

A Testimony

by G.W. North

G.W. North's sermon emphasizes the importance of confessing Jesus as Lord and living a life of humility and submission to God's will.

Duration: 2:28:49

Scripture: Psalm 42:1, Psalm 119:11, Matthew 6:33, Acts 8:17, 2 Timothy 1:5, 2 Timothy 3:15, James 1:22

Topics: "Testimony"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares his experience of preaching the Gospel and witnessing God's work. He talks about how he prayed for healing for hundreds of people who stood up during the service. The speaker also emphasizes the importance of showing love to others and sharing the message of Jesus. He concludes by mentioning that he was asked to share what makes him 'tick' and decides to share his testimony to explain his faith.

Transcript

I want to say something before I really talk to you. It sounds funny, doesn't it? But there it is. You do know, beloved, don't you, every single one of us in the room, that when we get to say that chorus we've just been singing, every knee should bow, every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

Now, I didn't look round the room, I sat praising the Lord, but I wonder if every tongue in this room did really confess that. I'm not trying to sort of cast suspicions on anybody, I deliberately didn't look round. But you do realize, beloved, don't you, this has nothing to do with your faith.

Do you understand that? It doesn't say that every knee should bow and every tongue should confess that he's Lord, if they're thoroughly convinced of it. Or if they feel like it. It's going to be.

The devil's got to do it. He'll feel like it. Every knee at the end, you understand this, what God has shown you here is a pivotal point in the ages.

Before the final thing is done, that all afternoon, you don't go and say, oh Lord, I feel you are my Lord. That's why the devil deceives so many. You should get on to fundamental principles.

There's nothing to do with whether you feel like it or whether you don't. You can't seriously tell me, sitting there, that you don't believe that Jesus Christ is Lord. Well, do you? Look, let's read it, shall we, just for ourselves.

If I'm not careful, I should go preaching on it. I don't want to do that. I want to love you.

I want you all to love me. And I don't deserve it, I know, but you do. I realize my debt of love to you.

Doesn't matter what you feel towards me, not really, not at the moment. In Philippians, chapter 2, it says, it's something to do with your mind. You do realize that your mind and your tongue work together, don't you? And if your tongue won't do it, then something's wrong with your mind.

Philippians, chapter 2. Let this mind be in you. Verse 5. So you see, we're put onto the mind. The mental processes, the devil can twist them.

He'll do anything to rob Christ of one confession from your lips, if he can. He won't have a chance when he's got to do it himself. He'll show then, you'll realize how he fooled you.

Because he's got to do it himself. In the end. This is it.

Jesus, Christ Jesus, verse 6, who was in the form of God, who sought it not a thing to be grasped at, reached out after, as though it wasn't already his, to be equal with God, but made himself, now listen, he emptied himself. Now, you've got to come to a process of self-emptying on it. You've got to arrive at truth.

He made himself of no reputation. He emptied himself. He took on him the form of a slave.

I'll do what you say, Lord. I'll have no mind of my own. My mind just tells me now, I'm going to be your slave.

I'm not going to think up all this for myself. I'm not going under the direction of my own mind. I'm going to listen to you.

Now, that's the word. Here it is. And being found in fashion as a man, when he was made in the likeness of men, verse 8, he humbled himself and he hearkened submissively.

Now, that's your exact word. He just hearkened. Meekly, humbly, submissively to God, right till the day of his death.

Under death. Amen. And because this way he came to the death of self, he did, he died on the cross.

Having said, not my will, but thine, Lord. I don't care how I feel. It's your mind.

What you say, Lord. The devil interferes with your minds. It's nothing to do with how you feel or what you think.

It's going to happen. Well, why not do it then? It's a principle of eternity, do you see? And it doesn't matter if you believe or if you don't believe. If you die rejecting Christ, you've still got to do it.

Don't you see? Why not make yourself do it now then? What's wrong with your mind? This doesn't say only if you're a wonderful saint should you do it. It doesn't say that. This is a sort of a basic thing.

It's fundamental to God's workings. And until you decide to get onto God's ground and stay there and do what he says and listen to him, even if it's the death of you and the death of your reputation, what other people think of you, it's got nothing to do with it. Do you see that? That's right.

And therefore God highly exalted him. It meant the death of him. Death of self.

Say, well, kill me to do that. Well, praise the Lord. That's marvellous.

You say, it wouldn't be true. It's got nothing to do with whether it's true or it won't be true for the devil. All the angels flapping their wings say, well, this isn't true.

The devil bowed to Jesus and confessed that he's Lord. It's got nothing to do with it. He's got to do it.

Do you understand? Against his will. Well, if your will isn't to do it, it's got to be done against your will then. Well, it's not in a fit state to do it.

You've still got to do it. They say, well, we'll wait another million years till he gets in a fit state to do it. You've got to do it.

Do you see this? Wherefore, God hath highly exalted Jesus. If you want to be exalted, get down there and humble yourself and break your will on the word of God and confess the truth. That's the truth.

Jesus Christ is Lord. Whether you say he's my Lord or whether he's Lord of me or what you will, he is, whether you think so or whether he isn't. You understand that? The devil challenges his Lordship and all the world thinks he isn't.

And I bet he is, you know. It's written here, look. He's got to bow.

He's got to confess. He's got to bend. Hallelujah.

Give him the name which is above every name. Listen. You bow at the name of Jesus.

If you can't do that, where are you? If you can't, bend your knee at the name of Jesus. Yeah. Hallelujah.

You heard the story, I suppose, once of some very clever men that were all gathered together, mighty men, and they were sort of great people of culture and learning and they were sort of, sort of thinking, wondering what would they do if Shakespeare walked in the room, you know. And they said, Dickens came, and somebody said, well, what would you do if Jesus Christ walked in? We'd all get down on our knees. They weren't Christians.

They were just a gang of clever chaps. Don't you see? I'm not saying that clever people can't be Christians, but I mean, that's not, it wasn't a matter of whether they were Christians or atheists. They just considered it historically and factually.

It wasn't a matter of faith. They just said they'd do it. Well, why don't you then? Surely.

He is Lord. He is Lord. Doesn't matter whether I feel under a cloud or over a cloud.

Doesn't make any difference at all. You got what I'm trying to say? No, we're going to sing it then. All right, I'll shut my eyes.

I won't look at you. I'm going to sing. Because it's true.

Historically true. Futuristically true. Eternally true.

It's absolutely right. It is true, of course, in my own heart. I only wish it had been true in every minute of my life.

I'm not trying to tell you that Jesus Christ has been Lord in the sort of highly ascendant spiritual sense every hour of my life. He hasn't been. I say he's Lord, because look, he lorded it over me and brought me to this place.

He must be Lord. I mean, I'm not stupid. I don't know whether you are.

He must be. The devil didn't bring me here. He didn't bring you here either.

He'd have kept you away if he could. You see, Jesus is Lord. Isn't he? Come on then.

He is Lord. He is Lord. He is risen from the dead and is my Lord and my eternal Father.

Hallelujah. Anybody else ever done it? Risen from the dead? Has anybody else voluntarily died and risen again? Have they? Well, we'll sing then. That's a good reason to sing that he's Lord.

He is Lord. He is Lord. Are you begrudging it? Are you begrudging it? Or are you anticipating it? That's what the Holy Ghost has come for.

To make it a coronation occasion in your heart tonight. Hallelujah. You are Lord.

Jesus, you are Lord. Amen. Amen.

Glory to God. When you bend your will, you get your mind changed. Hallelujah.

That's a law. That's a law in God. Praise him.

Glory to God. All right then, this afternoon I more or less committed myself to telling you how I tick. Well, that was the way I was asked.

And I hear it so many places really. Those of you who weren't here, already somebody said they wanted to have a talk with me because they wanted to find out what made me tick. And as that is the sort of attitude of many people, I want to share with you something of it.

I should get into serious trouble because I thought the best way to tell you how I tick was to share I mean, I use that expression because that's what it was said was to share with you something of what we call our testimony. And as I'm getting on in years now, you'd better settle down. You see, we've got one sister, really praise the Lord, she's only known the Lord three years.

What do you think of that? Just three years. And well, I've known him a lot, lot longer than that. But we'd better start at the beginning.

And I also did say that I wanted to share with you some of the things from which I learned. That means that some of you will already have heard some of these things and you're permitted to go to sleep. After all, you must keep telling the truth.

You can't go around and bear and stuff just to tickle people's ears. You have to say what's happened. And I've always tended to tell stories as illustrations of these things from which I learned so much.

And God's taught me so much, and I think that you'll agree by the time we're through that some of the stories are quite equal to what you can read in your Gospels. And they will be as Gospel true. And I can only say that because by the Lord's grace, of course, entirely I was there when they happened, and I saw what God did.

I have never claimed to have any gift of the Spirit. This is a wrong end to start, by the way, probably I should tell you how you know when I was born. I don't remember being born, but I was born some time ago, but never mind.

I want to tell you this because I've never claimed to have any gifts of the Spirit, not one. I certainly don't think I have the gift of healing. I don't think I have the gift of miracles.

