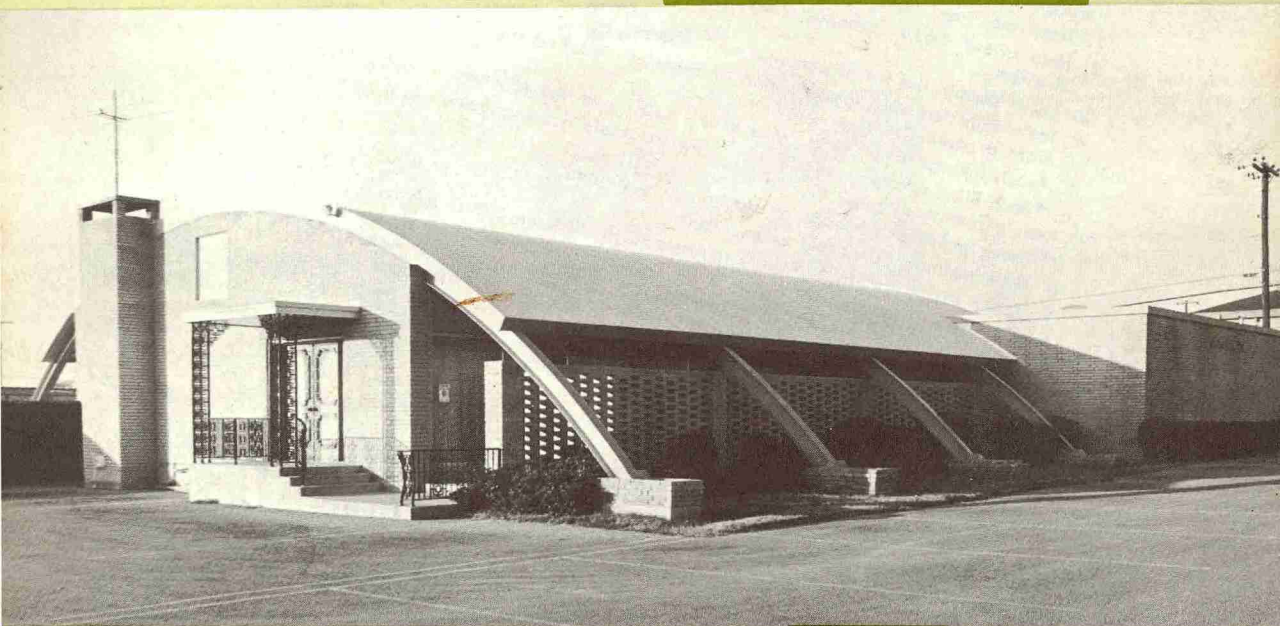


THE VOICE OF HEALING

MARCH • 1966

A
VISION
FULFILLED...



... A Dream Come True

Through a series of miracles, God has opened the way for us to purchase this beautiful property in one of Dallas' most strategic locations. Read all about it on Page 2.

Going FORWARD For God

Dear Friend:

In this issue of **The Voice of Healing** we are making one of the most important announcements we have ever made.

Last spring we purchased 333 feet of frontage in what is one of the most strategic locations in the city. Our purpose was to use this property to erect our new headquarters building. We had no sooner gotten this land (at about 60% prevailing prices in that vicinity) than we were offered the valuable property of a private club, which is valued at nearly \$200,000, for only \$125,000. This property joined that which we had already purchased and would give us a continuous strip of 750 feet frontage, accessible to every part of the city in a matter of minutes, because it is just off the Thornton Freeway. In a most amazing miracle which we cannot tell here, God opened the way for us to get the property.

For a long time we have been praying about the establishment of a prayer and training school that would not have as its objective the giving of degrees or a secular education (which can be obtained in many excellent institutions) but to give ministers and laymen alike the intense practical training that they cannot get anywhere else.

Here are some of the purposes of such a school:

1. Train men and women in the art of prevailing prayer.
2. Help orient denominational ministers and laymen who have received the Baptism of the Spirit.
3. Teach people the art of personal soul winning.
4. Train ministers and laymen in a ministry of visitation that will transform a church from a small one to a large one.
5. Teach the operation of the gifts of the Spirit and the ministry of deliverance.
6. Teach Bible school graduates how they can build a congregation in a new field or be an effective evangelist.
7. Teach practical methods on the missionary field.
8. Give training in the art of counseling.
9. Teach divine health and daily minister to the sick until they are healed.

We are going ahead with plans to develop this unique training school. Our first seminar will be held June 5-19, for ministers and laymen alike. Make your preparations now to attend. (Further information concerning the seminar will be found on page 15.)

In order for us to go forward with our plans for this project we need about \$60,000 at this time. We invite all our friends to pray and ask God what He would have them do in this matter. We have taken this important step of faith, and we know with your prayers and help God will meet us.

Your Partner,

Gordon Lindsay
Gordon Lindsay

P.S. Many people who visit our offices have said they did not realize the extent of TVH missionary operation. We thought our readers too would like to take a tour through our offices. There are altogether 42 rooms in three buildings, so we can only show you a part of the operation. When we get everything in one headquarters building in the new location, it will be much more convenient.

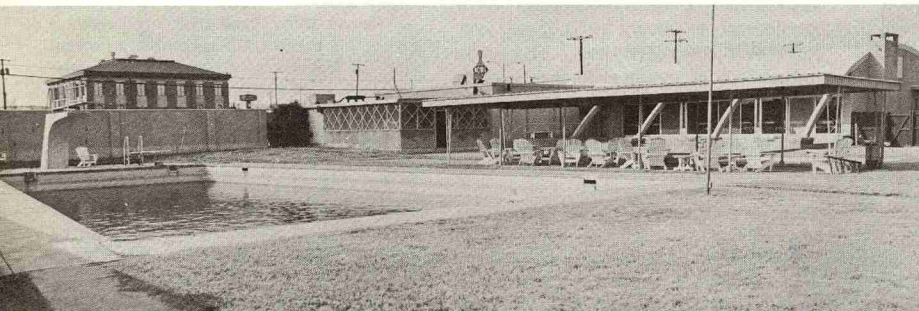


In 1960 The Voice of Healing held a breakfast in the auditorium. At that time we did not anticipate that the Lord would give us this property.

Welcome to the **Christian Center**



ABOVE: Interior of the main auditorium, which has been named the Christian Center.

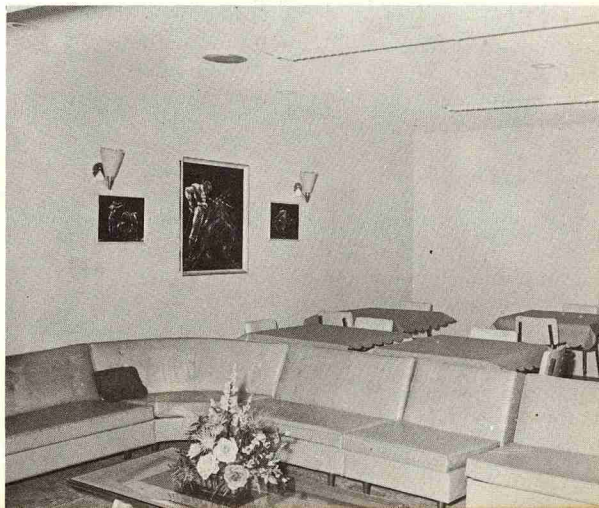


LEFT: An exterior view of the recreational facilities.

