

Pathway To Prayer

By Pauline Herod

Practically all my life I studied about God a lot. I began around the age of six years old.

I had a good Daddy, although he never taught me about God or explained to me anything about a Hereafter.

When I was about Eight years old I asked my father when the end of the world would be. He only said "Well, there'll be an end some day."

My Mother passed away at the age of forty-one, leaving my dad with seven children. I was the youngest at four years old. I often longed for a Mother. When I looked at other girls I would think of how good I would be to my Mother, had I kept her. I'd never say an unkind word to her and how I would appreciate her. I would hear my girlfriends say unkind words to their mothers and it would grieve me.

One of my sisters was a seamstress, so she would sew and help with the rest of the children. She was faithful to help. We grew up on a farm, so we all worked together. I thought my dad was the best man in the world and the rest of the children thought so too. He lived such an honest life. He played a Mother's part in my life also.

We didn't have conveniences until I was an older girl, such as gas stoves and electric lights, but we had wood stoves and coal oil lamps. Our house would get pretty cold through the night because the fire would go out. Many nights my dad would creep through the house to see if I was covered up. He protected his children so much. He never married again after Mother passed away. He seemed to put the children first in his life. He passed away at the age of eighty-six years old.

I remember when I was ten years old and my dad got really sick. In fact he was so sick I didn't know what was wrong. I went to school that day and I prayed all day at school and back. I had to walk about two miles. Now I wasn't taught really about healing, but something within me prayed for my Dad's healing. When I got back from school, he was so much better. My burden had rolled away.

And again my sister that is older than I was real sick. She was with child. My brother and sister, older than her, thought she had passed away. They folded her hands on her chest. I thought she had too, so I ran in another room and fell on my knees calling out to God. By that time several had gathered in, but I kept praying. One of the women came in the room. She said "Polly, she's alright." It was like raising the dead to me. She lived to be seventy-nine years old when she died with cancer. The doctor said she cancer all in her body, but the beauty was she never suffered. The night she passed away she told her son, " Son, I hate to leave you, but two angels have come to take me on.", so she left with a good testimony. Aphelia was her name. She sure was a comfort to me. I still can hear her say to me through my sickness and trials, "Polly, there's an end to all things." (Pauline is my name, but they called me Polly), and sure enough I've gone through the trials of life with these encouraging words.

We never had much money, but not many in those days did. My father was one never to complain and grumble. He was the same every day. About the only work, of a by word you would call it, would be shucks if he got a little angry.

We always had a milk cow and some chickens to have our eggs. We canned out of our garden, which had fruit trees and peaches. When Christmas came we got a few pieces of fruit. I can remember a time or two getting a doll. I also remember going through town seeing children on roller skates or riding their tricycles. I wished for some so much, although I never complained in front of my father. Just as long as I had a cat and kittens to play with, I just thought that was wonderful.

I remember when I was about eight years old, my father and I went to a meeting under a tent. The first Pentecostal I had seen. They called them "Holy Rollers" in those days. Some were honest about it, they just didn't know their name. We walked about two miles. They would fall on the ground in the Spirit. Some were afraid of them, but I wasn't. In my heart I knew it was real and from God. One lady was crying saying "Oh, my babies, my babies." I found out later that she had given two of her babies away.

We lived at the time around Texarkana, Texas, until I was nine years old. Work was hard to find there, so my Dad and his children came out west to find work. For some years I couldn't forget those little Pentecostal Meetings. We joined another church, but I just wasn't satisfied.

At the age of sixteen God really dealt with me, but I rebelled against Him. I didn't know that was what I was doing, so many young people are rebelling and they don't know it. Their lives are so unhappy and nothing satisfies them.

Along this time I visited a little Assembly of God church at Farmersville, Texas. I'd sit at the back and look at the little mottos on the wall. One so touched my heart. Romans 6:23 "For the wages of sin is death, but the Gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ Our Lord." It seemed like that scripture stared at me. Sister Margaret Edwards was doing the preaching. She touched my heart and another scripture she would quote was I John 2:15, "Love not the the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the father is not in Him." That made my heart heavy, because I was really beginning to love the world. Now I wasn't a bad girl at all. I told others though I sure did need God. I began going to dances and movies, but I felt like I was in the wrong places, and I was. So one night I went to the alter with some others, but I still would not surrender. I had my mind on a big fair coming to Blue Ridge, Texas, so I had plans going. All I could see was I John 2:15, so I made God a trade. I said "Lord, just wait for another week, because I sure wanted to go the fair and then I would give my heart to God." But a big rain came that night, so that fixed that. My burden was so heavy, I couldn't have enjoyed anywhere I went. I didn't know that was conviction for God was so dealing with me to give up and let Him take over. I went for two years like this. It seems like nothing went right with me. One day I as making a dress. If it just didn't work like I though it should I got angry. I said a bad word and that just wasn't like me. My brother, Earl, was sitting there and he heard me. He said, "Why Pilly, I wouldn't have thought that of you." It sure made me feel bad. So when you refuse God, other bad things will get in your heart. It will be open for all kinds of spirits.

We lived in a little five room house. We didn't have any restrooms, not many had them in the country. As some say, we had five rooms and a path. At the end of this little path was my prayer house. At that time was engaged to a young man. I even had a ring, but I would never wear it. I broke the engagement. God was leading me in another direction, although I didn't realize it at the time. I was praying and hungry for God. I was willing to give up everything for Him, but I couldn't feel God. I know this was the most awful feeling anyone ca go through. It seemed like Hell broke all under me. All I could see was my loved ones making Heaven and I'd never make it. This was on my mind for days. I got very little sleep. I would cry out saying, "Lord, I told you if you would just save me, I would serve you, Lord. I'll do anything for You. "

The world and all its glitter looked like grass to me. I look all around me and the sun looked so dim, there wasn't anything that looked good to me. It was a nightmare to me.

If I could own the world and all that's in it, I would have gladly gave it just to feel one touch of God's comforting hands. You see, I had never studied God's word at the time. Where it says, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

We lived just a little ways from a little two room school house where some folks came and held a revival, so we went down there. It filled up the young peple, but my sister, Vena, and I were the only ones that got saved. The Lord really came into our hearts, but I just didn't know how to accept the wonderful gift of salvation. For awhile I kept praying, reading and seeking God, so finally I could tell I felt His Wonderful Presence abiding in me.

Now I had been a bashful girl and so timed. I was hard to learn at school, especially to stand before people to recite anything. At night I would lay on my pillow with tears flowing down my cheeks and people in front of me telling them about God. I'd visit my neighbors and my kinfolk telling them what God had done for me. My neighbors would say, "That little Mitchell girl is losing her mind." You see, that didn't know that God had delivered me from pain and torment. They places I used to go, I didn't go anymore. I'd go around singing "Take the whole world, but give me Jesus." No wonder the Bible says that we will know when we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

We began having our family prayer at home. We began to grow in the Lord Jesus Christ. We were walking in a new way we had never walked before, but oh how peaceful.

We testified to so many of our relatives about God, telling them our new experiences with God. Some of them moved on to California, but one by one they began to get saved, so I just want to say to you new converts, don't be discouraged, your labor in the Lord is not in vain. Galatians 6:9, "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

I began to trust God more and more because I read in God's word that there was nothing too hard for God. I remember that one night a storm came up, so my Dad, brothers, sisters, and I ran in the stormhouse. We had lots of little chickens. One thing I especially remember was some young baby chickens and Mother hen a box. There wasn't a lid on the top of the box. I meant to just leave them for

awhile, but forgot them, so I ran down in the stormhouse. When I got in there, I thought of them, but it was too late for me to get out and get them. It was raining so hard the wind was blowing so hard. I was sitting at the back and I began praying for God to protect the baby chicks and mother hen. I prayed so fervently. When we got out of the stormhouse after the storm ceased, we took our laps outside since it was dark. I found the mother hen and the little chickens on a little mound. The box had blown away and the mother hen had the little chickens all under her wings, with not one missing (because I know how many she had) and no harm had been done to any of them. I knew God made a hedge around them. God still performs miracles. I know that's hard to believe, but that's just another miracle to show how big our God is.

You can't gather the roses unless some thorns are added.

I remember one night spending it with a girlfriend. The next morning when I arrived home, there laid one of my brothers, Roy, on the bed. He lived several miles from us and he came to work on our car. The gasoline tank exploded and burnt his face, hair and one of his eyes. He lost one of his eyes. It was such a hurt on all of us. We carried him home. It was the first time we had been in their home for about two years. There had been some strife come up. I had longed so much to be with them and their children. I loved those children. When we drove up, our sister in law came out of the car. She looked at Roy, my brother, and said "What happened?" We told her the story and we all had a cry. We went on into the house and hugged and kissed one another, asking for forgiveness and telling one another how we loved them. We told them about our new experience with God. For while she kind of drew back from God, but we kept praying for her.