As a matter of fact, I don't think I have any of the gifts. What I know is that at some time or another, I've seen all the gifts in operation. That's all I can say.

And it has pleased God to do this. There are people who are given special gifts, perhaps one or two, and that's their ministry. Well, that's not my ministry, healing.

I should tell you some astounding stories of healing. Some of you will know them, as we're going through. I will tell you because that's it, they happened.

I wouldn't like to impress upon you, for instance, that I run healing campaigns. I don't. But I think Jack can remember an occasion when we landed in the south of India.

This is a long time after I was born. And I was going for a rest period, actually. I got a day's rest before we started ministry, or two days rest.

We were fairly tired. It was our first trip together. And when we landed, the man there said, the Indian man, he said, you wouldn't mind speaking to a sort of a veranda meeting tonight, would you, brother? I said, you know, we looked at each other, Jack and I, and Jack saw a little bit of supervisory over me on these things.

And so I think he tried to flash me a warning, but I'm pretty sick, really. I don't always catch everything. And so, yes, I suppose so.

I was thinking, oh, there goes my evening's rest, and all that, you see. And then he said something which almost worsened it to me then. He said, it's one of the brethren on the committee, he runs this sort of veranda meeting, and it's about healing.

So we looked at one another. Yes, yes. So we went.

Veranda meeting. Have you ever seen an Indian veranda meeting? Well, they build verandas about as wide as from here to that wall, for a start, down in the south of India, to keep out the light, and the sun, and the heat, you see. And they run all around the house.

They were packed, sitting down as close as flies on a flypaper, all sitting close together. There were hundreds of people there. The doors were open to the house, they were stacked up in doors, and the lights that radiated out, across, outside the veranda, sort of just dimly touched the rows as they stretched back outside.

I don't know how many hundreds of people there were. At least a thousand, says Jack. Well, that's not a bad veranda meeting.

It's nothing to speak to thousands in the south of India. Now, please don't think that's a marvellous thing. You could go and have a couple of thousand come and hear you, just the same, in the south, but not in the north.

You'll do very well to get ten in the north of India. But, well, there they were, and they sort of led us up on a platform, we sort of in through these people, and they built kind of a platform, and I spoke for about 20 minutes of the Gospel. Many people responded to the preaching of the Gospel, and that was that, you see.

And God had really worked, really, looking at it from my point of view, it was all so humorous, really. Not that God worked, but I'm used to seeing that. And not laughing at what God does, except with a holy laughter, and I sort of hoping, you know, hoping, hoping, but then this brother stood up and he said, Now, Brother North will pray for you.

Those of you that need prayer for healing. Hundreds of people stood up. Now, Jack, Jack's my computer.

He does all that. Three a minute for more than two hours. This is how they were coming.

So, here's his report. I sat on a chair, on the edge of the platform, and they walked past, and all one could do was put one's hands on them and pray, and they passed through at three a minute, for two hours, really, more than two hours. They went by, they went by.

One couldn't spend time, obviously. And God worked in a very wonderful way. There's no doubt about that.

But that's the only sort of healing meeting, I suppose, that one's ever known anything about, as a healing meeting. And that was arranged by somebody else. And God worked.

Nevertheless, I don't think my special gift is the gift of healing. Amen. You must always remember, or I hope nobody's got to go to Edinburgh, or Glasgow tonight, have you? Look at the head nodding.

I'll say goodnight to you. When you feel you should go, you go. You must remember in the Scripture that there is a gift of healing, and some people have that gift, and they have a responsibility to God to use it and render their account for it.

That's their special gift. And I don't blame them one little bit if they're feeling their responsibility before God. I know all the sort of blah blah that goes on from sort of highly respectable circles, that you shouldn't do this sort of thing.

But if you were in their place and knew you had a gift from God to heal probably multitudes, what would you do? And you've got to render an account for it to God. He's not a hard taskmaster. You might ask me, why do I go around preaching? Why do I go over this and that? Because I'm rendering an account to God for that.

Not just for that. Why don't I settle down and take it a bit easy? You can't. That's all there is in it.

Same thing. Just impute the right motives over to other people. Never criticise them.

Or, if you feel you've got something better than them, then you can criticise them. But I've never found the people that have something better critical. It's always those that haven't got as much.

They're the critics. Always, I've never found it other. And I'm getting on.

But with these great gifts, beloved, there are the gifts that are given as signs. And I've always found that God has performed miracles as signs. There are some people who have the ability to perform a miracle for a sign, or a remarkable healing as a sign, as a testimony to the truth of the gospel that they're preaching.

All right. But it's not their particular ministry. I think I come in that category.

If you don't think I do, well, that's all right. You can just sort of give me a little word or write a letter to me about it, or something like that, or write an article in a magazine to correct me. I don't promise you I'll read the magazine.

But there it is. That's what I think, and I'm perfectly honest about it. Well, I think.

All right. Now we're going to start back at the beginning. I was born in Bethnal Green in London, which you will know is about, not quite so bad as the Gaubles of Glasgow, or about on a par, I think.

I mean, I'm led to believe this of good authority, although it might sound humorous. I won't tell you how many years ago. That's got nothing to do with it.

My mother and father were both believers, and I do praise God for that. I was the baby of the family, and that was that. I had two elder sisters that remain out of five.

My mother lost two, and as I say, I was the baby. And apparently I had a fine brother. His name was Frank, named after my uncle Frank, of whom I'll speak in a moment of tune.

And he was the wonderful baby. When Mother wanted to sort of just give me a little hint, she used to tell me how wonderful Franky was. He had golden hair and a lovely curl, and so on and so on and so on.

And I didn't have golden hair, and I didn't have nice curls, and I reckon I didn't have a nice curly temper either, because this was the sort of correction. But unfortunately he had pertussis, and he never lived. And he died.

That was before doctors really knew what to do with pertussis in quite the same way. I'm going back a long way. And he died.

But Uncle Frank came home from India. He got saved in India. I'm only telling you now what I was told.

I was latterly given his Bible. He came home from India, and my mother told me, I'm trying to answer how I tick. I can only tell you these things.

I don't know. And my mother told me that he used to be a terrible man, and I must have taken after him, I suppose. I don't know.

I've sort of got some of him. He was a gambler, and I don't know what. He was a soldier on the north-west frontier.

And he got saved in Miss Sand's soldiers' homes in Lucknow. I've been to Lucknow. We've both been to Lucknow.

And I think he, I must have caught some of his real sort of mannerisms or temper a bit. I don't know. It was my mother's brother.

And he was, when he got saved, he used to go along to the meetings, and one night there was a fellow standing up in the meeting, so I'm told, out in India and preaching, saying that no good ever came of gambling, he said. And he was running down, and my uncle Frank jumped up. He said, Sir, he said, that's not true.

He said, I bought this Bible with the last money I ever won at car. I tell you, you have to be careful, don't you? When you're preaching, you have to be careful. You really have to be careful.

Especially if you make sweeping statements like I do. But, and I got the Bible. It was dog-eared, leaves ripped out, written all over.

1912, something here. 1913, Lucknow. All written in, all round the edges of this Bible.

And I inherited it. I think he became my favourite uncle. I must have seen him, but I don't remember him.

I was too young. He came home, he died. He caught pneumonia and died in England.

He used to sit in the chair, so mother told me. And she used to put a cushion on his lap. And uncle used to sit reading over me with the Bible and praying for me.

You're wanting to know how I tick. Do you see? I had a godly uncle. Got saved from the depths of sin.

He used to sit and pray over me. And perhaps he prayed for me to be a preacher. I'd like to think he did.

I got his Bible. When he died of pneumonia, he said to mother, Open the windows, Caroline. I've heard the name called.

Mother opened the windows. He was gone. Sometimes when I sing, when the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

I think of uncle Frank. I've heard the name called, Caroline. He went.

Well, I was left behind. Oh, I can remember the First World War. Now I'm really giving myself away, aren't I? I can't remember it very clearly.

Except that I remember being in a hospital in the east of London with diphtheria. Again, they never knew much about all that wonderful thing about diphtheria in those days. I can remember them taking swabs.

I can remember how I grew up to loathe boiled rice. They gave it to me in the hospital during the war, the 1418 war. I can remember coming out, God save me, from death then, no doubt, and going home, and I can remember seeing the Zeppelins flying over London like big silver cigars in the sky.

I wondered what everybody was running for. I sat and watched them. I've never known a great deal of physical fear.

I'm not boasting about that, but I never have. And I can look back upon these incidents and see them, how God was doing these kinds of things in my life. I don't think I'm ever so brave.

I'm just telling you what I believe to be the honest truth. You want me to do that. And though these men were all running for their lives, I sat there and watched them, and so on.

You say, well, you were too young to know. Well, it may be. I'm still too young to know, I think.

But that's how it all happened. And then I can remember, too, some of you have heard me say this before, how that I learned to pray at my mother's knee. I thank God for a mother that taught me to pray.

I can remember her. You know the prayer some of you have heard me say it before. I can remember it as clear as anything.

