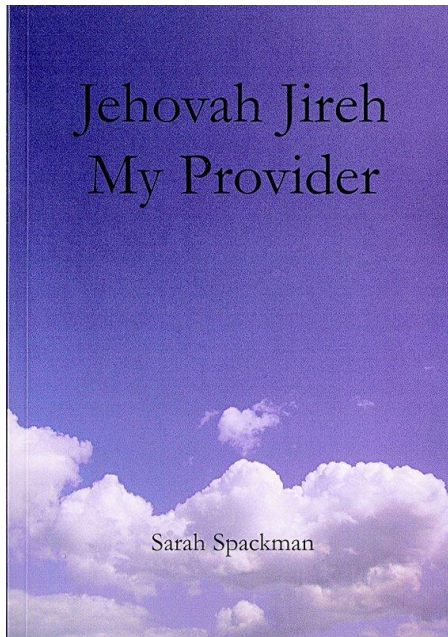


Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

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Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Dedication and Acknowledgments

I can only dedicate this book to my Father Jehovah who early one morning, two years ago, brought to my mind memories of my childhood and later years. I said, "Lord, why are you reminding me of all these things?" The Lord answered, "Write them down." I knew I would, and He would dictate to me every word.

So reader, all honour, glory and praise be to the one and only true God who will use all who will yield to His perfect will, and when you read this book, remember my attendance at school was very bad and so I came out with no qualifications.

God the Father through Jesus the Son made the difference in my life. He is *"Altogether lovely,"* He is *"The fairest of the fair,"* and on Him alone through life I can depend. Oh, all language fails completely when I try to tell the world of the loveliness of Christ my Lord and friend.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Introduction

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths. Proverbs 3: 5-6

Let me reminisce of blessing stored within my memory.

Let me reminisce forgetting not His benefits to me.

Let me now recall the stories of His love restore my soul.

Let me reminisce the wonder of it all.

In 1961, after deep radiation treatment for cancer, I was to have surgery which would prolong my life for two years. Without surgery I had two to three months to live. On God's instructions I refused the surgery.

My mother, an unbeliever at that time, was very distressed and unable to sleep. I asked the Lord for a word of comfort for her, He gave me Psalm 118: 17, *"I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord. "*

These are the days of declaration for the testimony of His marvellous works in a vessel of clay, in whom the Holy Spirit lives, encouraging and sustaining every day.

Amen and Amen

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

The Early Years

Dear reader, let me tell you the story of my life under the grace of a mighty God.

The year was 1933 and I was eleven years old. I'd had a lot of pleasant memories and quite a lot of sad ones. Revival came to Liverpool through an evangelist, Edward Jeffreys. It was a time of awesome wonder to me even though I was just a little girl. Every night I saw crippled, blind people, even cancer victims healed by the mighty power of God. One miracle stands out in my memory, I saw a woman with a huge goitre in her throat, and as the man of God laid his hands on her, I saw that thing disappear instantly. The gospel seed was sown in my young heart.

On March 9, 1934, about six months after the tent crusade, I had gone home from school for lunch. My brother Ronnie, who was four years old, was playing outside. I heard him scream out "Mammy", and I knew he was hurt, I ran out ahead of my mum to see what was wrong. I won't go into detail, but I knew he was dead.

I lived in a street between two main roads near to the docks in Bootie, Liverpool. We lived in the end house of a block of terraced houses, in 74 Southey Street. Immediately around the corner was a bakery. The rear door of my mother's house faced the rear door of the bakery. In between was a wide entry for vehicles to deliver goods to the shops. A lorry was delivering flour to the bakery through the side entrance and had parked a yard or so from our front door.

Ronnie was playing marbles in the gutter outside the house. The second man didn't notice Ronnie playing and therefore couldn't warn the driver who accidentally backed up into Ronnie, killing him outright. My next memory was of my mum cradling Ronnie in her arms. My heart was torn in two; my Mam's grief was so intense she forgot the rest of the family. I needed someone to comfort me, but only some things remain in my memory. I remember looking into the small coffin in our front room and saying to myself, "Jesus can raise you from the dead." I had not forgotten the miracles I had seen the year before.

The seed sown was truly alive in my heart, glory to God. In the months to follow there were many things etched in my memory, but it is sufficient to tell you only those memories which glorify God.

On August 9, 1934, my brother Raymond was born. Going into the hospital to give birth, my mum said to me, "Don't forget Ronnie's birthday, hail rain or snow, take those flowers to his grave."

A few days later, I travelled to the cemetery with the flowers. I had to find grave number 2127. I walked along the path in the cemetery, with thunder and lightening overhead, pouring rain started to beat down. I didn't know what to do, or how to find my brother's grave and had nobody to help.

Suddenly, a man carrying a big umbrella was by my side; he didn't say a word but just guided me straight to the grave, shielding me from the rain. As we approached the grave, the rain lessened and I took the flower vase to the tap I could see just yards away. As I filled the vase I turned to go back to

the grave, the man was gone. Even though I could see for a good distance at every angle, I couldn't see him, he was gone. I told my grandmother about the incident, she said, "Sarah you must have been dreaming." But how could I have got mud on my socks in a dream? No, that was never a dream; my recollection is too vivid and has remained so, over 73 years. Jehovah Jireh - My Provider.

Three years passed with my mum never regaining her full health. She was now very ill and needed an operation. My father was told her chances of coming through were fifty-fifty. The night before the operation my father took me to visit her. I was in a distressed state but didn't let my parents see. I walked home from the hospital not seeing where I was walking, until I realised we had reached our front door. I had prayed all the way home.

The next morning I had to be in work at 8am. I had a job in the British American Tobacco Factory. That morning my machine had broken down, and I was sitting waiting for a mechanic. A lady was sitting nearby at her machine; she was a quiet woman, who kept herself to herself. She had obviously observed me as she turned to me and said, "You look as though you have the troubles of the world on your young shoulders, would you like to tell me about it?" I couldn't hold back the tears as I told her, "I think my mum is about to die." I explained to her I had three brothers and one sister, all younger than myself, and the responsibility of caring for them would be mine, should anything happen to her, as my dad would have to go to work.

Nellie, that was the lady's name, began to minister to me telling me to "put your trust in Jesus". She prayed for me and my family and my mother's healing. Then she taught me a little chorus,

*Trust in the Lord and don't despair,
For He is a friend so true,
No matter what your troubles are,
Jesus will see you through.*

From 15 years of age to today at 86 years, that chorus has lived with me, comforting me in all my troubles, glory to Jesus. I went to visit my mother that night, she was sitting up in bed, completely healed. Praise Him! He was following me, showing me He cared.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you," 1 Peter 5:7.

The seed was being watered. Prayer was going up for me, Praise God!

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Twenty long years were to pass before I was finally saved. I was married, I was a deep dyed sinner, but still He kept on loving me, supplying all my needs, when I was most desperate.

Let me share with you some of God's blessings during those twenty years.

I had an elderly adopted uncle, Nathan, he was a widower who lived on his own. During Christmas of 1942 England was at war with Germany, food and soap etc. were rationed. Uncle Nathan had been admitted into hospital. My husband and I decided we would share our meagre rations with uncle. I made up a little parcel of goodies which included homemade fruit cake, chocolate, an orange, a block of soap etc. This deed of love was much appreciated and never forgotten by uncle.

Shortly after coming out of hospital he was admitted into a residential home, especially for old seamen called the Mariners Home. This was in a seaside town Wallasey, over the other side of the River Mersey. Our visits to uncle were restricted to twice each month as we could not afford to travel anymore than this.

My rent at that time was eleven shillings per week, and on one occasion I owed two weeks rent. The children badly needed shoes and other items of clothing. One morning the postman arrived with a letter, which when I opened up, found to contain £20 from uncle. Indeed this was a small fortune in that time, I believe it was God's prompting to provide for the children's needs.

"His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he cares for me. "

God used uncle many times over the next few years to provide the needs of my family, right up until the day he died, even then uncle bequeathed his insurance policy to me. The money he had in his bank was claimed by the home but the £42 insurance money was another Godsend to me. It was wintertime and I was able to buy warm clothes and shoes for the children. Once again the Lord had blessed me beyond measure. Jehovah Jireh - My Provider.

King David said in Psalm 37:25, *"I have been young, and now I am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."* I was His before the foundation of the world. His righteous love was upon me.

I used to shop in a local fruit and vegetable shop, just along the road where I lived. The manageress would take the bruised apples and set them aside for me, oranges not quite so fresh, and ripened bananas, were all made provision for my children.

The butcher's shop was owned by Mr Frankland. He would often say, "Mrs Spack, I have a shoulder of lamb that has gone a little dry, you can have it half price."

