to listen to those wonderful and anointed tapes all the way to Scott Depot, on down to Asheboro, North Carolina, and all the way back to Parker City, where I resumed prayer with the staff this past Monday. Little did I realize that the blessing was going to get deeper, but it did. Tuesday afternoon, during my trip to Muncie and back, I placed in my car cassette player tape number nine. It was while I was on my way back that I suddenly heard you say, just after you told Daniel and Jenny Light to prepare to sing number three on their list, "Come and share about Jesus." To my amazement I shared one of the most anointed sharings on your life and ministry that I have ever been privileged to share. I closed with

a poem that in essence says that if I had but one hour to spend with you, I would choose not your hour of joy and victory, but your hour of pain and loneliness. Just as I finished, there arose a loud cry of weeping from your daughter, Nancy. Then Daniel and Jenny began to sing, "Thank You, Lord for what You've done." It was glorious! It was anointed! It was wonderful! What a praise session followed! Daniel pointed out to us that their anointing was greater because of the precise timing of the exhortation. He marveled that God could lead so definitively and that God was in full control.

One would have to hear tape number nine before one could really appreciate it. Frankly, what I said was both profound and prophetic. In light of all that has taken place in the eighties, the context is astounding. I have called Scott Depot in order that all of Scott Depot would recover or buy the tape. I am sending it to you and your wife, and I have never done that nor do I ever expect to again. Forrest Richey came for prayer Wednesday and, after listening to it, stated that it was worth his trip from Indianapolis. Reimar Schultze came today and listened to it also. Just think, I am only halfway through. But I must thank you now for one of the most blessed times in my life. By God's grace, I choose to continue to walk with you and yours. After death to self, it is thrills, romance and adventure.

Your son in the Faith,  
Oliver C. Hogue"

At one place on the tape, Oliver was seated beside me on the platform, and I turned to him and said, "It is so precious how you pray for me and how God helps you to help me. He helps you to know about my needs. You and your people have sacrificed for us." And, of course, they have. For the last two to three years they have sent about one thousand dollars a week to our ministry. Their sacrifice in previous years was considerable also. I was talking to him about how he prays and how he helps, and how unworthy we were of this care. I don't know what all I said to him on this tape. Of course, I didn't know when I told him to take the tapes what was going to be on them. I didn't even know what Waiting Upon God or what session, let alone thinking about all the things that could be done in a Waiting Upon God. But here I'm reviewing with him how he had been so encouraging, so thoughtful, so helpful to me and how appreciative and unworthy we were of everything.

As the tape continued I began to say to the people in the congregation, "Now one of these days you are going to be driving along listening to this tape and you are going to be blessed. You are going to be helped." Oliver was shocked. "Did he say that?" he asked, and rewound the tape to play it over again. He marveled and wept a lot of the way from Parker City to his home in West Virginia, for he was experiencing what God had said through me would take place.

The other day we received a letter from a missionary who has a very important position. He speaks to young people, to universities,

to police organizations and other groups across the United States. The Lord told me to take a thousand dollars I had saved and send it to him immediately. I had to take it to the main Post Office and get it out at once. On Saturday he called Edward weeping and crying. "You'll never know what this means to us," he said. "We were so pressed. My wife was so discouraged she hardly knew what to do. The tests and trials were great. We had many different needs, and here God sent this help to us by His Holy Spirit." We were almost eight to nine hundred miles away from where they lived, but God knew when to send the money just when they needed it. He reviewed the miracle of this provision many times with Edward. He was broken up with thanksgiving and with tears, thanking Jesus for providing and making a way, and for the love he felt in the letter. I had written, "Be encouraged in your work," because his work is so important, so serious and so special. Jesus had revealed it to me years ago, and God has done miracles through him in these last eight to ten years.

Before Easter, as I was taking my brother Edwin and his wife, Ruthanna, along with Kathleen and Brandon, into the south, I began to praise the Lord and cry out to Jesus. Kathleen was sitting right behind me and after a while said, "While you were doing this, a heaviness that I've had for days or weeks was falling out of my heart." It reminded me of the time we prayed for Loretta Carpenter when she had been burned in the neck, the arms and the hands. She responded, "Oh, the fire is going out of my body." Kathleen had not complained. She had not said anything. While we were pressing to praise the Lord, just driving down the road, this awful burden and pressure began to fall out of her heart and she rejoiced and rejoiced and rejoiced. For a few hours she had many praises of thanksgiving to God come from her heart for the lifting of these things she was experiencing. We want to thank Jesus for this and give God all the glory. This was a miracle and a marvel. I knew that she had great responsibilities, but only Jesus understood what weights had gathered about her heart for days and weeks because of circumstances, situations and conditions. We want to thank the Heavenly Father for His ways which are past finding out. Without her requesting us to pray for these heavy burdens, Jesus came and lifted them in the time of praise.

We want to thank Jesus for how He has made a way and taken care and watched over us. The Lord has spared my wife to help me and has spared my brothers, our children and family, and our staff as well. We want to praise Him for all this. We are so grateful to the dear ministers who have come to pray with our staff in Parker City. Oliver has been there most of the time since June 7th. We've had other dear ministers there for a few weeks, but he has been there most of the time since last June 7th. That is really something to think about and to praise God for. You all mean so much to us, and we love each of you. The Lord Jesus loves you and me and all of us just the same. There are no differences with Him or with His people.

Thank you for fasting and praying for us, for holding on and sacrificing. When our finances were getting low in January, a widow who lives in Parker City borrowed one hundred dollars to give Revival For Our Day. When I learned of it, I told Kathleen, "When she comes in, you just give that money back to her." I know that we tell you over and over, but we appreciate those of you who respond and send in finance. We are unworthy of this devotion and sacrifice. We know that we've done so little for Jesus--we've won so few souls, we've seen so few sanctified, healed and lifted. But for every victory we strive to give Jesus all praise and honor. Our financial need is so great because of certain things that have happened in the church and in evangelism this past year or two. We are grateful for those who are carrying the burden and who are pressing on with rejoicing. We are thankful for each soul who would find Jesus, who would follow and be obedient.

Sincerely in Jesus,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

We are thankful how God is helping you to share copies of A Voice in the Wilderness. For your encouragement we include excerpts of how God has been working through the book.

"I read Loran Helm's book in 1974 when I had a bookstore in Allendale, New Jersey. I came across a copy last month that had been passed from pillar to post and reread it, discovering that what I had seen fifteen years ago when I first read the book, God had been working into my experience. My voice cries in much the same wilderness. Thank you for the book. We thank the Lord for sending Loran. I have a small book ministry in the church up here. If the book is still in print, I would like a dozen copies to put in front of people to discover this man who lives for God."

"I had the good blessing to meet Rev. Helm's brother, Terrance, on my way to Israel. We met at Kennedy Airport and exchanged greetings. During our short conversation I was informed of Rev. Helm and his work. I gave Terrance ten dollars and asked him to send me a copy of the book upon his return to the States. After having received and read the book, I was touched by the sincerity of Rev. Helm and I know there are numerous people whom I'm friends with, who would also be touched by this loving message...I

have prayed for Rev. Helm, and although I'll probably never come into contact with you again, I'm just joyful God has allowed me to experience this encounter."

"I had another good report from (a friend) who is reading A Voice in the Wilderness. She said it is helping her through some of the things in her life now. Praise God."

"Jesus had a sweet surprise for me this month concerning A Voice in the Wilderness. My daughter...was telling me how her friend was reading A Voice in the Wilderness every day. I suggested that she, too, should read it each day and it would help her. She said, 'Mom, I don't have one!' I was amazed and supplied her with one right away! Isn't God good? I am a bargain shopper and cannot resist the 40% discount! Please send me six copies and a prayer that God will show me where they are to go!"

"...we are thankful for your suggestion (to try to give one book away a month) and we are anxious to get started! Maybe it will catch on as others testify about the blessing of doing it."

Aren't these encouraging reports? We would be thankful to hear how God is lifting you while you are reading A Voice in the Wilderness, or as you share copies when the Lord helps you. You're enthusiasm to start trying to share a book a month has been so gratifying. May our joy and our vision increase as we hear of God's faithfulness to our feeble efforts. Thank you for your continued prayers that a great door of opportunity be opened for A Voice in the Wilderness and for Rev. and Mrs. Helm.

Your servant in Christ,

*Jon*

Jon Cullum

p.s. I would like to express my deepest personal appreciation for the gracious and gifted assistance of Vera Wagner in fulfilling the many requests and responsibilities of Evangel Voice Publications. I know that many of you have received direct encouragement from her in your business transactions over the years with EVP. We are so in debt to Jesus to have her as Business Manager.

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

May 2, 1989

Praise be to the God of Israel, to Jesus Christ, His Beloved Son, and to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. We are very in debt to God for His mercy, for it's through His mercy and the Blood of Jesus Christ that we'll make Heaven our home as we follow Jesus, obeying the Word of God and the Holy Spirit to do God's will.

On the Sunday following Easter I was again preaching in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke where Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the others had come to the apostles, sharing with them that Jesus was not lying dead in the tomb, but, according to the angels, had risen, just as He had told them He would. The eleventh verse reads: "And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre;..." What terms could we use to describe Peter's astonishment or excitement about the report of the women? Now a man of thirty or forty to run like this is very dear. He ran to the sepulchre and then had to stoop down. Evidently the tomb was not easy to get into. He had to do some stooping and some leaning over. Many times we've got to lean over in this life. We've got to stoop down from self-assertiveness, from the things that hold us at a certain posture of the world, of the carnal mind. We must come down lowly.

"And stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass." Jesus had told His followers perhaps on more than one occasion that He would be crucified, that He would be in the grave, and the third day He would rise again. The women had forgotten this prophecy until the angel reminded them. Now we find Peter--this great follower of Jesus, this mighty one used of God--wondering in himself, stirred up within himself, trying to comprehend the mystery of these events. Remember that no one had ever come forth from the dead out of a grave in this manner. Peter is beholding a marvel. He is beholding death gone and life come. No doubt his heart was ready to rejoice because Jesus was no longer dead in the grave. He was among the living and soon to ascend to the Father, because He had told them: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would not have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Peter had heard Jesus say that He was going to the Father's house where there were many mansions, and He was going to prepare a place for those who followed Him. Peter may have been remembering the promise: "I will come again and receive you unto myself." (Jesus was speaking about His followers, His obedient ones, those who follow Him and do God's will; those who keep His Word, who love everyone even as they love their neighbor as themselves. For Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you..." Now man in himself cannot do that. Self is not like that, but the Holy

Ghost in us is just like that. It is through the strength of Jesus, the Holy Spirit abiding, that this love can be experienced continually. It is when God has full pre-eminence and His word has full reign: we are trusting Him and we want to do as God leads and not as we want to arrange it. Since the Fall of Adam, man has wanted to arrange things, bend events into his own pattern and for his own convenience and advantage.)

The same day that Peter investigated the tomb, the events that left him wondering in himself was a topic of deep concern for two walking on the road to Emmaus. These precious followers of Jesus were talking and reasoning together about their Master's crucifixion, His burial and His missing body, when "Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." The resurrected Christ is actually walking and talking with them and they don't know it. Verse sixteen says: "But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? (Now as I gave that, the Holy Spirit works in my heart in a manner I can't quite describe. Only through the mercy of God could this occur again.) It was obvious by their walk and their talk that these two men were sad. Sadness is the opposite of happiness, of cheerfulness, of a blessed feeling. Where sadness dwells, it speaks of earthly cares and situations weighing heavy upon the heart.

"And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things?" Now we know that Jesus knew all things. He knew all things past, all things present, all things to come. "And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, today is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive." I want you to note that they heard the women say that Jesus was not dead but alive, yet verse seventeen tells us that they were sad.

Verse twenty-four says: "And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not. Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the

things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Here we see love and care for the stranger: hospitality and thoughtfulness, though they didn't know who He was.

"And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." The moment their eyes were opened and they could see who He was, then Jesus vanished and was gone. Of course, this was a tremendous experience. "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" This verse tells that while He was speaking to them, their hearts burned. Did you ever have your heart burn in a spiritual manner? What a privilege it is for the Holy Spirit to get into our heart, for the Word to burn in the soul to bless, to lift, to strengthen.

"And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem,..." Their plans were changed. They came to stay all night, but they no longer remained where they were. They rose up immediately and returned to Jerusalem "...and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." The apostles are hearing from two of their brethren who had walked through darkness to reach them the same message given to them by the women that morning: that Jesus is not in the grave, but is risen. He's alive and also has been seen by Simon. "And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread."

"And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them,..." It says that as they spoke about their experience at Emmaus, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them! "...and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit." They could hardly believe it. "And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself:..." They could see the torn flesh of his hands and feet where the nails had held Him to the cross. "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see my have. And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet." Now in another scripture He said to Mary Magdalene, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." But here in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke He said, "Touch me, handle me." This is a great thing.

"And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have you here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them." It is a wondrous scene, is it not, to see the com-

passionate, risen, glorified Christ inviting His bewildered disciples to touch a body of flesh and bone, then to eat the common food of fish and of a sticky honeycomb? "And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures,..." Oh, what a privilege it is for God in Christ to open to us the scriptures. What a gift. What a divine blessing. It means more than I could convey. We know that all of us are unworthy of this, aren't we?

"And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things. And behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Oh, that scripture! In the first chapter of the book of the Acts, they are also instructed: "...wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Luke 24:50 continues the story of His resurrection: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." Praise the Lord! Thank You, Jesus, for your great mercy and help to us.

Some days ago the Lord laid it on my heart to call the office, and Charles Henry answered. We were on the phone with him just a short time when the Lord helped me begin to pray to God in Jesus' Holy Name for him to be comforted, to be granted strength and help. "Oh, Brother, you're really on time," he said. "I needed help so much. Last night I cried to God, 'Will I ever have comfort again? Will I ever have help again?'" He had been in such a lonely place of trial, test and struggle, and here the Lord helped me the very next morning in a miraculous way. "Oh, Dad, you're on time again," he told me. "Just when I needed this help, God had you to call." He was so wonderfully blessed. He called Sister Georgine and shared with Roger and Virginia and I don't know how many others he called to tell how thrilled he was that Jesus had sent the Holy Spirit to do a marvel in his heart and soul and to give him encouragement when it had been so dark and the enemy had fought so severely. We found ourself in great need of thanksgiving and praise to our heavenly Father for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Jesus alone could ever do that again. Just minutes before I had called the office I had told a dear one, "Only through the help of the Holy Spirit will I ever be able to be on time again," and then God prompted me to call and

share with Charles Henry, and the Holy Spirit let streams break out in the desert. Oh, we are so in debt to the Lord.

The other day I called a very dedicated person who has loved God for many years. After a while they said, "In over forty years I've never experienced such a severe test where the devil is fighting me with unbelief and doubt. Isn't this marvelous that God would have you to call now when we're in this struggle and storm?" And the Lord helped me to pray for them. Afterwards I said, "You know, we've been in a struggle and battle ourselves, but the Lord has helped us." It was so remarkable how the Holy Spirit would have me to call this dedicated follower of Jesus in order to pray and share with them, that they would be lifted and encouraged. It was a marvelous experience in the Lord.

Thirty-three years ago the eleventh of April, I had my wife and daughters and my wife's mother prepare a lovely birthday dinner for my father who, if he were still living today, would be one hundred years old. We were so thankful to think we were going to have a surprise on my earthly father's birthday, but the mortician for whom my father worked had scheduled a trip to Indianapolis for that day also. My father didn't know that I wanted to have a surprise birthday for him, so when I invited him to come, it was difficult for him. He had looked forward to this trip so long and had anticipated it with such high expectation that he didn't really want to break the appointment. But when his boss learned of our plans, he told my father that he would come to our house for his birthday dinner.

In our home the night of the party I had my father come into the living room. As we talked together he was naturally telling me how he had wanted to go to Indianapolis. He didn't know that I had driven to Matthews, Indiana, that afternoon to bring the most wonderful earthly friend he had on earth except for his family. That fellowship had begun approximately eighty-five years ago when he was fifteen years of age and Perry Markins was about sixteen. A wealthy farmer of that community near Gaston had left Perry, this young boy, in charge of all of his cattle, his milk cows and his stock. When the young men of the community would come in to try to persuade Perry to go with them into Gaston or someplace else, as young boys would, Perry would say, "No, I'm going to do all this work just as if the owner and his wife were here." It didn't make any difference how much the boys tested him, he stood firm. "Oh, no," he told them. "I'm not going to slight anything. I'm going to do everything as if they're right here with me." His loyalty and faithfulness to those who had asked him to look after their farm and cattle deeply touched my father. Because of my father's enduring love and high esteem for Perry Markins, and because he had been so dedicated to Jesus and God had given them such great times of fellowship in Christ, I knew that one of the greatest earthly gifts I could give my father was to bring Perry and his wife to our home for this special occasion.

3.

They were concealed in our prayer room while I was talking in the living room with my father. After so many minutes I gave them the cue. They came across the hall into the front room. When my father saw Perry, he got his arms around him and wept and laughed and wept and laughed. "Oh, Son!" he cried. "I never dreamed that you would ever think of doing something like this!" (As I have prayed about how much this meant to my father, I was able to tell that if I would have been able to give him a gift of five thousand dollars, and of course we didn't have any money to give, it couldn't have surpassed what it meant to my father thirty-three years ago to have his dearest friend as a surprise guest at his birthday dinner.) What a wonderful time we had together. It was so great that I did the same thing the following year, driving to Matthews, bringing Perry and his wife to our home, celebrating the birthday dinner, then driving them home. How important that appointment was. I am so thankful that Jesus cares about each one of you and He knows how to help you with your family, your loved ones, your daily assignments, your cares and your burdens. Just when we need Him most, Jesus is there.

Some days ago Edward went with me to a nursing home to pray with one of the ladies who lived in our condominium for a number of years. Some time earlier I had gone to pray for her while she had been in the hospital. We had just finished a little prayer when we heard the lady in the next bed say, "No one cares for me." So I went over and started to pray for her to be comforted and helped. My eyes were closed so I did not see, but Edward observed that as soon as we started praying, this precious woman immediately relaxed. Outside of the room Edward told me that she had made the sign of the cross during prayer. I felt it was worth our whole trip that day just for her consolation through Christ, for she was in need of prayer and someone to care for her. A few days later I was back and had prayer with both of them once more. This lady said, "You know, when you came in you reminded me of my husband. I've traveled over the world with him." She was rather broken up, so I prayed again. We learned that she had shared with some of her loved ones that we had been there for prayer, and they also expressed gratitude and appreciation for us. We also want to thank the Lord for helping us pray with a man in this condominium who had six crushed vertebrae, who needs help and who is suffering very much.

As we began the morning service on April 16th, we were in great need and trusted the Holy Spirit to direct us that Jesus might be exalted. I reviewed about how, on Saturday last, ten of us were at the table when Edward and Jackie's little granddaughter got down from her grandmother's lap, came over to me and climbed up on my lap. After a while Brother Richard Kline saw that I was a little weary and took her, but in a little bit she was back on my lap. Soon she found something to do elsewhere, but it wasn't long before she was back again. We were rejoicing about the children, and how the Lord is so merciful to love them, to work with them and through them. A few minutes later Donna Mullins'

sister-in-law stood and said, "I have a burden for the children." She began to pray and the Holy Spirit helped her to call to God in Jesus' Name for the children and for help to their needs. We were so thrilled about how the Lord worked. Then Mark and Sandy Williams came forward with their little baby and Pastor Thomas and I were privileged to dedicate this little one in God's Kingdom for Christ. We praise the Lord for how God has worked in the parents' lives and how the Lord can work in this child's life.

Then Sandy and Debbie sang a very beautiful number and it was so excellent in harmony, so in oneness, so in the sweetness of Jesus' presence, that only the Lord could help them sing like that again. All through this portion of the service I had been trusting God for His guidance about the message He would have us bring. I had no particular leading for a sermon or for scripture, although I had endeavored through the week to try to locate scripture in my heart and in the Word. I reached down beside me to take my Bible and stand to preach, when the Word came open to Ephesians, chapter six: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." I began to speak about the urgency of obedience: how we as children need to obey our earthly parents and, of course, how we need to obey our heavenly Father. (Isn't it amazing that Jesus would lead for the children to be so much a part of the earlier service in such a sweet way, then open His Word to just this exhortation? We were trying to praise God for the wonderful way He leads to encourage His people.)

The prophet Samuel told King Saul, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." When children obey the Lord and obey their parents, then there is help, there is strength, there is encouragement and blessing. Whenever we obey the Lord, we honor our father and mother. In fact, the next verse admonishes us to: "Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise;..." I reviewed how the Holy Spirit taught me as a young man to honor my father and mother while they were living, and to honor my wife's father and mother while they were living. He taught me to think of the things I could do to help them and to encourage them, which would not only be beneficial, but would be a blessing and a comfort to them. We got to preaching on "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

We reviewed how we had been at Richard and Mabel Smith's some days ago eating our evening meal on the patio with the pastor and his wife, Richard and Mabel, and three of my brothers and their companions. While we were sharing together, the Lord was blessing us. In the fellowship Richard happened to mention their granddaughter, Jennifer, and I said, "I'm burdened about Jennifer." We began to pray and cry out for this dear child. When we finished, Richard said, "No wonder the Lord spoke about her. She has had headaches for eight weeks. She has something wrong right at the base of the neck and has needed a therapeutic collar." Of course, we didn't

know that, but Jesus did, and when we prayed the Lord marvelously intervened. Sunday morning, before I started preaching, Jennifer stood and said, "I haven't had a headache since that time."

We also reviewed about Mabel Smith taking her mother's Bible with her to Nigeria. It was perhaps the greatest earthly treasure she had, worth more than diamonds and dollars to her. But when a black person came up and asked if she could have her Bible, Mabel responded as she knew her mother would have wanted her--she simply gave this person one of her greatest earthly treasures. She gave them her Bible. Mabel had lived a life of honoring her father and mother, and Richard had also lived a life of honoring his father and mother, and here, that morning, they had been partakers of the fruit of this promise, honoring their parents, for their granddaughter had been healed, helped and lifted. Richard and Mabel had also gone to love Jennifer during the service, and I could see how this also applied to the message. "Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

We talked about our assignment as children, then addressed our assignment as fathers to "Provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." As parents we must pray to know how to love our children, to discipline and instruct them properly, yet not provoke them because of anger, abruptness, unthoughtfulness, or certain attitudes and actions we have. If we are not careful we hurt the children. But if we, as parents, are submissive and obedient to God, thoughtful and helpful to our earthly authorities, do God's will and die out to self, then we can be cleansed of those angry, arrogant, impatient things within us which cause us to provoke or to hurt. By God's grace, we want to be cleansed of all evil and deception, all darknesses and iniquities. We want to be holy and pure, to be willing to submit and obey with rejoicing in order that Jesus the Christ may be first. As we take up the cross to follow Jesus consistently, then God, through the Holy Spirit, can sanctify us and we can become one as God and Jesus are one.

Some days ago I was with Georgine Christensen and Bennie and Vivian Shipp. As they were ready to leave, I was shaking hands with Vivian when the Holy Spirit spoke to me. I prayed and then asked, "Vivian, do you have a brother or sister?" She answered, "Yes, I have a sister." I said, "Well, I'm concerned and burdened for your sister." She replied, "I am too!" Bennie explained that Vivian's sister had called some time earlier and immediately he could tell that she was in quite a great need. She has had a certain habit for many, many years and needs encouragement, strength and help. The Lord revealed that they should go visit her, granting guidance as well regarding the time they should depart. We were so thankful for the Lord to work with us like this. Bennie later told me, "In all our years together I seldom have ever seen my wife cry, but she was

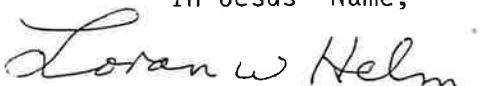
weeping this evening." It was because she was grateful to God for His mercy, His guidance, His revelation and direction about her loved one who needed help.

We want to give God praise in reporting another marvelous guidance and answer to prayer. You may recall our sharing with you in the last newsletter about Debbie Johnson's sister-in-law praying that God would tell me about a dear friend of theirs. This occurred while I was reviewing in the service how God had revealed to me of a need in the head some time earlier. Donna Mullins claimed the prayer at that time for that revelation and was healed of headaches she had suffered for about one year. While I was reviewing this answer to prayer in the service, Debbie's sister-in-law prayed, "Lord, as you revealed to your servant about Donna and others, would you reveal to him about this loved one of our acquaintance who has a growth in the head?" In seconds we began to say, "Someone has a growth behind the left ear in the brain that began eight weeks ago." This sister-in-law was deeply moved, for no one knew she had prayed, not even her husband. But Jesus had heard, and the Holy Spirit revealed to me exactly where the growth was and that it had begun eight weeks before. Not long ago Debbie called and said, "We have received word from Mobile, Alabama, about the young man who had the growth in the brain. Some weeks before, the doctors told him that he had only six months to live, but when he went to the doctor today, the growth was gone." Jesus had come and he was well. He received a clean bill of health! We were trying to give God glory and praise for the precious revelation of the Holy Spirit and for God's gracious answer to prayer.

We want to thank the Lord for each one of our staff who prays and assists us in the office work and in the mailing of the letter. We are thankful for our secretaries and our treasurers who have so much to look after. We thank the Lord for how He's been so merciful to lead us, to guide us, to direct us and to instruct us in righteousness. We are very grateful and in debt to our heavenly Father for each and every blessing and provision. We give God thanks for all who are fasting, praying and sacrificing for us, for all who have held on to the promise and believed. Thank you for carrying the burden, because our need seems great. We are so unworthy, but deeply thankful.

We are very thankful for the churches and fellowships who help carry the financial burden. Our finances have been low for the last two to three months, and if those on our mailing list could pray and talk to God, lifting this need to heaven, we would be grateful. We thank you for your continued prayers for this need, as well as for Florence's need for healing and help. We pray for each one, for help, strength and healing in the Holy Ghost.

In Jesus' Name,



Loran W. Helm

## 5.

Testimonies of how God worked through "A Voice in the Wilderness" to encourage Martha and Nancy. Martha Louise shares:

Our family was having devotions and I was simply trusting in my heart when I picked up "A Voice in the Wilderness." I opened to the chapter on my father's ordination at page 180, and my eyes fell on: "Above all, don't let anything discourage you. Keep pressing on in faith, in spite of all obstacles, always seeking to express and embrace the love of God. Be content with very little. The less you have, the happier you should try to be, because Jesus promised that the last shall be first in His Kingdom. Never permit yourself to be ruled by feeling or by emotion: go by faith in Jesus. Doing these things, you will begin to experience a day by day walk with Jesus which the choicest vocabulary will be unable to express." I went on to read about how Jesus had come into the room after my father had had this experience, and how he felt Jesus' hand on the bottom of his feet. He was wanting Mother to experience it and to feel the presence of Jesus. I remember her saying: "I feel God here." He went on to share how Jesus' hand touched different places of his body, and when it came to his heart, he fell asleep. He said he had walked with God for a number of years, but that this was the beginning. God was getting him ready to walk with him and not go man's way. It was such an encouragement to me and I was weeping through almost all of it.

Later I went to Nancy's and said, "Well, in family worship I picked up 'A Voice in the Wilderness' and began to read. I was just so blessed I was weeping. It was doing something to me." She answered, "Oh, I also picked up 'A Voice in the Wilderness' in our family devotions." As I was telling her she said later that she thought to herself, "I wonder if it could be the same thing?", then thought, "surely not." But as I began to tell her this one part: "Above all things, don't let anything discourage you," she said, "Martha, that is the same page I read! This encourages me so much!" This is the passage that stood out to her as well: "Above all things, don't let anything discourage you. Keep pressing on in faith, in spite of all obstacles, always seeking to express and embrace the love of God." We were absolutely overjoyed and tried to be grateful, because we knew that above all things God was encouraging us not to let anything discourage us. It was such a great blessing to our hearts and such a sweet assurance. "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine; oh, what a foretaste of glory divine." It was this very thing.

We are to learn not to go by feeling but by faith. When different obstacles come, they want to distract us. But this was such a great word to our hearts to never allow anything to discourage us. It is enough encouragement to make it all the way to heaven, even if we never have another message. Because, when we won't let anything discourage us, by God's grace, we will meet Jesus face to face someday, by His mercy, through the precious Blood of the Lamb.

**Nancy Marie shares:**

The other day I was just thinking, "Oh, dear God, what is it that you have for me today? If I pick up this book, I know you will have something, a word of encouragement." I had read through quite a bit of the chapter on Father's ordination, then when I came to the page that reads: "Above all, don't let anything discourage you," I began to weep because I knew it was what Daddy has told us over and over and over. Let nothing discourage us. Be satisfied with little. Don't go by feeling, but press on by faith. This is not a direct quote, but was still so

encouraging. Later Martha came over and said that she had such a wonderful time in their devotions in reading "A Voice in the Wilderness," and she began to weep so hard that I thought right before she spoke, "Oh, could it be that she read the same thing I did?" I thought surely it was not possible. When she began to speak, I said, "Oh, Martha, isn't that so sacred? God loves us so much to give us this word: 'Above all, don't let anything discourage you.'" Oh, to be satisfied with little. Don't go by feeling, go by faith. (I didn't know that I was going to weep as I reviewed this experience, but it still touches me deeply.)

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

June 1, 1989

Dear precious ones in the Lord Jesus,

Glory be to God the Father, Who has redeemed us through the precious Blood of His only Begotten Son, Who has placed us on the Rock that is higher than I, Who is able to save and able to sanctify us in our great need. Though the enemy rages and accuses, he is a liar and we trample him under our feet by faith, for Jesus said, "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy:..." So the devil is defeated through Jesus. We have to pray and cry to be delivered constantly. By grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is a gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.