My mother had a marvelous voice, too. She was coloratura soprano, and she could sing and sing and sing. My mother used to sing, so I'm told by other people, when the traffic would stop, for the crowds to stop and hear her singing in the east end of London, when they used to go out and sing in the open air.

And the police used to come regularly every Sunday, when Mother was singing, in order to regulate the crowds. Thank God. And she taught me to pray.

The little sort of a ghost of a voice I've inherited must have come down through from her. And I did my first public work when I was three. You know it, don't you? Lots of you.

My mother stood me on that little harmonium down there in the east end dives of London, where Father used to lead a lodging house party. And we used to go down there. I used to push the harmonium on four pram wheels.

Round for Dad. We left London when I was 13, by the way. No, I wasn't pushing the thing when I was three, but you know what I mean.

Later on, I did this. But I can remember my mother standing me up on the harmonium, and she sat down and played. And I expect that's where I got used to doing public work.

Right from three, I sang the famous song, which somebody will sing for you because they know it. You said you remembered it, Willie. I didn't know that changed this to us.

Oh, we'll have the poetry. Now he's shy. Well, I'm not going to sing it.

I've been recovering from a cold and a throat. I hope you've all realized it. I told you last night I'd rebuked it.

I was getting clear to move. I didn't want to be chained down by a throat and a cold, and I don't know what for the rest of the conference. Well, I sang my first solo.

I can see this thing now. They used to give them steaming cups, mugs, tin mugs they were, of cocoa and a half a hunk of bread, and it used to smell nice to me. And if I could, I used to sneak a bit.

Yeah, I used to have an appetite like a horse then, like some people I know now. Very well and heartily. And this sort of thing went on through the years until, as I say, I used to go around pushing this great harmonium, and we used to go into lodging houses, beloved, where a bundle of rags on the corner of the

street would turn out to be a woman underneath her filthy pile of rags.

Lousy, absolutely lousy. To take them in, I can remember my mother bringing home a woman, the father vacating his bed for her, and my mother getting up lousy in the morning. That's the kind of way I was brought up, ministering along this line.

This was my background. None of this finesse, none of this, oh, we're so clean and it's all so unhygienic. We used to get down in the filth.

Beds were shared. I practiced it afterwards with my children when I was married. I pulled my children out of bed many a night.

Four devil-possessed people to go in their beds when I became a pastor. But I'm running in front. I've seen this over and over and over again.

People in dire distress. I shall verily be here till midnight. I can see the way I'm going.

But I can remember these bundles of rags there. We used to go in, sing to them. I remember we used to stand on a mat over in one of the lodging houses and I got a bit inquisitive about this big mat one night and somebody said to me, well, don't disturb it.

That's under there is the trap door where they used to let people down through and rob them. I've gone in when you couldn't see across the lodging houses, cooking on a great communal fire. If there's one thing the war did, it blew these places to bits around Bethnal Green and in the east end of London and they've had to rebuild.

You know, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I've sat there when the cockroaches have been running up the wall. When somebody's been smoking, they've been smoking and the fog is tremendous.

And somebody's trying kippis and somebody's roasting sausages and somebody's boiling tea on this great communal fire and somebody as drunk as the Lord beckons to me, a little boy there, to go and sit with him. And I used to look up to my dad and he'd say, and I used to go and sit and I can remember one dear old man there now, his face been whiskered, it was really beard. You know, it's what some people call beards today.

I've got my eyes shut and it was all out around here and I used to think it was abominable and he used to stick his face up to my pool, I suppose it was a nice and pink one then, and at that time I was a proud owner of a watch. The thing was stuck in my top outside button and down in the top pocket I used to hold my watch. I believed everybody was a rogue in the lodging house.

And when he wasn't kissing me and drooling over me and my father and mother used to stand there and see their son sacrificed, I suppose, really, certainly, all sorts of things happened. I can remember being at school bawled out for having nits and fleas in me that I'd picked up in lodging houses the poor nurses didn't know. We used to call them Nitty Nora, sorry.

And they used to get two long needles in sassafras and they used to go... and they used to find them in my head. I'm all right now. When he wasn't pushing his poor old face, muttering and mumbling, he was spooning stuff up his nose, complete addict.

Well, that's how I began. I liked it. If I went to church on Sunday night, it was a Methodist church, I used to go to sleep.

I can't say I blame anybody for that because I did a lot of it myself in those days. But when I went there, sometimes I used to do a bit of servo singing and all sorts of things. I've got to cut this side short.

Well, anyway, that's the way, sort of general background. I went to a normal school and all the dancers in the room will be pleased to know that I never got an O level or an A level. Yeah, that's right.

And we moved out when I was about 12, 13. And we moved into the country. And there we settled down into a country life.

And, well, all sorts of things took place there. I went to the Methodist church here because ostensibly we used to go to the Methodist church at the top of our road when we weren't either engaged in lodging, housework, or my mother and father used to go to the famous Mildmay Mission Hospital at times too, there as well. We sort of divide our time.

Perhaps some of you remember the famous names like Matron Hancock and these that were tremendous people in those days there. We went to this Methodist church and it was about as dead as possible to be and very modernistic and so on. We discovered a place that was called a Congregational Church in the local village.

So down we went to this Congregational Church. We discovered it was really brethren. That is, the building was congregational but they were going to shut it down and a conscientious objector had moved out of London.

He was a brethren man in the 1418 war. I believe God prepared all this for me. You wanted to know all about it.

He moved down there and he became a milkman although he was a high-placed businessman and he became a milkman and he was a brethren and so on. So when I landed in the middle of brethren positions and brethren teaching and I say thank God and stayed because they more or less taught me the book from cover to cover. And I was very grateful for that and it stands me in good stead and they got me down onto the Bible.

Every Bible exam that was run in the church I won. I'm sorry about that but I did what I mean. I say it has to be me but I did.

And somewhere right there at the beginning you see I'd always been a believer. I'd always prayed. I'd always been one of the white hen chicks if you know what I mean and so on.

And then I became the leader in the church pretty well of the young people. There was nothing in the church I couldn't do. Some of you will have heard me say this before.

Please suffer me to repeat it just because it's so true that it didn't matter whether it was gospel preaching on a Sunday night or right the way through any of the meetings in the week. Right to treasurer, secretary, deacon, Sunday school superintendent, preaching here, preaching there. And somewhere about 18 I went through believers baptism and so on.

It was also very, very great and if there was anything I could do it. And I discovered later, I didn't know it then, that one of the greatest tragedies of the church in these days is that they too often mistake natural talent for spiritual gift. I had it all.

I had this musical ear that never left me except it is. Been a little dull of hearing in these days but I don't get confused where music's concerned. I had a voice I could sing.

You know. Although I hadn't taken my own levels I could count money all right. Knew how to handle it.

And all this I could write, you see, for secretary. It was nothing. I could lead all the oatmeal meetings.

Listen, three oatmeal meetings a week they were brought up on. I can remember going into dark pubs in the country especially one knocking over somebody's beer with my elbow whilst handing him a track. I didn't do it purposely.

I apologise. I didn't offer to replace it. I asked his pardon if it granted.

I suppose he thought my emotives were good. And this is the sort of thing that we did. After Sunday evening meeting which would finish somewhere about eight o'clock we used to go out and hold oatmeal meetings after that.

We never went home. I mean, there wasn't any television to rush home for or anything like that. This is what we did.

Midweek, oatmeal meetings and so the whole thing built up, you see. I became a bit of an athlete I suppose this is it. I was a sort of champion weight putter in our area.

I could run a leg of the 220 fairly fast. I could jump further than anybody else on a long distance. By the time I was about my twenties I could hold 200 weights under each arm.

I could do all sorts of things like that. And this is the way God sort of gave me a good frame and developed it and all sorts of things like that. Once somebody threatened, you know, if you come up preaching, we used to go and preach outside of a pub called the Golden Hop.

And every Sunday night, they got ever so wild and they threatened if they come up here next Sunday night we'll do so and so and so. The leader of the work, he got a little bit, he was not to come. He was a double ruptured man and I don't know what.

He was retired by the end of the day. But he told this about somebody who himself in the village wasn't a safe man. He said, I don't know.

He said, when I see the size of some of these fellas he said I should think twice about coming up to skirt them. That's the type we were. There were about ten of us young men and strong enough to have thrown everybody around the room, I should think.

No, I don't want to boast about it. I'm just telling you the sort of background of it. There was a young lady, by the way, in this church.

Her name was Dolly. And well, you know what happened. One of these days I married her.

One of those days, anyway. Her father got saved and all sorts of things. And it was all very wonderful.

God was moving. The war came. I was a conscientious objector.

I still am, by the way. The older I get, the more objection I take to war, the more deep rooted it is in my heart. I went to prison.

I did a spell in the prison. By this time, I'd read and re-read my Bible. When I went to prison, I remember how the... I didn't go to prison because I didn't get off at the tribunal.

I was on and off in ten minutes. God saw to that. It was something else that I don't want at the moment to discuss.

No, I didn't break the law or anything like that, but just for the sake of time, because that would take a half an hour's story on its own. I went to prison. And this I determined in prison.

