

Believers Newsletter

for the endtime...

1st September 2011

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Issue 41

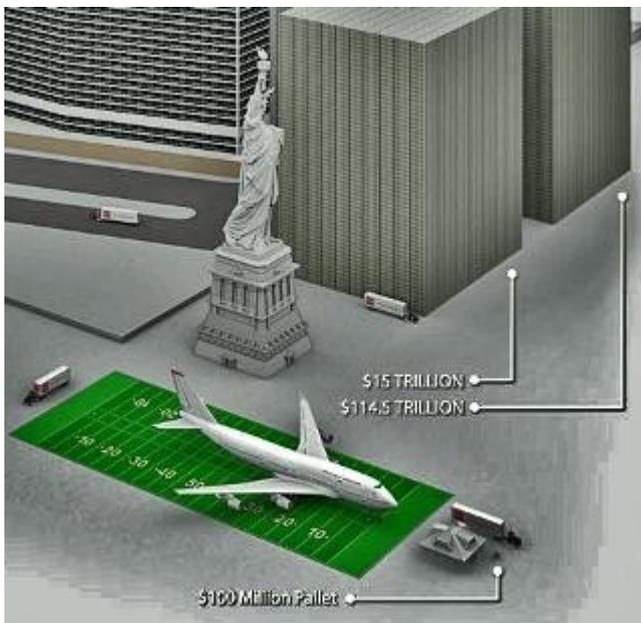
114.5 Trillion Dollars

\$114,500,000,000,000. US unfunded liabilities

To the right you can see the pillar of cold hard \$100 bills that dwarfs the World Trade Centre and Empire State Buildings - both at one point the world's tallest buildings. If you look carefully you can see the Statue of Liberty.

The 114.5 Trillion dollar super-skyscraper is the amount of money the U.S. Government knows that it does not have, to fully fund the Medicare, Medicare Prescription Drug Programme, Social Security, Military and civil servant pensions. It is the money USA knows it will not have, to pay all its bills. If you live in USA this is also your personal credit card bill; you are responsible along with everyone else to pay this back. The citizens of USA created the U.S. Government to serve them, this is what the U.S. Government has done while serving The People.

The unfunded liability is calculated on current tax and funding inputs, and future demographic shifts in US Population.



Note: On the 114.5T image, the size of the base of the money pile is half a trillion, not 1T as on 15T image. The height is double. This was done to reflect the base of Empire State and WTC more closely.

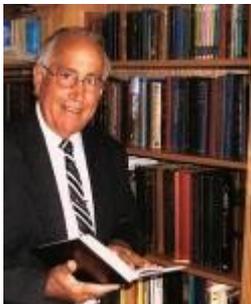
Sent in by Mr David Armstrong

65-0120 LEAN NOT UNTO THY OWN UNDERSTANDING PHOENIX.AZ V-19 N-3 WEDNESDAY

⁷⁸ We are busted in this nation, just about. We are borrowing on tax that'll be paid in forty years from now, they tell me, so they said on Life Line. Taxes, we're spending now, will be paid forty years from now. My little grandson, if Jesus tarries, the taxes that he will pay when he is forty years old, we are spending on it now. Sending to foreign aid, and our own Indians and things starving to death; trying to buy fellowship. You don't buy fellowship. You don't buy a friend. No, but that's what we are doing. That's the way we are set up, taxing people to everything they can get onto, tax, tax, tax. And we'll not be out of war debt for--for hundreds of years yet, I suppose, that we've been thrown into by politicians. And now we shouldn't be that way. There is no reason for us to be that way.⁷⁹ But the churches, themselves, have become rich. "Pretty near the wealth of the world," says the Bible, "lays in the Catholic church." That's why Russia ran her out, why Russia excommunicate... That was the very grass roots of communism, because the church taught to be something, there was no more from the rest of the world.~ **Bro. W.M.Branham**

(Thanks Bro Joseph Saigal for this timely quote. Also see page 5 for a further quote of interest)

From behind the Editor's Desk:



Greetings to you, Saints, in our Lord's Precious Name.

Well, Brother Tony has been and gone from N.Z. now and what a blessing our dear brother has left behind, starting from Christchurch, to Wellington, and on to Stratford and finally in Auckland where it was our turn to enjoy our brother's ministry, and as a plus, I myself gleaned from his past experience as Editor of the Bible Believers Newsletter in Cloverdale.

Brethren from Bro. Timothy Xu's Chinese Fellowship, and Bro. Freddie Esau's Fellowship, all joined with Bro. Derrick at the Spoken Word Fellowship where 180 Saints listened to Brother Tony tell of what is happening in the Middle East and how he feels blessed and privileged to be a part of what the Lord is doing there now.



Then he spoke of God's chosen people of Israel and how that it was the desire of God's appointed men to rebuild the Holy Temple in Jeru-

salem. Because he was an eye witness of these occurrences, our Brother said the Jew/Gentiles dispensations were over-lapping. So we are living in exciting and blessed times, are we not.

Brother spoke on many things the Lord was doing in Israel and the Middle East, which I don't have the space to write it all out here in my letter, but if you wish to get the DVD, I know that Brother Derrick Donaldson will be happy to send you a copy, as Brother Tony was a blessing to my wife and I, and I'm sure to all who were present.

The BNL Committee Members, Bros. Adrian Gray, Bruce McCorkindale and Malcolm Ferris, join me in wishing you God's richest blessings in these days when God's Prophecies are being fulfilled.

Bro. Charles
Editor



Pastor Derrick Donaldson, Pastor Freddie Esau and Bro Tony

The Believers' Newsletter is published by Christian Publicity and Promotions (NZ). We invite news, testimonies, comments, interesting anecdotes. Anything that would glorify God and could encourage your fellow pilgrim, and suggest that any doctrinal questions be directed to your Pastor. The Editor reserves the right to select, abridge and adapt materials submitted for publication. - The Committee.

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Prayer Requests for September 2011:-



~for planned Missionary Ventures~

Below is the **Missionary Itinerary for myself (from Eltham, N.Z.) and Bro. Dean Gilchrist, (from Wanganui, N.Z.)** I fly out to Perth on Monday 22nd August and stay with old friends, the **Ngahi's**. who were from the Kawerau church but moved over there a year or so ago. I fly into Beira, Mozambique on Friday 26th and start preaching on the Saturday.



I shall be preaching each day, mainly in message churches:- plus some out-reach preaching till I leave on Friday 2nd Sept. I stay overnight in Johannesburg on Friday 2nd to early Saturday morning - It is during this time I meet with **Bro. Harold Beckett**. I arrive in **Kenya** that Saturday and preach to denominational churches in Nyahururu in the Highlands, from Saturday, 3rd, through till Thursday, 8th.

