

Lewis Velie.

My dad met my mother on the dance floor and said,"Excuse my back my face is dirty." Well they were married and lived together for a number of years,before dad was saved. Those years weren't very good years,because they weren't saved,neither one of them.

While living in Wapaca,Wis. One day my father was driving with a fellow in his horse and buggy,the man was continually preaching to him about his tobacco and stuff. My dad offered this fellow some tobacco and he said,"You expect me to eat something a dog or hog wouldn't touch."

It wasn't long after that before was converted.He wanted to start family alter and pray in the home,but every night something happened to hinder it. This certain night, Pa said he was going to have family alter if the devil stood in the door,and the fellow that came was almost the devil.He was an old horse trader my dad used to trade horses with. Pa said to him,"Come in Herb,we are just starting our family prayer." He said, "Excuse me Al,I've got some certain business to attend to." And that was the end of him. And that was the way we started our family alter.

Soon my dad began preaching,and my brother Oscar would get up and testify.along with the rest of us boys,and soon he was preaching too. Well it wasn't long after that Pa was out preaching and he got real sick and Oscar had to take the meeting.From that time on Oscar was preaching.

The Lord used him in a pretty good way until later on he preached in Minneapolis in the auditorium before two thousand people. The different Minneapolis news papers complimented him and said how good He had done. There were such big crowds that the church preachers were jealous, and that's why they tried to get Pa in trouble. A women accused Pa of making Oscar study for hours and hours to memorize his sermons.but that wasn't true,he just preached as the Lord anointed him.

My Dad built a house boat in Eau Claire,Wis.and started down the Chippewa River to Caryville,Wis. There we set up our tent and Oscar would preach alone with my father,and then from there we went Marideen,Durand,Waukashaw,Fountain City.and all different places along the river.

Well Oscar didn't keep his salvation,after he left home.He got into the Army and forsook the Lord for a few years. Later he came back to the Lord and started preaching again. He kept that up until the day of his death many years later.

When I was a boy we lived in Bloomington,Ind. One time we got out of food,all we had left was a few beans. We were down praying and crying thinking maybe we were going to starve to death.But the Lord never lets anything like that happen.While we were praying there was a knock on the door. A fellow stood there,and my father said he was as homely as the devil. He said"well I guess this is the place.My mother is a Christian, and she sent this basket,she said the Lord told her you folks were hungry,and sent this basket." He said "if you want it,you can have it,if not I'll take it along and eat it myself." My father began to cry And said,"Brother the Lord sure told your Mother." Father said,"We haven't got anything in the house but a few beans." He said "You haven't." He kind of swore a little and said,"You shall have it." He went and told the men on the job,and before night we had a wagon load of groceries.

Later on that year my father took sick.A preacher of one of the biggest churches in Bloomington came to my mother and asked," Wasn't your husbands health better back in Wis?" She said"yes". She and my oldest brother,George were praying that the Lord would make a way that the family could go back to Wis. The preacher asked how soon could we be ready if we had the fare.Mother said."Most any time." It was about two weeks from that time,and we were on our way back to Wis.

Now that's just one of the times that God supplied the needs in my fathers family. But the Lord has done many things like that in my family. There have been times when we didn't know where our next meal was coming from too.

Once when traveling from Wis. to Fla., we had ate up everything we had. We had, had no breakfast and it was getting along toward noon. We didn't have any gas money either. We came to a cross road or rats road, and I stopped and prayed, I asked the Lord about it, What should I do?. The Lord seemed to show me to turn down that road. That was Whitwill, Tenn. We went down there and had a street meeting, in the rain. The Lord gave us a nice offering, and before we left the town I had several dollars in my pocket and quite a few groceries too.