We praise the Lord for what He has done and how He has helped us in these days. Tina Brazil, our travel agent, and her secretary, Marian Smith, recently visited us. Tina had not been here for twelve years. Because of a wedding of a dear one who works in their office, they could not come the week before, therefore, they traveled the weekend of turbulent weather. It was one of the most turbulent flights they could remember for quite a while, more turbulent than in all the forty crossings of the Atlantic that she has made with our people. By God's grace and protection, we haven't had a great deal of turbulence through these many crossings of the Atlantic. We were thankful that they were protected. On Sunday morning Edward picked them up at their hotel to bring them to our condominium, then we traveled the forty-six miles to Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship. Often during this early Sunday morning journey God has privileged me to be on the phone to various ministers and servants of God. The Lord again helped and blessed us very much on the phone that morning, for Tina and Marian could hardly believe we were at the church so soon.

God was faithful to lead and guide us in a marvelous way. At one point in the service the Holy Spirit revealed to me that there was a need in the lower part of the body, for which I prayed. As I looked back I observed this beautiful lady, who is a very close friend to Barbara Young, put her hand over her face in surprise and amazement. I could tell that she was deeply moved. She arose and told that when prayer was made, God touched her miraculously. As I understand it, she had undergone surgery in this area on two different occasions. The next Sunday she rushed out after the service, stopping Richard Smith and me in the hall as we were on our way to the car. "It's phenomenal!" she exclaimed. "It's incredible! It's so wonderful what Jesus has done for me!" She was so grateful to God, so in great thanksgiving to the Savior for what He had done for her. We tried to praise God with her. "Go back in and share with the congregation for Jesus' glory," I told her. We have seen few persons healed of Jesus who have been so stirred in such a remarkable manner as this woman was.

The following Sunday we once more began the meeting utterly dependent upon the Holy Spirit, because we didn't know how to come in or go out. The pastor had exhorted so beautifully about his own Christian heritage, declaring appreciation and thanksgiving for his mother, his grandmother and his great-grandmother, which led us to review about his grandmother, who was eighty-four or eighty-five years of age. We reviewed how she felt when she visited the fellowship here at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship two years ago. She stood to her feet and testified that she felt the love of Jesus in this congregation about as great as she had in nearly all the churches she had visited in her eighty-some years. It was so touching and stirring that Pastor Thomas Mullins went down and sat up as close to her as he could and put his arms around her, because, you see, his grandmother had prayed for him. Her husband was a man of God and had also prayed for Thomas from the time he was born. He has been so dear, so dedicated, so helpful through Thomas' lifetime.

Then I began to share how our mother had been so dedicated and would pray and pray and hold on for my brother, Warren, when he was in Europe during World War II. She didn't let loose of the horns of the altar until she had the witness that he was well and safe. She believed and would hold fast. We reviewed my brother's terrible accident when he was thrown under the tractor and the double disc sliced into his leg. He was miraculously spared from death. It took the doctors a long while and seven hundred inches of stitching to sew up his leg. Our family doctor was a highly qualified physician who had gone to the Mayo Clinic years before. We had heard it said from some who traveled to Mayo's for treatment that the physicians there would say to them, "Why did you come to us when you have Byron Nixon in Farmland?" Well, this excellent physician came into the room where they were sewing up my brother's leg and said, "The faith of that boy's mother is what is going to save him." (This may not be the exact quotation, but it's the essence of what he said.) It was a time of honor and review about the faith of our mothers and how God has helped us so much through them in our lifetimes.

Later in the service I began to pray and petition the Throne for different needs. The devil was fighting so, as he does when the Holy Spirit is leading, but we resisted the satanic power, trampling it under our feet by the power of God through faith. While I was praying, the Holy Spirit revealed to me that there were five persons in the congregation who were in struggle. So we prayed for these struggling ones to be encouraged, lifted and blessed. In the next fifteen to twenty-five minutes all five of them stood and shared how they were lifted through Christ. One precious young man whom I've known for twenty-one years said, "I didn't want you to see me or get near me today because I've had such a struggle, and I knew I might weight you down

if I came around where you were." Before the service, when Thomas and I came in the front door, I couldn't go down the hall to where the men were praying as we usually do. I had to turn around and come back to the north. Thomas said to me later, "I thought I had lost you." Well, I simply couldn't go the way we generally do. I had to go back to love Richard Jr. and Scott and Eddie, and shake hands with the sisters there. It was so important because this dear one had been in such a hard test that they didn't know whether they had enough strength to even get to the meeting. They haven't missed for a long time and have been such a blessing to us. But the struggle was a severe one, and Jesus helped us to pray about it before we were told about it by him.

A very talented registered nurse had been in such a trial that she had walked along the beach crying out. She didn't know how much longer she could make it, because she needed strength and encouragement, help and deliverance. These and three others shared how they had been in struggle and how Jesus had helped them as prayer was made. It was such a miracle of Jesus' love and care, making His presence known by revelation and answer to prayer concerning their struggles. If you readers could have been there, you would say, "Oh, it was worth more than your ninety-plus miles today just to have the Holy Spirit reveal about the struggles of these five persons, and how miraculously they were lifted and encouraged, blessed and helped!" It was the Holy Spirit here in the world to give them what they needed.

Some time ago I was on the phone with Kenneth, Cathy and Kristin Dunigan. After sharing the Lord's guidances and blessings a while I began to say good-bye when the Holy Spirit checked me. "Wait just a minute," I said, "the conversation is not ended." I began to pray over their family: "Heavenly Father, is my burden with Kenneth or Cathy or Kristin or David?" and I had no revelation until I said "Carol." Now I've not seen Carol since last October, even though she and her husband are like a son and daughter to us. Kenneth said, "Oh, Dad, no wonder you're burdened for her. She has had some kind of infection in the bone where the front teeth are." We learned that the condition was quite serious and had caused her some difficulty. I asked God to get into the bone and let the infection in the jaw be taken out and banished to Jesus' glory. I thought it was precious that the Holy Ghost would reveal Carol's need when I had not seen Dennis or her for almost eight months and the family had not mentioned her need to me. Jesus is to be praised for this.

A similar guidance of God took place on the phone with Jerry and Florence Ann Bays. I had not spoken with them since either January or February, for there are scores and hundreds of dear ones who would like for me to call, but I am not able. I want to, but I just can't unless I'm led of the Holy Spirit or God makes a way somehow. After sharing with them for some time I started to say good-bye also, when the Holy Spirit told me to wait. I asked, "Is my burden for Jerry or

Florence Ann or David?" and I didn't get any revelation until I said "Jinkie Lynn." At the mention of her name I began to cry out, "Oh, my burden is for Jinkie Lynn." After prayer Florence Ann said, "No wonder. One or two hours ago I talked to her and she had been vomiting all day today and all day yesterday. Joel had been trying to help her by putting cold cloths on her head, but while we were talking, if she would move just a little bit, it would affect her body and she would say, 'Mother, I feel like I'm going to vomit.'" As she was telling me this, I could tell that Jinkie's trouble was in the brain just above the right ear, so we prayed again and cried out for the Lord to intervene in that area. When I called Jerry and Florence back the next day or two we found out that Jinkie had not been able to sleep for two days prior to this. But after the Lord had led for prayer, she was able to fall sound asleep and slept all night without wakening. She was able to get up the next day and take care of situations and responsibilities that faced her. The following day Jinkie was well enough to accompany Joel and their baby all the way up to be with her parents. I thought it was a marvelous thing that even though I hadn't seen Jinkie Lynn since October 31st when all the young people came to our home, and though we were almost thirteen hundred miles away, God would give me the burden for her. We want to praise Jesus, our Heavenly Father, the Holy Ghost for this.

Recently, while I was speaking at the church service, I said, "Oh, the Lord is revealing to me about a situation in the abdomen. There is a condition there," and I began to pray for it. I heard nothing more about that prayer and revelation concerning this situation in the stomach until I talked to my brother, Edward. He and all the church were excited, because they had found out that J. D. Keller had been hurting now for some weeks in his stomach. In fact, Edward marveled that two or three weeks ago on Sunday morning I had wanted to call Brother Keller. I usually only have time to call the ministers on Sunday morning. But that morning, I had an urgency to call Mr. Keller. During prayer for that need in the service, the Lord revealed to me that the condition had started four weeks ago. The congregation was so excited because J. D.'s stomach had been hurting him for four weeks, and he was suffering seriously. He told me that his son, Jerry, and Rev. Richey were very, very burdened about him. I was told that his stomach was like he had fire in there, and when prayer was made, it was as if a glass of ice had been poured right in on the top of it and all the pain went out of it. Georgine and different ones said that he looked so much younger at church that evening. We want to praise Jesus for what He did. It would be through God it could ever be like this again--to preach, to pray, to see souls saved, bodies healed, or believers sanctified. We want to praise Jesus for each and every guidance, for answers to prayer, for all revelation, and for taking people through every situation in Jesus' Name.

On the fourteenth of May I thought I would preach about the rich young ruler running to

Jesus, but when I opened to the tenth chapter of Mark, I had to go back up to the passage where it read: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." I got into the area of receiving the Kingdom of God as a little child, about the word "receive" and about the many things involved in this hemisphere. I shared about how I received something when I was seven years old and how it has stayed with me for these sixty-seven years. It may be that we can sometime include portions of this sermon God gave me concerning the vast significance in this word "receive."

The pastor and a number of the congregation were very encouraged and stirred up with it, because it was fresh. It was something only the Lord could ever give again. The pastor has a master's degree in psychology and he told me, "What God was showing you in the areas of receiving--the requirement and the spiritual law of it--were never touched in all my years of instruction in psychology." God had us in a very unique place, a place I hadn't been privileged to be in in these seventy-three years. We want to be thankful to God for this.

We are very grateful for all your anniversary cards, gifts and flowers. Each one was so beautiful. We thank the Lord for those who have prayed and assisted my wife and me these precious years God has given us together. Florence is approaching her seventieth birthday, which is June 27th, and it seems but a short time since she was twenty-one and I first was with her. Time has gone so rapidly and God has been so merciful. We also want to thank those who made it possible for us to be at the Boca Club and Resort for the weekend. It was quite a precious time of healing with Peter, who is manager of the Top of the Tower Restaurant. On Monday morning, when we had our breakfast in this beautiful dining room, I graced the meal with a short prayer. After I finished praying, a gentleman came to our table and said, "You've just done something I've seldom seen for a long while--having a prayer before your meal." We learned that he lived in Detroit, Michigan. He shared with me that when he would come to Indianapolis years ago, he would visit the state capitol and the governor's office, because the governor was a friend of his. He was very gracious and receptive as we tried to tell him of our gratitude for the Lord's help to us over the years. It was an unusual experience that a man of means would come to our table to express his appreciation because we prayed for our food.

Thank you for praying, fasting and holding on for us. Some of the pastors have had special prayer meetings to lift our great need to Jesus. Steven Reinhardt said that he has had his people get together different times to pray especially for our deliverance. On Monday night they prayed in a home and a young woman attended who was at the age when the enemy tries to crush the life with rebellion. She was experiencing tests and struggles, but during the evening Jesus saved her

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and she was converted. We praise the Lord for many others who have fasted and prayed and held on for our deliverance, and the need for us to receive Jesus' guidance, direction and blessing. We are very thankful for God's mercy and the work of the Holy Spirit to direct us. We need help so desperately, for we are weak and needy and nothing. But God is able to make a way as we trust and obey, giving God all praise and glory for what He has done and what He is doing.

Thank you for all you have done for us. We are unworthy of your great sacrifice and assistance to us as we endeavor to obey the Holy Spirit. We know that only through God working and as people pray is God able to put in each heart to help and assist us. The Lord has been so faithful to return blessings on anyone who sacrifices for the Kingdom of God so that His will can be accomplished. The need is so great, but we know that most people with means are very hesitant to share very much. Only a few with means have ever shared much with God's Kingdom. Of course, most everyone who has worked in the ministry and for the Church know that. Much is given by those who have just nominal means. Only one out of many who have wealth are able to enter the areas of sacrifice and doing without in order to bring to pass the specific, wonderful work of God's holy Kingdom.

Nothing in our hands we have to bring, except to Jesus Christ we cling. We pray for God's mercy and love, that we could be saved and walk in the light as He is in the light; that we might have fellowship one with another and the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanse us from all sin; that we, through Jesus, could love one another as He has loved us, with clean hands and a pure heart, without deception, for the heart is desperately wicked, who can know it? It's through God we can be cleansed from all deception. We do thank Jesus for every answer to prayer, for every soul who has been saved. We pray for our brother in Boston, that he will not be discouraged, that he will be helped in his heart to persevere on and read the Bible, pray, obey the Holy Spirit, witness and walk in humility.

We pray for that great mass who need to be converted over the world, the millions who need to be saved. It is so urgent that we win souls to Jesus, for the imminent return of Christ is at hand. We do not know when Jesus will come. No man knows the day or the hour. We do know that when we see the fig tree put forth her leaf that summer is nigh, and the fig tree began to bud in 1948. The Holy Spirit began to reveal to us many years ago that Jesus was coming soon. There is an expediency and urgency for souls to be born and come to repentance, for individuals to find Jesus in their heart by repentance and confession of sin. We are not able to draw anyone, but Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." God promised through Isaiah: "...for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." We pray that our hearts will be encouraged as we trust and pray for a soul burden, for the salvation of the lost, for the sanctification of believers, for the

cleansing from the carnal nature of all believers. We pray that we may deny self consistently, carry the cross daily with relaxation and thanksgiving, yet persevering against the carnal nature, in order that we may be filled with the Holy Spirit to do God's will on earth as it is in Heaven.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

PILGRIMAGE TO ISRAEL

SEPTEMBER 29 - OCTOBER 7, 1989

We have been meditating and praying for some weeks and months about God's guidance in returning to the land and people of Israel. Recently the Holy Spirit operated in my heart that we are to return September 29th to October 7th, the Lord protecting, healing, guarding and guiding.

When I called Brother Roger he told me that he had had a dream about our going to Israel, and the Holy Spirit touched his heart about our returning. When I prayed with Brother John McAdams, the Holy Spirit operated in his heart on more than two occasions. When I prayed with Joseph and Betty, the Holy Spirit also operated in their hearts concerning our going. As I was sharing with Sister Vera Wagner it touched her heart. As I talked to Brother Oliver it operated with him. He was also very blessed and stirred. We are thankful the Lord worked with him like that. Dr. Dyer also was very delighted. Dr. Spaulding shared how God had worked with him on the 5th of May about returning to Israel. When I called Tina to share with her, she said, "Oh, Rev. Helm, I went to my office this morning and said, 'Marian, I dreamed about our going to Israel.'" Marian asked, "Did Rev. Helm call you today, Tina?" She answered, "No, he didn't call me." But then that night, I called. Lee Ann Bullis, who attended a wedding in West Virginia some twelve days ago, shared that Guy William Young, our precious son there, had a dream also. When I talked to him he shared his dream about being in Bethlehem and trying to find a taxi, and Paul Miller, our head guide, was helping him try to get back to Jerusalem. When I shared with Rev. James Wright and his wife, Virginia, she had also had a dream about Israel. So on the 29th of September, we trust for good to excellent flights for all the ones who can possibly arrange to go. We know it will take God and the Holy Spirit to protect, guide, direct, reveal, anoint, unctionize and bless.

Tina already has reserved 250 seats for the flight over, 195 on TWA and 55 on Pan Am. We will stay at the Ramada Renaissance Hotel in Jerusalem the first few days, at the Tiberias Plaza in Galilee two days, spending the last night at the Plaza Hotel in Tel Aviv before our flight home on the 7th of October. The cost from New York will be \$2,050.00. Domestic flight costs will be determined from each location. Please contact Tina as soon

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as possible at: Passports International, Inc., 5705 E. 71st St., Indianapolis, IN 46220, Telephone: 317/842-5906.

We will be thankful for your prayers of intercession and supplication to God for this pilgrimage, blended with thanksgiving and adoration for His wonderful grace, mercy and guidance on each previous journey. Please begin praying now for each traveler to be kept safe and well, delivered from falling, from sickness and injury. Pray for the flights to be good to excellent, that the weather will be the best possible, that we will have marvelous crossings of the Atlantic, of Europe, of the Mediterranean over and back. Especially beseech our Heavenly Father for the work of the Holy Spirit in each heart to do God's will, to love the people, for Jesus to be exalted, that the Kingdom of God could come on earth as it is in Heaven, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

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We have received so many precious letters, each of them being very encouraging. We share three of these letters with you, giving God all the praise, honor and glory, for only through Jesus can this ever be:

Dear Bro. Helm,

I want to acknowledge my deep gratitude and privilege at being called to Parker by the Holy Spirit to pray for you, Florence, your ministry and staff this past year. Indeed, it was on this date exactly one year ago that I began prayer with your men, and the Lord so wonderfully lifted the darkness from you in two to four hours. In a few days you began to regain your weight and the Lord revealed a Waiting Upon God in July, a trip to Alaska in August and a trip to Israel in October. We saw you go from strength to strength, from assignment to assignment, from victory to victory, overcoming the adversary through prayer and the Blood of Jesus. The entire year the devil has opposed, but God has given the victory every step of the way. We give God all praise and glory.

Although in this particular letter I could share many more answers to prayer God has wrought through your ministry, I will share only one concerning our daughter, Naomi Ruth, because it is so indicative of the timely care of our Lord to all of His children. You sent Naomi a letter a few days ago that expressed your appreciation for her willingness to be separated from her parents for these nine months so that she could continue her schooling at Scott Depot while her parents continued their assignment of prayer in Parker City. You also expressed your gratitude to Betty Joyce, who is like a second mother, for keeping our daughter, and then enclosed eight dollars as a gift to Naomi. You stated that you wanted to give more, but the Holy Spirit witnessed on eight dollars only.

Naomi has responded to this gift with great excitement because the exact amount of eight dollars was so very important. Some time prior to your gift, she felt led to place all

the money she had at that time in the offering plate during a Scott Depot service, with the intent of proving that God could and would take care of even poor persons who gave all they possessed (perhaps she was thinking of the widow Jesus observed who gave all that she had). Naomi gave all she had, which was eight dollars. She told the Lord it was an experiment in faith to prove that all persons, rich or poor, should at least tithe, because God would take care of all. She then refused to ask Betty Joyce or my secretary for any money so that she might truly wait on God to answer prayer. This took place about two months ago. Meanwhile, all of her needs were met without asking for money. Then your letter arrived with the expression of gratitude to her and Betty, with eight dollars for Naomi. Jesus had indeed proved to her that He could and would take care of the poor. She said to me that this proves to her that even the poor should tithe. She gave everything she had, and God gave it all back.

Of course, you did not know of this, but your obedience to give exactly what the Holy Spirit witnessed helped our daughter to prove God's faithfulness. Naomi is very thrilled and excited about this adventure of faith. Debbie Cochran McBride was sitting next to her in church at the time this adventure took place, and Naomi shared with Debbie all that she was doing. Needless to say, both Naomi and Debbie have been encouraged. I believe this sharing will encourage everyone who hears of it. Thank you for obeying the Holy Spirit. We have seen the Lord work with you like this to help hundreds (probably thousands) of people to believe God, and we stand amazed and encouraged.

Your son in the faith,  
Oliver C. Hogue

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Dear Rev. Helm,

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow. I wanted to tell you how much the newsletters have helped me over the years. I anticipate them and love hearing from you. The time between the letters seems very long, but God has timed you perfectly in this area and I'm thankful for that. It's exciting to receive God's ordered and ordained mail. It really is! In the March 27th Newsletter I have underlined four places that have really helped and encouraged me. I do not know or have the ability to explain it all in just a note. Also, there was one area in the newsletter where you addressed specifically a subject that if you knew all of the surrounding circumstances and timing, you would be shocked and amazed, or more.

Rev. Helm, your book, your life's newsletters, and the Waitings Upon God, not to mention all the fellowship churches and people, have helped me and others more than the eye can see or the heart can comprehend at this point in time. However, I am confident that eternity shall reveal it and the best is yet to come. Much love to you and yours.

Joe Nance

Dear Bro. Helm,

Greetings in the Name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Bro. Helm, I am really thankful for your calls on Sunday morning. You lift me. The Lord is really helping us in the services, and we're thankful for your prayers on our behalf. The people here send their love and prayers, and I am very thankful for your obedience last Sunday morning. You started to hang up the phone and felt and realized a burden of prayer for the girls. You prayed that God would help, and He did. Praise God! Linda, the wife of my son, Lynn, was under such a burden all day. She didn't know what it was, and Sunday night the Lord revealed to her that she had criticized one of the dear ones in the church and stood and confessed to the church. God sure did help, as many others then stood and confessed their needs. Praise God for that glory! It all happened because you obeyed God.

I just wanted you to know that you sure are helping us here at Clinton, not only by your calls, but the newsletters as well. We love you and Sister Helm and are praying for you every day.

In Christ our Lord,  
Paul F. Cox

p.s. The Lord willing, we hope to see you on the trip to Israel in September.

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Reports of how God is using "A Voice in the Wilderness."

Thank you for writing us to share how God is working through "A Voice in the Wilderness" and how the Lord is working with you as you read and meditate on it. In the last Newsletter you recall that Martha Louise and Nancy Marie had a unique experience of being led to the identical passage in their father's pilgrimage--about never allowing anything to discourage you--and how it lifted them mightily. Martha received a sweet note soon after that also was speaking to Nancy. It read:

"Dearest Sister Martha,

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow! I'd like to share something that God has done for me. The morning before I read the last Newsletter in which you and Nancy shared about what you had read in "A Voice in the Wilderness," I (by God's mercy) also read that very section! The same part about not becoming discouraged spoke to me as well as being content with very little. I was so encouraged as I then, later that same day, read about how you and Sister Nancy were so encouraged by it. God was allowing me to know I was on the right track. God was preparing me for some situations that later occurred also.

This last Sunday morning service here in Kokomo, Pastor Schultze preached on being content with what we have (or very little). It was a further confirmation for me to be content with very little. I'm in debt to Jesus for His mercy to me! Hallelujah! I love and appreciate you."

It is amazing to me how God works with this anointed book. A physician included this note to Vera with his order:

"Thank you so much for the book "A Voice in the Wilderness." I know it will be a real blessing. We have a dear friend who loaned us her copy and it was so 'marked up' I just had to get one and call it my own."

Another precious person had not yet read the book but was ordering three copies anyway. Portions of the note to Vera accompanying the order read:

"A friend of mine is always handing out "Voice" Magazines. He gave one to a woman and she said, '...I've got a "Voice" for you too!' "A Voice in the Wilderness" that is! He read the book and was blessed by it! He would not even let his copy leave his house. So, I got the name of the book's publisher and called you. It must be a tremendous book! My mother-in-law is reading a copy I gave her and she can't put the book down!"

These wonderful responses to the work of the Holy Spirit through "A Voice in the Wilderness" encourage me to keep praying that my vision to regularly give the book may increase. By God's grace, I have personally received such specific reproof and energizing instruction from reading "A Voice in the Wilderness" this month. We want to give Jesus all praise and honor for all that is accomplished through this humble pilgrimage. Thank you for writing us how God is helping you in sharing the book. I am so very grateful to each pastor, each congregation and each individual who is endeavoring to prayerfully share one copy each month. I sense that God is doing something very special through your sacrifice and through your vision.

Your servant in Christ,



Jon Cullum

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

July 7, 1989

Dear ones in Jesus Christ: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world, through Jesus Christ, the Sacred Blood, could be saved. It's through Jesus we can come to God, because no man comes to God except through Christ Jesus. We praise Jesus and give God all praise and honor for how He wants to help us, to guide us and to direct us. Amen.

Some weeks ago I was praying and trusting about when we should return from Florida to Parker City. I was waiting for guidance and as I meditated, the Holy Spirit revealed we were to return on the 28th of June. Several days before that, there were black clouds and some stormy times. The Lord had revealed those few weeks in advance we were to come on the 28th, and we praise the Lord for this leading. That morning Brother Thomas, Jefferson Todd and Jeffrey came to help us and look after the many things that needed to be done before we left. It is no small assignment at our ages to make this trip, and we thank all those who were praying for our safe return. We are grateful for all the prayers and fasting, for your supplications and petitions to God with thanksgiving to Christ Jesus, for the Holy Ghost, for the Kingdom of God to come on earth as it is in Heaven. It's not meat or drink, but it is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

We had prayed for the planes and the air currents, and oh, the flight was almost perfect. There was very little turbulence. When we arrived in Dayton, Ohio, it was clear and the visibility was very good. We had such a good takeoff, flight and landing. Brother Reimar Schultze, Grandson David and Son James and Angel were there to greet us, along with Daniel Light who came to surprise us. They were telling us about how it had been hot, hazy and gloomy here. It had been in the eighties and nineties, which was warmer than it was in Florida. A few days before, when Son James went flying with Brother Reimar, he looked down and at fourteen hundred feet he could barely see the ground it was so hazy. The day we arrived it was beautiful. The next morning after we arrived it was in the high fifties. The other morning it was in the sixties. We want to praise the Lord for His help.

The dear ones here worked hard to get everything ready for our return. The Schultzes and other dear ones were here praying with our staff while Oliver was in England. We were very thankful for their petitions and supplications in behalf of the Kingdom of God, and for Florence and I to be delivered that we might be victorious in every area of the soul, mind and body, and for Holy Ghost revival and souls to be saved. We've seen so few souls saved, so few believers cleansed of the carnal nature and filled with the Holy Ghost. God has been so

good, so merciful and so faithful. Jesus never fails. We are so thankful for how God has helped and made a way.

When we were at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship, it would be so precious. Even though the devil would fight, God would help. We wouldn't know what to preach, and God would come and assist and lead us, revealing to us what to do. We couldn't praise Him enough. The other morning when I said, "Oh, there is trouble in the stomach," I didn't know J. D. Keller (whom we love so much, like we love all of you) had had a burning in his stomach for three to four weeks. While I was sharing this, I began to pray. Brother Keller said it was like a glass of ice water went right through the abdomen and the fire and burning ceased. Georgine and Edward informed me he looked younger that night than he had looked in some time. That was much to praise Jesus for.

I wouldn't have wanted to miss the morning service when Deena Key testified. When she sat down I said, "Don't take the microphone away. Give it to her daughter." This precious twenty-three-year-old daughter has just graduated from college and is a beautiful young woman. I said to her, (I had never called on her to testify in the years I've known her) "I believe you are to speak." She began to testify and God worked in her beyond herself. It was wonderful, and my brother, Edward, would share with you that it was in a precious realm of joy, victory and blessing. I doubt if her father and mother seldom ever heard her like that before. What if I had missed that leading! I hadn't called on this young woman in nineteen years to speak, but the Lord showed me that morning to call on her. It was the highlight of the service. What if I had missed that leading, dear ones! We want to be thankful to Jesus for this.

On June 29th, I said to Kathleen, our precious secretary who is like a granddaughter to us, "It's on my heart that a dear one (who is like a daughter to us) needs some finance. She needs a check for a hundred dollars." Kathleen replied, "Oh, Brother Helm, I happen to know (and I believe she was the only who knew) that she doesn't have any money and has bills due today!" I said, "Kathleen, when you get through writing that check, write yourself a check for one hundred dollars." Dear ones, do you know what she shared with me? I didn't realize it, but just in the last day or two she had a car insurance premium due in the amount of \$99.75. And here she had twenty-five cents left out of the hundred dollars God had supplied for her need.

It was like when the Lord told me to write Naomi Hogue to comfort her. I wanted to send her ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars, but the Lord told me to send her eight dollars. I had mentioned in a previous letter about how this precious young daughter a few weeks before had given the eight dollars she had in the offering to see what God would do with

it. Betty Joyce told me a few nights ago that she wanted to give her some money, but Naomi wouldn't take it. Her reply was that she had given that eight dollars to see what God would do with it. In a few weeks God revealed to me to send her a check for eight dollars! Could you know how it would be to try to think why you should send someone eight dollars, to know when and how this would affect her? How long will she remember? What did it do for her faith and encouragement? What would it do for you if you had that experience, dear ones of the mailing list? Would it lift you? Would it encourage you if you would have said, "Here is all the money I have and I'm giving it to see what God will do with it," and then the Holy Spirit reveals to a servant hundreds of miles away to send the same amount back to you? Would it strengthen and lift you? Only through Jesus could this ever be again, which gives God all the praise and Jesus all the glory, the Holy Spirit all thanksgiving for what God has done, what He is doing, what He will do.

I felt impressed to call my brother, Edward, this morning, and he began to share with me about precious Jack Rinchich. You know, Jack is like a son to me ever since I stepped onto the platform in 1976 and couldn't go sit down with the rest of men. God led me to go over and love the drummer. He was ready to give up his police work, but I didn't know that. I prayed for his healing and didn't get any word, but when I said "protection" God showed me he would be in cross fire within five to six weeks. As recently as an hour ago, on the telephone from West Virginia, he shared with me that he was within a mile or two of the very spot where that incident took place years ago. It is a marvel how God delivered him. In the years since, some of his buddies have been injured or killed in the line of duty.

When Jack wrote us a few weeks ago, God worked so sweetly. The Lord led me to take a thousand dollars I had saved (over and beyond tithe) and send it to Jack and his precious wife. We then received a letter from him sharing the experience they were in, which we knew nothing of. He said, "Only the Lord knew the place we were in at the time the check came to our door. It was timed not one minute too late or too soon." In fact, he said to me today, dear ones, "If that check had come the day before, it would have been too early for the impact on my wife. If it had come the day after, it would have been too late. Only minutes before I went to the mailbox, my wife and I sat on the front porch talking. She was more discouraged than I had ever seen her in our twenty-one years of marriage. I said I was just going to trust and have faith that God would help in this situation, for I have tried to do God's will and that's all that matters."

His letter then reads: "I tried to resist all buffeting imaginable. I guess we felt a little like the widow fixing her last meal as we gathered our sticks. A short time after that, I told my wife I believed in God's prophets. As she went to the kitchen, I went outside trying to fight off the discourage-

ment. We had a guest staying with us from St. Louis and were wondering how we were going to be able to take adequate care of them. (I learned later that they were without finance and thought they were going to have to sell their home.) Then I went out to the mailbox, and when I saw your name on the envelope, I wept before I ever opened it. When I did, I dropped to the driveway! (Can't you see Jack down on his knees on that driveway weeping?) He said, "I wept and wept." Now he was weeping not because he was sad. He was weeping because he was thankful to God in Jesus for His mercy and help.