One night God sent me a dream. I was walking in an old house. I went into one of the rooms and saw a black figure laying on a cat. I was covered with black flies. A form raised up and the black flies all left. It was my sister in law. In a few days she accepted the Lord as her Savior. She had a wonderful experience with the Lord.

I often think of the song, "Everything's Going To Be Alright" and I think of God, the last battle will be fought. There will be no misunderstanding. We will be beyond all battles and disappointments into a new world. As the song goes, "Men sail the ocean and soar through the air, scarce can a natural eye see them up there. Men seek for fame, which will soon decay. I'm going higher, yes higher someday."

I'll go on now telling more adventures in the Lord. I had found a new life and was telling it everywhere I went. I tried to tell it to some of my friends and some of the young people that were at the little two room schoolhouse where I got saved, but they would not heed. Their homes were broken up later. Even one of the young men God dealt with, would not accept Christ. A train ran over him and killed him. So you see how important it is to give God our lives. Eccl 12:1, "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

At this time we were living about four miles north of Farmersville, Texas. We moved from there to a small town close to Anna, Texas, about two miles from there. When we got settled and moved in, it

was just a small frame house off the road. We didn't know anybody around. We felt so lonely, but we kept up our prayer life. We felt that was the most important thing in life and it was. Although we were young in the Lord, I didn't know that prayer was the key and that it unlocks the door. At that time, we didn't know that about two miles from us was a group of Pentecostal people having church in their home. You see, there wasn't many Pentecostal churches then. We hadn't been living there but a few days when two of our neighbors came over to visit. Little did I know that one of these would be my future companion. Seemed like God had my mind in his control. I feared marriage because so many were shipwrecked. I kept my prayer life going to be sure I wouldn't miss God. I wanted Him to direct me in His path.

I had been delivered from torment, I called it. If Hell is any worse than what God delivered me from, I don't want to go through that anymore. Thank God I am free from the bondage I was in.

We started going to the little church where they gathered in their home. We found a hearty welcome. It seemed like God was leading us step by step. The scripture said "the steps of a righteous man are ordered by the Lord."

One of the boys that came to see us, there was something about him that fascinated me. He was sure a singer and picked a guitar. That was what I desired to do, sing and learn how to pick the guitar. Wasn't long before we were singing together, but I still kept praying and going at things slow. "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

I became to know Jess more and more, the boy I met. Both of us had things in common. We just knew one another a few months before we were married. It looked like, as time went on, God had a hand in our marriage. Although we had our ups and downs, there were more ups. We went on singing in revivals for awhile, having a good time and making friends along the way.

The little church the people had in their home was moved to our house, where we lived at the time with my Dad. We all prayed a lot and kept the fire burning. There were good crowds coming. When summer came, we had services outside. People came early, just before sundown, bringing pallets for the babies to lay on. We didn't have enough chairs or benches. They sat in their cars, on car fenders and stood up. The whole country was stirred. Why? Because we prayed without ceasing. As I said, prayer is the key.

Now at this time, I had not received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Acts 2:4-17, but I had received the light on it, so I began to seek for it. I settled in my heart, yes it was for me, but I had a critical spirit. I didn't receive it until later. When I would go to church, I'd see others receiving it. I'd say "Now God, I live just as good a life as they do. Why don't you give it to me?" I didn't realize I was grieving the Spirit way. So you see, we have to get rid of lots of what I call "ugly spirits." I waged this critical spirit around with me.

Work was hard to get in those days. Jess and my brother, Winifred, worked together on a small farm with my Dad. Jess and one of his friends got a job working in some timber until it played out. We were just there about two weeks, so we went on our way back home.

We had borrowed my brother's car, a model T without a top. Now you in that time will know what I am talking about. I had my quilts, dishes, etc. , and a little yellow kitten that was given to me. I had it down in the quilts to protect it. The car went dead and night was coming on. We got out of the car and Jess said "We'll have to leave the car here for the night." I said, " No Jess, we can't. Somebody will get my quilts and things out of the car." So we stood there and argued. (Keep reading, it will come out wonderful to show you things come out for our benefit.) I said "Jess, Just go and get Dub." That was a mechanic friend of ours. Jess said, "I don't want to wake up anybody this time of Night." So I said, "Well, I'll stay here all night I the car. " I really meant it and he knew it, so he got my hand pull on me, or tried to. I was so upset, I drew back and slapped Jess so hard in the face. The was the first and last time I ever hit Jess. All he did was try to hold my hand. Seemed like I could hear something say, "There goes your Holy Ghost." You talk about feeling awful. I felt more than awful, I really felt like I'd never be forgiven. I won over the car. Jess went to get help, the car was fixed and we went on our way home.

I believe that was on Saturday night. The next night was church services at my Dad's house. People began to gather in, but I felt like I was the meanest one there. I felt so awful. When they gave alter call I was always among the ones seeking the Holy Ghost. I wouldn't go up for awhile. Sister Binion, A faithful prayer warrior, asked me, "Polly, are you going to seek the Holy Ghost?" I shook my head "No." She said "How come?" I said "Sis Binion, I just feel like I've back slid." She said "well you know where you left the Lord at." I thought within my heart, yes, I know exactly where I left the Lord at, but I didn't tell her that. I could still see me hitting Jess so hard beside that car.

We had little cane bottom chairs for our altars, so finally I went down to that little cane bottom chair. It was hard to pray. Finally I said, "Lord, I'm going to serve you if you never give the Holy Ghost." I really meant it. When I came up from that little chair, everybody looked so sweet to me. That critical spirit had left and I sure didn't want to slap Jess anymore.

I walked soft before God all the next day, which was Monday, all day Tuesday and all day Wednesday. I couldn't find fault in anybody. In fact, I wasn't looking for any. I had such a wonderful feeling, I just can't explain.

That Wednesday, about three nights before Christmas, we were all going to pray in our home as usual. I noticed while we were praying I had a strange but wonderful feeling come over me; like I had never had. The Holy Ghost fell on me. I began speaking in that Heavenly Language. This was the most wonderful feeling I ever went through in all my life. I tried to tell my family that night, "I got it, I got it." but I'd tell them in another language. They would laugh and cry both for me. Jess was so happy for me, he just didn't know what else to do. He just sat down in a chair and sat me on his lap, me still speaking in tongues. That night I stayed awake for a long time singing in the Spirit.

The next day it rained and the roads were muddy, but I wore my mud shoes telling my neighbors about receiving the Holy Ghost.

When something goes wrong, don't give up. Something good can come out of it. It sure did me.

Along about this time I was healed of something in my body; about the first miracle I'd ever had in my body. I had hurt so bad in my stomach. One Sunday evening I set up in the bed and then down in the floor, back and forth crying. Winifred, my brother, said, "Let's pray for her." The hurting left and I fell asleep and slept for the longest time. I was healed.

You know, it's worth serving God just for His good benefits here on Earth, much less for a Heaven to gain. It's worth every effort of life, battles and trials, to have that peace, joy and fellowship with the Savior.

One night the power of God was so real. A lady who gave her life to the Lord was refilled by the Holy Spirit. She danced all around the room. We had a stove with a fire in it, burnt down to coals I the it when reached in it. She brought out what looked like the largest coal in her hand kept dancing in the Spirit, but never did it burn her hand. I believe God allows strange things to happen just for His glory.

We have so much to praise God for. Ps 68:19 "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation."

I remember we had a good many chickens and a disease got in among them, along with our neighbors chickens too. A crippling disease would get in their legs and they couldn't walk. They would flap their wings, crawl on the ground, turn white and look like all the blood was drained from them. I had a big red rooster, which was the first to take it. I knew all the rest could get it, so I began to pray. I knew God was bigger than any problem. I cried out to God to heal the rooster. You see, it was my pet. We always had some kind of pet. I was washing clothes on a rub board at this time. I would wash awhile and cry and pray awhile. You see, chickens around then were very valuable. We just didn't buy eggs then at town, so that was part of our living. I kept praying and I knew when I touched God when I began to rejoice in the Spirit. I was expecting something to happen, so I looked out at the window and the little red rooster was trying to walk. I knew without a doubt God was performing a miracle. What a wonderful sight to look at this miracle being done. I watched him as his little legs grew stronger. His gills, and face didn't have any color or blood in it, but in just a few days his color was all back and he was walking as straight as any of the other chickens. None of the other chickens took the disease, prayer changed that too.

Who can say "There is no God" when God is everywhere doing things. Jess and I left out for a while. We went out in the west with Brother and Sister Bolton to sing in revivals. Jess knew them before I did. They said they had been praying for a man and a wife to come by and help them in revivals. We stayed six months with them and the Lord blessed. They were much older than we were. They were just like a mother and dad to us.