We came on into Fla. into Titusville. I was planning to have a meeting in a certain place, but kept putting it off. On this certain night I decided to go. After I left the house, several police came and a doctor, thinking I was the fellow that was hiding my boy that needed a doctor. I guess it was a good thing I wasn't home, I think the Lord had me gone. There is no telling what they would have done to me. They were flashing their lights, bellowing, "Where is that man? Where is that man?". Acting like a bunch of wild people. My wife had been sick and was so afraid. In the morning the Sheriff started coming to the house again, and the neighbor woman, a friend of ours stopped the Sheriff. (She was the wife of a business man) She told the Sheriff that I wasn't the man they were looking for at all. He went on and left then, so the Lord saved me again. Praise the Lord!

Of all the thousands of miles that we have traveled back and forth between Wis. and Fla. there was never a time we went hungry. The Lord always supplied our needs. I never had to get a job to work, while on the road. The Lord always supplied our needs, where ever we were.

We had many street meetings. I would take my boys and the rest of the children on the street and we would all sing, we had a wonderful time. As I look back, that was a wonderful thing. I have eight boys, and now every one of them can preach. Three or four have churches, Joel, Ben, and Andy. Yes, God has been very good to us. WE have had a number of sicknesses in our home, But the Bible says, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

One of our boys had leciumma and God healed him. We have had many close accidents, but the Lord has kept us from anything bad. Even though two of our children have died the Lord took the burden. It wasn't so bad to lose them when you know they are saved.

Just before my Mother died, someone talked to her about dying. She said she didn't want to stay here any longer, she just wanted to go. Some of her favorite songs were about Heaven. One was, I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night. There was other favorite songs like that, about Heaven. She loved the songs about Heaven the most. She wasn't afraid to die, she wanted to go.

My father was about ninety years old when he died, he didn't even have to wear glasses. Tell some more Ma. He was healed every whit, before he died. He had, had ulcers, and cancer, but didn't have either one of them when he died.

God is a way maker. While at a healing service in Waycross, I kept giving till all I had was five dollars left, with a ten to fifteen mile trip to make. The next morning I went to the post office fully expecting to find money, and there was a letter with ten dollars in it from my brother Oscar. Several times the Lord used him to supply our needs, when we were in need. Another time on our way to Fla. we found a bushel of sweet potatoes that had fallen off of somebody's truck. So there was more food God gave us.

As a boy, when we'd come home from school, pa would make us sit down and write Bible verses.

We had memory verse's too, some times when we misbehaved, we would have to learn whole chapters. Pa would also make us write chapters, that's why Willie writes so fast, We had prayer in our home three times a day. Each of us would read five verses apiece around the circle. That is the way I learned to read so well. I am happy for our memory verses too. Today I can quote whole chapters in the Bible.

The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." So all my brothers are christians today, two are now gone, and Willie my youngest brother and I are still alive. I am eighty one years old now, God's been very good to me.

I have had a good life. God's been very good to me. I've had some trials God said, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." God has been with us and helped us through our troubles and trials, and it's not a hard way. The Bible says, "The way of the transgressor is hard. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

Well I thank God, He says, " My yoke is easy and My burden is light." Like the song says, "I've found it so, I've found it so."

My yoke is easy and my burden is light,  
I've found it so, I've found it so.  
He leadeth me by day and by night,  
Where the living waters flow.

You ask anyone that is a christian, they will tell you the same thing that I am telling you. Living for God is not a hard way. It's much easier than living for the devil. He said my yoke is easy and my burden is light, and it's certainly the truth.

When Andrew was growing up, he, like most teenagers, got to the place where he wanted to have his own way. Some of the authorities came to me and said, the boy had a right to choose his own religion. And I said, " I'm not worrying one bit about his religion, when he leaves it, he'll leave it. But when he comes back he'll know right where to come." And that's right! It wasn't long after that, he was saved, and now of course he is preaching the gospel. Andrew is the pastor of a big church in Blackshear, Ga.

