

REACHING OUT TOUCHING HEARTS

The Joy of Encouraging Others



DON GOSSETT

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Foreword](#)

[Introduction](#)

[1. Reaching and Touching Through Prayer](#)

[2. Reaching and Touching Personally](#)

[3. Reaching and Touching in Faith](#)

[4. Reaching and Touching and Helping](#)

[5. Reaching and Touching Through Marriage](#)

[6. Reaching and Touching in Kindness](#)

[7. Reaching and Touching with Holy Hands](#)

[8. Reaching and Touching Through Missions](#)

[9. Reaching and Touching in India](#)

[Conclusion](#)

[About the Author](#)

REACHING OUT TOUCHING HEARTS

DON GOSSETT



WHITAKER
HOUSE

All Scripture quotations are taken from the King James Version of
the Holy Bible.

**Reaching Out, Touching Hearts:
The Joy of Encouraging Others**

(Previous published as *If Nobody Reaches, Nobody Gets Touched.*)

Don Gossett

P.O. Box 2

Blaine, Washington 98231

www.dongossett.com

ISBN: 978-1-60374-765-3

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60374-766-0

Printed in the United States of America

© 1983, 2013 by Don Gossett

Whitaker House

1030 Hunt Valley Circle

New Kensington, PA 15068

www.whitakerhouse.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data (Pending)

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical—including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system—without permission in writing from the publisher. Please direct your inquiries to permissionseditor@whitakerhouse.com.

This book has been printed digitally and produced in a standard specification in order to ensure its continuing availability.

FOREWORD

Touching hearts.

There are many ways of touching, not all of them are physical. You can touch others by the kindness or harshness of your voice. You can touch by the thoughtfulness of a letter, or by taking the time to raise a petition to God in prayer.

In the fifteenth century, Michelangelo painted a beautiful and famous painting that describes “the ultimate touch” on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It was inspired by the Genesis account of creation. In this painting, a muscular man lies helpless, desperately reaching his hand up toward the powerful yet gentle finger of God. It is a symbolic Adam receiving the gift of life through the touch of the Creator.

A popular song expresses the importance of reaching and touching others. The lyrics read, “Reach out and touch somebody’s hand, make this world a better place.” Even television commercials promote this idea; greeting card and telephone companies urge viewers to touch others with a thoughtful gift or call.

Touching is not hitting; it is not striking a hard blow; it is not overwhelming with sensation. Touching is the simple act of contact, communication, and care. To touch another heart is to share a vital part of yourself, for touching is loving.

But, if nobody reaches out, hearts will go untouched. Touching is the result of reaching. And reaching often requires risk, sacrifice, stretching, time, and extra effort. Despite these difficulties, people have been reaching out and touching hearts for eons. What motivates us to continue reaching others? The only answer can be that God’s divine gift of love and life compels us to reach out and share His compassion with a despairing world.

So, endeavor to have a heart that desires to reach out and touch hearts.

—Jeanne (Gossett) Halsey
Daughter of Don Gossett

INTRODUCTION

Several years ago, our granddaughter, Jennifer, was visiting our home with her little brother, Alexander. Joyce and I were keeping them while their parents celebrated their wedding anniversary in Victoria, British Columbia.

We were scheduled to pick up Ken and Jeanne at the ferry on the third day. We dressed Jennifer and Alexander in their “good clothes,” and prepared to leave. The children and I went out to the car and waited for Grandma.

Then I noticed our dog, Krys, roaming around outside. “Kids,” I said, “I’m going to put Krys in the garage, but you stay here in the car.”

Jennifer protested, “Grandpa! I’m going with you!”

“No,” I said firmly, “you stay in the car.”

To my dismay, when I opened the car door, Jennifer hopped out, bouncing toward the dog. Probably for the first time in her little life, she received a stern reprimand from her grandfather.

I raised my voice, “Jennifer! You get right back into the car! If you get dirty out here, your grandmother will really be upset!”

Quietly and reluctantly, Jennifer climbed back into the car.

I called Krys into the garage and shut the door. Then I returned to the car. There was an unusual silence, the obvious aftermath of the episode with Jennifer. We all sat quietly, the strain between us mounting.

Suddenly, Jennifer slid into the front seat beside me. She looked reproachfully into my face. “Grandpa,” her little voice piped, “when I come to visit you, I don’t come to be yelled at!”

With that surprising statement, my four-year-old granddaughter got the last word!

Now, my intent is not to “yell at you” when I write this book. I have written this to motivate you to be a “reacher” and a “toucher.” Now there was no doubt that Jennifer was poorly behaved and disobedient. But, there are constructive ways of motivating children, too!

“For the love of Christ constraineth us” (2 Corinthians 5:14).

Because of Christ’s divine love which was shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, we have within us a desire to reach and touch, care and share,

go and give, and bless and lift up!

I believe as you read this book you will affirm, “God has made me a ‘reacher’ and a ‘toucher.’ I will do it!”

I want to thank David Wilkerson for permission to quote some of his writings in this book.

By the grace of God, I, too, am a reacher and a toucher.

—Don Gossett

REACHING AND TOUCHING THROUGH PRAYER

Reaching through prayer is a powerful way of touching. *“We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word”* (Acts 6:4). This was the decision of the early church apostles, and it is the decision God has led many of us to make ever since that time. When did I make the decision to devote myself to touching others through the power of prayer? While the action progressed with the passing of years and God’s intense calling to my life, I am persuaded that I was only a boy when I decided to “give myself to prayer.” God gave me a holy desire to be a “reacher” and a “toucher” when I was a very young man.

Since my family was unsaved, I had no personal encouragement from them to pray. It seemed that God imparted to my honest spirit at a very tender age that I was part of a family-unit—larger than my blood family. I was born into it and I knew I had a responsibility to pray for my family. He caused me to know that I could affect great changes in others through prayer.

As far back as I can remember, my father always struggled with drinking. It caused many heated arguments between mom and dad, sometimes resulting in physical fights which were devastating to my brother, sister, and me. Having heard the story of Jesus and His promise to hear and answer prayer in a Nazarene Sunday School, I was encouraged to pray for dad and his salvation; I prayed that he would be delivered from the drinking habit.

I recall a time when mom and dad had a very severe argument which ended in a brawl. Mom heaved a stick of firewood at dad. He attacked her, and a wild, scrambling fight followed, with tears and blood. When the physical encounter subsided, mom ordered dad to leave our home. He quickly packed up his things and, without even saying goodbye to his

children, angrily stalked out to his pick-up truck to drive away. He growled over his shoulder that he was leaving home, possibly never to return. My heart was broken. I was told not to follow him outside, so I hastily ran to my bedroom window. There, I could have a final view of my father.

I loved him. I knew that divorce was not right. I knew that fighting was not right either, but I was overwhelmed with the uncritical love of a young boy for his father. I knelt beside my window and prayed, keeping my eyes wide open to watch dad's every movement as he left. I prayed fervently: "Oh, God, please don't let daddy leave us. Please, oh Lord, make him come back!"

It was a long driveway from our house to the country road that joined the nearest highway. I was praying so earnestly for the Lord to bring Dad back. I watched his brake lights flash when he arrived at the junction of our driveway and the road. I increased the fervency of my prayers, pleading, "Oh, please Lord! Don't let him drive down that road. Please don't let him leave us!"

My first awareness that I was receiving an answer to my prayers was when I saw Dad, in his truck, proceed slowly, then stop, proceed again very slowly, then stop again. In my boyish exuberance, I cried, "Thank You, Lord, thank You that You're causing him not to leave!"

I watched with bated breath. After a long hesitation, it was apparent that Dad was not going out onto the road, but, rather, he was backing his pickup down the driveway, back to our home.

He was only gone from our home for about fifteen minutes, but when I saw that he was returning, I ran into the living room, shouting the news, "Daddy has come back! Daddy has returned home! God wouldn't let him leave us!"

That is the earliest, most vivid answer to prayer that I can recall. Although I was just a little boy and innocent in the affairs of grown-ups, I reached out in confident prayer to the Master, asking Him to intervene in this tragic situation. He touched both the hearts of my parents at this time. Dad returned to our family.

While his drinking continued to vex my good mother, and there was ever present turmoil and havoc in our home, dad never threatened to leave our family again.

However, in my teenage years, there were several times when mother packed her bags and left home, only to return the same night each time. I remember once when mom caught dad in the bedroom of a young woman well-known in the town for promiscuity. Mom's anger exploded, and she immediately began packing to leave.

She announced to my sister, brother, and me that she would be leaving because she was tired of putting up with dad's drunkenness and infidelity. She told us that she was going to her sister's house, but that she would arrange to have us reunited with her as soon as she could work out all the details. I was fifteen and could drive our car, so I personally drove mom to the bus station.

All the time, I was breathing prayers, "Lord, somehow work it out that mom won't leave us. Lord, I know dad broke her heart. Somehow enable her to forgive him so that she will come back home with us tonight."

I continued giving myself to that silent type of prayer, which I learned was effective with the Lord. I reached out and took hold of the garment of the Lord, imploring His tender touch for my mother's broken heart.

The bus was scheduled to arrive that night at one in the morning, so we had a three hour wait at the station. I talked with mom for over two hours, letting her pour her heart out about her anguish and disappointment with dad, not even trying to persuade her to come home. All the time, I was "watching with prayer" in my heart. I went to the washroom, and prayed briefly and fervently that God would intervene, that mom would not leave us that night.

She had purchased her ticket, and I helped her carry her bag to the curb so that she was ready for the bus a few minutes before its arrival time. Standing out on the street, mom suddenly turned and said, "Don, I'm going back home with you. Go get the car and let's go home."

It was as if a ton of bricks had been lifted off of my heart. I eagerly dashed for the car and came back quickly to pick up my mother and drive her home! I felt wonderful and praised the precious Lord, for He had responded to my reaching out through prayer and touched my mother, leading her in the paths of righteousness and restoration.

But, this restoration was not complete, and it happened again that mom left dad and our home. It was late afternoon on New Year's Eve, and mom went

down to the restaurant which my family owned and operated. When she arrived at the restaurant, she discovered that dad had locked the doors, closed the premises to the public, and was holding a wide-open party for all his drinking friends. When mom unlocked the door and walked in, she saw dad with his arm around one of the cute waitresses. This was just too much for her. She bolted out the door and drove furiously back to our home. She packed her bags and told me that, this time, she was leaving for good and there would be no return. I honestly could not blame her for feeling that way, because Dad had broken her heart repeatedly over the years.

I was scheduled to go out that New Year's Eve with my friends for an evening of fun and wholesome fellowship. When I bade Mom goodbye, she told me she would get in touch with me in a few days. But, I felt a supernatural call to reach out to her in prayer and intercede for God's restoring touch in my parents' lives again.

Although I was with my friends all that evening, celebrating the commencement of the New Year, my thoughts and prayers were focused on my mother, on her protection as she drove six hundred miles to my sister's home. "Lord, You have answered my prayers many times to keep mom and dad together, to keep our home from being broken. I thank You, Lord, for every time You have heard and answered my prayers and performed this miracle. Now Lord, I need a new miracle. Mom has left the family again. Please keep Your hand upon her as she travels. And Lord, I ask You to bring my mother back and keep our family intact."

I arrived home that night from my friends' New Year's Eve party at three in the morning. It is difficult to describe the joy I felt when I saw that my mother had returned home! I quickly bade my friends goodnight and ran up the steps, two at a time, to be reunited with mom and our family.

I was sixteen years old when this last episode took place. There were continual problems pertaining to dad's drinking and infidelity over the next two years. But at that time, when I was eighteen, I was convinced that God was going to bring salvation and deliverance to my father, mother, sister and younger brother. My sister, Donnis, came to the Lord about the same time as I did.