Bro. Dean Gilchrist will join me on Wednesday 7th. We travel on Friday 9th, to Kisii, a town closer to Lake Victoria and preach Sat 10th to Wed 14th. Thursday 15th we travel to Nairobi to catch our separate planes:- Bro. Dean to Cairo, me back home. I trust this will be of help to those Saints who are praying for us. God bless you. **Brother Richard Oliver**

Papua New Guinea



From the 7th to the 25th of September, Bro Derrick Donaldson,(left) from Auckland, N.Z., and **Bro Adrian Gray** (right) from Stratford, N.Z., will be doing further missionary work in **Papua New Guinea** with representation from us in **Lae, Port Moresby, Goroka** and **further afield into the rural areas.**



The Bible expresses that - *the harvest is plenteous and the labourers are few*, but He asks to us to *pray to the Lord of the harvest that He sends labourers into that harvest*. That part has been answered but additionally we all need prayer to be successful while doing the Lord's service. We know that the body change cannot come until **the last one is in**, so our desire is for a fruitful time knowing that this will come to pass as a result of the prayers of the Saints.

God bless. **Brother Adrian Gray.**

Solomon Islands

Bro Jim Carman requested prayer for Solomon Island people, for the seeds sown, people who gave their hearts to the Lord and the on going needs on those islands. Pray for chief Peter and his people, as well as Alfred the missionary, for the showing of the DVDs, for those recently baptised, especially the ministers, and those who have been persecuted for their stand for the truth. See also pages 4 and 5.

Another of our Iranian Brethren Arrested.....and..... Released

August 19, 2011 — Pastor Abdol Reza Ali Haghnejad (Brother Matthias) of Bandar-Anzali, Iran was arrested in Rasht on August 17, while visiting the home of a friend. In January Brother Matthias was charged with "actions against national security" by the spreading of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Previously he was acquitted of the charge of "Activities against the Islamic Order".

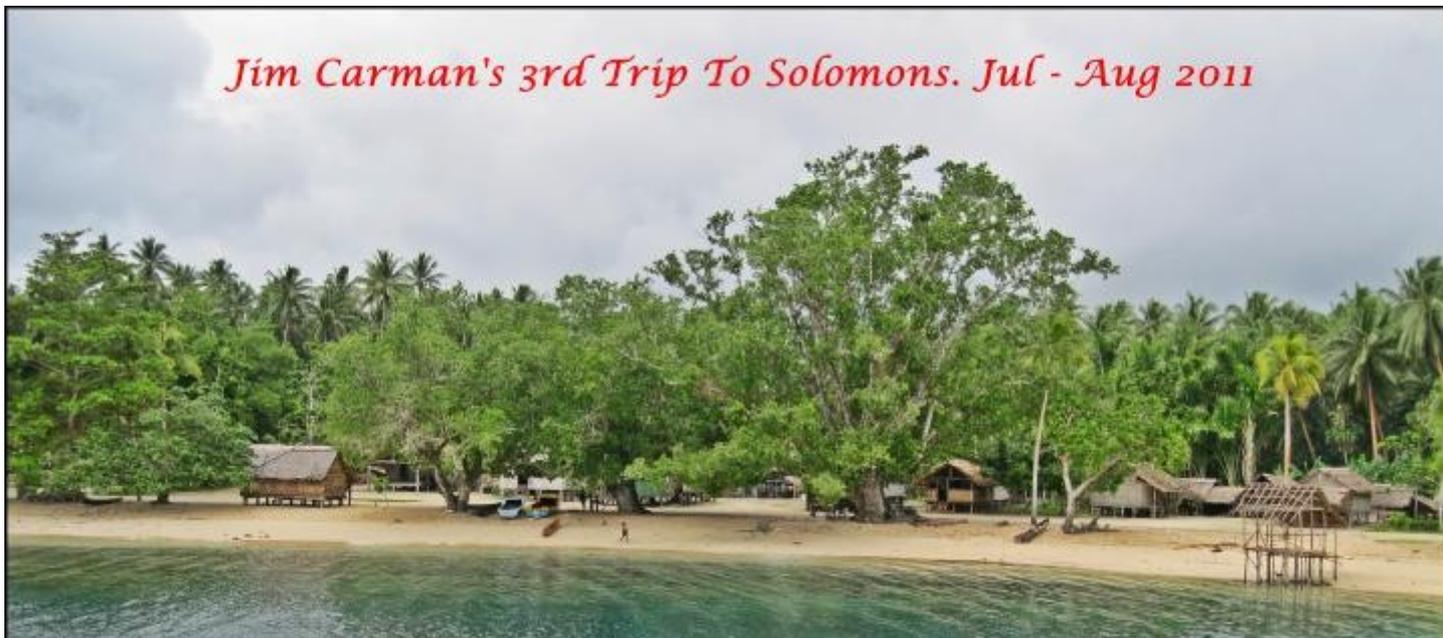


Please lift up our Brother and the other Iranian saints suffering persecution for the faith in your prayers. Only a church based on the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ will remain, for beyond the protection of the Word of God the destroyer destroys. Let us keep His Holy Testimony.

We give thanks to God that brother Matthias Haghnejad was **released from prison on bail on Saturday August 27th!** A family member pledged their property so that he could get out of prison. Thank you for praying for him and for all who helped make this known throughout the world. God worked through your prayers and made a way for his release. He is being charged with blasphemy against Islam. This is a serious charge against him so I ask that you continue to pray for him and his family. God made a way for his acquittal previously and I believe He will do so again.

Remember too that brother **Youcef Nadarkhani** remains in prison awaiting the re-examination of his case for apostasy. Continue to pray, write him letters and send emails to Iranian embassies requesting his release. With God all things are possible!

Jim Carman's 3rd Trip To Solomons. Jul - Aug 2011



I want to thank all those who prayed for me during my trip to Solomons. I am constantly telling the Solomon people that God is moving because many are praying for this trip; and truly your prayers have been answered by our Lord Jesus. During the 3 weeks, at least 110 were saved, about 70 healed, 26 water baptisms, with at least 11 more to follow. Among those baptised were 5 ministers.

Nine days ministry on Makira Island was once again very fruitful. I had intended to visit 2 places, but due to severe sea sickness I ended up staying for a day in another village before completing my journey. I had no idea where I was when I got out of the boat, I just desperately needed to be on LAND! It turned out to be the village of Monica Tafoa, her daughter and son-in-law whom I had met during my last trip in Honiara were now living here. Here I met Hosea an old pioneer pastor who had started the church where I was supposed to be that night. He was very open to the Word of God. My stomach that had not settled during the 4 hours since leaving the boat, only began to settle as I was sharing the Word with pastor Hosea. The next day, while I was waiting for a boat to continue my journey, 4 young men gave all their old rubbish heart to Jesus, and received a "newfalla heart".

After leaving the boat, we walked through the forest, crossing the river 5 times, then up about a 60 degree mountain. It was a long climb, but by the grace of God I made it to the top. It had taken about 2 hours and had rained most of the way. During 5 meetings at this mountain church, I was told that 50 were saved and about 30 were also healed. The first one was a young man who was wearing 3 necklaces, I told him I would not pray till he took them off. He had trouble with the third. I asked the pastor to help, I found out later that it was a snake necklace. I asked one of the young pastors to go home with him. There he discovered witchcraft items, which we burnt. When I left the village back to the coast, I did

not recognize that this man was carrying my suitcase. He had changed so much. There were 23 baptisms at this place. All of the ministers and their wives were included. They were really rejoicing. The DVD of Brother Branham's films and some other events in his life was shown the second night.