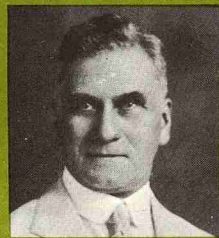


A view of the completely equipped kitchen.

BELOW: The prayer room where beginning March 1 a 24-hour prayer service will be instituted.



MY CALL TO THE HEALING MINISTRY



by John G. Lake

This personal testimony of how Dr. John G. Lake came into his healing ministry will, we believe, be of great inspiration to our readers. His apostolic ministry as a missionary to South Africa from 1908 to 1913 was one of the greatest since the days of the Early Church. Afterwards he returned to Spokane, Washington, where 100,000 healings were recorded in five years. The editor was converted in his church and can personally testify that Dr. Lake had the ability to build miracle faith in his audiences as no other man of his time.

TO FULLY understand and appreciate the tremendous impact that the revelation of Christ as our Healer made upon my life, one must know of the sickness which members of my family had suffered over a period of many years.

I was one of sixteen children. Although my parents were vigorous, healthy people, a strange train of sickness, resulting in death, had followed the family, and for

32 years some member of the family was an invalid. Before my knowledge and experience of the Lord as our Healer, we buried eight members of the family.

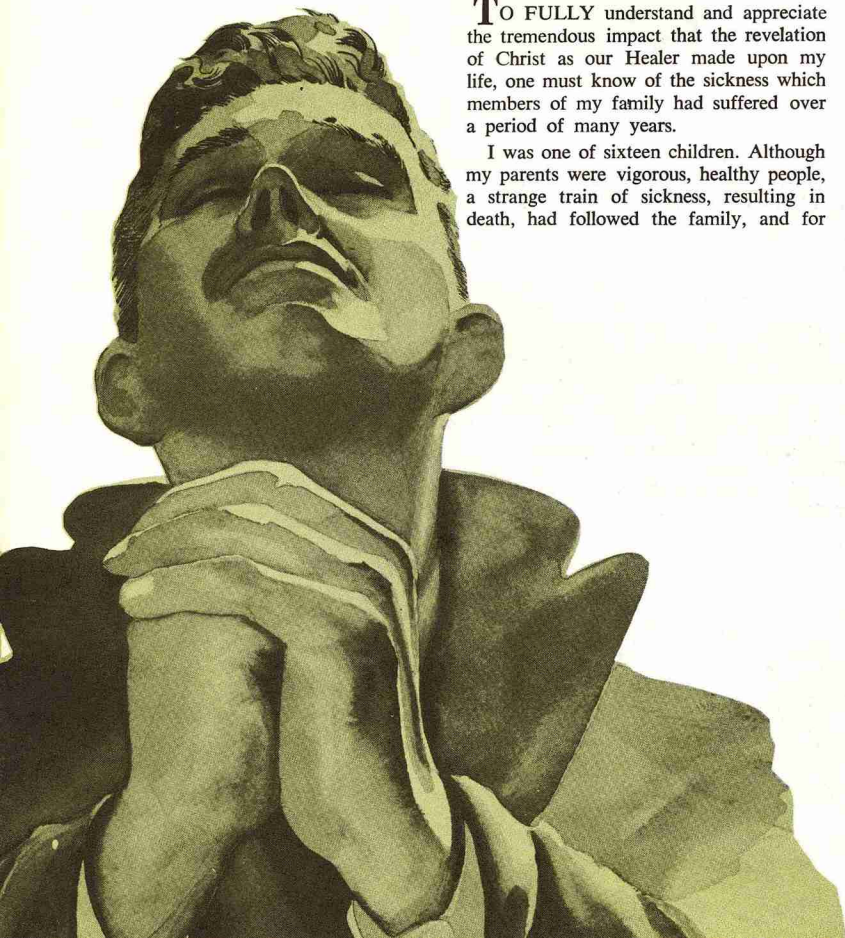
When I think back over my boyhood and young manhood, I remember a procession of sicknesses, doctors, nurses, hospitals, hearses, funerals, graveyards and tombstones, a sorrowing household, a broken-hearted mother and grief-stricken father, struggling to forget their sorrows in order to assist the living members of the family who needed their love and care.

At the time Christ was revealed to us as our Healer, my brother was dying. He had been an invalid for 22 years, and father had spent a fortune for unavailing medical assistance. He bled incessantly from his kidneys and was kept alive through assimilation of blood-creating foods almost as fast as it flowed from his body. I've never known any other man to suffer so extremely and so long as he did.

A sister, 34 years old, was dying with five cancers in her left breast. She had been operated on five times at Harper's Hospital in Detroit, Michigan by Dr. Karstens, a German surgeon of repute, and turned away to die. There was a large core cancer, and after the operations four other heads developed—five in all.

Another sister lay dying of an issue of blood. Day by day her life blood flowed away until she was in the very throes of death.

I had married and established my own



home. Very soon after our marriage, the same shadow of sickness that had followed my father's family appeared in mine. My wife became an invalid from heart disease and tuberculosis. She would lose her heart action and lapse into unconsciousness; sometimes I would find her lying unconscious on the floor. Stronger and stronger stimulants became necessary in order to revive the action of her heart, until finally we were using nitroglycerin tablets in a desperate effort to stimulate her heart. After these heart spells she would remain in a semi-paralytic state for weeks, the result of over-stimulation, the physicians said.

In the midst of the deepest darkness, when baffled physicians stood back and acknowledged their inability to help, when the cloud of darkness and death was again hovering over the family, suddenly the light of God broke upon our souls through the message of a godly minister who proclaimed the whole truth of God.

We took our dying brother to John Alexander Dowie's Healing Home in Chicago. He was prayed for with the laying on of hands and was instantly healed. He arose from his cot and walked four miles. He returned to his home a well man and took a partnership in our father's business.

We were filled with great joy as the healing power of God was manifested before us. Quickly we arranged to take our sister with cancer to the Healing Home. She was carried into a healing meeting on a stretcher. She thought, "Others may be healed because they are good. I have not been a true Christian like others. They may be healed because of their goodness, but I fear healing is not for me." It seemed more than her soul could grasp.

As she listened from her cot to the preaching from the Word of God on healing through Jesus Christ, her faith grew. When the prayer of faith was prayed and hands were laid on her, the power of God descended. Her pain instantly vanished and the swelling began to disappear. The large core cancer turned black, and in a few days it fell out. The smaller ones disappeared. The mutilated breast began to develop, and it became a perfect breast again.

How our hearts thrilled. A new faith sprang up within us. If God could heal our dying brother and our dying sister, and cause cancers to disappear, He could heal anybody.

Our sister with the issue of blood began to look up to God for her healing.

She and her husband were devout Christians, but though they prayed for a time, prayer seemed unanswered. One night I received word that if I wished to see her alive, I must come to her bedside at once. On arriving, I found that death was already upon her. She was unconscious; her body was cold. No pulse was discernible. Our parents knelt by her bedside weeping, and her husband knelt at the foot of the bed. Her baby lay in his crib.

A great cry, such as never had come from my soul before, went up to God. She must not die. She could not die. I would not have it. Had not God's healing power been manifested for the others, and should she not likewise be healed?