I determined that whatever they did to me, I was going to master my Bible. You know, if you ever go to prison, I don't know whether anybody else had the honor, they have a little spyhole. And they look at you through this spyhole.

And I used to hear the spyhole got up, opened, and I used to have my Bible open down by my bed, and I read that, and I waited on God. And I waited on God. I don't know how God favored me.

I don't know why he favored me, but he did. I can see it throughout my whole life. He had his hand on me, because I remember a poor little Irishman who was also a conscientious objector.

He had a weak heart. He was a poor little shriveled thing of a man. He needn't have gone to jail.

I mean, they wouldn't have had him anyway in the army, but he stood by what he believed. He needn't have gone to prison. And I remember they fastened on him when he tried to do what I did, read his Bible.

They put him on bread and water. They never broke his spirit. They never touched me.

I cannot tell you why they didn't do it. But they didn't. They used to look at me, and all sorts of things, and all the injustices.

And I want to tell you this. Whatever you do, keep out of prison. Because if you go to prison, and, you know, just a petty thief, by the time you come out, you'll know how to crack every safe in England, or Scotland.

That's where they learn it. They tell one another. I knew how to break a safe by the time I came out, but I've never done it.

I knew how to get in houses by the time I came out of prison. You just can't, at all. It's easy.

Nothing in it. Simple. Especially if you could climb up stackpipes like I could, or trees, whatever it was.

Ain't no difference. The whole, you go in not too bad, and come out thoroughly rotten. That's the truth.

Anyway, God had his hand on me. The miracles he wrought for me in prison, I tell you, are beyond words. Let me tell you this bit.

I remember going in, and I walked down, you know, when you go in, they make sure you have a bath, they take all your nice things off you, they used to, although they didn't, and they scrub you, and the doctor examines you, and you're put on a nice uniform, that they supply you with, very nice of them, and then they handed me back my Bible, and a photograph of my wife and my one child, Judith, that we had then, and I thanked them very much for it. I remember when I went in, for instance, when the police sergeant delivered me at the gate, he picked me up, he said, who delivered me to the court, he said, good luck, he said, because, you see, while we'd been driving to the prison, we'd had a good talk, because, you see, he came and stood on our doorstep. If you've never been arrested, I'll tell you how it's done.

They come and knock at your doorstep, when the door opens, my wife opened the door, and, of course, we knew he'd come for me, and he stood on the doorstep, and he read out this warrant, you see, and he read, so and so, so and so, so and so, go to prison for three months, for two months, so I said, I beg your pardon, what warrant, what's wrong? He said, he looked at me, he said, I know it is. I was duty sergeant at the morning, when you're on, at the court, the morning your case comes, he said, I know they gave you three months, he said, but it says two months here, and that's all I can take you for, so God had overruled. A third had gone straight away.

So we said, oh, come in. He was overjoyed to try it. We had a chat, and I don't know why, and my wife came to the door with her begging arms, you see, and I walked down the road, got in the car, was down the park, got in the car with him, and, you know, we had a little prayer, and when we were driving, he said, I can't make you out, he said.

I said, he said, look, I've had to arrest so many people, I've never seen anything like this. I said, well, we both know we're doing God's will. I said, there's nothing to worry about.

I said, and I said, you have many criminals here. Good Lord, man, he said, excuse, I'm saying what he said. Good Lord, man, he said, I don't think you're a criminal.

I said, oh, no, no, that's all right. I just asked you, we chatted, and when he delivered me to the gate, he said, good luck. I went in, and a fellow inside, he looked at me, he said, convicted or imarmed? Well, I didn't know what he was talking about.

So he said, convicted? I said, by the law, but not by God. That's how green I was. Well, they marched off to a nice cell, 319.

I came out of the bathroom, and I walked down towards the center. That is a sort of a center glass place, and the wings moving off, and all the officers, they're called screws, but, you know, but they're officers, they're all standard. You mustn't call them warders, they're officers, and as I walked down, a group stood outside, and they said, here comes another.

Somebody said, so I kept walking towards it. You've never heard these stories yet, have you? And one of them said, Army? I said, no. See who they expected in, don't you? And this is absolutely true.

Navy? I said, no. Air Force? I said, no. I was walking towards them.

Conchie! I said, yeah. Worse of the lot! He said, come here. That was I, yeah.

That was your introduction. I was pushed in the worst cell where somebody had been so ill until they took him to hospital and he died. It was filthy.

Well, that's, that's, that's our country for us, I'm telling you the truth. Adventures. I'd better stop there because I should spend my next half an hour talking about prison.

Adventures, if you like. I had some tremendous times in prison. Had some tremendous times in prison.

You ought to go to prison. Marvellous. Yeah, I'd been in, I'd been in one night, you see, and they'd developed codes and I won't tell you the codes of communication.

I'll let you learn when you go in. But there came the usual, I didn't know at first, I kept hearing these noises and I just can't, I thought, well, you know, I told you I've got thoughts and all that stuff and I sort of realised that somebody was trying to communicate. And so I, he must have known how green I was, I didn't know what to do.

The next morning, as I walked out of my cell, I get up nice and early, and, and he said to me, I'm going out today, want a job? I said, well, I wouldn't mind. Will you do the interview? He said, I'm a wing orderly. I said, eh? He said, I'm a wing orderly.

He said, well, put your number up for, I said, oh, I wouldn't mind. He said, you want to do it? I said, all right. He said, all right.

I said, I walked in, worse than a lot, can't you, you see? But he, er, I didn't know what was happening. I did all the wrong things from the start, which would have assured them I wasn't a bad character, I suppose. And, er, then, when it, at night time, when it came to serving the meals, off came the door, quick, wrapped the keys, and unlocked the door, you see, he says, 3-1-19! I said, yeah, you know, they'll tell him.

Go on, he said, do deep. And I went out, and what, what it was, you had to hold the basket while he doled out everything, every cell door, see? And then at the end, you see, they give you extra. So right at the beginning, you see, this is how God did it for me, right at the beginning, and when they dished out the porridge in the morning, boom, boom, they got a ladle, you got two.

I asked for it. And then, when he dished out the tea, when it came to your cell, you put your, not only your drinking cup, but you, he did it for you, if you didn't do it, he put your drinking glass as well, so you had your tea cup full and your drinking glass, well, we didn't call it a glass, he wouldn't have left it. And so you got twice as much on everything.

And then, oh, I don't know, these stories are so wonderful. I had the glorious privilege of walking around the prison preaching as I was in an open-air meeting. Yeah.

This little, dear little Irishman, he used to sort of go out and be my forerunner. He couldn't preach himself, bless him, he also was Brethren, he was a lovely little fellow, but he couldn't preach for Toffee Nuts, he was ever so small and shriveled and, you know, I couldn't hardly understand what was the usual way he was speaking. I mean, he's worse than Scott sometimes, sometimes.

And I, nobody would have understood him anyway. So, he used to go and pull the others in and I used to walk around preaching the gospel all around for an hour in your exercise. Hallelujah, what a wonderful time.

You see what a chance you're missing. God did work in prison. The needs are great.

There was a prison chaplain there. I'll tell you about him. You have to see him.

So I went into the office and he sort of looked me up and down and I looked him up and down very meekly and very humbly. Oh, he said, you're a conscientious objector. I said, yes I am.

I was going to say so ought you to be but I didn't. I didn't say that. I'd learned after to sort of be a little bit respectful to people you have to be respectful to.

He was a paid servant of theirs and he said to me, hmm, I don't mind fighting so that people like you needn't fight. The big liar, he'd never gone in the army himself. He's putting out his platitudes.

If I'd have had him outside I would have said to him, you liar. But of course you have to be respectful. They're paid for their job and that's the way it goes on.

Perhaps I'd better stop or she might get disgusted with lots of things if not with me. But I remember when I came out I could have wept for joy. I went in in midwinter and I came out and it was spring and it was lovely, wonderful.

And so life went on from there and God at this time began to work in my heart in a very, very real way. We founded a business, a family business. God prospered it tremendously.

I didn't in fact found it. I'd got nothing by this time. My father-in-law put up some money and I became the sort of founder of this business and again the things that God did.

This time I was moving out and then I met a little woman who said to me, you know what you need? Some of you have heard me say this. You need to ask God for a new, pure heart and to receive the Holy Ghost. Which I did and I was born again.

See, I'd been a preacher for years. I'd been everything. I'd been a believer since my babyhood but I wasn't born again.

I could do it all. This will explain perhaps much that's wrong in your life. I was born.

Hallelujah. I can remember when I was born. I tell people this.

I could take it to the spot. I know exactly where I received the Holy Ghost. I know when God gave me a new, pure heart and I felt as pure as the morning sun.

Earth really became sweeter green to me. This was literal to me. I want to tell you if you're not born of God when you get born again colours will be brighter because the darkness will go out of your soul.

The darkness is inside. See I used to sing that hymn. I knew, I know all these hymns.

Now Jack told me, he says, number seven, you'll know it won't you? See I still know them now. I was brought up on them. I used to sing them.

I knew them all. Heaven above softer blue. Earth around sweeter green.