The Lord also gave me the ability to bake good cakes. My young son Peter would say, "Mam, make us a cake with a face," (eyes, nose and mouth).

This wonderful God also quickened my mind to knit and to sew, things I had been unable to master at school. Woollen cardigans and pullovers were knitted. Dresses were sewn, school uniforms etc. For a while, all were hand made until some kind person gave me an old fashioned treadle sewing

machine. All God sent needs. There came a time when my two boys, Peter and James, had worn the backsides out of their short legged trousers, and I couldn't afford to replace them. I was thinking how could I patch them? I didn't have anything to patch them with. A bright idea flashed into my mind, I know now, it was from the Lord, my everlasting friend looking after my children. My husband had a very good Crombie overcoat, which was a present from his aunt. And there it was hanging disgustingly from a nail on my living room door, where he insisted it should be. Down it came, one pair of trousers taken apart, and paper pattern cut out. An old sheet worn beyond use was cut up for the lining. By midnight I had two lovely pairs of trousers made, what to my mind was perfection. God is a God of perfection, and *"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."*

Just to make you laugh, I'll tell you what I did next. I hung what remained of the coat, the shoulders and collar, back onto the nail. When Jim came home after a drink or two too much, he thought he was hallucinating. "What happened to my coat?" he asked, and I held the trousers up, "That's what happened." And he didn't say a word, "God closed the mouth of the lion, hallelujah."

Back to the shops. This time, the sweets and tobacco shop, owned by Mrs Right. It was my husband's habit on his way to work to call in the shop and buy his cigarettes.

One morning, there were no customers and no one in attendance at the shop. Mrs Right had gone upstairs in answer to her sick husband's call for help. There on the counter, was a bundle of notes, £200 as Jim later found out. Jim picked the money up and waited; Mrs Right came down to serve him. "Did you miss anything?" Jim asked.

"No, should I?" she replied.

"Well, what's this?" he said, handing over the money.

Mrs Right was astounded at his honesty, but I know, it wasn't his honesty, but a holy restraint upon him to work out another plan and purpose for my family's benefit. Every morning after this, there would be a glass of milk and a small glass of wine, to start his day well from Mrs Right. Money was always short, and it was getting near to Christmas. I was putting what I could afford every week in this same shop. Christmas Eve, I went to collect my goods and was told to "wait a while, while I finish serving this customer." Mrs Right had to go upstairs for my parcel. To my surprise, she came back with a rather large box of goods. Sitting on the top was a toy stork and a small doll sitting on its back, holding onto blue ribbon reins.

"That isn't mine, you have made a mistake," I said.

She replied, "Let me tell you, your little girl Eileen, has been coming here every night from school, gazing on that doll for weeks. I've kept it for her, and if you are so bothered pay me back at three pence per week."

That stork was the highlight of the dinner table, the bottom of the stork opened up, it was filled with small but very good presents, one being a whistle shaped like the liner the Queen Mary. Sometimes a light surprises the Christian on his way, but I wasn't a Christian at that time, nevertheless, I recognised the goodness of God. Jehovah Jireh.

Coming now nearly to the end of the twenty years. I had a part-time job, cleaning in a sanatorium for TB patients. I was on cloud nine with joy. I was able to do so much more for my children, they were in school, had school dinners, and I was home at three thirty. They were in school until 4 o'clock, plenty of time for me to cook a good dinner. Give thanks with a grateful heart. I still wasn't saved, but I knew that the Lord was my best friend. That seed sown many years before was still there waiting to spring up into eternal life.

I loved my job, the ward I was appointed to was filled with young people, only a few older ones. There was a piano in the ward and when I finished early, although I couldn't read music I could play my style and all the popular songs. Patients and I had lots of fun till one day a patient came on the ward, she was about thirty years of age. She professed to being a Christian and had the most beautiful singing voice. She would sing lots of old hymns and I would stop to listen, being stirred within, trying to grasp something I didn't understand. This person was also a bad trouble-maker, often upsetting the young people, till one day I lost my temper and told her if ever I become a Christian, I would be one, and not a hypocrite.

This incident happened about September 1957. At that time I was about five months pregnant and worried sick at the prospect of leaving my job and going back to the breadline. A few weeks later, I did leave my job, but because of the worry, my health suffered. It took me all my strength to look after the children's needs, till one day my next-door-neighbour passed me a magazine to read (The Woman's Own). I read a little of it but noticed an advert in it. There was a serial story to start in the next issue called The Day Christ Died. I felt I had to read that, so ordered the magazine, which cost four and a half pence per week. Praise God, it was the best spent four and a half pence ever.

The story told was by a man called Jim Bishop, an American author. He had gone out to Israel, wanting to know just how the saviour had died. He told of the trumped up trial, the dreadful scourging, the torturous walk to the cross. Every detail was told over a number of weeks. The Holy Spirit was dealing with me day by day. At one point in the story, a picture was shown of Jesus standing in front of Pilate. His precious hands tied behind His back, His disciples had fled and left Him. At that point, the Holy Spirit broke me. I wept buckets of tears and cried out, "Oh God, if this is true then I am sorry for all my sins, I am sorry for the way I am rearing my children. A silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear, nor can a leopard change his spots, but if you are God then you can change me, make me a lady and forgive me."

In a flash I was a new person, I was in Christ, but still very ignorant of God's ways, but the Holy Spirit began to lead me into all truth. From that day on I wanted everybody I knew to know that this great God was real. His only son had died for our sins that we might go to heaven. So I earned the name of "religious maniac."

On January 24, 1958, I started in labour and sent for the midwife, as I was to have the baby at home. However, complications set in and a doctor was sent for, he ordered an ambulance to take me to the hospital. I could hear the doctor talking outside the bedroom door and I heard Jim say, "Can't she stay at home?" He was probably worried for the six children being left behind. The doctor replied, "I can't risk her life."

From that moment I began to pray "God spare me for my children." He put right what was wrong and delivered me a beautiful baby girl, seven pounds two ounces.

I was to be discharged from hospital on February 3. Friday night Jim came into the hospital with mine and the baby's clothes. Among the baby clothes were two beautiful cashmere suits, similar to the snow suits of today. "Where did you get these," I asked?

He replied, "Twinkle Toes, (a dock labourer's nickname), he gave them to me."

They were articles a Liverpudlian would describe as "knockoff" or stolen. I didn't say a word but I knew I could never use them.

On Saturday morning when I got home, the family were delighted with their little sister. Saturday night came, the children were in bed, and Jim had gone out. I decided to have a burnt offering to the Lord. How could I dishonour Him by using the cursed things? Later on when Jim arrived home, I told him what I had done. From that day on he would never accept stolen articles.

The sanctified wife sanctified the unbelieving husband. Praise God for redeeming grace!

Soon after coming home I developed an infection and was very sick. *"All things work together for good. to them that love the Lord."* God was using this situation to show me how to obtain healing in the name of Jesus. I was sitting in my front room when I heard water pouring from somewhere. I rushed out of the room, water was coming down the stairs and from my living room ceiling. What had happened was we had a toilet that didn't flush (bad landlord), and so we had to keep the old fashioned bath, with no overflow, filled with water and a bucket to flush the loo. Someone had left the bath tap running. I pulled out the plug and proceeded to mop up the mess. It was hard work. By the time the children came home at 4 o'clock, all was mopped and cleaned up and I was completely healed. It taught me,

*I take Him for this mortal frame,
I take my healing through His name,
And all His risen life I claim,
I take. He undertakes.*

Hymn 491 Redemption Hymnal

I had planned to have Christine christened in the local Church of England, but for various reasons didn't feel it was the right thing to do. My Christian friend Ethel, who lived next door, came to see how I was feeling. I told her of my misgivings, having the child baptised. She explained the thing to do was to dedicate the baby to God. She arranged for her pastor, Mr Lawson, to come and see me, and arranged a dedication for the following Sunday. What an experience, I felt like Hannah giving her child back to God. From then on the child was showered with gifts, blankets, clothes etc. God's reward for the burnt offering. The following Sunday, by God's grace, I was able to go to the evening service, the speaker was a Welsh man, Mr Idris Davies. At the end of his message he made an appeal if anyone would like to follow Jesus. My heart was full to the brim. I went out to the front, and then the counselling room. That night I waited for my husband to come home, I told him, "I gave my life to Jesus tonight."

He replied, "You did that months ago, you are a changed woman." To God be the glory!

My song of praise to God:

*Lord this is my song, a song of praise to thee,
A love born melody, in Heaven's harmony,
I cannot be silent; I'll sing it all life through,
Because of Calvary, Lord this is my song.*

I couldn't be silent, I was free from sin. I knew I had a Father that loved me, who would keep on supplying all my needs materially and spiritually - my Jehovah Jireh.