No words of mine could convey to another soul the cry that was in my heart, and the flame of hatred for death and sickness that the Spirit of God stirred within me. The very wrath of God seemed to possess my heart. We called on God, after telephoning and telegraphing believing friends for assistance in prayer. In less than an hour, we rejoiced to see the evidence of returning life. She was thoroughly healed, and five days later she came to father's home and joined the family at a Christmas dinner.

My wife, who had suffered untold agonies for years, was the last of the four to receive God's healing touch. Before God's power came upon her I realized as I never had before the character of consecration God was asking. Day by day, death silently stole over her, until the final hours had come. A brother minister was present. Returning from her bedside, he said to me with tears in his eyes, "Come and walk." And together we strolled out into the moonlight. He said to me, "Be reconciled to the will of God," meaning, as most ministers do, "Be reconciled to let your wife die."

I thought of my babies. I thought of her whom I loved as my own soul, and a flame burned in my heart. I felt as if God had been insulted by such a suggestion.

I returned to my home, took my Bible from the mantelpiece, and threw it on the table. If ever God caused a man's Bible to open to a message that his soul needed, surely He did then for me. The Book opened to the tenth chapter of Acts, and my eyes fell on the 38th verse: "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him."

Like a flash from the blue these words pierced my heart. "Oppressed of the devil!" Then God was not the author of sickness, and the people whom Jesus healed had not been made sick by God! Hastily taking a reference to another portion of the Word, I read again from the words of Jesus in Luke 13:16, "Ought not this woman . . . whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond?" Once again Jesus attributed sickness to the devil. I saw as never before why Jesus healed the sick. He was doing the will of His Father, and in doing His Father's will was *destroying the works of the devil* (Heb. 2:14).

I determined by faith that this work of the devil—this destruction of my wife's life—in the Name of Jesus Christ shall cease, for Christ died and Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses.

We set 9:30 a.m. as an hour when prayer should be offered for her recovery, and again I telephoned and telegraphed friends to join me in prayer at that hour. At 9:30 I knelt beside her bed and called upon God. The power of God came over her body. Her paralysis was gone, her heart became normal, her cough ceased, her breathing was regular, her temperature was normal. As I prayed, I heard a sound from her lips—not the sound of weakness as before, but now a strong, clear voice. She cried out, "Praise God, I am healed!" With that she threw back the bedclothing and in a moment was out on the floor.

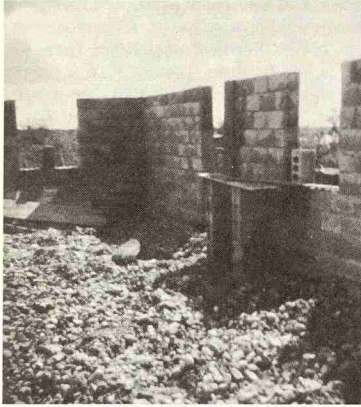
The word quickly spread throughout the city, state, and nation. The newspapers reported it. Our home became a center of inquiry as people traveled great distances to see her and to talk with her. Letters poured in asking about her healing.

A great new light had dawned in our souls. Our church had taught us that the days of miracles were past. Believing this, eight members of the family had been permitted to die. But now we saw that such teaching was a lie, no doubt invented by the devil and heralded as truth by the church, thus robbing mankind of his rightful inheritance through the blood of Jesus.

Others came to our home saying, "Since God has healed you, surely He will heal us. Pray for us." God answered, and many were healed. Many years have passed since then, but no day has gone by in which God has not answered prayer. People have been healed, not by ones and twos, nor by hundreds or even thousands, but by tens of thousands—for I have devoted my life, day and night, to this ministry. ■

THESE CHURCHES NEED YOUR HELP

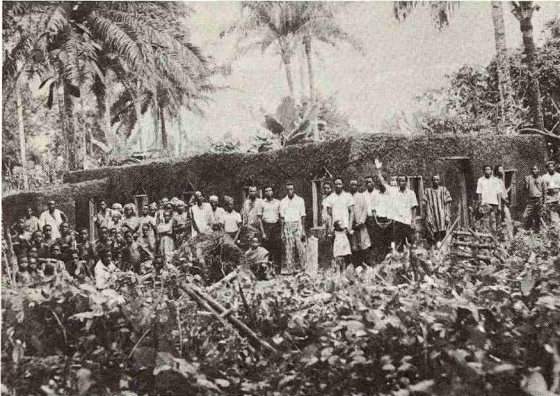
Will You Sponsor One of These Needy Native Church Projects?



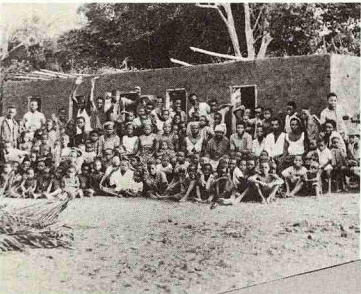
Cienega de Flores, Mexico: The people have worked and are themselves giving for the windows and doors to help finish their church of stone and cement blocks. They will need help in putting on a tin roof.



Ukpogo, Nigeria: This is a new work located on a main road. There were no Christians until a native evangelist went there last year and converted this group from juju worship. The missionary says, "It is amazing how changed they are now . . ."

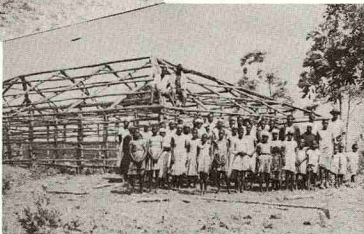


Uhielo, Nigeria: This eager group has already erected the walls of their new building. They face severe persecution from an evil juju society which governs the town, but they stand quite firmly. They need help with their roof.



Obedu, Nigeria: This is the only church building in this town. These Christians have been converted during the past two years from idol worship. They have their walls up, but need help in completing the roof.

Oluso, Kenya: The people have built the framework, and are now praying for help to get their building completed.



Tenancingo, Mexico: The authorities would not let this group build a church, so they built a house and dedicated the property to the government. They now have permits for a regular building, but they need help in completing their roof.



WHAT IS THE NATIVE CHURCH CRUSADE?

The Native Church Crusade assists the building of churches by sending between \$250 and \$500 per project to be spent on materials. The congregation must do the actual labor or hire workers with their own money. In many cases very little additional funds are needed by the congregation. Yet when finished the church is worth perhaps ten times as much as the sum sent by the sponsor. (Several sponsors have assisted over one dozen churches each.) Thus N.C.C. not only helps the church to completion, it also teaches the nationals to work together, and to be responsible. It is the most effective way of rapid yet *permanent* evangelization. For once the church is built the congregation grows strong, and its members branch out into surrounding villages and towns. The program is made possible through the sponsorship of each church by an individual who contributes \$250.00. A sponsor may pledge \$250 and send monthly payments of whatever he is able. In this way, almost any family can help build a church if they so desire, in the same way they purchase a television set or refrigerator. The congregation is given 12 months in which to build the church. When completed the sponsor is sent a picture of the congregation and the finished building, with a brief report from the church. Since its inception four years ago, N.C.C. has sent \$250.00 per day for the building of Native Churches (not including the many other phases of The Voice of Healing missions).