He continues in his letter: "You should have seen my wife as I placed the check in front of her! What a testimony of God's mercy and faithfulness to this unworthy servant! Only Jesus knows how this revealed to my wife what I had just said about God's people, God's prophets and tithing, just minutes before. Was her faith ever bolstered and her discouragement and heart lifted! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Thank Thee, Jesus. We do not deserve it. I don't know how I could ever repay so great a debt. I can only hope and pray that Jesus will heal, bless, encourage and deliver you and Mrs. Helm in a most wonderful way. My heart needs to be sanctified so much from these earthly tendencies. I know Jesus is coming soon. It is so dark in this world. We must hold on and hold out with all that is within us, I know! Jesus is to be given all the praise and all the glory for anything I've ever been able to accomplish. Only the Lord could reveal to you, Brother Helm, how crucial the timing was on this precious gift. Jesus provided it through you. Thank you, servant of God. Although we are still in the storm, your love kept our ship from sinking! We have now moved to one of the campus houses and are renting our home."

They are doing that to have a little extra money, you see, dear ones. Because where he goes in his work and where he speaks; unless someone has the vision of his ministry, very little finance will be given to him. I don't know whether very many people have really been given revelation of the seriousness of the ministry of this man. God has revealed it to my wife and me to a measure, that Jack's ministry is very important. My wife said when she read his letter, "This man is worthy of our support." It's because of Jesus and the call on his life, because of his wanting to do God's will and resist the devil and hold on to the promises of Jesus. The Lord did a wonderful thing and we are giving God all the praise, for we were nine hundred miles from them and knew nothing about their need.

Jack called Edward last night to share with him about a call he had from New York City. The President of "Cops for Christ" in New York City informed him he had received a call from Nigeria, and this person in Nigeria told him: "We want you to come and speak to our policemen here in Nigeria." The President of "Cops for Christ" replied, "I'm not supposed to come, but I know the man who is. His name is Jack Rinchich from West Virginia. He's the one to come to Nigeria and speak." They

thought they would have about seven thousand policemen besides the dignitaries and some leaders. Edward shared this with me and I was touched by the Holy Spirit! If I hadn't called, I wouldn't have known this. But I felt I was to call Edward this morning. With Jesus' help and this guidance, you see, the Lord helped us marvelously to do what we were supposed to do--which was to call and see how he was. So when Edward shared about this invitation, I was thrilled! I mean I was blessed! I was glad to know that the Lord would lead me to love a drummer in 1976, who was ready to quit, ready to resign. I said, "Oh, no, don't resign! Hold steady, for your pulpit is higher than I can see over. It reaches farther than I can tell. Your ministry is to the nations. Don't quit, for you're on a mission field."

He didn't quit, but kept right on and started writing Christian tracts. Because of those tracts, he is in touch with the Christian policemen of New York City. This organization has three to four hundred men or more. These Christian tracts are in the large cities of our nation and some cities of the world. I think he has been invited to Japan, to India and to Bombay. He has been in Germany, and now has an invitation to Nigeria. He spoke a while back at the state capitol, with the governor opening the service. We learned today that one of the men gifted in sculpture came to him after the meeting was over and said, "You stirred me so in my heart. I want you to meditate with me on how I'm to do this beautiful work of sculpture, a memorial to the policemen who have been killed in the line of duty." Jack replied, "I don't know what to do, but here are some of my Christian tracts," and trusted that they would inspire him. So Jack told me a while ago that he was invited to the State Capital Building on July the 8th, to dedicate the beginning of the work on this memorial. In a few weeks he is to be in a "Cops for Christ" convention in Pennsylvania as one of the keynote speakers along with two others. Jack mentioned that they seem to be well-known persons.

And now, Jack is receiving a call to go to Nigeria. He told them, "Oh, I can't come unless the Lord leads." I learned as I talked to Jack just a little while ago that Joseph Umanah of Nigeria said to him a few months ago, "Please come to Nigeria as soon as you can." He thought he wanted Jack there in June or July. Jack replied, "Oh, I can't come unless God leads. I can't come unless the Holy Spirit witnesses." And after all these years of our loving a drummer boy, the President of "Cops for Christ" calls him to go to Nigeria, where he has already been invited to come by Joseph, who was my interpreter when we were in there a few years ago. I felt the interpreter assigned to me was not the one God had chosen. Under God's direction, I pointed to a strange black man whom I had seen in the crowd. I learned that he had come all the way from Lagos and was little known by those in the fellowship there. I didn't know his name, or anyone there, but said, "That man, right there, is my interpreter." He came up and the power of the Holy Ghost interpreted through him under

the same anointing that I had. God had shown me who he was. I didn't know his name and didn't even ask the leaders of the church who he was. I said, "That man is to be my interpreter." He came up and was under this a great anointing. Now when Jack arrives in October, Joseph could be his interpreter, if they allow it. Whatever anointing is on Jack, through Christ, could be on Joseph. That would be far more than any interpreter they could find of the most brilliant of students, unless God would lead it.

To put all this together, for you to comprehend what all this means will take God. We found Jack because of a revelation years ago on Church Number Six. If it hadn't been for that leading, we wouldn't have found the drummer, and would never have found Ephraim, who led us to Nigeria, where we found Joseph Umanah. Now all these things are working together in the circle of a beautiful work. We want to thank Jesus for His guidance, for the work of the Holy Ghost. Only the Holy Spirit knows what to do. We don't know, but He does. Jack just recently shared with us that at ten years of age, God revealed to him a call to the ministry. He was speaking in a Baptist church at the time of that revelation. In all these years, he never shared that with Edward or me, as close as we are. No one knew that from the time he was ten years old until 1976. He had probably told no one about it, but just as I started to step up on the platform, God took me right to him. You see, the Lord revealed his ministry was to the nations. We give God all praise for this, Jesus all glory.

As I prayed, the Lord operated with me in lightness and brightness that Jack was to go to Nigeria on October 12th. We don't know the day of the meeting, but that's the day the Lord showed me he was to go. It will take Jesus to make the way and raise the money for him to make this journey, but you see, it's worth more than gold and silver for him to go and speak for Jesus to those people. What he has to say to those policemen and leaders could go not only to Nigeria, but to the other countries of Africa, and the entire continent. It can, you know. If it doesn't go beyond the walls where he speaks, it would be worth it for one soul. But it may go way beyond the walls. We are in debt to Jesus for the work of the Holy Spirit in His guidance and direction.

I said to Jack today, "It certainly would be wonderful if the Lord would help me to be able to take you to Israel on September 29th. We will just trust for the Lord to make a way for us to be able to take you if you can get off work. You could be with us in Israel, and God could give us good to excellent flights over and back, protecting us with His guidance and blessing in the services, in resting, in sleeping, in walking, in going, in riding in buses and taxis, in being kept from all danger--letting the Holy Ghost give the awakening and a work of the Holy Spirit in whatever God wants to lead in joy and peace, in His righteousness, His truth and sharing, His revelation and direction. We would be in debt to Jesus for what He has done, what He is doing, what He will do.

I had prayer yesterday and the day before with one of our young people. They informed me this morning how it encouraged them so much about situations and certain relationships, burdens and cares for God's work in young people. How the Lord leads is through God's grace, and we want to thank Him for it.

My brothers, Edward and Terrance, had it on their hearts to go to Scott Depot to attend the twentieth year celebration for their pastor. Oliver told me that when Edward spoke, the Lord helped so sweetly. At the close of the evening service, Oliver said to Terrance, "Is there something on your heart?" Terrance got up and began to sing, "A Walkin' and A Talkin' With My Lord," and the service just went up and up. Oliver said he looked back and saw the Lord working in a precious way with dear and trusting souls. When anyone is encouraged and lifted, it is wonderful! Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We are thankful for your prayers, for your fasting and holding on to Jesus. A number of you have been faithful. Last month we lacked the finance to meet the salaries of our dear staff. There are those who have finance, (and that is in my heart now) but if God has touched their hearts, they have not yet known it. We are thankful to those who have been merciful to help us. One little congregation (about fifty to eighty persons) took an offering for me. Besides all their regular giving, they gave us a check in the amount of \$1,134.00. We sent it to Revival and it took three weeks to get there. That check was almost enough to cover the salary deficit, so we were thankful to God for this guidance. I know the Lord is able, if persons are willing to give for Jesus' glory and God's praise. We are unworthy, but grateful for how the Lord has led and directed.

We are grateful to Jesus for how He has worked in the hearts of His people, those who follow Jesus. We are trusting through all situations, tests, struggles, trials and battles to be found faithful and true, to be obedient to God, to love Jesus, to love one another as Jesus loves us. We can't do that except through Christ in us, through God, the Holy Ghost in us. We are very thankful for His mercy to us. Praise the Lord. We are trusting for those who need encouragement, that God may help you and encourage you, everyone the same. You are all very precious indeed.

We trust, in Jesus' Name, for deliverance and direction, for instruction in righteousness, for the orphans and widows. One day my burden will be for the widows, another day for the orphans. On another day it will be for the halt, the lame and the blind. It was either yesterday or two or three days ago that I was burdened for so many people in North and South America. Another time I was burdened for so many people in Central and Northern Africa. One was for sanctification, and the other was for the salvation and conversion of sinners. Then again, He gave me a burden for the lost, and another burden for the sanctification of believers. When I

say this, the Lord just now reveals to me there is one of you with stomach trouble. You have something in your stomach, and I ask Jesus to heal you now as you read this letter, and give Jesus all the praise and all the glory for taking this trouble out of the stomach and bowel, for God's glory and honor.

I called Grandson David to tell him that his prayer helped so much when they prayed together in the morning prayer time, and as I started to say "Good-bye," the Holy Spirit stopped me. I said, "Wait just a moment," and the Lord burdened me for Barbara Jane's brother. I've never seen him. This is Clyde and Barbara's only son, as the younger son was killed years ago. I talked to his mother yesterday and she was so encouraged. She said, "Oh, I'm so encouraged, because I know God is working with my son." She was thankful that the Lord worked with me and worked with her. God has been so faithful to help us.

When I was praying with Terry Hogue the other morning, the Lord burdened me for their third child, for the calling, for the body, soul and mind, for help and encouragement. Praise the Lord. When I prayed with Charles Henry, the Lord revealed to me of his fourth child. His fourth child was a cook at a Holiday Inn in New Orleans, and I learned that he quit his job and went into the bar business as a partner with someone. Of course, this was quite a burden to his father. I knew nothing about it, but the Lord revealed it to me. Charles said, "Oh, God has you on the trail for my son, because he needs to be saved and find Christ in his heart." When I was talking with Edward and Jackie the other day, God spoke to me of a very dear loved one who had a disease that had started and was about to go into the brain. We didn't know it, and this loved one is so dependable, so faithful. We cried out to God on their behalf, and as I shared this with Brother John, it really touched his heart.

At about a quarter after two in the morning on Saturday, a train whistle blew. The instant that happened, the Lord touched my heart that the brakeman on that train has an alcohol problem and needs delivered. This also really touched Brother John as I shared it with him. About thirty minutes later another train whistle blew, and the Lord revealed to me that the engineer on that train, if he would give his heart to Jesus and follow in obedience, God could administer the gift of knowledge. This wonderful experience of God's revelation and guidance happened on the morning of the eighth day of July. At one o'clock that same morning, the Lord burdened me for our neighbor, and I had not had a burden for them like that in thirty-five years. At one-thirty He burdened me for another neighbor like I had not been burdened before, as well. We are so in debt to Jesus for this and give Him all praise and glory, for only through Him can it ever be again. Praise the Lord.

We want to praise the Lord as we read the Word, as we pray, as we trust and testify; that it will be well with our soul. In the churches it is wonderful to have testimony

meetings, but once in a while you have a person who wants to share. My father always feared that someone would get out of order and just talk. You have someone just talking and sharing experience after experience, and it causes the meeting to go down unless that testimony is in the Spirit. Most people know this, and in consequence, many are hesitant to share. But there are those who don't know it, and they go ahead and talk. Instead of helping the meeting, it puts a damper on it and kills it. Many times these persons aren't aware of what they are doing. We need to pray for testimony meetings, that people will be obedient and respond as they are supposed to, praising the Lord. We need testimony meetings, for without testimony we don't grow. New converts will backslide if they don't witness regularly and obey carefully and cautiously. Thank you for praying for us. We pray to be delivered from troubles, battles and trials unto victory.

Those of you going to Israel, please get in touch with Tina. She was telling me last night that Joseph Mizrahi had a dream and saw four hundred and fifty of us coming. Tina said, "Oh, Joseph, four hundred and fifty is a lot of people." We need to get word to her as soon as possible, and give God the praise, glory and honor for directing and protecting on the 29th and 30th of September through the 7th of October--for everyone as they leave their homes, traveling there, and returning safely and victoriously. We need God's help constantly. Praise the Lord.

Tina has given out of her own money to keep the plane costs as they are now, so they can't increase. I don't know any travel agent who would take out of their own savings to do this for any group, so I would appreciate it very much for those who plan to go and can obtain their finance, or have it in savings, to please send one or two thousand to Tina immediately. This would help her very much, and we want to be faithful to respond in this matter. We thank God in Jesus for all of you who are led and willing to pray and help and sacrifice for us.

P.S. I would like to add this letter from Roderick Abraham whose parents I found before he was born. We have been very close all these years. I had been gone from Parker City for six months and had just arrived home that very day Roderick prayed that I would come by his home as he was missing his father and wanted to see me. Late that afternoon I drove by and waved at him. It's only by God's grace this could ever be again.

Hi Dad,

I was hoping God would send you by, because I had been missing my father very much that day and I asked God to send you by. Now I don't know how to pray, but God heard that little prayer. I am very, very, thankful. Praise the Lord!

When you drive past or within a block or two of our home, you and mom please remember there is a family here that loves you both very very much.

Jesus, will you heal thy servant today, and mother too, for thy glory. "For thy glory" got in my heart! Thank you Jesus, Praise the Lord!

Roderick

We give God all the praise, Jesus all the glory and the Holy Spirit all thanksgiving. We trust to see souls saved, believers sanctified and cleansed, filled with the Holy Spirit, for God's Kingdom to come on earth as it is in Heaven. We know we can't do it. It's only through the Lord's help, as He leads and gives victory and deliverance. Praise the Lord.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W Helm*

Loran W. Helm

p.s. We want to mention special thanksgiving for all the anniversary cards and the birthday cards to my wife. We are thankful for all these words of love and care, for all sharings, gifts and flowers.

When we were at the Radisson Hotel for dinner one evening, I asked my wife to play the piano in the main lobby there. When she sat down and played a certain classical number, the hostess said, "That gives me the goose bumps." We were thankful for how God gave my wife the anointing. Oliver and Barbara were with us and said it was more fulfilling and satisfying to hear Florence play than when they heard Van Cliburn from Moscow recently on a news broadcast they were watching. They did not feel the anointing on his playing as they did on my wife's rendition. This is only because of the gift of God in the Holy Spirit.

Brother John shared with me that when they are heavily burdened and pressed down, Janet will put my wife's record on and the Holy Spirit will begin to send peace and help in the heart. We are thankful for how God has helped my wife using this precious gift of God's anointing and blessing.

Please pray with us for the need for finance. We are very needy, but thankful for all who share this burden with us.

"I love you too!"

Shirley

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

July 28, 1989

To the Dearly Beloved on our mailing list-- greetings to each of you in the love of Christ our Savior. We trust not one of you will feel left out or forgotten, for remember, each of you is a unique and precious person created by our Heavenly Father, the Mighty God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. His love surpasses the love of all fathers and mothers, all husbands and wives, all brothers and sisters. His care for each person is so tender that He has numbered the very hairs of each head, and He knows all things about us, even the thoughts and meditations of our heart. He knows all the situations which surround you and me, and is looking with great love and compassion on us. He, Who is the God of all comfort, is calling us by His Only Begotten Son to find our home in Himself. God is beseeching every single person on earth to have a heart that seeks only what He would lead. The invitation is to all men, women, boys and girls to deny self, take up the cross and follow Jesus faithfully in order to find the "rest" which is spoken of in the holy scriptures where it says: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." We have not merited this rest within us. It cannot be bartered or bought or earned. It is the gift of God.

We want to express appreciation and thanksgiving to Jesus for all of you who pray and fast, who hold on and give your supplications to God that souls could be saved and believers be cleansed and filled with the Holy Spirit. We strive to faithfully thank God daily for those of you who pray for the chosen and the elect, and also for my wife and me, as we are very needy. Thank you for this earnest endeavor. Many times our Heavenly Father hears before we speak. Sometimes He answers before we call. Praise the Lord.

On July 9th we went into the service at Parker City sensing our desperate need and utter dependence upon God. The Lord began to work so sweetly as we reviewed His guidance the day before when I called Charles Henry and shared with him a little how God had been leading and directing me. He became so happy and blessed, so lifted and encouraged that Jesus let, as it were, streams break out in the desert for him. "It has been so long since I experienced a place like this!" he told me. By God's mercies could such joy and blessing ever overflow like this in any of our lives again. While we were lifted up in this wonderful fellowship of Christ, the Lord revealed that the Holy Spirit would woo the heart of Charles' fourth child, calling him to a precious place of victory in the Blessed Jesus, the Risen from the Dead, soon to return to earth to receive His church, who has washed herself white in the sacred shed Blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

The service was such that I could not share with my wife the wonder of it. The presence of the Lord was so sweet that three hours and fifteen minutes seemed like just a few minutes to me. When I arrived home my wife

said, "It's been quite a long service." I replied that it seemed such a little while, for God's blessing had been in our midst. He revealed for the McAdams sisters to sing: "O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, that in Thy ocean depths it's flow may richer, fuller be." God was so in their voices and in their spirits that Roger felt it was one of the most precious anointings he had ever heard them under, because of God's precious love abiding. A few minutes later God led for number eighteen on their list. It was: "Arise, my soul, arise; shake off thy guilty fears: the bleeding Sacrifice in my behalf appears: before the Throne my Surety stands, before the Throne my Surety stands, my name is written on His hands." As soon as they began to sing the anointing on them was so extraordinary that I felt like we needed to stand up. As we stood before God and they sang under such glory, it seemed to help all of us. I know we felt unworthy of God blessing us so sweetly.

I began to speak concerning Samuel, where God revealed for him to go to Bethlehem, because in the house of Jesse there was an anointed son, a man after His own heart, who was to become the king of God's people, Israel. There was quite a stir as the man of God arrived to give sacrifice and gather the stalwart sons of Jesse to present themselves before him. As the eldest son marched before this precious, humble servant of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob--the God of our fathers living still, the God Jehovah, the God Who created the universe--Samuel thought that surely the Lord's anointed stood before him. He must have been an outstanding young man for the Lord told Samuel: "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

No doubt there was great expectation and anticipation within the heart of Jesse and the family, sensing the great responsibility that one from their household was to be chosen king of Israel. The second son passed before Samuel...and the third and the fourth. With each son the servant of God would say: "Neither has the Lord chosen him." Seven sons passed before Samuel. He viewed them in love and care, but there was no revelation that any one of them was the king who was to be anointed. Turning to Jesse he asked, "Are these all your sons?" The father replied, "No, I have one more. He is the keeper of the sheep. He is my shepherd boy." As Samuel heard this, he said to Jesse, "Send and fetch him." (I thought that was an interesting word, rather an old-time word.) "Send and fetch him, for we will not be seated until he comes."

And a drama of some great proportion begins to unfold as we observe the messenger leaving the man of God to go to the field where the sheep are kept, bearing the message from the

prophet, Samuel, that there is an invitation for the youngest son to come immediately. What could we see in his heart, because he was going to be inviting the future king of Israel? For the past few years he had been known as the keeper of the flock of the House of Jesse. He was a young man with intricate gifts to play upon his harp amidst the sheep while he, himself, would commune in quiet. I don't know whether the flocks were in field number one, or whether they might have been in field number two, or in a pasture farther on at the outskirts of Jesse's possessions, or in the field farthest out. But it is a very, very sacred journey this messenger is making, because of God's great love and grace and power.

Soon he sees the precious shepherd boy at a distance. I neither know nor can I tell what was taking place in the messenger's heart as he was bearing the good news that this shepherd boy is to be invited to come to the prophet of the Lord and to pass before him. I do not know what took place in the man's heart as he would think about the sacred trust and grave responsibility that would face the shepherd boy once he left the herds and flocks to go to the assignment that God was calling for him to accept and possess and be faithful to. When the messenger arrived at, could I say, "the field farthest out or nearby?" and hailed him and greeted him, could it be that he ran up and put his arms about him to love him and to put a kiss upon his cheek? Could it be that he was in tears? I cannot tell. Could it be that he was rejoicing? Possibly. Could it be that he was excited? Yes, it might be that he was. I do not know, only God knows. Now we see the messenger giving the shepherd and keeper of the sheep the invitation and the urgent request that he is to come immediately to the prophet, Samuel, who will not be seated until he passes before him.

If we could observe what took place in the heart of this shepherd lad, this harpist, this faithful keeper of the flocks when he was told he was invited to pass by the man of God, Samuel by name, it would be a marvelous panorama, but no man is able except the Holy Spirit reveal it to him. I don't know whether his heart jumped or leaped or was quiet, but I believe this shepherd boy turned immediately from the duties at hand and bid farewell to the sheep he had kept so long. The shepherd who had often rubbed the balm of healing upon the bruises of his sheep is going on an assignment--an invitation given him to come to the servant of God. The lightness of his heart, the joy of his soul, the lift that came within him perhaps could not be explained or told. He is on his way with a spring in his step and a song in his heart. Could it be that this moment might have been an inspiration for one of his mighty Psalms? As he approaches his father's house he sees that the prophet, Samuel, is standing, waiting. When the lad starts to pass before the prophet, that precious man of God receives word from our Heavenly Father: "Here is the anointed!" Samuel reaches for the horn of oil, and as the oil begins to fall upon the head of this shepherd boy, the anointing of the God of eternity, the Holy Spirit, comes

down into the body and the soul of David, the keeper of the flock. He becomes God's anointed, the King of Israel.

That evening in the service the Lord helped us wonderfully again, and in the third hour I turned to Toby Gilbert asking him to sing. This precious young man is rather shy and timid. In fact, I didn't even know he sang specials until a few weeks ago, when someone shared with us how talented he was and how God had used him in one of the services. "Will you sing number six on your list?" I requested. He began to sing a song I never knew had been penned or composed. He sang, of all things, about the sons of Jesse coming before the prophet, Samuel! Now, dear ones, if you would have been there how inspired would you have been? How would you have responded? How would you have appreciated it? The message had been given in the morning service, then that night the Lord reveals for a song to be sung that is virtually the sermon that was given, as feeble as we were in its presentation. The song fit the message as perfect as the wings on a bird, the stars in the sky, the water in the brook, the hay in the mow, the grass in the field, the shoes on your feet. The chorus said something like: "People saw a shepherd boy, but God saw a king." We were trying to be very thankful, for we know that only through the Holy Spirit could we ever again know what to do or how to proceed.

When I entered the sanctuary that evening, Brother John was exhorting from one end of the pulpit to the other, and while he was speaking I heard him say, "The heart perfect toward God." By God's grace, that precious statement operated in my heart by the Holy Spirit. I was inspired to endeavor to speak on the thought: "A Heart Perfect Toward God." II Chron. 16:9 says: "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong on behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." I do not profess to be able to know the steps to this precious place of a heart perfect toward God. Only by God's grace could we, or anyone, be able to know how to proceed to such a life, to such a high privilege and responsibility.

When man fell in the Garden of Eden he lost so much. He lost in sin to death. It is a great journey to leave the fields of human likes and desires behind in order to follow a Stranger of Galilee, obeying the voice of the Great Shepherd to find our way along the steps to a heart perfect toward God. As I feebly tried to proceed, I was speaking that I thought the first step toward that great life of a heart perfect toward God would be repentance: asking God to forgive us, to blot out our transgressions, our sins and our evils; to remove from us all our deceptions and loves of the world. The next step after repentance and confessing our sin, the Lord changing our life to make us become a new creature, would be to witness about this new found joy and to share about the Kingdom of God. It is so urgent that we witness for Jesus, but witness when we should and in a manner pleasing to God. If we witness in a service humbly and in childlikeness, it feeds

and lifts and challenges the flock. But if we witness in a selfish way or in a belligerent manner, then it would not nurture the flock. It would take them into a desert place. So whether we witness in a grocery store, a filling station, at prayer meeting or a worship hour, it should be in a child-like way, in a rejoicing manner, in humility, in carefulness and caution.

To obey the Holy Spirit immediately when He speaks and leads and reveals is essential if one were ever to go this place of "A Heart Perfect Toward God." We are not to procrastinate or delay, but go quickly as the Holy Spirit would direct and lead. If He lays upon your heart to send a gift to the needy, do as He says. He spoke to my heart this morning to take finance which had been sent in and get it to the home of those in need. It is such a joy to be able to share when God directs, isn't it? Prayer and reading of the Word are also requirements in this life which longs to have a heart perfect toward God. Another step is to become like a child: not childish, but childlike. We must learn in our heart to submit and never do our own arranging, but let the Holy Spirit guide us and the Word of God direct us.

A great step on the way to the perfect heart is humility. That step has iron and strength in it, even while it is proceeding by brokenness and yieldedness to the lowest room, to the place that is ours as God's perfect gift. Wouldn't another step toward a heart perfect toward God, dear ones, be to trust in the Lord with all thine heart and not lean to thine own understanding? "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart..." Oh, to have Jesus in my heart and to trust God with all my heart: just to follow as God would lead and let the questions be answered as God would so design and direct.

Bending to the will of God by esteeming others better than ourselves is another step on the way to the heart perfect toward God. We consider ourselves the least of His followers, walking among men with careful movement and manner as we strive to enter into the Kingdom of God. If we were to dominate or to rule or to glorify self, we would be blind and unable to read the signs that lead to the perfect heart. God's Word is not revealed to that kind of a spirit which wants to dominate and rule, that wants to plan and be first in everything. Instead, we must submit, for submission is a great step on this way toward the heart perfect in God. I know as we sink into quiet submission to the circumstances and situations which surround us, a tenderness comes into the nature, assisting us on toward that perfect abiding. A gentleness and a sweetness come by the Holy Spirit as we obey and witness and read and pray that helps us on our way to a heart perfect toward God. And the soul who presses on this journey rests upon the promises of God, not looking to the battle and the storm, but keeping his eyes steadfastly upon the Son.

Of course, one of the next steps toward the heart perfect toward God could be a compassionate spirit--that longing to have understanding, which, by love, holds all things

together. Love draws us onward so we don't miss Highway Sixty-Six, which is the entire word of God. We take another step into the heart perfect toward God by not looking for the weaknesses of others or the faults of others, but looking only to Jesus Who is able to save us and make us to become like Himself. Anyone on this way is learning never to seek his own, but simply to mind the Holy Spirit. The individual along the way to the perfect heart makes no requirements. He doesn't say, "I want this" or "I want that." There is a tendency in man to want to make requests: "I would like for you to help me on this; I would like for you to give me this." Then there is something further within man that, when he is given wonderful things, unless God helps him, he lacks the appreciation that should be in the heart perfect toward God. Sometimes our hearts are such that the more we receive, the more we want. We must have brokenness and deep appreciation and thanksgiving and believe the best in order to walk in this path toward the heart perfect toward God. We must let Jesus have all pre-eminence, give God full dominance and allow the Holy Spirit to be in full charge. He must live in our heart and have all the rooms of it.

Anyone on the way toward a perfect heart detours prejudice and respect of persons. Among the things that try to sidetrack us from the route which leads to a heart perfect toward God are analyzation and suspicion. Those on the straight way are thinking how they can lift a waiter or waitress while they are taking the meal order; they are praying what they can do for the clerks to make their day brighter and easier. They are endeavoring to treat persons, as it were, like a king or a queen instead of forgetting they are very dear and just giving orders, not even looking at them, and not having appreciation for them. It's so easy for us to ignore those who serve us or those who are close to us, giving short and snappy answers and saying things which are not pleasant to hear.

This precious path toward God takes us upward. It leads through prayer and praise and adoration and petition and soul agony to rejoicing evermore, to giving thanks in everything, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. We step upward by doing the will of God with all of our strength, by loving God with all of our heart, by loving our neighbor as ourself. Joy accompanies us along this journey, for there is a well of water springing up into everlasting life. It's through the Holy Spirit alone anyone could be led to this place of a heart perfect toward God and loving one another as Jesus loves us. We are not adequate for this endeavor. It's not by any might of ours or by any power of ours that we could tell people how to proceed to a heart perfect toward God. It requires the Holy Spirit to renew and help you, to comfort you and strengthen you. He is the only one who can do it. We are not able to do this, but Jesus is able.

We want to thank the Lord that He is able to encourage you today as you read this letter and strengthen you so that you will be able to detour the pitfalls of the earth and

the love of the world and the things that look attractive that may keep us from this path to a heart perfect toward God. I don't profess to be able to know very much about this. Through the years I've not professed to be anyone who comes to fulfill certain scriptures. It is a tremendous assignment and a great thing that belongs only to God. We've never tried to make people think we are some high person or someone great, but we wanted to try to encourage people to do God's will and to obey the Holy Spirit. We don't ever want to be pointing to ourself, but we want, if we can by God's grace, always point to Jesus as the way, the truth and the light.

The other Sunday I suggested for our people that it would be good to write different ones to encourage them. One of our young people, Christopher Gregory, who is investing his summer in New York State working at a camp for disadvantaged youth, was on my heart. His experience in the Lord during our young people's meeting had been so precious and I suggested to our people that day that they write Christopher to encourage him. Well, I wrote and wanted to put a little finance in for him. As I was speaking to my secretary regarding the letter I said, "Kathleen, I don't know why, but I'm to send fourteen dollars. That is where the Holy Spirit witnesses to me." Christopher appreciated the letter so much and when he saw the check for fourteen dollars he said to himself, "This is something!" He had owed some little bills, and when he added them all up, they totaled fourteen dollars. We were very grateful for how the Lord had helped.