I began to tell everybody about this wonderful God including my mother and father and so earned the name "religious maniac." I prayed, "God, no one believes me, what shall I do?" My Lord answered me with a vision. I saw John on the Island of Patmos. As he saw the complete church I thought He saw me - I was there. I could hardly breathe at the revelation. I said, "Lord he saw me." The Lord replied, "He saw all you are praying for." From then on I have never doubted one prayer would be lost. In fact He has given me the privilege of leading each one of my family members to Himself. I also asked that He would give me a soul from my mother's side of the family, and one on my dad's side. He graciously answered me by giving me my mother's sister Mary and my Dad's father, Charlie.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Let me recite to you the **two wonderful stories** of their conversion to Christ Jesus.

My grandfather was eighty six at the time, I had not seen him for many years but knew he visited my parents every Sunday morning. I felt compelled to visit him on my way home from church. I arrived at my parent's home feeling very nervous knowing my mum would not be pleased to see me. I looked at my grandfather and said, "Just the man I want to see." He replied, "To what do I owe the honour?" In my nervous state I blurted out, "Well, you have one foot in the grave and if you put the other one in you will go to hell! I have to tell you about Jesus." He was so shocked he just sat and listened as I told him what God had done for me. I had some tracts in my pocket and I gave them to him telling him to read them. He said, "I will keep them forever." At this I asked him if he would like Jesus to save him. He replied, "I would." I took him into my mother's front room and began to tell him what to pray. All I said was, "Lord Jesus, I know I'm a sinner." He said, "Oh God, I know I'm a sinner," then crying bitterly he finished off the prayer himself asking God to forgive him. I almost felt his load of sin lift and he was free. For ten years after this he attended church with me and the children every Sunday. When the minister would exalt Jesus grandfather would look up put his hand to his head and salute the Lord with "thank you, sir." Sadly, the Sunday I told him Eileen had been killed he didn't answer a word but went home and had a stroke. Later when I visited him in hospital he didn't know me, but kept repeating "Praise the Lord."

Grandfather was dead to the world but alive unto God. Hallelujah.

Aunt Mary's Testimony

There was a campaign being held in Central Hall in Liverpool led by an American evangelist called Tony Johnson. I went to see my Aunt Mary to invite her to the meeting. I arrived at her home to see a very sad, sick, old lady; she was suffering from arthritis and thrombosis in her leg. Her husband, a prominent freemason, had died leaving her a lot of money. She had found a lot of drinking friends and had shared a lot of her inheritance with her four married children. I began sharing my experiences of how Jesus had completely changed my life. As I talked with her she said, "You have brought the Spirit of God into my home." I asked her to meet me at Central Hall that night and told her she would be healed of her illnesses. She promised she would and arrived that night in a taxi. Aunt Mary, myself and my eldest daughter Lydia went into the meeting where the power of God could be felt. When the appeal was made my aunt's and Lydia's hands went up simultaneously, they went to the front and then to the counselling room. Aunt Mary missed the line for healing of the body as she was in the counselling room. However later when we were together again to my joy God had not only saved my aunt but had healed her body completely. Words fail when we try to tell the Lord how our hearts burn with love for Him. Later, my aunt found a cleaning job and was amazed that she could now kneel. She said at times tears of joy would fall into the bucket of water she was using. I have to make these stories brief as I have so much to tell. Lydia's testimony will come later.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Sunday November 30, 2008, I was talking to my prayer partner from Wales on the telephone. I was telling him about how I used to talk to the children about Jesus when they were small and some of the quaint things they would say. As usual Ray said, "Put it in the book, write a chapter just on the kids, people will love it."

So here it is "**my kids**" several little stories.

One day I had all the children sitting around me telling them how wonderful Jesus is and how He loves everyone even though they do bad things. They were asking me lots of questions, one of them asked me, "What do you think Jesus would say about us all talking about Him?" "Oh," I replied, "He will probably say, 'Father, just listen to those little scallywag Spackmans, all talking about me' and the Father will say, 'We will remember that, just write it down in the book'."

The very next day, Sunday afternoon, a young man, John Copeland, paid me a visit. He knew nothing about my conversation but began to give me a little exhortation from Malachi 3: 16-17, *"Then they that feared the Lord spoke often of him one to another. And the Lord harkened and heard it and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his Name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spares his own son that serveth him."* At that time, I was a young Christian and had no idea that scripture was in the book, I was blessed.

Another school day we were having our morning lesson 1 Thessalonians 4: 13-17. The two youngest children had left for school (we lived four doors away from the school). They must have reached the school gate when Philip, five years old came back home to ask me, "Mum, you said we would go up in the twinkling of an eye, will we pass the galaxy?" "Well yes I suppose so." "Oh good," said young Phil, "I'll ask Him to slow down so I can have a look around."

One day I had taken the children to a seaside town called Morecombe, it was a warm day but the sky was overcast and dark. I was sitting on the jetty wall with other people all around, the children were playing at our feet when suddenly a shaft of brilliant light shone down. Philip shouted to me, "Mum, someone has left the door open in heaven!" Praise God, heaven was real to him as it was to the rest of the children.

Proverbs 22:6 *"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."* Phil is not a saved man, he has five beautiful girls and a good wife, Lynda. He lives for his family but not for God. But I am assured of his salvation. Praise God!

This story will touch your heart.

Phil had a little kitten and used to carry it around with him, singing, "Go to sleep my baby." One day he was walking up and down by the back door with his kitten when a big boy took the kitten by its tail and bashed it against the wall. Phil ran into the house screaming for me to help. When I got outside the poor little thing was staggering on its legs and blood was coming from its mouth and

nose. I picked it up in a towel and took it into the house. I said, "Phil, God can heal your kitten, let's pray." We both prayed and in a couple of minutes, the healing was complete and one happy little boy watched his kitten playing about on his bed. One day soon he will read this book and I pray God stirs his memory and he will tell his little ones how good God has been to him.

This is a wonderful story of three young children, Christine, Philip and Faith witnessing for Jesus. They used to visit an old lady, Maggie, and her son Jack, they were always welcomed. One day they called and Jack told them to call another day as his mum was very sick. The children insisted on being allowed in the house in order to pray for their friend Maggie and in they went. Maggie, who I had never met before, sent for me to come and see her. I did go and this is what she told me, "I was so ill, I had seen the doctor and was given medication but was not getting any better. However I had three little visitors who each lay their little hands on my body and prayed God would make me better then quietly left. Within minutes I began to vomit and vomit and afterwards I felt completely well. I just want to say thank you for your children." God's word says, *"a little child shall lead."* What an amazing God!

My fourth child, Robina, Bobbie for short, was saved when she was about ten years old and became my second pair of hands, and still is today at nearly sixty one years of age. She never fails me, the Lord bless her.

The race had begun and by His grace, the victory was won. The Lord reminded me to tell this testimony. When baby Christine was about 15 months old, she badly burned her right thumb. I was kneeling on the floor, dusting the ash from the bars of the fire. I turned my head for some reason, and in that moment, Chris touched the red hot bar of the fire. To this day I don't know how it happened, I only know she was screaming in pain.

I applied burn lotion called Acra Flaven praying God would take the pain away and let her sleep. God answered that prayer and I had no problem with her. I left the bandage on for two days. As it was getting dirty, I thought I'd better change it, but was timid to do so. However, I soaked the thumb in liquid paraffin and began to remove the bandage. The last inch or so just fell away to reveal a perfect healing. The Lord "Jehovah Rophe -- The Lord that healeth thee." Praise Him from whom all blessings flow!

At the time of Christine's birth, one of my sons, James, 12 years old, was suffering from perforated ear drums and had to attend hospital on a regular basis for treatment. A covering of some kind was placed over each ear drum, giving him relief from pain, but he couldn't go swimming etc, or else the pain was back. One night going up to bed, I could hear James crying. Going into the bedroom, I saw he was kneeling on the bed with his head on the pillow. I told him, "Come into my bed and I'll pray for you." Once in the bed I asked him, "Do you believe Jesus can heal you'?" "Yes mam." Lying beside him, and placing my hands on his ears, I asked the Lord to heal him. In minutes, he was fast asleep, never to suffer pain again. Three years later, he was being examined by the school doctor. James asked him, "Is anything wrong with my ears'?" The doctor replied, "Your ears are perfect."

Years later, James married a young woman who later gave birth to a little boy 15 weeks premature, weighing one pound 12 ounces and he wasn't expected to live. James phoned me from Nottingham, where he lived, I knew he wanted me to pray for the child but was reluctant to ask because he was very backslidden and still is to this day. I did pray, and as I did, I saw in the spirit, a man's hand with a cloth over it, and a tiny naked baby resting on the palm of the hand. Prayer was being received and answered immediately.