But the Lord spoke to me saying "Time to go home." I knew they wouldn't want us to leave, so I wouldn't tell them. I said "Lord, we can't go home. We don't have a car to go back home. You'll have to make the way." I kept this to myself.

There wasn't many phones in those days, but my brother, Winifred, wrote me. He said, "Polly, if you want to come home, I'll come and get you and Jess." You see, were about five hundred miles away

so I couldn't argue at that for the way was made. But I just thought I couldn't tell Brother and Sister Bolton. I didn't want to hurt them.

One evening we were on our way to our revival. I got deathly sick. I believe as sick as I had ever been. I could hear the Spirit speak to me, "If you write Winifred tomorrow, I'll heal you tonight." I had fallen over into one of the sister's laps, so weak. I said, "Alright Lord, I'll write Winifred tomorrow." Brother Bolton and the church people prayed for me and the Lord healed me. The next morning I wrote my brother to come and get us.

There wasn't much work to do in those days except for farm work. That was another reason I didn't want to go back, but the Lord met that need. Jess got plenty of farm work to do.

I couldn't understand things at first, but how beautiful it all worked out. It wasn't but about two weeks when the Lord moved on Brother and Sister Bolton to come to Anna.

The little church in my Dad's house was still going on. People were still praying. Brother Bolton just stepped in carrying it on. We had wonderful services. We moved it from my Dad's house to a brick building. From there we later built a little frame church. We stayed there awhile. From there to Van Alstyne, Texas. I hear it is still growing. It came out of a little frame house. God does great things.

While we were living at this location, we had a cow for milk. You could rent a cow to milk for one dollar a month, but you would have to give her calf back to the owner. Our landlord had lots of cows, so he would rent them to his share workers on the farm. That seems odd, but it was really true. You see, you only made one dollar to a dollar and a half a day back then, so a cow was very valuable.

We had a barn a little ways from our house and a pasture. One day our cow cut her foot right in a bad place. The blood was flowing, so my dad ran to our house saying, "Get me some rags." We hurried and got rags as quick as possible. As he started back to the house, Vena, my sister, and I fell on our knee's praying. I put my hands on my foot for the cow's foot. The spirit of the Lord came all over my hands on my foot. My Dad came running back to the house. The rags were still clean. He was saying that by the time he got back to the cow, she was alright. It's wonderful to see God do these things.

I had a praying place just a little ways from our house by a little branch among some trees. I'd go there every day that I could to pray. I enjoyed it there so much. I knew that when I'd get there to pray, I'd get comfort. One day I was praying, I drifted off in the Spirit, speaking in tongues. A little white church rose up before me. I see it so plain. It took me in the Spirit, one side of it was kind of long, and then took me behind a pulpit. I could see down the aisle. I broke down and cried and cried. I knew in my spirit that God would lead us that little white church someday, but where was it? That night, another lady and I were praying. I told her about the vision, so she prayed with me about it, so I drifted out in the Spirit again. I saw it again. I didn't tell anyone about it but my husband and my family. I didn't feel like it was time. You'll find out later in this book how it all came about, but it didn't come about for a long time.

It wasn't too long after this that we moved out from my dad's house. We moved on a little farm with Mr. and Mrs. Coffey. They were a daddy and mother to us.

Along this time our first baby came, Jesse Wayne. We had been married five years. You can imagine how we felt being married five years alone by ourselves. We were so excited. The doctor said he was an eight month baby. He didn't know whether he would live or not the way he was breathing, but prayer was still going up. The baby lived and he weighed six pounds and eight ounces. Another miracle.

We lived in Prosper, Texas at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Coffey built us a little two room house. We were so proud of it. We were as happy as someone moving in big brick homes now days; not that there is anything wrong with brick homes.

I've often thought of the scripture where it says "to be content every what state you are in." In other words, if we are not, the Lord can't add to us. He is the one that promotes us anyway, so we are helpless.

Mrs. Coffey gave us the bottom part of a cabinet. We made us an upper part out of boxes. I put up curtains. I thought it looked nice. They gave us a table and chairs and we bought us a nice bedroom suite. We paid it out monthly. It was the first one we ever had. It cost thirty five dollars. We put cingulum rugs on the floors, because they were the cheapest. We were thrilled about it. Just two rooms and a path.

We just stayed there about a year and moved on to another place with more land to work, several miles away. While we were living here we all three broke out with the itch. Where we got it we just didn't know. We kept praying for it, but it kept getting worse. Finally we went to the doctor and I said to him, "Is this it?" He said "Yes, that 's it" meaning it was the itch. He told us to put sulfur all over us. Just power us from our neck down. I heard that itch won't get on your face, so it never did get on ours, but it kept getting worse. We then put grease with it. We put this stuff all over our body, from our neck down. We put cotton sacks on our arms and legs. We would scratch so at night, blood would be all over our sheets, so I had lots of washing to do on a rub board. Jess would even put gas on them thinking it would help, but that didn't help any. I was so upset, laying there in the bed with that greasy sulfur all over us. I was so troubled and the baby had it too. I thought o myself, Lord, would we go up like this if you should come for your people? I got up the next morning (we didn't have any bathrooms, just a tub) and took a good bath and put some good smelling talcum powder on us, as to say, Lord, we've done all we can, its up to you. I fasted through the day. By supper time I was drying up on my neck. I was rejoicing. I knew the answer had come to all three of us. The next day our bodies were healing up, then down our legs. We were all healed completely. It looked like scales were falling off of us. We felt like we were over Canon's fair land.

We didn't know at that time, until later, that people were in the hospital with it. As long as I live I will never forget this experience.

I have told others that if the Lord can heal itch, he can heal anything.

I had another praying place here below our house, close to some woods. Wayne, our baby, was about eighteen months old at that time. My nephew would come and get him and take him home with them for the day, so I would go down to where I'd go and pray. Crops had played out around there and had been gathered. Pecans were almost gone. We had been buying our groceries with pecans, so we began getting concerned. Winter was coming on, so I kept going down to my prayer spot. I prayed, "Lord, you see before us and know what's best." We never went hungry. Our need was met some way or another.

One day, I was praying. I knew within my spirit that God heard my prayer. I went back to the house with assurance in my heart that the answer was on the way. Sure enough, within about three days, we received a letter from some of our friends, about two hundred miles away at Chillicothe, Texas. The fields were white and there was plenty of work to do. We packed our clothes (we didn't have any suit cases, we put them in boxes, but we didn't worry about that.) We left out, leaving our furniture and other belongings for awhile.

When we arrived at the station, we got off the train and several were waiting for us. It was the Binion Family. We went on to Grandma Binion's and they had supper waiting for us. We enjoyed being with them, such sweet fellowship.

By this time we were expecting our second baby. Jess went out in a few days and rented us a two room apartment for five dollars a week, bills furnished. Now I know you'll laugh at this, but that's true. I had an ice box, running water and a bathroom inside; something I wasn't used to. We lived here awhile and Jess rented some land to farm with, so we moved out in the country. Jess and another man went back to Rockwall, where we left, after our furniture and got it.

Along this time, Donnie Dene, our second baby, was near to be born. I had lots of trouble carrying this baby, because my muscles had fallen so low. When he was to be born, it was hard labor and I almost passed on myself. I could hear the nurses saying "Oh, she's dying," but I kept trying to pray. I would go off speaking in tongues. I could feel the Lord close to my bedside and I knew the Lord was taking care of me. At last he was born, a healthy baby boy. He weighed seven pounds and twelve ounces.

It wasn't then like it is now. There wasn't too many who carried insurance. Hospitals weren't high at all. Neither were doctors. Jess had twelve dollars in his billfold. The doctor told Jess to just go ahead and pay this twelve dollars to the hospital and he would send us a bill later, but he never did.

When Wayne, our first baby came along, World War II broke out in 1941, so many homes were torn apart leaving mothers with children. It was sad times.

I was still in bed with our second baby, just been home a few days from the hospital, when Jess was called in service. My sister, Vena, was staying with us to help with the babies, so when Jess left that day on a bus with other boys, I felt the world had fallen on me. I didn't know, but I thought Jess might go right on to the service. I was laying in bed with a young baby. I was praying fervently. I touched God. You see I was in need, I couldn't even walk. They had to bring my meals to me.

I saw Jess in a vision, going down a sidewalk with a brown suit on. You see he just had one suit. In those days you didn't have all color suits. You did well to get one suit just for a season. Mostly men and boys wore just slacks and a shirt in the summer time. The minister or pastor wore suits the year round, so it was May when I saw Jess in his brown suit. I questioned the Lord. What did that mean, he spoke comfortable words. "This is not an army suit is it?"

