

Hospital Experience

by Bud Robinson

Bud Robinson's hospital experience was a testament to the power of faith and healing, as he credited the Lord's presence and power for his recovery.

Duration: 45:20

Scripture: Matthew 6:33, Acts 24:5, 2 Corinthians 11:24, Philippians 1:12, Hebrews 9:22, 1 Peter 1:18-19, Revelation 7:9-10

Topics: "Christian Life"

Description

The video is a summary of the life and ministry of Bud Robinson, a preacher in the early 20th century. Despite his lack of formal education, Robinson had a profound impact on thousands of lives through his message of the grace of God. He traveled extensively, preaching over 30,000 times and authoring more than a dozen books. The money he earned from his writing went towards educating young preachers. The video also includes a personal testimony from Robinson about a miraculous healing he experienced.

Transcript

Raymond Browning, a well-known Holiness preacher in his own right, called Uncle Buddy the most unique speaker in the American public. On the surface, Bud Robinson's appeal was a bubbling humor. It tempered tense situations.

It made you laugh. It often carried the bite of double meaning, which had a spiritual application. But look at Uncle Bud a bit longer.

His humor was only an icing to the cake. He was also a Bible scholar. Contrary to most elementary education, the Bible was Bud's first reader.

At the age of 21, on August 11, 1880, Reuben A. Robinson met Christ. The Bible was his textbook from then forward. A humorist and a Bible scholar, this is a strange combination, but still hardly reason for the wide appeal and universal message of Bud Robinson.

His success story lies in the fact that a simple, stammering Texas cowboy placed his life in the hands of a loving Savior. As a result, millions of early 20th century Americans were witnesses to a miracle of the grace of God and thousands of lives were transformed through his message. In his 61 years of ministry, he traveled more than 2 million miles and preached more than 30,000 times.

This man, without the benefit of formal education, authored more than a dozen books. The money which came in as a result of his writing went to educate more than 100 young preachers who have in turn gone out to preach the gospel and to bless the world. Uncle Buddy died in 1942, but his messages live on.

This one, given in 1940, will thrill thousands who knew him. And for the ones who know him only as a name, this message will immortalize the unforgettable Uncle Bud. When I was struck with a big car and broke up, knocked about 30 feet and taken up with nine broken bones and dislocated joints, and lay for near six months ago on my bones back, some people seemed to know better about my condition than I did, and they told all the country that I had back slid, and the Lord was trying to reclaim me.

Well, I'll tell you, if you want, you've done a good job at it, as sure as you're alive. But now after working with 73 different denominations, I've never worked with anybody yet that believed that St. Paul was a backslider. And the 73 denominations I've worked with, they all claim St. Paul for their leader, every one of them.

Not of one of the denominations that I've worked with, 73, but what claims St. Paul. They all take him and quote from him. Strange, our Baptist friends take Paul to prove immersion, and the messages take him to prove foray, and the drizzle guarantee to prove frankness.

They all take Paul. We Nazarenes believe in everything that's good, so we give every man his choice. As the three-fourth of the surface of the earth is covered with water, we think a man ought to have as much as he wants of it, so we just let him decide the case.

Our Baptist friends take Paul to prove the possibility of apostasy, and the messages, they take him to prove there's a possibility of falling wing being lost. So everybody claims Paul. The Nazarenes don't like much of having him.

You say, what do you mean? Well, did you ever read the twenty-fourth chapter of Acts in the fifth verse? They said this, we have found this man a pestilent teller, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the whole world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes. He is the ringleader, and I believe with that that he was the first general superintendent. Well, you say, why are you judging by? Well, he is the ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes, and now I'll show you that he wasn't backslid, but I'm going to show you the good time he had in enduring and suffering.

The eleventh chapter of the second print begins at the twenty-fourth verse. He said of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one. Took him out five times and horse whipped him, laid thirty-nine lashes on his back.

Thrice was I beaten with a rod. They taken him out three times and beat him with a club. Once was I stoned, taking him out and beat him with rocks.

Thrice I suffered shipwreck. He was shipwrecked three different times. A night and a day I have been in the deep.