SPOTLIGHT

on a

SPONSOR

BELIEVING that "What we weave in time, we shall wear in eternity," Rosalie Sampson has woven of her life a beautiful pattern of blessing through self-sacrifice and service. A Native Church Crusade sponsor, she says, "All my heart is in the mission work wherever I can help—it is my life."

Miss Sampson, a kind and gentle woman now nearing her eightieth year, lives alone in Evansville, Indiana. Although she is not rich in this world's goods, through the years she has been faithfully laying up treasures in heaven. For 25 years she has earned her living by selling Avon products, and from her modest income she has helped to support missionaries in Jamaica.

Before Christmas she wrote to us asking, "Pray for extra strength during the heavy sales for Christmas. The only way I can work and deliver orders is to walk. I cannot drive a car, so I use a child's wagon to carry the boxes of orders, and it's heavy walking from now on till the rush is over. Pray that God will increase my sales so I can earn more for missions. I have no desire to build a bank account—just enough to live on and help build churches and see souls saved for Jesus."

Then after the holidays she wrote, "I hope you all had a nice Christmas. I stayed at home alone—but in thought and prayers I was with my precious missionary family. I don't know what I would do if I did not have you dear ones to love and pray for, and let me help a little along the way. It means so much to belong to the prayer band and missionary family of God. I feel it is such a precious privilege, and only wish I could do more."

For a number of years Miss Sampson has been an avid reader of *The Voice of Healing* magazine and an ardent member

of the World Prayer Band. Therefore, her missionary heart responded when the Native Church Crusade was launched in November, 1961. When she received a small inheritance from the estate of her cousin in 1962, her first thought was that here was her opportunity to sponsor a native church. She wrote to us saying, "The desire is really burning in my heart to build a native church. I have wanted to ever since you started the Native Church Crusade. It is such a wonderful opportunity and I want to be in on it . . . I tell you, I can hardly wait!"

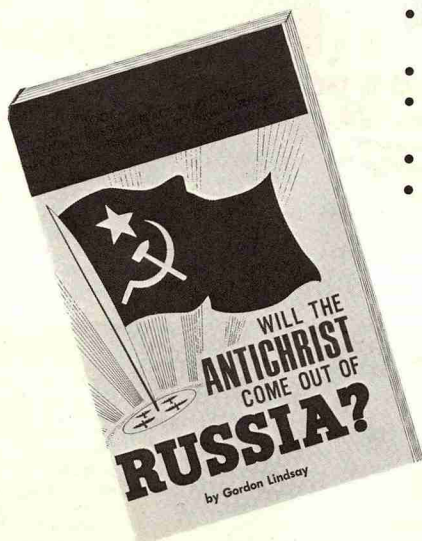
After receiving her assignment for Project No. 434 in May Pen, Jamaica, she wrote, "I thank God and you for letting me be a sponsor. I have had a deep joy in my heart to feel that I can help these folks in Jamaica have a place to worship. I would rather have it located there than any place in the world that I could think of. I'm so happy about it and I'm praying every day for my people. I am praying for all who help in building it that no one will get hurt in the work."

In addition to sponsoring this Jamaican church, each month Miss Sampson sends a gift to help meet the heavy expenses of the Crusade. Not only does she feel a keen sense of responsibility to reach the heathen with the message of the gospel, but she does her part at home by teaching a Sunday school class of eight-year-old girls about the Christ who loves us. She also sends Sunday school literature to a grateful missionary in Jamaica.

This humble little Christian has found a deep joy in giving to God. She writes, "I'm so glad God gave me a missionary heart, and I am glad to belong to you as a partner. My life is so much happier since I gave to sponsor my church in Jamaica. I love the people there and feel that Jamaica is my adopted country."

What are the results of this sponsor's sacrificial giving to missions? Only eternity will reveal all that has been accomplished by her obedience to God. But we know that now she has found a new meaning to life through her deep compassionate love for God's people; Christians in May Pen, Jamaica, can go forward in their efforts to evangelize their community through the power of the gospel; and lost men and women will know of Christ's redeeming love—because she cared! ■

HERE IS THE BOOK YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!!!



- Gives 12 identifications of Russia with the Beast Power of Revelation 13
- Shows order of events when the Antichrist rises
- Shows Russia's relation to the Roman Empire and to the Antichrist — facts that are not generally known.
- Shows what the Christian can do now about Communism
- Shows why our boys are now paying with their lives in Vietnam

The Voice of Healing • Box 8658 • Dallas, Texas

☐ Please send me my gift copy of the book, **Will the Antichrist Come out of Russia?** Enclosed is my offering of \$_____ for the Native Church-Native Literature Crusade.

☐ I wish to sponsor for \$250 the building of the native church in:
☐ Cienega de Flores, Mexico ☐ Tenancingo, Mexico
☐ Ukpogo, Nigeria ☐ Obedu, Nigeria
☐ Uhie, Nigeria ☐ Oluso, Kenya

I am enclosing \$_____ and will send \$_____ each month until the pledge is paid.

☐ Enclosed is my offering of \$_____ for the new prayer and training center in Dallas.

Name _____

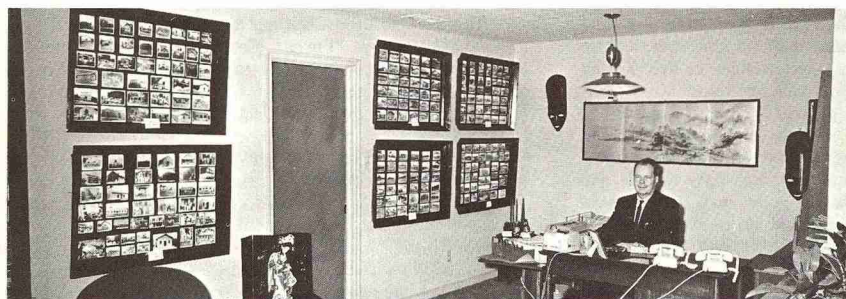
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**Given FREE
to All Who Write Us**

YOUR PICTURE TOUR OF THE VOICE OF HEALING

During the years since 1952, when we first moved into our new building in Dallas, we have been happy to greet many hundreds of our friends who have visited our offices. For the thousands more who have not been able to



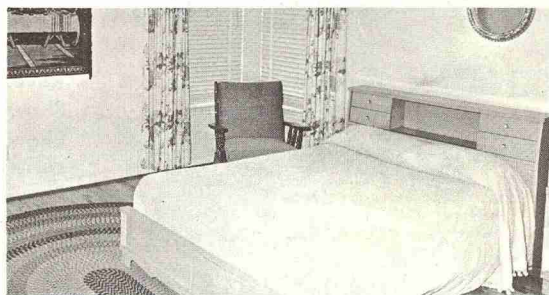
Editor Gordon Lindsay in one of the Native Church Crusade offices where applications for church projects are approved and processed.



Sue McCone
Receptionist-typist



Recent visitors to the Native Church Crusade offices were Missionaries Gordon and Laura Smith, who have labored in Vietnam for 37 years.