After I graduated high school, I had an in-depth spiritual encounter with the Lord, unlike anything I had ever known. I spent much time on my knees

as I talked to my heavenly Father about my life and my willingness to do whatever He asked of me. I relished His Spirit's guidance, which gave me a compassionate heart for others and a hunger to share the gospel story. He reminded me that He made me to be a "reacher" and a "toucher." Eventually, I realized that the Lord had laid His hand upon me for the ministry. I fully surrendered my plans and ambitions to Him so that I might do His will.

I will never forget the morning after I said "yes" to the Lord to preach the gospel. I decided to tell my father about the life-changing endeavor.

When I heard him stirring down in the kitchen shortly after six that morning, I boldly went downstairs to share what happened in my bedroom during the night. "Dad, God has called me to preach His gospel. Through His help and grace, that's what I intend to do with my life: preach the gospel of Jesus Christ."

If I hit dad over the head with a baseball bat, I doubt he would have been more stunned than he was about my announcement. For some time, he didn't say a word. He was smoking a cigarette, and he continued inhaling and blowing the smoke across the room. He paced around the kitchen a little and came over to stand by me. He looked me right in the eye and said, "Son, I don't see how you could ever preach the gospel. You have always had a hard time talking to people. To be a preacher, you've got to do a lot of talking. No, son, I don't think you could ever become a preacher."

With that diagnosis, Dad went on about his business, and left me standing there with his doubtful words lingering in my ears. Although my father sought to discourage me, I was totally convinced that the Lord called me to preach the gospel, and I was unswerving in my surrender to this call.

I went back up the stairs. I sincerely wished my father received my announcement willingly and gladly, but he didn't. I was not dismayed, however. I knew that I must give myself to the ministry of prayer before giving into defeat. I talked with God the Father about the matter for some time, who assured in my heart that I was on a new course in life from this moment on.

Then, after a semester of training at a Baptist college, I was invited to launch my preaching ministry. I began preaching in small Baptist churches in various places. There were many country Baptist churches without a pastor at that time, and I was invited to pastor two of them. I was asked to preach at one church on Sunday mornings and another on Sunday nights, in a dual pastoral role. I was filled with great anticipation at this opportunity to develop my preaching ministry in those fine Baptist churches.

Out of respect, my parents came to hear my first sermons. Afterwards, however, they informed me that they were leaving that part of the country and moving over 2,000 miles away. This gave me a new call to prayer, because I sincerely believed that my parents would come to Christ under my ministry and influence in the immediate future.

They asked me, of course, to accompany them. After all, I was only eighteen years old, even if I had lived on my own for a year.

I distinctly remember that afternoon, that particular pasture where I ventured off to pray. I asked the Lord, “What would You have me do? Lord, You know how much I would like to stay here and serve as the pastor of these two churches. I would love that, because You called me to preach the gospel. But Lord, You know the overwhelming burden I have for my family’s salvation. Would it be more effective in winning them to Christ to move across the country with them? Or should I stay here and trust You to bring them to salvation?”

The answer to that prayer did not come immediately. But, within a few days, I was persuaded in my heart that the Lord wanted me to move across the country with my parents. He seemed to give me the insight that my number one responsibility was to the family into which I was born. God wanted to use me as His instrument to bring them to Christ. Reluctantly, I advised the two churches that I could not accept their invitations. I made the decision wisely and prayerfully, seemingly assured in my heart that, in a short time, I would see God’s promises fulfilled in my family! Praise the Lord! Within six weeks, my mother, father, and, just a little while later, my brother all came to Christ! Dad was totally delivered from his drinking habit, infidelities, and gambling; his entire manner of life wonderfully changed.

Many years later, I went to Beirut, Lebanon—more than 10,000 miles away from family and friends. The circumstances of why I was there are too complex to write out here, but I was in desperate need. Alone in a hotel room overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, I poured my heart out to God. I reminded Him that I was in Beirut without any money at all. The total lack of money seemed overwhelmingly frustrating. One morning, I opened my Bible to Psalm 116:1–2: *“I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.”*

I told God how much I loved Him. I told Him that I also loved Him as David did, *“because He hath heard my voice and my supplications!”* I recited in gratitude all the events that took place in my life: in my younger years, in the many answered prayers for my mother and father, like the way He brought my family to salvation and deliverance, and the bountiful blessings that I experienced in so many ways. So I was encouraged to affirm along with David, *“Because the Lord hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live!”*

The desperation I was facing in Beirut demanded a miracle! After I concluded those hours in prayer and study, I wandered into the streets of Beirut. I knew one of the keys to miracles and divine intervention was giving of yourself. Jesus said, *“Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again”* (Luke 6:38).

As I proceeded down the street, I was confronted by poor, helpless beggars and cripples lying on the streets. I had wished that I could have given them money, but I truly had none at all! How I wanted to reach out and touch them in a loving, constructive way!

A feeling of utter destitution gripped my soul. I often said, rather jokingly, *“It’s no sin to be poor, it’s just mighty inconvenient.”* However, my feelings there in Beirut were far more than discomfort or embarrassment at being broke, but genuine alarm that there seemed to be no solution to my

problem. I had no way of getting money, and in order to continue my journey across Asia, I needed money...immediately!

I lifted my voice as I continued walking, "Lord, You know I would love to help these poor people, if only I had something, anything, to give them. Lord, I know the principle of Your Word that giving is the way of receiving, yet I have seemingly nothing to give! Show me how I can effectively touch others."

Suddenly, I heard the eerie Muslim call to prayer peeling out across the city. If you have ever heard that call, you know that it is a fascinating, mystical sound which grips the soul. When I heard this Muslim call to prayer, the impulse came upon me, "Here is something I can do! I can give myself to prayer. I can go into that Muslim mosque and spend an hour in prayer, along with these Muslims."

Frankly, I was unaware that Muslim law actually forbade such an action, an outsider participating in prayer; it was considered sacrilegious for me to participate in their sacred hour of prayer. And, I was somewhat dubious about the propriety of bowing my Christian heart in that heathen place of worship. But without time to rationalize, I quickly made my way quickly to the nearest mosque. When I entered the door, a man immediately pointed to my shoes. Before I could enter the mosque, I had to remove my shoes and leave them at the door. After I took off my shoes, I proceeded to a place not far from the Muslims. As they bowed to Allah, I began fervently praying to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I prayed for my wife back in Canada; I asked God to bless her and meet her needs. I prayed that He would minister assurance and comfort to her heart, although we had no contact with each other. I prayed for our five children, that God would bless them and keep His hand on their lives. I asked the Father to bless my partners, who so lovingly and faithfully supported my ministry and all of its outreaches. I prayed for those who were sick that came to my mind, and those with financial needs. I prayed for the poor beggars I had just seen on the streets that morning in Beirut. I prayed for many things that morning in the mosque.

I took my ever-present tape recorder and captured the chanting prayers of the Muslims. (Later, I released those prayers and chants on my radio broadcasts.) Concluding that blessed hour of prayer, I began walking the

streets of Beirut with a renewed confidence that, indeed, I was more than a conqueror through Jesus Christ who loved me. (See Romans 8:37.)

The act of giving myself in prayer on behalf of the needs of others set in motion a series of miracles. God didn't give me full insight into what would happen or how my dilemma would be solved, but I began taking one bold step of faith after another. Within hours, I received five hundred American dollars, a confirmation of a flight from Beirut, and, above all, an awareness that the Lord had miraculously responded to my needs.

Before I left Beirut, God gave me many opportunities to share the gospel with others, and much fruit for my labors in that Asian country.

Again, God confirmed the validity of these two principles: when I live to give, I will never live in lack; and, when I reach out, somebody gets touched! Truly, prayer is one of the best ways of reaching.

REACHING AND TOUCHING PERSONALLY

Throughout our lives, I'm sure there has been special moments when someone has ventured to reach out and touch and comfort. I would like to share a few of my treasured memories. Perhaps we will then better cherish the kindness and love shown to us.

I was saved in a Baptist church when I was twelve years old, and my mentor was my dear aunt, Mae Rogers, who cared for my soul and reached me through a letter. She shared the message of God's love and urged me not to just "be saved" but to "be dedicated, committed, and totally sold out" for Christ.

When I was a struggling boy, trying to understand the meaning of life and trying to avoid the paths of the misguided Gossetts before me, this dear aunt, from hundreds of miles away, reached me through a letter, and I was touched by God and His sustaining power. Praise the Lord!

When God called me into ministry and when I began preaching in Baptist churches, this same aunt reached me again, introducing me to the wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her loving concern reached me, and I received it!

Still another significant event took place at this time, when Aunt Mae wrote me while I was in Bible school in San Francisco. I kept that letter over all these years:

Don, I know you are corresponding with a fine Christian girl. She's a good girl; but Don, I don't think she's the one God has for you. The one the Lord has for you is our pastor's daughter. Her name is Joyce Shackelford. She is a lovely girl, saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. She is talented to play beautifully all kinds of musical instruments, and her singing voice is very sweet. Don, you must meet Joyce; I believe she's the one God has for you.

Wow! This aunt of mine reached me multiple times before I was twenty years old. Surely enough, when I met Joyce, it was, for me, “love at first sight.” I agreed with my aunt: she was the one for me. Praise the Lord, “*Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord*” (Proverbs 18:22).

What if Aunt Mae hadn’t reached me? I might have not known the joys of a fulfilled Christian life, and the blessings of a Christian wife for all these years (thirty-three years of marriage as I write this book).

As I have shared before, God used me to bring my entire family to the Lord. You can do the same. God has made a special covenant with you. He wants to use you to be His instrument to win all your loved ones to Christ and eternal life. The Lord has put you into a family-unit in which He wants you to take responsibility for their eternal well-being.

God has used me to help thousands of people win their loved ones to salvation. The following teaching should be helpful to you.

The secret to seeing your loved ones won to Jesus Christ and eternal life:
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.
(Acts 16:31)

Is your family unresponsive to the gospel? Do they seemed “tuned out and turned off” toward spiritual things? Are some hardened sinners? If your answer is “yes,” I have good news for you: “*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*” (1 Timothy 1:15). Jesus’ love is extended to hardened sinners, indifferent sinners, and scoffing sinners; He extends His grace to every sinner! I embraced Acts 16:31 and saw all my family saved. “*The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him*” (Romans 10:12).

A mother of ten children, who had “begged God” for twenty-six years to save her children, asked me to pray for them. “I will pray with you for your children to be saved, if you promise me you’ll never beg God to save them,” I told her. Agreeing, she wrote down their ten names and we acted on Matthew 18:19, “*If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven.*” From then on, she showed her faith by praising God for saving each one of her children. Within two years, eight of those ten were born again!

When you ask God, act like he's heard you. Praise Him as if it is being done, even before you see one change. *Praise is the language of faith.*

The word *believe* is a verb, an action word. There's no believing without acting. When you believe Acts 16:31, you will do something. Aunt Mae *believed* for my surrender to Christ; she wrote me an anointed letter, red-hot with the Holy Spirit's conviction. When I *believed* for my family's salvation, I took them to meetings where they received the Savior. Now that you believe, hold your heart steady in praise, be prepared to do something on behalf of their deciding for Christ.

Never fear that your loved ones will be eternally cut off from God and heaven. If you *do* fear for their salvation, you are believing that God would lie to you. God watches over His Word to perform it. No Word that He has spoken will return void. God declares, by your believing, that your family will all be saved.

On the basis of this message, lift up your voice in prayer for your loved ones' salvation. Don't stop there. Move upward from the prayer zone to the praise zone! You are not a beggar, but a believer. A believer is a doer and an actor on the Word, which makes miracles happen!

Personally reaching, sharing an insight or a bit of wisdom can touch someone in a very special way.