*He's got the tiny little baby in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.*

Today that baby is a man, 41 years old, not saved, but his name is on the register from the beginning of creation.

"But the mercy of the lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him and his righteousness unto the children's children." Psalm 103:17. Praise God.

God has reminded me of a family who lived in the next road to me. Their back door faced my back door. They were the Cleary family. One day one of the Cleary boys came to my kitchen door and asked me if I had any ointment for burns. I didn't but I had some bicarbonate of soda to mix into a paste with water to treat minor burns. I accompanied the boy back to his home and was horrified to find the two year old boy badly burned. He had pulled a pot of tea over himself, his face, arms, and part of his body were badly burned. I rested him on my lap and began to pray with all my heart for God to heal him. I kept on praying then realized everything was quiet, I opened my eyes, the mother Betty was crying, the baby was fast asleep, perfectly healed. All glory to God.

At this point in the testimony I am thinking this story reads as if I never have a problem. Let me tell you, I have had many, worst of all, I have grieved God so many times. I can truly tell my Lord,

*Lord I loathe myself and sin,
Enter now and make me clean,
Make my heart just like thine own,
Come Lord, take thy throne.*

Hymn 592, Redemption Hymnal.

"Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness," Romans 3:6.

"Elias was a man subject to like passions, as we are." God did mighty things through this man's believing prayer, read John 14:12-15. James 5: 17. Only believe. Amen.

I am a Christian just like you dear reader, nothing more.

You remember me telling you of Nellie praying for my mother's healing? Twenty years later, when the Lord graciously saved me, I began to think back and remember Nellie and her witness to me. I longed to tell her how God had wonderfully answered her prayers, but I hadn't a clue how to find her. However I was attending a Christian rally in the town centre of Liverpool. At the close of the meeting, a lady spotted me in the crowd, made her way to me, and asked, "are you Eileen Irwin," (my maiden name), "Sarah Eileen Irwin?"

To cut the story short, she was one of Nellie's five sisters, all saved at the Jeffery's tent campaign in Liverpool, 1933. So I was able to get her address and finally write Nellie a letter telling her all that the Lord had done for me. I received a letter back and this is what she told me, "I have never ever spoken in church, not even to testify, but have been persuaded to give a little word at the women's meeting." God gave her a verse in Ecclesiastes 11:11 *"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shall find it after many days."* She said her mind was blank until the day she was to speak, and my testimony arrived in the morning post. God's timing is perfect. Praise Him.

"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over," Luke 6:38.

Just around the corner from where I lived there was a mission hall. I used to attend on a Monday night. This particular night an elderly lady was the speaker. She started off by thanking the people for a harvest festival parcel she had received, telling how she explained to her blind sister all the goodies provided for them, her blind sister said, "Let us give thanks to our dear Father, for His goodness to us."

Tears were tripping me but at the end of the meeting no one offered her a lift. She lived quite a distance and there was no bus route, so I walked her home in the drizzling rain and arrived home soaking wet. I explained to the children where I had been and all about the two old ladies. Peter, who worked as an order boy for a grocer's shop said, "Let's get them a bumper parcel for Christmas, I'll give you two shillings a week out of my tips." James promised six pence a week out of his shilling. Each one of the children contributed without fail each week. Jim came home that night, kids all excited about their little plan, explaining every detail. Well, dad had had a few drinks, and feeling generous threw a half a crown on the table promising his portion each week.

Christmas week I ordered a shoulder of lamb and a small chicken from one of my local butcher's. Peter Lewis, the owner of the shop, said, "A small chicken wouldn't be enough for your family."

Not realising you don't tell your left hand what your right hand is doing, I told him our exciting story. Christmas Eve came, I went to collect my order, I was told by Peter, "The chicken is a gift from me to the old ladies." Then my son Peter put the hamper together and we started out to the home of the two old ladies. The joy we shared together was wonderful, the excitement as one told the other all the items of food. Chicken, bacon, eggs, Christmas pudding, Christmas cake, biscuits, mince pies, tea, sugar, fresh fruit, tinned fruit, and a box of chocolates from the youngest children, plus £1--10 shillings for three bags of coal. Surely our Father put it right when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I was on cloud nine that God gave us the pleasure to give in His name. These two dear souls lived in poverty; they had an old fire place that threw out billows of smoke, hurting the blind woman. I was told the landlord had tried to repair the thing but gave up trying. "Right," said I, "Let's take the problem to our Father He will get it done." And so to battle, knowing our God never

fails. Six weeks later on one of my visits to see them, to my joy there was a lovely tiled grate fitted into the fire place, now the room needed decorating. Jim generously provided the wallpaper and James and I took on the job of decorating. James whitened the ceiling and I hung the paper. The dingy old room was transformed. Praise God. The two old ladies were so happy.

I don't quite remember where this story fits in, however, here it is. Two of my friends, Ena and Peg, would come to my home every Monday afternoon to pray. We had to use the living room as the front room was empty, except for the children's junk. Often we would have interruptions in our time with God, so I prayed Lord, help me make this spare room a prayer room, I need some furniture. The very next day my mother paid me a visit, she told me she was going to refurnish her front room and I could have the old furniture, light fittings, and carpet. The only problem was, I had dry rot in the big bedroom and one night while the girls were sleeping, the leg of the old fashioned bed came right through the ceiling. The old war horse, my mother, got onto the landlord and threatened him saying she was going to see a solicitor. He was down quite sharp after that, he put new floor boards in and completed a load of repairs, our God does nothing by half measures. I had a big, ugly, old fashioned grate in that room and at that time my son James had his first job as a labourer and was working with a crew in a new bungalow. The owner, a lady, took one look at the fireplace in the bungalow, "Take that out, I'll choose another one," she said. Cheeky James piped up, "That would fit fine in my mum's front room." And she said, "You can have it son." Well it was delivered to my home and the question arose, "Who's going to fit it in?"

James said, "I can do it Mam, I've watched the men fit them."

At fifteen years old, he took the old grate out, fitted the new one, and plastered up the gaps to perfection. But who guided his hands?

During this time I was booked to sing at an Apostolic church in Warrington. A woman gave her testimony as to how God supplied her with a coffee percolator. I was disgusted. The Lord said, "You testify what I have done for you." I didn't want to tell others the state of my house (pride which I had to swallow). I got up to sing and I had to tell the congregation I had a testimony. When I finished speaking, every person was standing praising God. How could I think of robbing the Lord of praise? It's good to obey.

The meeting over, I was making my way out when a lady, a pastor's wife I had not met before, came to me and shook my hand. She said, "You didn't mention curtains for that room, so the Lord instructed me to supply the curtains." When God tells us to do something He always has a blessing in store,

*Trust and obey, for there is no other way,
To be happy in Jesus, than to trust and obey.*

Another memory: I used to make children's tracts for Africa etc. I would collect suitable birthday and Christmas cards. I had a small guillotine to cut the cards the same size as the tract which had three stripes, one black, one white and one gold with a scripture on each, pointing the way of salvation. I helped in this work for a man, a faith missionary named Sid Harrison, who in return would find ways of helping me. At this time there was to be a jumble sale at the girls' school, I let the teachers know I needed shoes for the girls. In due time I received a pair of shoes for Bobbie, my daughter, Norvic Kilty brand you couldn't wear them out, and a pair of Clarks shoes for Eileen plus a pair of sandals that cost five shillings. At that point Bobbie asked me for a pair of canvas dancing shoes to which I replied, "Be grateful for what you've got." That same week, Saturday, my friend Sid paid me a visit with more tracts. He also brought a large old fashioned tea chest full of expensive clothes saying, "Sort out what you need, and if you can make use of them all, then you're welcome." There was two or three sets of clothing each for the girls, from underwear to cardigans. For the boys, school blazers, shirts, pullovers, trousers, shoes and tennis shoes. Also everything a baby girl would need including a pair of hand made, leather shoes. Who could put together a big chest full of clothes to fit seven children to perfection? Only a loving, caring Father who said, *"I will supply all your needs according to my riches in glory."* Amen. Jehovah Jireh. Oh, by the way, at the bottom of the chest was a pair of green canvas dancing shoes. It seemed the Lord said, "Why can't the child have the dancing shoes?" What a bountiful God we serve. Glory to His name.