A-floating around down the old Mediterranean, probably a hole into a little piece of a broken vessel. I've thought of it often, and when I went through the waters that fell in that country, man, I could just get out on the decks of the old boat and sail right along. Here's some of this where Paul was floating and the whales come over and looked him over and said there's no use to swallow him, we couldn't digest him and we couldn't keep him down.

He belonged to the hole in his outfit. But that ain't all. He said in weariness and painfulness, in watching's often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness.

Don't it look like the greatest preacher that ever lived ought to have had enough clothes to keep him warm and enough to eat? But he didn't have it. But that ain't all. Besides all the things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Well, if he is a Nazarene, well, of course, he is a general superintendent. If he is a messiah, he is a bishop. If he is a Presbyterian, he was a moderator of the Jerusalem Presbyterian.

If he is a Baptist, he was a president of the Baptist Association. Whatever he was, he is at the head of it. You can see that.

I'll take this from a text if I use one. Won't you notice it here in Paul's letter to the Philippians, first chapter and 12th verse. But I would you should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out unto the furtherance of the gospel.

His afflictions, he says, added instead of detract. They helped him to establish a Christian experience and life in the minds and hearts of the people that they've never outgrown. It stays with us here.

Everybody that I've ever worked with, quote St. Paul. Well, God raised up three men for three things. God raised up Moses to write the law.

He is God's lawyer. He wrote the law for the whole world, every nation and kindred, the tongue and people. God raised up King David to write the hymn book for the whole world, the best one that's ever written.

And he raised up St. Paul to write the theology for all the churches of the world. And Paul wrote it. He was God's theologian without a doubt on earth.

But, back to my real theme now. Just why I was broken up, I've never known. I loved everybody on top of the earth.

And my slate has laid for over three years. In San Francisco, Brother C. Cornell that's in heaven now, and Brother Donald J. Smith that's in heaven now, pastor there in that city, and Brother Corlett that's now the editor of this beautiful journal, Hell Holy. We were there together, Cornell and Corlett and myself, in a great campaign in Donald J. Smith's church.

Brother Cornell now doing the preaching and Brother Corlett was leading the singing. We'd been there three or four days, and a burden come over me such as I'd never experienced. I didn't know what it was, nor how it was.

I couldn't pray over it, nor under it, nor through it, nor around it. And I begun to pray in faith. About 30 hours before I broke up, I hadn't touched food.

I come down the first day of June. Got up early in the morning, such a strange feeling come over me. Got down and prayed, and I didn't go to breakfast.

I prayed down till just before preaching time and walked up, but to the church Brother Cornell preached, a great number at the altar. After preaching this afternoon at 2.30, I went back to my room, didn't go to

dinner, got down to pray. The burden got still heavier.

Didn't know what it was. I couldn't explain it to you. Been hanging over me for some time, but not so heavily as at that time.

But I walked up and preached. When I got to Brother Cornell and said, buddy, are you sick? I said, no, I'm not sick. Said, have you had any bad news? I said, none.

He said, there's something the matter with you. No, I said, not a thing on earth. I'm as easy as a dead man.

Said, there's something ailing you. I preached that afternoon on why I believe in scriptural holiness. A dozen men and women knelt at the altar, and God sanctified every one of them, gloriously.

Went back to my room. Brother Cornell preached at night, but I couldn't go to supper. Got down and prayed, and the burden hung over me so heavily, I was nearly afraid to leave my room.

Didn't know what it was. But on my knees, just before I walked up to the church, I said, Lord, if I'm going to die tonight, or get killed, I want you to get me a good place ready, right on the banks of the river of life. I'll be there before my heels get cold.

Be right up in heaven. Now, I walked up to church. Brother Cornell brought a great message.

The altar was lined with secrets. A man didn't take me to my room at night in his car, but that night, he was down on his knees with one arm around the poor fellow praying with him, and I didn't bother him. I walked out of the church.

It was on 19th Street, in the middle of a block between Mission and Valencia. I walked up a half a block to Valencia. Down that street, three blocks to 16th, was where my hotel stood.

Across the street, Hotel Crown. My room dial was 404 in that hotel. I broke up that night, taken to the emergency, spent the hardest night I ever spent, then went to the great hospital there.