One Saturday morning, in February of 1980, I held a special service in service in Calicut, India. Thousands of people filled the "Cathedral of the Church of South India," and I laid my hands on every person who came to the service. The church held close to two thousand people; thousands were lined up outside, waiting for their opportunity to have "hands laid upon" them.

For hours, I patiently laid these hands of mine upon those precious people of India. I had never witnessed such suffering as what I did that day. It seemed that the people were stricken with every horrible disease known to medical science. As I stood there praying and ministering to the people, the Lord reminded me of a day several years before.

My father and mother were visiting my home. One morning, Joyce and mom went out to do some shopping, leaving dad and I behind. Dad called to me from his bedroom, "Son, will you come in here, and help me button my shirt and tie my shoes?"

“Sure, Dad,” I replied, and went directly to him.

I bent over to tie his shoes, after buttoning his shirt, and suddenly a strange feeling swept over me: “Why was I doing these simple tasks for my father? Why was it necessary for me to tie his shoes and button his shirt?” I knew the answer, of course; I had lived with the reason most of my life.

When he was completely dressed, I went to my bedroom, where I dropped to my knees. I lifted up my hands to the Lord and said “Lord, have I ever thanked You for giving me two good hands all of my life? I’ve been able to do a thousand things with my hands, whatever I needed to do. Lord, have I ever sincerely thanked You?”

As I continued holding my hands up, I was reminded of how I used my hands to milk cows on dad’s farm so many times. It was, at first, a real treat when Dad gave me consent to milk the cow. Milking takes special execution, and requires dexterity and strong hands. That was when I was ten years old. Later, when it became my regular duty to milk the cow before and after school, I no longer experienced that joyous feeling. It soon became a stern duty and a chore. Now, here I was, many years later, saying to my heavenly Father, “Thank You, Lord, for giving me good hands so I could milk those cows during those years of farm life.”

Then, I thanked the Lord for enabling me to have strong, agile hands to play a variety of sports. I participated in scholastic sports: basketball, baseball, football, track, and softball. I spent hundreds of hours practicing and playing basketball and baseball. I was adept at both games and became a captain of my high school basketball team and a member of a semi-professional baseball team. My hands were very important in the sport.

Then, I continued thanking God for giving me capable hands to do so many things. I thought of my career as a writer, which became a ministry very early in my life. How thankful I was that I learned the skill of typing. My fingers have typed thousands of letters from an assortment of typewriters throughout the years. Had God not given me good hands to type with, I might have never written the books and publications which have reached millions of people all over the world.

As the Lord blessed my ministry with the gift of administering His healing power, I have used my hands to impart miraculous healings to thousands of people. I have laid my hands in faith on brown heads, black heads, blonde

heads, red heads, and bald heads. I have known the power of God to flow through my hands, arresting foul diseases, bringing health and blessing, my hands acting as a channel to communicate God's touch in the lives of thousands.

"Father, I have never taken the time to thank You before for giving me these two good hands to do so many things in life. Today, I want to say, 'Thank You.' You have given me hands so that *'whatsoever my hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'* (Ecclesiastes 9:10)."

Thank You, Father, in Jesus' worthy name.

Before I returned to the room where dad was waiting, I relived the event in my childhood when he lost the use of his hands. I was a boy, barely eight years old. Until that time, dad worked as an electrician, which had been his trade for sixteen years.

Working high on a power pole one hot August afternoon, dad's ground man sent a wire up to him. Instead of a "dead wire" which he was supposed to have sent up, he mistakenly sent a "live wire," which was coursing with electricity. When dad took hold of that wire, 2,400 volts of electricity charged through his body. He was electrocuted. His whole body was burned to a charred condition instantly. As his hands took the initial impact of the electrical charge, they were burned most severely. The fingers of his right hand burned completely off. In fact, his entire right hand simply disintegrated.

The safety belt, which supported him on the pole, was burned in two and broke off the pole. Dad fell sixteen feet to the ground, unconscious. There, on a pile of rocks, his ground-crew tried to revive him. One man discovered that dad had "swallowed" his tongue; he reached into dad's mouth and pulled it out.

Dad's left arm was also critically burned, although not near as bad as the right. He lost feeling in his left hand for the remainder of his life. Dad survived the electrocution, nonetheless, and went through a tremendous amount of surgery and therapy. His right arm had been amputated just below the elbow and had to be fitted for an artificial arm. Although there were some things he could do with his right hand, he could not tie his shoes or button his shirt.

Here I enjoyed the use of good hands all of my life, and I had never said, “Thank You, Lord.”

In India, people yearn to feel the healing touch of God. Usually, when a service is over, people swarm around the minister, wishing to be touched. When I get into the little taxi to leave the crusade grounds, people continue surrounding the car. Sometimes there are thousands of them with an earnest quest to feel God’s power through a touch of His servant. All of this humbles me. I know my hands, in themselves, are nothing. But, as extensions of Christ’s hands, they are instruments of blessing and healing. What a wonderful Lord!

My father has never laid his hand on the sick, but, with his limited ability in an infirm left hand, Dad always sought to do good and literally gave a “helping hand” whenever he could. Such was the kindness of his heart. It was through his example of reaching and giving that I learned the value of generosity.

To personally offer yourself to others—your abilities, knowledge, comfort, understanding, compassion, and support—is true giving, reaching, and Christlikeness. If you seek God’s life, surely you will reach and touch many.

REACHING AND TOUCHING IN FAITH

Reaching out in faith results in the most significant touch of all—the touch of God. In October 1960, my family and I moved from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Vancouver, British Columbia, to commence a new ministry. For a year, we had traveled the Canadian prairies conducting evangelistic crusades, in addition to occasional church meetings back into the United States. For those twelve months, we gave ourselves to intense study, prayer, and waiting on the Lord for His direction. Finally, on September 1, 1961, confident of having divine direction, we moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where our children entered public school.

Things did not run smoothly, despite our conviction that we were in the center of God’s will for our lives. My family lived in a little motel-unit...all seven of us cramped into two small rooms! I was engaged in special meetings in churches across the border in Washington, taking Mondays off to drive home to Victoria to be with my family. The Lord blessed the meetings, but the offerings I received were small and inadequate for our pressing material needs. This created more frustrations: some weeks, I barely had enough money to pay the weekly rent for the motel; other weeks, I had very little money to leave for Joyce to buy groceries.

One night, Joyce and I went to bed, but we couldn’t sleep. We were so despondent about our embarrassing financial plight. “What are we to do?” I wondered. “Should I leave the ministry and get a secular job?” We had been so certain that our move to Victoria was in the Lord’s will!

Joyce and I spent that whole night talking to God, just pouring out our hearts to Him. I never heard such a frank, open-hearted prayer as my wife prayed that night. She told the Lord how tired she was of being unable to properly clothe our children and how we often had insufficient food for them. She told Him how willing she was to live out of a suitcase, to

sacrifice without a home, but the deprivation of our children was more than she could bear.

Early the next day, I tore myself from Joyce's clinging arms, reluctantly leaving to catch the big ferry boat that would take me back to the mainland and down to Longview, Washington, for my meetings. In spite of our dismal circumstances and our unappealing prospects, I nevertheless sensed that we were reaching our turning point, although there was no evident change in anything. While driving down the coast, I sang praises to the Lord because I loved Him and wanted to please Him above anything else.

That season—September and October of 1961—was one of the richest spiritual times I ever experienced. I may have been in deep financial poverty, but I was rich in the realm of the Holy Spirit's blessings. The book of Proverbs tells us, "*The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and addeth no sorrow!*" (Proverbs 10:22).

While in Longview, I spent many hours alone in the bedroom of the home in which I was a guest. What sweet hours of prayer and study I enjoyed each day. This proved to be a tremendous growing experience! Through all the years of my Christian life, I discovered that the times of deep testing were usually preparing me for a time of growth in the Lord. Joyce and I developed a little motto: "No test, no testimony." The testimonies we have of mighty miracles, great deliverances, and unusual interventions all stemmed from a season of testing.

Indeed, our severe test was coming to a climax, and it happened like this: Soon after that special night of prayer, I asked the Lord, "Why are we in such desperate financial need when Your Word promises to supply all our needs?" The Lord responded to me with Amos 3:3: "*Can two walk together, except they be agreed?*" God was saying, in effect, "Do you want to walk with Me? Then you must agree with Me. You agree with Me by saying what My Word says. You have disagreed with Me by speaking lack, sickness, fear, defeat, and inability. If you want to walk with Me, you just must agree with Me."

As the truth of this became real, I asked for His forgiveness for not coming into agreement with His promises.

But, God was not through me. Again, He reminded me of the Scripture, "*Ye have wearied the Lord with your words. Yet ye say, Wherein have we*

wearied Him?” (Malachi 2:17). God put His finger on the ways I wearied Him with my words—expressing my worries and frustrations over and over, the words of bondage and condemnation I frequently uttered. Again, it was time for my genuine repentance. I sought and obtained mercy and forgiveness for wearying the Lord with words that did not harmonize with His Word.

Yet, once more, the Lord spoke to me, pinpointing the reason for my deplorable situation, *“Your words have been stout against Me, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against Thee?”* (Malachi 3:13).

I cried out in protest, “Lord, I would never speak against You! I love You with all my heart. Oh Lord, I would never, ever speak against You!”

Tenderly, the Lord dealt with me, saying, in effect, “Your words have been stout, strong, and defensive against Me, in that your words have been out of harmony with My words. You have spoken words far below the standard of My Word. You must discipline your lips so your words will harmonize with My words.”

As I meditated on this unusual encounter with the living God, I took out my daily diary and wrote twelve affirmations of truth. I entitled these affirmations, “My ‘Never Again’ List.” Here is what I wrote that day:

1. Never again will I confess “I can’t,” for *“I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me”* (Philippians 4:13).
2. Never again will I confess lack, for *“My God shall supply all my need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus”* (Philippians 4:19).
3. Never again will I confess fear, for *“God hath not given me the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind”* (2 Timothy 1:7).
4. Never again will I confess doubt and lack of faith, for *“God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith”* (Romans 12:3).

5. Never again will I confess weakness, for “*The Lord is the strength of my life*” (Psalm 27:1) and “*The people that know their God shall be strong and do exploits*” (Daniel 11:32).
6. Never again will I confess supremacy of Satan over my life, for “*Greater is He that is in me, than he that is in the world*” (1 John 4:4).
7. Never again will I confess defeat, for “*God always causeth me to triumph in Christ Jesus*” (2 Corinthians 2:14).
8. Never again will I confess lack of wisdom, for “*Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto me wisdom*” (1 Corinthians 1:30).
9. Never again will I confess sickness, for “*With His stripes I am healed*” (Isaiah 53:5); and Jesus “*Himself took my infirmities, and bare my sicknesses*” (Matthew 8:17).
10. Never again will I confess worries and frustrations, for I am “*Casting all my cares upon Him; for He careth for me*” (1 Peter 5:7). In Christ, I am carefree!
11. Never again will I confess bondage, for “*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty*” (2 Corinthians 3:17); my body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. (See 1 Corinthians 6:19.)
12. Never again will I confess condemnation, for “*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus*” (Romans 8:1). I am in Christ, therefore I am free from condemnation.

There! I had it down on paper. I carried my diary as I paced around my room, repeating these affirmations aloud. Several times that day, and for several days following, I read this list aloud, allowing the truths to penetrate

the shell of my negative spirit and root out the words that disagreed with God's Word. It was a real discipline, because I had wearied the Lord with my constant doubt. But now, instead of my words being defensive against Him, I was pleasing Him by speaking His own beautiful, life-transforming truths. Jesus declared, "*The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are life*" (John 6:63).