And even though, he wanted to have his own way, he went down town and got a room, he'll tell you, "I never touched a cigarette, I never drank a drink of alcoholic beverage." He said, "I kept myself clean, as far as that goes I just had that stubborn way, I just had to get away. I thought it was better out there." It worried me to think he would go into sin, but he didn't. Shortly after he went to Waycross, the Lord saved him, and that's where he met his wife. She was in a little church where he was saved. Andy has really been a wonderful boy. Praise the Lord. Hallelujah! It pays off to serve the Lord, in big dividends.

And James you know, he went for years and years, and we didn't think he was ever going to come in. One day he wrote a letter from Jacksonville. He said " Dad I want you to come up and baptize me and the boys." He said "We are ready now."

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So we made a trip to Jacksonville, and he took us out to a big lake, it was near the base, where he was stationed. Pa baptized them as I stood on the shore. Years passed before he became very strong. Then, a couple of years ago he called me. It was on his birthday (Christmas Day.) he was real excited, I could tell something had happened. He said, "Ma, last night I went to a Full Gospel Businessmens Meeting, and I received the Holy Ghost." to see James so excited, it made me excited too. He has been in Korea for about a year and a half now, and he is working real hard to establish a chapter, if he can. He want's us all to pray for the Lord to help Him there. Gene too, received the Baptism in a Businessmen's fellowship. The group does a lot of good work, I like them, and I like to go.

Oh yes, a lot of people want to condemn others just because they don't

believe just like they do, but Paul says, "Some preach Christ even to envy and strife, nevertheless, I am glad that Christ is preached."

My folks lived in south Melbourne, and Pa's folks were neighbors. Grandma Velie, she would slip out once in awhile, while Grandpa had the printing press running. He printed papers and tracts that we sent out. She would slip out and go over to my mothers, just a few steps. Well Pa would go out and hunt her. He'd say, "Mother where are you? Come here." Of course, she would have to leave right away, because he didn't want her over to the neighbors gabbing about everything. He would say, "Are you talking Jesus? If your not talking Jesus, you shouldn't be talking." If some one would come in and start talking, he'd say, "Now what chapter and what verse is that?" If you would come over to his house, he would never say hello or good morning, it was always Praise the Lord, Hallelujah Glory. Just things like that, leave a wonderful memory of Him.

Oh, how Grandpa loved his bible. Many times I've seen him take it up and embrace it and kiss it, and kiss it. He really loved his Bible. That was a wonderful thing. Some people today don't care much about their Bible, or talk to anybody, he didn't care, he wasn't afraid of anybody. He loved to talk about Jesus. He printed books and papers and sent them out. The Lord would always provide the need, he would never ask for help or financial support of any kind. He enjoyed setting the type and printing the books himself. Sometimes, we would help him fold them and send them out. If Grandpa would find some poor folks, he'd go off to some rummage sale and buy used clothing. The he would pack big barrels, (The kind we had in those days) and send them off to needy people, and he always got blessed for that.

In about 1929, Oscar made a trip to Fla. with us, they had small children, and so did we. One we were going to visit some friends on Merrit Island, that was tough country then! Oh the mosquitoes! The people we went to visit had news paper wrapped around their legs and arms, and body to keep the mosquitoes from eating them alive. On the way we stopped at a little lighthouse to get some water, and of course all the kids jumped out. Then we all got in the car and went on. After we arrived at the friends house, this lady began to look around and said, "Where's Herbert?" Then everyone began to scramble and hunt for Herbert. He was just a little fellow, maybe two and a half or three. Well we couldn't find him anywhere, so his Dad and Grandpa started backtracking, because we'd only made one stop. We had a little pick up truck with a top on the back, about all I could think of was him falling of the back of the truck on the road somewhere, us not knowing.

Pa got back to the lighthouse, and there he was sitting the old colored man, the watchman of the tower. He said, "when he comes around the house and he saw you was going down the road, he started running after ya." He said, " I went and got him and brought him back, and said your pappy be back directly and pick ya up." We didn't have much money in those days, but we gave the old colored man a couple of dollars. He was so tickled. That was just one of the times, after that we didn't name the kids, we counted them instead.