Michael and Karen Pierce were on my heart also, and when I wrote to them the Holy Spirit touched my heart to enclose eight dollars. When Nancy and Kathleen were talking with Karen the other day, she was so touched and thankful because of how the Lord had led. On their trip to Florida they had to pay for tire repair and some other expenses, which they put on a credit card. When the bill for \$118.00 arrived, Karen said that she just put it in a drawer and said, "Jesus, I need your help here." Later that week while attending services at Palm Beach Gardens, someone had it on their heart to give them one hundred dollars. Just a day or two later they received the balance from their checking account in Indiana, which was \$10.30. Then when they received my letter with the eight dollars, it was exactly the amount needed to complete the balance of what they owed on their charge account. Karen was overwhelmed and thankful for how God had answered this need, and we owe it all to Jesus, for it's through Him we will ever know again.

David and Kathryn Dunigan were visiting with us one Sunday, and in speaking with Kathryn recently she was under a marvelous anointing sharing an experience God gave her during one of the services. I asked her to call Kathleen and try to give her an account of that experience. It would be by the help of the Holy Spirit that she could be anywhere near the anointing God granted her when she told it to me, for it was most encouraging in the Holy Spirit: "As Rev. Helm was preaching he was talking about the sons of Jesse going

before the prophet, Samuel. He was standing rather off to the side, facing the right side of the church with his hand in his pocket. He was just standing there sharing when all of a sudden it appeared to me as if his age had gone, and I saw him as a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six. He was strikingly handsome and so tall. I've been privileged to be with Rev. and Mrs. Helm on a number of occasions, but I had never noticed his height before. I thought to myself, 'Why, he's tall. He's really tall!' He had such strength and determination. He looked like he could have been a success in any work he had set his mind to do. He could have been a lawyer, a doctor, a congressman, anything. But he gave up everything to just trust Jesus and do God's will.

'What did it take for him to do that?' I asked myself. 'How hard was it for him?' I couldn't quit thinking about it. 'How hard was it to just give up everything that man thought was successful and allow his life to appear like he had failed and was going to lose out, because he was just going by faith day by day?' With the determination I saw on his face, he could have done anything and been a success at it, but he simply died out and did God's will, and look how he is now. The enemy had been fighting me lately on how unsuccessful I have been. I thought, 'Isn't it great that God would show me how hard it was for Rev. Helm to give up everything and just do God's will.' I was so encouraged and said, 'Oh, Jesus, if You are telling me You want to give him back that kind of strength it would surely be wonderful. It would be great if You would restore his body to how he felt in his twenties.' Previous to the service I didn't want to go to church at all, and that isn't like me. I felt like if I went I was going to have to play the piano or stand up and speak and I said to myself, 'I can't do that.' But here God was just wanting to work in my heart! I'm so thankful I pressed through and went to church, for I wouldn't have wanted to miss this for anything.

David and I had not been in church for quite a long time and he loves to sing in the car. He loves to try to sing, "It Gets Sweeter As The Days Go By." He always says to me, 'I love it when Jack and Arlene (Wilson) sing that song.' He was already very encouraged by the whole service, but right at the last minute Rev. Helm said, 'Jack and Arlene, sing "It Gets Sweeter As The Days Go By.'" If you didn't know that David loved that song, you might have thought, 'Well, it's kind of late for a song.' But God had Jack, Arlene and Roger (whom David loves so much) sing that song just before dismissal! Here David got a desire that he didn't even know that he had."

One year ago on July 22-24, we began waiting upon the Lord at the Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati. We are thanking God for the help, the healing and blessing He granted us together during those days. Our prayer for all of us is to be faithful, to be tender; to be thoughtful of the orphans and the widows; to remember the called, the chosen and the elect. We pray that we will not press the

sinner or those who have not been converted, but that we would be very tender with them: not trying to bring anything upon them too quickly, but allowing the Holy Spirit to woo them and draw them. Praise the Lord that He is able to save and He is able to sanctify. He is able to cleanse us and make us to be victorious in order that there could be a work of God, an ingathering of souls, in Jesus' Holy Name and entirely for His sake.

We praise Him for what He's done, what He's doing and what He will do for you and for me. Thank you for your prayers and your sacrifice, your doing without at times to help those along the journey. We know that we're so unworthy, but we are grateful. We thank you for your response and for your supplication. Pray to know how to love your neighbor as yourself, how to look after the elderly, the poor and the needy, those in jails, those in the hospitals. "For I was in prison and ye visited me. I was sick and ye visited me." We want everyone to be encouraged and lifted, not accused or crushed or wounded. I need prayer constantly that I will be filled with love and with His presence and with wisdom and knowledge, for it's so easy to come short. It's by God's grace I can make it to Heaven. It's by His mercy I can miss all the pitfalls, that I could be cleansed constantly from all deceptions and wickedness and false things, unto holiness and purity and righteousness, that the Kingdom of God may come on earth as it is in Heaven.

We pray that you will be encouraged and strengthened and lifted, for He is able to heal your body now. He is able to take your pain and suffering, your infections and afflictions. I prayed with one yesterday and God revealed to me that their trouble was in the blood, and that their feeling of heaviness was because they were embracing a burden for people in institutions who were mentally ill. We wouldn't know anything again except by God's grace and mercy. We're not to seek revelations. We are to seek first the Kingdom of God, to love all people alike and see souls won to Jesus. I've seen so few souls find Christ, but we are thankful for each one. Unless we are obedient, we will not have a burden for the lost. We will not have a vision for God to lead and direct His body that souls may be saved and transformed by His grace and by His power.

Thank you for praying for our pilgrimage to Israel on the 29th of September, returning on the 7th of October. Your petitions are so needed that every traveler will be protected from all sickness, disease, accident, injury and will be granted a spirit of wisdom and grace: that each one will know how to conduct himself as a representative of Jesus at all times. Please pray that God could lead every service with such beauty that the Kingdom of God would come with power to help someone, lift someone, heal someone; that we might see someone saved and transformed or some believer cleansed. Pray that the Holy Spirit will have freedom; that our hearts will not be rigid, but pliable and bending to do God's will. Pray for the anointing and unction and the blessing of God. Please pray for much discernment, that we can learn as a group to

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be quiet and not ask so many questions, but listen and let the Holy Spirit give the answers as we cooperate together.

We are grateful for all of you on the mailing list and for all your prayers. We are thankful for all of you who have been praying about our need, which is great. Thank you. We are in debt to God for all your help and assistance. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A Servant of God,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

p.s. Dear ones, our need of finance has been rather great the last two to three months and we would be grateful for your prayers that God might lay it upon the hearts of His people to assist as God would lead.

We include the following letters for your encouragement, not because of anything in us, but everything in Jesus, to God's grace and glory. We give Him all the praise and honor, for we are only one of the least of His servants, having nothing in our hands to bring, but simply to Jesus Christ we cling.

Dear Brother Helm,

You'll never know how much your call and prayer meant to Gerri and I this morning.

This past Friday, three pastors surprised me by coming to my home to pray for my healing. I was able to share your ministry with them. Before they left I gave them each a copy of your book, "A Voice in the Wilderness." I don't know if you know them or not. They were Ralph Farmer, H.G. Kelly and Alvin Wilson, Jr. This was the first time I met Brother Kelly and Brother Wilson, and the last time I had seen Brother Farmer was in Africa 26 years ago.

We've shared your book in China to the American missionaries there; also in South America, Guyana, Curacao, Aruba, Dominican Republic, Nassau, Canada and in ten states here in the United States.

Your book has changed our lives. We'll never be the same. Thank you, Brother Helm, for not only a good book that teaches us how to live, but also living the example before our very eyes. We see and feel Jesus in you.

These books, "A Voice in the Wilderness," are changing ministers all over the world! We have had reports where this book is doing in their lives the same as it has done in our lives.

Yours for souls,  
Don Powell

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Dear Rev. Helm,

I just finished your newsletter dated July 7th. The Lord touched my heart several times throughout the letter--tears streamed down my cheeks as I was touched. It is great to hear

how God is working to uplift, encourage and heal His people. I was in the service that the Lord led you to love Jack Rinchich, 1976. I'll never forget your loving him on that little stage on Charles Avenue. I was only ten years old, but I remember feeling the Holy Spirit in that old warehouse as you loved him.

I am thankful God has led you, because of your obeying and Pastor Hogue obeying the Holy Spirit I have my dear husband, a beautiful son, and I'm living where God wants me to live. There are battles, but encouragements come too. Praise the Lord. I love you and your wife very much and I'm praying for you.

Love,  
Toni Hogue

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Praise the Holy Spirit. On July 16th you suggested that I read the July 7th newsletter to our congregation in the Sunday morning worship service. You told me that if I had a message burning on my heart, to go ahead with the message; if not, possibly I could read the most recent newsletter to the congregation. Oliver has taught me that it pays to heed your suggestions. I have great respect for you and your words, so I attempted to read to the congregation at your suggestion.

As you are much aware, it is difficult to read anything that has much length to it, even scripture, and at the same time, keep the concentration of the listeners. Yet, as I began to read, the Holy Spirit began to work. The more I read, the greater the help. Your faithfulness to obey the Holy Spirit concerning Naomi's eight dollars stirred faith among our people, that once again verified God among men. How the Lord led you to give to Jack Rinchich at the midnight hour gave our people a sudden surge of belief. When I finished reading, we started to sing a hymn. Different ones began to respond by coming to the altar to pray. Now this is not at the end of the service, this is immedi-

ately after reading the newsletter. People were helped, convicted, blessed, reassured, challenged and changed.

We have seen it over and over, by one man's obedience, many can be made righteous. I am trusting that the individuals helped will each tell you their own experience. May God help you as you suggest to us the Holy Spirit's promptings in your heart. I desperately need to hear what God tells you. Heartfelt love to you and Mother.

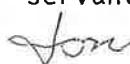
Faithfully,  
Thomas England

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"A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS"

Thank you for your reports on how God is helping you as you read and share "A Voice in the Wilderness." We include just one brief letter to God's glory and honor.

"I wanted to share with you how much fun I am having reading the "Voice in the Wilderness" once again. I think this is about my 15th time through. When I came to the chapter of "Childlike Faith" and read where Loran had opened the barn and was surprised by the pony Queen, I enjoyed the experience myself with tears of joy as if it were happening to me. That's never happened before while reading that chapter. Holy Spirit filled books contain uplifting surprises that never end. It's great!"

Isn't it exhilarating to know that the Holy Spirit is working through our feeble endeavors to distribute this humble pilgrimage? I am excited, but also awed. We look forward to hearing how God is helping you as you humbly strive to share a copies of "A Voice in the Wilderness."

Your servant in Christ,  
  
Jon L. Cullum

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

August 9, 1989

Dear ones in the Lord Jesus Christ,

We thank our Heavenly Father for the precious blood of Jesus which was spilled on the cross of calvary that we could be saved from our sins and, by God's grace, be transformed to become new creatures in Christ Jesus. It's by the mercies of God we are saved. It's by His grace and by His help and by His power that we can make it all the way to heaven's glory.

As we began the service in Parker City last Sunday, it was a time of pressing, for the enemy was battling. But the Lord was merciful as we were led to share one scripture after another. Then the Lord witnessed in my heart that the McAdams daughters were to sing the second number on their list. Since Lee Ann and Kent were away for a few days of much needed and greatly deserved rest, this left the trio without their lead soprano and their regular pianist (although all the daughters play the piano beautifully). But in spite of Lee Ann's absence, the Holy Spirit touched my heart that number two would be in order for Lynn Marie and Lydia Kay to sing. So these lovely daughters came forward and began to sing: "Rejoice ye pure in heart; rejoice, give thanks and sing!" We were amazed, for God so anointed the song and these two daughters that you could scarcely believe that one voice was absent. The music simply filled the sanctuary in power. When I talked to Lynn Marie a couple of days ago she said, "You know, after the Lord leads and anoints a song like this, you scarcely want to sing any more unless God witnesses and guides again." My heart was so blessed and lifted. Many of our people were helped as well. Our secretary, Kathleen, told me she fed on that moment all afternoon. We were thankful for each testimony, each witness, each prayer. After so long a time the Lord revealed to me about suffering and pain in the body, and I had a little prayer in Jesus' Name. In just a little bit Lydia Kay stood and said, "I was just healed." Jesus revealed about her need and then healed her. We want to thank Jesus for each guidance and blessing and direction in His presence and power and love.

Sister Audra, who is very gifted in Christ, then stood to speak. This was only her second time to testify. She shared with us that coming to church a week ago, while driving east on Highway 32, she passed a man walking along the road. He had a beard and was not dressed very well, but as she passed him the Holy Spirit said, "You are going to church in comfort, but this man needs help." So she turned the car around and went back. Now she is a person very much like my wife who would never on her own pick up people along the road like that. I don't either, because it can be very dangerous. But she told us that she was so impressed by the Holy Spirit to pick up this young man in her car, that she was not afraid when he got in. She learned that he had been in Florida and had loaned his car to his friends. For some reason they had become so upset with him that

they put his car in one of those crushing machines in a wrecking yard, so he had no vehicle to travel in. He had been on the highway trying to make his way to his mother's near Selma, Indiana. He had not had a bath for a few days and probably was somewhat hungry. Here was a man who had been hurt and disappointed, who was bitter and crushed.

Audra told us, "I talked to his mother once or twice during the week and learned that he had only the clothes that he was wearing, nothing else." When Audra told some friends about this man, they said, "We'll get some clothes for him." Then she explained that she owned a car which she didn't need and had loaned it to some people she thought might need it, but they had not used it. So she called them and asked, "If you do not need this car, there is a man who is in need of one because his car has been taken from him and destroyed, if that is alright?" So she was able to get her old car for this young man to use. It was a marvelous experience how God led this wonderful daughter in Jesus to have such courage to stop for a stranger while coming to church, take him to his mother's home, then provide this precious one with clothing and a car to drive. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It was a wonderful experience in following Jesus. The service was simply so precious and God was so dear.

At this time in 1966 we were in Salina, Kansas, with Mary Webster and Dr. E. Stanley Jones in a Christian Ashram. God led me so marvelously during those days and performed miraculous healings for His grace and glory. The gentleman who was responsible for getting me to this sacred appointment was Loren Dyke, whom we found because Jesus led me in 1951 to stop at the home of the Clines in Selma to have prayer. For thirteen years I would go back every three to six months and share with them of God's guidance and Jesus' leading: about souls being saved, believers being cleansed, the Holy Spirit working, healing and directing; whatever the Lord would have me to share with them. They then shared this with their son-in-law who was a Methodist minister in Evansville. This built up his faith so that he called us to come to his church for revival. There were fifty-five on the official board and when he brought it up before them they said, "If that is what you want, then that is just fine." One man in the church had prayed for revival there for thirty-five years. He was a very dedicated saint, a very precious, humble follower of Jesus. Through that guidance and blessing, Asbury Methodist Church opened up, and God gave us a wonderful revival there with dear ones finding Jesus as their personal Savior, even young people who had never known Christ and whose parents were in prison. They were at the altar weeping and making their way to Jesus as the Lord helped and guided. Through that guidance He led us to Loren Dyke, which then led us on to Kansas twenty-three years ago.

The Lord was marvelously working to lead us there to Dr. Andrew Simpson. Dr. Simpson was a presiding elder over several congregations in the African Methodist Episcopal Church and had always longed to go to Israel. Years following that leading in Salina, God witnessed that Barry Doss should go to Sterling College. Now I hadn't heard of Sterling College before, but as I went through the list of colleges which Barry had given me, the Holy Spirit witnessed to my heart on this institution. And Barry, a precious, shy, dear one of Jesus, went out to Sterling, Kansas, to attend college. It was through Barry's finding Don Litchfield that led us again to Dr. Simpson years later, and our acquaintance was renewed. We became so close and dear to each other and the Lord laid it upon my heart to take him to Israel. So all of you on the mailing list who have supported this ministry helped us to take Dr. Simpson to Israel at that time. For fifty years he had longed to make this pilgrimage. His wife told me it was one of the most wonderful experiences of his life, and I believe he also declared to me that the trip to Israel was one of the most wonderful times of his ministry and of his life's experience following conversion. It was a beautiful experience of His direction and leadership, which, through Christ working, fulfilled the longing of Brother Simpson's heart. We rejoice in how God guided and directed, how He led as we look back on those days in 1966 in the month of August when persons were healed and miracles took place, in Jesus' Name.

We recently became acquainted with the Wootton family. They are so gifted in the Lord and so blessed in Jesus that I felt impressed to call Brother and Sister Worley near Vienna, Virginia. I shared with them that I would like for them to get together with Gregory and Beverly Wootton and fellowship with them while they were at her parents' home in Maryland, which is about seventy-some miles from where the Worleys live. It was so in my thinking that if I were able to get them together, their fellowship would be so sweet and helpful and blessed of Jesus, for Beverly and Joan are a little like one another: they resemble one another a little physically, their manner is similar, their dedication is deep in Christ, the beauty of God working in them is so dear in His holy light. I knew it would be very encouraging to the children likewise. I was telling Clayburn and Joan on Monday about this precious family. Gregory Wootton is an American-born Jew who was converted in a Kibbutz in Israel years ago. He was reading about Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus (where I have been privileged to be twice). While he was reading about this wonderful light coming down and Jesus saving Saul on the way, changing his life completely, making him to become a new creature, Gregory Wootton was saved. This beautiful Jewish man was converted and transformed and found Jesus! He and his wife then began to minister in the land of Israel, then traveled to other parts of the world to try to lead men and women to Jesus. He has been through China, Australia, and a few countries besides Israel and the United States. He is being a witness for Christ and pointing to Jesus, to God, to the

Mighty One of Israel. So I felt that by the Worleys and them being together, it would be such a rich and encouraging fellowship. We were so happy on our phone conversation that Brother Clayburn said to me twice, "You will never know what this call today has meant to us here." So, you see, God was blessing us and blessing them, encouraging us and encouraging them. I suggested to the Worleys to request that Gregory, Beverly and the children sing a number of the songs Gregory has written in Hebrew. Even though he was three years learning to tune his instrument (as he told us the other Sunday night) God has helped him in his music. The Lord has blessed them in these songs of the scripture and the Old Testament writings. So we pray for their protection, their being provided for, that the Lord would take care. We thank the Lord for making this precious family a blessing. Praise the Lord.

Yesterday morning, the eighth of August, I called Kim and Janice Gilbert to have Janice come by to take care of something for my wife. When I started talking with Kim he said, "Eighteen years ago today I found Jesus." Jesus transformed him and took him from drugs into the light of Christ and made him a new creature. We had such great fellowship at the hotel in LaPorte that night eighteen years ago when he stood to praise the Lord hours after he had given his heart to Jesus. Here this new convert and I were having fellowship in the Holy Ghost. The fellowship would go from heart to heart. When the service ended I began to share with him. He said, "Oh, tell me more." I would share more about how he could read the Word, how he could witness and pray and so on. I began to share with him different things and he said, "Oh, please share with me more." It was a dear time. He said to me yesterday morning as we talked that hour and eight minutes, "You were so tender with me, so gentle and so kind, and I was so happy." I remember that we had such a precious time with this new convert. It would be difficult to describe to anyone the closeness in Christ, and how the Holy Spirit helped us together since he was reborn. The fellowship was so rich and so sweet and deep and dear and real. We had a hallelujah time as we reviewed the different experiences for an hour and some minutes on the phone.

Then I asked Kim for the number of Timothy and Ruth Walker and he gave it to me. I called them, not remembering until I heard Timothy's voice that this was his day off. I was so delighted that Timothy was there so I could talk to him and to Ruth, for she had just given birth to a precious baby girl a few days ago. She got on the phone with Timothy and we began sharing about how God revealed their marriage and how He has blessed in these years. The time has gone so quickly and they have been so helped and strengthened. They have been like lights and such an assistance to all of us in the church. She said, "You know, I've missed being able to go to church this last week or two," so God gave us a meeting on the phone from about eight minutes to nine until eighteen minutes after ten. The time went so fast that it seemed to me like it was just a

few minutes. It was so real in the Kingdom of the Lord. Oh, it was so precious! I wish I could share with you how wonderful it actually was.

Afterwards I called Kathleen at the office and she shared with me how Rev. Bullis had called Charles Henry to take their daughter, Glenda, to Indianapolis in order to meet a man and his wife from whom she was obtaining some exercise equipment. I called Jonathan to go with Charles, and Jonathan had just come in to the house and was leaving to go somewhere else. I caught him just exactly right, and he dropped his plans and went with Charles to take Glenda to Indianapolis. They all had such wonderful fellowship together coming and going. We had them take the van and they were able to bring back the equipment and set it up for Glenda the same day. Charles told me that he couldn't have lifted the equipment without Jonathan. They had such wonderful fellowship with the people they met in Indianapolis. It was just all timed in the Lord. What if I had failed that little leading there? I could have, you know, because I hadn't rested too many hours during the night and had already been on the phone for going on three hours. But when I called Kathleen and learned about this need, the Lord helped me to know what to do. I will never know again except God lead me or allow me. It was a dear and marvelous experience. We can't explain to you how precious it was. Jesus just blessed in a measure of His grace.

Last Sunday afternoon I said to my wife, "Honey, I have had it on my heart to get with Michael and Janice Parker this afternoon." The Parkers have lived in this community for several years and have been such a help and assistance to us and to others. I had thought in times past that Michael and Janice could possibly be with my wife and me somewhere, sometime, but it's never come to pass. Now my wife has had special problems with her hearing. When you don't hear out of one ear well and you have trouble in the other ear, you often miss two or three words in a sentence when someone is speaking. It is very difficult on the nervous system not to be able to hear what is being said. It is not an easy assignment to be with a group and not know what they are saying. Therefore I wanted to be sure it was alright with my sweetheart and asked, "Do you think it would be alright, because it's on my heart this afternoon?" My wife replied, "Certainly, it would be fine." When Michael answered the phone I said, "It's on my heart so strong that we be with you and Janice this afternoon and evening." He said, "Oh, Brother Helm, that is wonderful." After we had talked a little bit he asked, "Do you know what today is?" I replied, "What do you mean?" He said, "Today is my wife's birthday!" I was amazed! "Michael!" I exclaimed. "Of all the weeks and months in these last two to three years that I had a desire to be with you that the Lord would have me to call on her birthday! Oh, this is so precious!"

Well, the Parkers have a lovely little daughter, Mary, and I said, "I'll call Jewell and Robert (our nephew and his wife who are

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like a son and daughter to us) and see if they can keep Mary." When I called Jewell, she said, "Oh, Uncle Loran, our Jenni loves Mary!" It was so precious to hear that. Then I called the Parkers back and told them that our loved ones would keep their daughter while we were together for the next three to four hours. While talking to Jewell again I asked, "Do you happen to have a birthday card?" In a while she brought over a beautiful large birthday card wrapped in cellophane. I looked at it and appreciated it, but the Lord helped me to know it wasn't quite the right card. "Do you have any other birthday cards, Jewell?" I inquired. "Yes," she answered, "I have four boxes of birthday cards." I said, "Would it be asking too much for you to go back home and bring them over?" She replied, "I would be happy to do that."

So she went out to her car, returned home and came back with the cards. I was looking out the bathroom window as she pulled up outside. When she got out she had four boxes stacked in her arms. I asked, "Lord, is Janice's card in the first box, the second box or the third." The Holy Spirit operated in my heart that it was in the third box. When Jewell came in I said, "Daughter, Jesus tells me that Janice's card is in the third box." I took out these fifteen to twenty-five cards and started going through them. They were all the same on the outside, but there were different writings on the inside. When I came to the fifth card I said, "Here is her card." This is what it said: "God give you gentle blessings and contentment." Gentle blessings are tender and kind. They are sweet as honey and soft as marshmallow. When I talked with Janice she said, "That's what I have prayed for for so long." Now isn't that something? I thought that was so tremendous, because of all the birthday cards, I have never heard anything quite like "gentle blessings and contentment." Of course, every person and every family faces certain hard situations in this life. It is just unavoidable. But this phrase had a special meaning for Janice because her husband had been without work since May. His employer had suddenly taken his excellent sales position from him. Michael is such a qualified man and had done so well that he probably was one of the top salesmen in the company. But because he had done so well, they decided to eliminate his position so they wouldn't have to pay him. To be without income and to have contentment is a wonderful help and gift of God.

The next line of that birthday card read: "Hours of your favorite things that bring you pleasure; moments you remember for a lifetime; a sun-touched shining day you'll always treasure." And that was her birthday card that Jesus selected for her in the third box, the fifth one down from the top. As I've shared this with different ones they have said, "Oh, it seems like that birthday card was written just for this beautiful, pure woman who is so dedicated and loving and following Jesus." She is such a helpmate to her husband and a mother to her children. How great is the Lord to give us help from on high like this, to grant us this guidance and blessing? The time we had together with

Michael and Janice was so precious and the Lord blessed us in such a wonderful measure that we don't know how to explain to you how it was. We give all praise and glory to God for this.

As I was meditating and praying this morning, the scripture that was on my heart is found in the third chapter of Second Timothy: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." God revealed to the Apostle Paul that in the last days there would be perilous times, evil times, upheavals and conflicts, wars and turmoil, difficulties in families, in churches, in schools, in businesses, in governments. "For men shall be lovers of their own selves..." There is such a self-centeredness and pride in humanity. Men and women love themselves and are thinking primarily of their own interests. But Jesus said that if we were going to follow Him we must deny self and take up our cross and let the self in us be crucified. Unless this self is crucified on the cross, we would dominate and make the plans and bring distress and disappointment on not only our own life, but to all those about us.

The scripture also says that men shall be "covetous." They will desire earthly things and not be satisfied once they obtain them. They will want another home, another car, other gifts, other wisdom. They are covetous of other people's possessions. Of course, this is a spirit of the last time and age. Then it says, "boasters," which mean persons who think they can be things and accomplish things. Of course, it's very easy for self to boast. We should never boast in ourself. We should always give God the praise and glory for what He's done and what He will do. There is a tendency to say, "Look at what we've accomplished." We can really do nothing except the Holy Spirit lead it. Men will be "proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents." If there ever was a time in the last hundreds of years where there has been a great wave of disobedience to parents, it is now in these last few years. This means being resentful and rebellious, haughty and high-minded. A tremendous surge of disobedience has risen to oppose parents. It is throughout the country and throughout the nations.

Then it says, "unthankful." Unless God helps us, when someone gives us something, we will hardly say, "Thank you." We will lose the spirit of appreciation and gratitude. I learned of one dear daughter who was such a help to a family. She drove sixty miles a day to help them, work with them and nurse them. She would mow the yard and work in the kitchen. The man was an invalid and when she would get things for him he would never say, "Thank you." Finally the mother came sometime later and asked, "Won't you say, 'Thank you?'" He answered, "Thanks," but it was rather short and sharp. We can become like that unless we remain little and low, obeying the Holy Spirit faithfully.

God in His Word says that persons will be "unholy, without natural affection." That is the opposite of being holy. There is so much uncleanness in society--terrible, hidden

evils and deception. He said that during the times of the last days people are going to be without natural affection: that is, men will have unholy desires for men, women will have unholy desires for women. It is God's plan that a man chooses God's choice for His wife, then loves her, talks with her, listens to her, is tender and gentle with her. He knows how to woo her and how to bring her to fruition. But in the last days the times will be perilous and many will be deceived by unnatural affection. A great spirit of this deceit has been loosed now upon the earth, a spirit that was prophesied by scripture. If any man or woman desires a person other than his or her own companion, it creates a grievous heartache and leads only to problems. When women or men are without natural affection, they don't love the opposite sex in a holy way, and this is a danger to the foundation of society.

Tragically, those who have this spirit often don't realize it. Even when they are told, they sometimes don't recognize the awful darkness of this power. Whenever a husband cannot treasure his wife and lose his life for her as Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it; whenever a wife cannot desire her husband and find her joy in strengthening him and obeying him as God's Word teaches, then the center of that home is "without natural affection." Without a holy, passionate, caring love that is ever growing between husband and wife, it is possible for the children to be wounded or scarred. This unholy spirit can go into them. Persons with this weakness must be very careful, because they will cause others to fall. One must instantly flee from this great and terrible power of darkness. By God's mercy, Jesus is the answer to all our needs as we obey the Holy Spirit faithfully and cleave to that which is holy according to God's Word.

Paul prophesies that in the last days men and women, boys and girls, will be "...truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors..." Whenever you strive to walk with the Lord, it creates a lot of upheaval in carnal hearts. People may be one way in public, but another way in private. Most all people want their own way, make their own plans and do as they please. The husband doesn't share with his wife or the wife doesn't share with her husband. They have conflicts. Soon they have broken hearts, a broken home, and then divorce, which should never be.

Unless God helps us, we will be "...traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." There is such a spirit that loves the pleasures of this world, the things of this world, the entertainments of this world. The lovers of pleasures are going by the thousands and by the millions to events and activities that satisfy the fleshly nature. But very few are willing to leave all to follow Jesus, to pray and be obedient. I, myself, have to press to prayer, press to be faithful in the Word. This love of pleasure is a terrible thing. It's taken the age. People go to sporting events through snow and ice, but the same

snow and ice become an excuse to be absent from prayer service or a time of worship.

Verse five continues: "Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." How this scripture applies to our age. People are ever learning, they are getting more education, are receiving more and more information by radio and television, and yet the sins go right on and are increasing: without natural affection; drunkenness and drugs; divorce and conflicts; upheavals in the home, in the church, in the government, in the school. It is such a great responsibility on ministers and teachers to be pure and holy. If a person isn't pure and holy, it grieves the Holy Spirit. We need God so desperately to do as He would lead us to do. How we need to encourage one another to be all Jesus would have us to be; not be deceptive, but be faithful to be what the Lord would call us to do--to be obedient in His Kingdom, to be winners of souls--that the church might become a sanctified body, that we may become one as God and Jesus are one. It is so urgent and imperative. These signs are in evidence in these last years, in this day and time.

Included are portions of four letters which we received, and which we share with you giving God all glory and Jesus all honor. The first letter was written one to two years ago and was not sent until just recently.