God has tied Himself up to His Word. He has been there all the time, watching over us in our circumstances and dilemmas. And, He has committed Himself to confirm His Word. Scripture declares that God watches over His Word to perform it. (See Jeremiah 1:12.) When we honor Him by speaking and living His Word, He honors us by making that Word good in our behalf.

One of the most picturesque accounts of how God regards His Word is found in Isaiah 55:10–11,

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

I spoke the Word each day in a renewed manner. As I spoke these twelve dynamic affirmations of divine truth, memorizing them, planting them firmly in my heart and mind, I began experiencing amazing results: my faith was growing and my attitude was changing drastically. God was watching over that Word to confirm it and to perform it! The whole tenor of the church-crusade in Longview was uplifted. Miracles of healing began occurring. The love-offerings for my ministry began increasing. I felt as if I were floating on fleecy clouds of joy!

I telephoned Joyce in Victoria. "Honey," I told her, "the Lord has visited me in an unusual way. He has been doing grand things for me on the inside. I am flowing in a new anointing. I have discovered why we were not getting our needs met, why we were putting up with those health problems in the children. I can hardly wait to get back to Victoria and share with you what the Lord has been doing with me!" Proclaiming these twelve principles of faith had revolutionized my whole life. I was radiant with the Spirit.

As I drove back to my family days later, I pondered the difference inside of me. Days before, I had been terribly discouraged; now, I was soaring in faith. It was then that God led me back into the “School of Faith” for more lessons, and a deeper understanding.

He brought my attention to Romans 10:8: “*The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the Word of faith, which we preach.*” From this passage, I saw that faith has two elements: the Word in the mouth, and the Word in the heart.

Then, in Romans 10:9–10, He reminded me again that salvation is a heart and mouth experience, “*That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*” When one believes in his heart that God raised Jesus from the dead and confesses with his mouth that Jesus is his Lord, he is saved!

So God showed me how this was the pattern for all His blessings to be obtained into our lives. And, another verse He showed me was Romans 10:17: “*So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.*” I learned that this was the way my faith would grow and develop. As my ears heard my lips speak God’s Word, my faith grew dramatically. Or, as I heard the Word spoken by others, my faith developed dramatically.

Eagerly, I responded to these instructions in the “School of Faith” by saying, “Come on, mouth, speak God’s Word! Listen, ears, this will strengthen me in my faith!” I followed this with the repetition of the twelve golden affirmations of “My ‘Never Again’ List” which the Lord had given me. Each affirmation was good for a 10 percent increase in faith. Thus, after quoting twelve affirmations, I was experiencing a faith overflow: a 120 percent increase! I was going “over the top” in the faith realm! This was good seed I had planted, and I was already reaping a harvest of blessing.

The Lord showed me how faith functions: the Word nigh (close to) me, in my mouth, and in my heart. As my ears heard my lips speaking God’s Word, I was partaking of faith’s food, and thereby increasing in faith.

As I drove up the Pacific Coast Highway, returning to my waiting family, I had quite a time in the presence of God. After a while, I grew quiet in my spirit, waiting for God’s next impartation of truth. I hungered for Him and

He did not disappoint me. Glory to God! When we reach out to Him in faith, we can be assured of His holy touch.

My next lesson in the “School of Faith” was from 2 Corinthians 4:13, where God taught me how to function in the spirit of faith. *“We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak.”*

Paul declared that the spirit of faith is something we have. Then, to spell out its way of operation, he quoted Psalm 116:10: *“I believed, therefore have I spoken.”* Paul then responded, *“We also believe, and therefore speak.”*

Let’s ask him! “Brother David,” we say, “how does the spirit of faith operate?”

David replies, “I believed, therefore have I spoken.”

Now, let’s turn to Paul and ask, “Brother Paul, how does the spirit of faith work?”

Paul answers, *“We also believe, and therefore speak.”*

The spirit of faith has a two-fold function: we believe, then, we speak. The Lord asked me, “Do you want to know how to release your faith? Do you want to turn your faith loose? Believe My Word in your heart, then, speak that Word with your mouth!”

Speaking has to accompany belief. This is the dynamic of faith: believe the Word in your heart, then, open up and speak that living Word with your mouth! Once again, I quoted “My ‘Never Again’ List.” I realized the spirit of faith was flowing freely through my life. I believed these affirmations of truth; I verbalized them with my mouth, over and over again.

It was a new vocabulary for me. I had majored on speaking words of doubt, anxiety, and fear. Now that I was operating in the spirit of faith, I was speaking a new language: God’s Word. (By the way, if you are wondering how I could drive an automobile alone and still receive nourishment from the Bible, it was largely due to the required Scripture memorization undertaken in my Bible school training!)

As glorious as all of this was, the Lord was not finished teaching me. He led me to the little book of Philemon. Verse 6 was the faith-lesson, where

God taught me how my faith would always, always be effectual, *“That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus.”*

The Holy Spirit began speaking to my heart, “Have you wondered why your faith has often been ineffectual? It is because you have acknowledged every bad thing about your life. You have talked about your weaknesses, your fears, your failures, your defeats. You have harbored a deep sense of unworthiness about your life. You have dwelt with a sense of guilt and questioned your acceptance with God.”

My great teacher continued, “If you want your faith to be effectual, that is, to bring to you the things promised in the Word, you must discontinue speaking all the time about yourself and your inadequacies. You are not sufficient of yourself anyway; your sufficiency is in Me.

“You must discipline your lips to acknowledge every good thing that is in you in Christ Jesus. You have a great treasure in this earthen vessel. You must acknowledge every good thing in you in Christ Jesus. Notice, it is not your own attainments, but what you have in Christ Jesus.”

This was blessed truth to my heart. I drank it in. I knew so often I had been defeated in my Christian life because I had lived sin-conscious rather than Son-conscious. So, I reaffirmed “My ‘Never Again’ List.” Every one of these faith statements was a declaration of the good things Christ put in me. I kept on exercising this speaking-forth principle, and my faith continued to *“Mount up with wings as eagles”* (Isaiah 40:31).

Before I reached Victoria and a joyous reunion with my family, I stopped in Blaine, Washington, to visit the KARI radio station. I had been on this station as a guest speaker at one time. I knew it was the only Christian voice on the air in British Columbia at that time. It was strategically located on the American-Canadian border, and its signal was directed toward Canada.

I yearned to be back on daily radio. When I was only twenty-two, I launched a radio ministry. The Holy Spirit showed me the possibility of multiplying my ministry through radio. I knew it was possible to be in a radio studio in one city, and, at the same time, preach the gospel to a thousand towns and cities.

During the 1950s, I had been on radio in various cities. For a time, I received response and financial help, and I continued on air. Then, when the

“going got tough,” when radio support ceased to flow, I discontinued my radio ministry and lived in frustrating defeat. Throughout that decade, I cried out to God to help me fulfill a daily radio ministry.

I remember traveling across the North American continent, trying to tune into a Christian radio broadcast. Many times, driving late at night, I would hear the Good News beaming into my car over the airwaves. Then, I would plead, “Lord, please help me get back on the air. I know You have called me. I am ready to *‘Take heed to that ministry which I have received in the Lord, that I might fulfill it’* (Colossians 4:17).”

Now that God had given me this sure-fire foundation for faith victories—“My ‘Never Again’ List”—I was ready to take the necessary steps of faith back into daily radio broadcasting once again! This time, it would be different. I would not turn back. When and if the going got tough, I would keep going.

My heart was filled with confidence as I drove to the studio. My dreams were about to become reality. I was ready to launch a new radio ministry. I committed myself to a daily broadcast at eleven o’clock in the morning on KARI. This was scheduled to begin the third Monday of October in 1961, ten years after I first received my call to radio ministry.

When I finally arrived in Victoria, what a happy reunion it was for my dear family! Later that evening, after the children were asleep, I shared for the first time “My ‘Never Again’ List” with my darling wife. She received it gladly. She could tell that my life had been dramatically changed by these truths, and she was more than willing to appreciate what the Lord had done.

Then, I told her about going on the radio, but her first reaction was negative. “Oh, but Honey,” she cautioned me, “don’t forget how painful it has been to pay off old radio bills after we failed on a station.”

With a positive voice, I replied, “But dear, it will be different now. The Lord has shown me the secrets of faith. We are ‘can do’ people now! God is our supply. We will not fear. We now know how to flow in the Word of faith and the Spirit of faith. God will honor us. We will not fail!” Joyce caught the contagious spirit of my new faith, and agreed with me that it would be different now.

There on Vancouver Island where Victoria is located, we journeyed up the island to Duncan, British Columbia, for a joint crusade with four churches.

My attitude was best described as “on fire,” with enthusiasm for the power of the Word of God to accomplish mighty things. And mighty things were accomplished! Many experienced miracles of healing in Jesus’ name. We had to move the crusade to four different auditoriums; the crowd filled every available seat! Hundreds received Christ as Savior and Lord.

Our new broadcast on KARI was flourishing, Joyce and I made the decision that it would be wise to relocate our family from Vancouver Island to the mainland of British Columbia so we could be closer to the radio station. With one hundred dollars in our pocket, we set out to find a house to rent. After a few hours of looking, we drove past a lovely home with a sign that read: “For sale or trade; any offer considered.”

We turned the car around, drove back to the house, parked our car in the driveway, and looked at the beautiful house. Then, I walked up to nearest house, made an inquiry and obtained the keys from the lady next door. We unlocked the door and walked inside. After walking through the rooms for a few minutes, Joyce spoke, “Honey, the Lord tells me this is going to be our home!”

I challenged that statement, thinking mostly of our limited resources of only one hundred dollars. “Are you sure it’s the *Holy* Spirit who told you that, or is it just the desire of your own spirit?”

She was exuberant with assurance as she repeated, “I just know this is going to be our home!”

We contacted the owners and told them of our interest in their house. We asked if we could lease the house for one year, with an option to purchase. A few days later, the principle owner called us back, “You know, Mr. Gossett, my partner and I feel that you and your family are the right ones for that house. It won’t be necessary to lease it for one year. We are ready to sell it to you now.”

He continued, “If you will pay one hundred dollars down right now and arrange to pay nine hundred dollars within ninety days, you can move into that house right away. We will draw up the papers to make that house your home.”

How our hearts rejoiced as we took those daring steps of faith. In order to hold my heart steady, I often affirmed “My ‘Never Again’ List.” These powerful truths fortified my spirit, whereby I was “walking on the water” with Jesus, anticipating His miracles daily.

It was almost like a dream when we met with the owners in Vancouver, signed the papers, and took legal possession of that home in Surrey, British Columbia. Now, twenty-two years later, we have that home nearly paid for. We have never missed a payment!

God’s Word is powerful! When we apply that Word to our personal areas of need, great things happen! The truths God gave me in my “My ‘Never Again’ List,” have continued setting us free from those vexing spirits which troubled our hearts.

Truly, reaching out and planting in faith brings a harvest of blessing—the glorious touch of the Lord.

REACHING AND TOUCHING AND HELPING

All parents go through a certain amount of trial in raising children. Often, a parent must be firm and reach out to children to save them from a future pain or destruction. When someone reaches and touches, with the guidance and wisdom of the Lord, it is hard to resist. At times, it may be difficult to admit there is a problem with your child, or to risk the security of ignoring a less than ideal situation, but the result will be worth it. Watching your children overcome problems is a joyous experience.

One day, a shocking truth exploded in our faces: our eldest, Michael, was involved in drugs! It was a rude awakening. Our first reactions were anger, disbelief, shock, frustration, embarrassment, and, heart-break.

