

THE SIX WEEK PURSUIT HEROE'S LEGACY

WEEK 5 – God's Voice

Monday - "A Miraculous Healing and Transformation"

Devotional:

The writer of this tract was born in Colorado about 20 miles from Canon City in a little place called Isle, December 25th, 1910. My twin sister and I were premature babies. I was what they called a blue baby, born deaf, dumb, and blind. My father took me to a doctor at the Mayo clinic, who said that besides being deaf, dumb, and blind, I had a leakage of the heart and kidney trouble, and that it would be nothing less than a miracle if I lived more than a few years at the most. They also said that the organs of my body were twisted, and that I was not a normal person in any way. Thus, I managed to drag through life until I was eleven years old.

My father, who was a gambler, bootlegger, and professing infidel, one day passed a street corner in Canon City where some people were holding a street meeting. He heard a man talking about a wonderful meeting that was going on in Denver by Sister Aimee Semple McPherson. He told how people were getting healed, and even the blind had been restored to sight. That set my father to thinking and he said: "I wonder if my daughter could be healed if what this man said is true. If there is a God I am going to put Him to the test."

So he borrowed the money and with two women (an aunt and a neighbor woman) to look after me, we started for Denver. The doctors and most of our folks said it was foolish and that I would never live till we arrived there. The doctor said my heart was so bad that I would never live to get there, and at times they had to work with me to keep me breathing. It seemed to me I would never get there.

On July 10th, 1921, we went to the place where Sister McPherson was holding her meeting, and although we went early, the building was packed out. The only place they could find room for me was up in the balcony. After the service was over, Sister McPherson gave the altar call. My father tried to make his way to the front to ask her to pray for me, but there was such a crowd that it took him some time to get through. Sister McPherson, seeing how anxious he was, asked him just what he wanted.

He said "I want you to pray for my little girl who is deaf, dumb, blind, and has a leakage of the heart very bad."

Sister McPherson asked my father to pray and he told her that he had never prayed in his life. I do not know all of their conversation, but as I was sitting there in the balcony, something seemed to tear in my eyes, and I could see white objects. At first I thought they were white angels, and then these white objects began to take shape. The first thing I remember seeing distinctly was Sister McPherson dressed in white with one hand raised to heaven. Then something came over

me, and before I realized what I was doing, I sprang to my feet and shouted to the top of my voice: “Glory to God!”

For the first time in my life, I heard my own voice. Oh what a glorious day – that tenth day of July, 1921. It has always been a memorable day for me. Truly, I was raised up to a new life.

At this time of my deliverance, I was eleven years of age and weighed twenty-five, or thirty pounds; I was about the size of the average three-year old child.

The doctors said that if I happened to live and grow up, that I would never be able to have any children, for every organ of my body was twisted of out of shape and deformed. At the writing of this, I am married and am the mother of seven children. How I praise and glorify God for His goodness to the children of men.

From Mrs. Ida Pike, Frank’s relative

REFLECTION:

Our God is a miracle-worker. But what is a miracle? Do you believe Jesus still works miracles today? Why or why not?

PRAYER:

Jesus, you are the same today, yesterday, and forever. Help us to know your voice, and trust in who you are. Regardless of how bad things look, you are in control. Help us to trust you more.