One time we stopped in Homerville, Ga. to go to bath room, we fooled around a bit, then got back in the car, and Dad started on down the road Suddenly, I turned and looked in the mirror and saw our son James, walking down the road with two of the smaller kids. We were going right off and leaving them in Homerville. After that, we decided to count them. Now don't name them because, you might miss a name and he'd be gone. We didn't have any more experiences of leaving them after that.

It was really something, those days, the way we traveled and the way we did. More than one time, after traveling all day Pa would be sick we'd stop in the evening and set up camp. I took the guitar and two or three of the older children, and we'd go down town for a street meeting. WE stood right in front of a tavern and sang, testified, and witness. I took a hand full of tracks, and walked right in the tavern, I thought nothing at all of it. I'd pass them all around to all the men and they would talk to me. I didn't see any harm in that. They needed the Gospel more than any one else. Times were different then. I think of old times how did we ever do it? I probably wouldn't have the nerve now. We witnessed no matter where we went.

Lewis Velie.

Well maybe I had better tell how I met my wife. I went with a girl in Minn. for two years. I was thinking of marrying her, but the more I prayed about it the less I cared for her. So I just broke up with her and went to Fla.

We went to Saint Cloud, and while we were there, I know it must have been the Lord, He put it in my mind that I was going to meet a girl in Jack Lee's family. I didn't tell my father or the man that was traveling with us, for I thought they would laugh at me. I was quite anxious to get to Melbourne where they lived. When we came to Melbourne, her aunt and uncle said, "We're going to Jack Lee's house for a meeting tonight." Well, I was kind of anxious to go. We arrived at Jack Lee's and at last it was time for the meeting. I remember the house had a real high porch. Before I came upon it, I looked through two rooms into the third one. There I saw a girl standing, washing dishes, by a lamp washing dishes, with no chimney on it. Something seemed to say, "That's the Girl." Well any way, all through the meeting I kept looking at her, and of course, she kept looking at me. I was around there for about two weeks, then we went to Miami for two weeks. Then I got back and it was about two weeks and we were married. And we lived happily ever after.

Well, maybe I'll tell another experience, it was in Winanona, Minn. These folks were having meetings in their house. They had a big Bay window, and they took it out so people could stand outside and watch and listen to the meeting. A little boy, ten or twelve years old, came to watch them roll. He didn't see anyone roll, I don't think! He went home and told his father and mother, a brother and his wife, and the next night they all came to the meeting. Everyone of them got saved! It was all through a little boy that came to see them roll.

We went to St. Cloud, and we had this little house this man let us live in. One day an old Lady came by the house and said, "I heard there was some Holy people living here." Pa began to talk to her, and they talked for quite awhile, and then we went to her house for a meeting. There was my Mother, my Father, and I, also a family by the name of Horst. We all went to the meeting. Dad had said to her while she was at the house, "What do you think of this speaking in tongues." She said, "That's of the devil."

We got to the house, and during the meeting her old grey haired husband I'd guess he was around eighty, fall's avar on the floor and starts speaking in tongues. My father punched her a little bit and said, "Sister Kerns, what is your Husband doing?" She said, "Oh, he's talking with the Angles." My father said, "He is speaking in tongues." She said, "Is that what he is doing?" My father said, "Yes, that is what he is doing." And it wasn't long before she was speaking in tongues also.

My dad began to talk to her about being Baptized in Jesus Name. She said, "If you can Baptize me without saying, for the remission of sins, I'll let you Baptize me." Pa said, "Sis. kerns, I couldn't Baptize you any other way." Then she said, "You can't Baptize me!". He said, "Sister Kerns, your coming over to day and I am going to Baptize you in Jesus

Name." "No your not she said".