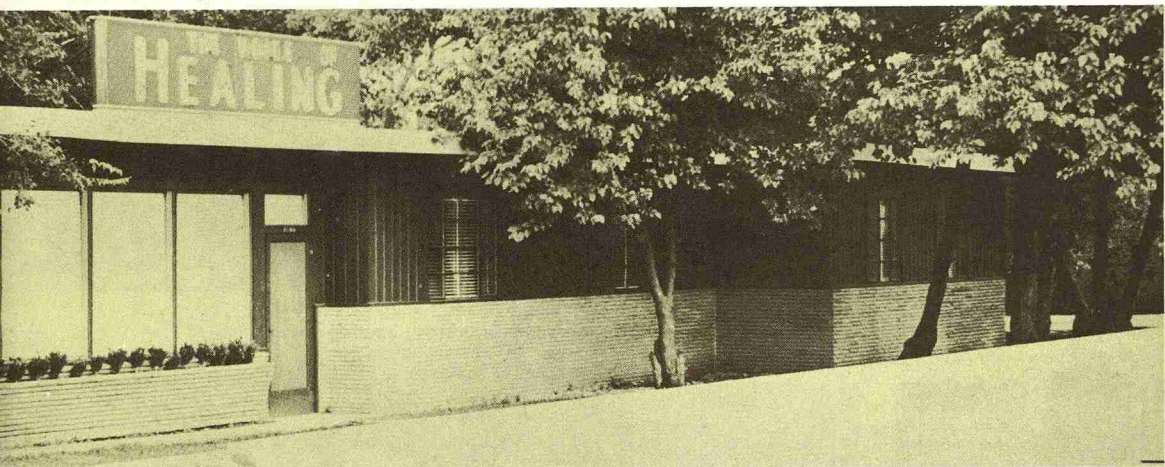
The Native Church Crusade is host to visiting missionaries from around the world. Here is one of the comfortably furnished apartments provided especially for them.



Margaret Rosinbaum (left), Department Supervisor, and Inez Evans, Assistant Bookkeeper.



Each day begins with the reading of God's Word and the letters which come in through the mail.



visit us personally, we feature on the next few pages a special pictorial tour of the three buildings which comprise our present headquarters. We hope you will enjoy meeting our wonderful staff!



Ruth Hampel, Assistant Editor



Emily Seiter, who efficiently supervises the work of the Native Church Crusade, points out pictures of the recently completed churches in Haiti.



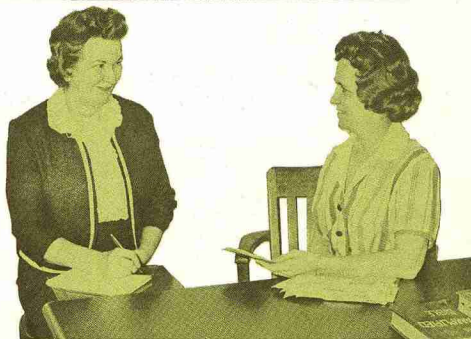
*Mrs. E. W. Moore
Bookkeeper*



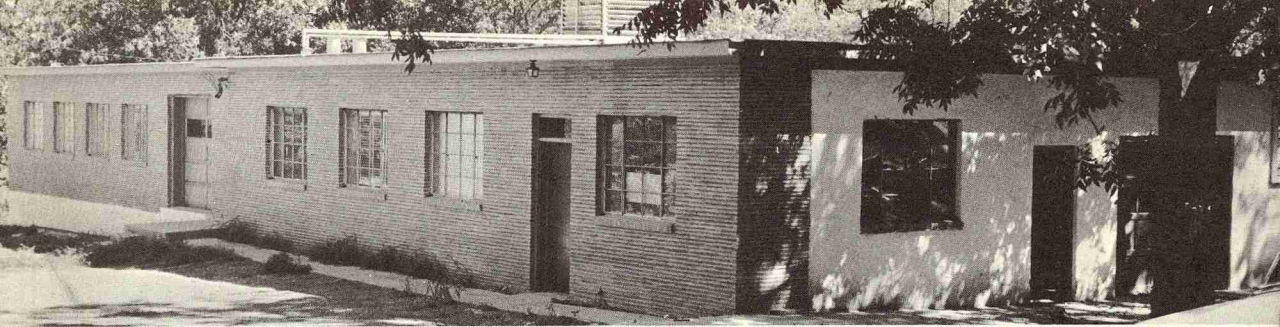
Donna Burklow, one of the newest members of our staff.



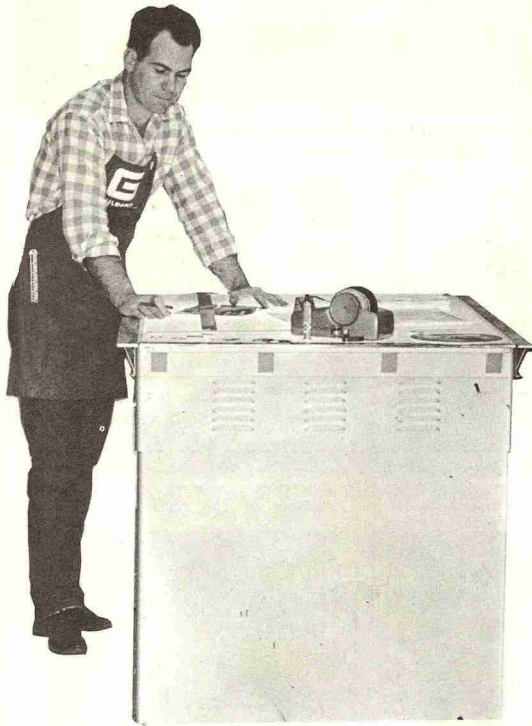
The united prayers of the staff for the many requests



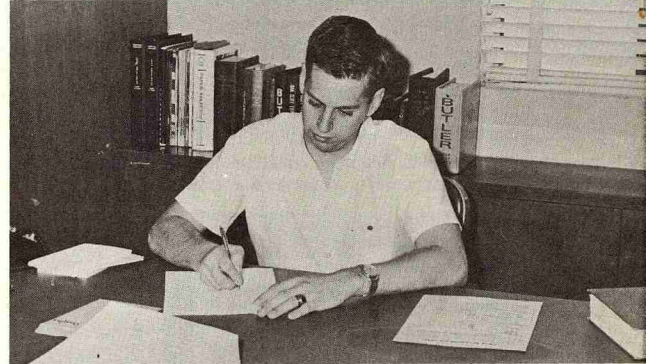
Mrs. Gordon Lindsay (right) answers some of the correspondence with the help of her secretary, Margaret Thomas.



TVH Printing



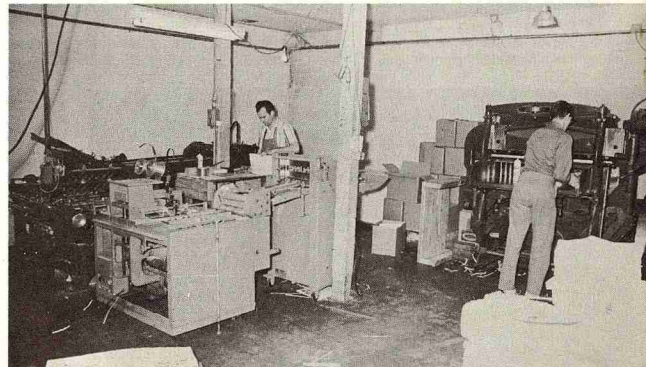
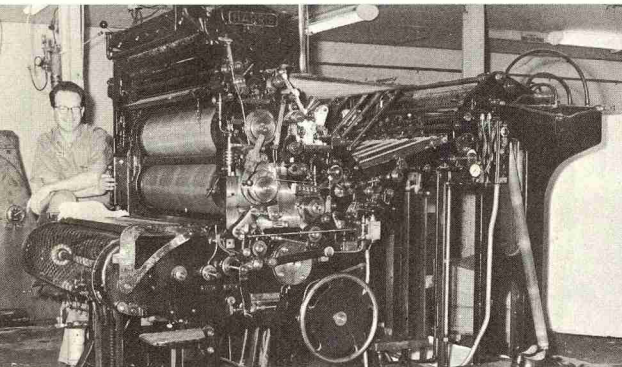
Lucky DeLay prepares copy for printing.