In 1968, Michael was a student at Princess Margaret Senior Secondary School in Surrey, British Columbia. Drug use was common at “Princess Margaret,” like many other high schools at the time. The young people Michael associated with started smoking marijuana and consuming cheap wines and liquors. Later, they moved on to experimenting with chemical drugs, the so-called “mind-expanding” psychedelics. These kids influenced Michael, who eventually yielded to peer-pressure and his own curiosity.

Michael respected his family and parents enough to “keep up a front.” He behaved quite normal in our “minister’s family” home. Joyce and I were conscious of his evident spiritual decline, but we couldn’t pin-point the problem. We were aware of his coldness and a lack of godly concern; however, we never suspected that he was involved with drugs. In addition, to the drug involvement, Michael exploited his God-given talents for music and singing at a local nightclub, where young people congregated and drugs flowed in an unending supply.

Since our children were babies, we've had regular family devotions, and Michael continued participating. He listened to the reading of God's Word and quoted Bible verses fluently; he often lifted his hands in praise to the Lord. Invariably, we concluded this sacred time by dropping to our knees. He often recited convincing prayers as it came his turn. But, when he arose from his knees, he went out the door and served the devil with his life. Michael lived a "double-life" for nearly two years.

One day, however, this cover-up was revealed.

Joyce and I were stunned and heartbroken. "How could this have happened in our family?" we worried frantically, "to our son, who was supposedly dedicated to the Lord?"

We prayed earnestly, pouring our hearts before God, asking His mercy, wisdom, and grace in our time of desperation and need. We cried till there were no more tears left; we rose to our feet, dried our eyes, and declared war on the devil! Our "Operation Rescue" was set in motion.

It seemed vitally important that we swing into action without delay. We drove to the nightclub where Michael was performing to persuade him to come home with us. Joyce stayed in the car while I went into the club alone. The young man at the door spotted me. "Do you want to buy a ticket, Mister?" he hesitantly inquired.

I stood at the door, surveying the smoky room. On the stage, under the bright spot-light, I saw my son standing at a microphone. He was singing and playing his guitar, backed by a band of his friends. "No, I don't want a ticket," I replied, "I want your entertainer up there." I pointed to Michael on the stage. I suspect that worried ticket-seller thought I was from the police!

I strode in boldly, weaving through the crowded tables, oblivious to the surprise and open stares of the young audience. Just as I reached the stage, Michael recognized me. "What do you want, dad?" he asked bewilderedly.

"I want you to come home with me...now, please."

"I can't do that, dad. We have several more songs to do yet. When we've finished our set, I'll go home with you." He looked embarrassed and unhappy.

More firmly, I said, "Michael, your mother is outside waiting in the car. We want you to come home with us right now!"

Michael reluctantly turned to his group and whispered to them. Then, he took off his guitar, jumped down from the stage, and followed me. We marched through the tables without incident, but when we got outside, Michael exploded.

He was enraged. He angrily told me exactly what he thought of my actions. He was incensed that I would insist that he leave in the middle of his performance. Curse words spewed from Michael's mouth.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My own son—our first-born—was using such vile language, and directing it toward me! I was shocked, dismayed, and stirred to the depths to know how to cope with his belligerent, dark attitude. However, I adamantly insisted he return home with his mother and me.

Finally, he consented to get into the car and go home. At home, we attempted to reason with Michael, to counsel and pray for him. He was blatantly rebellious. I wish I could report that everything ended in peace and harmony that night, but it didn't.

For the next six weeks, Joyce and I wrestled against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness. (See Ephesians 6:12.) Thankfully, the Holy Spirit did a miraculous work in Michael's heart. After long weeks of spiritual battle, we witnessed our son's deliverance. Praise God, he never again engaged in drug use and his sinful, deceitful, rebellious lifestyle.

Joyce and I reached out and touched our children as they were growing (and even now that they're grown, we're there when they need us), and as a result, they've grown into such wonderful, Christian adults as a result. They are truly a joy to us.

Michael abandoned his "old paths" in his musical career. With his brother, Donnie, he left home in 1973–1974 to invest five months in a musical ministry in Far East Asia.

They used their God-given talents in gospel ministry for one hundred fifty days and nights in Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Vietnam, Thailand, Indonesia, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, and the Philippines.

Through the years, Michael and Donnie have led their group, "Salvation Airforce," in concerts all over Canada and the United States.

A glorious highlight of their ministry came 1983 in India. In Trichy, Tamil Nadu, they conducted concerts twice daily in institutions. The attenders

consisted of college, high school, and junior high school students. When the crusade was over, local officials reported that an average of more than one thousand Indian youths made decisions to follow Christ!

As parents of Michael, Joyce and I are deeply indebted to the Lord for dramatically changing the course of his life.

There was a period of several years after Michael's deliverance from drugs that he defiantly resisted the call of God to preach the gospel. Often, he would say to his mother, "Now, Mom, don't try to call me to preach! I'm a musician, not a preacher!"

One cold winter night in February, 1974, our phone rang. On the other end of the line was Michael, calling from Bangkok, Thailand.

"Dad," he explained, "please have Mom get on the other phone. I have something very important to tell you...I want both of you to hear it at the same time!"

When Joyce picked up the other phone, Michael carefully informed us of a new spiritual encounter with God while ministering to Buddhists in Thailand.

"The Lord has called me to preach the gospel, and I'm going to obey!"

Tears of deep gratitude rolled down our cheeks. Though we were separated by ten thousand miles, our hearts were as one.

God had used Joyce and me to reach out and touch Michael in his time of desperate need at that nightclub several years before. Now, he was reaching out and touching us with sweet news of God's work in his life.

Our bold "Operation Rescue" on Michael's behalf had produced great dividend, and much fruit in winning precious people to Jesus Christ!

REACHING AND TOUCHING THROUGH MARRIAGE

I am determined that marriages can really make it. Some years ago, when David Wilkerson was in Vancouver, I spent several hours with him at his hotel room one afternoon discussing marriage, the family, and the ingredients for success. I'm indebted to David for his insight into many concepts I share in this letter today.

Strong marriages are always severely tested. Husbands and wives who experience suffering, pain, misunderstandings, and temptation can rise above it all and enjoy a marriage that's beautiful and enduring. How you react to the crises of life is the key.

Most of the books on how to improve your marriage are of little value. It seems to me that very few marriage counselors are practical or scriptural. Most of their methods are unworkable. I recently read two helpful books on how to make a marriage work. Sadly, both authors confess that their first marriages ended in divorce. I really appreciate the efforts of these good men to share out of their heartaches helpful advice. I also esteem those people whose marriages have been long and happy. One man said, "I've been married for forty-three years now, and it's beautiful and better than ever." That man has something to say that we want to hear.

Here are a few steps to making your marriage work:

1. Even in your most heated arguments—never use the word *divorce*!

A lovely young wife, whose divorce was about to be finalized within the week, confessed, "I wish I never used the word divorce. We have been married only five years but we argued so often. Things got so bad, and one

day I blurted it out: 'I think we ought to get a divorce.' We were both shocked at first. We had never even thought of divorce before that moment.

"But after the shock wore off, I realized the seed for divorce had been planted. It was easier to say the next time. Within weeks that's all we talked about. The seed grew monstrous roots and finally strangled our marriage."

Others who've been divorced say the same thing. "Tell everybody you can," they say, "to never even speak the word *divorce*. There's something fatal in the very use of the word."

The Bible says, "*Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof*" (Proverbs 18:21).

2. Do not think that intense disagreement means there is trouble in your marriage.

Be honest when you disagree; express your hurt. Let your feelings show. People who keep things bottled up inside are candidates for all kinds of illnesses. But most married people who have intense disagreements think they are somehow becoming allergic to one another. They think to themselves. "Here we go again. It's a hopeless situation. We must have lost our love and respect for each other."

Quit the theatrics. You're only human and you might as well mark it down that you will have disagreements at times. Learn to get it all out, quickly. Don't ever think of giving up on your marriage because you are still weak in the area of communication. People who look for a perfect relationship are headed for disappointment.

Most importantly, never drop "the bomb" when you argue or disagree. Every husband and every wife knows exactly what to say to get the other's "goat." David Wilkerson says, "For me the bomb is the word phony. I hate to be called a phony and my wife knows it. She used to use it on me 'for the kill.'"

"When I wanted to get even, I dropped the bomb on her. 'Gwen,' I'd say, 'you are getting fat.' When she ran from the room weeping, I knew it found its mark." Brother Wilkerson concludes by saying, "Thank God we've outgrown such childishness, though we still have disagreements."

Never go to sleep angry. Take the humor stick and knock the stuffing out of your pompous attitude. Laugh at how ridiculous you both are. Learn to

admit, “Our marriage is still good—we simply have to work on communicating.”

The Bible offers good advice: “*It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling*” (Proverbs 20:3).

3. Never make your mate the butt of jokes—privately or publicly.

Partners who poke fun at their mates may think of it as “good-natured joking.” It is not! It is degrading and dangerous. Making jokes about the stupid things your husband or wife do at home is another way of putting him or her down. Behind most of these jokes is a spirit of anger and malice. It’s a way of “not letting them forget their mistakes.”

Behind all the laughter can be terrible hurt. Husbands and wives who respect one another do not resort to such tactics. Joke about anything else—but not your husband or wife.

4. Practice complimenting each other—sincerely and often!

One middle-age wife said, “Somebody has to keep my husband humble. He gets so much attention from others—he needs to be brought down a peg or two. He gets too big for his britches. I know just how to straighten him out.”

How sad! Every husband needs a woman who will build him up. It’s not a sin to build each other up with sincere compliments. There’s no need to tell lies or be shallow about it. Anyone who can stand before a sacred altar with a partner and exchange vows for life surely ought to see enough good in that person to talk about it.

A divorced woman declared, “My husband’s been gone over three years. How I wish he would come back. The loneliness is unbearable. There are a million things I forgot to tell him. If I’d only let him know how good he really was, in so many ways. What a fool I was—I could never learn to compliment him. I was always on his back, pointing out all his mistakes. I see how some husbands and wives treat each other so coldly and I want to scream at them, ‘Wake up, before it’s too late! Quit your sarcasm and encourage each other.’”

Wives tend to become as beautiful as the compliments their husbands pay them. They become radiant when told how attractive they are. And a

husband will do almost anything to live up to the compliments and encouragement of a proud wife.

The Bible says, “*A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver*” (Proverbs 25:11).

5. Never smother each other; set your love free!

It has been said, “If it’s really love, set it free—and it will always return. If not, it wasn’t love from the start.” There’s a great measure of truth in that.

A loving husband of forty-five years confessed the secret of his enduring marriage. “I believe it is my privilege and duty to create an atmosphere in my home in which my wife can reach her full potential. She, in turn, helps me reach mine.”

With his encouragement, she was active in the church; she volunteered in the hospital; she partook in her hobby of painting. He said she was a better wife because she was happy with herself. She was not being smothered by a husband who was interested in nothing but his own goals.

Jealousy is a form of bondage. It is the most smothering human passion known to mankind. Husbands and wives who fear the loss of a partner’s love try to overcompensate by holding on too tightly. It becomes an iron grip. A wife who thinks to herself, “I won’t let him out of my sight!” is actually expressing her fear of losing him. The wife whose husband will not allow her plenty of room for growth and expression will one day resent the boredom and narrowness forced upon her.

The most fulfilling of all marriages are those in which both husbands and wives commit their love to God’s keeping and who set each other free to grow and mature. Not freedom to flirt or fool around—but freedom to take on new challenges and set new goals.

The Bible says, “*Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed to free and that ye break every yoke?*” (Isaiah 58:6).

6. Learn how to say, “I’m sorry!”—and mean it!

Love, according to God’s Word, is learning how to say, “I’m sorry.”