Anyway, we were living about a half mile or so from them, and we could see down the street, and here they came. He had his cane over his shoulder with a little bundle on it. That was their clothes of course. So my dad took them down and Baptized them in Jesus Name, and she got so happy she just fell down in the water, and Pa had to pull her out. They became great friends of ours, for many years after that.

My Pa and some of us started north, and we were pulling a trailer. It was quite heavy, we had our trunks and every thing in it. We were going through Alabama, and we came to a hill, it was so steep we had to pull the trailer up by hand. At the top there was a man standing with his team and there was a big mud hole. Pa asked, if people had to be pulled through? and he said, "Yes". Pa said, "We don't have to, the Lord takes us through." Well I wondered about that. I was driving, I got in and went through the mud hole. Just before that the Lord gave me a scripture, "If thou cans't believe thou shalt see the glory of God." We made it through and he followed us to the next mud hole. It was just as bad or worse. Some of the other fellows followed too. When we got there, I was kind of wondering if we were going to make it through that one. But it came to me again, "If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the Glory of God." And we went through again.

Finally we got off of the muddy road, beyond it several miles we came to a nice paved road. We asked a man about that muddy road and he said, "Just yesterday, I think a man paid twenty five dollars to get pulled through there." Well the Lord took us through. Later on we came to Illinois, and here was another bad road. This fellow came along with his team. Pa said, "Do people have to be pulled through here?" He said, "Sure do." Pa said, "We don't, the Lord takes us through." I kind of wondered, but we went through without any help. Then we stopped for dinner beside the road, the only ones that got through the mud holes without being hauled was some boys that pushed their car through. The fellow with the team, his wife was a christian, so I think the Lord showed him something right there.

Now I want to tell you how my wife, Rose got burned. I was at my father's house in Eau Claire, Wis. My wife's brother came along and said, "Hurry to the hospital, Rose has been burned bad." I said, "No there is something else for us to do first." We all dropped on our knees and began to pray soon we went to the hospital and found her. The oven had exploded and burned her quite bad. That following Sunday, she wanted to go to church. She had on two different face mask's, because of the burn. I said, "Honey take the mask off." She said no she couldn't do that. I said, "Take just the outside one off." She did, and the other one had already slid off, her face was completely normal. God had healed her..

#### Rose Velie.

Yes, while I was in the hospital, the Lord sent a missionary, He had the Gifts, and prayed for the sick. He came with my brother and prayed for me. I felt then that the Lord had healed me, but, I didn't have the faith or ambition, if that is what you call it, to get and claim my healing. I stayed in the hospital for a certain length of time, then asked the doctor if I could go home on Saturday. He didn't like me going home, but said I could if I would stay in bed. He put a double thick bandage on me and said not to move around, for if I did I would be scared.

So, I went home on Saturday. That night Louie wanted me to take the bandages off. I said, "No I am just going to leave them on." The next morning, I wanted to go to church, and began to work with the bandages. They felt kind of baggy around my neck, then I noticed all the inside bandage was laying loose around my neck. Then I decided to take all the bandages off, and my face, why it was just as clear as it is now. I had, had, burn in my ears, and in my lunges.

My hair was singed too. But God had healed me, He healed me when that missionary prayed for me, the prayer of faith. If I'd just had the courage to grab them all off then, but I didn't.

Living here in Melbourne, we invited Bro. Garrett, our missionary to come to our home and hold some meetings. He consented to come, and was staying in our home. One day, him and his wife went to town to do a little shopping I was going to quickly wash up some clothes, and a little bed linen and stuff, while they were gone. As I was washing the clothes on the car port smooth floor and low heel shoes, no reason to fall, I turned my ankle and fell. Oh! I couldn't get up, I had to have help. When I got up I noticed the bone was broken and was sticking up in the top of my foot. Someone had to help me to the house. A couple of hours latter, when Bro. Garrett returned, my foot hurt so bad I hardly knew what was happening. MY foot had swollen up, and was all black and blue. Bro. Garritt got down, sat right down on the floor, and placed one hand on each side of my ankle, and began to pray. All the hurting stopped. My foot was swollen just like before, except the hurting wasn't there.

