

# An Hour With Kathryn Kuhlman - Part 1

by Kathryn Kuhlman

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*Kathryn Kuhlman's sermon emphasizes the transformative power of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, alongside her personal journey and burden for souls.*

**Duration:** 27:51

**Scripture:** Matthew 6:33, John 3:3, Acts 2:17, Romans 8:14, 1 Corinthians 2:10, Galatians 5:22-23, Ephesians 5:18

**Topics:** "Interview"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a personal story of their upbringing in a small Methodist church and the tragic loss of their father at a young age. They emphasize the importance of being born again and the guidance of the Holy Spirit in their life. The speaker then transitions to introducing Catherine Coleman, a woman who exemplifies the virtues and compassion of Jesus Christ. They describe her as a handmaiden of God and share how her story has impacted and inspired many to believe in miracles.

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## Transcript

This is tape number A-658 in the Springs of Living Water Tape Library. Copies may be obtained by writing Springs of Living Water Tapes, mailbox 32636, Spring Lake Park, Minnesota 55432. Every generation should be blessed with individuals emulating the virtues and compassion of the greatest one who walked this earth, the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is a statement recorded in the Acts of the New Testament. Speaking of a prophecy that came to pass on the day of Pentecost. And in those days I will pour out of my spirit upon my servants and handmaidens.

Yes, it is happening. After hearing and seeing Katharine Kuhlman, one can only attest to the record and state, Katharine Kuhlman is a handmaiden of God. The Katharine Kuhlman story was given to thousands, gathered at the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International Regional Convention in Washington, D.C. Literally hundreds of lives, both men and women, were challenged to believe God for a miracle.

The miracles did happen. And they are still happening. As you listen to her story, you challenge to believe that Jesus Christ has the answer for your life.

Here is Katharine Kuhlman. You know, when I was invited to be here this afternoon, I was told it was a ladies' meeting. But help me, I was never in a meeting of my life.

I saw so many ladies in trousers this afternoon. I didn't think there'd be a man in the place. Really, I really didn't think there'd be a man in the place.

There's one taking my picture right now. I hope that you have not come this afternoon to see Katharine Kuhlman. I would feel very badly if I said that you'd come for that purpose.

One thing I'll tell you, if you are here today, and you've never met our wonderful Jesus, if you've never seen Him, if you do not know Him, if you've never become acquainted with the Holy Spirit, you've missed the most important thing that could possibly happen to you. I'm going to do something. I want to read just four familiar verses to you from 1 Corinthians.

They're verses that you are well acquainted with. But perhaps they mean a little more to me than anyone else in the auditorium today. God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the right, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence.

One of the greatest secrets that I have found in my lifetime is the fact that He will not share His glory with any man or any woman. God will not share His glory. Jesus will not share His glory with any individual.

The Holy Spirit will not share His glory with any person. Know that. The very minute a man or woman begins sharing the glory and wanting to share the glory with Him, it's right then the power is lifted from that of their ministry.

I am probably a stranger to most of you. Many of you that I have met since I have come to Washington, D.C. today, I'm meeting for the very first time. I know that there are those who feel that probably my father must have been a minister, my mother must have been deeply religious, but you know the strange thing? I was not brought up in a deeply religious home.

Not really. My father had an aversion to preachers. He just despised them.

Believe me, I tell you the truth. My father hated preachers. And if my father saw a preacher coming down the main street of Concordia, Missouri, before he would pass that preacher on the street, he would go across the street to keep from speaking to him.

Then look what he got. Mama was brought up in the Methodist church. Dr. Wolfe, of course, was of the firm conviction that the only folk who would ever get to heaven, he really, he lived and died with the firm conviction that the only folk who would ever make heaven would be Methodists.

He didn't know, of course, one thing about salvation. Grandpa Walkenhuis didn't know one thing about being born again, not a thing. He didn't know there was such a thing.

Nobody in the Methodist church in Concordia, they don't know it yet. And I often have thought since that if Grandpa Walkenhuis did make heaven, I'm not so sure he did, but if he did, he's going to get the shock of his life when he finds some Baptists there. Because he certainly did this old mama, which he married Papa because Papa's background was Baptist.

He didn't work at it at all, but then it was like that. Papa was mayor of our hometown. Papa was mayor of Concordia, Missouri, and you probably don't know anything about Concordia, Missouri.

Nobody ever heard of it. It's not on the map. It has one main street.

I met somebody who was Lutheran, introduced himself as being Lutheran here since I'd come to the auditorium. And I said, oh, I have so much in common with you because I was brought up in a Lutheran town. Concordia was Lutheran.

Everybody was Lutheran. Everybody. Everybody was Lutheran.

That's why they had the Concordia Lutheran Seminary. They go to Concordia first, and then how I ever escaped being Lutheran I'll never know. I'll never know except it was just the will of God.

And I was one of those youngsters. Papa was mayor. I probably was a spoiled brat.