When returning to the capital of Makira, the Lord Jesus continued to move, about 20 were saved, many which were also healed. I also baptised a lay preacher, David, who will follow up those who were saved, and will talk to them about water baptism. A very influential brother in the town is now seriously thinking of being baptised. His brother, who is a minister in another part of Makira, is open to ministry during my next visit.



Pastor Edward

The brother with whom I stayed, had his numb feet healed during my last trip, and he now listens to Brother Branham's tapes for Sunday morning service.



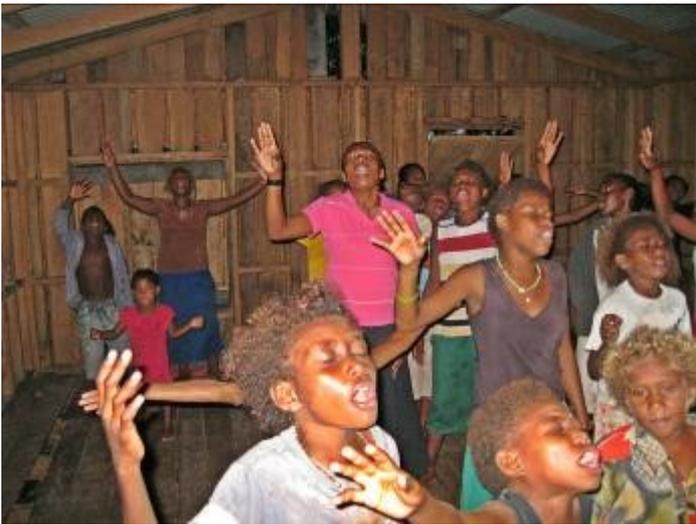
Agnes received healing in her right ear after giving all her heart to Jesus Christ. [Photo on right.](#)



In Malaita, I visited a small island near the coast, this had been a staunch Catholic island of about 100 people. About 6 years ago, a young missionary went there and an elderly lady gave her heart to Jesus. This grew until 40 accepted Jesus, then there was an outpouring of anger from the Catholics, who threw their wives and children out of their huts, and cut off water supply from them. They slept on the ground and dug down till they got half salt and half fresh water, which they drank. When they worshipped, the Catholics would throw stones and water at them.

Bro. George had just returned from his first visit to them when I returned from Makira. He told me that they asked him, "Where is the white man that should be with you?" They had dreamed of a white man coming. Believing this to be the call of God I endured another boat trip on wild seas, my body was taking a belting, but my heart was rejoicing. Because of the persecution, water baptism had not been preached to them. I ministered on water baptism and the Godhead.

The chief who had sided with the Christians but had not been saved, gave all his heart to Jesus, and now wants to be baptised with at least 10 others; and he is ready to face a second wave of persecution if it comes. The children and teenagers are also determined to grow in Jesus no matter what the cost. I have never seen such worship and courage as I witnessed in this place. I am including a couple of photos, but words cannot describe what I saw. I could not take a video because the lighting was bad. Pray for chief Peter and his people, as well as Alfred the missionary.



THE STATURE OF A PERFECT MAN JEFFIN 10-14-62 Morning

110 Did you hear "Life Line" the other morning. Why, you know, it's just like you sell bonds on the gold. The bonds is already took up, and this present government now is spending money for what? For tax money that they'll be collecting forty years from now. She's done. That's "Life Line" right out of Washington D.C., across the nation. Taxes, they're spending and trying to buy foreign... Why, they're just giving it out any way. Don't you see, that's exactly what they're-- what they're going to do? See, what is it? Now, if this nation goes busted, the only thing it can do is go busted. The only thing that it can do is go bankrupt. That's the only sensible thing to do: change the currency. But they won't do it. Under this present ministrations, Roman Catholic church owns the gold of the world, and what they'll do is sell out.

111 These rich men and so forth of the earth, as the Bible said, what will they do before they lose the Brown and Williamson tobacco company (Most all of them's Catholic anyhow.), and all these other things, what will they do? They'll accept that and they'll take the money from Rome, and then she's sold her very birthright. Rome backs her up. Yes, sir. She'll back it up.....See how that deceit, what they're trying to do? Give money away to buy what? They're trying to break it. And they're doing it, and she's broke. What is it?.....

113 It's on the gold standard, and the Catholic church (the hierarchy) owns the gold of the world, a hundred and sixty-eight billion. There you are. Throw her right back on the gold standard. And you people just keep your homes and things, but you belong to the Catholic church. The nation belongs to the Catholic church. The whole thing is captured right in like that through their currency. Don't the Bible speak of that? That's the picture that the Bible draws us? What I'm trying to say, brother, today they'll say, "That'll make it a fine church. It'll unite Protestantism." And it looks good to the natural eye, but the knowledge of this world is foolishness to God....

August 22, 2011

Thank You New Zealand!

To our dear Christian Brothers and Sisters in New Zealand.

It is both a pleasure and honour for me to write these few words of thanksgiving. I want to thank the many wonderful believers in New Zealand who I was blessed by, on my recent ministry itinerary in July. All your love, care and generosity was overwhelming. I could never express in words the deep gratitude and appreciation I have for the many blessings I was the recipient of.

Coming to your beautiful country was the fulfillment of a long-standing desire, for which I am also very grateful to my Lord. If I had any regrets...it was simply that my time was too short in each place. This only makes the desire to return again sometime all the stronger.



It was of course a very memorable trip, not only because of the wonderful fellowship and meeting of old friends, but also that I happened to be in Christchurch for the coldest day on record since 1918 as reported in the local newspaper July 25th – or was that **December 25th**? Another news headline appropriately called the snow in Christchurch as the “Icing on the quake”. As you can see, Brother Greg Alford and I commemorated this grand occasion with the our photo together with “Mr. Frosty”, due to his very rare appearance on the streets of Kaiapoi.



I was also very honoured by the respect shown in the coming together of other pastors and congregations in several locations where I was invited to speak. This was greatly appreciated. It was a true demonstration of the virtues of Christ's character in demonstrating how

believers can come together in brotherly love for fellowship in the Word and Spirit.

So once again, I sincerely thank all the Pastors, Ministers and believers who I was privileged to meet and fellowship with. Your hospitality, your sincere Christian love and the immense generosity shown in support of the work God has called us to in the Middle East, was overwhelming. The three words of “**God Bless you**” seem so insignificant, if it were not for a Prophet who taught us that this was the best thing that one could say to another believer. May God bless you all richly,

Your Brother in Christ,
Brother Tony

The Map

A father wanted to read a magazine but was being bothered by his little girl. She wanted to know what Australia looked like.

Finally, he tore a sheet out of his new magazine on which was printed the map of the country. Tearing it into small pieces, he gave it to her and said, 'Go into the other room and see if you can put this together. This will show you our whole country today.'



After a few minutes, she returned and handed him the map, correctly fitted and taped together.

The father was surprised and asked how she had finished so quickly.

'Oh,' she said, 'on the other side of the paper is a picture of Jesus. When I got all of Jesus back where He belonged, then our country just came together.'



So, when we get Jesus back where He belongs, our country will come together. Amen!