Another time God told me to send all the money I had to Sid. I had ten shillings (there were twenty shillings to the pound in those days) I knew I would have to have two pennies for the bus fare for Bobbie to take the money to Sid. I also needed four pennies for the gas meter, (we had no electricity). I wrote a note explaining the strange amount I was sending, nine shillings and six pence. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter back saying, "God bless you for your willingness to give out of your penury, we have received another gift today and the Lord told me to give you the tithe of it, one pound ten shillings." That was two hundred per cent more than I had given! Only His Majesty could arrange a transaction like that. It pays to obey God even though the obedience seems very costly. God knows what He is doing His way is perfect. I love this little chorus.

*I want God's way to be my way as I journey here below,
For there is no other highway that a child of God should go,
Though the way be steep and rough if He leads me that's enough,
I want God's way to be my way every day.*

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Coming now to **one of my biggest trials**; but one of great glory.

My fifth child Eileen, a true witness for the Lord Jesus Christ, was saved at ten years old. I arrived home from church one night, Eileen and Kerri were waiting for me, kneeling on the bed they shared. They told me they had been talking about Jesus and both wanted to be saved. I had a talk with them and then led them to the Lord, but felt a bit uneasy about what I had done. However the Lord satisfied my mind as the following Sunday coming home from Sunday school, they both received a little text card. The reading on Eileen's card was, "*They that seek me early will find me.*" I was delightfully thankful to the God of all grace. Eileen became very zealous, even making little tracts to give out to everyone she met. I remember one night Peter seemed to be really ill. He suffered a lot with bronchitis. This particular night his breathing was labourious, he suddenly said, "Did you pray for me mam?" It was Eileen upstairs praying for him, and he was completely healed from the discomfort. "*A little child shall lead.*"

The school Eileen and Kerri attended was just a few doors away from where we lived. One day, the lollipop man came to the house, his name was Mr Simcott. He said to me, "I hear your girls can't go on the school outing to the zoo." I didn't even know at that point that there was going to be a school outing because they wouldn't ask me for things they knew I couldn't afford. The man went on to say, "I sit in the school yard every day to eat my lunch; your girls come and tell me about Jesus. I'm an atheist, but if I ever believe, it will be because Eileen reads to me out of her Bible." Then he said, "I have more money than I need, so I would like to pay for the girls to go on the school outing. You would make an old man very happy if you would consent to me paying for them." So, not only was an old man happy, but two little girls were ecstatic. Some months after this, Eileen came home from school, very distressed and crying. Mr Simcott had committed suicide and all she could say was, "Mam, he's gone to hell." I told her, "Look I'm going to church tonight, I'll see what George says," George, being the elder in Bethshan Tabernacle in Liverpool. George did help wonderfully he asked me, "How had this man died?" I told him that he had drunk disinfectant.

"Well that's a slow, painful death," said George. "And don't you think the seed sown in his heart would have been brought to his memory? God would not let those seeds sown by a little child return unto him void. Tell her to dry her eyes and thank God her friend remembered all that she told him, and that he cried out to God in his last moments. Hallelujah."

About six months after this incident, Eileen had a dream. She woke up in the night crying, and Lydia, my eldest daughter, asked her why she was crying. She had dreamt she was in Mr McCay's car, (an estate car), and when passing this school, all the walls fell down and she felt herself going up to heaven, and as she looked down, only mum and dad were following her, and she thought all her brothers and sisters were left behind.

One week later, Saturday morning, working in the hospital, (my job I said about earlier) during my break time, I was reading John's Gospel. Suddenly I felt enveloped in the presence of God. The only place I could go to be private was the bathroom and there on my knees I felt that someone was rocking me to and fro. I tried to hold myself rigid, but this unseen power just gently relaxed me and kept on rocking me. Oh the wonder of His love. I went to church that night as there was something

special on. I told an old, visiting preacher about the experience I had that morning. He said, "Sister, that's a special anointing, for something you have to go through." We went into the assembly room, and the first hymn we sang was, "I want my life to be, all filled with praise to thee." I felt this power again, rocking me while I was standing worshipping the Lord, and while I sang, my little girl was passing into eternity. The meeting over and on our way home, Ena invited me into her home for a quick cup of tea - all in the Lord's plan. Ena went into the kitchen and one of her daughters followed her. I could hear them whispering, a very unusual thing in that home. The phone rang, it was for me, my boy James said, "Come home quick, there has been an accident. Eileen has been run over by a car, and my dad is with her in the hospital. Ena and I knelt to pray before going onto the hospital!" As we arrived there Jim was coming out, very distressed. "She's dead, she's dead," he said. I was calm, like I'd had an anaesthetic. "No Jim, Jesus has taken her home to be with Him, she is safe." Going into the ward I knew the sister and the staff nurse. This wasn't a children's hospital, so they were both very badly upset about what had happened. I looked at my little girl, knelt by her side touching her little body, still warm and prayed, "Lord Jesus, she's got there before me, I won't see her again for a little while, thank you for her salvation." Then I put my arms around the two night staff and prayed for their comfort. Death had lost its sting. Praise my soul, the King of Heaven.

My Aunt Mary took it upon herself to visit Eileen's school and to ask for her personal belongings from her desk. There were quite a number of tracts, home made, and her Bible. When I opened it, at the very first page, I was astonished to find she had rubbed out what I had written, "To Eileen, from mum and dad," and put these words instead "Jesus first," that broke me. She truly loved Jesus, God had done a wonderful work of grace in her young heart and took her home to glory. To those who truly believe, "death has lost its sting." Glory to Jesus. Then people saved and unsaved began to tell me how she witnessed to them. A woman, Mrs Dore, told me her husband John, was very ill at one time. She was just going into the grocery store, Eileen must have spotted her and waited for her to come out of the store. Then she ran over to her and put a piece of paper into her hand which read "Trust in the Lord".

On another occasion, one Sunday morning at church, a visitor came over to me. He told me he had been to a meeting the night before and heard a young woman testify as to how she got saved. Her young daughter belonged to a little group of children called the Young Warriors of WEC. The child had brought the magazine home containing Eileen's testimony anointed by the Holy Ghost. The Lord brought the woman to repentance and now she was testifying of the goodness of God. I could tell more testimonies, but sufficient to say, out of death comes life. It will be worth it all when we see Jesus.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

July 1966 - My Husband's Testimony

Jim attended the doctors feeling very unwell and was prescribed the usual antibiotics - the cure for all ills, or so the medics think. After a couple of days, he didn't want to get up. This was very unusual as he was a very active man. Second day in bed, I took him a bowl of water to have a wash down. When he took his pyjama top off I noticed quite a lot of bruising on his body. I called the doctor who immediately phoned the hospital for a consultant to come out and see Jim. The consultant came and after examining him he said, "I'll get you into hospital Mr Spackman" and phoned for an ambulance. Going down the stairs I said to the man, "My husband has a blood problem hasn't he?" He answered, "Well we'll just have to make a few tests."

I was very worried at first but took myself to prayer. Prayer changes things, praise God. Monday morning I was praying and fasting, then all glory to God, the assurance came. I knew in my spirit the Lord had healed him. I went into the front room with perfect peace and got on with decorating the walls.

In the afternoon I had a visitor, an old lady, Mrs Wright, a very wise godly woman used often in the gifts of the spirit. She told me, "The Lord has healed Jim." Visiting Jim that night, he was sitting up in bed, as large as life. He told me that morning one of the nursing staff gave him a bed bath, he was still covered with bruises. Early afternoon, another consultant came to examine him. When he took his pyjamas off, there wasn't a bruise in sight. The Lord had done it again. Jim was still unsaved but the Lord was working on him.

Many times God graciously healed Jim, even in his unsaved state. One notable miracle took place in the Bootle Dock yards. He was helping load a ship with sacks of grain, twenty tonnes. Jim was underneath, watching it going up when one of the chains suddenly snapped, and the whole twenty tonne landed on Jim. Everyone was stunned, thinking he was dead. But God took care of how those bags fell, just like cross swords over him, making a safe tunnel for him to crawl out, without a scratch. What a saviour.

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
And covers me there with his hand.*

The biggest miracle of all - Jim finally got saved. Peter had married Angie and was living in Scotland. Jim and I paid them a weekend visit. Sunday morning, with the exception of Jim, we attended the Apostolic Assembly. Jim went off looking for a local pub, but in those days in Scotland, pubs didn't open on a Sunday. Jim was furious and had to stand outside church and wait until the meeting was over. Talk about a nasty, horrible peeved man, I was chuckling to myself.

Sunday night, Peter and Angie had a ministry among the tramps of the city in a place called the Grass Market. First they would feed the poor souls, and then minister the word. I remember meeting some of the converts. However, Jim said he would like to go to the Apostolic church, so there we went. I was well known to the pastor Mr Williams, an ex-missionary. I had met him many times in Liverpool.

He asked me to testify, which I did. Then the pastor ministered the word, and at the close of the meeting, appealed for people to come to God. Jim got truly saved!