Dear Brother Helm,

My heart is so full it is overflowing and it is all because of your obedience to our great and wonderful Lord! May I share with you some of the revelations and encouragements God has given to me on my first pilgrimage to our Lord's holy grounds? I would not have been here if it were not for a precious sister in our congregation who felt impressed to finance my way. I am so indebted, and so thankful! Praise You, Lord!

It had always been my heart's desire to someday take an airplane trip, even if it was just from one city to the next...how would I ever dare dream I would fly halfway around the world?! How blessed I am! While on this glorious new adventure, the Lord gave me a wonderful revelation. When we left New York the weather was cold and stormy; the clouds dark and threatening. The rain caused our faces to turn downward. We could not see a trace of the sun. But (I praise God for this) as we lifted off and made our path straight, we soon burst through the storm into the wonder of the sunlight. Isn't that just like God? How good He is! When the storms of life beset us, if we will just keep our path straight toward the Son, we will soon pass through the storm and be in the light of His love. We need to remember, the Son is the One Who is always shining. Such a wonderful revelation!

...One day in our hotel I passed your brother, Edward, and he called me by name! I

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thought, "Who am I that he would know my name?" I felt speechless and humbled. It was thrilling, and as I continued walking a greater thrill occurred when I realized that Jesus, the Christ, knows my name too! My pastor, James Wright, shared in detail the witness you have received at various places we toured. The insight was tremendous. Thank you for allowing us to share in what God has given you. The Via Dolorosa came alive as we walked the winding road. I was there...I could see Him pass before me. He looked so tired, so weak, so strained. I wept as I saw Him. He paused and said to me, "Woman, do not weep." I felt the agony of the day. Oh, how I love Him! How my heart ached for Him. As we reached the tomb, God showed me that He was not there. I knew that, of course, but when He really showed me, it was as if my heart would burst. I wanted to run to everyone, declaring the good news! He is not dead--He is alive!

The part of the trip I wanted to share with you most--my reason for being there, is Magda Brock. One morning I was a little late for breakfast so that all the tables were full in the dining hall. I was wondering where I was going to sit when I noticed a little lady sitting alone at a table in the corner. I approached and asked permission to join her. When she agreed, the Holy Spirit took over. A tremendous fellowship was formed between a Jew and a Christian. We became immediate friends. Magda was traveling alone and hungered for fellowship. Jesus allowed me to be her friend. After that morning throughout the rest of our trip, I spent all my extra time with her. We were truly thrilled with one another.

Magda is Hungarian. She, her husband and five-year-old son escaped the holocaust by fleeing on foot to Austria. Prior to their escape, Magda's husband was a dentist and Magda was a famous singer. Her face was so recognizable in Hungary that hiding was difficult for them. One day the Germans came to a boy's school near where Magda lived. They made the boys dig a grave, shot them and shoved their bodies into the grave. One of the boys was her nephew. Magda and her husband knew the danger was too close and fled. They left all of their possessions, affluence and wealth. Soon afterward they received word that all their families had been murdered. No one was left. She shared so much with me. I was so unworthy to be allowed to share her history. Such a life. I am so thankful that Jesus helped me to be sensitive to her loneliness. Her husband of fifty years had recently passed away. They had planned for years to see the Holy Land, so now she was there alone. I'm sure Magda was not a religious Jew, but she knew He had touched our friendship. She asked many questions about our fellowship (Revival For Our Day) and our Lord. One night she attended a meeting with me for a short time. She was very timid about what was happening. She had never seen such a meeting before. One remarkable thing about it was that you had just cautioned us to be quiet because we may never know who might slip in to our meeting. Minutes later Magda joined us. You were so sensitive to the Spirit that you knew,

without knowing, about Magda. Praise God, this is so good!

Then on Sunday night (the last meeting in Jerusalem) I was walking through the lobby when I noticed Daniel and Jenny Light. The Holy Spirit prompted me to share about Magda with them, but in my heart I said, "Oh, no, Lord, I can't talk to them. They are too important. They don't have time for me. They don't know me." Then again the Holy Spirit said, "Go." I said, "Oh, Lord, I wouldn't even know how to start." Then He said, "Child, if you will walk over to them I will give you the words." So, completely by faith, I walked over to them...and, of course, as promised, the Lord took over. It was as if I had known and loved them always! Even more, it was as if they had known and loved me! Me! Jesus is so good! I am so thankful. After that Jenny was able to help me minister to Magda. That night was the meeting Magda made her surprise visit. Jenny saw her standing at the door looking for me and knew in her heart it was Magda. Magda was surprised that Jenny knew her name! Their fellowship was so sweet. Isn't that wonderful?! Before Magda left, she told me she loved me and that she had never experienced such love as she did from all of us. She said she didn't know how she would have made it through the week without our fellowship. Well, praise God! Now Magda and I correspond often. She lives in Montreal, Canada. So you see what your obedience has allowed. I thank my God for you. I tried to follow your example, not preach, but love and share softly. Forgive me if I seem to ramble on. My heart is so full!

I once saw you (kneel) on the floor in humility when someone told you how God had used you in their life. I understand that feeling and I'm overwhelmed. I love you, pastor.

Suzi Whaples  
Maranatha Fellowship

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Dear Rev. Helm,

Pastor Daniel Jones and his wife, Beverly, went with Sara and me to a restaurant. We had a special experience there that I thought you would appreciate. Daniel and Beverly recognized our waitress as someone who had served them before. They commented on her sweet spirit, which was quite observable to us. As Sara prayed over the meal she prayed for this waitress whose name was Elizabeth. Elizabeth happened to return to our table just as Sara finished her prayer and was praying for her. As we raised our heads from prayer, Elizabeth's response was, "Oh, I pray all the time." We, of course, knew then that she was a believer and began to experience fellowship with her.

After we finished our meal, Daniel and I went to pay our bill and when we returned to our table we found Elizabeth sitting at the table talking away to our wives. When we joined the conversation we learned that she was relating to Sara and Beverly what is involved in waiting upon Christian people in restaurants. Everything she said confirmed

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perfectly all that you've taught us about establishing our witness in restaurants. She urged us to specifically instruct our congregation in how to treat waitresses in such a manner that leaves a Christian witness, rather than hinders it. She told us that as a Christian, she sometimes has other waitresses give her a hard time over the fact that some of the hardest customers to wait on are Christians. Elizabeth said that the sad thing about it is that such is often the case. She therefore does not know how to defend her fellow Christians. She said Christians are often the poorest of tippers. She said that Christians have the opportunity to not only remove all these hindrances to their witness, but also to become very effective witnesses. The way they can do this, she said, is to consciously and purposely treat the waitresses with kindness and respect. They can also do this by purposely trying to be helpful to the waitress.

I thought it was amazing that everything she said confirmed perfectly all that the Lord has had you teach us in this specific area. I thought you might be encouraged by this. We are praying for you and your staff, as well as for those ministers who join your staff for prayer in Parker. I try to cheer my pastor on about his coming there every Wednesday. I write Oliver occasionally expressing my appreciation to him for his key obedience. May the Lord bless and fortify you in every way.

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Most respectfully,  
Paul Spasic

Dear Rev. and Mrs. Helm,

Praise the Lord! While reading your newsletter of July 7th, Jesus did a wonderful thing for me. Right before I began reading the sentence where Jesus revealed to you about someone having stomach trouble--I was having stomach trouble, and it was going into the bowel also. I'm sure my eyes must have been amazed to what I was reading. Jesus took all of that discomfort and pain away immediately. I've been trying to give Jesus the glory and honor for doing this for me. Please forgive me for not writing sooner. I've been going to Scott Depot for over ten years now. Praise God!!!

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I love you TWO,  
Ann Lester

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Dear Dr. Helm,

Your last newsletter I guess was one of the best I've ever read. I just was so comforted by it. I nestled in the tenderness of the Spirit of Jesus that was throughout.

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A remarkable thing happened this week. I had lost my purse two years ago in Michigan while on my way to meetings there with you. I think I left it on top of our car at a rest stop. We had to stop payment on our checks, Visa and Owl cards of course. Yesterday, my purse arrived United Parcel Service from Michigan from some lady in Kalamazoo. It had my twenty-seven dollars in cash, checkbooks, Visa--everything as far as I can tell--just

like it was when I lost it. Also some pictures I treasure. Praise God! That was a wonderful summer!

I love you and Florence,  
Esther (Morey)

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A report from Barbara Hogue as shared with Kathleen: "Last Thursday, August 10th, Oliver and Naomi and I were driving back to Scott Depot after a lovely vacation in Williamsburg. About an hour from home, I began to play a tape of the July 9th Parker City Christ Fellowship Sunday morning service in which Dr. Helm was speaking.

Our vacation was a beautiful one, filled with days of leisure, a little sightseeing, shopping, and eating in lovely restaurants. But in all of those days I did not receive the joy, the spiritual refreshment and rest that I experienced during the brief time that I listened to Dr. Helm's sharing as the Lord worked with him and led him in that service.

Oliver and Naomi experienced the same thing as they listened, and Oliver was especially helped as the Lord operated in his heart several times. I praise the Lord for His great love and help in giving perfect rest to us as He worked through Dr. Helm to lift us in our spirits."

Thank you for praying for my wife and me, for holding on and fasting for us. The finances have been difficult. We trust the Lord to lay it upon your heart to pray about this. There are numbers of you (nearly half of our mailing list) we don't hear from, so we just pray God will lay it upon peoples' hearts to pray for our need. I know I need more of His love, more of His wisdom. I would like to see more souls saved, believers cleansed and filled with the Holy Spirit, God's Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven. We know it's by God's grace we can make it through all the areas of this struggle, trial and battle we are in. When one reaches our age, the enemy seems to fight severely in certain ways. Aunt Maddie Holdren told me after she had walked with God fifty-some years that she never dreamed the devil would fight her so severely. I didn't understand what she meant when she told me that in 1941, even though I had been in many churches and in many church services. I didn't know that when you walked with God fifty-some years that the enemy battles, accuses and places you into areas that you never dreamed of and never thought possible. But the Lord is able to sustain us and deliver us. We thank you for your prayers, for your help and sacrifice. We are most unworthy but grateful for all those who have carried the burden. In Jesus' holy Name, we thank you.

We would be so thankful if you could send the final payment for the Israel journey in to Tina Brazil. It is due no later than August 29th, and she really needs it. We are trusting for protection going on the 29th of September and landing on the 30th, returning on October 7th. It is necessary for a group to depart on the 28th and return on the 8th,

so we want to pray for traveling mercy, blessing, help and direction for them on their flights as well. We praise the Lord for granting us good to excellent flights, for taking care and protecting us as we travel on buses, in taxis, as we walk, as we eat, as we sleep, as we are in meetings. His continual abiding is so needed. Without the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the revelation and direction of Jesus, it is emptiness. But when the Lord leads, it is such a privilege. It is such a high honor to have Jesus, the Christ, guide and direct in the services by the Holy Spirit. After each meeting in Tiberias and in Jerusalem last October I would think, "Only God could ever give us another service like tonight. How could it ever be? Only God could do this!" And He did it night after night. We want to thank God in Jesus' Name for how He helped us in every area. We praise Him for it and give Him all the glory and all the honor.

There are seven seats left if God would permit or allow and if you have the money you may go.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W Helm*

Loran W. Helm

p.s. The new laws require that all persons traveling on international flights must give the airline they are traveling on their passport information before their trip. Tina therefore needs this information as soon as possible for those going to Israel on September 29th. If you have not already given your church or fellowship this information, please call Tina directly at 317/842-5906. She needs your passport number, place of issue and birth date. Thank you for your immediate attention to this.

I would also like to share something that is on my heart concerning Kathleen and Vera at our office. Please do not call them at the office if you just want to visit and share with them. They are a great encouragement, but please call them at home rather than at the office unless you have an emergency or request. Let it be that you will just pray and not call, because if they are on the phone too much, they don't have time to do the various things needed. They want to help everyone, but I would like to request this if I may. I would be appreciative if you could keep this in mind. Also pray that the Lord will give strength to Kathleen and Vera, because they need help. They carry so many burdens of the people, that unless you are specially led of the Spirit to share, it would be better to trust and pray. Now if you are led of the Holy Spirit, that is a different situation. I would be thankful, for they would then have a little more time to do what is needed for Jesus. Thank you for this consideration and care, this help and thoughtfulness.

Reports on your sharing "A Voice in the Wilderness."

"I am grateful for your help in sending 'Voice' to (a friend). It's been on my mind by way of my heart for about two years. I rejoice that God's timing, as usual, seems to be perfect. God's servant's pilgrimage does not grow old in it's reading. It seems to grow in it's power, sweetness, and relevance. Praying for Brother Helm that he may be lifted in body and spirit...and that God would delight him with His marvelous kingdom...more in this day than ever before!"

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"Dear Evangel Voice, thanks for the books! I've been privileged to give some away and am waiting on God for the others. The book has come at exactly the right time. After seventeen years of walking with the Lord, He is causing--calling--us to walk in a deeper way. The only way I can describe this is excruciating joy. The book is confirming much that God has been speaking and opening in a vision far beyond. I praise God for His faithfulness.

You asked me how I 'discovered' the book. A friend loaned it to me. He attended a church in Michigan for some time. The pastor of that church knows Rev. Helm and was taught by him." (This person in Colorado was affected by a precious one who shared the book in Michigan.)

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"I do want to report these encouraging words regarding my placings of *A Voice in the Wilderness*. After several weeks of negotiating, we have been able to place one in the doctor's office. More recently we gave a copy to the assistant principal of the local Junior-Senior High School and his wife. She started reading the book and could hardly lay it down. As soon as they had finished read-

ing it, they ordered a copy for each of their four children with instructions to read it. They also ordered one for their pastor. Two of the children were so impressed that they would like to meet Brother Helm."

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"I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the book you gave me, *A Voice in the Wilderness*. It has given me many hours of pleasure and inspiration. I have read parts of it several times. I also have loaned it to several of my friends who have also enjoyed it. I plan to loan it to my two sisters who live in Mississippi when I visit them next year. So you see, your gift has been a book that just keeps on giving. Thank you so much."

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We are so grateful for these wonderful reports of how God is continuing to help through *A Voice in the Wilderness*. We thank you for sending your experiences of how God is working with you as you are reading and sharing this precious pilgrimage.

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# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

September 16, 1989

Dear ones of Revival For Our Day,

Greetings in Jesus the Christ, the Son of the Most High God! Hallelujah! The Lord is able to heal all cancerous things, able to bring us from darkness to light, that we might in every way be delivered from things of the world and the spirit of the world unto the will of God through the shed Blood of Jesus Christ. He is able to save us to the uttermost. All who come unto Him He will in no wise cast out. Though the sins be as scarlet, He will make them white as snow. Even though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. We want to praise Jesus for shedding His Blood not only to save us, but to sanctify us that He may lead us to become one as God and Jesus are one, that the world may believe that God has sent Him. We know we have nothing in our hands to bring, but simply to the cross of Jesus Christ we cling. We are believing Him to deliver us out of all darkness, accusations, buffetings, storms and afflictions of the enemy in order that we may be found in God a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use.

Some few weeks ago Florence and I were in the mountains resting and I felt I should go to the Pigeon Forge Christ Fellowship for the Sunday morning meeting with Jerry and Laurrelle Mann. I was so surprised to find that Gary, Sarah and the children had come from Michigan to visit and we were going to be privileged to be together with them as well. Oh, what a time we had there in the service as we began to review with these precious brothers how the Lord had directed and blessed in the years we had known them. It was a rich time. The presence of Jesus was wonderful. We can't give God enough praise for His love that was there, and how each of these dear ones had prayed and sacrificed for us. We want to thank Jesus for all the Lord did in that service. (To God's glory, I believe that a little pamphlet could be written about each service Jesus led us to be in over the next several days, all because of God's grace and mercy through the leadership of the Holy Spirit. There simply would be no way to adequately review how the Lord helped step-by-step in each service. We can only share little fragments of how He led, to God's praise and glory.)

Later I shared with my wife that I felt led to go on to Clinton, Tennessee, with Rev. and Mrs. Cox. When we left Parker I didn't know we were going to be in any meetings. But when we made our way to Clinton that night, the Lord was so merciful. God blessed in a measure that I cannot explain. We were preaching on "The Fear of God." He helped me in a certain way as I spoke on: "Oh, that there were such heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever!" The pastor said that the Lord led us down one way and up another way to help and encourage His people in specific areas of their need. It was a high and privileged time. Our heavenly

Father is to be praised and thanked for visiting us and giving us help from on high. There was no way to really convey how Jesus was with us there. We were so thankful for the gracious thoughtfulness, help, hospitality, appreciation, love and care of Brother and Sister Cox and their congregation.

Then we went on to Hickory, North Carolina, to be with Rev. and Mrs. Reinhardt. Their expectancy and anticipation of what God wished to do was something to behold. We were overwhelmed by their enthusiasm, their love, and their sharing. They have sacrificed so much and have done so much for us through these months. Steven had a dream some weeks ago in which he heard me calling for help. He received a vision of how great my need was for prayer. He began to encourage his dear ones to pray in the morning, and they would gather to pray in the evening, asking God to intervene and undertake for us. One night as they prayed in a home meeting for our help and deliverance, a young woman was convicted, converted and found Jesus. We were so thankful for that.

We went on to Chimney Lane in Asheboro with Thomas and his wife, and oh, the Lord worked there so sweetly. We were grateful for God's message and help. God was faithful to work, to reveal and lead miraculously. We went on from Rev. England's church to Lynchburg, Virginia. A man was helping the people park their cars when we arrived, and as I stepped from the car, I loved him. He told the pastor later that the Holy Spirit went right through him when we loved each other. We had so much to praise Jesus for and we are so in debt to Him, for we didn't know that it had occurred. He was very excited and thankful to God for the work of the Holy Spirit and for God moving upon him and upon others. The pastor told me that God had us on the trail of the various situations of precious people in their flock. I didn't realize that, of course, but the Lord knew what the need was and we were thankful that He could so specifically meet it. My wife was very helped in this little storefront church.

From Lynchburg we traveled on to Pearisburg and God worked there as well. Pastor Ronald was so under the anointing as he introduced us that we didn't want him to stop. He was under an anointing that lasted some thirty to forty-five minutes. The Holy Spirit working through this precious servant of God was so outstanding. The church was on fire, and they were praising God! We then went on to Fayetteville, West Virginia. The Lord helped them to get a meeting room at the Holiday Inn and we were so comfortable that evening. God really helped us in a wonderful realm of sharing and preaching. We were thankful for the hospitality and for how God worked there with Robert and Esther and their precious people. Charles Payne was about as stirred as I've ever seen him.

The next meeting was at Maranatha, and the Holy Spirit wooed and called and drew,

helping in the preaching. Each night I would go into the pulpit not knowing what to preach, what to do, and He would lead and guide and direct. By God's grace could this ever be again. It was such a joy to again be with Rev. and Mrs. Wright and their people. I believe there were close to nine hundred there. The next evening we were at Scott Depot with Rev. Oliver Hogue, his staff, and about six hundred people. We spoke on the second chapter of Titus: "Let the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience." Jesus directed me into speaking on "The Charitable Spirit." It was so precious how the Holy Spirit spoke through me in this area, to God's glory and honor. At one point in the service we prayed for someone with back trouble, and Ron Davis was not aware until later that the Lord had healed him of his back trouble during that prayer. It was a wonderful answer to prayer and we give God all praise and honor for doing it. People were so kind and their hospitality was so dear. All these churches brought food in and each one was so thoughtful of us, remembering different little items we had need of. They would have flowers and fruit in the room and other expressions of appreciation.

Then we went on to Louisville, Kentucky, and it was the same. They had a wonderful place for us at a beautiful hotel. How the Holy Spirit lifted us as we gathered together with Brother and Sister McBride and their people! God directed throughout the service and in the preaching. All their people worked so hard to get things ready for us, as had the other fellowships. It was so hospitable. The Holy Ghost worked in marvelous ways among the dear hearts. I'm not sharing everything about all these meetings, because I can't recall most of it now, but we want to give God the praise for each and every victory, each help, each assistance and blessing.

Then we traveled on to Fair Haven Christ Fellowship, where they also were so dear. They reserved a wonderful room for us and had brought food in. The Lord helped during the service, working through different ones as they would sing. Once my wife was so moved that she wept, and she doesn't weep easily. God helped me to speak in the scriptures and His presence, anointing and calling was so dear. It was wonderful how the Lord worked with Daniel and Jenny and their people, and with those who came in to believe, to encourage and to fellowship. There were a number of visitors who had driven miles to be there.

Then we went on to Indianapolis. The people of White Harvest, likewise, had made wonderful preparations for us. I didn't know what to preach or what to do when entering the lovely sanctuary, but as we meditated and prayed the Holy Spirit revealed that some of the congregation came with struggles and others in distress. He revealed for Rev. Thomas Mullins (who had flown in to be with us for the next three services, traveling approximately a thousand miles to pray and help us) to pray. He prayed so earnestly and enthusiastically, so joyfully in the Spirit of Christ. As he was praying, the Lord revealed to me that David Freeman was to sing a

certain number on his list. The title was "Enter In," a song, which to my knowledge, I had never heard before. The words say: "Nothing chills the heart of man like passing through death's gate, but to him who enters daily, death's a glorious fate. Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to be a holy bride, and daily cross death's threshold to the holy life inside. The conflict still continues raging deep within my soul. The spirit wars against my flesh in struggle for control. My only hope is full surrender, so with each borrowed breath, I inhale the Spirit's will for me to die a deeper death. If mourners should lament, then let them weep for those alive, for only as self will is slain can my soul survive." The chorus says: "Enter in, enter in. Surrender to the Spirit's call, to die and enter in. Enter in, find peace within. The holy life awaits you, enter in." Michael Parker felt like these were the very words describing our ministry--the importance of dying out to self and doing God's will.

As soon as the song was sung, I began to preach on the essentials and requirements of entering into the Kingdom of God. Without a vision we do not enter in. It requires perseverance and determination. It requires prayer and obeying every leading of the Holy Spirit. If we don't obey every leading of the Holy Spirit, we don't enter in. If we fail to witness when we ought and could and should, we don't enter in. I got into some areas that were very helpful and essential, especially that we are always to put Christ first and do God's will instead of our own. In the third hour I turned to Daniel Light and asked him if he had a song way down deep in his heart. He was a little surprised as he answered, "Yes," for a song had come to him, but it was a very difficult number and one that he hadn't reviewed for a while. I had never heard it. It was called, "Lazarus, Come Forth!" The song narrated how Lazarus passes from life to death, communing with Abraham, Moses and the various prophets as they testify of God's greatness to them during their lifetimes. But Lazarus speaks up and says, "But I walked with Him! I talked with Him!" Then the voice of Jesus begins to call Lazarus back from death to life. The Holy Spirit was so mighty upon the song, and Daniel presented it in such vocal and dramatic excellence, I believe that if directors of drama from large cities would have been there, they would have been moved to surprise and astonishment. It was a marvelous evening in the Lord Jesus, and we didn't want it to end.

Before our departure from Indianapolis the next morning, I had a very strong impression to call Rev. Richey and Mary Jane so that the four of us might eat together. When I called them they were very gracious and appreciative. Rev. Richey said, "Do you know that today is our forty-third wedding anniversary?" Our acquaintance began twenty-three years ago, but in all these years Florence and I had never eaten with them alone. How wonderful is it that God had me call them on the morning of their forty-third wedding anniversary? Of course, I can't get anniversary cards for everyone, but this was a

special leading of the Holy Spirit, and I had my brother purchase an anniversary card for us. I told the Richeys that we would eat at the Holiday Inn on Emerson at the south side of I-465. After we were seated the waitress arrived and I began to share with her how Jesus had revealed to me to be with the Richeys for this special celebration. She said, "This gives me the goose bumps." She was not only appreciative, she was stirred up. When Mary Jane opened the card she was weeping with thanksgiving and Forrest was grateful as well. Our fellowship was very dear and blessed in the Lord Jesus. It was so significant that, after these more than two decades, the Holy Spirit would lead me to be with them on the the very day of their anniversary.

We then went on to Kokomo, where the Lord marvelously led for four hours and twenty minutes. The pastor's wife didn't want it to end. The presence of Jesus came in such a measure to help me in preaching. At the altar call eight men responded in a short time. Pastor Schultze said that it was a rare sight to see eight men come to the altar after a message. Jesus helped us there so sweetly and marvelously. We want to give Jesus the praise for each soul victory, for everything God did to encourage His people. The provision of food, of their hospitality and thoughtfulness was so dear. Each of the congregations sacrificed deeply to help us and to express their appreciation to God for His mercy and guidance. We felt so utterly undeserving of each kindness and help.

From Kokomo we traveled to the Mentone Christian Fellowship. While I was in the office with the men, and my wife was playing "The Greatest of These is Love," it would touch my heart and work with me. The next number was "God and God Alone." When we came to the pulpit I knelt down by my wife at the piano, and as I kissed her on the cheek I said, "Oh, Honey, the Lord is working in my heart." I had no idea what to do, whether we should have preaching, singing, testimony, prayer, an altar call or whether the Holy Spirit had revelation, but I knew whatever God's will was, that was best. We started the service by faith and the Lord was merciful to lead step-by-step as He had in all the other services.

I began once more to preach on "The Fear of God." If we do not sufficiently fear God, we'll not consistently follow Jesus. We will suffer from the results and have many repercussions. We will create other problems, hurts, conflicts and unforeseen troubles. But if we sufficiently fear God, we will not make our own choice. When we have sufficient love and fear of God, He makes the choices. These desires which we have produce unhealthy relationships at home, at school, at church. If men and women, boys and girls make their own choices, it will create problems in our business and in our government. When selfishness has preeminence, we suffer and those around us suffer. We suffer where we dwell and where we work. We must fear God with all our heart. Israel wanted a king. If they had feared God sufficiently, they would have said, "If God doesn't want us to have a king,

then we won't have one." Beautiful possibilities and powerful desires of our own will bring us to destruction and to ruin. We must leave the choice to God. But we won't know to leave the choice to God, nor can we, unless we fear Him sufficiently. The secret is doing God's will from conversion when He prompts us. Self will try to smother God out and say, "You don't want to look foolish to others." Self always prevents obedience. Fear of God multiplies obedience. Sufficient fear of God brings us to the healthy realm of light and joy, of inner balance and outward consistency.

I had such a time preaching for an hour and some minutes. (Brother Thomas Mullins had taken down forty-one points in that sermon. The next night he had returned to Florida, and when I called him we began again to review the significance of fearing God. Jesus spoke through us two thoughts we had never mentioned previously. "Oh!" he said with such excitement, "these two insights are besides the forty-one points I got last night!") We were just so thankful for the way the Lord worked, for the souls He touched. Two came forward to pray. One dear one told me that all the questions they had and the situations they faced were addressed as I shared during that hour. They said that the Holy Spirit spoke through us the very things they needed and answered every question on their heart. They said, "You know, it could be that this is one of the most wonderful services I was ever in." The Holy Spirit was faithful to lead us miraculously and marvelously in fourteen different fellowships over a period of some nineteen days, all to His praise and glory. We want to be sure that Jesus receives every thanksgiving for all that He did.

Before we could return to Parker on Saturday, the ninth, I felt led to meet Thomas and Joan Lynn for lunch. We met at the Viewpoint Restaurant looking out over the water. They have been our close brother and sister since the early sixties and are so dear to us, but we can't remember when we've eaten with just them alone. We were able to belatedly celebrate their twenty-seventh anniversary, which was on the sixth. Thomas looked so refreshed and Joan Lynn was so beautiful that she appeared to us like a queen. God gave us a most memorable time together in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

Because of the hours and hours of use during these number of days in all these services, my throat was hurting and my vocal chords were not feeling strong. I thought I would not be able to make it to our service the next morning, but during the night and the hours of early morning I sensed a great desire to be there. In fact, I had the greatest anticipation since Parker City Christ Fellowship had begun! I dressed and was able to get there before the service began. I had great happiness in my soul even though I didn't know what to do. After a wonderful time of prayer the Holy Spirit operated in my heart that the first song was to be a hymn. When I mentioned this, Robert Allen came out of his seat with excitement, sharing how he was praying in the Upper Room

the night before when the Lord brought him to Hymn #299 in the Methodist Hymnal: "I want a principle within Of watchful, godly fear, a sensibility of sin, A pain to feel it near. Help me the first approach to feel Of pride or wrong desire; To catch the wandering of my will, And quench the kindling fire. From Thee that I no more may stray, No more Thy goodness grieve, Grant me the filial awe, I pray, The tender conscience give; Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make! Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake. Almighty God of truth and love, To me Thy power impart; The burden from my soul remove, The hardness from my heart. O may the least omission pain My reawakened soul, And drive me to that grace again, Which makes the wounded whole." The hymn described much of what the Lord had been speaking through me in the various fellowships about fearing God, loving God and becoming sensitive to His voice. It was so marvelous as we sang it the first time that I asked for it to be sung again. The second time we sang it it seemed greater than the first. He then led for me to again speak on "The Fear of God," which is the entrance to this realm of God's holy wisdom. I'm not able to convey how the Lord gave me thoughts and insights which I had seldom had. Son James later told me that he thought I was plowing new ground. The room was filled with God's love and Jesus' presence was to be sensed. It was one of the most unusual services in the five years of Parker City Christ Fellowship's existence. It was so great that Lori Evans and others didn't want it to end.

God had me praying for misery and trouble in the stomach, and we discovered it was for our dear Vera Wagner. She had been hurting to the point she was going to have to leave the room to find relief, but after the Lord led for that prayer, the suffering began to subside and soon left her. Early in the service, moments after our secretary, Kathleen, walked in and sat down, the Lord had me to pray for a pain in the left side of the head. She testified a little later, "As I was coming to service this morning I almost turned back twice, as the pain in the left side of my head was so severe I could hardly see to drive." But just moments after she entered the room, the Lord had me to pray and her pain lessened considerably. A little later a dear and precious young girl of about seven or eight stood and shared how when I prayed for the stomach, her pain and suffering was gone. Oh, Jesus worked in my heart! We had a wonderful time in that service! Jason Six told me later that he and Kim Gilbert at the sound board could hardly believe the time had gone so quickly.