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~ My Choices ~

Brother Owen Jorgenson Pt.4. ...So the Title: 'The Teacher and His Rejection' needed one more chapter to complete the book and that is – he was only rejected by the church world and NOT by Almighty God. And when I thought that, I called up Sister Sandra Miles in Tuscon and I said, 'I want to add another chapter to Book Five'. And she said, 'Okay, send it down'. I sent it down and I am not kidding – for some reason, she calls up within a week and says, 'This problem is now resolved and This over here, that wasn't resolved for some reason, suddenly resolved itself.' I don't remember now what the problems were, but everything has come together and we are sending this book off to get printed now. Amen! The Lord Jesus watches over His children.

And now I'm going to close by sharing with you this story. My guess is that most of you have not heard before and it is a similar case, although not quite as dramatic as the one I just read to you, but maybe it is – that is, we were working all year on getting the sixth book finished and a number of proof readers and editors had ran through it again and they made many suggestions. I worked along with them all, a lot this year.

We were doing the type-setting and everything was done a couple of months ago except the book covers. They weren't getting done. The brother had done an excellent job on it and was just inspired by the Lord, as far as I am concerned. But they weren't getting done and they weren't getting done for, I'd say, a couple of months. Whatever it was, we were eager to get these books off to the printers. And I talked to my son Ben on the phone and he said, 'I just don't know what the hold-up is'.

Well, in going through my notes, I came across a file that I had listed - Unused Stories – and remember, I had been working on this theme for twenty-three years and I don't remember everything that is in that file. I wondered what was in it. So I opened this file and read through those stories that were just amazing – stories that I hadn't put in the book because it was impossible to put everything in – and suddenly I came across this story and I go – Why! This seems significant to me. Why didn't I put this in there?

And so I get on the phone and I call up a brother and I said, 'I know you've got this all typed up, but would it mess things up if I put in ONE MORE little story there? And he said, 'No, it would be no problem at all. It will just take a little while to adjust the papers etc.' And so I sent it to him. Then the same thing happened. He said, in a few days the covers came in and it was ready to go to the



printers.

So this actually is not the last story in the series. It's not the last story of Brother Branham's life. This is back in December 1947. So it's in Book Three. But this is the last entry into my biography of William Branham and for that to me, it's significant.

Okay – just one small page. I'm going to read it to you and then I'll close:-

“William Branham spent December of 1947 at his home in Jeffersonville, Indiana, trying to rest and regain his strength. At the same time he was praying for God to show him where he should go next. Ever since he met the Angel in the Tunnel Mill in the wilderness, the leading of the Holy Spirit had become stronger in his life, sometimes prompting him to do things he would never have considered doing if he was just using his rational mind.

One afternoon he received a phone call from a Doctor, who told him that Elijah P. had just died at home. Elijah P. was a friend of Bill's. He was a Christian man who occasionally came to Branham Tabernacle to hear Bill preach. Bill went over to Elijah's house to offer his sympathy to the family. By the time he got there, the Dr had already left. Elijah's body was still lying on the bed in the bedroom where he had died. The Dr. had spread a white sheet over him.

Mrs. P. and several of her friends sat in the Living Room, stunned and grieving. Bill talked to Mrs. P. about Elijah's faith in Jesus and how her husband was now in a better place. After sharing a few comforting Scripture verses and praying for Mrs. P. he said 'Goodbye'. As he walked out the front door, he felt somebody grab his arm from behind. It felt like a solid human hand with a firm grip – a grip strong enough to stop him in the middle of his stride, but when he turned to see who it was, there was nobody there. A shiver ran down his spine. Now he knew the Angel of the Lord did not want him to leave this house just yet.

He returned to the Living Room. Mrs. B. asked him if he had forgotten something, but he ignored her. He walked past her and entered the bedroom where Elijah's body lay, limp and stiffening under the white sheet.

Kneeling beside the bed, Bill started to pray. At first, he didn't know why he was there and so he didn't know exactly what he should say. Soon, the Holy Spirit took over his prayer and he was barely conscious of what he was saying or doing. Half an hour later he realised he had stretched his body on top of the dead man's body, so that his face and Elijah's face were only separated by the thin cotton fabric.

Bill was crying out in the Spirit world, "Brother Elijah, Brother Elijah, where are you, Brother Elijah?" - somehow searching for Elijah's departed spirit.

Suddenly he felt a hand grab his ear. Bill jerked up his head just enough to see who it was. The hand that had touched him came from the man who was under the sheet. Quickly, Bill slid off the bed and pulled back the sheet. Elijah opened his eyes and smiled.

Bill called to Mrs. P. to come into the bedroom. Instantly her tears of sorrow turned into tears of joy. A few days after his resurrection, Elijah P. returned to work in his job with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Bill continued to pray for God to show him where he should go next."

Hallelujah! I read that story and I thought, 'oh yes, there's the story, but this was a Tape in 1947 and there were very few tapes from 1947.' Why did God let that story appear on a tape? I think it was because He wanted it to be recorded for you and me to hear. Elijah! Here was a man with the Spirit of Elijah. A Brother Elijah - a Brother Elijah! I don't know, It just touched a chord in my heart.

God bless you. Thank you for your time and patience.

Life is a wonderful gift ..use it wisely

After going through many extreme experiences, which took me to all levels of society, from high-class jobs to the top of drug rings, and the bottom of jail cells; I finally stumbled across a powerful life-giving source.... Love. I have even found the very source—God is love! There is still hope for those who are searching. There was hope for me, so surely, if you haven't yet you can experience this amazing satisfaction too. To request a copy (donation only) **contact:**

Bro Andy Clifford

P.O. Box 37 012

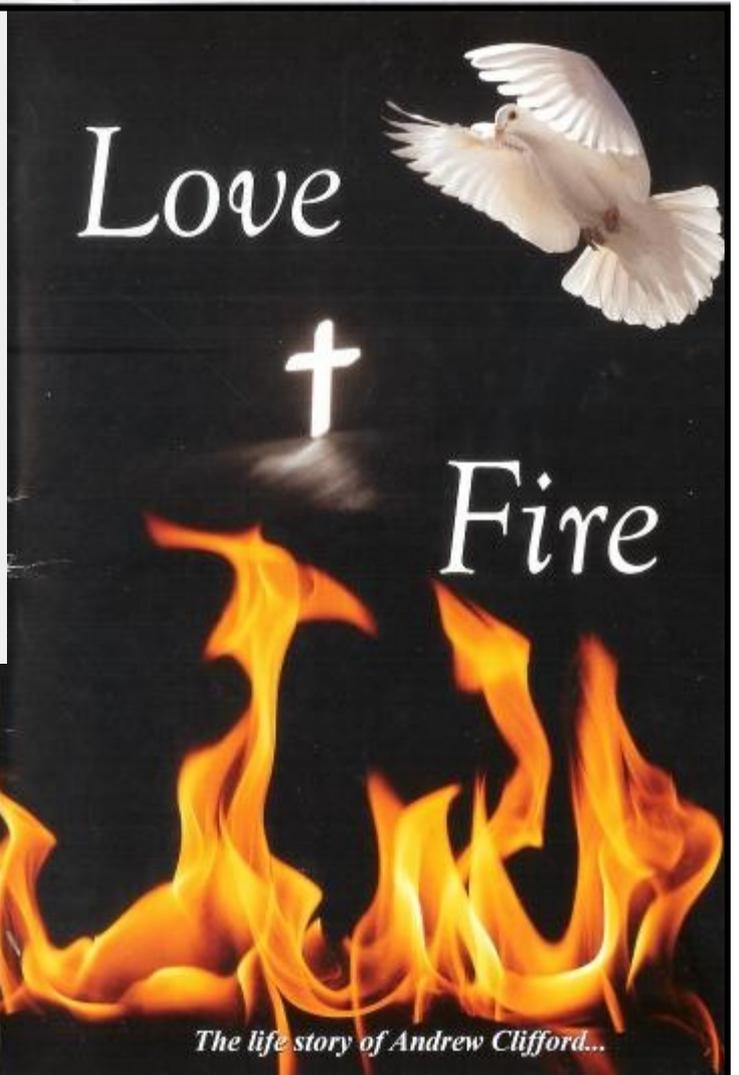
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Andrew & Bronwyn Clifford



The life story of Andrew Clifford...