For many years our small missionary group had no assembly, I had to stand in the gap until 1978 the year Peter and Angela were living in Peterhead, Scotland, and were members of the New Hope Assembly. The Pastor, Simon Cameron, had arranged a convention inviting three American evangelists and Jim and I were invited to attend. Jim was unable to attend but myself and other members of the group attended. It was a wonderful time of blessing, Pastor Clendennen was outstanding and preached the way I believe. I can remember to this day thirty years later the sermons he preached.

They were entitled, The Bride Has Made Herself Ready, The Church is Going Home, and the third, Soldiers. For the next 25 years or so we fed on Pastor Clendennen's audio tape ministry.

Round about 1980, Jim and I managed to get a cheap flight to Atlanta. Peter and Angela had a ministry in Alabama and we were just in time to go to Texas to Pastor Clendennen's convention, an unforgettable experience. About the same year as the convention back in Alabama we met a very kind lady Dr Mary Ralph, who had a ministry among the very poor, delivering food parcels. She also had a huge warehouse where the poor would be provided with clothing and furniture. Each time Jim and I visited the USA, sometimes twice a year for at least three weeks, we would help in this work loving every minute. We came in contact with some very sad situations but it was wonderful to minister the love of God to them in word and deed, and see their faces light up because someone showed they cared for them. There was always a follow up and lives changed for the glory of God. Eternity will tell what glory the Saviour received from this excellent work of God.

We also had some funny encounters. Once we visited with a lady who was so blessed she wanted to give us a gift of money, we had to tell her everything from God was free. She then asked us to visit her friend who was bedridden, Martha told me to go on with the lady while she went back to the van for another food parcel. So off I went with the lady and followed her into the house and into the bedroom, where there were three huge black men, and beside the bed, a pile of dollar notes and lots of little brown packets. I was completely unaware of what was going on and introduced myself shaking hands with each one. Martha then arrived, she knew exactly what was going on, she delivered the parcel and asked me to pray which I did laying my hands on each one and asking God's blessing on each. The big men in turn gave me a bear hug and told me how glad they were to meet me!

On another occasion we rang the bell of a house, a man's voice answered on an intercom, "Who's there?" Martha did the usual introduction, the door opened and we were invited in and directed to the bedroom a few yards from the front door. Imagine our surprise to see a man sitting up in bed, pointing a shotgun at us. We gave him the food parcel, told him of the love of God and prayed God's blessing on him. He never for a moment put his gun down, however he thanked us and told us we could now leave, all in one piece, praise God.

Another door we rang the bell and a lady answered and her mouth was covered in blood, I thought to myself, "She has had all her teeth out" and sympathized with her. I couldn't understand what she mumbled. We prayed, gave her a food parcel and left. Martha by this time couldn't contain her

laughter any longer, she said, "Sarah she is chewing tobacco." I do believe the Lord was amused at my innocence don't you?

One more story. We rang the bell of our last call, there was no one at home. As we turned to go this raggedy elderly man came towards us, string in his worn out boots. I loved him at first sight. We explained who we were and what we were doing offering him a food parcel. He was more interested in our safety saying, "You shouldn't be here, it's not safe, go as quickly as you can out of here."

We insisted he take the food parcel and he stood watching us until we were safely in the van. I do hope and pray we see that precious soul in glory, I'm sure we will. God saw that kind heart and his concern for our safety, it was recorded in heaven. Thank you Lord.

Twenty years later, October 1998, Jim started passing what looked like tea, for over a month the doctor was prescribing, you've got it, antibiotics. After a month he was getting worse. Kerry, my daughter, phoned Jim's doctor and told him her father needed hospital treatment. He agreed to give her a note to go to the hospital the next day. He went to the hospital and he phoned me later in the afternoon to tell me they had found a tumour in his bladder. I was very upset, I said, "I'm on my way, don't worry darling." He was transferred into a ward and for ten days was witnessing to the other patients helping them whenever he could. The tenth day he told me he'd seen Jesus, and Jesus had said, "I'm taking you home." He was quite happy with this news from the Lord. Thursday, we were all there with him and noticed he had started slurring when he spoke, and his mouth had drooped to one side. My daughter informed the staff nurse and the ward doctor, and they took him for a brain scan. I was told he would not live the night out. He was placed in a little private room, and I had a little recliner chair beside him. We watched God perfect him, it was wonderful, but he was determined he wasn't going before he said goodbye to our two sons who were absent from the family, Peter in USA and James in Birmingham. James arrived Saturday morning and Peter arrived Saturday night. We all sang hymns together, Jim enjoyed every minute of it. A few hours before he died, my chair had been moved to the front of his bed. I could see his eyes becoming glazed and I asked him, "Can you see me?" the quick answer was, "You're as pretty as a picture." And I answered back, "And you're so handsome." The quick reply was "And you're telling lies."

The children went into his room, one by one to say their farewells and see you in glory. His little buddy, our grandson Tom, he was nine at the time, also said his goodbyes tearfully. He said, "See you in heaven granddad." And Jim replied, "I'll be waiting for you."

Jim lost consciousness after that and I was sitting beside him with my arm linked through his. As he breathed that last breath, he pulled his arm away from mine as much as to say, "I'm off home ... can't wait." The time, November 2, 6am, 1998. I was numb. after 57 years together, never in my life did I know what it was like to be in a house alone.

The funeral over, and everyone to their own homes, the door closed, curtains drawn, I could not explain the awful feeling of loneliness. Part of me had gone, or so I thought. I felt a strong feeling of being still with him, I had to ask the Lord why I imagined that, He showed me, "You can't see me, but I am ever with you, we are all one Spirit in God, I in God, and you in me." So I knew what it meant to

be in Christ in God. *"That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee. That they also maybe one in us,"* John 17: 21. Wonderful salvation, wonderful inheritance. I'm blessed beyond measure, full to the brim, *"My cup runneth over,"* all glory to Him.

About Tom, Jim's little buddy. When he was about five years old, his mum and dad, myself and Jim were visiting Peter and Angie in the USA. I had a bad infection of thrush in my mouth. Jim was telling Peter about it, not knowing what to do. Peter said, "I'll get her to a doctor tomorrow." Tom, listening to all this, looked from one to the other, then lay his little hand on my arm and prayed, "Lord Jesus, make my Nan's mouth better." The next morning, waking up, my mouth was completely healed. (Out of the mouth of babes).

Another interesting incident concerning Tom. I used to have a Sunday school in my home for the grandchildren and others. One particular class, I was telling them about Moses, how he threw his rod on the ground and it became a snake and Pharaoh's magicians cast their rods down, and they became snakes, but Moses' snake swallowed up every one and then became a rod again. I asked the children, "How could that happen?" They all said, all of them at that time five, six and seven years of age, "it happened by magic" or "the devil did it." All except Tom who replied, "It was by God's mighty power."

Today Tom is 20 years old, and has just been accepted into David Wilkerson's Bible School, August 27, 2007. God has been preparing him over the years. His desire is to become a man of God.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Peter's Testimony

From age 14 he had a good experience of salvation, he would accompany me to church and also went to Sunday school. Then, about 15 years old he joined in the "worlds" company and very soon landed in trouble. He received his first prison sentence 1962. He was sent to Wormwood Scrubs for three months until another place was found for him elsewhere. I couldn't rest those weeks, I knew things were not good for Peter. He knew three months of cruelty, which I do not like remembering. The devil, given a chance, will treat a Christian's child very rough, he won't spare the pain. He knows the cruellest way to get to a mother is through her children. It pierced my heart for fourteen years watching Peter wallowing in the mire, receiving numerous prison sentences, however I always received my comfort from the Lord, Psalm 30:5 says, *"Weeping may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning "*

Let me tell you some of God's blessings to myself and Peter while he was incarcerated.

One of the last prison sentences Peter received led him into Walton prison. This prison was within walking distance of our home in Liverpool. Walton prison had its own hospital wing and Peter had to undergo a painful operation as he had been ill for some time. I was very anxious on the day of the operation. I decided to telephone the prison to see if they would tell me if the operation had been successful. In those days it was not permitted to make enquiries about a prisoner, one had to wait until a visit was allowed. But the Lord had seen my anxiety and paved the way. When I called, the prison officer who answered the phone said, "You sound very worried." "I'm sick with worry," I replied. He then asked me how far away I lived from the prison and I told him it would take me ten minutes to walk there. He told me if I could be at the prison for 2pm that afternoon, he would do his best to arrange for me to receive a visiting order. Sure enough, when I arrived, the visiting order was waiting for me. I had taken Lydia with me, and as we approached Peter, he was either shocked or surprised to see us and blurted out, "Mam, I've asked God to change my life," "Oh Praise the Lord," I replied in sheer delight, "Hang on a minute Mam, I've asked God to change me, but not like you, but I need a Bible." I promised to get him one and hurried home immediately after the visit. I knew I had a large hard backed Bible at home, and I wrapped it up with Peter's name and number on the front and then hurried back to the prison. I rang the bell at the huge front gates and before long, the prison officer answered. I asked him to give Peter Spackman the Bible, (ignorance is bliss sometimes). "I can't do that Madam, these things have to go through the Governor," he replied. I pleaded, "Surely you can make an exception? It's just a Bible." And he did - he took the Bible from me and delivered it to my son.