My room dial was 303. After weeks of suffering, dial, they said I was able to go to Pasadena. They sent me downtown, sent me to the hospital.

My room dial was 202. Finally, I got able to travel and went to Malton. And they put me in a nice hotel.

My room was 101. Brother Wilhelm said, buddy, you are coming back to the earth. You're coming back.

Well, he said, don't amount to nothing, no, I don't suppose it did. But, knocked on the street corner, I was weeping as loud as a man could weep. And I couldn't tell you why.

Looked up in the clouds and asked God to do a certain thing for me. It hasn't been done yet. I don't care if it's never done now.

I started to cross the street, got hemmed in between two automobiles and a streetcar. I seen some of them was going to I jumped in front of a car onto the streetcar track. The great car was almost against me when I leaped off of the track.

But there was an automobile by the side of us trying to outrun it. I knew I couldn't jump beyond that car, but I made the leap. I heard the crash and felt the pain.

I fell down to 30 feet. The only time that I lost consciousness was as I was going through the air. It seemed that I was flying.

But when I laid on those cobblestones, I tilted down, I heard some more bones popping as the big automobile was rolling over me. It hadn't stopped it, but rolled over me. Just as the car got off of me, the woman jumped out of the car and began to scream.

Oh, she said, we've killed you. And we wouldn't have killed you for nothing in the world. But I said, I'm not dead.

She said, no, but you're dying. I said, I don't think so. I feel like I'm in heaven, but I don't think I'm dying.

She said, you are. And we'd kill you. Wouldn't kill you for nothing in the world.

The crowd begun to gather. The police ran across the street with a club in his hand, a cousin, the man, and I reproved him. Said, don't do it.

And then he went to hit him. I said, don't hit him. He went to arrest him.

I said, don't, don't do that. The gentleman couldn't help it. He said, don't you want me to arrest the man that killed you? I said, no, sir, don't do it.

Then they tried to take me up, and brother, I was so mangled that it looked like they couldn't get a hold of me. My right arm was broke here above the elbow and drove right up. And the arm bone come out through the muscle, through my undershirt, top shirt, comes through my coat sleeve.

And my arm bone come over here and stuck in my chest and cut a hole in my coat. My arm bone. Then it was broke between the elbow and the wrist.

And then every one of those fingers was turned back the other way. My left arm was drove down about three inches and broke off an inch and a half below the joint. And the bone, the x-ray showed it split open down to the elbow.

Then my left kneecap was knocked off and knocked down. And the leg pulled apart. That's the most painful thing I ever had.

Brother, you'll thank God for a good knee and a good kneecap. Then the leg is broke between the knee and the ankle. Then the ankle was jerked out of socket and whirled around the heel, come out in front.

Awfully smashed. Then I bruised on the other side, down to the ground. But they picked me up with my clothes and got me in the car and take me down to the emergency.

An old man, what a suffragette. They received me, but two young men were going to pull the clothes off of me, just like taking the heart off of a mule. And I begged for mercy, and they didn't have it.

Then they lit the cigarette and begun to smoke in my face. I said, young gentleman, I'm an old minister, so mangled. Your tobacco smoke makes me so sick.

I said, would you have mercy on me and not smoke in my face? One of them let out a mouthful right in my face. Oh, I said, Captain, if you're a preacher, you're going to need all the grace to use on yourself that you've been giving to the people. Haven't you heard talk of the tender mercy of the devil? That's it.

You may not agree with me down here, for they have so much tobacco. But listen, the cigarette mill, brother, will rob you of your manhood or your womanhood quicker than the old brown jug. You may not agree with me, but I'm right.

If you drink liquor, you'll get all sorted by yourself. And think of, if you smoke cigarettes, you smoke them in the face of everybody on earth, anywhere in the world. They take all the rights to themselves.

They don't grant you any privileges in the world. They just smoke you anywhere in the world you go. But come on.

I lay there that night without any help. I suffered death, I think. The next morning, my arms and legs was twice their natural size.

I could work the thumb on my right hand, but that arm has broke all the feet, but I could work that thumb. I couldn't move a finger on this hand. I couldn't move the left leg in any way, shape, form a second.