That literally happened to me. That happened. God took the darkness out of my soul and it was real.

I became alive in a new and wonderful way. And then it wasn't long before I used to be out taking bible studies here, bible studies there. But after this it happened to me.

I'd been doing some illicit reading in 1 Corinthians 12 and 14. Well, I was critical, but I could hear that it wasn't the babble that I'd been led to believe, it was. So that was that.

I thought, well, sure enough, I had to lead the prayer meeting the next morning. And God came. Oh, it was a wonderful time.

Somebody was crying out to Jesus here, somebody had a backslider, so-called, asking for restoration. And we were going and God was there and I was down on my face on the floor. And I'd forgotten about everything, you see.

I told you I'd got only sawdust up top. I'd forgotten about anything. God was there.

I heard this tongue start up in the corner. And I listened. And then all of a sudden it got ever so loud.

I thought, oh, this must be what they call a message in tongues. Oh, now, I've got it. A, it's a woman.

B, no interpreter present. And I've got to stop that. But before I did, I said, Lord, tell us what that means.

God said, no, I would say let's have the interpretation. But I didn't come from that background at all, you see. I said, Lord, tell us what that means.

And I just said that. You know, the S means, I just got it out. Boom! I was speaking.

I was speaking. Now, I can remember to this day parts of it. What came out of my mouth.

And I've seen it fulfilled in the ministry since. It came out of my own mouth. Well, I'm beat.

It was over. My fellow campaigner said to me, Brother North. He said, I didn't know you had the gift of interpretation.

I said, well, if that's what it is, neither did I. I said, well, if that's what it is, neither did I. Now you wonder why I don't believe in initial evidence, don't you? I haven't spoken in tongues. I'm telling you what happened. Well, my wife was coming over the next day.

I've got to explain to her. You always have to explain to your wife. I told you last night.

So I told her. She came into the meeting. Sure enough, little Mrs. Baldwin out came the interpretation through me.

My wife was convinced. I never had to do any arguing with my wife about that. She was convinced.

At least she believed her husband wouldn't fool about. She was convinced of the truth of it. And God moved.

Amen. And on the Sunday, we had a tremendous meeting on the Sunday. Oh, my word.

The pastor was there. Fellow campaigner was there. I was there.

And the congregation was there. And Stilwell's turn to preach. He said to me, my turn to lead the meeting, you see.

He said, if the glory comes, Brother Norton, we've had some glory times, I tell you. I got used to the glory right at the beginning when I got into this role. And he said, if the glory comes, Brother Norton, don't you bother about me.

Good job he did. All we know, I know we were all down on our knees on the platform. And everything was happening.

And this time, I was speaking out. But there had not been any message in tongues in front of it, you see. And I was speaking out in the same manner, you see.

And when it was all over, he said to me, didn't know you had to give to prophecy, Brother Norton. I said, well, if that's what it is, neither did I. Look how green I was. God's good to me.

He's given me a fever heart, you see. That's the basis of it. He filled me with his spirit.

All sorts of things took place which I can't stop on now. God worked and worked and worked. And then, of course, you're sure I go back to this Baptist church.

You know, there are people who talk about the historic denomination. I'm always in trouble, you see, because I don't belong to the historic denominations and I'm not working to bring the Holy Ghost into the historic denominations. Listen, the historic denomination put me out.

It wasn't that I wasn't trying to bring it in. They didn't want me. I tell you the truth as we shall answer for in that great and terrible day.

They didn't want me. Well, God came and he moved me up to a place called Bradford. Oh, it's tremendous up there.

We started with about six people up there in a place there that later became known as the New Covenant Fellowship. And there God came down. Oh, beloved, to see God work in these wonderful ways.

Let me tell you something now of the wonder of God's workings. Let me tell you some of you will have heard this story. I must tell you how I learned God.

I only know that God came and he put love in my heart in a tremendous way. For instance, I had two sisters. Though I still have two sisters.

One of them's in Australia now. The one that's in Australia. I remember that she was in bed and very ill.

And I went to see her all the way from Bradford and I got there and she was so ill, bless her, just looked like my own mother. I knelt down by her bed and I took her hand in mine and I held her hand and I started to tell her what God had done for me. And sisters know you, you know, don't they, Fluentro? And I said, Reanie, God's done a marvelous thing in me.

I can forgive everybody anything. I looked up and the tears were running down her face and she knew her brother. I'd been a little terror.

One of those white hens, chicks, very terrible. You see, never smore or smoke or drank or gambled in my life. Never.

Tears were running down her face and she said, I believe you. I know that this baptism is a baptism of love. I know what it does.

Let me tell you about Lily. I mentioned her last night about the girl that the doctor said, if you want to swing her on to religion, and I said to the doctor, I'm not swinging her on to religion, doctor, on to Christ. Oh, she was in a dreadful state.

She said, I feel as though I've got worms crawling all through my head. I can remember hiding behind the piano in the big hall, frightened, screaming out in her terrors and in her darkness. You will not.

You may, some of you may think so, but I don't think you will. She was everything she shouldn't have been. She was saved from, by my wife's prayers, once when we, again this was in Wales, we went down to Conway for a holiday and she sought to drown herself.

She left the caravan park where we were staying and dashed out. She turned up in the vestry of a church, I was down there, a busman's holiday, I was preaching, I get lots of those, and my wife got on her knees in the caravan and prayed for Lily. We didn't know where she was.

And just as the meeting was ended, she walked in filth and mud and water and seaweed, struggled into the church vestry. I don't know whatever they thought in this precious church in the north. We got a taxi, I pushed her inside and she said, Those boys, if it hadn't been for those boys, I would have done it.

Boys, what little boys? She meant B-U-O-Y-S. They stopped her. She finished up on a rope of a boy.

God saved her life. Well, we got her home. She attempted suicide just as the doctor said she would.

I didn't know anything about it. I think I know a lot more about it. I don't say that boastfully, but this was sort of my beginning.

Well, hallelujah. I remember the day when God cast the devil out of Lily. She lay on the floor.

I'm sorry, we were praying one night. She dashed in like a wild thing into the prayer meeting where we were. And it was ending 9, 10 o'clock at night.

She dashed through straight into the vestry. I went in after her. She sat in the vestry, slung herself on the floor.

I lay down beside her on the floor. She said, why can't I be like any other girl? She said, why can't I be normal? What's wrong with me? I hate myself. I hate myself.

You'll probably write me right off your book now. I don't know. I said, yes, and so do I hate you like that.

And God hates to have you like that, Lily. And if you'll trust him now, he'll deliver you. She said, oh, yes, yes.

God delivered her. Demons, depressions, and I don't know what fled out of that window if they were, I don't know. I don't know where they went.

She could hardly stop. She said, oh, I want to dance. No doubt she did.

She felt she'd laid under the weight of guilt and blackness and I don't know what for years. Oh, God. She was another social psychiatric worker.

These are the people that organize in things, you know, that these people have to be sort of taken to dances and rehabilitated on the normal scale of life. There are those who can tell you more about it from the inside. I'm telling you about it from the outside.

And God did this on Wednesday and she got one of these dance things on on Friday. And, of course, she said, I don't want to go to the dance, Mr. North. I said, I'm not going.

I don't want to go, but what am I going to say? I said, again, you'll write me off again. I'm no good at all. But there you are.

I said, you go, Lily. Fencing me, telling me to go to a dance. I said, you go, love.

She didn't dance, just go. There'll be someone there that you can talk to about Jesus. Sure enough, she sat down.

Wallflower. Presently, somebody detaches herself from the girl. I said, what? You're not dancing tonight, are you? No, she said.

Well, why? She told me what Jesus had done for her. And this precious little woman sat there, herself a psychiatric case. Should you think Jesus would do anything for my Angela? Lily, with all her newfound zeal for Jesus, said, yes, yes.

Look what he's done for me. So she comes back on Saturday. I said, who's Angela, Lily? She said, well, she's her baby.

She said she's ill. Something's wrong with her. She's always been ill since she was born.

She's never moved. She's never moved since the day she was born. She's just alive.

God's got someone with a spine, she said. Spine. And something in here began to sink.

Because, you see, my sister that I prayed with, that I told you, she'd had a baby. And it had a spine that bittered her. And it died at nine months.

I didn't know anything about healing in those days. Nothing. No answer to her.

It just grew and grew and grew out here, great roll up. And the doctor, he used to come and say, when the baby died, little Sandra, he said to my sister, you'll be an angel when you get to heaven for nursing her that long, keeping her alive. That's what the doctor said.

You nursing people and medical people know all about it. And she said, something wrong with her spine. Spine, spine, I said.

Spine that bittered her. Yeah, she said, yes. Yeah, that's it.

My heart sunk. I thought of little Sandra and I thought of the tragedy of it all. I'd seen God deliver Lily.

I was beginning, I was in new things, completely new realm. I said, well, tell her to come tomorrow. Bring her tomorrow.

So, you know, the evening service came. Oh, I'd like to tell her about the evening service, but I can't. But I thought she'd come in to the service to hear the gospel and so on, but she didn't come.