A few months passed by. The church had a funeral and Jess was one of the pall bearers. When he stepped out of the house going outside, he had on this brown suit, just like he was in the vision he was in.

When the baby was about two months old, he went into some kind of seizures. We began to pray. Jess gathered him up in his arms singing "Let the Light from the Lighthouse Shine on Me." That was the last one he had. Thank the Lord he supplied another need and we sure were in need that day.

A few months passed on and Jess was called into the service. I didn't know which way to turn. I couldn't even drive a car at that time, neither could my sister. We had a one seat Chevy.

Jess had started a three hundred acre cotton crop, just began to put on cotton balls. We had borrowed three hundred dollars to make the crop with. That might not seem so much money now days, but it was then. When they called Jess into service we had to move on and leave it. We moved back east again, about two hundred and fifty miles away.

We went to one of my brother's house where we could have somewhere to stay until things worked out. We were there just through the night. The next morning Jess left for the service real early. My brother took him to meet the bus. I can't tell you what a feeling I had. It was so hard to press against it. Jess said later that he would have rather seen a black casket raise up before him than to leave his family. The plainest words I can put it was it was just like death, and it was all around us in homes like that.

One of my girlfriends, who had two little girls, had a nervous breakdown when her husband had to leave. I was determined to press into God's word and stay close to God. He's our only resource. He's a present help in times of trouble, but oh, I went through some of the darkest tunnels.

I think about the three Hebrew children. God didn't pull them back from the furnace, but he went through into the furnace, or maybe he did take the heat out of the fire. So if we draw nigh to God, He will draw nigh to us. This had always been a great consolation to me, because I know when I touch Him something begins to happen. Every good thing comes from above.

Jess hadn't been gone but a few days when Donnie, our baby, took ill. He got really sick. He couldn't hold any milk on his little stomach. I finally took him to a doctor. I guess with Jess just leaving for the service, I had such a load. I began to fear because he kept losing weight, so poor, his little ribs were showing so much. His little eyes were way down in his head, his soft spot in his head was deep down and his little stomach was so small he was in a pitiful shape. But I wouldn't give up. I kept on praying. I had a praying brother and sister with me praying. I started to the hospital with him. I wasn't

use to going to doctors, so I just went up to the hospital door. They turned me away, saying I would have to have a doctor, so I started back home. Sister Gray had taken me, so we stopped on our way back at Sister Binion's house. She was so good praying for the sick, so we prayed there. The baby fell asleep and rested some, but when we got back to my brother's house where we were staying, he was still bad. I laid him in my Daddy's lap, by my dad gave him back to me. He said he didn't want him to die in his lap. I told the Lord, "I'm not eating until my baby is healed." When I said that, I felt a relief in my spirit, so I fasted three days. There was a little shed outside that I would go and pray. On the second day of my fast, I was speaking in other languages and they interpreted saying "I'll send an angel Sunday evening to heal the baby." That was on a Saturday evening. That was sweet music to me. It was the sweetest peace I'd heard for weeks.

Sure enough, the next day was Sunday and the third day of my fast. God spoke to me to go and tell Brother and Sister Maguffin to come and pray for the baby. My brother went several miles across the country to tell them. We didn't have any phones, but not many had phones then, so they came right over. When they walked in, such peace came in with them. When they prayed for him they said, "Sister Polly, the baby will be alright." And sure enough he was. We gave him his bottle and kept it on his little stomach. To us it was just like the dead being raised. He began to gain strength from that hour. It wasn't long before he bloomed out like a rose. He looked like pictures of babies.

After this we moved back to Rockwall, Texas. My dad, sister and I lived together. Some good friends who knew us since I was nine years old let us move into their old home place with free rent. It was a nice place. We only had to carry our water downhill from the well, but we were thankful for this home to live in, but we missed Jess so much.

Jess was still in Arkansas in boot camp, so when his four months were up he came home on his furlough on his way to California and then to go overseas. It was sad times because the war was so bad. If it wasn't putting our trust in God, there wasn't any hope of seeing our loved ones again. Jess would tell us, "But I'm coming back," so that would encourage us.

Vena and I prayed lots in this old home place. There was a barn just a little ways from our house, so I'd go there to pray. There was a man that worked in his field across the road from the barn and when I'd pray the enemy would whisper to me, "Now you better not let him hear you pray, because you know he hates Pentecostal people." I thought of myself, well I can't help it, I've got to pray. So sure enough, he heard me. I moved on my way, so later he got saved and went to church. He told the people that the reason he got saved was because he heard me praying. That made me feel good. We went through many battles at this place, but it was worth it all for that one soul being saved.

One night I was laying in bed. I was sound asleep. I heard a knock so plain it woke me up. My room was filled with white angels, I couldn't see faces, but it was like forms.

One night we were praying and we had our shoes off. An extra large scorpion stung my sister on her foot. We laid our hands on her foot. The hurt lifted at once and it never did swell.

One night I know God sent me a dream. You know the Bible says, "The Holy Ghost will show you things to come." I dreamed my oldest little boy, Wayne, fell in a well. I looked in the well and was floating on top of the water. I cried out, "Oh Lord, how can I stand it." It was so real to me and then I woke up. Of course we are always glad and happy it's a dream. For several days I prayed God's protection oh him, because I didn't know where this well was close to the house.

I didn't take this dream for granted. One day my sister and my nephew were cleaning the yard and at the back, just a little ways off from the house, was a well flat on the ground among the weeds. My nephew was cutting the weeds he didn't know it was there until one of his feet slid off a little ways in it. That was how he found it, so they filled it up. No doubt Wayne had played close around it many times, maybe riding his stick horse.

How thankful I am that we have a wonderful God, so powerful to direct us and show us things to come and keep up from many heart aches.

Winter was coming on and we had to burn wood there. I knew we couldn't keep up our wood and haul it, so I wanted to move to a little town close by, Wylie, Texas, so I could have fuel and also water. We were praying about this; Houses were hard to get then. Wives that were left behind in war days had a hard struggle, but prayer made it much easier.

I visited a little Assembly of God Church one night. I requested prayer for us a house in town. A man there that night heard the request. He said to his wife, "I'm going to build that girl a house," so he did. It was only two rooms, but it looked good to me. We had our running water and gas. I knew that was answer to prayer. I was really praising God for all his blessings and answering so many prayers. Well, he says, "Ask and ye shall receive," and that's what I was doing. Every time I prayed, God always moved in His time. As a little black woman said, "God's the slowest man she ever seen, but He always gets there on time." We feel that way sometimes.

We prayed and tried to humble ourselves as much as we could. There was really peace in the Lord, and there never will be in this world. He says, "Peace I give unto my people. The Lord will give strength unto his people' the Lord will bless His people with peace," Psalms 29:11.

We moved into our little tow room house, which we were so thankful for. Since Jess was in the service, we were able to rent it for twelve and a half dollars a month.

One time I was praying so fervently for Jess overseas. I've often said, they were going down like flies and on water too. The Lord spoke to me so real. He said, "Don't you know. I can take care of him overseas as well as in the United States?" That was such a comfort to me. I said, "Yes Lord, I know you can." I committed him to the Lord. The Lord took all the fear away from me. Such a peace I had within my soul; such a comfort.

We went to church here in Wylie, a little Assembly of God Church. I could shout as much as anybody, because the Lord gave me victory over fear and everything. He took away that heavy burden.

Now Jess hadn't written to tell me he would be home that Sunday. All I knew was the war was over, so on Saturday I went to buy groceries. I thought, well, I'll get some pineapples to make some pies, because that was his favorite pie. I just went ahead and fixed a good dinner for Sunday.

We lived just about one block from church, so that Sunday morning we got up to go to church as usual. I had my dinner all fixed. It came a big rain and we lived on a muddy road. We usually wore mud shoes when it rained, so I left the boys with my dad. One was about four and a half years old and one was almost two.

While we were at church, one of my neighbors came to church and opened the front door and looked in to tell me Jess was at home. I knew that when that church door was opened, Jess had come. Sure enough, he had come in from the Philippines. I rose up out of my seat and left church. I ran out through the mud and forgot about my mud shoes running home. Jess had only been overseas one year, but it seemed like years since I had seen him.

We were all so happy to be together. We lived on here in Wylie for a few months. Jess got him a job working at the airport, but they laid off so many hands, so Jess rented a farm at Van Alstyne, Texas. After we moved here we bought a cow, three pigs and about fifty chickens, which were laying. We thought we had a pretty good start to put on the farm.

The pigs grew into pretty large hogs. One got real sick and stopped eating. They say when a hog stops eating, he really is in bad shape. He had gotten down, passed walking.