I don't know. I said it. Don't you dare say it.

But I was the meanest kid in town, always. If things didn't happen, I made them happen. I did.

I didn't mean to be bad. I didn't mean to be mean. But it was just my makeup being so close to the country.

They had a kid picnic, a school picnic. Everybody went out on the farm wagon. I was the kid.

All the other kids would come back from the picnic in the farm wagon, but I came back riding the horse. Mama had a birthday. I was not more than six because I wasn't going to school yet.

And I thought it would be the most wonderful thing in the world to give Mama a birthday party, a surprise. I wanted to please herself. I didn't tell a soul.

Not a soul. And I went around Concordia, Missouri, in our little hometown, and I invited all the ladies who had been nice to me that I liked. Now remember, Mama was the mayor's wife.

And only certain people got in our house, you know. And I went around and knocked on the door and said, Now Monday is my Mama's birthday, and I'm going to give her a birthday party, and I want you to come at 2 o'clock and bring a cake. I invited 30 women, and each one brought a cake.

Well, you see, it was Mama's theology that, ring or shine, we washed on Mondays. Always. Always.

It was wash day. Now nobody ever saw Mrs. Joy Kuhlman with pink curlers in her hair until that day. My Mama had a false pride.

My Mama was so proud. She was Mrs. Joy Kuhlman. Papa was mayor, but Mama ran the town.

And so she washed after lunch with the pink curlers in her hair. Mama took a little nap, and I could scarcely wait. I could hardly wait for the thing to come off.

I could hardly wait to hear the thing. I saw the First Lady come down the walk. I was so excited, bringing her cake.

Behind her, a couple more. I shall never forget when the front door rang. Mama being awakened.

Pink curlers in her hair. And there was a woman, and she went ahead in her house for a lot of money. Believe me, my mother.

And the woman standing over the cake and wishing her happy birthday. And within the next 15 minutes, there were 29 just like her, coming, each one with a cake. I'm going to tell you, I ate my breakfast, my lunch, and my dinner for the next two weeks, standing up.

It was just like that. I wasn't quite 14 years of age, when one Sunday morning, in that little Methodist church. If you ever go through Concordia, Missouri, that little Methodist church is still there.

It doesn't seat any more than 100 people. Mama always went there to church to please Grandpa. I went to Sunday school there.

And the only time Papa ever entered that church was Christmas, when I would give my recitation. And so far as I was concerned, when I gave that recitation, the only person present was my Papa. I loved my Papa more than anything in the whole world.

My Papa was killed. Killed instantly. And my Papa was killed before he ever heard me preach a single sermon.

That Sunday morning, before I was 14 years of age, I had never seen anyone converted in that church. An altar call had never been given prior to my experience. I doubt whether there's ever been an altar call since.

I knew nothing about it. And this Sunday morning, I cannot tell you what the preacher said. I do not know what the song was that was sung.

I haven't the slightest idea. But they were standing, singing the last song in that little Methodist church, when suddenly something happened to me, just a teenage girl, knowing nothing about being born again, having had no teachings whatsoever, but standing there when suddenly something happened to me. And it was real to me this moment as it was then.

It was real to me. The most real thing that ever happened to me, when suddenly I began to shake. Looking back now, it was my very first experience with the power of the Holy Spirit.

I didn't even know there was such a person, the power of the Holy Spirit. Believe me. I didn't even know there was such a thing as being born again.

Believe me. I tell you the gospel truth. I began to shake.

I began to tremble. I felt like the meanest person in the whole world, and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't hold the Methodist hymnal in my hand.

I didn't know what to do. Nobody noticed me. I laid the Methodist hymnal down because I couldn't hold it any longer.

I couldn't hold it in my hand. That was my first contact with the Holy Spirit. It was my first contact with the power of God.

But I had to do something. I left the place where I was standing, and I took to the front pew, and I sat down in the corner of the front pew, and I saw, believe me, what I'm telling you is as real to me as that moment when it happened, that Sunday morning in that little Methodist church, and I began to sob. I remember not having a handkerchief, and one of the old sisters came along and stuck a handkerchief in my hand and

put an arm around me, and she said, Oh, Catherine, don't cry.

You've been such a good little girl. We both knew she was lying. Such a good little girl.

I didn't need anyone. No one knew what had happened. The preacher never came near me.

He didn't know what to do with me. I went home from that church service. I cried until my eyes were almost swollen shut.

And walking down the street, I can remember thinking, I didn't know Mr. Petering had painted his house. It looked so wonderful. I can remember that my feet didn't touch the sidewalk.

I remember going to the kitchen. Papa never went to church. I remember doing something.

He was standing in the kitchen, and I rushed over to him, and I said, Papa, Papa, Jesus has just come into my heart. I will never know whether Papa fully understood what I meant or not. I will never know.

I've often wondered. I've often wondered whether Papa ever understood that I knew, that I knew, that I knew. And I can only remember him turning to me and saying, Baby, I'm glad.