It was on my heart for Jeanne Light to sing "Shepherd of My Heart" or "Israel, My Love," but the witness of the Holy Spirit was on number twenty-five of her list of songs. To my memory I cannot recall hearing her sing this before, but that was the very song which was on her heart to sing. It should have said quite a bit to those present of how we had not made the choice, but the Lord had revealed it. The Holy Spirit then led for Joy Belle Meredith Cox to present a number with her two sons. (Joy is married to Brother and

Sister Cox's son, Tony, from Clinton, Tennessee.) These two sons presented it so beautifully. Someone told me later that these boys reminded them of those who sing in the Vienna Boy's Choir. I was reminded of that also. The way the smallest son held his microphone was a sight to behold. He held it in a beautiful manner, keeping it close to his mouth and not varying. These two sons presented themselves with such excellence that Edward was most impressed and marveled about it. He enjoyed them very much. They gave a beautiful presentation of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. It was a wonderful expression in beauty, articulation, organization in speaking and emphasizing certain thoughts in the scriptures. Then the Lord came greatly upon the McAdams sisters as they sang number three on their list. Lynn Marie was excited, as was Lydia, for this song had been on their hearts: "How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me; The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May." The anointing upon Joy Belle as she accompanied them was the most unusual in the twenty or thirty years I've known her. The work of the Holy Spirit throughout and within the entire service was so excellent that it's beyond words to tell it.

The next morning early I was on the phone with Oliver, then with Maynard and Mary Wolfe for about three hours and thirty-five minutes sharing about experiences, telling the wonderful story of the work of God's love. They were appreciative and we didn't want the fellowship to end. I was on the phone from time to time for over three to four hours that morning. At noon I called Janice Parker to ask if she and Michael could join James and Bradley Hall (who have been so dear to us) in eating supper with us. I learned later that at two-thirty Michael, who was away from home working and generally never calls home before it is time to return, felt impressed to call his sweetheart. She said, "Oh, Michael, I'm so glad you called! Rev. Helm has called and wants us to eat with them tonight." Michael replied, "I know, it has just been revealed to me!" It was very dear of Jesus to tell Michael that he and his sweetheart were to be with us. That night, when they entered our living room, the Holy Spirit came upon us as we shared. Michael said he thought it to be the highest time of his life in God. We were immensely in debt to the Lord for this. We then went on to the Courtesy Cafe to eat, and I asked Bradley to pray over the meal. As he began to pray he asked Jesus to strengthen me and, oh, it hit my heart! I had been using my voice much of the day and the vocal chords were weary and worn. But the instant precious Bradley prayed, "Strengthen Rev. Helm," the Lord came and gave strength to my body and my throat. It was an instant answer to prayer. When he finished I said, "God heard your prayer!" I shared for quite a long time at the table, and as the lady was clearing up the dishes I started testifying to her about Jesus. She replied, "That is all you need." It was quite a dear time. I didn't know it was going to be so great.

Back in Parker I drove the dear ones to a number of different places where God had led me and helped me through the years. We stopped at the office to show Janice the new porch carpet. (I had requested Kathleen several weeks ago to call my friend, Wesley, of Wesley's Floor Fashions in Muncie, because the porch carpet needed to be replaced. He came with his workers to help lay the carpet, which was unusual for him, as he usually makes only sales calls. When they had finished Kathleen told him that I wanted her to pay for the carpet that day. Wesley first said, "No." Then when Kathleen persevered saying, "I know Rev. Helm wants me to pay for this today," he replied, "The truth of the matter is, I'm giving this carpet to Rev. Helm." It was so precious how the Lord worked in my heart when Kathleen told me what he had said. We sent roses to Wesley, his wife and his workers in deep gratitude for all they've done for us.) We then went back to our home and I showed them different places where dear ones had been saved, helped, healed and encouraged. We had a hallelujah time together.

I felt like Florence and I needed to get away for a time of rest, but it looked like it might not be possible. We had planned to leave on Thursday, but the Holy Spirit operated with me that we were not to go. The morning we had hoped to leave it rained so hard that it was impossible to drive anywhere. But later that same day Daniel McCraw came to Parker. For one hour he drove up and down the streets of our little village praying for our deliverance. Finally he came in to our office to speak with our secretary a moment. Kathleen wanted to call Brother John or me, but Daniel said, "No, I didn't come to impose." However, in just a few minutes I called! Some days I don't call the office at all, and sometimes not for several days. Other days I might call three to four times. Of course, I asked Daniel to come down to our house and God granted us one of the greatest times of anointing together that I had had in months or years. It was outstanding, way beyond what I could share with you. I saw then why I could not leave. What if I would have missed this? It would have been lost, never to be regained.

That evening Florence and I went to the offices of Dr. Reece and Dr. Bullis and had such precious fellowship with Dr. Reece as my wife and I reviewed with him how marvelously God had worked in the Sunday morning service, how the Holy Ghost had led and directed and blessed so miraculously. When we came out to the front office I began to share with Zodie, one of their precious secretaries, how the Lord had revealed to me when Kent and Scott were in their senior year in high school that of all the possible occupations, they were to become medical doctors. At that time they lived forty miles apart and had not been together very much, nor had they talked very much with one another. But the Lord revealed to me at different intervals that these young men were to become medical doctors. I shared with her also how the Holy Spirit revealed that they would be roommates at Taylor University. Jesus directed for them to pray fifteen minutes together every morning, then

spend the rest of the day in study: not talk, just study. And that is what they did. Though the offices were closed, this beautiful young woman was so appreciative.

As we were walking with her as she went to unlock the door for us to leave, the Lord showed me that I should give her a twenty dollar bill. "Here, Sister," I said, "is twenty dollars the Lord wants you to have for your supper." She began to weep immediately, embracing my wife and me like one of our own daughters. She wept so hard that she couldn't speak. Tears just ran down her cheeks. I learned later that though she was going to get paid the next day, she went home at noon to try to find something to prepare for supper that evening for her two young sons. She told a dear one later that she was so discouraged because all she could find was a can of tomato soup, a box of corn bread mix, and not even enough potatoes to make potato soup. It was just not enough to stretch. She went back to work saying, "Lord, I know tomorrow is payday, but what about today?" And here the Lord provided just what she asked for! She said that this encouraged her faith so much to just trust and believe that He will always take care. Earlier that week a friend of hers was going on a trip and she felt impressed to give them twenty dollars, knowing they didn't have much finance. And here the Lord gave back to her just what she had given away. We would have missed this appointment also if we would have done what we wanted and gone when we wanted to leave. It was by the mercies of the Lord, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that we were granted this gracious privilege in Jesus.

Thank you for your prayers and your letters of encouragement. Florence and I are very appreciative and grateful. My wife especially wants to be certain that each of the congregations we visited know how deeply grateful she is for all the joyful preparations which made our visits so comfortable and pleasant. She also expresses special thanksgiving to all of you for your prayers on her behalf as well as for me, for holding on and believing God for her healing and for our deliverance. We are deeply in debt to Jesus for your praying and fasting and bombarding heaven with supplications, adorations and longings to have Jesus and the will of God exalted--that Jesus could be first in all things. He is worthy to receive all glory and honor, for He gave everything that we might be saved, that we might be cleansed and filled with the Spirit. He is the way, the truth and the life.

Please pray for the upcoming trip to Israel in just a few days, thanking Jesus for the protection, the blessing, the deliverance that is needed every moment. Thank you for praying that the air currents, the planes, the pilots will be good to excellent all the way across and back; that dear ones will be looked after, protected, helped, encouraged from their homes to New York City, crossing the Atlantic, in parts of Europe, and on across the Mediterranean to Tel Aviv; then to be taken care of there in the land where the prophets and patriarchs walked and where Jesus was crucified, rose from the dead and

ascended into heaven. We don't want to neglect to give God all praise and thanksgiving for His watchful care over every aspect of this pilgrimage.

Please pray earnestly for souls to be saved, transformed and changed through the precious power of Jesus' Blood; for believers to be cleansed and sanctified, that we may become one as God and Jesus are one, knowing that it is through the Holy Spirit leading and God's power alone that this can be accomplished. I want to thank all those who have assisted us: Son Jon in editing the letter, Joyce who has helped in the past, Son James and Brother John also. We thank Kathleen for typing and retyping all our letters. We want to mention our gratitude to Thomas and Timothy and Harmony Press and all who assist them in their work. Likewise, all those who help in getting the letters ready to mail. We are so thankful for God's guidance and blessing and help through them. We thank Jesus for all our staff, our treasurer, our financial secretary and secretaries, for all they have done and what they are doing. We give all praise to Jesus for this. We are thankful also for Vera, how she worked on the manuscript many years ago and has handled the daily work of Evangel Voice and has assisted Kathleen in these recent years. We are so thankful for those who pray and fast, who hold on and sacrifice. Unto the Lord be praise and glory and honor and thanksgiving.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

The following letters are included for your encouragement, all to God's praise and glory.

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Revival For Our Day Fellowship,

Grace, peace and love in our Lord Jesus! It was a high privilege to be renewed last night in the love and grace of the Lord at Mentone Fellowship. Brother Helm's message on "The Fear of God" was so basic, and so needed. "There is no fear of God before their eyes" kept echoing in my heart in Romans. What a crucial message for NOW.

God enabled me to see a few other things: it has been by the love and united, persevering prayer of many of you that God has brought Brother Helm through these rough waters and trying times. In my spirit I could see that the spirit, aim and purpose Brother Helm had at the beginning is **still the same**. That warmed and thrilled my very heart. He has not changed! Most men would have been "turned aside" by successes or by adversity. But by God's grace our brother and friend is just more loving, tender and understanding than ever.

The other insight is that you and I can each help lift the spiritual and financial burden by our faithful participation in earnest prayer, obeying God and regular giving. We all want what we do to be **significant**. Hence we don't give smaller gifts regularly

because we can't give **LARGE** contributions. God showed me that if each of us who can only give ten or twenty dollars each month would do it **FAITHFULLY**, the need would be met and we would all be blessed.

It was a great privilege for me to unite with a few others about twenty-five years ago to form REVIVAL FOR OUR DAY to support Brother Loran W. Helm in the hope of renewal in the church of our Lord. We have grown. So has the need for REVIVAL. Our dear brother is still the same. Let's "lay aside every weight.." and "forgetting those things which are behind us, run with perseverance the race that is set before us." So may it be. I love you all, and so does my precious Maxine, with all her heart and with what memory she has left.

J. Robert Boggs  
and my "Maxie"

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Dear Rev. Helm,

I have just finished reading your book "A Voice in the Wilderness." Your book was given to me by a friend who was sensitive to God's leading. The book was so timely for my life. I have seven of your books that I am planting among my congregation as the Lord leads me. The people reading it so far have come back rejoicing how God has spoken to them through "A Voice in the Wilderness."

Through your book God is touching us on the shoulder and showing us that there are some radical readjustments that must be made in our lives if we are to truly follow after Christ. As I learn to walk out Luke 9:23 my joy in the Lord increases. I can confidently say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Thank you for being bold enough to stand up in the midst of Pharisees and proclaim the truth.

My love for you in Christ,  
A Pastor

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Last week I received notice of two different bills which were due and couldn't wait. I did not have any finance and there wasn't any resource for me to draw on. I just prayed to Jesus, "Jesus, you know that I have this need and I am trusting you for I don't know what to do." I would never share that I needed finance. Later that morning when Rev. Helm called the office, and after he had shared of the precious things which Jesus had been doing, he told me that it had been on his heart about my finance. He prayed and the Lord told him to give me \$94.00 I hadn't even hinted that I had a need. I had these two bills: insurance and utilities, which totaled \$92.86. The Lord had provided for both and even the stamps to mail them. How could I ever praise the Lord enough for His care? Rev. Helm told me over and over that it is only by God's grace and mercy that he would ever know anything again. It was so wonderful to have this need met, but the sacred fellowship in the Holy Spirit that was experienced while Rev. Helm shared about the Kingdom was worth even more to my heart.

Vera Wagner

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

October 12, 1989

Dearly beloved of God in Jesus Christ. We greet you in the Holy Spirit with thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity.

When the Lord revealed to me the last part of May that we were to return to Israel on the twenty-ninth of September, I immediately began to pray for excellent weather, for the best planes, and for the finest pilots on all the flights. We praise God for His mercy and intervention, because Hurricane Hugo struck the East Coast one week before our departure, causing great devastation. Even at Hickory, two hundred fifty miles from the storm center at Charleston, more than twelve trees were uprooted in the front and rear of Rev. Steven Reinhardt's residence. It was a miracle how God spared them and kept the windows from blowing in. We were so thankful how the Lord protected many during this storm. Another of our petitions in prayer for the pilgrimage concerned the rather alarming increase of equipment failure on airplanes. Almost every week the news would report some engine failure, loss of hydraulic pressure, planes exploding or parts being lost. Many different events had occurred in the last few months that were unusual and extraordinary, so we needed help and protection in all these areas and more.

To God's glory and praise, when we left Indianapolis for New York, the weather could almost have been called perfect. Even the visibility in New York City was quite clear. The help from the Lord was not only in weather, but in fellowship as well. As we crossed the Atlantic, one of the stewards from the far East said to me, "In all my twelve years of experience in airlines, I have never found a group of people like this." One hundred and ninety-five of our little group were on that DC-1011, and this steward was so impressed and encouraged, because in all his twelve years, he had never had people to cooperate and be loving, kind and helpful as he found them to be. We were so thankful that God would help in such a measure. A similar help from the Lord was experienced from Paris to Israel, because a beautiful black brother made an encouraging comment about our people to me. We knew that we owed this to God in Christ, otherwise it would be quite a different story. Without Jesus in our hearts we are not thoughtful, we're not helpful. We just want things for ourself, and that is natural. That is the human and that is the carnal. It's through Jesus, through the precious blood, through the help of the Holy Spirit we can be delivered each step of the way, that we might, by God's grace, be victorious and helpful to others.

But God worked in a marvelous measure of grace and power and strength on this, our sixtieth crossing of the Atlantic and our twenty-fourth pilgrimage to Israel. By the time our plane arrived in Tel Aviv, most of us had been up for twenty-four hours or more. The body, naturally, would have been exhausted had it not been for the help of the Holy Spirit. However, I felt in my heart

that we should have a service that evening, which requires unusual strength. On our first crossing I was so weary at the age of fifty-three that I had to lie down on a bench in the air terminal in Paris, and I hadn't even arrived in Israel yet. (Of course, the planes and transportation were nothing like they are now.) But when we arrived a few days ago in Israel, Jesus was so precious to give us help through His people praying, through the Lord leading, the Holy Spirit guiding and protecting.

Since that Saturday was a high holy day for our Jewish brothers and sisters, we could not use any public address equipment or play musical instruments during our service. But the hotel had given us the privilege of meeting in the spacious Queen of Sheba Ballroom, and the Rabbi for the hotel was so gracious to allow us to record our service by battery-operated tape recorder. Of course, we have always done our very best to honor any request of the officials regarding the rules of their holy days, for we have wanted to be faithful to God, to them and to all of us. The room had been lovingly prepared by Avi, the son of Paul and Dina Miller, our head guide, as well as by numbers of our own men and the hotel staff. There was evidence of much labor of love in this preparation.

I entered the pulpit so needy in my own heart and soul, meditating and praying to know how to proceed. I looked to my left at the back and there was Timothy Gidley. "Timothy," I said, "come to the platform, please." As he came up I said, "You are to sing." He was the first one to have a part of the program, without an amplifier, without a loudspeaker. After he had sung "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" he turned to me and said, "May I share something with you? Before this Israel pilgrimage had been revealed, Dad Hogue spoke to me in his office. Looking at me in a certain serious manner he said, 'Timothy, I have the feeling in my heart that you are going to sing in Israel.'" I thought to myself, "How great is this, because God gave the prophecy to Dad Hogue before the pilgrimage was even announced, and the first thing on the program was this young man from West Virginia singing?"

This precious young man is now nineteen, but when he was eight years of age I came to Maranatha for services. When I walked in where he was he said that the Holy Spirit touched his heart and something clicked inside him. From that time on his anticipation, his prayer, his dream, his desire was to do God's will, to follow Jesus and to help us. This came into his heart at the age of eight and has been there for eleven years. It has not left him. Each time I would return to Maranatha through the years, when he was nine or ten, twelve or thirteen he would say to his mother and father, "Let's get ready now. We want to be at the church early because if Rev. Helm needs me, I will be there to run errands or help him or do whatever he wants me to do."

Last May or June, when he graduated from high school, he wrote to tell me that the graduating seniors were taking their class trip to Disney World and Epcot Center. They were also planning to be in a prayer meeting at the Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship with the other seniors of his class, and requested that if the Lord would lead me to that prayer meeting that night, he would be most grateful. Of course, I made my way there that Thursday evening even though there was quite a storm. It rained very hard and the six-lane highway was heavy with traffic, but God took us through the danger and the difficulty. I was in great need as we began the service, for I was empty and utterly dependent upon Jesus. But little by little He led us in that prayer meeting there at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship where this young man sat so happy and with a light on his face. He told me later that, even though the trip was primarily to visit Disney World and Epcot Center, almost all he could think about was the prayer meeting, being with us in the service and how God was going to lead and direct and move.

We met Timothy again when the Lord led us into the southeast for services this past summer. In one of those meetings he sang "I Need Thee Every Hour." I said to myself, "This young man reminds me of Ira D. Sankey." When I mentioned it to David Lee he said, "That's exactly what Roger said!" Of course, I knew nothing of what Roger had told him, and we marveled at the fact that when Timothy was singing, God would give both Roger and me a similar insight of a young person who wants to do God's will and be a helper.

It was a most wonderful experience how God led and directed the first service. The time went so rapidly. You know, when you haven't a loudspeaker or are not able to play any musical instrument, it's rather difficult to get the sound out to two hundred or more persons. But it was so in the Holy Spirit that we hardly seemed to miss the sound system or the instruments. God simply filled in the gap. One of our groups did not arrive until about an hour after the service began, and they needed to receive their room assignments, eat and refresh themselves, so a number couldn't come to that first service. Months ago I had made arrangements to surprise my brother, Edward, by bringing their daughter, Rebecca Sue, on the pilgrimage without his knowledge. I had called Sister Jackie to see if she could take care of Paul Mark and Rebecca's children during the journey. Edward appreciates Rebecca's ministry so deeply, and she is such a blessing to all of us, so gifted and talented, so lovely and humble in Christ. Edward was among the group whose plane arrived a few hours after ours. Instead of going to his room and refreshing himself or going to supper, I had requested that he come right into the meeting and sit on the front seat. After a little while we were singing a congregational number, and I sent one of our men back to get Rebecca Sue and bring her up beside Edward. When he turned and saw his lovely daughter standing right there beside him he was so surprised! He was thrilled! He was blessed! He threw his arms about her and laughed and wept for

2. joy. This surprise for my baby brother seemed to delight and encourage many of those in the service as well.

Sister Billie Hill testified with great emotion that thirteen years ago that very night she had been healed at the waiting on God. We reviewed this story together of how it was getting later and later, going on midnight and I was so exhausted but I could not leave the pulpit. At 11:57 p.m. the Lord spoke through me about this need and suffering behind the eyes and she felt the hand of Jesus move across her face. The pain that had been behind her eyes for three years, for which specialists at John Hopkins and the Cleveland Clinic could provide no solution, suddenly was gone. Jesus healed her in an instant. Here I did not know she was in the service and knew nothing about her need, but Jesus knew about it. There were other needs in her body, in her bowel and in her colon, that had been with her for eighteen years that Jesus also healed that evening. To God's glory she was giving thanks and praise for not only healing in her body, but bringing transformation to her life and to her home, to her family and to her children.

We praise the Lord for making a way for each one who was able to make this pilgrimage from some sixteen or more states. The time went so rapidly, so sweetly, so quickly. Service after service was so precious. The service we had at the Church of St. Ann was very dear. Following it Amnon drove us to Bethlehem to be with Nicola Canavati and his wife, Ermina. When we arrived Ermina was at her father's, for it was his birthday. But when Nicola called to tell her that we were at their store, she came immediately because she is much like a granddaughter to us. Oh, what a wonderful time we had with Brother and Sister Canavati sharing in the office a little how the Lord had been so wonderful to us. Leaving Brother Canavati's office we returned to the hotel before going right on to the Church of John the Baptist, where God gave us a special service together. God blessed, helped and directed.

That evening the meeting was so precious, lasting somewhere over three hours. Keep in mind, my dear ones, that I had at least four appointments that day, besides talking in the room, besides being with Amnon, our guide and driver, and speaking with my wife and children, my staff and Richard Moore, who has been my precious helper for these twenty-four years (as his wife, who could not go with us this time, but has been such a help to us likewise). Each service Jesus was so merciful to us. We don't want to forget to give God all the praise for this, for He has been forgotten days without number. I know we could forget or we could slip and easily fail. But we don't want to fail, and we don't want to come short. It's by the grace of God and the mercies of God that we could make heaven. We know that our having strength for the services is because of all you dear ones praying. Rev. Oliver Hogue came a year ago last June 8th to pray with our staff. Many other ministers have come to pray with them on our behalf. Our staff is praying, many others are praying, some are

fasting. It's through God's mercy, through all this wonderful help, that He made it possible for us to be in these services.

Monday evening we had an appointment in a restaurant in the city of Jerusalem with our Brother and Sister Canavati and about twenty of our precious family and friends. When we arrived at the restaurant I placed Rebecca Sue, our niece, next to Brother Canavati, then my wife, myself, then Mrs. Canavati and next to her our medical doctor, Richard Blanchard, from Ft. Lauderdale. We were sharing in the room as they were serving us a delicious meal. Rebecca Sue had worked hard to prepare several songs in the Arabic language. I requested her to stand by Brother Canavati and sing one of these numbers. When she ended the song in Arabic, I want you to know that Nicola and Ermina cheered with all their might in appreciation. "Oh, it was so beautiful!" Ermina exclaimed. "When we sing it sounds a little rough, but when you sing it is perfect." They both said she sang perfectly in Arabic. Rebecca Sue feels that Arabic is more difficult for her to do than Hebrew. In a few minutes I asked her to do the second number, and she did it as well as the first. The rendering of it was so helpful and so enjoyable. Brother and Sister Canavati cheered as enthusiastically at the second presentation as at the first. They said it was perfect and she did it so well. (I think about the fact that Rebecca is home-schooling her children, she is a wife to her husband--and what an encouragement she is to him!--she is the choir director of the church, she sings in a quartet and is also in another organization. She carries all these various activities, yet she took time to learn five Arabic numbers. To me it is highly commendable.) When she presented the third song our precious brother and sister were so happy about it. After so long a time I had her to give the fourth and then the fifth. It was worth Rebecca's going to Israel just to sing these five songs in the language of Nicola and Ermina. She was not only a blessing to them, but God used her to heal them and lift them, for they were in great need of this encouragement.

The meetings were so unusual and outstanding because of the leadership of the Holy Spirit. Each church and each person who came to obey had a great contribution to the meetings. It is beyond any words to describe how God fit each service together and ministered through the various ones in singing and playing instruments and sharing. One would have to listen to the tapes of the services to have any idea how wonderfully God helped each night. On Tuesday evening, the fourth service in Jerusalem, Jesus led for Michael Benjamin to play a certain number on the piano. Now no one plays the bassoon quite like Michael or plays the piano and sings like him, but this time the Holy Spirit led for him to simply play a certain number on the piano, which he does with such skill and unusual interpretation. He began to play "El-Shaddai," and the Spirit of the Lord was in it greatly. When he finished I asked Daniel Light if he knew the words to that. He came to the platform and sang that song under such sacred and glorious anointing that some felt

3. the number could have been written to a large extent for that very moment. There was such unity between Daniel and Michael and such power of God's holiness in it's presentation. The Holy Spirit revealed to me that after hearing this eleven times on the tape, we might begin to receive a little of the impact of that moment in Christ.

Following this the Lord revealed to me that Brother Gerald Tempton, from Rev. Pumphrey's congregation in Texas, was to sing. I didn't realize his gift in singing until he had sung with the Texas group the night before, because I have been with him very little. I knew nothing about the songs on his list, but the Lord told me what number he was to sing. He began to sing "Thank you for giving to the Lord." It tells about a person who has gone to heaven and is thanking the one who led them to Jesus at the age of eight. He had not sung long when one of our dear ones from the right side of the congregation got up and went over to the left side to love someone who had either led them to Jesus or had been a blessing or inspiration to them. Then someone on the left side obeyed the Lord and went over on the right side to love and share appreciation to someone who had either led them to Jesus or had helped them. Then it started slowly and sweetly all over the congregation. The Spirit of Christ was all over the room. Here went this one to thank that one, and this one went over there to love this dear one for helping them and encouraging them, and another went over and said, "Thank you for leading me to Jesus." Another and another and another, and they were just going back and forth, here and there. It was all over that meeting place with three hundred people and continued in sweet, holy order while Brother Gerald sang the song three times. There was a presence of the Kingdom of God like I have seldom ever witnessed in my seventy-three years in the church. There was such sweetness, such earnest appreciation, such deep thanksgiving to God. In all the persons moving to obey God there was great joy and weeping and sharing and shining, yet in lowly quietness, each trying to express thanksgiving to God and to one another.

After some moments I looked up and here came Ronald and Peggy Hogue hand in hand down the aisle toward the platform. Brother Ronald has spent an hour a day since 1984 or 1985 praying and pleading with God for us. They both were crying as they came. It was such a beautiful sight of humility and thanksgiving. I put my arms around them with Peggy on one side of me and Ronald on the other. They were both trying to praise Jesus for the day we found them, for how God had changed their lives through Christ, for how He had helped all of us to assist one another. Oh, the presence of Jesus was all around. They went over to my wife and expressed appreciation for how the Lord had helped her to help them. It was a high and holy place. The Lord helped us in such a great measure that I am sure we will never know what all God did during these moments. A few, I believe, were healed. Some were inspired. Some were lifted. Some had their burdens taken away. It was a time of loving

one another in Christ so directed of the Holy Spirit and so in divine order that words could never come close to describing it. May Jesus, the Christ, the Holy Father be praised. Hallelujah!

As that time of loving one another came to an end, Brother Norman Reeg was seated by my side on the platform, his face shining. We met him because the Lord had led us to Starlight Towers years ago and witnessed that He would help us there. Norman and his wife came to be superintendents of our condominium for some time and Jesus helped us to bring him on this journey. He had suffered so much as a prisoner of war where he was beaten until his ear drums burst. But he never resented his torturers, even though the food was so poor he became almost skin and bones and conditions were so terrible that he despaired of life. But God let sunlight shine through the clouds that were always over that area, and that light gave him hope to go on. It gave him warmth and comfort whenever he thought of it later. From that moment on he began to gain weight on the same meager rations and God spared his life. He said that he had experienced one of the greatest times, if not the greatest, in his life on this journey. He was such a blessing to everyone he met and was so happy.

On Wednesday we traveled to the Sea of Galilee and stayed at the Tiberias Plaza. The meeting room was so lovely and the platform very attractive, but unfortunately, the piano needed a lot of help. Some felt it was one of the worst pianos they had ever heard, but God helped Florence to play the prelude as if there was nothing wrong with the notes. The Scott Depot Choir again shared several beautiful numbers under the direction and accompaniment of Richard and Sally Davis. Somewhere during that service a young man spoke up from the back and said, "Rev. Helm, I have a song on my heart if it is in order." He came to that old piano and began to play and sing "Amazing Grace" like most of us had never heard before. He said it was a song he and his father had played and sung often in something like a blues style, I believe it was, similar to what they play in New Orleans. If that piano was right for any number, it was certainly right for that one. The Lord came in such blessing that Bennie Shipp, who was seated on the platform right by the piano, couldn't sit down. He was shouting, for he had been saved in a bar. Brother Cox was so happy also that he ran down the aisle for joy and thanksgiving.

Rev. Thomas Mullins told me that if everyone knew what he knew they would have all been running the aisles, because he said one of the precious servants of God had spoken and asked him a few questions. I don't know how many questions he asked him, but Thomas said that Jesus came upon me and, through the Holy Spirit helping us, we spoke about five to ten minutes and Jesus answered all the questions this wonderful person had asked Rev. Mullins about how to proceed in various situations. Thomas was excited. He was rejoicing, because he knew that we knew nothing about any of the questions or any of the

4. situations and circumstances. But yet, the Holy Spirit helped us to give that which was needed. By His help and by His grace could this ever be again. This gives God all the praise and all the glory and all the honor for His leadership, for His love, for His presence.

One evening the Wootten family came to be with us. He is the young Jewish man who found Jesus in a Kibbutz years ago. They had been with us in Parker City the latter part of July and the Lord revealed to me that they should return to Israel on August 11th. They had only twelve days to make preparations. He told Terrance it looked impossible for them to get into Israel, because some of the childrens' passports had expired. That night he told us, "When we got there the passports were not valid, but the officials said, 'Go right ahead.'" Jesus had made a way for them! They were rejoicing also because when they were in the states the Lord had provided finance for them. That night in Israel he told us that they would have had nothing to live on except what God had helped dear ones to share with them before their departure. The Lord had been merciful to provide them a place to live when they arrived in Israel, and on their second day there a gentleman approached him to offer him a teaching position in a Christian school. Mr. Wootten said, "You know, the finance that was given to us in August lasted us all this time and the money ran out today. But today I received my first check for teaching." So it was quite a great blessing to know how Jesus had provided for them and blessed them and taken care.

God gave each bus special times together with their guides and drivers and one another. We received such marvelous notes and letters of how the Lord helped and healed various ones, and met special needs during the journey. The Lord gave our people such a marvelous time on the Sea of Galilee, I understand, that they couldn't get it told. Jesus healed Brother McCartney and he was released from the aftermath of a serious accident. There is no telling what all God did through each individual in little, humble ways. I had a great time in Jericho with my brother at the little place where we had always stopped. He had been looking for me and I had longed to see him again. I had been seeing him through the years since 1979 and what a time we had together there in Jericho.