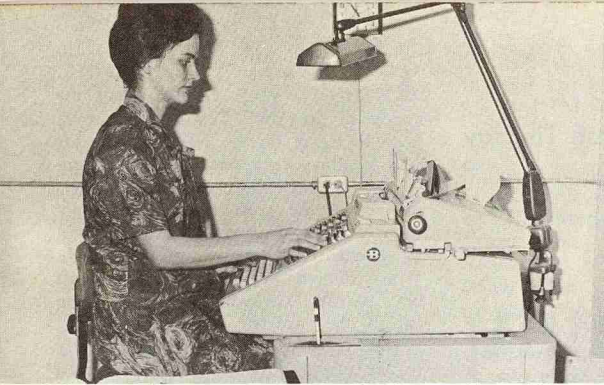
Gilbert Lindsay, son of the editor, is manager of the Print Shop.



The friendly smile of JoAnn Jones, secretary and bookkeeper, greets all who come to the Print Shop.



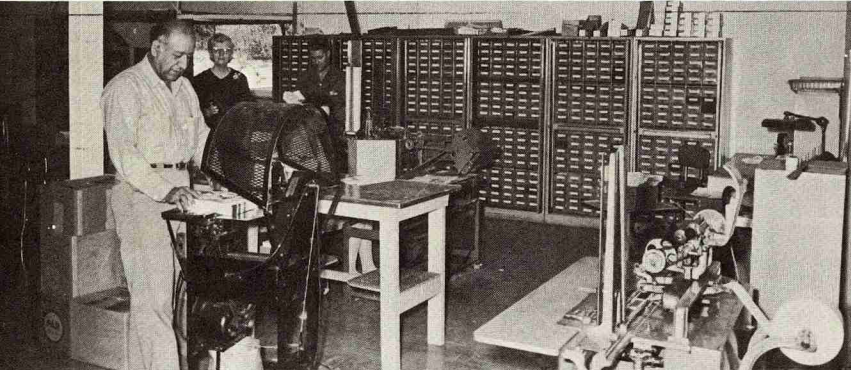
From here hundreds of thousands of pieces of gospel literature have gone forth.



Delores Rawlings operates this bookkeeping machine which issues receipts and permanently records all donations.



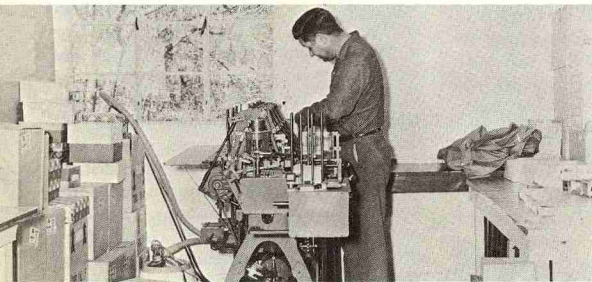
A view of the workers who open the mail.



The magazine is speedily addressed by modern mailing equipment and a team of dedicated workers.



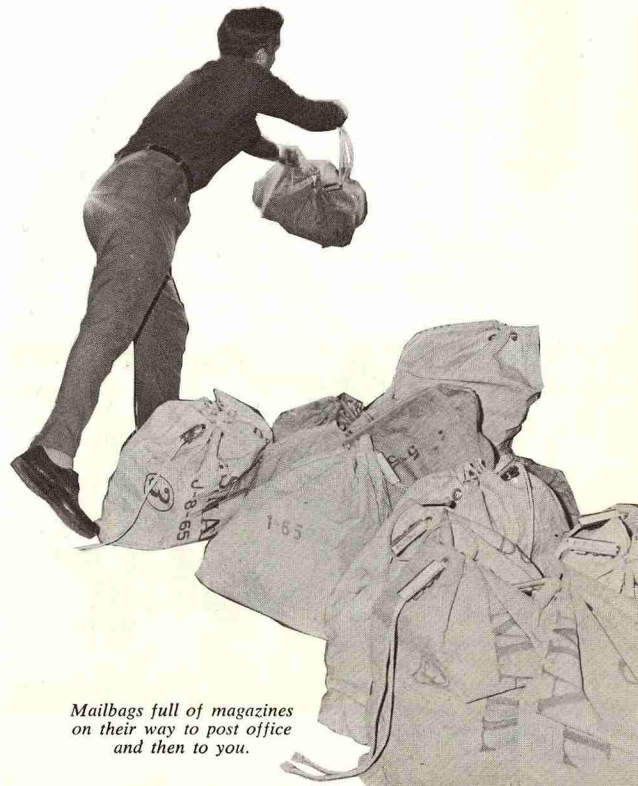
A warm smile is the trademark of this typist, Sharon Williams.



Over 5,000 letters per hour are prepared for mailing on this automatic inserting machine.



Betty Carroll enjoys her work as World Correspondence Course secretary.



Mailbags full of magazines on their way to post office and then to you.

by Gordon Lindsay

The Amazing Story of

St. Anthony

In St. Anthony we have one of the strangest and most dramatic stories of this age. Few writers fully understand the significance of his amazing career. Only those who themselves have wrestled with the powers of darkness in mortal conflict can understand the full meaning of this remarkable experience in fighting the powers of evil and the effect of his work upon the course of history. His story shows the tremendous potential of a prayer warrior who prays through.



ANTHONY WAS BORN about the middle of the Third Century in a small town in Egypt on the Nile. His parents were wealthy Copts, and they had a farm which was watered by the seasonal overflowing of the great river. The family were good people, and they were faithful in attendance and support of the church. When Anthony was about twenty, he lost both parents. The whole task of taking care of the farm fell upon him.

One morning while listening intently to the priest, Anthony heard him read from the gospel the story of the rich young ruler and how Jesus told him that if he would be perfect, to go and sell all that he possessed and give it to the poor. These words impressed Anthony in such a way that he sold all that he had and gave the money to the poor in the village. He then decided to retire into solitude and hear the voice of God.

This withdrawal from civilization seems unnatural to the modern mind. Yet we must remember that God allowed some of His choicest prophets such as Moses, Elijah, and John the Baptist to go into the wilderness and there spend months and even years in communion with Him. In the desert Anthony abandoned himself to prayer, fasting, and bodily chastisement.

As he prayed month after month, he was met by demonic visitations which employed every trick possible to get him to yield to temptation. Only through the most ardent prayer did Anthony succeed in warding them off. Now he began to realize the tremendous power of an adversary whose mighty forces were pitted against him. Anthony did not understand it then, but he was fighting a battle for humanity against the forces of evil that were trying to destroy the church from off the face of the earth. The demon forces of heathenism had to be blasted by prayer, and there were few who knew how to wrestle against spirit powers.