I could work the toes on my right foot and the thumb on my right hand. That's the only thing I could move. I lay there all night, the break of day, the Holy Father come in.

I had never gone to confession, but I'd heard of going. The Holy Father come in, he went around, and brother, he dug up confessions of everybody. And listen, I thought I knew a little bit about sin.

I didn't. I never heard such things on earth as some of the men confess that they're guilty of. Didn't know the such crimes on earth as I said they had committed.

Well, the Holy Father went around from place to place, and mummified him and went on. He finally got to me and got down over me, and oh, he smelt the thong of liquor and tobacco. I was nearly dead, and he got down close to me, and I could smell him.

It was awful. And he said, have you got anything to confess? I said, I have. I want to make a confession.

He got down close to me and told me to make it. I summoned all the strength I had. Didn't know but want to be dead.

Want to make the confession. I looked him in the face and shouted, I said, I'm saved and sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, and shouted, Glory to God! And of all the running that the Holy Father ever done, brother, he done it. Man, man, he moved.

They got to move on him. Just think of it. He'd listened to all of that dirt and vice, and he seemed to be at home.

But one man decepfified of the saving grace of God, and brother, it likely scared him to death. The poor fellow nearly had a fit. He got way back down there, held on to the door, looked at me, wide-eyed.

After a while, he said, anything else? I said, one of this. I've been a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ 49 years, said he can save sinners and sanctify believers. And I said, Hallelujah! And of all the running

that you ever saw, that's the last time I ever saw him.

He never got back. Lived a while longer, brother Cornell and brother Smith. And brother Corlett come and brought the great surgeon from that great hospital.

And he looked me over and refused to take me case. Said, the old man's mangled. He was just robbed by the age, and refused to take me case.

But brother Cornhill thought the previous life. Said, you don't know how much we love him. You don't know what his life meant to us.

We want you to take him, and we'll stand by you with every dollar that you're required to save him. Then he looked at me. He said, if I take your case, I want to know how you believe.

Well, I said, I preached the gospel of Jesus Christ 49 years. He said, I don't believe the gospel. Well, I said, I do.

And he left me. Gone a little while, he come back. Oh, he said, I reckon your religion's all right.

I said, I know it is. Glory to God. Then he said, if I take your case, I want to know what you've been doing morally.

How have you been living? Well, I said, I haven't touched liquor in my life. Haven't touched tobacco since God saved me. And I was never down low in my morals and never dissipated.

He said, if that's so, you'll get well. And he tested my blood. He said, your blood's as clean as a baby's blood.

I said, it ought to be. I'll live as clean as the blood of Jesus Christ could make me 49 years. Glory to God.

He accepted my case, but he said, I won't be honest with you. He said, it's more than likely that we'll have to take off your right arm. He said, it's mangled and full of poison now.

Then he said, it's more than likely have to take off your left leg. Well, I said, will you do your best? He said, I will. Then he accepted my case.

Then the avalanche man come for me, Brother Cornlett got in with me. God bless that boy. Got down on his knees, put one hand on the other.

I've never heard a young man praise on all the days of my life. And that man prayed. He said, Uncle Budger and all of that thing.

But he said, we need you worse here than they do up in heaven. And we're going to keep you. Finally got me across the city to the great hospital.

Now they can handle me with comparatively ease. But they wouldn't operate on me. Said, you'll die today.

Said, I don't aim to do it. I don't aim to die today. They wouldn't operate.

Said, you'll die before night. I said, no, sir. Nothing doing.

That night they wouldn't operate on me. Said, you'll die tonight. I said, I don't aim to do it.

I'll be right here in the morning. And I was. You've got the evidence of it right here.

I didn't die that night. Glory be to God. Next morning, I was in such a fix, they brought in the table to put me on, rolled it in.

And the old doctor examined me. Said, you can't stand it to move him. If you're going to take to put him on the bed, you'll be dead before we ever touch him.

I just breathed a prayer. The loving Jesus stood by me. Said, I'll go with you through the whole thing.

And he did. They put some over my face. I heard a sizzling noise.

And the next thing I noticed, 12 o'clock that day, from 7 in the morning till 12. When I regained consciousness down in my room, oh, what a fix this is. This arm had been split open here.