At a later date Peter was sent to an open prison called Haverigg. Only weeks after being saved he was working in the kitchen along with other inmates and observed that one of the prisoners was bullying a black man continuously. Peter was angry at the situation but was keeping out of trouble, till one day, the bully threw a stale bun at Peter, and that was it. In seconds he had this man down on the floor, sitting on top of him, arm uplifted to give the man a beating, but that still small voice said, "You are supposed to be a Christian." Up he got, and away to his room to beg forgiveness. That same night three men knocked on his door. On answering Peter said, "If you want to mock, you can

go, but if you want to hear why I couldn't beat that guy, come in." The three got saved. It pays to humble ourselves to God. News soon got around and another prisoner made himself known to Peter. His name was John Regan, born a Roman Catholic but disillusioned with his faith he had tried most of the cults to no satisfaction, till coming to this open prison when he found a Bible and after reading it for a time, committed his life to the Lord. He began praying that God would send someone who could explain more. Praise God, Peter was the answer and I became the preacher through letters.

I had a school of about five men. I would address the inside letter to "Peter and Sons." If Peter was working, one of the others would look at the post board for a letter from me, take it to Peter and say, "We've got a letter from 'Mam.'" I'm not sure but I think it was this place the boys borrowed the chapel for Gospel meetings and called them "Revival Hour" and others were led to the Lord. God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

Another episode in Peter's prison days in Haverigg Prison, in Cumbria. I had gone to see Peter accompanied by Jim, my husband, and a Christian brother Ralf Halliday. We were sitting at the far end of a big square waiting room. I saw Peter come through the door and empty his pockets out for the guard. I thought, "He's ill." And as he walked towards us my heart sank. As he sat down he said, "Mam, I'm so ill and all they give me is headache tablets." That night I went to bed very disturbed I said, "Lord, did you save him to take him?" Into my mind came I John 3: 1, "*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we shall be called the sons of God.*"

I didn't understand why I kept on repeating that, so I decided to go downstairs to pray. As I prayed, I felt myself in the throne room of God. I couldn't see naturally but knew there was Peter, myself and the Lord together. As I prayed I sensed God reach out and touch Peter and I knew without a shadow of doubt, Peter was healed.

Next morning I phoned each of my family telling what good thing God had done. I had to wait six days to prove my words to the doubting Thomas's. The letter came Friday morning, Peter said, "Mam, you know how ill I was, I went to bed and thought 'no not another horrible night.' Suddenly I felt a warmth all over me and fell asleep, only to wake next morning perfectly well and strong, in fact I ran two laps around the prison building." Isn't it great to believe God and not be shame faced at the end of a trial?

*Thou art coming to a king.
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power or such,
None can ever ask too much.*

Hymn 538 Redemption Hymnal.

I am relating these blessings for God's glory alone. Sometimes I can't remember where exactly they fit in, but they are true testimonies of God's wonderful love and tender mercy. We are like little children, fully depending on Him alone. He keeps us from dangers seen and unseen. Praise Him.

"The devil comes to steal and to kill and to destroy." Several times, Satan has tried to kill Peter and his family, but praise God, He is our everlasting Father, the Almighty God who is able to deliver from all the wiles of Satan.

The Lord called Peter to prison ministry in the USA. After a couple of years the family had to come home. However, I think Hannah and Ruth Anne were born in America so they were American citizens. With this in mind, Peter applied for a visa to return and at the interview was asked if he had any criminal convictions, he answered truthfully, "Yes, 14." That should have been the end, a final refusal, but the American Embassy dealing with Peter decided to be inquisitive and find out all about those convictions. They wrote to the Liverpool courts for information concerning these convictions and to our surprise after about two months the letter came from local police, Spackman had no convictions, there's no file on this man. Amazing Grace.

The authorities allowed him into America even though it looked like Peter was a "complete nutter." God rules. The ministry also began a children's home for babies born in prison. By 2007 the work had expanded beyond all expectation. Two new buildings erected one for older boys and the other for older girls. There were six children, two boys, four girls whose future looked bleak, who have been adopted and become Spackmans. Peter has become dad and Angela mum to all. Praise God.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Bobbie, one of my daughters, works for social services visiting families who she calls, "My Families". She will leave no stone unturned till she is able to get them basic needs, make sure the children are fed and clothed, and even makes sure they are not left out at Christmas. It is totally amazing what God can do through a vessel with a heart of compassion. He never fails. More and more we see the love of God shed abroad in the hearts of those who trust and obey.

Bobbie has two daughters, Eileen and Susan. Eileen has three boys and Susan has two girls. And both help in giving what they can to the needy families. Blessed are they who consider the poor.

Faith, my youngest daughter, also has a keen heart for the under privileged children of this world. She is in the process of refurbishing a big old house with the intention of looking after young people with mental health problems. I recently asked her, "What will happen when you want to visit America to see your family?" She answered, "That could be taken care of, but I would take the young people with me." Faith is a back slider but before I finish this book I am hoping to be able to tell you that God has restored her.

A chorus I love to remember,

*Ransomed, reconciled and restored by his wonderful grace divine,
Ransomed, reconciled and restored and to know that salvation's mine.
Kept in perfect peace all along the way. trusting in His promise to be my stay.
Daily more than conqueror. through the spirit's mighty sword,
Ransomed, reconciled. restored.*

Ruth, my granddaughter from Lydia my eldest child, also works among children. One, a little boy Joe, she loves with all her heart. Finally she fostered him and now after several years, Joe is 19 years old and is referred to by Ruth as "My Joe". Nothing is too good for Joe. God has plans for greater things. He is gathering them into the family to save them for His kingdom.

Kerri is just Kerri, my sixth child, and will jump at a minute's notice to help anyone in need, and will go the second and third mile for the family and others. She is desperately in need of healing and salvation and suffers much pain, but, the fact is that each one has been dedicated making them God's own. God has gifted each of them with compassion for others and Praise God, He has not finished the work in Kerri and I am expecting great things from our Gracious Father very soon. In fact, on July 6 I am starting a house fellowship group connected with my church, The Deeper Life, and she has promised she is going to attend those meetings so I can see there is a work starting in her by the grace of God, also I know she is reading her Bible. Hallelujah.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Wednesday January 2, 2008. I am sure I need to share with others this encounter with God and myself for the glory of His name and for our encouragement. Colossians 4:2, *"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."*

CH Spurgeon exhorts us, "Prayer is the lisping of the believing infant, the shout of this fighting believer, the requiem of the lying saint falling asleep in Jesus. It is the breath, the watchword, the comfort, the strength, the honour of a Christian. If thou be a child of God thou will seek thy Father's face and live in thy Father's love. Pray this year that thou may live holy, humble, zealous and patient lives. Have closer communion with Christ in the Lord and enter oftener into he banqueting house of His love. Pray that thou may live more to the glory of thy Master. The motto for this year must be 'continue in prayer.'" The response of my heart to this was in spontaneous song,

*I'm in His banqueting house. His banner O'er me.
I'm in His banqueting house. my heart is free.
His table daintily spread with richest treasure.
O blessed banqueting house. God's sanctuary.*

*If thou wouldst have the dear saviour from heaven.
Walk by thy side from the morn to the even.
There is a rule that each day you must follow,
Humble thyself to walk with God.*

Chorus

*Humble thyself and the Lord will draw near thee.
Humble thyself and his presence shall cheer thee.
He will not walk with the proud or the scornful,
Humble thyself to walk with God.*

Hymn 579 Redemption Hymnal.

In humility I am reminded of the scripture, *"Remember the pit from whence you were hewn."* And then Psalm 40, *"I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit. Out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings and He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Many shall see it and fear and shall trust in the Lord."*

Praise God. Don't those wonderful words speak of revival to those that will take them into their hearts with joyful expectancy and total obedience to His word? Jehovah Jireh.

Let us press on towards the mark and victory in Jesus. What a priceless exhortation from CH Spurgeon to start the new year. Continuing prayer, Amen.