On one side of our house, over the kitchen, was high off the ground so the hog got under the high part. He was shaking all over. I slipped under there and took a bottle of oil. I prayed for the hog, telling the Lord to heal it. We would sell the hog and give it to the church. It wasn't long the hog was up and running around and down at the barn eating with the other hogs. When I looked out of the window, he was completely healed. I didn't know that Jess had prayed the same prayer I had prayed, so we sold the hog and gave it to the church.

While we were living here, Donnie was about three and a half years old. He took asthma and pneumonia. We put him in the hospital. He was under oxygen a few days, but we kept holding on in prayers. The pneumonia cleared up, but his asthma was still bad. He would have to pump for his breath. My uncle John came to stay with us for a few days. He would look over in the bed and he'd say, "Polly, I believe he's going to be alright." God wonderfully healed him and that's been forty some odd years ago. He never had a sign since.

I can say as the song says, "He's my everything."

Our crops so failed the second year at this place, we moved back to Wylie. Jess got him a job working at Kraft food in Garland. Along by now we were expecting our third child. I had such a time having my second baby, I really feared having this baby. My Muscles were gone. I had no strength in them. One day I was listening to the radio and a minister was saying that if anyone needs a healing, lay your hands on the radio. The Spirit of the Lord went through my body. The Lord completely healed me.

I carried this baby with all the strength I needed. When he was born, they carried me to the delivery room at seven P.M. and at seven fifteen he was born; a nine pound boy and perfect. I heard one of the nurses say she loved to have babies. We named him Gwindal Ray. Some called him Sampson, because he was so large. When his hair began to grow, he had real thick auburn colored hair and real curly.

It was along this time I was going through a problem. I was trying all I could do to turn this over to God, it had me burdened down. Seems to me, I just couldn't be free, but I kept praying and kept turning this over to God trying to believe He'd move some way. Finally one night God sent me a dream. It was so real. My two sisters and I was setting in my living room. A big tall devil walked through my kitchen door into my living room. He was taller than the door, but he came right on through. He had on a black Prince Albert suit, a flock tail coat in back, black bow tie, tight legged britches, high top button shoes, in black, a black stove pipe hat, black rim glasses and a black mustache, which went from ear to ear and a walking can in his hand. Now he was fully dressed. It looked like the Lord gave me a miracle to see just exactly how he was dressed, for some reason. Wasn't anything left out. I still can see this today. It was so real. He was so tall; he really looked taller than the ceiling. I felt about as high as a thimble. He was awful looking. I said to my sisters, "What can we do?" The Spirit spoke to me, "Just Pray." We fell on our knees praying. We began to grow taller and taller and the Devil go smaller and smaller and it began to rain like big rain drops all over the room. Such a sweet atmosphere coming down. He got small like a thimble, like we did, and we kept growing taller, until we looked down at him. He just evaporated out of our sight, so the problem was solved, thank the Lord. Who could have sent this dream but God, or who could have ever thought it up but God.

I have never forgotten this dream, although it has been about forty years ago. It has helped me through trials of life. The Lord anointed me to tell this dream at church and the people sure did receive it. They knew it was sent from God.

A few years passed on. Gwindal Ray, our youngest boy, was about five years old. He was at a Laundromat with me. He fell over in a rocking chair and one of the rockers was off. He hit his head on some concrete. We took him to the doctor and they sewed it up. He seemed to be getting along all right, but later he would have headaches, but not bad. He would come in from playing and lay down to rest, then go on his way. We just kind of looked over it. A few years passed by (I'll finish this story later in my book). I began having a burden to really pray. I'm so glad the Lord will prepare us for the days to come, so I'd pray fervently, day by day.

One day I was lying on my couch. My spirit left my body (I was not asleep) into a little vesta view room in front of our living room. When I turned around, I could see my body on the couch. I had on a black uniform, it looked something like these Catholic Nuns wear, and a black throw over my head. Every step I took, my body was stooping lower and heavier all the way.

I looked out at the glass door and I could see the cars going on the road. It was a good road and lots of cars went that way. It was on the way to the hospital. I could see the sun was sinking low. I turned and went back to my body on the couch. I went into my body some way, I just don't know how. I can't explain it. God only knows how to perform this too. I told my boys when they came in from

school. I said, "Boys, we better pray, cause we are going to go through something." I wasn't trying to make it morbid to them, but I had to tell the truth. It wasn't but a few days when a knock came to the door. It was the boy. Jess and him road together to work. I knew there was something wrong when I looked at him. He said, "Jess had a flare up with this high blood pressure," but I felt like it was worse than that. Sure enough he had a severe heart attack. They had rushed him to the hospital. I hurried to the hospital and when I arrived, they had him on oxygen. I was so glad that I had been alone with God before all this happened. No wonder the word wants us to put on the whole armor.

He was in the hospital for several days. For a while they wouldn't let him even stand up and weigh. You see, so many of his family died with the same thing. He said he knew he had to go to God. He asked his doctor if there was anything they could do. They shook their heads no. We felt within our heart to be sure Jesus would not say no, so we began to seek the Lord for his healing.

I left the hospital one night and I got down praying in one of my bedrooms. I knew I touched God for a miracle. I went off speaking in tongues and the Spirit spoke out saying, "I'm going to heal him," so I held fast for the promise. God gave him a new heart. The doctor said he had the heart of a young man. Now I'm going back for two years from this, about Jess's heart attack (something about myself I failed to put in and then I'll go back and finish about Jess.)

We were to have our fourth child, but somehow I couldn't carry it. I lost the baby around three months. Dr. Mitchell did all he could for me, but I failed too. He said I was like black soot inside my organs. I couldn't eat because it hurt so bad inside. He said I was just like toilet tissue inside. It seemed like I had to fight to live, but I think of the scriptures where He says He will fight our battles.

The first night in the hospital Dr. Mitchell said he was uneasy about me. He thought I might not live. He didn't tell me this, but he told Jess. All I could eat or drink was one ounce of milk every hour and it would hurt. I was this way for some time and I couldn't sleep at all. My nerves were so bad and this went on for some time. People were in and out praying for me from the church. Finally I could walk some and one day the Lord spoke to me saying "Now enter the closet" and I did enter our bathroom. It was a pretty good size and I began praying in it. The first day I could not feel anything, but the next day I felt a little touch and about the third day I felt it so real. I knew in my heart I had really touched God. I began to eat soft things like Malt-O Meal. I was so happy to eat again. I didn't know these scriptures were in the Bible. Hosea 6: 1-3, "Come and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up. 2nd verse- After two days, will He revive us: In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. 3rd verse- Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the Earth."

I began to sleep like a baby. I hadn't slept in weeks, oh how sweet and peaceful it was. The Lord said He would give His beloved rest.

Before He healed me, I didn't even want to get out of the house. I'd even say to myself, how can those people stand to walk down that side walk, or how can they ride in those cars. It was a mystery to me. These bodies can get in some awful bad shape.

Now back where I left off from Jess with his heart attack.

Jess didn't work until after six months. Then we moved to Garland, Texas, close to his work. He worked awhile, but he kept going down in his body, but not his heart. God gave him a new heart. His color got orangey, like an awful deathly color, but he kept believing the Lord would heal him. Finally he dropped so low he couldn't even move, but we kept believing the Lord. Later he told me he felt death sweats coming up his legs and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, which was death.

We didn't have a phone to call anyone, but all at once God spoke to me. He said, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," so that's what I did. All at once a door flew open, no knock. It was our pastor running in. He said the Lord told him to come over there. He fell by Jess' bed praying and saying, "Devil, you can't have him." Jess began coming back to life. My nephew came in. You could feel he was anointed by God too.

My sister and her husband came in praying for him, they were prayer warriors. My brother in law said to Jess, God sent me over to pray for you. He told me you had been given up by physicians, but God is healing you. Oh what sweet news was just coming from everyone that came in.

I lay down on the couch, I was so exhausted. I had battled so long against this darkness, I dropped off to sleep. Sweetest sleep I had for days. I was so tired, when I woke I heard my sister laughing and talking to Jess. She said, "Jess, I told you that you were going to laugh again." You see, he hadn't laughed for days and he was always a laugher.

He then began to talk some. He said, "Fe Fe" (That was her nickname), "I haven't been able to laugh for days, can't even smile." She said, "Yes, but you are now."

He began to walk and come in the kitchen to eat, he hadn't been able to eat. He said food taste just like mud to him. His taste had completely left. He had given up going to church again, but another brother came over saying, "Bro Jess, I see you coming back to church leading the singing and shouting up and down the aisle again." Sure enough he did. He began to gain strength and go to church like he longed to.

I had heard him make remarks saying he believed Job didn't suffer as much as he did.