Pieces of bones taken out and sent here and here. And a big case put over it. A hole in the case to clean out that hole.

This arm couldn't be put in the case, but it's bound right there. My left kneecap was put back in place. My left ankle was set in the bone set.

The ankle put back in place. And the big case from down to my toes, up over my ankle and up over my leg and up above my knee. And I couldn't move that.

And when I come to, though, I gained consciousness. I could work that thumb. And I went to shouting as loud as I could yell to save my life just to work in that thumb.

But by the next day, my left leg had gone into convulsion. It looked like, if he was mistaken, just raise it up and I'd scream. The big doctor heard him calling me, but he said, buddy, you would die if you could, but you can't.

That was encouraging. My wife had come, and she went down and called Dr. Goodwin. God, bless old John.

Holding the district assembly. About 150, 200 mazareens there. They all got on the knees, they claimed.

And every one of them prayed it once, and all prayed loud. As loud as they could yell. Now notice, while there's a praying, not a day later, not an hour later, but while there's a praying, there was a stream of liquid gold, a big round, it popped on, come right down from heaven above his leg here.

Went right down the to the toe and up here, and down on that side, and back down there and disappeared. Praise the Lord. When that leg, brother, that leg was as easy as my knuckles.

I know people said couldn't have been that way, but it was my leg, looked like I ought to know, don't it? When I got out of the great hospital, my room was so full of beautiful cut flowers, had to take them out. They come down for weeks and weeks, every day. They come in great quantities, fine cut flowers.

Then when I finally got able to leave there, I went to Pasadena, when the garden was full of cut flowers, down to Pasadena Hospital. Never ordered one down, never picked. Don't know who done it.

But after I got out of the hospital down here in Oklahoma, a young man told me that he was acquainted with a big oil man there that one time had been converted in my meeting. He said he had become a millionaire in the oil business, and he'd taken up with a hot house in Frisco when I died. That's when I went down to punish all that could be used in my room.

He didn't tell me another man did. I don't know whether he did or not, but somebody did. Well, glory be to God.

Another thing you mustn't forget, this arm was so bad in a few days. My arm was so badly broken, big duds would come in to clean it out every morning. And it looked like it was going to rot off.

And he'd have to clean out that big hole down around the broken bones every day. And it's so painful, brother, that grown didn't help to say, oh, that didn't help the sick on earth. But I'd go to shopping and get better.

I'd say, hallelujah, glory to God, glory to Jesus. And I'd get better every time. They'd say, you're out of your head.

No, sir. Not a bit of it. I was wide awake and happy as a bat, and yet nine didn't say it.

But come on. He'd come every day to clean out my arm. He'd work on it and I'd shout and finally tell him then how much I loved him.

And he finally got to walk in the floor. He said, I've said a thousand times, what's a Christian on earth? He said, I'll take it back. He said, we've got one.

He's got one. He said, he's got the real thing. I knew that when I went there.

I know the young God said, how do you know? Why? I said, you know, when I work on these other men's wounds, how they're cursed. Yes. He said, I've got a man here in the worst state I ever saw to live.

Broke all the pieces in one arm, looked like it had run off. While I'm cleaning out his arm, he said, he shouts all the time and then tells me how much he loves me. He said, he's got it.

Well, hallelujah. But finally the arm got so bad, I thought I might have to take it off. Come in one morning and looked it over.

He said, we can't clean it out. He said, we'll have to cut it off or it'll kill you. It'll get rot off and you'll die.

I asked him if he'd do his best and he said he would. Brought another nurse with him and another young doctor and a bowl of liquid stuff in his tool. And he went to work on that arm to clean it out.

And I begun to pray. I couldn't shout that morning. Couldn't say hallelujah and glory to God, but I could pray.

And I prayed my level best and he worked in that arm. He said, if we can't clean it out, have to cut it off. I said, look, I don't see how I could go up and down the country with one arm gone and the other just a piece.

One leg gone and the other just a piece of a leg too. And you've called me to preach and I don't need my work done. Help him to save my arm.

But brother, I prayed and he had tremble. He said, why did that paper and tremble? He wasn't afraid to cut off arms and legs. Why just cut him up down like a butcher shop every day? But God had his hand on him and he worked on that arm and dipped his tools down in this liquid and then working down.