An irate husband boasted, “I walked out on my wife last night. She’s always right and I’m always wrong, but not this time. I’m not going to let her walk all over me again. I know I’m right on this matter. I’m always the

one who has to give in first. Well this time I'm staying away until she crawls on her hands and knees and admits she's dead wrong."

Along with learning to say, "I'm sorry," husbands and wives must learn how to say, "I forgive." Jesus warned that the forgiveness of our heavenly Father depends on our forgiving those who trespass against us.

And when you stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven, forgive your trespasses.

(Mark 11:25–26)

In this day of rampant adultery, I often ask this question: Has your husband or wife cheated on you? Was there a true repentance? Were you trying hard to forgive and forget?

It may be hard, but you can forget and forgive. You must avoid bringing up the past. Thousands of marriages have survived infidelity, but only because godly sorrow for sin was followed by Christ-like forgiveness.

The Bible says, "*The discretion of a man defereth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression*" (Proverbs 19:11).

7. Never shut each other out; be open at all times!

Never "clam up" or walk out when things get shaky. A young wife urged, "Talk some sense into my husband, all he does is close up on me when we disagree. He won't fight back. He just walks out the door, leaving me to steam in my own juices. When he cools down, he comes home. He's like ice until I make up with him. He can go for days without saying a word. I hate it. I'd rather he would yell or scream or even hit me."

It is wrong to say to your husband or wife, "Just leave me alone. I'm going through a rough time—let me work it out by myself. I just don't want to be around anybody right now." That's not only stupid—it's a genuine put down. What is marriage all about if it's not for sharing and helping one another through every crisis?

Couples give many excuses: "It's that time of the month." "I'm going through the change of life." "I'm not feeling well." "I've had a bad day on the job." "My nerves are shot."

But, none of these excuses give you the moral right to shut out someone who loves you. Keep the door to your heart open to accept help in your time of need.

The Bible says, “*He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls*” (Proverbs 25:28).

8. Make a conscious effort to keep the joy flowing!

If the joy of the Lord is our strength (see Nehemiah 8:10), then strong marriages should abound with joy. When marriage loses its joy, it becomes weak and vulnerable. Show me a happy home, and I’ll show you a joyful couple at the helm.

Husbands and wives who no longer laugh and play together are losing their love for each other. There is a joyful childishness about true love. Marriages are suffering from too many sober husbands and sad wives.

Sure, there are problems. There is sickness, unexpected trouble, financial problems, misunderstanding, pain, and even death. But life goes on—and it’s a shame that so many couples never enjoy life. They keep hoping that someday they will be happy and content—when all the bills are paid, when the kids are grown, when they retire. Life passes by so quickly, and all they have to show for it are the wrinkles and lines on their worried faces.

The future is now. God is on the throne and He has everything under control.

Michael and Shelley, thank God that each of you has a partner who loves you. Plan to enjoy every minute of it; keep the joy flowing! The good outweighs the bad—so look up and live.

Again I share with you this Bible verse, “*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones*” (Proverbs 17:22).

9. Consult Christ about every detail of your marriage!

Adam and Eve brought deceit into their marriage and then compounded their rebellion by hiding from God’s presence. God never hides—only man does. But, God was vitally involved with that first marriage, and He’s just as concerned about every Christian marriage today.

Marriage without at least one partner who keeps close to Jesus has less and less likelihood of survival. There must be a hotline to the throne room. It works best when both husband and wife are talking to Him—but if there’s

one partner running from God, it is all the more imperative that the other be able to run to a secret place for help and direction. A praying wife can often save her marriage—as can a praying husband.

Human love is not enough to keep a marriage strong—only God's power can do it. That power is at work, right now, healing and keeping marriages intact! Divorce is a result of one or both parties losing faith. But where Jesus is king, the marriage can make it!

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.
(Jude 24)

REACHING AND TOUCHING IN KINDNESS

Andrew Blackwood, Jr., a famous preacher, once wrote, “Usually when God speaks, He speaks through a human voice that is kind. Nothing stops the sound of His voice as quickly as carping, criticism, and unkindness.”

In my years of ministry, I have heard hundreds of preachers and been exposed to many situations where “God speaks.” I agree with Brother Blackwood who said, “Always, when God speaks, He is kind.”

There may have been exceptions, when someone has spoken God’s message in a thundering tone, but the words that have been most meaningful in my life have been delivered in kindness. The times I knew I was not hearing the voice of God, but rather the voice of Satan, were when I was exposed to words which were carping, critical, and unkind.

Ephesians 4:32 says, “*Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.*” The only brand of Christians God produces is those who are kind. That’s the standard for true Christian living.

Galatians 6:1 says, “*Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.*” Restoring those who are overtaken is a vital part of the ministry of kindness.

Another well-known minister, Roy McChin, wrote, “When I look back on my life, the things that stand out are not the publicity I have received as a public speaker, nor the facts I have memorized to share with others. But, the things that stand out above all else as I review my life are the things in which I have tried to be kind.” We esteem kindness above other traits of life because kindness is an expression of Jesus’ love. “*Love suffereth long, and is kind*” (1 Corinthians 13:4).

On the opposite end of this matter, it could be said that the things which stand out in life with regret are usually the times when we were unkind, and selfish to other. I think about my own brother, Richard, with whom I grew up. He has been in heaven for many years now, but the good memories I have of my youth with him are highlighted by the times I was kind to him. The moments which I regret are the times when I was unkind to him.

Colossians 3:12 says to “*put on kindness.*” Kindness is real, not a “put-on.” But, we are commanded to put on kindness as an act of faith. God has shed abroad His love in our hearts, and, through this love, we are kind. We must wear kindness.

I believe in all of our relationships, when we sort out the good from the bad, that a primary measuring stick of the value of the relationship is the amount of kindness we exhibit. We have done rightly when we have been kind; we have done wrongly when we have been unkind. Certainly, life has much to hurt us with. In Ephesians 4:32, God links kindness with the importance of forgiving others. We are not only to be kind, but we are to be tenderhearted. That’s not soft-hearted, that’s tender-hearted. We are to forgive others even as God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven us!

The Bible’s description of a real woman is found in Proverbs 31. In verse 26, we read this excellent characteristic: “*She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.*”

Kindness is never more important than in the marriage relationship. Brother Blackwood stated it well, “Nothing stops the sound of His voice so quickly as carping, criticism, and unkindness.” These wrong spirits and unkind words will grieve the Holy Spirit in His plan for harmony in the home.

Think about the marriage vows, and the importance of kindness. In marriage relationships, it is more often than not unkindness which destroys it. Listen to me, husbands, God expects you to be kind to your wives. Kindness is defined as showing sympathy, concern, and understanding. Hear me, wives: God expects you to be kind to your husbands.

Kindness is not only showing grace, it’s also a law, as shown in Proverbs 31:26. A law is a principle. Wives, God says to you specifically that, to be a noble wife, a wife who truly pleases God, you must have the law of kindness on your tongue. To further personalize this, let us look at the

picture, also shown in Proverbs, of a wife who does not have the law of kindness in her tongue. It is a sad state of affairs when a wife is unkind; a brawling wife wreaks havoc. When God speaks through a wife or mother, He speaks through a voice that is kind—not harsh, critical, or unkind. Likewise, all people, in all relationships, should make kindness a priority.

Perhaps an effective way to illustrate this law of kindness is through the true story of J. J. Schell. Here is an excerpt from my book, *The Gift of Giving*, depicting a man whose whole life was dedicated to kindness:

J. J. Schell was a unique individual, whose motto in life was, “I live to give, and not to take.” He lived in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. He had lost his sweetheart early in life and so he chose not to marry.

Yet, it was in his heart to raise a family. Over many years, he adopted fourteen children, raising them in a warm, comfortable home, giving them a strong Christian atmosphere to grow up in. Each time I visited Mr. Schell, one or two of his now-grown children would drop by to see “dad.” They often shared loving words for this kind man who so selflessly cared for them. However, a great tragedy of his life—which the Lord eventually turned around for His glory—was because of one of these children. Mr. Schell related this incident to me:

When one of his adopted sons, Steve, became a teenager, he worked at the nearby farm of a temper-mental man, a Mr. Jones. This farmer regularly gave Steve and the other helpers vicious beatings; yet Steve never complained, for he had been raised to be a hard worker. One day, young Steve accidentally injured one of the farmer’s horses. Frightened of Jones’ inevitable wrath, Steve went home and confessed all to Mr. Schell...

Steve ran into the yard. “Dad, it was an accident! I didn’t see the barbed wire! I was galloping the horse and I just didn’t see the wire!” The young boy was hysterical. His father dropped his hoe and grabbed Steve by the shoulders.

“What’s the matter, son? What are you talking about?” he asked sternly.

“Mr. Jones is on his way here, dad! He’ll beat me for sure because of what happened to the horse!” Tears were streaming down Steve’s face.

“Slow down, son! Take a deep breath and settle down. Tell me the whole story.”

Trying to regain his composure, the boy gulped in huge breaths. Calmer, he began, “Well, dad, I haven’t talked much about it because you’ve always taught us to work hard for our employer, and not to complain. But, Mr. Jones has a really bad temper; he’s always yelling at us farmhands and hitting us whenever we don’t do something right. He kicks at us all the time and never seems to be happy with our work. The only thing that he seems to like is his horses. Boy, if you don’t treat his horses right, that makes him the maddest of all.”

“So what happened today, Steve? Why are you so afraid?”

Steve began trembling and stuttering, “I was riding on Beauty, one of Mr. Jones’ favorite horses. Beauty hadn’t been run for a few days, so I saddled her up, rode her to the upper pasture and let her go! We went through the brush and I just didn’t see that barbed-wire fence until...until it was too late. Beauty tried to jump it...” Steve’s voice trailed off for a moment. “Her legs and belly were pretty badly cut, dad, but she could still walk. I brought her back to the barn and cleaned her up as best I could. I even telephoned the vet and said I would pay the bill myself. But, when Mr. Jones came in and found out...well, I just knew he’d go crazy. So I came home.”

J. J. Schell put his arm around the boy's heaving shoulders and stood silently with him for a moment. "Son, you told Jones that it was all an accident?"

Steve nodded and tried to master his tears, "Dad, he wouldn't listen to anything I said. He's just a terrible old man, and he wouldn't even listen!"

"You said he's coming here?"

"I'm sure he is, dad. I just ran home as fast as I could. He'll beat me, I know he will. There's nothing he loves more than his horses, and now I've hurt one of them. He's so mean, dad; I just know he'll kill me!

"No, he won't Steve. He won't touch you. I won't let him. Go on into the house, son. I'll talk with Jones."

Soon, the enraged farmer arrived at the Schell home, prepared to administer a severe beating to the young boy. Seeing Jones' uncontrolled fury, J. J. Schell stopped him at the front gate.

Jones was violently angry and insisted on punishing Steve himself. Mr. Schell said that he would see to it that Steve was suitably disciplined for his carelessness, but Jones was not satisfied. An argument ensued, as Mr. Schell tried to restrain the farmer. Like a lioness protecting her cub, J. J. Schell grabbed his shotgun and ordered Jones to leave his property. A struggle took place and the shotgun was fired.

Hearing the gunshot, Steve ran out of the house and was confronted with a terrible sight: J. J. Schell was holding the still-smoking gun, and Jones was lying in a heap on the ground. Steve knelt down and looked carefully at the bloody body. Slowly, he looked up at his frozen father, "He's dead, dad," he whispered. "You killed him!"

J. J. Schell was arrested that night and put in jail. During the night, as he lay in prison, remorseful and uncertain, Mr. Schell said that a bright light shone into his cell and he heard the still, small voice of God, “I do not condemn you.”

At his trial, the judge determined that Mr. Schell was innocent of the intent to murder, that he had committed “justifiable homicide.” The judge sentenced Mr. Schell to six months at the Regional Mental Institution at Weyburn, Saskatchewan for psychiatric observation.