Anthony decided that to escape the devil's grip he must move from the land of the living to the realm of the dead. He went from the desert to an old tomb, totally isolated from all living, and he made it his abode. There in the dark tomb he heard voices. He knew it was the devil trying to interfere with his pursuit of God. But Anthony was not intimidated. The struggle went on for months and years. He redoubled his fastings, often going without sleep for long periods. The attacks of the devil increased in fury. Wild animals and venomous serpents seemed to appear. Eyes glared balefully at him out of the darkness.

Almost in despair Anthony at last cried, "Where were you, my Lord Jesus? Why

did you not come sooner to assist me?" A voice spoke and said, "Anthony, I was near you all the time. I was at your side and saw you fight, and because you have manfully withstood the enemy, I will always protect you."

When Anthony finally left the tomb sixteen years had passed, spent exclusively in his fight with the devil. But still he had no rest. The hirelings of hell kept after him. At last the outside world began to hear of him. The news of his mighty power in prayer spread far and wide. For nearly forty years he had defended himself against the devil. He was ready at last to help others. He was able to show men that through prayer and fasting they could overcome their temptations.

People came to visit Anthony in the desert. Soon under his guidance, a community of hermits sprang up. After two years he retired farther into the desert to spend his time in contemplation of God. But soon he was surrounded by others who had also renounced their possessions and came with Anthony to seek God. Five thousand men devoted only to eternal things voluntarily made their home in the desert. Their prayers went up to heaven that God might move in the earth, might reveal Himself to the hearts of men, might somehow change the course of history. But the darkest hour comes before the dawn.

At that time the greatest persecution in the history of the church had been inaugurated. Emperor Diocletian had decided to destroy everything associated with the name of Christian. The persecution spread to Alexandria, Egypt. One day a man rushed to Anthony and said, "At Alexandria hundreds and hundreds of those who profess their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ are flogged in public, are sent to the mines, or thrown into prison, are tortured and burned, or to amuse the crowd in the circus, are fed to wild beasts in the arena."

Anthony listened unperturbed. He had been face to face with evil at its worst. He would now face evil in the flesh. He sent the man back with the word that he would come to Alexandria. Now for the first time Anthony left the desert. Haggard and emaciated, he walked staff in hand until he reached Alexandria, the second largest city in the world. Anthony, however, was not impressed by the works of man. He made his way slowly through the streets until he reached the court where verdicts were being handed down against the Christians. Those who professed Christ were being whipped, subjected to the rack, tortured, and killed. In the siderooms of the hypodrome there were Christians wrapped in animal skins,

waiting to be thrown to the wild beasts.

Now the tall figure of the old saint appeared in the prison with the shackled Christians to comfort and to strengthen them. Guards were posted at the prison gates, but when the figure in white with piercing eyes approached, they stepped aside and let him pass. Awed by his unearthly poise and demeanor, the jailers did not forbid his speaking to whom he would. No one stopped him; he was permitted to come and to go as he pleased. The voice of the saint spoke to those condemned to be sent away to hard labor and said, "Remain strong in the faith! Your march into exile will lead you to triumph and victory." How could he get away with this? Yet none dared touch him.

It was a terrible hour for the Christians. Outside the city walls, believers were burned at the stake. While the fires were being lit, Anthony stood there to comfort them and to tell them to be strong in the faith. Here he was inciting the Christians to remain steadfast, an act totally illegal, but the courts would not raise a finger against him. The governor was responsible to the emperor to stop this man, but he would do nothing to interfere with him.

One day the dreaded stranger came to the palace. The governor shouted wildly that no one should let him in. But none of the guards had the courage to stop him. On he went through the door to the governor's room, and there in stern tones delivered his message to him. The frightened governor listened, and then sighed with deep relief when the strange figure dressed in white departed.

A decisive turn in the events of the world was about to take place. The forces of evil were to suffer a mighty setback. The prayers of the man in the desert undoubtedly had much to do with it. The emperor, Constantine, was preparing to do battle against Maxentius. He was troubled in spirit as he seemed to realize that the fate of the world hung in the balance. He looked upward to the sky, and lo, in flaming vision appeared a cross, under which were the words, "By this conquer." Constantine took it as a sign from heaven, and he accepted the cross as his symbol. His soldiers moved against Maxentius and smashed his army. Afterwards at Milan, Constantine issued his famous edict of Toleration, whereby Christians were permitted freedom to worship as they would. They came up out of the caves and catacombs never to return. They even ceased burying their dead there.

Then one day a strange caravan made its way to the Egyptian desert. It had been sent by the order of the emperor, and

its messengers came to see Anthony. Two men, the only ones who knew the way, told the messengers that Anthony's abode was deep in the desert, and they could not take them there. But the emperor's emissaries were insistent. And so the company marched for two days and nights until they at last reached him. They found him in devotions, and he could not be disturbed. Finally at the end of the day the stranger appeared, and the emissaries said, "Father, the emperor of the Christians has sent a legate to bring you a letter." Anthony replied that God had just spoken to him.

With solemn ceremonies the legate gave Anthony the letter which said, "The emperor has heard about your holy life and asks you to advise him on how he might live and rule in the true spirit of our Lord. He asks that you send him your reply and give him your blessing." Anthony had his helper Macarius write the answer on the back of the papyrus, which said, "Practice humility and contempt of the world, and remember that on the day of judgment you will have to account for all your deeds."

Now that the emperor had sent his emissaries to Anthony to ask for his advice, not only humble pilgrims in sackcloth but wealthy Christians came to ask Anthony to bestow his blessing upon them. Sometimes large delegations came to meet the gaunt saint of the desert. If the visitors did not seem humble enough, they would be taken first to Macarius' own cave and instructed before being taken to the cave of Anthony.

Again Anthony decided to go deeper into the desert to get away from the clamor of men. He joined a band of nomads and went off in the direction of Mt. Sinai. There in the remote region the saint spent another twenty years. While he was absent the bitter Arian feud arose in the Church. The question raised was whether Christ was God or man. Arian sought to popularize Christianity to the skeptical Greeks by making Jesus a great man, but only a man. The controversy spread beyond Alexandria. Soon all Christendom was divided into opposing camps. Constantine did not want the controversy to divide his empire, so he called the Council of Nicaea. But even the council could not bring harmony and understanding.

Now Athanasius, the great champion of the deity of Christ, appealed to Anthony in the hour of need. He had gone far away, and none knew where he was. But Macarius, knowing now that the Church was in danger and needed him, was ready to assist in the search. They traveled many miles until their strength was exhausted, but at last they found him.

Anthony was now nearly ninety years of age, but he met the emissaries with reverence and went down on his knees before them. His visitors lifted him up and told him about the unfortunate dispute that had divided the Church and threatened to destroy it. The old saint accepted the call of Athanasius and returned with the messengers, though puzzled that any could doubt that Christ was God. It was in the spring of 336 that Anthony and his escort arrived at the gates of the city of Alexandria. No news had been sent ahead, but somehow the word got around. Crowds lined the streets to Alexandria.

The aged saint clad in white sackcloth made his way to the archbishop's throne. The archbishop preached his sermon on the deity of Christ. An Arian rudely interrupted, shouting, "The Lord was only a man, created by God and subject to death and transition."