It was a marvelous gift of God to protect us on the way over and on the way back by plane, for we had only light turbulence and that is a miracle. When Dr. Crim traveled with us to Scandanavia, after our return to New York he asked Oliver, "Are all your flights this smooth?" He was a man who had flown to some extent and some of his flights had been rather rough. Rev. Oliver Hogue replied, "Well, Dad, yes. On most all our flights we have had scarcely any turbulence across the Atlantic for these years." Dr. Crim was very grateful, as we were, that the crossing over to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland was so smooth and enjoyable. We were timed over there for the waterfalls, for the cathedral, for the beauty in Oslo where it is usually hazy and rainy. When we were there

our guide could hardly believe it. "It's incredible!" she said. "It's unbelievable! Look out at those hills and trees." In all her years of experience in tourism she had never seen anything that clear and beautiful. So God was merciful again on this, my twenty-fourth pilgrimage into Israel and my fifty-ninth and sixtieth crossings of the Atlantic Ocean. We don't want to forget to give God praise for His presence, for the leading and guidance of the Holy Spirit. It was truly a gift to us. It's by His mercy and grace that we could ever have such a wonderful pilgrimage again.

Ordinarily after such a journey one would be exhausted. By the time you got up the next morning you would feel like you wanted to rest for quite a while, because we've had young men through the years who would require days for them to recover and get back into the daily routine. During Saturday night and Sunday morning I was up two or three times, but at seven-thirty I was so thankful to our Heavenly Father because I couldn't tell I had been gone from home. I couldn't tell I had traveled twelve thousand miles, had been in six night meetings, as well as services in various churches and settings throughout Israel, not to mention all the other appointments. The Lord had so heard prayer we were able to arrive at the meeting place Sunday morning along with David and Terrance and Martha. We were among the first to be there and able to greet the people as they came in, loving and encouraging them. It was no small gift of God indeed.

Jesus was leading the first hour of the service so sweetly as dear ones obeyed the Lord, reporting how God had helped in Israel or had given assistance here at home. We were trying to bring the service to an end, but the Lord led on in a wonderful experience of people praying and testifying and singing. Then Roger, John and Son Jon stood to sing a trio number. I didn't know what they were going to sing, but when they started it was: "Jesus whispers, I am with you in the sunshine, in the cloud, when the Spirit is exalted, when the stricken heart is bowed. I am with you I am with you, Jesus whispers sweet and low: in the sunlight, in the shadow I am with you where you go." Well I couldn't stay in the chair even though I've seldom been able to sing any song through for quite a while. I stood up between Roger and Brother John and began to sing with these three precious men: "Jesus whispers I am with you in the battle every day; standing by you in the conflict, going with you all the way. Jesus whispers I am with you in the hour of deepest need, when the way is dark and lonesome I am with you, I will lead." God helped me to sing. I requested Kathleen to duplicate the tape for me in order to play it for my wife, for I knew it would encourage her. When I played it for my wife, I could tell she was touched. "Jesus whispers I am with you; with you still what'ere betide: in the sunlight or the shadow I am ever at thy side."

When we finished the number Roger said, "I can't tell you what this did to my heart when you got up here to sing with us." Son Jon

5. said, "It was one of the honors of my life, Father, to have Jesus help you to have strength to sing with us once more." I had not been able to sing with them very much through the years, because if I do then I suffer. I've had such a time this morning with my throat, because in the last few days I've been on the phone talking to people, using my voice four to six hours a day. Before I left for Israel I sometimes used my voice up to eleven hours in a day's time. I want to praise our Heavenly Father for having mercy on me that I would be able to speak and to witness.

For instance, just a while ago David Lee and I went out to a certain house in order to procure a dump truck to haul shingles that were to be taken off James and Nancy's home. I got into a meeting at the farm with dear ones whom I'd known for four decades but haven't been with them even to speak five to ten minutes. I began to share how the Lord helped us on this pilgrimage and on other journeys in Europe and various countries, how the Lord had guided us here and directed us there. I got so happy that before I knew it, an hour was gone. "Oh, we've enjoyed this," they said. "I want the book," the lady told me. I said, "I'll bring it out," so I took the book right out to them after our lunch today. She said, "You've made a special trip." I said, "Oh, yes." It may be that she will be encouraged. You know, if you can just help someone, somewhere in a home, on a street corner, in an airport, in a grocery store, with your children, with your grandchild, with your great-grandbaby, with your neighbor, your father or mother, your brother or sister, your husband or wife, your loved one or a stranger. If you could just help one person.

We want to thank Jesus for all His blessing, His guidance, His direction for the glory of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. May you be helped. Thank you for remembering us faithfully in prayer daily, for our needs are great. We are praying that God can lay it upon the hearts of His people to pray and to share for Jesus' glory. We are believing for souls to be saved, for the sanctification of the church, for the people to become one as God and Jesus are one.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

p.s. The following are two letters which we share to the glory of God:

Dear Bro. & Sis. Helm,

It was a high privilege to be with you again in Israel. How can we adequately evaluate what God did in our midst? I trust to be faithful to review and share as God leads.

My flight to St. Louis from New York was two hours late and I missed my connection to Memphis. I just trusted and waited for the St. Louis group to arrive. I spent Saturday night with Vera at James and Linda Moores'! I had a precious time sharing with James be-

fore he took me to the airport at 9:15. I sat by a black lady going to Memphis to be with her dad who was having prostate surgery on Monday. We talked about 15 minutes before landing. She was carrying a heavy load and shared some of her burden with me. She said, "Oh, I feel my load has been lifted just talking to you." She promised to write me when she returns home to Las Vegas. She gave me a big hug and then hugged Margaret, Sammie and Bernice, who were waiting for me. I was reminded of the song Jesus had me sing, "Where there are loads you would lift, lift through me, Lord." All the hours of waiting in the airport at New York and St. Louis was worth just those few minutes spent helping someone. Praise the Lord!

This has been the easiest trip physically for me. I'm still adjusting to the time change, but feel great. I gave a pint of blood Tuesday and didn't even feel weak. I'm praying for you both to be totally healed and strengthened for the days ahead. I love you.

Ida (Kendall)

Greetings to Brother and Sister Helm in Christ,

I want to praise and thank God for his mercy to us during the pilgrimage to Israel. My heart is full of gratitude to have shared precious moments in such a company of saints. I never knew of the concept, 'to review' as you have so graciously instructed us to do. As I review, my heart is stirred and stirred and stirred. Well, it's true, you can't tell all of it. It seemed as though we were having meetings and mini-revivals every time a group of us would gather together. Often, I did not finish a meal as there was a great feast for the soul in the fellowshipping with many brothers and sisters. I could hardly wait to make my way to the dining hall for breakfast in the morning; for there were so many to love and rejoice with for the help God was giving to our hearts.

I was privileged to be on the bus with Reimar Schultze, where we were in what might be termed one heavenly accord throughout the days of touring. We could glorify the Lord in song, testimony, words of exhortation and encouragement. Shebtai and Annon, our guide and driver, were also rejoicing with us in song and words of teaching. So often, I heard Shebtai speak on knowledge he had in relation to the Old and New Testament scriptures that brought more life to what we were able to see and touch with our hands.

Brother Helm, I continue to try and assimilate all that God gave to us during your three-day visitation to Chimney Lane. It seemed as though your words of strength

6. and wisdom to us in Israel were a continuation of the meetings we had at Chimney Lane. I pray we may hear and heed the voice of God. I have heard and read about different ones in the newsletter, who have been faithful to assist. It was such a tremendous delight to meet each one who was able to come this trip, even if I only saw them from a distance; singing, encouraging or testifying to God's glory. We are so rich in talent, love and care.

My heart was touched and so enlarged with gratitude as Yigal exhibited great love to his family, as I was privileged to meet with them early one evening before service. We are blessed to have their friendship. I was so helped to see them appreciate and love my pastor, Thomas England and his wife, Sharon. I've hardly begun to try and share what God so graciously gave to us in Israel. Bonds of love between different ones of my fellowship were strengthened and I owe so much to God for this kind of love. So I am indebted to God for your faithful obedience to Him. May I continue, by the grace of God, to pray for you and obey God in all things. Trusting God for the hope we have in Jesus,

Andria Jerner

#### STEREO TAPES OF THE ISRAEL PILGRIMAGE

If you were unable to participate in this marvelous pilgrimage into Israel, you are able to enjoy a good portion of the services each evening and at special sites during the day. There are 17 Stereo Tapes in the set, and the price will be somewhere in the area of \$30-\$35, the Lord helping. To order your personal set of tapes or a set for your congregation, simply send your Name and Address requesting Israel Tapes to: Evangel Voice Publications, P. O. Box 494, Parker City, IN 47368. Billing for the exact amount, including postage and handling, will be mailed with your completed order.

#### THE SPANISH EDITION OF A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

This edition will soon be printed by Harmony Press, Bourbon, Indiana. We are so thankful for the Lord's help in preparing this translation for the Spanish speaking peoples. We at Evangel Voice Publications would appreciate any suggestions you might have for distributing these books to hungry hearts around the world. We look forward to hearing from you. Information about the cost per book will be announced once the edition is printed.

We would be thankful for your  
prayers for our finances, for your  
reading God's word and obeying the  
Holy Spirit.

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

November 3, 1989

Dear Ones in Jesus, Beloved of God,

We come in the Name of Jesus, knowing that we are unworthy of all that He has done for us in God's Kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. We praise the Lord for how He has been so merciful to us, a sinner saved by grace, for there is no good thing in us, but in Christ dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, and He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think according to the power that worketh in us.

The Sunday morning service in Parker City on October 15th was so very unusual. It began with hymn number 206 in the Methodist hymnal, a writing from over one hundred years ago by Tennyson put to music. The depth of it was most unusual. We were privileged to have four visitors with us from Michigan and these precious souls were so happy and encouraged. They were also such a blessing to us. One of them said, "We really needed this service." The Holy Spirit led in such a remarkable, precious way in an area of love, light, glory, inspiration and joy of His presence that we cannot really convey how it was, but was a service like none other I can remember.

The service on the 22nd began with my pleading with the people to obey the Holy Spirit. Various ones prayed, then Timothy Gidley prayed under such anointing that Mary Wolfe, a dear sister in Christ Jesus who, with her husband, has been with us now for thirty-nine years, was so stirred with this prayer that she said, "This prayer was wonderful. It was beautiful. It was outstanding!" Of course it was. I learned yesterday that he and some young men back in West Virginia had been getting together to pray for an hour or two or more and God had marvelously helped as they would pray during the previous months before Timothy's coming here to help and to assist in prayer, in work, in whatever the Lord may lead for him to do. The prayer service was so precious and I pled with the people to obey God. I would say, "Please obey the Holy Spirit." That urged Son James to say, "This service is unique," because there was hardly any singing. I was simply pleading with people to obey the Holy Spirit.

The altar call was very dear as well. The Holy Spirit began to woo and call and draw. One sister said that she had become discouraged and had wandered away, but had come back to Jesus. She came to the altar and was shining and so happy. As the Lord continued to work and bless, another precious sister came to the altar. She later testified, "I have never come to an altar before like this, and while I was there a deep-seated peace came into my heart." This was very, very special. Some young people had also come to pray for personal burdens and needs and to

seek the Lord's will. On the way home my brother, Terrance, shared with me that he can't recall how long it had been since God worked in his heart during an altar call as He did then. It was a very precious wooing of the Holy Spirit. We were so thankful for the Lord's presence, because without the Lord leading and guiding, everything is emptiness and for naught. There is no victory and no light without God's Word abiding in us by the Holy Spirit. Jesus said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." So we are very in debt to God to have the Word of Jesus abiding, to experience the guidance, direction and revelation of the Holy Spirit.

Here at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship last Sunday morning we were very honored and humbled as we went into the building. They were praising God so very, very enthusiastically, with great feeling and thanksgiving. The praise was so high that I believe it would have touched most everyone who reads this letter if they had been there with us. As we went on back into the hall where the men were praying, it was great and marvelous to hear the prayers lifted to the Throne of God in Jesus' Name for helping and delivering all of us, for bringing my wife and me back safely to the south, and for granting us strength to be in the service and for the help to be able to trust for the guidance in that service, for we were very needy. As we went into the sanctuary it was by the grace of God, by the help of the Holy Spirit alone. We were trusting for each one to obey the Lord as we had pled at Parker City Christ Fellowship two Sundays before. And the Sunday before that we were trying to be thankful for how God had led in Israel and how He had directed.

God was merciful and Jesus so precious to help us here in the south. In the thirteenth chapter of Luke Jesus said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." We are to repent, and repentance is to confess our sins, our evils, our iniquities, our disobedience, in order that Jesus' precious Blood could be applied to our hearts by faith. We accept Him as our personal Savior by faith and are transformed and changed into new creatures by the grace of God through the Blood of the Lamb. The devil is a liar and all the accusations that attack the thoughts and the mind are his lies. We thank Jesus that God is able to save each one who will truly repent. Then, if we follow Him on in light, deny self, carry the cross, are cleansed of the carnal nature and filled with the Holy Spirit, then He can bring the body of believers to become one as God and Jesus are one. So we give God the praise for the service, as a number brought their burdens, their cares, their longings, their hearts and souls to the altar. One young woman went back and talked to a young person in her late teens or early twenties, and she came to God, repented and gave her heart to the Christ.

The pastor later told me that she had a bright testimony Sunday evening. We were grateful for the work of the Kingdom of God at the altar call. Jefferson Todd, the pastor's son, shared with me that the Lord spoke through us in certain instruction and thoughts that were very helpful to people. I knew nothing about anything, only that I was just trusting for wisdom and understanding, and to be of encouragement and assistance to the lives of the followers of Jesus Christ.

Brother and Sister Schultze accompanied us last Friday, a week ago today, on our flight to Florida. They helped us on the plane, looked after us and carried our things, then remained for a few days. Once or twice a day Marcia has come to our condominium to take my wife's blood pressure. Even though my wife has not been very strong, God has been merciful to help us and bring us forth. Brother Schultze prayed (as we know you all are praying) for us to be healed out of all these afflictions and infirmities. (Even now we come, in Jesus' Holy Name, against these infirmities, binding them to the pits of hell, that we might be delivered by the Holy Ghost to health and victory in revival. We were waiting for the Holy Ghost revival forty-seven years ago, the last week in November of 1942. We continued to wait night after night until June 7th, when we moved from the parsonage of Shideler to 301 East North Street in Hartford City, Indiana.)

This has been a wonderful week! I wish I could actually convey to you how God miraculously helped us different days as we would be in fellowship, as we would eat together and as we would travel in the city. The Lord would help us in sharing. God would work in our hearts in such a sweet measure that if it were to work in your heart now, it would be worth all it cost us to mail out these letters. Brother and Sister Schultze would say, "It seems like this is one of the most wonderful days!" Then the next day they would say, "God has given us one of the most precious days!" Oh, how the Lord would work and lead. Two or three days ago, as we were driving on the street which passes in front of our condominium, I was trying to tell them how thankful I was for the repairs which have made the pavement so smooth. (You know, one can endeavor to be thankful much of the time if your heart is striving to be appreciative, the Lord helping us.) Then we came to a street of beautiful homes, and we were enjoying them so much as well. The Lord led and directed me to share with them and I became so happy. I just laughed and laughed with Reimar and Marcia in a measure I cannot explain to you. Never can I remember laughing in such happiness. When I saw one of the seven wonders of the world--the Taj Mahal in full moonlight--it was so great, and I appreciated it. But I didn't laugh and rejoice like I did going down the street trying to share a few things in the Lord with them.

Then we came to a magnificent tree completely covered with flowers shaped like tiny pink rosebuds. The midday sun was shining in brilliance upon it and created a brightness

and beauty which simply astonished me, for I had never seen that tree before and neither had they. In fact, in all our years we had never seen a tree quite like this just when the sun was coming down on it at high noon with such brilliant light and beauty. Simply to see a tree with the petals that color was astonishing. We didn't know we were going to get to see such a marvelous sight. We already were so happy about how the Lord was helping us and I was in such laughter and praise and thanksgiving. It is hard to explain this marvelous experience in Christ and how happy and blessed we were in that little car. Brother and Sister Shipp had allowed us to use their car while they used the old vehicle which we had purchased for such times. We felt very grateful to Jesus for their love and care to allow us this privilege to have their new car with just a few thousand miles on it. Here we could drive in comfort. We were thankful for God's protection and blessing and help as we would travel from place to place.

We took the Schultzes to an enclosed wild animal refuge, where I had been many times, and we had such a time together. I knew that Reimar and Marcia loved animals, but I didn't know to what extent until I observed them watching all of these beautiful animals. As soon as we came through the gate, there was a turtle weighing somewhere between two and three hundred pounds--one of the largest any of us had ever seen on land. Now, I've seen some fairly large sea turtles, but not with such an immense upper body. When it would come up on its feet, its legs were like that of a miniature elephant. We just saw so many different things. The giraffe came near to us and the elephants were very close to the road. We all had such a wonderful time with the variety of God's creatures and His creation in nature. The Lord was so merciful in helping us delight in these earthly things. It was a time that could hardly be told.

Today was also such a tremendous time with the Lord helping us as we went to various places of business. I began to share with a precious black sister whom I had known in this bank for some time, and she asked, "Where is this church where you go to speak?" After I gave her directions to Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship she said, "Rev. Helm, would you pray for me?" So I prayed a short prayer for her right there in the bank. I came out so thankful and blessed and happy. From there we went on to a restaurant where God granted us such a wonderful time. It was after two when we arrived because of little meetings Jesus had been giving us. I also had a time at the grocery store with a man who sacked the groceries. I said, "Praise the Lord," and he responded with, "Praise the Lord!" I don't know if I ever heard him praise the Lord in this grocery store. Because we were a little late getting to the restaurant the waitress told us, "It's too late to get in on the buffet." Well, I went over to see what was left on the buffet, and it looked so beautiful. One of the salads scarcely had been touched, but they were

going to close it. I asked the gentleman working there, "Are we too late then?" He looked at me a moment, then said, "Go ahead and help yourself." I handed him a dollar and said, "It's not much, but it says Jesus loves you." Brother Schultze said, "Here's another one." We had such a time trying to be thankful there with those who had worked with the food.

We had soup and salad and dolphin, and the roast beef was so tasty. Then Jeff and another waiter came up and we began to share with them how God had helped Rev. James Wright and Jack Rinchich so miraculously and so marvelously in Africa. Oh, what a story it is. Of course, we couldn't get it all told, but it was so precious how the Lord blessed us. Then outside we had such a time with the man who meets people at the door. He said, "God bless you, Brother." It reminded me of another day as I was paying my fare to Key Biscayne. I was telling the man at the toll booth something when he said, "God bless, my dear Brother." And I answered, "May the Lord encourage you." The time we had at the restaurant was so great because Jesus helped us to try to love the people and share with them.

We went on to the Post Office to send a little finance to dear ones who were making a sacrifice to help someone else. Post Office Number One here is a very busy place with a population of between half a million and a million people in the city. We had to wait for the right station to become available and when we got to the counter, here was this dear black sister. I began to witness and share with her. She said, "Praise the Lord." I tried to tell her how the Lord had helped us to love all the peoples in Israel, Arab and Jewish alike. The longer we talked to her the more she responded. Just before we were finished I said, "I want to give you something." We gave her two dollars and, I tell you, there was such a light and smile on her face. Reimar and I had quite an experience there. Then we visited the doctor's office. With our medical doctor was a very interesting man. I began to tell him how Jesus had helped us in Israel, how the Lord had protected, blessed, led and directed. I got so happy there trying to share with him. His eyes seemed to fill with water as we were reviewing again how God helped Jack Rinchich and Rev. Wright in Africa. God was still helping us wonderfully as we had a little prayer and left. The way the Lord guided and helped us was very unusual, all to His glory and honor.

Returning to the condominium we found a rather heavy package awaiting us, which Reimar carried up for me. How surprised we were to discover that the package contained two picture albums of Israel from Debbie Hill. My wife, Marcia, Reimar and I began to look at these beautiful pictures and, oh, it was a marvelous gift. We had such a time looking at picture after picture, reviewing how God had led and directed. We didn't know it was going to be quite like this as we enjoyed how Debbie had captured the beautiful

### 3.

sights and wonderful personalities at Jerusalem and Tiberias and in various parts of Israel.

We went to see Norman Reeg in Hollywood the other night and he simply loved me and loved me. His wife was so delighted to see us. She went right down to visit my wife, who had remained in the car because she was not feeling too well. She told Florence, "I tell you, Norman is so encouraged. He has been listening to the tapes of how God has led and directed in your services, and tears have been running down his cheeks." The picture where Norman was baptized in the River Jordan reveals a light on him that is most unusual. People here in the condominium who know Norman and have seen this picture think it is truly something. It was so precious how God blessed him on this pilgrimage, making it one of the most wonderful experiences of his seventy years. (I wanted to make a correction of what I shared about him in the last newsletter. I had understood that when he was in the prison camp he had carried his buddy on his back, but he did not physically carry his buddy that long distance: he got him to the place of labor there and "carried him" in the respect that he did his own work and also his buddy's work. I had misunderstood when Norman told us he had "carried him" and I wanted to correct and clarify that.) Oh, what joy and fellowship we had with Norman and Jaunita. When we had prayer he was so thankful to the Lord Jesus for how God helped him in his life during his pilgrimage to Israel.

I would that I could thank you all for praying for Jack and Rev. Wright on their mission into Africa on October 12th. Since Jack's appointment to speak before hundreds of policemen was not until October 28th, he and Pastor Wright had no scheduled itinerary for those intervening days of over two weeks. But it was marvelous how God worked everything out in an absolutely miraculous way. I wish I could tell you about the souls that were saved there, how those at a Bible college sought sanctification, how the Lord worked everything out in such a marvelous way. We trust it can be shared sometime in part, for it is a miracle work of Jesus' leading, of people praying and sacrificing and of servants of God willing to believe and trust and obey. We thank Jesus for those who gave the finance for Jack Rinchich to go, and for Maranatha Fellowship who furnished the finance for their pastor.

When Rev. Wright was telling me of their mission, he began to share about a young man who was the last person they saw in Nigeria before their departure. Just as he started to speak about him, the Holy Spirit revealed to me the serious situation in the stomach down into the bowel of this man in Africa. Brother Wright was in West Virginia and I was in south Florida and we were speaking over the telephone. All I heard was that he was a twenty-year-old young man. I began to plead with God that Jesus would go right into the body of this young man, into this awful situation, and take it out. When I got through praying Brother Wright said, "You are right.

This is what's wrong with him. He can't eat and is in an awful shape in his abdomen and stomach." Of course, I didn't know that, but the Lord heard prayer immediately as we cried for Jesus' stripes to be applied to his stomach and let healing flow in. It is a miracle how the Lord did that. I thought it would be an encouragement to each of you reading this letter to know of God's intervention for this young man. It would be by God's mercy we would know anything again, ever be privileged to see a soul saved, believers sanctified, bodies healed, or be granted another revelation of Jesus our blessed Savior. We want to thank Jesus for what He did, what He's doing, and what He will do, entirely for His glory and praise.

We thank the Lord for your prayers for us--the least, the neediest of God's servants. Thank you for fasting and holding on for us. We are deeply grateful to each of you who has sacrificed to help, to share and to send in finance. The need has been, and is, so great. There are many needs among God's children and for different things that we haven't had finance for as yet. We are just trusting for finance to replace the cars which are used in so many aspects of our ministry. We are trusting also for revival and for the awakening, for the Holy Spirit to bring conviction upon souls, that they would repent and find Jesus; that believers would be cleansed and sanctified, that we could become one as God and Jesus are one. It is a work of God that none of us can do.

God said through the prophet Jeremiah that our heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. No one can know how deceitful the heart is except the Holy Spirit reveal it to some small measure. We cannot trust physical feelings or physical manifestations. We must go by faith, by the Word of God, by the Holy Spirit leading. It is so important just to obey Jesus and allow Him to lead, not trying to work out things lest we get into a false way. We must truly go only as the Lord would lead. We have never aspired to start churches, nor have we tried to start any church. But fellowships have arisen as people have sought to humbly obey the Holy Spirit. We want to praise Jesus for each fellowship that He has helped, blessed and guided, because all that Jesus leads means everything: anything and everything that man does comes to naught. We know it's through the Holy Spirit that souls can really worship together, can find God's will by the Word, by prayer, by obedience, by yieldedness, by following Jesus all the way.

We are trusting for the orphans and the widows, for the called, the chosen and the elect--praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints. Thank you for praying for our return flight on the fourteenth, that we will have good to excellent flights. Please pray that the weather will be good to excellent on the sixteenth, likewise, as the Board of Directors of Revival For Our Day travel to Parker for their annual meeting.

We are praying for God's Kingdom to come in our midst, for we are utterly dependent upon Him. When I recently talked with Daniel Light he said, "Each of the Director's Meetings has been like a revival in the last years." Some eight to twelve years ago, when one Director's Meeting concluded after four to six hours, Rev. Hill asked, "I wonder if there has ever been a Director's Meeting on earth that was any more precious than this one?" I know it's through Jesus that a business meeting could ever be as great as that again. It was way beyond man. I know that I'm needy and unworthy. Our arms are too short, our vocabulary too limited. It's by the mercies of God that I can make heaven. It's through God and the prayers of all of you that His mercy has spared my wife and me that we could be well, that we could be filled with God's love and the Holy Spirit and righteousness, and be able to love all peoples everywhere as He loves us. We thank the Lord for His mercy, for all your prayers and sacrifices. May each of you have a very precious Thanksgiving and a victorious Christmas season.

In Jesus' Holy Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

The following are just a few of your many wonderful letters, which I thought would be an encouragement to all of you as they were to us, to God's glory and honor:

Dear Friends,

I will never forget your generous gift of experience to me. He restores my appreciation of generous people who give without any consideration of cost or remuneration out of caring. The trip to Israel will lodge long in my soul. The changes wrought are not yet fully realized or understood, but I feel the turmoil of inner change.

Very fondly,  
Audrey Boltz

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Dear Reverend Helm,

Jaunita says I have not been able to write you any sooner because I haven't been able to lower my wheels and slow down my motor.

I was aware that the experience would be wonderful, but there was no way I could have ever known just how much this journey would mean to me. It was not just one thing, but a combination of all. Your people have something that is so special. I should have known by just knowing you and Florence what a wonderful group of people you have. Your family is so special, and everyone was so very kind, caring and loving. It was like none I had ever known before. I will be thankful all the days of my life for this wonderful chance of a lifetime. Life in Christ is truly a profound experience found no other place in the universe. My love for

you, your family, and members of your ministry will surely reach into the eternal.

If there is a time you may need help for any reason, I will feel highly pleased if you call me--clean your apartment, your car, shine your shoes (I used to do that at the age of twelve to fifteen) or whatever needs to be taken care of--voluntarily only.

Love forever in Christ,  
Norman (Reeg)

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Dear Dr. & Mrs. Helm

I appreciate this opportunity to once again come to Israel under the leadership of the Holy Spirit. I had looked forward to this trip anticipating a time of learning, rejoicing, dying out and resting. I also had my mother come as well as my wife, which was a great encouragement to me.

I believe the trip has mostly strengthened my resolve to press on into the will of God. I'm trusting to go home with a renewed desire to be obedient to all the things God has shown me through the Bible and this ministry. I want to be more consistent and faithful to God's revelation. Thank you for allowing us on this trip. May God protect, heal, deliver and direct you in Jesus' Name.

Your friend,  
Herb Hofmann

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Dear Rev. Helm,

This pilgrimage to Israel has been wonderful for me. A day or two before the trip was announced by John Fogarty, I had gotten a very strong feeling that I was to go back to Israel. If God wanted me on this trip to accomplish something for Him, I hope I did my job, because He did a lot for me.

He allowed me to have a very comfortable trip this time. He even cooled down the day today so we would be able to travel without air conditioning on Bus #2. The evening meetings were wonderful. It is getting easier for me to listen. I am going back to Denver to try harder to read, pray, witness and obey. Thank you for setting an example for us on how we can follow Jesus!

Sincerely,  
Gina Hofmann

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Dearest Rev. Helm,

It has been a dream come true to come be with you here in the Holy Land. It is such a high privilege to be a part of God's Kingdom at work here in Israel. My love for the people of this land has only grown since coming here. I am also truly grateful how the Lord anointed and used my wife, Rosalind, and the Texas group. I'm also excited in my heart that by God's grace you are the same (like Jesus) wherever you are. I'm thankful

5.

that I knew who you were the very same day Susanna Bunker gave me your book! I'm endeavoring to pray for you and your ministry's fruition. My high point was when the Holy Spirit operated in my heart where Jesus was crucified...I appreciate and love you very, very, very much. Be encouraged.

In Jesus' Name,  
James E. Fischer

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Dearest Rev. Helm,

I was reviewing in my mind all of your past trips to Israel and was realizing that God was paving the way for ME. God loves me so much that He gave me the best. My first trip to Israel I shall never forget (Lord helping with constant reviewing). Everything was excellent. I trust I shall never lose what was gained here. Words are not adequate to even begin to try and tell what wonderful things God did for me. Hallelujah! We've had the best food, the best accommodations, the best transportation (even when the air conditioning broke on Bus #2 there was great rejoicing and fun), the best guides and bus drivers and the BEST services. Praise the Lord! By God's grace, Rev. Helm, I have always been with you in my heart. I enjoy you so much. Your personality is delightful to me. Mary Susanna instructed me so well concerning you and the things of God. I'm so grateful for this. Praise the Lord

Rosalind Fischer

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Dearest Brother Helm,

I am not much of a writer, nor a reader; but when I do write it is usually to report FACTUAL INFORMATION AND OBSERVATIONS. I don't know if you know it, but I am a police officer. Praise the Lord for a holy assignment! I came to Israel expecting nothing, although I knew without a shadow of a doubt that something great was going to happen...well, IT DID....Since this is my first trip to Israel, I obviously have never set foot on the SACRED soil. But much more important to me...I have never, before this week, had the joy and fellowship of loving the people of Israel, and LOOKING THEM IN THE EYES!