Mr. Schell told about his many months in the Institution, where truly insane and suffering people were committed. In the darkest period of his life—incarcerated for the killing of a man in defense of his son—J. J. Schell gave himself to prayer and fasting for many days at a time. Cheerfully, he saw his imprisonment as an opportunity to witness to the patients and the medical staff alike. Like Joseph of old in Pharaoh’s prison, he used his time prudently for the Lord, and many were healed and restored to their sound minds because of this man’s ministry. God used him, in the name of Jesus Christ, to release many who were mentally oppressed, so his sentence was not truly a punishment to him but was an opportunity to be a blessing to many.

After six months, he was declared sane and released from the Institution. J. J. Schell returned to his family in Moose Jaw. He worked hard and soon rebuilt his life, continuing in his ministry of loving and giving. Not only did he love the fourteen children he had adopted and raised, and even went to prison for, but his love and faith in God was tremendous. He gave himself liberally, generously, cheerfully, and kindly to the Lord’s work.

When I met Mr. Schell, he was already advanced in years. Any time I traveled in Saskatchewan, Mr. Schell always invited me to

stay in his home. He insisted on driving me around to my meetings. His nearsighted chauffeuring was quite an experience.

Mr. Schell would zip quickly along the prairie roads, and even in the city, he would scarcely pause at stop signs and intersections. I often likened him to King Jehu, for the Bible says in 2 Kings 9:20, “...and the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously!”

God called him home, at age 89, in 1969. J. J. Schell remembered our ministry in his will; his sweet gift was very helpful in expanding our work. I admired J. J. Schell, who was full of the love and kindness of God. He was a true inspiration in his exercise of the gift of giving.

The Giver's Creed

1. I live to give, for I remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, “*It is more blessed to give than to receive*” (Acts 20:35).

2. I live to give cheerfully unto the Lord. “*Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver*” (2 Corinthians 9:7).

3. I live to give according to the measure of the blessing of the Lord I have received. “*Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee*” (Deuteronomy 16:17).

4. I live to give for this is the love way. “*God so loved the world that He gave...*” (John 3:16). “*Christ Jesus loved me and gave Himself for me*” (Galatians 2:20). I live to give tithes

and offerings. The results are evident—the open-windows of heaven, overflowing blessings that there's not room enough to contain, Satan's rebuke for my sake, plus other benefits. I affirm with Jacob, *"Of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee"* (Genesis 28:22).

5. I live to give freely because the Lord has given so much to me. *"Freely I have received, freely I give"* (Matthew 10:8).

6. I live to give for giving is the essence of living. I *"give, and it shall be given unto me; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give [into my](#) bosom. For with the same measure that I mete withal it shall be measured unto me"* (Luke 6:38).

7. I live to give for this is the life of sowing and reaping. *"But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully"* (2 Corinthians 9:6).

When I live by this creed—I live to give—I will never live in lack. When I live to give my money away, God sees to it that I always have enough for my needs. More important, I always have enough for God's purpose through me.

Reaching out in kindness and love is hardly a passive act. It involves risk, vulnerability, and requires a strong, but sensitive person. The life Jesus led is to be our example, and we are to walk in His humble footsteps. Only listen and watch, and you will find His guidance.

I invite you to risk, reach, give, and touch in kindness and love. You will be abundantly blessed.

REACHING AND TOUCHING WITH HOLY HANDS

Several years ago, I conducted a gigantic open-air crusade at Georgetown, St. Vincent, in the West Indies. Night after night, I stood on the platform and saw hundreds of hands raised in surrender to Jesus Christ. One night, a police officer was sent from the government to interrogate the crusade chairman, Pastor Charles, along with myself about this ministry. In particular, he was concerned about our “peculiar manner” of worship: the lifting up of hands in praise, prayer, and worship to God.

“Sir,” I addressed the officer, “we know that Jesus said ‘*God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth*’ (John 4:24). The burning of candles, erecting of statues, or crawling on hands and knees have been man’s way of approaching God. But, the Bible commands, ‘*Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise*’ (Psalm 100:4).”

I continued, “We also read, ‘*Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. Thus will I bless Thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in Thy name*’ (Psalm 63:3–4). This is why we worship Him by lifting our hands, because God’s Word is truth and His truth dictates the lifting up of our hands.”

Then I shared with the officer that uplifted hands are the universal sign of surrender, as well as the indication of victory acknowledged. “Where did all this begin?” he asked.

“As far as I know,” I replied, “it began with a man named Moses in the Bible. God commanded Moses to lift up his hands while Israel was in a particular battle. As long as Moses’ hands were lifted to God, Israel prevailed. When his hands dropped to his sides in exhaustion, the battle was

reversed against Israel. So two men, Aaron and Hur, came and supported Moses' hands in the air; thus, Israel won the battle." When I showed the policeman the Biblical reference in Exodus 17:11–13, he was satisfied and departed.

Throughout the Bible, there is a chain of Scripture indicating the significance of men's hands in praise and worship. *"I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting"* (1 Timothy 2:8). Many Christians ignore this New Testament command, but it is a joy to obey and lift up holy hands unto God. Praising the Lord *"With all that is within us"* (Psalm 103:1) includes the beautiful lifting up of our hands to the Lord!

"Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord" (Psalm 134:2). In public worship, all things are to be done *"Decently and in order"* (1 Corinthians 14:40). There is absolutely nothing indecent or disorderly about praising Jesus *"in the sanctuary"* by the lifting up of hands.

"Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice" (Psalm 141:2). The Hebrews were required to offer a lamb as the *"evening sacrifice."* Now, through Jesus, we are to *"Offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually"* (Hebrews 13:15). The lifting up of our hands in praise is as the evening sacrifice, and is so pleasing to the Lord.

"I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: and my soul thirsteth after Thee as a thirsty land" (Psalm 143:6). The stretching forth of our hands is an indication of our wholehearted and earnest thirsting after the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone can satisfy our thirst.

While serving as a coordinator at the first "World Conference on the Holy Spirit" in Jerusalem, one of my delights was to stand in the balcony and watch the thousands of delegates from all over the world worship the Lord by the universal expression of the lifting up of hands. They uttered praises in many languages, but the expression of lifting up of hands in thirst after the living God was the same. It was marvelous to behold.

The lifting up of holy hands in prayer, praise, and worship is God's desire of us. Man's order in religion is often ceremonial and ritualistic, after man's tradition. But God's order in worship is life, liberty, and the lovely lifting up of our hands.

In recent months, hundreds of people have become “praise walkers” as they have accepted my challenge to take a Seven-Day Praise Walk through their homes. The results have been amazing.

Have you ever taken a Seven-Day Praise Walk through your home? You will discover the Holy Spirit responding to you in an overwhelming manner as you persist, and thereby please your wonderful Lord who is so worthy of your praises!

Here is how to take a Seven-Day Praise Walk:

Day One:

On this first day of your Praise Walk, endeavor to walk through each room of your home praising the Lord with each step. Your Praise Walk objective is to literally saturate and impregnate your life with God’s presence. Psalm 22:3, *“Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.”*

As you pace and praise, the Holy One will respond and reside in your praises—richly manifesting His presence. Second Chronicles 5:13–14 says, *It came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; they lifted up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever; and then the house was filled with a cloud even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord has filled the house of God.*

Day Two:

Practice the beautiful art of lifting up your hands in praise as you stroll through your home. Psalm 63:3–4, *“Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. Thus will I bless Thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in Thy name.”*

The act of lifting up hands to the Lord is a demonstration of surrender to His lordship. Reach out to Him in loving worship.

Day Three:

Sing jubilant praises to God. You are commanded to *“come before His presence with singing”* (Psalm 100:2). Devote this wonderful day of your Praise Walk to *“making melody in your heart to the Lord”* (Ephesians 5:19). It is not the quality of your voice that is important, for even a *“joyful*

noise” pleases God! (Psalm 100:1). Raise your voice in triumph and glory to God. Magnify the Music Maker who has put His song of praise in your mouth.

Psalm 40:3, “*He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.*” He loves to hear you sing to Him—savoring each note and melody.

Day Four:

Fulfill God’s expectation of you by continually sacrificing praise to Him. Subdue your senses and discipline your feelings to obey His command “*to offer up the sacrifice of praise to God continually*” (Hebrews 13:15). Be consistent and bless Him when you feel like it...and when you don’t!

Day Five:

Focus on honoring the Lord for His goodness to you. Enumerate His wonderful works in your life. (See Psalm 103:1–5.) Forget not His benefits: bless the Lord with all that is within you for His salvation, healing, protection, and spiritual and material blessings. Permeate each room of your home with phrases of praise and thanksgiving.

Day Six:

Rejoice as you move through your home. Exalt the Lord of heaven who is your source of joy. Psalm 63:5, “*My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips.*” Praise Jesus adoringly while walking, with a variety of names and titles to describe His character and nature.

Day Seven:

Long ago, the children of Israel were commanded to march around the walls of Jericho for seven days. (See Joshua 6.) On the seventh day, they were instructed to shout praises to the Lord. When they shouted praises, the walls fell down. On this seventh day of your Praise Walk, shout praises to God, believing that the walls, obstacles, and oppressions that beset your life will fall down!

General Notes:

At least once each day, practice this simple exercise: Hold up your left hand. With your right forefinger, touch each finger of your left hand twice, saying “Praise the Lord!” ten times.

Not only are our hands to be used in worship and praise, but in ministry as well. With my family of seven, for many years we have joined our hands

while saying grace around the table. This beautiful time of touching each other draws us closer together. If you seek to employ touch as much as possible, you will discover it is a vital communicator of Jesus' love. There is something extraordinary about being in touch!

Christians ought to embrace each other often. We take our example in the importance of touch from our Master. He used this method to communicate love to little children: "*He laid His hands on them*" (Matthew 19:15). We read in Mark 10:16, "*He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*" The tender touching of children is very important and scriptural.

"Have you hugged your child today?" This slogan has suddenly appeared on bumper stickers, t-shirts, greeting cards, everywhere. I don't know the source of this saying, but I do know the effect of it.

Psychologists and social workers have documented thousands of cases of juvenile delinquents and abused children who share a tragic common factor: their parents rarely or never showed their children that they loved them, either by word or by touch. Those unfortunate children, caught in attention-getting crimes or institutionalized because of neglect, were never told of their individual importance and worth by their parents. They rebelled against society in hurt and anger and are almost unreachable by normal counseling or displays of genuine affection. Sadly, these same children often grow up neglecting and abusing their own children: "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree."

Hugging your child or your spouse or any loved one is a simple act; it doesn't take a lot of planning, energy, or time. An honest word of affection, a smiling look, a squeezed hand, or, best of all, a tight and loving hug are all ways of reaching out to touch!

Your hands can be vitally used in God's service. Hebrews 6:2 speaks of the "*doctrine of laying on of hands.*" Jesus promised complete recovery to those who had hands laid on them. Hands can be laid on for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, the impartation of spiritual gifts, and various Word-ordained ministries.

The laying on of hands is more than a ritual; it imparts a divine charge of the Spirit of God.

The Lord said unto Moses, Take thee Joshua, the son of Nun, a man in whom is the Spirit, and lay thine hand upon him; and set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation; and give him a charge in their sight.

(Numbers 27:18–19)

Joshua the son of Nun was full of the Spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him. (Deuteronomy 34:9)

The laying on of hands is the biblical method of imparting gifts and confirming callings: *“They chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip...whom they set before the apostles: and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them”* (Acts 6:5–6).