I grew up in a home of high morals...a normal happy home...trouble went further and further into the realms of darkness...I started to slip and grew complacent...I started to hate society more..I ended up getting into serious trouble with the really bad guys and things started to look dim for me....the world of drugs money fame and girls couldn't fill me...I was high every waking moment and got so messed up in drug use...I had never been inside a prison...I was not in control of anything but my mouth in prison...I started to read books..soon I became a book muncher...I dreamed of getting out and flaunting my new muscular body at the beach...I read parts of the New Testament of the Bible with a completely "anti" mindset that tried to pick out the problems....the screws came crashing in and broke up the fight...I was being moved to Waikeria Prison Te Awamutu ..the guards didn't look inviting either... I read more I started to discover there must be more to life...My beliefs began to evolve...I'm a strange cookie. I want to be a big time gangster dealer, and yet I wanted to follow in the footsteps of Jesus....he came to me with a bland looking blue book...passage about a miracle that was done by faith in Jesus Christ... I thought God was an historic object of worship to the Christians not a tangible Father...I was caught in a double minded state...My mind had lots of questions that needed to be answered before I would believe...I really couldn't believe that I was getting out of jail..eventually went back into dealing for my associates..soon I was not getting a hit from alcohol or even drugs...hopeless point of my slideback into darkness...Jesus would accept me back ...I wanted so badly to feel that love...I opened my heart ...I started to walk closer with God...I really wanted to change...It was time to step outside of my comfort zone and look for a church...this girl who I had just met would one day soon be given to me by God as my wife...we truly knew we were God's children ...**Something beautiful something good all my confusion He understood**

An Excerpt from Brother Branham's message: "The Uncertain Sound"

When a man's saved, that much of him is God. That's the little Light that comes in to make you quit doing what's wrong. Now, if you can take all the malice, envy, strife and unbelief out, that little button-like of the Light and Power of God will keep growing, growing, crowding out unbelief. And you don't do it by exhortations of –bodily exercise. You do it by a sanctified, consecrated Life, that the Holy Spirit moves through you. I caught some of it in a place..not long ago.

"How many ever remembers when Elijah Perry was raised from the dead that morning? Some of you over here? [You saw it in the paper here, many times. I see Sister Wilson and them raising their hands.] I was standing there when that man died. He lives right out here now, comes to church once in a while, testifies of it. He had been dead for several hours. He died with haemorrhages of the lungs, and he was so bloody all over. And I walked away; I was just a young preacher those days.

And a Methodist preacher's wife, Sister Shafiner, was standing there at the bedside. And I started to move away. And he was just as bloody as he could be, where he died. And his eyes were turned back, and his throat had bulged out. And they pulled a sheet over his head. And his wife was out there. They were crying, and trying to get addresses to call the loved ones. And I started to walk away from the bed, when I felt Somebody lay Their hand on me. I thought it was Sister Shafiner. And when I turned, there was nobody around me. And then I started...it left me when I turned around. And Brother Elij' was laying there dead. We'd been very good buddies, fished on the river and we did so much together. And he got hurt out here, a railroad, riding spider.

Well, it mashed his lungs in. He was bleeding; he bled and took TB from it, and died. I started to move away this way, and then I felt that Hand again. I turned

back; it wouldn't get off of me. And before I knew what I was doing, I was laying on top of that man, with my lips against his lips. I was as bloody as he was, laying there on that man, crying out to God.

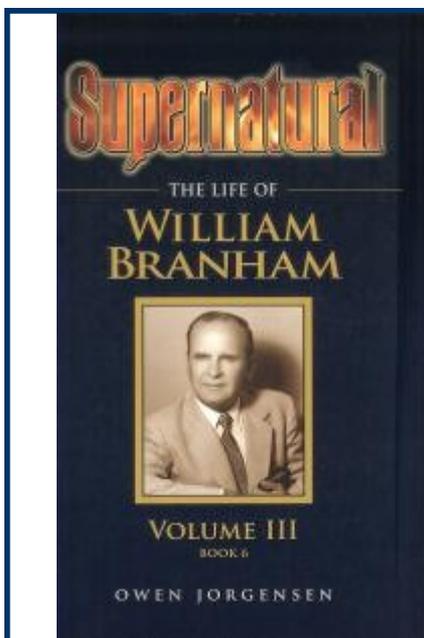
And I felt something come up around the side of my ear. It was his hand. And you've heard him stand right here and testify of it. See? How that he came back to life. And that's been about twenty-five years ago or maybe thirty, living today, right out here on the curve. And he came here not long ago and was testifying of it in the church.

They called Mr. Coots, the undertaker, and asked if there'd been a man raised out of the parlour that was dead. I've got the clippings, yet. And said, "We have heard of many miracles being done. Mr. Branham is a personal friend of mine, and all kinds of things have happened. But we have no record of anyone being raised out of the dead, especially in this funeral parlor." And the next day, he said, "Hundreds of people called from everywhere".

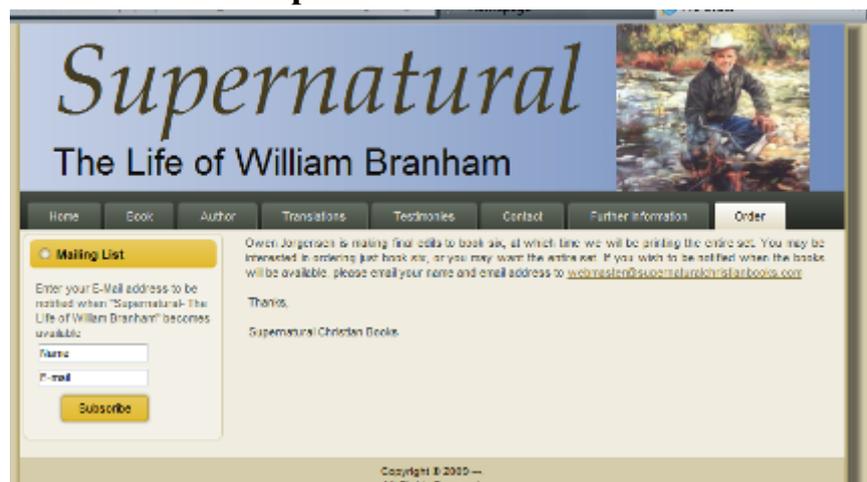
And Brother Perry in there, himself, testifying to the resurrection of his body over there and protesting the thing that had been put on paper. And so then it was understood it had taken place in his home, where he was laying, dead. They'd never taken him to the funeral parlor."