And then my body broke down. I guess I had an infection all through my body. When I had just a small cut or scratch, it would set up infection. It wasn't long it was all in my body. When I'd go to the bathroom, blood would flow from my body. I had fever so high, the palms of my hands looked parched. And the bottom of my feet was parched. My stomach was so sore, it felt like it was just rotten. But I knew God was still on the throne. The scripture I lean on so much in Heb. 11:1 "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The church people came and prayed and brother J.C. Hibbard prayed for me. They carried me to his church, and God gave me a wonderful healing. That has been about twenty-eight years ago and to this day if I scratch any cut places or anything, it doesn't set up infection.

[Page 23 is missing in the original text so we pick up in the middle of a story, but it is too precious to omit. Evidently while praying, she felt led to get a sick woman and bring her back to her home. She had never met the husband, but trusted God and went anyway.]

While I was there, he came in from the store (he had a grocery store). It was the first time I had ever met him. I told him what I had come for. He said "Yes, it might help her.", was the words he said, so I went back into her room and I told her what he said. She said, "We'll wait until tomorrow night and I'll go. I'll rest tomorrow for it and then go". We went back the next night. While we were gone after her, Vena, my sister, stayed at the house. She anointed around on things and put oil on the bed where she was to sleep. We put her to bed. She hadn't smiled for days, she said. We prayed for her and gave her some soup, and she held it on her stomach. She told me, when she started to my house, her husband would never come to see her. I said "Oh, I believe he will." He was there the next morning. He couldn't understand why she was resting and sleeping so well and her food stayed on her stomach. I told him it was only the Lord. He left with tears in his eyes. You see, he was a hard man. She said she could tell that the Lord was really touching him. He kept coming back day by day. He still couldn't understand, because by now she began to laugh and smile. She said she could feel healing all in her stomach.

By now I had been sleeping with her. We showed her all the love we could. Even my three boys would show her lots of attention. The church folk would come in and be with her and pray. She acted as if she couldn't believe what was going on, she was treated with love so much, but it was because she had a sister in Alabama to pray for this. Isn't it wonderful how God will move and answer his people's prayers. He knows just how to move by His spirit.

Her doctor came in to visit her. He too couldn't understand her not suffering or hurting, and resting so well. He said "Well, just keep on doing what you're doing." He didn't suggest anything else and went on his way.

She had been with us a little over a week and I got up one morning kind of early. I usually prayed some and then I'd wake up Jess to go to work. I knelt by the sofa and I felt a strange sacred atmosphere around me. There was a hall between my living room and the bedroom, where she was sleeping. Something just drew my eyes to a dresser at the foot of her bed. It was a shadow of Jesus. I turned to stone, I couldn't move, couldn't even move a finger. I watched him walk slowly to her bedside, with one of his hands toward her. About half way to her bed, he turned to a glow color and then his robe went into a beautiful bluish purplish color. It looked transparent. If you could have touched it, your fingers would go through it. It was a beautiful color.

When he went away, he went back into a glow color and then a shadow. That's been about twenty-six years ago and I can still vision it in my mind. It will make a different person out of you. You'll never be the same again.

Jess and my sister woke up and came in the living room. I broke and began to weep. I told them that I saw Jesus. I explained just how it came about and they began to cry with me. I don't tell it too

often, because some people just don't believe. I guess they would be called unbelievers, but the Lord will reveal himself to us, if we will humble ourselves in prayer, and this was what I was trying to do.

This happened on Friday morning and the coming Sunday her folks came after her. They said, "Sis Herod, we appreciate you keeping her, but its our responsibility", so they took her back to her home. She lived almost a week and passed away. When they got home with her, I stayed with her the first night. But she just seemed to give up when she saw she was back in her home.

When she was at home with me, she would say to me, "The Lord is going to bless you, " and sure enough, the Lord healed me with cancer. Later on you'll read about it further on in my book.

When we sow seed to someone else, the Lord will sure bless us. He said in His word He'll bless the labor of our hands.

At this time, the Lord moved on us to move back to Wylie, Texas. It was really a hometown to us. We thought, well, we'd just go back to the Assembly of God Church there. We had went there before and we loved the pastor and folks there. But while we thought and prayed, the Lord spoke to me, "I want you to start another work." I drew back for awhile about this. I thought we might hurt some of the other churches feelings. I was always a tender girl, not to hurt, so I mentioned it to Jess. He said, "Honey", he called me honey a lot, "We don't have the money to rent a building." We didn't argue, I just gave it to the Lord. I knew God could talk to him like He did to me, and sure enough, God did. He came in one evening from work and said, "Honey, I'm going to borrow some money to rent a building."

We didn't have a chair or instruments or anything. We did have a guitar, but it wasn't electric. Jess was working on a job, so I had to do all the business of looking after things, so I went to ask for the building God had shown us to rent. We didn't have a phone at that time, so I went over to my nieces to use hers. When I called the man about the building, he said, "Mrs. Herod, the building is rented. Another man put his business in it, but keep in touch with me. Something could happen." So I started back home and I passed in front of the building. I said, "Well Lord, its rented", and the Lord spoke to me, "Yes, but I'm going to save it for you." I could even see something the man had put in, but that didn't hinder me about God's plan. So I waited and left it in the hands of the Lord.

One day, about two weeks later, I was washing dishes and the Spirit spoke to me. He said, "Go and rent the building." So I went back to my nieces and used her phone again. I called him up, his name was Mr. Bostic. I asked Mr. Bostic if his building was still rented. He said to me, "Mrs. Herod, do you still want that building?" I answered, "Yes, we do." He said, "You can have it, the man that rented it is not going on with it." now before I told him we wanted the building, I had on my mind sixty dollars a month for the rent. I asked him how much it was. He said, "seventy dollars a month." He felt me kind of draw back. "Well, how much do you have on your mind?" So I said, "Well, there is not many of us." To start I did tell him it was Jess, me and our boy. He was around sixteen then. I told him I had on my mind sixty dollars and he said I could have it for that. Some say to me, why didn't you have on your mind maybe cheaper, maybe forty dollars. I said, "No, I had on my mind sixty dollars." I felt that was the Lord's price He gave me, so we rented the building.

I went to his house and he gave me the key. He had the man that first rented the building take all his stuff out. I went in cleaning it and putting up curtains. It looked nice.

The news got around that we were starting services in the little building. One man said we could use his electric guitar. Another man loaned up a pulpit stand and another man loaned us sixty folding chairs. Antoehr man and his son built us an altar. One man where Jess worked sold us a drum set cheap, but nice. Donnie, one of our sons, moved us his piano in. He slipped it in one night while we were visiting another church. So within a little over a week, we had everything going. The first Sunday we had thirteen at Sunday school. We had a wonderful time. We began to run just up in the twenties to begin with, but several got saved and many were healed.

But I began to hurt all in my body. I began to swell all in my stomach. I tried to help Jess all I could in the church, but I got to hurting so I could hardly go, but I knew God was still the Healer.

Now at this time, my mind would drift back to that little white church that God had shown me. Back further in my book I told of it, but all these years I was reminded about the little white church. Surely God, I will live longer and I'm not in the little white church yet. That would give me hope. I would say, "Jess, every time I'm praying I can see a steeple on the church, but where is that church?" I was so afraid I'd miss the little white church that God showed my years back, so I'd pray and walk in the spirit as much as I could. I knew my body was going, down, but I did not tell anyone but God about it. I wouldn't even tell Jess all about it, but I kept praying and believing God. Really in my heart I knew I had cancer, it was too plain. My stomach was getting bigger and bigger. One day we were just driving around in the country. We passed by a grave yard. I was so depressed and restless. I looked at the grave yard. I had been through so many battles, I thought well it would be good just to lie out there and rest. When I thought that, it seemed like the Spirit fell on my and comforted me so much. I felt as though the Lord was really hearing my prayers.

So in a few days I went to a little church; one morning Brother O.B. Edward's church in Garland, Texas. Brother Garden Lindsey was to minister there. Two ladies of the church went with me. I still hadn't told anyone that I just knew I had cancer, but when I went up in line to be prayed for Brother Lindsey said, "Lord Kill the roots of cancer in this sister." It didn't bother me though. It gave me more faith, but on the way home the Spirit spoke to me saying, "But you will take the bed."

In a few days I was sewing at the machine, making me a shoe rack. I began to hurt so bad in my stomach, I could hardly bear it. I just finished the rack and something burst in my stomach and went down. It hurt just like a big rison busted and went down. I was so tender all inside. It left me in such pain, I went to bed. So that was the feeling I had from the Spirit before, telling me I would take the bed. I had to lay on my back. I couldn't lay on my sides at all.

But I could feel the touch of the Lord telling me just to wait upon the Lord and give the Lord time to heal. I couldn't even sit in a chair, but by the next morning I could manage to the bathroom and sit down there. I couldn't go to the table to eat. Jess had to bring my meals to my bed.