There was going to be church that night about twenty miles from here. Some one said, "are you going to church?" I said, "Yes I am going to church, I am going, if they have to carry me." Well they carried me! So many people were coming in to see the Garrett's, ONE shouting at me, Why don't you go see a doctor? You better do this you better do that. Hurting like I was I didn't feel like having people talk to me like that.

Well they carried me to church. After church they helped my over to the parsonage. I said to one of the ladies, "Bring my shoes". So she brought them. My foot was so swollen and drown up that when I'd try to put my foot down on the floor my toe would touch instead of my heel. I couldn't straighten my ankle. I was sitting in the parsonage and Bro. Garritt came right over to me and began praying for me and rebuked that thing. Instantly, right there before quite a few people, even the pastor saw it, I stood right up! They brought my shoes, and I put them on. I didn't have any swelling there was no soreness, or hurting, or anything. My foot was just as normal as before the break. So God can heal bones, as well as make bones to start with.

A few years latter I got sick, I was sick for a long time. I coughed so terrible, at times I was so sick I couldn't even sit up. I'd hang my head over the bed and cough, and cough. This condition went on for a long time and I really didn't know what was wrong. One day Bro. Branham came to Palm Beach, and my mother in law and I went to the meeting. We stayed in a hotel just across from the boxing arena where he was speaking. We went to the meeting and asked for prayer cards. The man in charge said it wasn't any use, because there was so many hundreds of people ahead of us, we wouldn't be called. He said, "I'll give you cards for a souvenir." He did and we filled them out. I said to my mother-in-law, "Now if I should be called and not you, I'll just exchange cards with you and you go in my place." No she wouldn't do that. Soon it was time for the cards to be called. Twelve cards were called that night, there began a slow line, and I was the fourth one in line. This had to be a miracle in it's self! Just had to be. I came up in front of Bro. Branham, he didn't see my card, the man that took the card was ten to twelve feet from him. He told the audience I had T.B. in the last stages. He asked for a Doctor, "Is there a Doctor in the house." No one came forward. He said, "THIS Lady will not be here long, if God doesn't heal her." He prayed for me and asked, "Do you believe" I said, "I'm trying to believe." He said, "I know you are." Bro. Branham was a very kind and humble man. We all loved him. He prayed for me. I went down off the stage not feeling to much different.

I came home and wanted to have some X-rays, but my husband didn't want me to. He said, maybe there would be some of it left, and maybe they would send me off.

A couple of weeks after that my husband went north with his Bro. Oscar. I stayed home with the children, then went and had X-rays made. Every thing came back clear, all the breathing passages normal and my lungs were very clear. That's been twenty years ago. I have had quite a few X-rays since that time, there has never been a sign of any T.B.

A few years back I was visiting my nieces farm in Wis. It was summertime and all the men were out in the field working to fill the silos. I went out there to have a look around. There were no fences and all the cows were in the pasture, they didn't bother me though. I came back in the house and everyone wanted to know what had happened. They said, "There is a big bull back there and he is dangerous." Then my niece told me, a few days before that, their hired man didn't come in for supper, they worried about him and sent their son to find him. The bull had the man down just beating him with his head. The boy whistled for the dog, and in just a few jumps the dog was there and grabbed the bull, I guess by the nose. Otherwise, the bull would have beat him dead. That's the bull I was in the pasture with, but he didn't hurt me.

Years ago my sister-in-law, Florence, was telling me, one day she was out in the yard with Spoof and Norm and several of the small children. She looked around and saw the neighbors big bull coming through the gate. He was just a snorting, and coming straight for them. It scared her so bad all she could think of was, "Run quick like a bunny." The kids scattered in all directions, and the bull went right through the center of them. Of course, by the time the bull stopped and turned around, the big boys were there with a pitchfork. That poor girl was scared so bad, all she could think was, "Run quick like a bunny."