Finally got the putrefaction pulled loose from the flesh and lifted it up and the arm was clean. That big hole there around the bone down in there. And he just dropped that.

Now this was meant for the old doctor. When he got that water taken out, he dropped it and said, glory to God. He said we've cleaned up the arm and saved it.

Now that is the infidel doctor. Well, brother, I was able to shout that morning and God wants him shouting and going on and he made him do it. Without a doubt on earth, the Lord made him do the job.

He's doing a good job of it. He run around the bed as quick as he could. He patted his arm and said, glory to God, we've cleaned her up and saved your arm.

Then I went to shouting again. We had a shouting spell. Man, man, it was glorious.

And there was nine tenths dead. Broken legs and bruises, broken arms. That was just found right there months before he could ever move it.

And this arm stayed encased there for weeks and weeks and weeks. That big hole down there, you could see the bone for three months. Why, you'd think they'd run it off with it, because that's going to.

And they said it'll kill you. I said it won't do it. Said it'll never heal up.

I said it will. They said your left knee will be just as stiff as wood. I said it won't.

Said your ankle will be stiff. I said it won't. Won't be stiff, neither one of them.

And they're not, look at there. The Lord wanted me to preach holiness. I couldn't do it, much for the stiff knee and the stiff ankle.

God laid his hand on him. In front of the devil and broken bones and dislocated joints, God appeared on the scene. Glory be to God.

But come on, it wasn't long after that till those bones, up there, they were trying to get back together. Did you ever stand out there, whether they're grinding ice on a rough grinding rock, and those lizards crawl up and down your back, that peculiar sensation, don't know what it is, that doctor might explain, but I couldn't. Brother, that was all through my body.

Just grinding and grating and screaming all through me. All one day and all night, I couldn't sleep a wink. All the awful strain, grating and grinding right in my nerves.

I pulled through the night, but the next morning, along about eight o'clock, I judge it about eight, I said, now Lord, you've called me to preach. I know my work's not done. You've called me to preach.

But now, Lord, it's up to you. You're going to have to do something for me today, or I'm going to have to give up and die. I can't stand it any longer.

Lord, it's up to you to help me today. I just can't stand it. Meanwhile, as a priest, I know that our critics and infidels and agnostics and skeptics and non-believers and preachers of long black coats and high silk hats and all of that junk and dope.

I'll tell you why. It was out of your mind. You didn't know what was it doing.

All of a sudden, a band of angels come over from heaven after me. They said, we've come to take you up today. They'd taken me up.

I went right up through the roof of that building in the arms of a band of angels. They're going like lightning. Got up above Frisco.

I could look down and see the city. Look outside and see the golden gate and the bay and the whole ocean out there. One was the way you ever go into the skies like lightning.

Finally got out of Frisco, got over here among the most beautiful world that man's eyes have ever beheld. Man, it'll pay you to go to heaven to make the trip. To just make the trip to heaven and see God's world between here and God's city and God's home.

Finally got on the plane where heaven is there and pulled down to those beautiful gates yonder, just as God described them in his book. No man on earth can describe the pearly gates of heaven. When we got inside of the city, there was angels by the million.

We say millions, but don't know what else to say. Down through that city we went, right among the angels. There's a walking and talking and flying and nowhere to number them, so many of them.

Down through the city we went. Finally, we got to God's home. God's got a home and a headquarters where he rules the world from.

God's not a floating about like clouds. No, sir. God is a being.

Builds and runs the universe. And I was in his home where he carries on to Disney. One man said, no more room to heaven.

Well, I said, you're not the fellow that went. And if you don't clean up, you never will go. If any man will go to heaven and just look in, I'll get it.

You will know then that you've got to have a holy heart to go to heaven and keep company with God and the blood washed army and the angels. You'll have to have it. You'll have to have it to go down and live with God.

But you can't do it without it. No use to worry for it. Rise and resolve and tell about what this great man said.

Why, there's a damn big picture now. Time's come to have a religious housekeeping. I thought it was going to clean up, get the devil out of the church.

That wasn't it. He said, we're going to throw the old testament over the fence and only take the new testament as it's interpreted by the scholars. He called that a house cleaning.