(Doug was able to share how the Lord gave them such a special guide, David Morris, and a wonderful driver, Saul. Doug and those on the bus would sing songs to David and Saul, then they would sing songs back to the people. They all felt such love and care together that David began to sing and play his guitar, something he had not done for a number of years. The Lord helped our people to love David and Saul and used them to bless our people.) To sum it up...I believe God allowed me just a minute glimpse of your CALL TO LOVE THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. I am unworthy, but thankful.

I love you,  
Doug West

## 6.

What this trip means to me:

How humbled I am at the privilege of being able to be a part of what God is leading by His Holy Spirit. Every minute I practiced a song in Hebrew or Arabic has been worth it. Every prayer God has been merciful to hear...for Him to be among us to comfort us through His songs of love to us, to whisper His sweet messages in our ear (through songs and your sharing). I was speaking with Dr. Blanchard today about the two things Uncle Loran has taught us: 1) To find the will of God in our hearts by the Holy Spirit guiding us. 2) To love all people, not pressing, pressuring or pushing them into what we think they should do. Oh, Jesus is so sweet and merciful to love us and then put the love within us to love others. We are physically tired, but spiritually refreshed. The sweet breath of the Holy Spirit has breathed upon us.

Rebecca Sue

SPECIAL NOTE

For the last several Christmas seasons we have requested that those who were interested in giving Christmas gifts to Rev. and Mrs. Helm might give gifts of finance. This offers them much more latitude to choose the gifts that would help them most. Your gifts of love touch their hearts very deeply and help them financially, for they give a great deal of their personal income to those in need. If you are desirous of sending gifts and are able to mail by December 10th, make checks payable directly to Rev. and Mrs. Helm and mail to their Florida address:

The Reverend and Mrs. Loran W. Helm  
Starlight Towers, Apt. 5F  
6000 N. Ocean Blvd.  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308

After that date, please send your cards and gifts to their Parker City address:

The Reverend and Mrs. Loran W. Helm  
P. O. Box 311  
Parker City, IN 47368

May you be blessed in your giving by the Christ Child's love, for "As you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me."

Love and regards,  
John McAdams

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GOD IS WORKING THROUGH YOU!

Thank you for your excellent response to our own personal desire at the first of this year to share at least one copy of *A Voice in the Wilderness* each month. God has been working through you as you have responded so sweetly to also embrace this holy vision.

Two days ago I received a call from a dear gentleman who had been deeply helped by Rev. and Mrs. Helm's pilgrimage. How did he run across *A Voice in the Wilderness*?--a person just like you and me simply shared a copy with a waitress. She, in turn, gave it to a fellow employee. This daughter was so excited by the book, as soon as she had read it, she sent it to this gentleman, who is her daddy! And now he was anxious to read it the second time and was ordering more copies to share with his friends. So, you see, the Lord is honoring your humble labors and is sowing the seeds in a fruitful ministry, all to God's praise and glory. Here are some other victory reports for your encouragement:

"I was so glad that you shared your renewed vision of placing *Voices* regularly. I know I haven't been as consistent as I need to be, and had started again giving books last December. The lower prices sure help in being able to do more of it. Through Rev. Helm's example, and that of the RFOD staff, and your exhortation, it has helped me to love a nurse's aide as well as some residents of the local nursing home where my father lives. I have given her a *Voice* too. She didn't mention it today, but I believe that the *Voice* helped her to make a life-changing decision this week. And when I gave one to a guidance counselor at school she said she would start reading it that very day, and I knew it was God's perfect timing because she was so needy and disappointed right then!"

"Since I began obeying my pastor and reading two pages a day in *A Voice in the Wilderness*, I have had a great time. But just like potato chips when you can't eat just one or two--two pages isn't enough! Yesterday I had a great time with the healing of Brother Reynold's son after all the trees for the Home Built By Faith had been cut. Only the Holy Spirit could make a book more refreshing and new with each reading."

"I wish to be thankful for your obedience to exhort us to share *A Voice in the Wilderness* each month. I have been blessed wonderfully as I have given each one away. I am trusting Jesus to continue to be faithful to this call. Thank you again for being obedient."

To assist you if you wish to order more copies for distribution for yourself or your congregation, the special low rates are:

1 to 5 copies	\$8.70
6 to 39 copies	5.22
40 or more	4.79

You may order by mailing your order to: Evangel Voice Publications, P. O. Box 494, Parker City, IN 47368.

Your servant in Jesus,  
Jon Cullum

# Revival For Our Day, Inc.

December 3, 1989

242 E Main

#48

Ashland 01  
97520

Dear beloved of Jesus,

It is so urgent and important that we give our Heavenly Father thanksgiving and praise for the unspeakable gift of His Only Begotten Son, Jesus the Christ, born of the Virgin Mary in a Bethlehem stable as earth received the marvelous King of Kings. In celebration of Christmas we want to give God praise and glory for this wonderful miracle of divine light, redemption for all mankind and hope unto eternal life. We must repent and confess our sins, for it is through the precious Blood of Jesus and the work of the Holy Spirit that we can become vessels of God's love. If we deny self, take up the cross and follow the Great Redeemer and Lord of Lords, He gives us victory by faith. We need Him so desperately, continuously, for it is only as He leads by the Holy Spirit that His Kingdom can come on earth as it is in Heaven. But as we witness faithfully, obey and trust, He will take care of us. Praise the Lord.

Last Sunday and the Sunday before in the Worship service at Palm Beach Gardens Christ Fellowship the Lord was again so faithful. This past Sunday the Holy Spirit gave us the message from Ephesians Chapter Five concerning the Glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that we be holy and without blemish. We also observed the scripture in the twelfth chapter of St. John: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." We want to thank Jesus for this help and direction and guidance. The altar service a week ago was very, very precious. One dear man in his late twenties or early thirties, who had backslidden, came back to Jesus, and another fine person obtained spiritual victory during the altar call. Then last Sunday the Holy Spirit was also merciful to touch hearts and give help as He did the Sunday before. We again thank the Lord for the young lady who found Jesus three or four Sundays ago, and how the Lord helped her to have a bright testimony that evening. We praise Jesus for the Kingdom of God to come on earth as it is in heaven at His time and in His way. We know that God's ways are past finding out.

Rev. Wright recently reminded me that when we prayed with Freddy Whaples some year and a half ago about him studying at Prairie Bible Institute in Canada, my burden and concern in his going there was for his protection in travel. A few Sundays ago several of those precious students from the Bible Institute were on their way to a service when a vehicle ran a stop sign, hitting the van they were in. The impact could have killed them all, but God spared them through His promise and power. The Holy Spirit kept them from being hurt severely, even though one had a broken toe and another had a broken jaw. But, just as importantly, God helped them all to swiftly get out of the van and move a distance from it. Suddenly the vehicle exploded and burst into flames. God is to be praised for

sparing all the students at impact and helping them to get out of the van before the explosion. If they had stayed in the vehicle, all of them could have perished. They were marvelously and miraculously spared.

Timothy Gidley told me a few weeks ago about Freddy calling him and sharing that in that van he had two of his most prized earthly possessions: his Bible and a copy of *A Voice in the Wilderness*. "You know," he told Timothy, "about two hundred feet from the accident lay a book on the ground. When I reached down to pick it up and dust it off, I saw that it was my copy of *A Voice in the Wilderness*." The explosion had blown it either through a window or door all that distance from the burning van, and most surprising of all--not only was it not burned or damaged, but all three hundred and twenty pages were intact! Most objects in an explosion would either fall to pieces or be torn apart or damaged in some way, especially when the blast was so powerful to hurl it so far. Even if a person simply threw a book fifty or a hundred feet, it would probably fly open and some pages be lost. But for the Holy Spirit to so surround that book, protecting it from the blast and the burning, is almost a modern-day miracle. When Freddy opened the book there was a piece of glass lying right beside the sentence which reads: "If you walk with God and trust Him, He will take care of you." We are surely thankful these precious students were protected, that they were delivered during the accident and that God would lay it upon their hearts to get out of the vehicle immediately before the explosion. No one but the Holy Spirit of God would have known there was going to be an explosion following the impact. We want to thank the Lord that even though some were hurt, their injuries were not serious. It was by the mercies of God and Jesus helping them through prayer that they escaped crippling injury or death.

About six months ago Vera told me that Dr. Dyer was suffering great pain in his wrists when he adjusted people at his chiropractic clinic. I called him and asked God to go into the bone, the muscle, the cartilage, the tissue, the tendons, the ligaments, the fibers and heal and restore all the bruised and damaged parts. To Jesus' glory, he told me recently that he has not had any pain since, and has been able to adjust many patients each week, including somewhere between one hundred to one hundred fifty patients on two days of the week. That is a great miracle of God.

Some few months ago the president of the Cops for Christ International in New York City received an invitation to come to Nigeria for a dedication service of a Cops for Christ chapter in their country. The president replied, "I cannot come, but I know who is to come. His name is Jack Rinchich." (We have Jack because God led me to love a

2.

man who was playing the drums. We were beginning the first night of services with Rev. James Wright in 1976 where they were meeting at the warehouse. Rev. Wright, Rev. Hogue and all our staff walked up to the platform with me and were seated. But as my foot hit either the first, the second or the third step, the Holy Spirit revealed to me that I was not to be seated but go across the pulpit to my left and love the man at the drums. Of course, I had no idea who he was or what he did. As I loved him, I was praying for his encouragement, healing and help, but received no operation in my heart until I said "protection." The Lord was revealing to me about a situation coming for him and that he would need protection. When I sat down by the pastor, Rev. Wright asked, "Do you know that man?" I replied, "No, I know hardly anyone here in the meeting." James said, "He is one of our local policemen here in South Charleston. He is very discouraged. He is ready to resign because people spit in his face and treat him so poorly and make it difficult for him." I told Jack, "Oh, please don't resign. Keep going. Keep praying. Keep encouraged, because this is a mission field. Your pulpit is high and I cannot see over it. I cannot know how far it reaches." He heeded that guidance and did not resign, but continued to write Christian tracts and serve in the police force. After a certain time the tracts were reaching Christian policemen in a number of cities, including New York City, where, several years ago, we found Jerry Frances and other Christian policemen.)

When I learned of this invitation I called Brother Rinchich and we prayed about this journey. "I believe you are to go," I told him, "and I believe this is a part of what the Lord indicated when He revealed that your pulpit reached farther than I can see." (He has already been invited to share in a few nations. The Lord helped him marvelously when he spoke in Europe.) Soon after I was talking with Rev. James Wright when he asked, "Do you believe that I should go with Jack to Nigeria?" I prayed and said, "I would be very thankful if you would do so." He said, "I will make arrangements to be with him." We were very thankful, for he would be a great encouragement and blessing and help to Jack. (I later learned that God had already revealed to Rev. Wright that he would be going to Africa this year.)

Although the president of Cops for Christ realized God's hand was upon Jack Rinchich, there was no finance for the journey and the organization in Nigeria could offer him little, if any, assistance. Simply to consider going to Nigeria for several days is no small assignment. Brother Jack didn't have any finance to make such a trip, because the ticket itself was twenty-five hundred dollars. Remember, in Nigeria you don't know what experiences might occur at any moment. When our travel agent and our secretary were making arrangements for our pilgrimage there some years ago, they had to stay overnight in a motel. Our secretary paid three hundred dollars for their two rooms and Tina will tell you that they weren't worth ten dollars

a piece. For Rev. Wright and Jack to get to Nigeria they had to go by faith. Some of our dear children west of us were very attentive and interested and wanting to help. They asked what finance would be required and what they might do to assist, so I prayed to learn what Jesus would have them do. Other dear ones sacrificed to help them to go, and over five thousand dollars came in within a few days for both James and Jack to make the journey. We were so grateful for those who helped, for their love and their vision.

This invitation from Nigeria had come the last of June or the first of July, and when we prayed about when they should depart from the states, the Holy Spirit touched my heart on the twelfth of October. At first Jack thought he would be speaking on the sixteenth, but he later learned that he would be speaking only once at a meeting on the twenty-eighth. That meant that he and James would be in Africa for two weeks with no hotel accommodations, no travel arrangements, and with no other meetings scheduled. When we inquired if they could possibly fly on the twenty-sixth, the Holy Spirit again made it clear that they were to leave on the twelfth. That was a long time to wait and increased the cost of their mission considerably.

On the twelfth of October they prepared to depart from New York by way of Amsterdam. They had paid coach fare, but when they boarded the plane, they found themselves in business class with wide seats and room to stretch out. As I talked with Rev. Wright some days ago he shared with me that in all the previous crossings of the Atlantic to Europe, Israel, India, and Africa (somewhere over thirty times) he had not been able to sleep. Of course I know a little about that because it is difficult to sleep on a plane. However, he hadn't been in the air long when he fell into such a deep sleep that he didn't smell the food or hear it being served. In fact, he was unaware of anything until Brother Jack awakened him and said, "Pastor, we are to land at Amsterdam in one hour."

The international airport in Amsterdam is a fair size. James and Jack made their way to the gate where they would be boarding the plane to take them to Lagos, Nigeria. With a two hour wait, Rev. Wright was walking around. God had given him a marvelous rest in the flight across the Atlantic, and he didn't feel like sitting down. As he walked he noticed this group of about four black men and five white men who appeared to be traveling together, and were waiting to take the same plane as they. As he was near them he overheard them talking about "ministering." Now consider the marvel of this, for in an international airport there are hundreds and thousands of people passing through many different gates by way of several international airlines. The noise level in terminals is often such that James had to be within approximately a two-foot radius to hear them speaking. Of all the places he could be, God had him beside a group of men talking about "ministering." The Lord had them at the right place at the right time.

James said, "I heard the word 'ministering,' and as shy and backward as I am (and many people think I'm not) I pressed up to these strangers, stuck out my hand and asked, 'Are you going to Nigeria?'" The one man turned and stuck his hand out to James and said, "Yes, we are ministers of the gospel. We are going to Nigeria for a crusade." Now that is such a marvel because God revealed to us many miles away and many weeks before that they were to leave on October twelfth, the very day these ministers and their assistants were to come through Amsterdam on their way to Nigeria.

One of the ministers asked, "Do you have any meetings in Nigeria?" Pastor James replied, "One. Jack is scheduled to speak on the twenty-eighth at a meeting for Cops for Christ." He then asked, "Where are you staying?" They answered, "We don't know." The third question was, "Who is your host?" They replied, "We are trusting." These men looked at them with such shock. They were stirred up over this witness of utter trusting God, for they knew that one simply doesn't plan to minister in Africa without a place to stay, without an itinerary, and without someone to assist you in that land. (Rev. Wright later learned that the leader of this group had sent ahead seven thousand five hundred dollars for their preparation and the Nigerian pastors added to that. They probably spent hours and hours in planning and preparing for the arrangements of their journey and their crusade.) This place of trust is made even more remarkable in review that Jack had endeavored to call the Cops for Christ representative in Nigeria a number of times and had not been able to reach him. He had also sent several letters and received no answer. He simply hoped that communication had been made.

Think of it--they had no assurance that someone was going to meet them in Lagos; they had no place to stay when they got there; they had no idea how they were going to get from place to place; and they didn't know how they were even going to get the six hundred to eight hundred miles from Lagos to where Jack should speak on the twenty-eighth. They were simply trusting for everything. It's no wonder that these men were startled and amazed. As they shared and were having a precious time together, one of the ministers put two bills in Jack's pocket. Jack thought they were two ten dollar bills, but when they got on the plane, he discovered that they were two one hundred dollar bills. He gave this gift of love to Pastor Wright, who sanctified it, and gave one of the bills back in Jesus' Name.

These two trusting hearts knew only one person who might help them in Nigeria. They were acquainted with him because God had been merciful to help me know what to do when Jesus led us to Nigeria some years ago. When I preached the first service on that journey, those who were in charge of the arrangements had chosen the one who was going to interpret for me. But on Sunday morning, I pointed to a black brother I had never seen before, nor

3. had spoken one word to. I said, "This man right here is going to be my interpreter." We later learned that his name was Joseph Umanah. I didn't realize he had come seventeen to nineteen hours over many miles and did not even know the people of the association whom we had come to assist in the meeting. (Rev. Wright recently said to me, "It's a marvel that you knew to just speak two or four sentences and then stop and let him interpret.") We had never met Joseph. I didn't know him at all and he didn't know me at all. But the Holy Spirit anointed so wonderfully. It would be by God's grace, dear ones, that I'm ever privileged to be under such a sweet and powerful anointing as that. As I spoke he was under the same anointing that I was. After he had interpreted for me some ten to twenty minutes he became so happy he would ask me from time to time, "May I say 'Hallelujah?'" which told me he was speaking only what I told him to say! I didn't know what I was going to preach. I simply had to trust the Lord for everything, just like in this letter and in all the letters previously and in all services God has led me in. It's by the grace of God I can make it.

(I pray for this headache one or more of you reading this letter have in the forehead, that you would be healed and delivered. Also this cramping in the heart area, that you will be encouraged and lifted and given help from on High, because it's through Jesus we can make it in the soul, in the mind and in the body. We know that we are nothing. We know that we are needy. It's through the Blood of Jesus, the mercy of God, that we can make it in every area: be faithful and true, because many begin the race but soon stop and do not persevere on in the life of self denial--the life of dying by carrying the cross, allowing God to slay the carnal nature--that we might, through the truth of Jesus, be a sanctified people and become one as God and Jesus are one.)

When Rev. Wright and Brother Rinchich got off the plane and entered the terminal in Lagos there was such a multitude of people moving in all directions: people trying to get through customs, others trying to get luggage and many people just moving about. But out of the crowd they saw the smiling face of Joseph Umanah shining with the light of Christ in welcome. God had him there to meet them! It was so very hot, but Joseph took them to a little hotel which had air conditioning. He told Rev. Wright, "Sunday morning I want you to begin a six-day revival in our church." There were some five to six hundred people there for each service and how God helped him in preaching the Word cannot be told. Dear ones were saved, bodies were healed, individuals were delivered from bondage and from fear and from situations of darkness. I don't think they really know how many people found Christ or were helped and healed during those services. (Some days later, when Joseph took them to his tiny living quarters, Rev. Wright shared that a picture of My wife and I was hanging on his living room wall. Rev. Wright and Jack told us, "We can't explain it to you, but it just

seemed like you both were with us there in Africa." Only by God's grace and through the Holy Spirit could this be.)

During their days in Lagos, Joseph had tried to make arrangements for James and Jack to have a meeting with the Deputy Inspector General of Nigeria, who is head of all the police in that country. He called a number of times but there was no answer. They decided to simply make their way, trusting that God would open the doors for them. Once they found the proper building they had to pass through much security in order to reach the office of this gentleman's secretary. As they entered, a lawyer was demanding to see this high official. He was so distraught that James thought he might be arrested. The people in charge were insisting that he was not going to see the Inspector General, and this gentleman would continue to say, "Yes, I want to see him. I have my papers and am here to see him!" You can imagine how these shy, backward men felt standing there listening to this argument. They were praying, "Oh, Lord, You are going to have to help us to ever get in here." In the midst of this upheaval the secretary turned to Joseph and asked, "What do you want?" Joseph answered, "I'm a pastor of a little church here in Lagos. These are my guests from America. Rev. Wright is a minister of the gospel and Mr. Rinchich is a policeman who is going to speak to the Cops for Christ convention on the twenty-eighth of October. We were trusting to be able to speak to the Inspector General." James told me that he could tell this man was not impressed at all as he took the little card with his information on it into the other room. But in a few minutes down the steps came a large fellow who said, "Come with me." A bodyguard ushered them through a large steel door into the office of this distinguished gentleman, the second highest man in all of Nigeria. One of the first things that Pastor Wright saw as he entered was a picture of Jesus hanging on the wall. God gave them such favor with this humble Christian man. It was a very wonderful experience, a great missionary story of God's love in Christ Jesus, for which we give God all praise and all glory.

On October twenty-first they flew from Lagos to another city and then went on to Aba, where Jack was to share on the twenty-eighth. Rev. Wright told me that from the moment they left Charleston, West Virginia, every flight they took, whether it was across the ocean on a jumbo jet or in a small turbo prop plane going from city to city in Africa, every flight was as smooth as silk. Now anyone who flies much at all knows that unless God does a great miracle, there is some turbulence sometimes or much turbulence most of the time. When my travel agent came with her secretary to be with us some months ago, they experienced more turbulence in that flight than they had crossing the oceans many, many times.

The night they arrived the representative for Cops for Christ said, "I would like to take you to a meeting tonight." Of course,

they didn't know where this meeting was or how far it was. They simply got ready and went with him. After driving many miles they came to a huge field with a stage set up at one end. And who should be holding the meeting, but the same ministers God had led them to at the airport in Amsterdam! They came down out of the pulpit and loved James and Jack like close brothers who hadn't seen each other for a long time. "Where have you been?" they asked. James was able to tell them how God had opened a door for him to preach the gospel. These ministers wanted Rev. Wright to sit on the platform with them, but he replied, "No, this is your meeting. I'll just stand down here with the Nigerians." The people wanted them to sit down, but James and Jack felt that they were to stand just like the rest of the congregation.

After the service they both received requests to preach in churches the next day, which were very sacred assignments. At some point in their journey, while Brother Wright was speaking a distance away, Jack had been invited to speak to about a thousand or more young people. When he had finished, between three to four hundred came to give their hearts to Jesus. They were invited to a religious gospel men's meeting where one person after another just talked and shared and talked and shared. Brother Jack turned to his pastor and asked, "What are we going to do?" James answered, "We'll just pray and wait and trust." After some time the leader asked James, "What's on your heart?" He began to share the message of how the Lord saves and leads and guides. When he finished preaching, five persons gave their lives to Christ. They had such a wonderful time. The leaders of this large crusade had requested that Pastor Wright preach for the final service. The service lasted from five-thirty to ten-thirty with the people standing all the while. Jack was privileged to play the drums for part of the service, and Rev. Wright was privileged to preach on the subject "Don't be afraid--only believe." He preached to a gathering of approximately twenty to thirty thousand people (Jack estimated thirty to thirty-five thousand persons). Rev. Wright's son wrote me a letter the other day from Mid-America Bible College and said, "You know, my father had a dream fulfilled that maybe someday he would be able to preach to ten or twenty thousand people, the Lord willing."

The twenty-fourth of October was Jack Rinchich's birthday. He was in Aba alone, kneeling by his bed while Pastor was preaching some distance away. Jack prayed, "Lord, I've been away from my wife for twelve days and I would be so thankful if I could call her." In ten minutes there was a knock at his hotel door. When he answered, there stood a minister and his wife. He learned that they had been enroute to a service, but the Holy Spirit impressed him to come and check on the Americans they had seen at the crusade. "Do you need anything?" he inquired. Jack replied, "Yes! I want to talk to my wife in the United States." So they took him out of the city to a communications

center which had a hundred foot tower. But by the time they arrived there the facility was closed because it was eighty-thirty in the evening. The man at the desk told them two to four times, "It's too late to make a call." Soon another man wearing a badge came out and asked, "What do you need?" Jack said, "I wanted to call my wife in America." The man replied, "We're closed up, but write down your number." So Jack took a Cops for Christ card and wrote his home number in West Virginia on it. The man went into another room.

As they were waiting and praying the man came out and said, "Come quickly! I have your wife on the phone!" They had already told him that they were closed and it was impossible to call, but they patched him through Lagos to America. Jack was able to talk with her for three minutes, then they were disconnected. He was just getting back outside when the man was able to reach her again. He was able to speak to her for some minutes more before they were again disconnected. He thought that was surely it, but the man once more called back in just a little bit, "I've got her again!" Jack talked to his wife for four minutes that time before they were disconnected. He asked, "How much do we owe you for this?" They answered, "Well, we're supposed to be closed and it's your birthday, so just consider it a gift." This was a marvel and a miracle and an answer to prayer for God to send a man to the hotel where he was, knock at his door, then take him to a place that was closed where He could make a way for him to hear his sweetheart's voice on his birthday with no charge!

When they got to the meeting on the twenty-eighth, Brother Wright said that one person after another was introduced and it was a while before they got to Brother Rinchich. But the Lord helped Jack so wonderfully. Brother Wright told me, "We shared what we've been taught--to deny self, to be cleansed of the carnal nature, to obey God and follow Jesus, to wait on the Lord and be sure it's the Holy Spirit leading." Since the Lord had revealed to me that they were not to return to Charleston until the thirty-first they rather wondered what they were going to be doing for three days. But James said, "The Lord had us ministering to persons in the hotel."

On the final day, the last person they were privileged to minister to was a precious young man. As Jack was praying for him, Pastor Wright slipped some finance into his Bible at Philippians 4:19 where it says: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." They requested that he not open his Bible until they got a distance away and then turn to that scripture. Imagine how he was blessed when he found this gift from God's children. Rev. Wright was sharing this experience with me on the phone and the Holy Spirit spoke to me. I said, "Oh, this man has an awful situation in his abdomen." I believe I shared in the last newsletter that I just began to plead with God that Jesus go into this awful

situation and take it out. When I finished Pastor Wright said, "That was his trouble. He is not able to eat." So, you see, the Holy Spirit knew why they were to leave on October twelfth and why they were not to return until the thirty-first. For the last thing on the last day they were privileged to minister to this precious young man and then when James was sharing with me, the Lord reveals his need thousands of miles away. God is be given all praise for what He has done.

I want to thank each one who has prayed and fasted for us, for all who have held steady and helped and sacrificed. Those of you who are unable to help, please do not feel badly. We are not trying to increase the number of people on our mailing list, but at the same time, we do want those who do wish to be included to feel welcome. If God lays it on your hearts to help, we would be thankful for the assistance, but we don't want anyone who cannot help us to feel badly. The Lord will make a way somehow. He never fails. He is able to take care of every need as we trust Him and give Him all praise and all glory and all honor for each soul saved, each believer sanctified. We know that we've seen too few victories. Only through the Holy Spirit can this be: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts." We pray for cancerous things to be killed: that all things not in holy order can become what God, in Christ, wants them to be. We don't want to fail or disappoint or come short. We know it's easy to do, but by the grace of God we can make it in every area. We pray for all those who are in need, all those who are discouraged. We pray for healing of a throat problem and for those who are in perplexity, anxiety and trial. I pray that this awful distress will leave the abdomen, that God will intervene and heal for Jesus' glory.

Thank you for each of your lovely cards and precious gifts. Last year I believe we received two to three hundred Christmas greetings. Mrs. Helm and I wish each of you a very blessed Christmas experience, and we send God's love to you. May the year to come be a year of victory in Christ, which is assured if we trust God completely like little children and obey the Holy Spirit's promptings with eagerness and joy.

In Jesus' Name,

*Loran W. Helm*

Loran W. Helm

For your encouragement I share this wonderful letter from Joseph Umanah.

Dear Lord and Bishop of our soul:

Glory, honor, power and majesty be ascribed to Jesus, our Lord and Savior. Amen.

The coming of Pastor James Wright and Officer Jack Rinchich was in reality your coming back to us. They came to represent you and to encourage us, to strengthen our faith in the midst of persecution and oppression of the wicked one. The coming of the

## 6.

two, from you, is a clear indication that Jesus remembers us, cares for us and died for us. He loves us and we belong to Him. It is especially comforting to know that you have us in your mind always and are praying for us--the Church in Nigeria.

Your ministry of revival, oneness, dying to self and carrying the cross daily to follow the Lamb, was opened up and simplified for our people by Pastor James Wright. For six days he came down on us as waters to a dry land. Indeed we were thirsty to hear it afresh from a vessel purified for the Master's use. Pastor Wright, with a double anointing, broke the bread for those who were thirsty for truth and righteousness. As he spoke in Jesus' Name, the anointing came so powerfully and the yoke of fear, poverty, oppression, and persecution were broken. The anointing breaks the yoke. People, in hundreds, streamed in to be blessed and when a house is on fire, it needs no advertisement. Pastor Wright brought the fire down and many cold hearts and weak souls were warmed, enlightened and strengthened. Thanks for sending Pastor Wright and Officer Jack Rinchich to help us.

Pastor Wright will share some of the urgent needs here with you so they can be lifted up in prayer to Him who said He would supply all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. We are learning to trust, pray and wait. We would like you to know we are praying for you and Florence here. We know you need our prayers and every Sunday we shall endeavor to lift you up to the Lord in prayer. Pray also for us. The Church in Lagos loves you, your ministry and your pastors.

Yours in Him,  
Joseph Umanah

## NOTE FROM REV. HELM

I would like to make a request, if I may, concerning the precious companions of our dear staff members. These women love everyone so very much, and a few persons call to share their cares, concerns, problems and situations. This can be a great burden and weight upon them, and I would be thankful if those few persons who call to share troubles and situations would be prayerful and talk to

Jesus instead, for only Jesus truly knows how to help us. After much prayerful consideration, then you might be able to share with someone stronger and more able to help. Now, they haven't requested this and shared with me, but it's on my heart that they not receive calls of care, because it's so hard on them. Their ministry is not to be pressed down with the cares of this world, but to help carry the load with their husbands and be what God wants them to be. Thank you for your understanding.

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REPORTS ON A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Thank you for writing about how God is helping you share copies of *A Voice in the Wilderness*. One dear pastor received this sacred testimony: "You introduced us to the book *A Voice in the Wilderness* and we've never been the same. Words will never express our love and gratitude to you." Jesus is surely to be praised for this transforming work.

Another person wrote Vera a note with her book payment saying: "Please use the credit of \$9.65 as you need it. I have received so much good from the book. It's truly wonderful how we can keep rereading it and feel the Holy Spirit."

Thank you for sowing so faithfully and humbly this year. My hope is to stretch my own vision of sharing *A Voice in the Wilderness* in 1990.

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There is still time to order copies of *A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS* for your Christmas giving.

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The Spanish edition of *A Voice in the Wilderness* is now being printed. Thank you for praying for God to open doors of distribution. Do you have friends, pastors, missionaries in Spanish-speaking countries? Please be praying about those you wish to receive a copy. We are anticipating this edition with great joy.

Your servant in Christ,  
Jon Cullum