Just wanted to give a little testimony of how the Lord came into my life. I was born and raised on Billy's Island in the Okefenokee, Swamp. We had a big family, but hadn't heard anything about holiness. I was about twelve when one of my uncles (Dave Lee and his wife) and his wife came to Fla. from there and lived in Melbourne. That was in 1920. They got saved then. My husband's father (I didn't know him then) was here in Melbourne, holding services. Uncle Dave came back to Ga. in 1921 to bring salvation to us.

They didn't preach to us much, but they would witness. My aunt would follow me, like my shadow, almost; around the yard, around the house, and she would quote me scriptures. The main one she would quote was, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." she really drilled it in me. I knew that scripture before I ever started serving the Lord. It wasn't long then, my uncle wanted to take my brother and I to a holiness service in Waycross. We went to the meeting, it was just a little barn, didn't hardly have any floor in it. There were boards set across on some blocks for the seats. I went to the altar that night and prayed through. I really didn't know what I was crying for, but I cried and cried. It was about dinner time when we got back to my folks and my mother was at the table making biscuits. I got up on the bench beside her and began telling her of my experience with the Lord. My brother talked to her too. That night after supper, we went in the little living room, by the fire place and started a prayer meeting. My aunt and uncle started singing and then got mother to praying. Remember now, mother hadn't heard of salvation and didn't know anything about praying. My aunt and uncle told her some, but when we came back with this experience, that was something new. Mother got down and began to pray, my how she prayed and cried. My uncle really prayed too. All at once, mother jumped up, it was like she had a spring inside of her. She began jumping up and down and dancing, my uncle right behind her. There was two of them going around the room, looked like they had springs on their feet, going up and down



My mother didn't know anything about dancing in the spirit, so it had to be the Lord. She just jumped and danced and danced, had such a good time.

My father was away then, he was a guide in the swamp. He took rich men out on hunting and fishing trips. That night he came home, we were having another prayer meeting. We had prayer meetings every night. Daddy started praying and in a little while he fell over on his back on the floor and just laid there with his arms stretched out. He stayed there, not two or three minutes, like people today, he stayed all night till daylight the next morning. When he got up the whole print of his body was on the floor, where he had sweat. And he was so horse he couldn't talk above a whisper. People would ask him, "Jack what's the matter." In a whisper he'd say, "Been calling, Jesus, been calling Jesus." That's all he would tell them. He was very bold, he got right in the harness, like an old soldier at it, and started helping us witness.

We had lots of persecution, neighbors would come over, we didn't have any windows, just some board shutters that we'd close at night, doors the same way. Neighbors would take big lighter knots and throw them in the house at us. Tin cans or anything else they could find. Sometimes tomatoes too. A few years later I had the privilege of men that did that. Now he is serving the Lord too. The man told me that was the first holiness meeting he had ever seen and he sure was going to try to break it up. But he didn't. Later the Lord got a hold on him too.

The Lord used my dad in healing as well as witnessing. I remember once after I was married and left home, we came back to visit and one of my little boys had the whooping cough. I couldn't lay him down, if I did he would start to choke. It was Ray, he'd just turn blue, and cough and choke. This certain day I laid him down and he started to choke, and I had to run pick him up. Just then my dad was going through the room and came over there and prayed for the child and said, "Lay him down." That boy never whooped another time. He was healed instantly, right there. My dad never did know much about praying for the sick. He wasn't trained in it as so many people are today. The Lord healed that child, he never whooped again. Praise the Lord...

Eugene Velie.

As I look back on the days of my youth, how well I remember some of the outstanding events of my life.

In the spring of 1930 as a child of about eight years old. We lived on Ave. C. in Eau Claire, Wis. the street was less than a block long, and we lived at the end of the street. My Grandfather (A.E. Velie) and my Dad (Lewis Velie.) and myself stood in the middle of the street and they were talking, when over the hill about a quarter of a mile away, came this huge tornado headed straight at us. Grandpa pointed his finger at it and said " I rebuke you in the name of Jesus." And it turned to the north in that split second.