Anthony arose and a hush fell over the audience. This tall ascetic figure stood out starkly against the background of the pillars. The crowd waited with bated breath to hear what he would say.

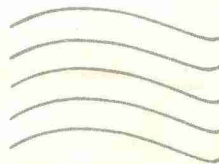
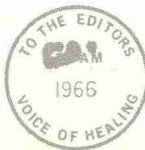
"I have seen him! I have seen him!" cried the saint. That was all he said or needed to say. Those few words settled it. The flimsy arguments of the Arians could not stand before the imposing figure of the saint who had seen the Lord himself. The crowd went down on its knees in prayer. The question was settled forever.

The governor besought Anthony to remain in the city. The saint thanked him but told him courteously that he must go back to the desert. His task in Alexandria was finished. The faith in the eternal Christ proclaimed by Anthony became the faith of the Church.

Anthony lived for 14 more years. He was seen in public only a few times, but many believe that this man of God by his prayers and faith did more to change the world than any other man from the days of the apostles until Luther. With his going thousands would take up his burden and carry on his work in the centuries which were to come. ■

Please Pray!

Mrs. William Branham, who was injured in the car wreck on December 18, 1965, which took the life of her husband, is still in desperate need of prayer. She suffered a brain concussion, and has had several relapses. Their daughter Sarah is still hospitalized with a broken back and broken neck.



OUR READERS WRITE

1965 World Series Baseball Player Sponsors Native Church

My wife and I wish to sponsor a native church with this \$250.00 that is enclosed. Praise God.

Al Worthington
(Pitcher for the
Minneapolis Twins)

Witnessing to Family Through Magazine and Books

Several months ago I had taken a copy of your book, *48 Signs in the Land of Israel*, to a family gathering where all of my brothers and sisters were present. I left it in the living room for anyone to read. When my sister saw the book, she immediately went to her room and returned with a copy of *The Voice of Healing*, which I was thrilled to see. About four years ago I sent in her name to receive a sample copy. I feel that she has been greatly blessed by reading this magazine, and I know that because of it, she is a more understanding person. I am grateful to you for having sent this magazine to her.

A. P.
Phoenix, Ariz.

Healed of Glaucoma

Some months ago I wrote to you asking prayer for my eyes. The doctor told me I had borderline Glaucoma and I was to come back again for another examination. You wrote back, sending a prayer cloth, which I put on my eyes when I received

it. I was back yesterday for the examination, and the doctor told me my eyes were normal—no tension at all. I thank the Lord for answering prayer and for your interest. Mrs. Stella Gerber
McKeesport, Pa.

The "Widow's Mite" Plus "God's Might"

Here is \$20 for a payment on my native church. The Lord made a way for me to receive this money. Please pray that God will continue to make the way as this is strictly a faith project. I iron and babysit to make the money for this church, and I'm glad that I'm able. I am praying for the church in Honduras which God so graciously placed in my hands.

P. H.
Dayton, Ohio

Prayers Answered for Salvation, Healing

I want you to know how God has answered prayer. I wrote you a few months back and asked for prayer for my unsaved husband, and also for the healing of my body. My husband was saved just before Christmas, after praying for him for over 30 years. Also, he gave up cigarettes after smoking for over 40 years. I wanted you to know how much I appreciate God's children and their faithfulness in prayer.

My body has been made every whit whole, so you can see what a wonderful Christmas it has been for me—one that I shall never forget!

Edith Jackson
Avoca, N. Y.

Healed in Branham Campaign

What a sorrow to know that William Branham has left us. He prayed for me and I was healed of sinus, gall stones, and tumors, on November 7, 1947, in Portland, Oregon. My health has been wonderful ever since.

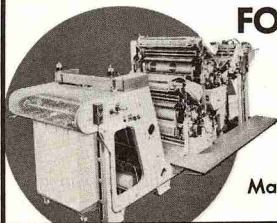
Mrs. Harry Wicks
McMinnville, Ore.

William Branham can't come to us, but we can go to meet him. I was instantly healed in his service in Miami, Florida, in 1948, and am still perfectly healed.

D. Starnes
Orange Lake, Fla.

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Beginning March 1 The Voice of Healing institutes a 24-hour prayer service. Any time of the day or night persons with a problem — spiritual . . . physical . . . financial — can call in and their request will be brought before the Prayer Band. The number is FR 4-7474 (Area Code 214). Remember, after 8:00 P.M. calls can be made from anywhere in the U. S. for only \$1.00 or less.



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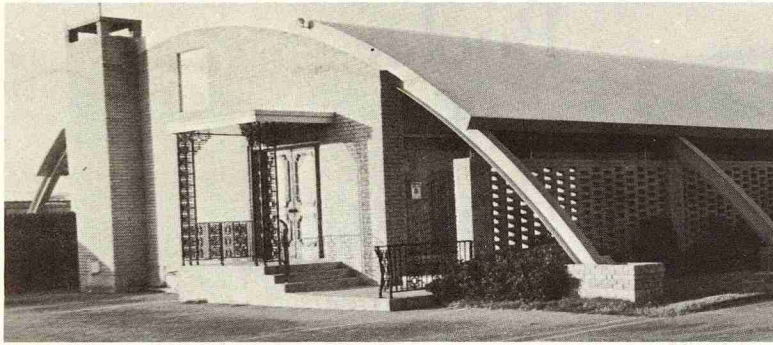
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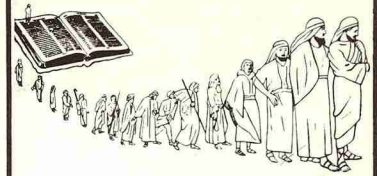
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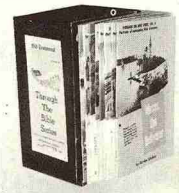
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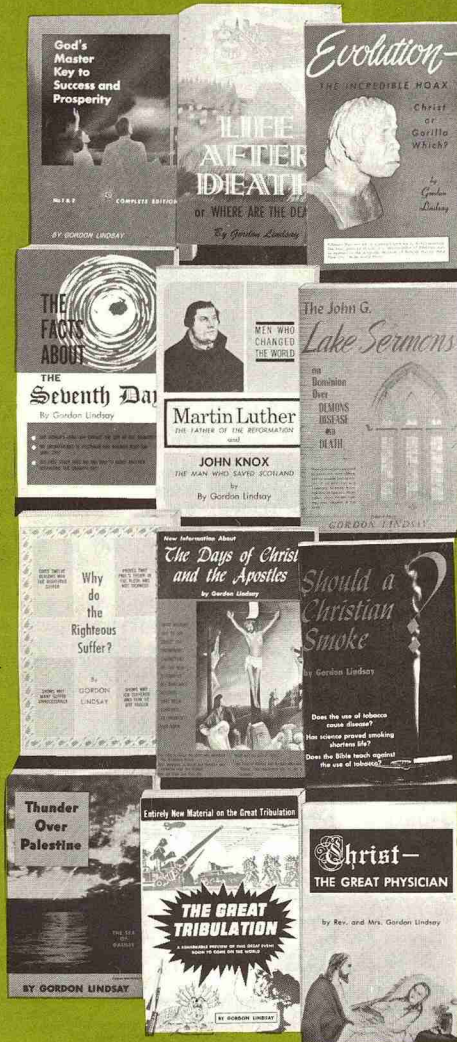
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