And I just pronounced the benediction, you know, at the end of the service and the door at the back opened and in she walked. At least I took it it was her. On her arm she had a large white pillow and on the pillow lay the child.

I couldn't touch it. Those of you who are medical will know why. It had never moved since it was born and she was followed in by a big man who she ought not to have been with.

Enough said. I said to Lily, and Lily goes down brings her up to the front sits down there. Something in me went I stood by the side of this precious child in the aisle I was afraid to touch it.

It looked like a little alabaster thing, so white, no color, still just breathing. That's all. I said, Oh God heal this child.

That's all I could say. She took it home. She had to take it to the clinic every month.

They couldn't do anything. And she was half way through the month within a week the child was beginning to pull itself up on the side of the cot. She took it to the clinic at the end of another week.

I said, What's wrong with this child? Something's happened. So she said, Would you like me to tell you? They said, Yes. So she told us.

Bring it back in a month's time and we'll see all about that. Medical people don't believe in miracles. Well of course the rare ones that are here do.

But they don't believe in miracles. They will tell you in a month's time. When she went back in a month's time it walked in behind its mother.

They said, It's a miracle. That was. I saw God do it.

I didn't do anything. I saw God do it. When I left Bradford years afterwards the last time I saw the child she never became converted, the mother.

She just came She just came off a few more weeks. Miracles don't save people's souls. You know that, don't you? But the last time I saw her she was out shopping with her mother in the city.

Hallelujah. I saw God do it. Hallelujah.

God healed her. Praise him. Amen.

I began to learn from God. You see. And I'm sure some of you have heard me tell this other story, have you? I moved from Bradford over to the world and took charge of a large house there called the sort of spiritual overseer and director of this house called the Long Cross.

Some of you will know about it, I'm quite sure. Administered under a charitable trust and so on. And very wonderful.

But two of the trustees one of them was a very, very well-known psychiatrist in the district. His wife also was there. Worked under a psychiatrist in a criminal mental hospital which we used to call Lunatic Asylum once upon a time.

And he must have been one of the top psychiatrists in England who was the superintendent, I don't know what. And that was that. He wasn't a believer.

He said himself he wasn't. He was an atheist. But he also said our way is no good.

Listen, with his own confession, our way is no good. One day he said to me, Mr. North, if you'll come and preach about your Jesus in our hospital I will personally announce the meeting. Of course his way is no good, he knew that.

I mean he lit up the whiskey bottle himself. His own wife, another doctor, tried to gas herself. Her daughter pulled her mother's head out of the gas oven.

The daughter had a breakdown. The son had a breakdown. And father's trying to cure the criminals.

Well, he pretty admitted it. Our way is no good, he said. See what you can do.

I'll announce it. He went down to the dining room, he announced the meeting, and I was asked to go in. Preached.

He was putting me on the spot, and Jesus on the spot. He was going to test everything. He set the whole thing completely.

One day I went in, he said see that girl there? I got her down for a leucotomy. He said now if you will come in and talk to her. I was a guinea pig.

It was all been done. He said we freely admit in our journals that Christianity has power to change personality. This is what he said.

Said it to me. But he was setting up a whole situation. Poor man.

He was trying to catch God. He couldn't. Let me tell you the story.

He said now if you'll come in and talk to her I will cancel the operation. He said we've got to do it. What are we going to do with her? We can't live in with her.

The other day he said we were talking and she just shot out of her arm like that and one arm went through a plate glass window he said. She never felt it. They called it smashing.

She smashed. He said how can we live with her? None of us are safe. He said we've got to do something.

You know that the cotton is a deadly gamble with human personality. All right. I went in.

I distinctly remember telling this story here sometime. Put me in a cell of a place, a wall about half as wide as this room reaching the whole length probably. Great window at the back.

Thick iron bars like that outside the window. Great huge water heater, one real old fashioned sort you know underneath the window. He sat her on a chair with her back to this thing pushed a great mahogany

table over her knees to pin her down.

It filled the whole room. Sat me opposite her and I must have been as far away from her probably as to that wall she sat over there and I sat here and he said I'm going to leave the door open Mr. North. If she starts anything run.

I looked at him. He said well please do. I said we all do.

If she starts anything he said come out promise me and don't touch her. Whatever you do don't touch her he said. Well I went in he pulled the door through.

I sat down this side of the table she was that side. And I said to her as she sat on the table like this with a red crop on her arm like this wouldn't look at me I said I'll come to tell you that Jesus loves you. She went I didn't know what to do.

I'm no professional. Didn't know anything. I said did you hear him? I'll come to tell you that Jesus loves you.

She went Roar like an animal. What would you have done? I said did you hear me love? I've come to tell you that Jesus loves you. And she screamed an unearthly scream scarce I've heard the like it in my life.

And she said nobody loves me. And her arms went out bang on the table and her face went down on the table I thought she must have broken her nose with a bang and she sobbed and cried and the tears ran across the polish of the table. And I said look love I've come to tell you about our love of Jesus.

I want to tell you that I love you too. Nobody loves me. Nobody loves me.

I said yeah I love you too. I said I don't get paid for what I'm doing. I no longer starve.

I shall get I've just come to tell you that in Jesus name I love you. And if you listen to me I'll tell you what Jesus can do for you. Will you? And I started.

And I the door was shut and there was nobody looking so I got up and I reached across and I thought I didn't do it to break any laws I just did it you know it was in me. I'm one of these spontaneous fellows. I've got no brains at all.

I just and I held her and I said you don't want to be like you are dear. Not really. I said there's something inside you.

It's living in there. It's got to come out. It's driving you to murder your children.

She's had two babies left and in Dublin. In there awaiting her majesty's pleasure. No hope.

None at all. I said you don't want to do that. I said it's got to come out and if you let Jesus cast it out you could be a free girl tonight.

You see today sorry. I said you want that Jesus will give you a new heart love. He'll make you new.

He'll come and live in there. He'll come and make you a new girl. Do you want to be a new girl? I said yes.

And she is. It's all over in about five minutes. She never had any lucotomy.

I've seen Jesus do it. And all I knew was love for a poor wretched prostitute demented schizoid paranoid depressant booked for death. I saw Jesus do it.

I began to murmur. I told you this afternoon the Holy Ghost has come to teach you everything. I don't know.

That's what he did. I'd seen him work on women. I tell you how I want to know.

I'm sure you've heard this one. It's the way I learned. I could repeat this over and over and over and over and over again.

But I learned it this way. I want to tell you the basic things. My brother my sister.

For what are you going to do? And how are you going to meet the needs of men and women? Listen. I devoured that book till it devoured me. I've already told you.

Paul wrote this to Timothy. From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures. So did I. Not that that's sufficient.

Now plenty of people think because they've got great Bible knowledge and believe it that they're saved. I wasn't and neither was Timothy till Paul went there and laid his hands on him and gave him the Holy Ghost. You read his second letter to Timothy and see.

He had faith in his grandmother. Faith was in his mother. But he didn't get life till Paul went to him and ministered to him the Gospel.

You read that. Second Timothy. Very carefully.

In case you're deceived as I was. Who was going to do it? I went to a prayer meeting. I didn't know anything about demons.

I mean I lived in this world of, you know I didn't know anything about casting things out. But I went to this particular house. Way out in the heart of the country.

It was. I went there and I found that by this time your reputation goes a little bit before you for good editorial. And when I got there they got a couple of people in this room that had flipped discs for about six months.

They were in there. One of them was my brother-in-law by the way that's now out in Australia. He was there.

But there were two people. The other one if you know her she's the treasurer on the Missionary Society of WECC. Her name's Eileen Fowler.

You can check these things out if you want. There you are. Happened so long ago.

They were both there in great agony. And anyway God healed those put their discs in like that. That was that.

It was telling you God was really working. And we had a tremendous prayer meeting. My brother-in-law was there.

He was wearing a heavy skirt. He was so dumped with the spirit he was propping himself up on it. Holding himself up.

God had come and filled him with the spirit. He'd entered into a new realm altogether. Anyway this particular house we were in.

The daughter of the house came in and she knelt just inside the door and I went of course I went over to her and I knelt down beside her and I said I'm never so sorry. It's all over. We're all going home now.

And she worked at the local geriatric unit you see. Four old people that were in a dreadful state for me. And I went on.

Shake and tremble and heave. I don't understand this. I don't care at all.

I love it. I don't care. Whatever's happening in this house.

Demons were coming up. I don't know. I was in a new world.

I never said come out. I never said in Jesus name. I never said anything that you're supposed to say.

People get up and chant in Jesus name, in Jesus name. I don't know. I don't know any better.

All I do is I'm not I'm not a pastor They all fled. They can't stand love you know. These Devils, can't stand it.

They don't know anything about love, God clear. You see how how I learned these things you know. How by the Lord's grace I went on and on and on you know.

And you've all heard me tell the story of Willie, haven't you? Not this Willie. You've heard me tell the story of Willie Mycock? Sure you've heard me tell the story of Willie Mycock. I learned another thing by Willie Mycock.