Poor fellow, brother, he needs to be washed again. But come on, when it got down to God's home, nobody in the world can describe the saints that are at God's home. The great organs out on the hillside begun to play, till heaven was as full of music as the ocean is of water.

And I was right in among them. And all the blood washed army, more beautiful than the angels, had no way to number them. And Jesus comes from somewhere right up there in God's big home and come and took before him and talked to me.

He said, your work is not done and I'm going to send you back to get sinners converted and believers sanctified. And man, I wasn't going to warn the world if I couldn't preach holiness. I wouldn't preach anywhere on the face of the earth.

They haven't got enough money to hire me. Well, Jesus talked to him and told him the work wasn't done. He's going to send me back.

My angel had come for me. The band of angels had taken me up. They come back down through that city for miles and miles and miles, come out the big gates and started back to this world again.

Come down over those rolling walls and got back inside of Fresco. And our band of angels come down just like a marathon, circling over a city, coming down. And down through that city would come a mean sky right over the city and around over my gray hospital there and right down through the roof, right down to my bed and laid me down on my bed, kept it kind and tender as a mother laid down her baby and told me goodbye and it was gone like lightning.

I begun to shout, oh man, heaven was ten feet deep around me. My little nurse got awfully excited and run for the doctor. I said, nurse, I'm not dying.

She said, I think you are. I said, oh no, I'm not. I've just got back from heaven and I know by that I'm not dying.

I've just got back. I ever stayed down there for several weeks. Finally the time come to set a table to come to Pasadena and Brother Smith and Brother Corlett and among them Cornell all come that morning to see the doctor and feed him up and he come in and dress them around.

My little nurse said, you'll stand it fine, but I want to know if you love me good. I told him I did. That's when she told me goodbye.

I wasn't a teen anymore. An hour or two went by and he walked from big doctor again. Oh, I said, you'll stand it fine, but I want to know if you love me good.

I told him how much I loved him. He left out of the second or third time, but then I come four or five times through the day. Every time he'd come in, he'd say, you'll stand it fine, but I want to know if you love me good.

Finally the last time he come, he stood before me. He said, I want to know if you love me with your whole heart. I'm taking to tell him how much I loved him and he patted my cheek and told me goodbye again.

Wasn't a teen, he said, anymore. Walked around the foot of the bed and got his hand on the door knob and stopped and brother he bawled out just as loud as a yearling nearly. Big old doctor just followed around, didn't know him back and reached out and patted my cheek.

He said, buddy, I want to know if you love me with your whole heart. I told him how much I loved him and then he looked me in the face and his face was dead. He was bawling loud.

He said, I want to know if you love me with your whole heart. I said, I love you with my whole heart. Then I had another shout and fell.

I said, will you meet me in heaven? He said, I'll meet you there. I'm going to go to heaven with you. I'll meet you in heaven.

Patted my cheek and left. That's the last time I've seen him. After a while the avalanche come and we got in it and they put me in and my little wife with me went down to the city on to a boat and we sailed across Oakland Bay, put me in a little zinc trough like and up through the window and into a nice apartment.

My wife a little rocking chair by me and my train pulled out at five o'clock in the afternoon for Los Angeles, nearly 500 miles down the valley. Brother, I had one shout and fell, 500 miles long. Say, you're crazy.

No, I wasn't. Down the valley we went. I could hear the car wheels are clicking beneath me.

I'd say, hallelujah, glory to God. And then I'd begin to laugh. I'd laugh like a boy in a circus and maybe laugh for 50 miles as hard as I could lay it on.

Then have another shout and fell. I laughed and shouted all night long. Never slept a wink.

Didn't look like I'd ever get sleeping more while the world stands. Next morning after daylight we'd pulled in below Bakersfield and zigzagged up over the big mountain. I could turn my head and look out and see a fir tree and I'd hoop as loud as I could yell to save my life.

I'd look at a mountain and a fir tree. Went on over the mountain, got on the valley, in above Los Angeles. But that time I about give out.

I couldn't shout. That is, I couldn't speak words but I could make noise. We'd pull in a little town, they'd blow the whistle.