Then I read the other night of where Irenaenus, I believe it was, or Saint Martin, that laid his body across his friend, after being hung. Now, that's history. And laid on him for an hour, and the man came to life. And also, I see in the Bible where Elijah laid his body across a dead baby's body, and it came to life. I think of the little boy yonder in Finland, when he was laying there dead on the side of the road...

And someday you're going to find out, God is in you [See?] God Himself in the human being. **GOD IN US.** Oh, how I thank God for those things – SO WONDERFUL.



For readers wishing to order copies, including recently available Volume III Book 6, the website for orders is:
www.supernaturalchristianbooks.com



~Betty Baxter's Testimony~

As far back as I can remember I wasn't normal like other boys and girls. My body was twisted and crippled and deformed. I guess I will never forget that awful feeling of no hope. I know how it feels to have the family doctor look in my face and say, "Betty, there is no hope." Also to be carried from one hospital to another and see the specialists shake their heads and say, "There is nothing medical science can do."

I was born with a curve in my spine. Every vertebra was out of place, the bones were twisted and matted together. As you know the nerves are centered on the spine. The x-rays showed that the bones were twisted and matted together, therefore, my nervous system was wrecked.

One day as I lay in the University hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I began to shake all over. It was sort of a trembling at first but soon I was shaking violently from head to toe. I shook out of my bed and fell on the floor. The doctor rushed in and put me back on the bed. He said, "This is what I have been expecting. She now has St. Vitus dance and there is nothing to do but send her home."

They took wide straps and strapped my body to the bed. It didn't keep me from shaking but it did keep me from falling out of bed. They kept me strapped to the bed day and night, only removing them long enough for my nurse to bathe me. When the straps were removed, my body would be raw and blistered.

I know what it is to suffer. I lived in pain. The doctors kept me on dope so I could endure the pain. When I was born, my heart was not normal and under the power of dope, it grew worse. Eventually, I came to have a heart attack about every week.

At last, my body became so accustomed to the dope that it couldn't take full effect. I would bite my lips to keep from screaming while the hypo took effect and then when the pain would not go, I would scream for another injection. Only after two or three injections could I get any relief from the torturing, racking pain.

I remember the day the doctor took me off the dope. He said to my mum, "Mrs. Baxter, it isn't doing her any good. Her body is accustomed to it." He removed everything from my bed and said, "Betty, I'm sorry, but I can't keep giving you morphine injections. That's all I know to do." I was only nine years old at the time. Oh how long the nights were as I lay racked with pain. Many times I would twist in the bed struggling for a little relief and feel my self blacking out. Then for hours I would lay unconscious.

I was raised in a Christian home. My parents were not full gospel as I am today. They were Nazarenes, but they loved Jesus. Mum had taught me ever since I can remember, the story of JESUS. My mother believed the Bible and told me that Jesus was the same Saviour today

as He was when He walked the sandy shores of Galilee and that He still heals today if people will only believe and have faith in Him.

Before I go further into my story I want to say that the greatest miracle that ever took place in my life was not when Jesus healed my crippled, twisted, deformed body, but when He saved my soul from sin. As long as I had Jesus in my heart, I could go to heaven even though I was crippled and deformed in my body, but not if I was not saved by the blood of Jesus.

My conversion happened when I was only nine years old, after hearing our Nazarene pastor, Brother Davis, tell what he said was the "Greatest Story in the World". It was the oldest story in the world; yet it is ever new: the Story of JESUS.

Beginning at Jesus' birth in the manger, Brother Davis told the beautiful story, finally ending with the Cross and the Resurrection. He told how, with His two precious hands, He touched the blind eyes and they saw; how He touched the deaf ear and it was unstopped; how He cleansed the leper, how He fed the multitude with a little boy's lunch; how His feet carried Him over the hot blistering sands of Galilee while He preached the Gospel to the people; how He walked on the water and did not sink.

He told how the people after all this, took Jesus and pierced His two precious hands with nails and thrust a spear in His side and when they pulled it out, blood and water gushed out of His side and flowed down His limbs, the Royal blood spilling on the ground. He said that this blood had *power* to save from sin and heal our bodies from affliction today.

It was the best story I had ever heard. He began singing in his beautiful tenor voice:

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;

See at the portals He's waiting and
watching, Watching for you and for me.

Come home, come home, Ye who are
weary, come home.

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling;
Calling, O sinner, come home.

Tears began trickling down my cheeks. I found myself kneeling and asking Jesus to save me.

As I kneeled I saw a vision of my heart, and Oh, it was black. I knew I couldn't get to heaven with a black heart, full of sin. Then I saw a vision on a hill far away of an old rugged Cross. I saw, shaping up above the Cross, bright, sparkling letters, these words which I read: **'HE DIED FOR YOU'**.



I said, "Jesus, now I know what You did and I want You to save me from my sins." I saw before me a big door in the shape of a heart. Jesus walked up to that door and listened in. There was no knob or latch on the outside. [You must open the door]. Then Jesus knocked once and listened, then the second time. And the third time He knocked, the door flew open; Jesus walked in and I knew I was saved. I felt the great burden of sin roll off me. Jesus is still in my heart today because, if He had gone out, I would have known it.

I told Bro. Davis I was going to be an evangelist. Then he gently put his hand on my head and prayed that the Lord would bless me. Later, he told my parents, "Don't ever let this girl get away from the Call of God. I have never seen a child her age have such an experience with the Lord as she has had."

But the hand of affliction began to cut my life short. The only relief I got was through my mother's prayers. My daddy did not have the faith in Jesus to heal my body as Mum did, but he was a good dad to me and never hindered Mum from praying for me.

My mother loved Jesus with a great love. I believe she understood Jesus better than anyone I ever knew. She seemed to know how to make my faith strong in Him for Him to heal me some day.

My darkest hour came while they were wheeling me down the hospital corridor on a stretcher. The doctor walked up, stopped the stretcher, looked down at me and said, "Betty, we have x-rayed your spine. Every vertebra is out of place. The bones are twisted and matted together. Also, you need a new kidney. As long as the old kidney remains, you will have pain."

Dad said, "No, I am going to do everything in my power to make my child well again, but never shall a knife touch my child." I have never had an operation except the one when JESUS did the operating and He doesn't leave any scars. How wonderful it is when Jesus does something for us; it is always perfect and never leaves any bad effects "Well, Mr Baxter," the doctor said, "we can never hope to untangle that mass of bones in Betty's body. Take her home and let her be as happy as possible."

I was eleven years old at that time and had no idea that the doctor was sending me home to die. I looked at him, "Yes, Doctor, but someday God will heal my body. I will be well and strong then."

I had faith then for Mum had read God's Word to me and talked to me about Jesus so that my faith was strong. One of Mum's favourite Scriptures in those days was, "*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*" Also, "*Nothing is impossible with God*".