This went on for some days and finally one night I went into the bathroom. My kidneys locked on me, which was an awful feeling. But the Spirit spoke to me saying, "Go back and lay down and wait upon me," so I did. I went back to the bathroom and my kidneys started acting and have been acting ever since. I knew God had done a miracle for me.

We had just started the church, so I'd tell Jess and our son to go to the church. I'd be alright while they were gone. One night I was at home by myself, while they were at church, and I felt the fingers of the Lord placing parts all in my stomach to their places. It seemed like my stomach was in all kinds of shape. I was laying there, so peaceful, while the lord was operating on me. I began laying some on my sides for the first time. But next my taste got so bitter. Taste just like gang green would taste. All foods would taste alike; so bitter. Brother Edwards, I feel like I have a dead liver." He said that's what I had, so we just kept believing and trusting the Lord. My taste came back and I told some of the folks I had too good of taste now. Seemed like I couldn't eat enough.

One day the devil really talked to me. He said, "Yes, you'll be healed and you'll be alright, but no telling how long you will have to stay in bed." By that time I was resting pretty well, cause I knew the Lord was healing me. There wasn't any doubt, so I really talked to the Devil. I said, "Devil, I don't care if I do lay here. I'll just tell everyone about Jesus when they come here." But I didn't tell anyone what the Devil said to me.

About the next day Brother Edwards came back to pray for me, sometimes Sister Edwards would come. Brother Edwards stood by me looking down at me saying, "Sister Herod, the Devil has been talking to you, saying you'll have to lay in this bed for a long time, but within three days you will arise from this bed." You talk about Heaven coming down. I began to weep with tears of joy, because I knew what this man was telling me was the truth, which he spoke to me.

That was on Saturday evening and Sunday and Monday I still laid in bed. The Devil came again talking to me. He said, "Yes, you just think you'll be rising the third day." So I said, "Devil, the third day hasn't arrived yet." Tuesday morning I was setting in my rocker and the next day or two I was sitting in my living room. A few days later I almost had supper done when Jess came in from his job. I was still weak, but I was so happy just to know I was able to work some in my kitchen. When Jess walked into the kitchen from his job, he broke and cried with tears of joy saying, "Honey, it's not because you almost have supper done, I could do that and don't mind it, but it's because you're able to be up." To us it was like raising the dead. It was a miracle from God. But after a few days my legs began to swell. My knees looked so awful. They were too large, but that didn't hinder me. I just knew God would heal that too, and they were healed. It seemed like God was putting new parts all in my body. After a few days I started back to church, which was in our little building at that time.

Oh, it seemed so good to step back into church. I had to sit in a rocker for some time, but I didn't mind that, because I knew the hardest battle was over. The Word says we'll walk in Heavenly places; that's what I did.

But I had a stroke on one side of my face. It drew my mouth some and it was kind of hard to close one of my eyes and it was hard to eat, but after a few days my face went back in shape. This all

happened over twenty years ago. I haven't had any cancer, no swelling of legs, nor any stroke since. I'm so thankful what the Lord did for me. It wasn't easy.

We kept our little church going on. God did some wonderful things in it. We never had a large crowd, but God sure was big in our little church.

One little lady was coming. She had some kind of breaking out on her legs, feet, face, arms and hands. It was red like blood under her skin. Puss would run out of her. She would put thick socks on her hands, up on her arms, feet and legs, and the puss would soak them. But God had done so much for me. I believe God can do anything., so the Lord wonderfully healed her. It has never come back since and she was healed of epileptic spells, so God was moving so much by His Spirit.

While we were in this little building having church, I would say to Jess that I could still vision the little white church in my mind. It had never left me, but now I could see a steeple on it. I didn't see the steeple on it when I saw it in a vision at first.

I heard Jess say more than once, "You know the lord just might give us a church, and all we'd have to do is just get a key and walk in." We had saved a little over nine hundred dollars of tithes that had been given to us in case we could start a church. We were even getting excited about it just talking about it.

So one day we were driving around and went down a certain street in our home town, Wylie. We drove in front of a little white church. We looked and there was a For Sale sign on it. I said, "Jess, that looks just like that little white church God showed me." It even had the steeple on it. It belonged to the Church of Christ folks, but we didn't know they were going to sell it until now. They were building them a new church, but this little church was still nice. I keep saying little white church, but it was a pretty large church. It would hold two hundred or a little over.

I told Jess that if that is for us and if that's the little church God showed me, God will make a way for us to buy it. But we were looking into the natural. There was no way for us to buy it, but we didn't worry about it, that I knew. God would make a way when there's no way.

So we found out the price. Fifteen thousand dollars and then they came down to twelve thousand. There was a lodge trying to buy it, but that didn't worry us. I knew God had it in control, and if it was for us we would get it. So we just committed it to God.

But I want to go back from here a while for another miracle that happened to me I left out. My head would pain and hurt me, but I never paid too much attention to it, but when I would take a trip, it began to be a sever hurt. I said, "Lord, you heal so many things, you can stop this hurt in my head." I really felt in my Spirit that God heard me. A few days later, I felt an awful pain in my head, just like a knife cutting in my head. I often tell people I wouldn't want to tell people about this if they were eating. I coughed and something flew down in my throat. I spit it out on some tissue paper. It was about as big around as my thumb, but not as long. It looked like a raw piece of meat. The Lord completely healed

my head. I am almost seventy four years of age now and I am still healed now. In Ps: 138-8 it says, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."

I can truthfully say, he's never failed me yet. I'll go on with the story about the little white church; Jess ask some of the women and myself to go down t the church and anoint it with oil on the steps and pray over it, so we did.

My sister and her husband sold their house about this time and they moved here in Wylie from Rockwall, and rented a house until they could buy another one. So Jess asked Fred, my sister's husband, to offer a price for the church. There was a house by the church they used for Sunday school rooms. So Fred offered them nice thousand dollars cash for all. It had four rooms for Sunday school rooms. It was nice, so the people took the offer and said they were glad another church took it over. We gave Fred five thousand and five hundred for the church. We paid one thousand down on it. The band loaned us four thousand and five hundred for it. We paid it out monthly. So you see you can't out give God. He knows just how to meet your needs. We moved in the church October 16, 1968 and was bought on October 11, 1968.

It seemed like the Lord directed us just how to fix the little church. Jess was still working on his job, so Vena, my sister, and I painted the pulpit a gold color, put chairs around and the piano was black and we had it painted gold. The seats were a tanish golden color. We varnished over them and put red carpet in it, we also arranged flowers. It was a beautiful church, visitors would say. They knew it was a miracle from God.

We prayed a lot in it. It never did fill up. We ran around forty to forty five, but we had lots of visitors in and out. They called it a light house. They said they could feel God's presence so strong when they came in the door. It had a vestaview in it, when you came in. The church folks came in, we would act like little children with their first toy, like their little red wagon. We were so thankful for it.

We were having such wonderful times, but I've learned through life, so often you can't gather the roses without the thorns.

Jess was working on a car and his head began to hurt awful bad. We prayed for him, but he kept getting worse, so we put him in the hospital in Wylie. They sent him on to St. Paul hospital. The church kept praying and the Lord healed him. It was Supernatural. The doctors said they couldn't understand. He said he's supposed to be dead.

The Lord gave him strength again and he began to preach and work in the church.

Along this time, a spur rose up on one of my heels. My foot began to swell so large, my heel was yellow. It looked like puss was all inside. I couldn't walk on it, so I had to go on crutches. I went several weeks on crutches and my foot got worse and worse. It was pitiful looking. Some said if I did go to a doctor, they would operate on it and that it wouldn't do any good. It would come back. I knew no matter how bad it looked, it wasn't too hard for God, because I had tried God and He never had failed.

I tried to tell everyone, that I can, to get as close to God as you can. Fear will have to leave and faith will take over. Ps 4:3, "But know that the Lord hath set apart Him that is godly for Himself. The Lord will hear when I call unto Him."

I had to crawl on the floor a lot, because the crutches hurt under my arms. When I worked in my kitchen, I'd scoot a chair and put my knees upon the chair so I could cook or anything. I noticed I began to feel victory head. My brother in law, Fred, was always singing the song, "I believe that something good is about to happen." It seemed like that song was just for me, I felt so happy when I'd hear it.

One night Jess and I visited Soul's Harbor Church in Dallas. They had a good minister there, ministering to the people. First time we had ever seen him, we went in, Jess and I, I put my crutches between us and they were leaning on the back of the seats. The minister saw them. He asked, what's wrong. I explained to him. He caught us by our hands and began praying for me.

You see, he didn't even know that Jess and I had a church. He said, "Now when you go back to church on Sunday, don't take your crutches on the platform, and that was what I had been doing. I would then sit behind the pulpit stand, on a seat, and I'd put my crutches under the seat. I couldn't dare get up and walk without them, my foot was in such bad shape.