I answered every single whistle and every time the ring the bell I answered that. They'd blow the whistle and I'd say, whoop, whoop, whee. Then I'd laugh.

Then we'd pull on up. They'd ring the bell and I'd say, whoop, whoop, whee. Every time ring the bell.

Why, I said, you're crazy. No, I wasn't. I had religion.

Actually, I had relief. Going home. Oh, we finally got to Los Angeles.

Pulled up in that big Union station there. That's a big town, you know. And I pulled up for shouting as loud as I could yell.

When I got there, I heard him a singing. One of the rollies called up, General, I'll be there. A great band of my friends had come, said, Uncle Buddy'll die if we don't see him.

The day when they take him off the train, we'll never see him alive. Mr. Reynolds, a Presbyterian elder, one among the finest men in the nation, running a fine avalanche in a great undertaker's establishment. He brought his avalanche in the driver and come over and got me and brought me across from Los

Angeles up to Pasadena, taken me out home and unloaded and put me on my bed.

And that meet dinner down, come back and got me, take me down to the hospital in Pasadena that afternoon. But he made me a good proposition. He said, Buddy, I'm gonna bury you when you die.

I said, I'm not gonna die now. He said, you are. He said, I'll bury you.

It won't cost your family a cent on earth. I'll bury you for what you've done for this old world. It won't cost your family a cent on earth to bury you.

I'll give you the nicest burying lot in this city and bury you as nice as a man can be put away. It won't cost your little wife a dollar in the world. He said, I'm gonna do that for you.

But I said, you won't get the chance now. I don't aim to die. Well, a long time's gone by and hasn't buried me yet.

But they come on and they put a little kind of a trough up through the wind and got me on it. And I went down, head forward towards the avalanche. I come down, I shout as loud as I could yell.

And they're singing on the roll, it's called up down, I'll be down waving the handkerchief. And they're taking me down and put me in the avalanche. My family got in with me.

They got around the avalanche and sung. A little deacon that got out and rode with a driver. And on down the city we pull out from around the big deep hole and started down through the town and rolled over streetcar track and jolted.

I hooped as loud as I could hoop. I said, whoo! He said, what's the matter with you? Well, the little deacon said, that's Uncle Buddy's been to heaven, allowed to go back anytime now. Run on a little bit and run over another track and I hooped.

He said, there he goes again. Yes, sir. Well, I had a shout and filled out 15 miles long.

One 500 miles, then one 15 miles and pulled up home, back down to the depot, or I mean the hospital, and take me out and put me in my bed there. I told you my bed there was room of 202. When I got there, my room was full of flyers.

I stayed there for months and months. And my bills run up, they never was less than 150 a week. And I stayed there for weeks and weeks until it run up over \$3,000 all together.

And every dollar of it comes through the mail. And from all over the world, from people I've never seen in my life, but never seen them, said as much as \$50. I went to the hospital with \$10.

And when I come out, the little nurse tied up a handkerchief full of money like that. Oh, it didn't have holes in it. It wasn't dirty.

But piled on it in dollars, in fives, in tens, in twos. And \$600 was piled up and tied up in that rag. And \$600 tied up in a rag.

And I went to the hospital with \$10, paid all the bills, and come out with \$600. Glory be to God. If I'd have stayed there much longer, I could have filled up a bank when I got out.

I went out for those weeks and months. You know, I was weak and tired of laying there. But when I'd been down in the Pasadena Hospital a week, one morning a young lady come down to notify me that the ambulance driver had to go off that day, but he had got down on his knees and prayed and said, Lord God, I want you to save me.

He said he'd been miserable ever since. I shouted from Los Angeles to Pasadena that he couldn't sleep at night. But God saved him, sent a young woman all the way to the hospital to notify me that he'd been saved.

But when I'd been down to the hospital later 10 days in Pasadena, one day I looked over to my right and Jesus was right there by my bed. Oh, the loving devil Jesus. I went to shouting.

My little nurse got so excited, she ran after the doctor there. I said, nurse, I'm not dying. I'm getting well.

Jesus was right there by my bed. Ain't you glad that we've got a Christ that can save and sanctify and take care of you even in a hospital? But I would, you should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. Glory be to God.

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