I'm glad. But that was the beginning. As simple as that.

As simple as that. From that moment on, I had a great burden. Do you understand something? For just a few minutes, I want to take the lid off of my heart.

Somebody asked me today whether I've gotten much criticism from being a woman preacher. You know something? I don't consider myself a woman preacher. I've never thought of it as that.

I'm a woman. Would to God I'd been born a man. I wished and wished over and over again that when Papa and Mama had a child, that it had been a boy instead of a girl, that it saved me an awful lot.

I remember this. When they named me Catherine, God saved us Papa's sister, called up and said, My goodness of life, whatever you do, don't name that child Catherine. Ever mule in Missouri is named Kate.

They farted on the name. And I was such a disappointment to Mama when I did come. She expected something with long black hair, like Papa's.

And when she looked at me, I didn't even have fuzz on my hair. No. I never think of myself as a woman preacher.

I treasure the truth. I am a woman. I was born a woman.

And I try to keep my place as a woman. And I want to say to the women here in this auditorium, please, whatever you do, don't try to be a man. We were born women.

I recognize the fact that I am a woman, and with it I try to be a lady. I never try to usurp the place or the authority of a man. Never.

That's the reason I have no church. I leave that to the men. I am a woman.

I know my place. I know to that which God has called me. I do not believe that those who know me best think of me as being a woman preacher.

I never do. Never. I never do.

I can only tell you that with my conversion there came this terrific burden for souls. When you think of Catherine Kuhn, think only of someone who loves their souls. Not somebody who's trying to build something.

Only for the kingdom of God, that's all, souls, souls, souls, remember, I give my life for the salvation of a lost soul. Nothing, nothing in the whole world is more important than that, than souls. And with my conversion, there came this terrific burden for loss.

To this very day, and as recent as this past week, I have received mail from folks in Idaho where I first began preaching the gospel. I've had no education. I said to Dr. German, Dr. Ray Charles German, our modernistic minister who for 52 years was in modernism, and I said to him the other day, I said, Dr. German, here we are, worlds and worlds apart.

You have had all the education. Here you are with all of your degrees, educated beyond your intelligence. All that I knew is what Jesus had done for me.

I've been born again. That's all that I knew. I knew that I had been born again.

And I went to little churches, denominational churches, a little Baptist church, a little country church that had been closed for months and months. They couldn't afford a preacher. And I asked if I might preach in the church, and my argument was, it's closed anyway.

You have nothing to lose. My first meeting, I slept in a turkey house. Now, if you don't know what a turkey house is, it's where they would hatch out turkeys.

And the woman said, well, we have no place to put you. All of our rooms are filled. It's a country place.

But we'll scrub out the turkey house. And if you don't mind sleeping in the turkey house, mind sleeping in the turkey house, I would have slept on a straw stack. Any place.

Because of this which is on the inside of me. If all of the forces of hell defile me regarding my call to preach the gospel, it's as real as my conversion. If something I've got to do, if I have to stand on the street corner and do it.

If something I have to do, if I have to live on bread and water. If ever you've been called of God to preach the gospel, you've got to, if your call is genuine, if your call is of the Holy Ghost, you can live on bread and water. You'll preach it.

My call to preach the gospel, and I've never questioned it. I have never questioned my call. I had a sister who got the word she was in Spokane, Washington.

An older sister. She heard up there that her baby sister was preaching. She got so scared.

Though I had just come back from a grant store having bought a 15 cent. Now remember, you have to be at least 80 years old to understand what I'm talking about now. I paid 15 cents for a pair of stockings.

Lyle stockings. It was all the money that I had. I had just come back from a grant store having put out my last 15 cents for a pair of Lyle stockings so that I could preach that night.

I got this telegram from my older sister. She didn't send me a buck. She didn't send me 50 cents.

In the telegram she said, Catherine, be sure you've got your theology straight. And I didn't even know what theology was. I didn't know what she was talking about.

But that burden for souls. That burden for souls. In the little country churches.

I'd wait until the farmers were through with their day's work and they'd come in to the little country churches. I wasn't very wise in my personal work. But a farmer never got out of there unless he got down on his knees and was born again.

That's all I knew what to preach. If a place had been filled with Christians, I still had to preach. And being born again was all that I knew.

But beloved, I had the greatest teacher that any human being has ever had. And that's the Holy Spirit. The glorious Holy Spirit as He began to unfold the world.

One day I shall never forget it as long as I live. I had a sorrow. I had a heartbreak.

A late Saturday afternoon walking down a dead-end street and literally it was a dead-end street. I can go to the very place. I can go to the very alone.

Looking up I shall never, beloved, these things that I'm telling you are as real to me this moment as the hour when they happened. In that moment, knowing nothing about the fullness of the Holy Spirit, everything that I know, He has taught me. Please stop your machine at this point and turn your tape over.

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