We went back to our church on Thursday night. I still couldn't see any signs, but I still could feel something ahead, like the song, "Something good is about to happen." There is a scripture in the Bible that reads kind of like this, "To believe on the profit and thou shall prosper." I felt in my heart that this man was a man of God that prayed for me.

Sunday morning came, I got up and had to walk with my crutches, as usual, putting my knees in a chair, scooting it around the kitchen getting my dinner ready so I could go on to church.

When I got to church, I went on down the aisle. There was about a dozen that had gathered before church started. When I got to the platform, I thought of what the minister said to me. He said for me not to take the crutches upon the platform, so when I got to the edge, on one side of the pulpit, for some reason I raised the crutches up and when I did the Spirit fell on me. I began to leap with joy. I began to dance in the Spirit. I shouted down the aisle and when I got back to the front, I put my crutches by the door. I said if anyone needs them they could have them and I wouldn't have to have them anymore. You talk about a joyful time, Heaven came down. The church fold were crying with tears of joy with me. All the swelling had left out of my foot. When we left the church Jess said, "Lets go by so Gwindal can know what happened." He is our youngest boy and he had been so concerned about my foot. That was before he had given his heart to the Lord. When they saw us coming, his wife saw us get out of the car. They were at the Laundromat. She said, "Here comes your mother and she is not on crutches." They knew something had really happened. That was a glorious day to me. I'll never forget it.

I know battles get hard, but oh how wonderful it is when it breaks. Ps 139:11-12, "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me, yea the darkness hideth not from

Thee: But the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.” How wonderful the Word is. Well it’s a light unto our pathway. So many times I think of the scriptures where it says our steps are ordered by the Lord. There is much comfort in His Word.

Time went on, just for awhile. We continued having wonderful services in this little white church, the Lord had lead us to.

Along at this time, I noticed Jess would say, “Honey, it seems like I’m getting further from this world, seems like I’m being separated from all things.” It wasn’t long that he had a stroke that affected one side of this leg and arm. We prayed and it seemed to be better, but then he had a massive stroke. We took him to St. Paul hospital. He only lived a little over two weeks and passed on to be with the Lord on June 6th, 1978. He was fifty nine. We wonder how we can go though the death of our loved ones. It’s not easy, but the Lord says His grace is sufficient. That’s what the Holy Ghost is for. It was sent in His name and it will comfort us in times like this.

So many times I hear of some peoples loved ones going on and they don’t have the sweet comforter. It makes my heart hurt. That’s been twelve years ago, but the Lord has been a husband, father and mother. He has been everything to me.

It’s so good to have loved ones to pray with and church fold praying for you, as we go through life. The Word says to bear ye one another’s burden, so we sure need one another to lean on and to encourage one another.

After Jess passed away, another minister and his wife carried the church on. We still had wonderful services, but oh such a vacancy, because Jess wasn’t there. But I still can say, His Grace is sufficient.

Along this time Wayne, my oldest son, wife Tommie took rheumatoid arthritis. The doctor told her she would finally have to go in a wheel chair. She was taking some eighteen pills a day, so she went back for her check up. The doctor told her, “Tommie, you have something else that’s incurable now.” She said, “Doctor, go ahead, I’m ready for anything now.” So he then told her she had Lupus Disease. She gradually grew worse. The pills seemed to have no affect on her anymore. She began to suffer.

One day my boy, Wayne, was coming home. He drove the Trailways bus and he began to weep. He said, “God, I’ve just given my Daddy up, my Mother in Law, and Daddy in Law and now it looks like now it’s my wife. God spoke saying, “I’m going to heal her.”

They were in church a few nights later. Tommie played the organ at church. Church was about over and Wayne had sat down at the back. God spoke to Him, “Go to the front and pray for Tommie, I’m going to heal her.” So Wayne did. Through the next three days the Devil sure did fight. She suffered so much. On the third night Wayne called for my sister and I to come over and pray with them, so we did. God came down in His Glorious Power that night and set her free. She hasn’t taken any of her pills since and she works all the time and on her job today.

I know we have been through some awful hard trials, but the good blessings have weight the hard things. There has been so many beautiful things happen, as the days go by. I can truthfully say I have seen some glorious days. Regardless how hard the battles were, Jesus went through them with us in every way. He would turn our night to day. I believe, as you read my book, you can say the same. You'll never gather the roses without the thorns. We may have a mountain to climb, but oh how beautiful it is when God leads our foot step over it.

It makes me think of the woman that had a mountain in front of her house. She was always complaining about it, so one day she sold her house so she could get away from her mountain. The ones who bought it put beautiful flowers and landscaped it all over the mountain. They made beautiful scenery out of it. People from miles around came to see it. So if we have a mountain to go over, the Lord will guide our footsteps and He will bring the beauty out of our lives.

One night Vena, who is my sister, and I were praying in the church. We would always go to the church to pray. One night we had just had a wonderful prayer meeting. I guess the Devil was upset about it. I started down the steps, the steps were pretty high. I fell down the steps on the concrete. It hurt so bad, I could hardly make it to the car to drive. When I got home, which was just a few blocks, I went on to bed, but I could hardly sleep any that night. The next morning I found my foot had been broken on top. I could feel the bone sticking up on top of my foot. I tried to put my foot on the floor, but I couldn't stand on it.

This was Sunday morning and I felt like we were going to have a good service that morning, so I was determined we were going to church. We kept praying and believing God for it to go in place. Sure enough it went back in place. The hurt let and we went on to church and had a wonderful service.

My foot had no hurt whatsoever from then on. The lord made it perfect. He doeth all things well. Ps: 68-19. "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our Salvation."

Once our Pastor asked me to conduct the service one night, while he could be absent, so I did. I prayed over it and I felt it would be good to have a candle light service that night. I really sought God and prayed over it. I noticed that day; I sure felt the strength of God real and powerful.

We lived at that time, Vena and I, in a mobile home. That evening between four and five o'clock, we started our supper. The oven was over the place I cooked at and below was where we kept the cooking wear. I had put some meatballs to cook in a pretty large pan in the oven. My sister reached down lower, under the stove, to get a vessel. I over balanced the hot pan of meatballs, and spilt it on my sister's head. I can't explain to you how I felt, but it was time to take her to the hospital; I needed help then. I had her to put her head under the faucet. We were calling on Jesus. I think of the scripture where it says, "He's a present help in times of trouble."

Her head was so red, from the burn, but as we kept praying the power of God was coming all through my hands circling around her head. I was saying, "Vena, keep praying, the red is leaving out. It's turning white while you talk about the power of God." We sure felt it by now. We knew the work

was done and was all gone, there wasn't a doubt. I turned on the warm water to shampoo her hair and wash it. It never hurt at all. I then rolled her hair and fixed it and put her head under a dryer. It still didn't hurt. I told others that we felt like the three Hebrew children that day. We ate our supper, got ready and went on to church. We had the candle light service, and after all, had a wonderful service. Nobody will ever out do God. Yet, if we will let Him, He'll get the glory out of every trial. 1 Cor. 1:5, "That in everything, ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance and in all knowledge."

It has been a few years since I lived in my house that Jess and I had built. There was too many memories that I could not pull myself together to live back in it. I decided to sell it, so I turned it over to a Real Estate to sell it. All at once I had a feeling to move back in it. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to move in it. But the Real Estate had it almost sold. They would phone me and tell me that. I'd tell them, "Well, if it doesn't go through, I'll move back in it." I would go to my Pastor and have them to pray about it. They would say, "I believe it is God's will for you to move back in to it." I felt in my spirit I would move back to it. I kept praying that the sale would fall through, but all the time I felt like it wouldn't sell. I could always vision, in my mind, putting my curtains up, painting and fixing it up.

The Real Estate called and told one of the boys to tell me it didn't sell, so I sure did thank the Lord. I knew it was another answer to prayer, so my sister and I moved back into it. We were both contented and I knew again that God had directed my steps.

We lived there a few years. My youngest son lives there now. He has a business at the back, a crank shaft business, but now my sister and I are living in an apartment. It is nice and comfortable.

While I am now finishing and writing this book, I've had my seventy first birthday. I have three boys, Wayne is forty nine, Donnie is forty six, and Gwindal is forty. I had eleven grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren.

I feel well in my body, and still driving a car. Last time I went to a doctor was about seven years ago with a sprung foot, and ten years ago with a nervous stomach, the day after my husband was buried. So I have been twice in thirty years. I don't boast about it, only in the Lord. I give Him all the praises. I try to take life one day at a time.

I pray and trust this little book will bless and encourage you, because it has blessed me just to write it for you.

It has been prayed over and wrote with the prayer of my heart.