I followed my father into the house, and to the back door to watch, and the wind didn't even pull the screen door out of my father's hand. While less than two hundred feet away the tornado was twisting oak tree's off and out of the ground, like you might break a match stick. (Some of those tree's were so large it would take two men to reach around.) Every tree on the side of the hill was gone. How blessed we were.

Then the rain and hail came, and the hail done more damage to the house's in Eau Claire, than the tornado did.

Later on that day, after the storm had passed my dad took us on a ride through the country side to see the damage. Several big dairy barns were scattered, and pieces of the barns could be seen in the fields and pastures.

Then we came to the most tragic of all scene of them all. A man that went to church where we did, his entire house, barn, chicken house, were all gone. His entire place was gone.

I heard him tell his account in church some time later, and this is what he said. " I saw the tornado coming, my wife, and son, and I went in the house and got on our knees and began to pray for God to save our place. I was afraid, so we went out side and stood under a spruce tree on top of a cutaway, where the road cut through. ( There were five trees, they stood under the center one.) As the tornado was almost to us, we laid down in the ditch by the side of the road. We saw two of our neighbors barns explode and blow away. We heard nothing from above us. When I stood up and looked, everything was gone, the house, the barn, the chickens, were all gone. The only thing that was left was the spruce tree that we had been standing under. God let me know that if I had placed my trust in him, and stayed in the house He would have spared our place." I heard him tell this in church and cry, and say. "If only I had trusted in the Lord." The people of the church helped him build a small house back on his farm. I don't believe the man ever regained everything he had lost.

Some time in 1930 my mother got real sick, her stomach was bloated her hands and feet were drawn up, she could not open her hands, or straighten her feet. The church people came and prayed for her, and done what they could, but nothing seemed to do any good. My dad would walk the floor and pray for God to heal her, sometimes all night.

The visiting nurse came several times. Then she said, "I'm sending an ambulance to take her to the Hospital. I was out in front of the house when the ambulance came. How well I remember the red light flashing.

Dad said to mother. " Do you want to go to the hospital, or trust the Lord." She said, "I'll trust the Lord." As the ambulance driver was leaving he told my grandpa. " I'll be back in a couple of hours to pick her up for the undertaker.

My Dad would not give up. He believed God was able to heal. And then the miracle took place.

Dad went over to the bed and laid his hands on mothers stomach, and asked God one more time, not to leave him with five boys to raise alone, He begged God for mothers life.

Then he said it felt like something the size of a football roll over under his hands, and something else dropped into place, and her stomach dropped about six inches. You could have heard him half a block away, crying tears of joy, and praising God for what He had done.

Some time he walked to the bed, and saw the color had came back into mothers face. He uncovered her feet and saw they were straight, he said "Move your toes and feet." She did. (She couldn't do this before.) But her hands were still drawn up like they were before. Dad asked her to move her hands, but she couldn't. Then Dad took her fingers and began to straighten them out, and rub her hands, and wrist, and soon she was able to use them, as before she was sick.

The next morning when the nurse came, and saw Mother sitting at the table, feeding her little boys, She was so amazed she didn't know quite what to say. She then said, "If this is what you folks see, it's no wonder, you believe the way you do."

Some thirty five years later, we were visiting in Eau Claire, and I stopped to see a friend of mine, Jerome Wright. He asked me how my mother was doing? I said, just great. He said, "My Mother and I came to see your Mother when she was so sick, and if I had been an insurance agent at the time, I would not have written a policy for over two hours long.

When Mother passed away, she was eighty four years old, Dad was ninety one. It seems all of my Uncles and Grandfather was blessed with long and good lives.

There are many other things I could tell of, but space does not permit My only hope is that those who read these accounts, will be pleased and blessed.

*Mene Delie*