He, he, I was in Bradford at this time, and Cicol Cousin, some of you will know him, very well. He had a church in Bradford, not very far away. I've got a couple of Bradfordians here.

I expect they've been along to the place where Cicol used to be. He's not functioning there now. And he dropped into my house one day and he said to me, if you want to see Willie Mycock alive, you'd better go.

I said, why? What's the matter with him? He said, he's dying. I said, what's happened? He said, a whole of his waterworks has collapsed. I said, rush him in the hospital.

He's in a coma. He's dying. His wife says, I'm going up to see him now.

If you want to see him alive in this world, go up and see him. I said, OK. Off he went.

And after about an hour, my wife said to me, are you going to see Willie again? I said, yes, I want to go and see him. She said, no, she's got a queer husband. Well, I reckon she thought, wondered what was happening here.

And lunchtime came and she said to me, you're going to see Willie, aren't you? I said, yeah, I'm going to see him. She said, have you gone? You're going to see Willie. I said, yeah, I am.

And it got tea time. I said, love, I can't go. She said, I don't know, what's the matter? I can't go.

She looked at me and I looked at her and I said, I don't know. I said, I don't know. I couldn't get up and put a coat on to go and see him.

And the next day came. Willie was still alive. See, Willie's a gay lover.

I said, yeah. You know, all willing. Just the same story.

I couldn't go and see him. Next day was our day of fasting and prayer. I've got to face all my fasters and prayers and all know about Willie and confess I've not been to see Willie.

And he was a wonderful old man of God, you know. And I knew it still. I went down there and sort of hanged off expression and said, you heard about Willie? He said, yeah.

Been to see him how he did? I said, haven't been. You should have seen their faces. Couldn't understand this.

I didn't understand it myself. And that went on. And still Willie was hanging on.

Still not dead. Just holding on. This went on for exactly a week.

I had to face them over the Sunday. No, I hadn't been to see Willie and I bet they all thought I'd lost any love I'd ever had or any concern for anybody. But exactly a week after, I'm sitting indoors and all of a sudden I said, I'm going to see Willie, dear.

And I got my coat and up I went. Top of the hill, Bradford Royal Inter. I went in.

I've always travelled incognito. I've always worn my collars the same way around. And I went into the hospital.

I tell you this because you see otherwise they give you sort of special treatment. I went in and I saw a nurse. She was dashing out of the men's surgical main ward, but she'd come out of a sort of a side ward as near to running as a good nurse should ever be.

She's got hot water bottles. She went, sir. I said, I've come to see Willie.

Oh, she said, sir, we're just trying to make him comfortable. If you wait a minute, you'll go in and see him. She dashed into the kitchen, filled the bottles up with hot water, dashed back in.

Well, you know what these nurses dash. They walk fast and some of us run. She made him comfortable, came out and said, you can go in now, sir.

I went in. Now listen. I put my foot over the threshold like that and as I did, Willie Mycock opened his eyes.

First time since he'd had his trouble. Now this is the lesson I learned, the timing of God. Praise God.

I walked over there and his eyes came. He'd got a cradle over his legs to keep the clothes off him. He was propped up in bed.

He's got tubes running out of somewhere underneath here and the bottles under his bed. And his eyes were encrusted here and his ears here and there. Oh, it was great sorrow for him.

I thought it would have been the same if I'd whispered. I don't know. God healed him.

He lived to come and join us in our days of fasting and prayer. Do you want to know what makes me tick? Every Wednesday, fasting and prayer. Every morning, without exception, except it was Sunday for preaching, prayer, waiting upon God with my Bible.

Never had a luxurious study. And in that, I never had a room. We started from scratch.

I told you, we lived separated three ways. I started. I used to have to go and kneel by my bed and push the Bible up on a pillow and out there with my Bible waiting before God.

Six mornings a week. Sunday morning, up, down at the church, hour and a half before anybody else came. None of this started punctually quarter of an hour late.

Hour and a half, church, before anybody came. And I'm telling you the truth. And I used to walk round those aisles where I got to stand and preach on the Sundays, either with my hands out to God, or I'd lie down on the aisle on that old coconut matting till the print was upon the palms and upon the face.

And I'd pray to the Lord, or I'd walk round with the Bible, wait on God. And they'd come a quarter, half an hour before the service and we'd get down together. We'd pray.

You want to know how it happens? I'm telling you, you'll never be there if you don't pay the price. There's no other way. If you think it rests in baptism for knowledge, they're necessary.

Don't misunderstand me. If you think it rests just in knowledge of the Bible, necessary. Don't misunderstand me.

It doesn't. It rests upon passing into God. God knows.

Never a Sunday went by, this man will tell you, that souls were seeking God. And then in the days when he went along with another group, which is the Sherbourne Road Fellowship, now of course moved off with them, because God had blessed him among them. And it increased.

They used to come out there Sunday night, down there again, long before there was any time for preaching or ministering, waiting on God. Waiting on God. If you think there's any other way, beloved, I want to tell you, you have no hope whatsoever of it.

That's Sunday nights. I've seen them out there. Five, ten, twenty.

God doing something. Years that went on, never a Sunday. Except perhaps Christmas Sunday, when we used to sing choruses, sing carols a little bit, and I'd give a little sort of a caroling talk, and we'd go home.

Depleted, because some have gone here, some have gone there, some have gone somewhere else. God used to work and work and work and work. Work.

Praise God. That's what makes a man tick. It's that that does it.

Oh, love of God, we used to sing. How strong and true, eternal and yet ever new, uncomprehended and unbought. Beyond all knowledge and all thought, we used to sing.

Oh, precious love, how precious still in days of weariness and ill. Do you know that? I should learn it if I were you. Seek out truth.

Don't get carried away with jingles. Seek out truth. Move into reality, till love melts you into oneness with God, until God can get you and hold you until his time is right, and release you unto his ministries.

I tell you, I learned so much. People don't get results because they think, keep on doing it, and God said, no, you mustn't, just you wait there till I wake him up. He didn't say all this, but I can tell you.

He did it. Let me tell you, I can keep on and on and on, but I suppose I ought to stop. Let me tell you about Cyprus, shall I? I told you things, like Kathleen Kuhlman, you know, ten years afterwards when she wrote her book, I Believe in Miracles.

Some of these have gone back more than ten years, but I want you to think that's all that there are. They're still there. But it's good to talk about something that stood the test of time, isn't it? That's why God puts elders in the church, men who stood the test of time.

You see, you understand, don't you? Young men often, sometimes, are forced into it because God moved the young people to think that it's a sort of a qualification, a gift from God. Well, it is. But elders are elders, and youngsters are youngsters.

Whatever be God's gift, time is one of them, and the maturity that comes of it. Lest you snatch at a biblical bauble, sounds horrible me saying that, doesn't it? A blown-out text of scripture according to your mind, puffed up with the breath of man, and not the reality of the Spirit of God. You see, let me tell you, I went to Cyprus only recently.

Got back on the 11th of this month. There you are, that's how recent it is. Wonderful, I could keep you going another night on just Cyprus, but God, you know those Turks, don't you, that have invaded Cyprus? Can you see the map of Cyprus? It's got a long island going up there.

Can you see it? Now, if you were in school, you'd see it, because you're grown up, you won't see this. You'd say, no, I can't see anything. Well, there it is, a long, wide peak going up there, sort of goes down there, comes down here, more or less this shape, and joins up over here a place called Paphos.

You've all heard of Paphos, haven't you? You know Salamis? That's right, where Paul would land. Well, that's in Turkish hands now. But you see, the Turks invaded, and they came to a place here, trying to make a diagram right down through, taking in Nicosia, that's the capital, you see? And that's what they intended.

You can see the line on the map. Can't you see it yet? Comes down here, and Cyprus is there. Can you all see that? Yeah, that's right.

And if the line comes down here, you see it's taken Cyprus, and then wondrously, I don't know whether the Turks or anybody knows what happened, it goes up round here, like that, you see? Cuts down through part of Cyprus, and you know why it went up like that? Because right in the dragon's mouth there, that's where the church is that God founded, the other year. That's where it is. They're only 200 yards or so from the Turkish lines, see? They meant to swallow it up, but God, they're right poised there, in the dragon's mouth.

There it is. As you talk about miracles, you don't have to look at the map, really. There they are, unscathed.

There, they met, all right. In comes, in comes a woman, mmm, into the meeting. She got terrible abscesses on her face, and she blessed her heart, I don't know, desperately serious.

Well, I don't suppose it could have been, I don't think it was. Then, ooh, ooh, red, and she tried to sit in the meeting. And again, she just, oh, collapsed into tears and ran out the room.

Came back again, of course, you would have made that an excuse to have gone home, wouldn't you? Well, you would, wouldn't you? Now, if you're anybody, that's all, isn't it? Oh, poor woman, she did not see it. She came in again, sat down, sat there for another five minutes, until the tears streamed down her precious face. She wasn't scared.

She came in again, sat down and said to her, Lovey, are you in pain? Well, thank God, because she was. Well, did you want me to stay away? I didn't believe you, you know, that's all. And the name on her face went, And all the burning red went off her teeth.