Recently I spotted a piece of paper in one of my daily readings, dated April 25, 2004. It had been lying there for four years, it was a reminder of something that happened to me while on a visit to Peter and family in America. There had been no rain for quite a while and the ground was quite dry. I was living in a trailer (a caravan) and the air conditioning had broken down. Peter transferred me to another trailer among the trees. I felt very uneasy in the place and no matter how I prayed, I couldn't feel peace. The next day Sunday, April 25 2004, after church my granddaughter Emma came to visit me. I told her how I felt and she offered to stay the night with me, I said, "Let's just pray." I prayed, "Lord, Joshua prayed for the sun to stand still till the battle he and his army were fighting was over. His prayer was answered; Lord I am only asking please Lord, cool the weather down." Fifteen minutes later, the rain came. It rained all day and night and into the next day. Praise God. He granted my request, and I didn't wait for the next day, I just picked up my belongings and scarpered back to where I felt peace. I didn't think like others would, "Coincidence". No! Just give God all the glory. Jesus loves to answer prayer, Praise Him.

Jehovah Jireh – My Provider

Memories are flooding back, some of the experiences of the first twenty years of my Christian walk, and as I have just related up to date blessings as you read them I pray God will use every blessing, old and new to stir your hearts, to reach out to His wonderful self and claim your portion.

More than thirty years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting two missionaries, man and wife. The wife spoke on the dedication of our children. Some parents were not as sincere as they ought to be. At that time, most of my children had backslidden, I began to cry and asked the Lord, "Did you not accept the dedication of my children?" At that point my attention was drawn to God speaking in prophecy from a lady I didn't know. "Fear not, I have seen thy tears, I did accept the dedication of your children and as they are going out into the world so am I going after them and will bring them back by a way that they should go." Years later, I am still waiting for the fulfilment of the promise.

I visited a church in Louisiana, you could feel the presence of God in the place. At that time I was fretting and asking the Lord, "Have you forgotten my children'?" I had never met the dear Pastor before, Mr Jerry Arnold, but as the meeting proceeded, he called me to the front, looked straight into my eyes and said, "God would say to you, He has not forgotten your children."

At that point I felt the joy of God's faithfulness and the shame of my mistrust. "Trust him forever He faileth never; our God is able to defeat the foe and set the prisoners free."

Since that time, Christine and Lydia have come back to the Lord. Thank God for His unfailing mercy.

February 8, 2008, another outstanding miracle concerning Christine's daughter Emma, and Josh her son-in-law. Josh, still a missionary in India, lives by faith and cannot afford health insurance. Emma had a baby girl by caesarean. She was in hospital for nine days, the total cost for her treatment and stay in the hospital \$28,500. Enough to take one's breath away. How do we face such a gigantic mountain'? By remembering God's word, *"God is able to supply all your needs according to his riches in glory,"* Philippians 4: 19. Take your burdens to the Lord and leave them there.

Josh went to the administrator at the hospital to ask what payments they would accept. Out came the books, "Well Mr Hamby," said the accountant, "According to this book, the account is nil, you owe nothing, debt free, paid in full." Just like our sins, wiped out, the debt fully paid by the blood of Jesus. Amen.

Now by God's great love and mercy all honour and praise to His great name. As I finish this wonderful testimony, yet another example of God's power and love to supply all our needs, my mind became blank and I didn't know how to bring this book to an expected finish. So I went to bed, saying to the Lord, "You started it Lord, you will guide my memory and my pen, to glorify thy name. And bless whoever has the pleasure to read and understand that you are the same yesterday and forever, and you will exalt and glorify your great name." Jehovah Jireh.

Next morning, Tuesday February 12, I am up seeking God early, enjoying His word and feeling His blessed presence. Then the Holy Spirit began to bring me blessed memories for me to pass on to others.

Many years ago my husband Jim and I were on a visit to his uncle in South Wales. Jim had promised me he wouldn't drink beer but the last of our journey was by bus. We got off that bus at the foot of a mountain, to our left was a pub. The uncle after greeting us said, "We will just have one drink," which lasted over one hour. I was left outside sitting on the luggage. Eventually they came out looking very sheepish. I think I had a cold look on my face, the uncle was very wily. "Come on, I'll take you to meet some Christians." Which he did but there was nobody at home. Eventually we came to old Granny Lloyd's house, and then a divine appointment arranged by God Himself. I stepped into a spotlessly clean Victorian house full of the presence of God, kept in immaculate condition by this 92 year old saint of God, where I spent most of my time for the next week. It was like being at a Holy Ghost convention with Granny, two neighbours and me. We would sit around the table reading God's word, praying and talking of the goodness of God. If I tried to tell you all, it would turn out to be another booklet. However, let me tell you some of Granny's characteristics. She would relate to us past happenings and would turn her head sideways and say, "You remember that Lord?" As if she could really see Him sitting there. To me it was days of heaven on earth.

This story came to me from one of her friends. Years previously a young married woman in the village had a very bad accident, leaving her brain damaged and a sad sight to look at. Granny took this lady to God with prayer and fasting, without even water for fifteen days. On the 15th day, God raised the woman up to perfect health and normality for His glory.

Granny Lloyd had been a drunkard and prior to being saved had drank a bottle of whisky every day, till at 56 years of age she met Jesus who transformed her to the Christ like person I met and loved. For me, another step in the school of grace. Amen. I knew her and met her a couple of times more, then she was taken home to glory. Part of a chorus comes to my mind when I think of Granny Lloyd,

*To be used of God to sing, to speak, to pray,
To be used of God, to show more souls the way,
I long so much to feel the touch of His almighty power,
To be used of God is my desire.*

Amen.

At one time during the last twenty years of my testimony, I had to get a flight to Australia.] had news my brother was very ill, I had no money but within about eight days God had provided the money in various ways. The cheapest flight I could get at that time was from a travel agency in Manchester, costing, £850. My daughter Christine and her friend took me to collect the ticket. The young woman attending to me asked me if I had insurance and as she spoke my mind was saying, "The best insurance possible, God almighty." And so I answered, "The best I know of." I didn't expect her to ask me what company is that but she did. And I answered, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Her mouth fell open as she looked at me dumbfounded. Christine and Norma were out of that office like a shot, too embarrassed to stay for the tickets. I wondered did that scripture "*a fool for Christ's sake,*" apply for me at that time?

I have to bring this catalogue of blessed memories to a close by telling one or two testimonies in the school of learning and also remembering a number of God's people who have been used of God to encourage me to press on to victory and to bring a rough diamond to the final polishing so that I can see Jesus face to face and praise Him for His saving grace, for His patience and His love that flows on like a river. "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my father which is in heaven," Matthew 10-32.

Many years ago when I was a very young Christian my husband had been drinking and had also eaten a carton of mussels while out drinking in the public house. The mussels could not have been fresh and during the early hours of the night he started to be very sick and using the bathroom continuously. This went on for several hours and I was quietly praying but was embarrassed to pray out loud. Jim had got so ill; he just couldn't get out of bed and began to vomit blood. I was so afraid and in desperation I cried out, "Lord Jesus, help him." He was healed instantly and fell into a deep sleep, waking up the next morning with no ill effects. The scripture tells us, "Come boldly before the throne of grace." We are not beggars asking help from a miser, our God is a bountiful giver.

*My soul ask what thou wilt
Thou canst not be too bold,
Since his own blood for thee he spilt
What else can He withhold?
Amen.*

How can we limit God? Jehovah Jireh.

Psalm 37:5 says, "Commit *thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and he shall bring it to pass.*"

I've found it to be a wise thing to commit all my loved ones early each morning, to His loving care. I know that the devil goes about seeking who he can destroy, but God is the victor every time.

It was on such a day twenty years ago that my daughter Christine and her husband Norman had been invited to a wedding. They had been to the church and were travelling to the reception when a car crashed side on into their car.

Norman was sitting in the front passenger seat, which took the full impact of the crash. His seat was crushed up against the driver's seat and the driver was badly injured. Norman walked away from the accident with no injury apart from whiplash. Christine was thrown unconscious into the hatchback of the car, but sustained no serious injury, whilst the two women sitting either side of her were badly injured, both requiring surgery, with permanent damage sustained. I believe that God honoured His word, Christine and Norman were under the precious blood, and I am reminded of Deuteronomy 33:27, "*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*" Amen.

God has truly blessed Christine and Norman. Their three children and son-in-law, Josh, Emma, Lydia and Tom are serving God. Josh has set up quite a number of churches in India, some with signs and wonders - a wonderful story of God's amazing grace.

If I tried to tell all, I would probably write a volume to God's glory. The saints will be telling of His wonders throughout eternity. Praise God, we will be there to listen in awesome wonder, as love unspeakable is opened up to us, praise His name forever.