They took me home where the doctor said I would soon die. I grew worse. The pain I had suffered before was nothing compared to what I began to feel after I returned home. I would go blind and for weeks, could not see; I would become deaf and could not hear; dumb and could not speak. My tongue would swell, then would be paralysed. Then the blindness would leave, also the deaf-

ness and paralysis of the tongue. It seemed I was caught; some awful power was trying to destroy me. But each day, Mum would pray with me and tell me God was able to heal my body.

I can't count the many times that for day after day I saw no one but Dad, Mom and the doctor. As I lay there during those years of loneliness, isolated from the world, I found out one thing: doctors can isolate you from your loved ones, they can take friends from your bedside, but they can't isolate you from Jesus, because He promised, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

So it was during those years of loneliness that I got acquainted with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Many people have said, "Betty, why didn't God heal you when you were a little child and had such great faith?"

I don't know. God's ways are not my ways. God's ways are best. There is one thing I do know – during those awful years of loneliness and pain, I really got to know Jesus. He lives in the Valley, my friend. He is the Lily of the Valley and you will find Him there if you look for Him. Standing in the shadows you will see Jesus.

Mom would bathe me in the mornings, then she would leave me. Sometimes I would hear a soft step by my bedside and I would wonder if Mom had come in the room while I was not listening. Then I would hear a soft voice that I learned to know. It was not Dad's voice. It was not Mom's voice. It was not my doctor's voice. It was Jesus speaking to me.

The first time this happened, He called me by my first name, three times, very softly. **He knows your name and where you live.** "Betty!" "Betty!" "Betty!" He called me three times before I answered. I said, "Yes, Lord, stay and talk with me for a little while because I am so lonesome."

Would He stay and talk with me? Yes, He would. He said a lot of things, but one thing I will never forget. I believe the reason He always told me this was because He knew it thrilled me most. This is what He always said:

"Betty, I love you!" Jesus would look down upon me in my pitiful condition, so crippled and deformed that when my daddy would stand me up, I stood only as high as my little four year old brother. Large knots had grown on my spine, the first one at the base of my neck, then one right after the other to the base of my spine. My arms were paralysed from my shoulders to my wrists. I could only move my fingers. My head was twisted and turned down on my chest. When I drank water I had to drink from a tube because I couldn't raise my head. Yet, in this condition, Jesus whispered that He loved me! I said, "Jesus, help me to be patient because I can do anything as long as I know You love me!" Many times, He whispered, **"Remember child, I will never leave you nor forsake you."**

[Friends, we leave this, the '*Entrée*' to this beautiful story, and if Jesus does not come in between, we will endeavour to give you the *Main Course* in the next Issue of the Believers Newsletter. Our Bridegroom is Wonderful, is He not? Sister Joan.]



-Vanuatu Trip Report-

Brother Malcolm Ferris

After a delayed start due to passport issues I began my second visit to Vanuatu arriving in Port Vila and from there flying to the Island of Espiritu Santo that same day. That evening's service at Brother Samuel's fellowship was a blessing. They received the Word enthusiastically and it is always a pleasure to minister to the brethren in Vanuatu as they pull the Word out of you, which makes your job much easier.

Next day I was off to Ambai to visit Brother Petuel and his congregation, we had four nights of meetings here preaching a series on the book of Revelation and placing events of this day and the ministry. The Word was received with great enthusiasm and I learned lots also, as the hunger of the people for the revealed truth was very great.

Despite a food allergy that made my face swell up, the Lord was very gracious to us in the opening of the Word and I look forward to returning to them in the future if the Lord allows. To round off my brief trip, I returned to Vila and we had three nights of meetings at Brother William's Church, with the meetings open to the other fellowships in Vila.

Once again I had a battle with illness but was able by the Lord's grace to pull through and the struggle was worth it with the Word going forth in power and received with joy. It was a brief but fruitful trip and I am thrilled to see the local Churches growing in knowledge and grace.

I look forward to returning in January for the minister's meetings at Brother Paul Hinge's Church on Pentecost Island.



Bird Wreck Religion

Brother Branham said "The Bible's written everywhere in nature and it just corresponds with the Word of God." [Choosing a Bride 65-04-29.]



We see God in nature and in the account of the young lad who wanted to see God, the old boatman replied "All I've seen for 35 years has been God". Recently I came across an unusual dead sea bird near our property. God who knows the fall of a sparrow also knew of this bird's demise. The bird a southern prion was one of estimated hundreds of thousands that were storm blown from the sub-Antarctic area and deposited on the coasts and inland over much of New Zealand. Many met an untimely end here, but several hundreds were cared for by organisations such as Dept of Conservation and University and vet facilities. These survivors, after a week of care and nurture, were released back into the wild, off the coast. Conservationists referred to the event as a "Bird Wreck".



Job 12 "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee".

The lessons from this bird for me were, firstly the wonder of God's provision. Being a seabird, a prion spends most of its time over the southern oceans and the question arises, how does it survive with no fresh water to drink? God has designed it so as it drinks salt water, its built-in desalination plant excretes the excess salt as a saline solution out through its nostril above its broad beak. God's design is amazing. What would normally be death He has made life.



Secondly the Lord sometimes allows us to come across spiritually exhausted souls, so tossed about by the pressures of this life, or by winds of doctrine, that they are almost giving up. A test for our reaction. Jesus sometimes questioned his disciples to test them as to what they would do, when He already knew what He would do (John 6:6). The spiritually exhausted saint can be in a depressed state, running low on hope and assurance. What is needed is not more doctrine, but nurture and support, Acts 20:35, being God's "Department of Conservation". It can take a lot of input to restore such a one, remembering that it only took a few to put the prophet Jeremiah in the inner dungeon, like depression, but it took 30 to get him out (Jer 38). How we need to exhort and encourage one another as the pressures of living mount and the world self destructs around us. In summary my Bird Wreck casualty reminded me:

**In my daily walk, not be too busy to recognise God's handiwork
and neither too busy to be His hands at work.**

Bro Bruce McCorkindale



2011 Melbourne Youth Camp Report



The 2011 Melbourne winter youth camp was a wonderful time again this year. The Lord Jesus poured out His blessings upon each one, meeting individual's needs in His special way.

We were privileged to have the ministry of Bro Tony, all the way from the mission fields of the Middle East, for this year's camp. With real life experience to back up what he was saying, he challenged the young people to "go beyond the camp" – to get out of their comfort zones, and be willing to let the Lord use them wherever He would send them. (Photos: Bro Tony left, Bro Kwesi right)



Bro Tony took all seven services, with the central theme as the Cross for most of these messages. 1 Corinthians 1:18 became the text for many of the services *"For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."*

The camp opened on Thursday night with a service entitled, "What Doest Thou Here Elijah?" Bro Tony spoke of the importance of having a personal meeting with God, and making time to hear His still small Voice. It was during this service Bro Tony introduced the challenge of the **RAK – Random Act of Kindness** – to do something small for someone else, to brighten their day

On Friday morning, Bro Tony spoke about the Bride's Ministry in the end time, and gave examples for the young people how they could be effective witnesses for Christ. Friday night continued the theme of the Cross, stating that this symbol of suffering is our primary identification, and is the only way to overcome the war within our members. He spoke of how the Message came to reveal Christ and awaken our desire for the Bridegroom, and that the only way we can know Him is through Calvary.