And the tears dried up. And she started to pray, she said, well, it's only a little thing. Was it? She said, well, what did you do? I don't know, I just went up to her and said, you're in pain, aren't you? I don't know whether you're prepared to pay the price to go through with God, are you? Look, you hear the girl, she's inside there.

Her lovely dark hair, you know, they're all dark haired out there, the real secrets, you know. And she comes in, fine girlie. And she just came to the Lord.

I said, how are you, love? She said, I went home last night. My mother got hold of my hair and she pushed me back to the wall and she said, You've got to establish it, you call it, you know, the Greek separate church. Greek Orthodox church, the way she went.

I said, what did you do, love? After the first bang, never found a thing, she said. I said, thank you, Lord. She went home again, must have, where have you been? I'll kill you! I said, what are you doing, love? I didn't feel it.

Would you like to live under those conditions? That's the way God builds churches. Blood, tears, sufferings, pain. In the dragon's mouth.

It used to be like that in Scotland once. You know about Carter Brown, don't you? You know about his little wife, don't you? When she said to Clever House, it was Clever House, wasn't it? When he shot her husband dead in front of her eyes. How shalt thou answer for this day's work, he said to that man.

And he put a pistol up and shot her husband in front of her eyes. What would you have done, love? What would you have done, love? It used to be like that in Scotland once. Your soil stained with the blood of martyrs.

And now it trembles to the rock of standing feet in dance halls. Like it in my country too. Like the same.

Just the same. If God can get a hold of some people who'd rather die than stain their clothes. People who'd rather die than compromise.

People who can love. People that are possessed with devils. People that can be moved by the power of his hand.

If he can get hold of people like that, he'll turn your country inside out and upside down. That's what he'll do. If I may revert back to my little experience.

It was from these things that presently God built churches. I don't know any other way. Not another way.

If you people will pay the price. If you will wait on God in fasting and prayer. We didn't pray for revival.

We didn't pray for miracles particularly. We didn't pray for missions particularly. We didn't come with a prayer list.

There was something in us that wanted to make us wait on God. And the hours went by. And the days went by.

And the weeks went by. And we didn't grow tired. And we didn't give up.

We never felt it was a strain even. We loved to lie in the presence of God. And pray and wait on God.

And nothing would ever allow to be an excuse to draw us away from it. Nothing. No one.

It's a matter of getting your priorities right. And we prayed through the months. And we waited on God.

And we waited on God. And then God was pleased to pour out his Spirit. Amen.

It's only a matter of coming into line with eternal principles that cannot be moved. And from which God will never vary. That's all it is.

And only when by his grace, and he's longed to do it for men and women, he puts a heart in you that's pure and purely for God. So that it has to come into the Spirit and heart of God. Pass into the mind of God.

And into the eternal purposes of God. That things are going to happen. And who among you is going to do it? And who among you is going to go on like you've all gone on? Who among you is going to come there? I said, and I'll say it again and again.

Perhaps I said here when I was here in June, if I did, please forgive me. That is if you don't want to hear it. But if you want to hear it again and again, I don't ask your pardon.

If I was ever put in charge of a fellowship again by God, whatever other meeting had to stop, I would institute a day of fasting and prayer. That would be the first thing I would do. Whatever telephone rang or whatever demand there was, that would be the day of prayer.

And I would not budge from it for anybody or anything. Any knock at the door, I've been through it. Anybody that came, no.

That's God's day. That's God's place. And we waited on God.

God knows. That's why he did it. Not because we did it for that, didn't know.

I told you I've got no brains at all. All I know was that that great desire came upon me. Sometimes I wonder whether my Uncle Frank prayed for me in this way, I don't know.

I believe I was one of the privileged men of earth. Babies, whatever you will. I don't know.

I'd rather remember a praying uncle than a millionaire. Wouldn't you? I'd rather remember stone flags in B-119 in Maidstone Jail. Pay a visit sometime.

I never wrote anything on the wall to say I was there. But I'm out there. The officer came in one morning when I was down at the bag shop learning to sew ropes in mail bags so that I could do my cell task at night.

They'd written on my plate, seven ropes per night or else, and I looked at it and I determined before God if they flogged me or starved me, I would wait on God. I'm not brave. I'm just telling you what happened.

And I did three ropes, not half what they said. I did them perfectly as unto the Lord, eight stitches per inch, till at last the bag shop man said, I'm going to put your work on exhibition because I did it as unto Jesus. I sewed mail bags as unto Jesus as though we're taking lettuce to the throw.

God knows. And when I'd done three, I left it. And I took my Bible that they'd given me.

It was their fault. They shouldn't have given it to me. I took my Bible and I knelt by my bed and I lifted up the peepholes and they looked in at me and they saw me disobeying their orders or their threats or what it was.

And I didn't care. And I used prison to wait on God. I understood Romans in Maidstone Jail, good place to go to be taught the truth.

I understood the first epistle of Peter in Maidstone Jail I could take to the spot. Things are burned into your memory, beloved, where reality takes place. Amen.

What do you do? There's nothing cheap about this. God can't. That's what's happened.

I think perhaps it might be true that if not every one of you, that a lot of you in this room tonight are here as a result of it. Just like we're here as a result of a man that sat in prison and wrote a letter. That I'm the prison of the Lord.

And just like a man went from prison and judgment and shed his blood on a cross. It's the same spirit and it's the same heart and it's the same principle and there's no deviation. And that'll make you tick when all your works have run down and should have stopped.

And that'll make you go on when your past's going on. And that'll make you stand up when you ought to lie down. And that'll make you a sole winner when others are losing theirs and blaming it onto you.

That's what it'll do. I wonder if you've got life in vain, human life. God help us.

God help us. I'm stopping I think. Not that I couldn't multiply it.

Multiply it. Multiply it. Jack saw many things in India.

He was with me in them. He's gone everywhere. Everywhere.

Everywhere. You can go where he is. Doesn't matter whether your name's north, south, east, west.

Doesn't matter where you come from. All he wants is a vessel. That's all.

Someone who won't argue with him. Someone who won't criticize others. Somebody that love looks out of their eyes.

Someone that loves when no one else can. Someone who doesn't feel any blows much. Or if he does, has an art of turning them into caresses.

For he believes everything comes from God. And the devil is nowhere except cast out. These are the things of God.

Do they seem to beat with the same metronome upon which God plays his music? Do they, to you? If not, I've wasted my time. But I seem to think I know. At least it works.

And the pragmatic test is the greatest of all. Amen. Now I've got to stop because I'm wound right up and I should keep ticking all night.

Now what are you going to do about it? I'm challenging you unashamedly for Jesus. For his sake and for your sake and the sake of souls. What are you going to do? Don't come to me and say, well how, how, how? I told you the principle thing that well I know.

I don't know how it happened. The Holy Ghost is God's how. Get filled with him.

Go with him. He's your teacher. I've informed you.

Hallelujah. Let's pray. You talk to the Lord.

Tomorrow's a new day. Can you say, here am I Lord What do you say beyond that? I don't know. Bound up in their own little cells.

Grievances. Their little world and the world of souls lies out there. Whilst people squabble themselves into this situation.

Oh God forgive us. God save us. God help us.

Oh God. Glory to God. Hallelujah.

Springs of God erupted. He's got to melt us all down beloved. Until we who talk about his will are the love of it.

And the will of that love. That's what's got to happen. Will us all.

Hasn't it? Hallelujah. Your spirit with your will your mind will come right. Jesus.

For the future. It isn't just getting forgiveness for the way you've been in the past. It's absolutely all.

Glory to God. Is not the love like that? Don't you think it is? God would have counted himself a sinner if he hadn't loved you like that. Don't you think he would? And who would have judged him? Nobody could have judged him because nobody knew.

He came up with absolute upright honest righteousness and judged himself. You do that and nobody will judge you then. It's a sin.

It's a sin. God loves. It'll be the death of you.

And out of your very death will flow life. Love. Unreachable by the mere human mind.

Unreachable. The spirit of God will take you into it. Sister.

Brother. The spirit of God. But he'll bring you up to his standard if you'll yield.

Listen. However much it may have been misrepresented to you. That's no excuse for Jesus never misrepresented it to you.

And true wrongs do not make a right. If somebody misrepresented it to you, you must not misrepresent it to another. You are directly answerable to him.

As I am. Amen. Lord.

Continue thy working among us, Lord. We need thee. Oh, Lord.

We need thee, Lord. Give us hearts this night that will love one another. And pray for one another.

In strong faith. The evil of the weakest who may feel he or she has no right. Or no power.

Or no standing. Jesus. When there was no standing.

For thee they nailed thy feet to a cross. And when there was no place to hold, they nailed thy hands. To the wood.

And the cross shall give us both hanging and standing. And place. With eternal love.

You'll know when the love's come. You'll be able to forgive everybody. Everything.

And you'll pray that everybody will forgive you. Everything. Won't you? Hallelujah.

Father. Father. Thank you for the secret of eternal love.

And thank you for some understanding of it. Redemption. And life.

Thank you, Lord. Amen.

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