Saturday morning Bro Tony continued on being a witness and a missionary, sharing stories from his experiences on the mission field. He raised the RAK challenge higher by explaining how doing something for someone else often provides the perfect opportunity to witness. To reach a Muslim, we need to show God's love, as they only know a God of fear. Bro Tony spoke of the Gospel going east again, using historical and current events to show how near the end we are.

The theme of the Cross came to a climax on Saturday night. Using Colossians 2:14 as a text, Bro Tony preached "The Blotting out of Handwriting." He spoke of the cruelty and reality of sin, and the record that is being kept against us. Throughout the camp, a rugged wooden cross had stood at the front of the auditorium as a stark visual reminder of Christ's sacrifice for us. In a powerful demonstration which he led by example, Bro Tony invited the young people to write out the sins that were besetting them, and bring them forward and nail them to the Cross. "I want to be able to emphasise to you the full blotting out of sins, the nailing to the cross of our sins!"

On Sunday morning, the message of the Cross continued, with the sermon on "Power through Humility". Bro Tony spoke of how the Cross, not the miracles, was Christ's greatest accomplishment, and how it ought to be our achievement and focus, also. Using many quotes in our character, and how it is developed through Tony used the example of Daniel to exhort the meat, and stand like Joshua and Caleb and not to

All of the youth were encouraged to attend the early morning prayer meetings before breakfast. This proved to be a very worthwhile sacrifice, with some youth arriving an hour before the meeting started, others skipping the morning meeting. The Lord met and blessed hearts before for what He had the day ahead.

Each Bro Kwesi as young people meeting. On one introduced where they were

Three groups were the questions; "Why do you need born again?", or "How do you know you are Each group was given a few minutes to develop On Saturday, the groups were given the opportunity to question the other groups about their presentations, which resulted in some very interesting discussion. One person from every group was asked to share a testimony of their personal new birth experience. Then the young people listened to Brother Branham Be Born Again."

It was a very encouraging camp, full of blessings and challenges. Many lives were touched and changed, and inspired to continue pressing on the narrow way. Thank you Brother Tony for coming all the way to fellowship with us, and Brother Kwesi for your burden for the young people.

On Sunday morning, the message of the Cross continued, with the sermon on "Power through Humility". Bro Tony spoke of how the accomplishment, and how it ought to be our quotes from Brother Branham, he spoke of the how it is developed through trials and suffering. For the final service, Bro Tony used the example of Daniel to **exhort the young people, not to be defiled with the king's meat, and stand like Joshua and Caleb and not to compromise the**

from Brother Branham, he spoke of the importance of humility trials and suffering. For the final service, Bro young people, not to be defiled with the king's compromise the standard of the Word.

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Him, preparing them in store for

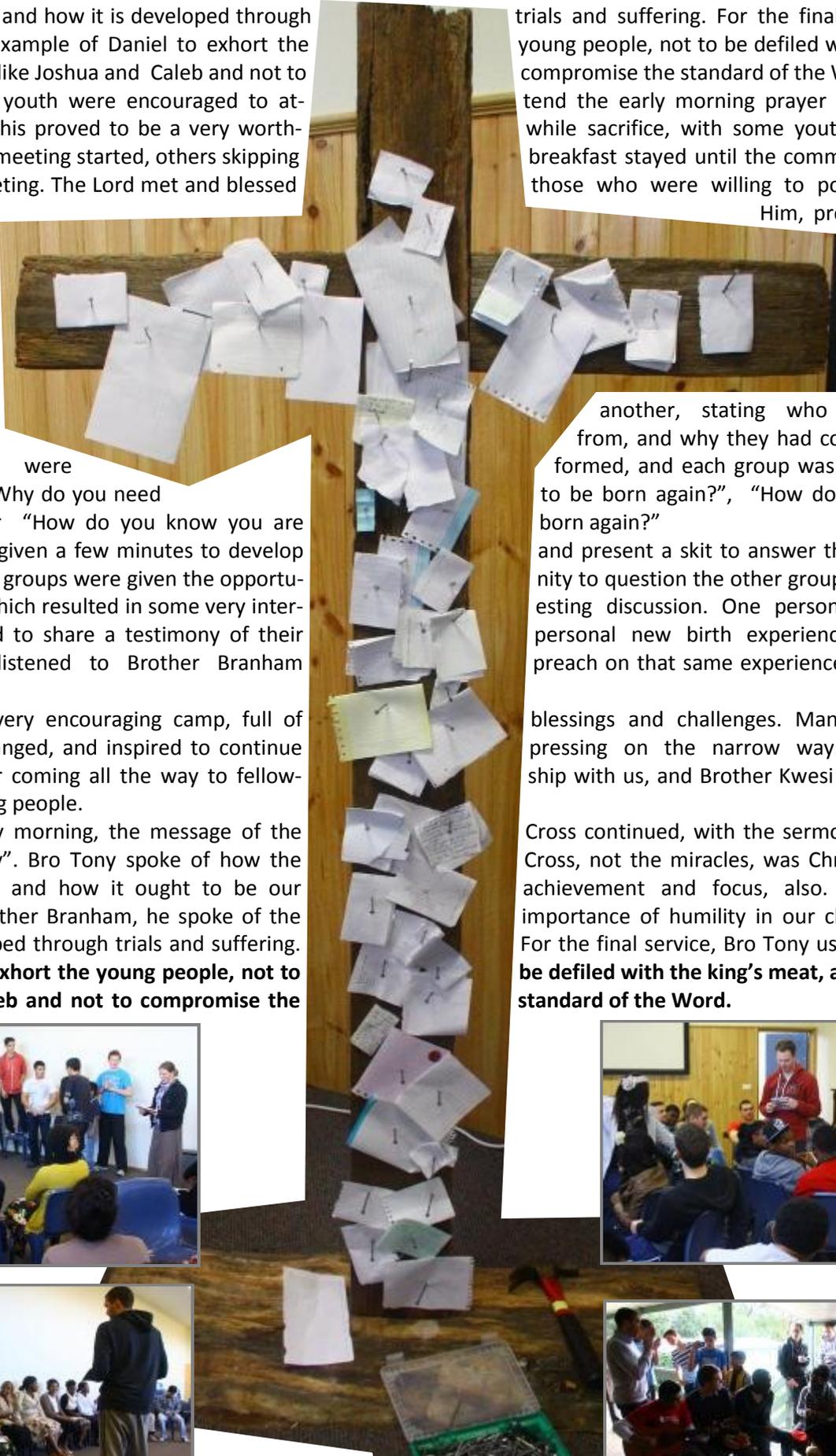
afternoon, assembled the for a youth Friday, each

another, stating who they were, from, and why they had come to camp. formed, and each group was given one of to be born again?", "How do you become born again?"

and present a skit to answer their question. opportunity to question the other groups about their interesting discussion. One person from every personal new birth experience. Then the preach on that same experience in "Ye Must

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God bless you Sister Alissa-Ann Walker for this excellent report