The love of Jesus in your hands is also the means of ministering healing to the sick. It is written of Christ, *“He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them”* (Luke 4:40); and *“He laid His hands on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God”* (Luke 13:13). The apostle Paul also ministered in this fashion: *“Paul laid his hands on him, and healed him”* (Acts 28:8).

If we have a compassion for the sick and suffering, what shall we do? Jesus knew the love in our hearts would compel us also to desire healing as a gift, so He promised us, *“These signs shall follow them that believe...they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover”* (Mark 16:17–18). With love in your hands, seek to lay those hands upon the sick as often as possible.

The baptism in the Holy Spirit is also ministered by the laying on of hands. *Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles’ hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money.”* (Acts 8:17–18)

Indeed, there is a great value in the laying on of anointed hands, but it’s the gift of God, not to be purchased with money. *“When Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied”* (Acts 19:6). Your hands of love become channels of power through which you can minister the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

You can lay your hands on gospel workers who send out the message. *“When they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away”* (Acts 13:3). But, before you lay on hands, there is a specific

directive and caution we're commanded to observe: "*Lay hands suddenly on no man*" (1 Timothy 5:22). Always yield to the leading of the Spirit and continually pray for divine discernment.

You are a Jesus-person. Christ lives within your heart and His love is shed abroad within you by the Holy Spirit. Now, your identification as a Jesus-person is His supreme love that flows within your spirit. You love with His love.

Your hands may be ordinary, perhaps even with warts and callouses on them. But, those ordinary hands, empowered by God, can be used to minister healing, deliverance, and rich blessing. Lifted toward the Lord in prayer and praise, your hands become immensely important to God.

Lifting Up Holy Hands:

A Personal Confession of Praise

1. "*I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting*" (1 Timothy 2:8). Many Christians ignore this New Testament command. But for me, I shall joyfully obey and lift up holy hands unto God. God's will is here expressed; I am dedicated to do the will of God!

2. "*Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. Thus will I bless Thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in Thy name*" (Psalm 63:3–4). I will bless the Lord "*with all that is within me.*" This includes the beautiful act of lifting up my hands in praise to my Lord. Not only shall my lips praise the Lord, but I will lift up my hands in His name!

3. "*Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord*" (Psalm 134:2). I know that in public worship, "*all things are to be done decently and in order*" (1 Corinthians 14:40). Is there anything indecent or disorderly about praising Jesus "in the sanctuary" by the lifting up of my hands? Absolutely not. Hallelujah, I shall do it. When I gather with other Christians in

the name of Jesus “*in the sanctuary,*” I shall lift up my hands and bless the Lord.

4. “*Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice*” (Psalm 141:2). The Jews were required to offer a lamb as “*the evening sacrifice.*” Now, through Jesus, I am to offer the sacrifice of praise unto God continually. (See Hebrews 13:15.) The lifting up of my hands in praise is as the evening sacrifice, so pleasing to my Lord!

5. “*I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land*” (Psalm 143:6). The stretching forth of my hands is an indication of my wholehearted and earnest thirsting after the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone can satisfy my thirst. Ordinary means of worship may be employed in ordinary times. But, I possess an extraordinary thirst after the Lord; hence, I stretch forth my hands unto Him!

6. I know that lifting up holy hands in prayer, praise, and worship is God’s desire of me. Therefore, “*I will bless the Lord at all times*” (Psalm 34:1), even by the lifting up of my hands unto Him. Hallelujah! Thank God for your hands. Let them be instruments of good and blessing. Reach for His touch.

REACHING AND TOUCHING THROUGH MISSIONS

God's number one job isn't building churches in North America. It isn't publishing literature to bless and re-bless believers. It isn't to produce radio or TV programs for those who have heard so much and often appreciate so little.

It is unfair to bless and re-bless the same people, yet neglect millions in the world who have never had a first blessing! It is unfair to spend ninety percent of money on gospel causes in North America and neglect God's primary job overseas.

Dr. Oswald J. Smith of Toronto asked, "Why should anyone hear the gospel twice, before everyone has heard it once?"

We must obey the Great Commission and take the good news to every creature. We must reach out to every kindred, race, tribe, and tongue. It is foolish and ridiculous for us to spend all our money and time evangelizing the evangelized, reaching the reached, telling the told, and keeping the gospel bottled up in the four walls of our churches. Two missionaries, who served the Lord in China, related this true story of reaching and touching:

A little Chinese woman, converted from paganism only about six months, came running into the mission station with an urgent prayer need. "The doctor just left my home and has given my daughter only one hour to live," she breathlessly told us. "Now, you have told me of the power of Jesus to answer prayer. I have come to ask you to pray right now for my daughter!"

We responded, "Little sister, we shall kneel down with you for prayer, but we want you to ask the Lord for the miracle your

daughter needs.”

As the three of us knelt, the Chinese woman prayed, “Lord Jesus, the doctor just left my home and has given my daughter only one hour to live. These missionaries have told me about Your power to hear and answer prayer. Lord, I believe that myself.

“So Lord, whatever else You were planning to do just now, please put that off and take care of this first, for my daughter has only one hour to live! Now Lord, here is how You get to my home: You go down that road two blocks, until You come to a lane. Then, You turn left and walk down the lane, until You come to the second house. You go under the wire fence and walk right up on the back porch. The door is closed, Jesus, but don’t bother to knock, because my daughter is too sick to get up and answer. Just go right in, Lord, and heal my daughter now please. In Jesus’ name, Amen.”

By the time she concluded her prayer, tears were streaming down our faces. We had attended prayer conferences, read books on prayer, travailed in prayer before, but we had never heard a prayer like that one. When we arose from our knees, we said, “Little sister, we are going home with you. We believe the Lord understood every direction you gave Him, and we don’t want to miss seeing what He has done!”

We walked with her two blocks down the street, until we came to a lane. Up the lane we went to the second house. Under the wire fence we crawled and, when our feet stepped on the back porch, the door suddenly flew open. Out raced the daughter who had been given one hour to live. She embraced her mother and told her that she had been instantly healed!

In my own experiences in missionary evangelism in fifty-six countries, it has been a joy to reach out with the message of faith and touch multitudes.

These pagan people become simple, childlike believers once they meet the author and finisher of their faith.

We are commanded to go into the world and preach the gospel. In fifty-four overseas trips, Joyce and I have endeavored to do what the Master directed.

The Bible reveals that it is the earnest responsibility of every believer to share in world evangelism. We are not better than the heathens. We are just more privileged. It's good to reach out and touch our neighbors in North America.

Jesus declared, "*Preach the gospel to the poor*" (Luke 4:18). We have poor people in Canada and the United States. But, as I have seen the dire poverty of most Third World countries, I consider the worst off in North America to be well off by comparison.

Christians who are Spirit-led in their praying and giving invariably are led to focus on the unreached people in lands afar.

You can reach out and touch the lost, the least, and the last of this world's perishing masses. You can do it by praying, going, and giving.

REACHING AND TOUCHING IN INDIA

In our first India crusade, at Nagercoil, Tamul Nadu, in November 1979, I was invited to preach one Sunday morning at the Cathedral of the Church of South India, with an auditorium seating 4,000 people. The Lord graciously blessed the service. Afterward, the pastor of the church, Reverend Robinson, asked if I would go with him and his wife to pray for a relative who had been stricken with cancer.

They explained it was thirty kilometers (about twenty miles) away, and would take about an hour to get there by car. I consented to go. Two of our team-members from North America accompanied the Robinsons and me. All the way to the village, we saw the faces of the lovely people of India.

While we were praying for their aunt that afternoon, a tiny woman abruptly appeared at the front door with eager-looking eyes. She had heard that “the evangelist of the Nagercoil crusade” was in her village, and she came on an earnest mission on behalf of her paralyzed husband. Through the interpreter, she spoke to me about her husband. She explained how he had been paralyzed for seven years. “Evangelist, would you please come and pray for him?”

I gave my reply through our interpreter, “Yes, of course I will come and pray for your husband.”

One of our team members protested, “Brother Gossett! There is no way we can take the time to go to this woman’s home! We must return to Nagercoil for the crusade service tonight!”

The little woman understood what he said, and she dropped to her knees. With enormous, begging eyes, she appealed, “Oh please, sir! Please come to my home and pray for my husband. He has been unable to get off his bed for so many years!” She used all the broken English in her vocabulary to communicate her urgency, “It won’t be out of your way!”

As I studied her beseeching eyes, I knew I could never deny her fervent request. I turned to the interpreter and team members, saying, “Yes, we will go and pray for this man!”

When I was ushered into that typical Indian home, there lay the husband on his bed. Compared to North American standards, we would describe it as more of a flat board than a bed, with no mattress or springs.

God had told me before I went to India to be bold in speaking the name of Jesus in India. I obeyed. I reached down and took the man by his right hand. “Such as I have, give I thee,” I declared. “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!” The man responded in simple faith. He cooperated with me as I pulled him up off the bed.

At first, his steps were wobbly. Then, as the mighty power of the Lord coursed through his body, he became stronger with each step. Soon, he was like the man of Bible days, “*Walking, and leaping, and praising God*” (Acts 3:8).

The impact of that man’s miracle was instant. The whole neighborhood gathered in the front yard. They stood amazed when I led the man outdoors, and they ran with him through the yard as he demonstrated the miracle of the living Christ.

If I hadn’t responded to the earnest plea of that man’s loving wife, if I hadn’t gone to their home, that man may have still been on that hard bed. But, in compassion and faith, I did go. I obeyed God and spoke in the matchless name above all names to that man’s afflicted body. He was healed of paralysis!

Later, the testimony of this man’s miracle reached the city of Nagercoil, and was shared with thousands in the open-air crusade. God was glorified. Many rejoiced the Lord with the proof of Christ’s resurrection. That miracle achieved more than a thousand dead sermons could have achieved!

One night in Calicut, Kerala, India, I preached a strong message, reaching out to thousands of Muslims and Hindus with the assurance of salvation through Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. You may ask, “How many received and were saved?” Only God in heaven could possibly know the exact number. Those involved with the crusade were estimated at around 40,000! What an unforgettable experience for me as a man who has dedicated thirty-three years to soul winning! I rejoiced to see thousands

respond to the message of God's love as revealed in Jesus Christ's death, burial, and resurrection.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this rejoicing, Satan rebelled against the loss he experienced that day. He must have issued an order to the demons of hell, "Get busy—quickly!" All over that vast audience, many who were demon-possessed began manifesting their afflictions. I looked in amazement in all directions from the platform: demon-possessed people were screaming out and falling to the ground, writhing like snakes!

Immediately, the attention of the multitudes was no longer on the crusade and the ministry. They were distracted as they observed the demonic activity. It appeared that Satan was winning. However, at this point a handful of very capable Roman Catholic nuns swung into action. From various parts of the field, I watched as groups of six or eight nuns in their white habits began picking up these demon-possessed people and lifting them over their heads. They carried these suffering people forward to the roped-off area in front of the platform. As the nuns deposited these poor people on the ground, we on the platform received a new education in the work of demons. Seeing their bodies twisted and contorted by the power of the evil ones who possessed them, I lamented to our workers, "Look what a wicked devil does when he totally controls!" The blood-curdling wails sounded like the cries of hell itself.

My daughter, Judy, pointed out two women—a young one and an older one—who were writhing in the same pattern of movements, almost in rhythm. Later, we learned that they were mother and daughter, both demon-possessed, convulsing identically with earsplitting screams.

As the front area filled with these poor, tortured, possessed people, one of the workers whispered to me, "Don't worry about it, Brother Gossett. It will all pass soon."

But, Jesus didn't say, "Let them pass" when He referred to demonic activities. He commanded us to "*Cast them out*" (Matthew 12:27). So, standing on the platform eight feet above these tormented people, I began exercising the authority Christ had given me.

I proclaimed, "In the name of Jesus, I take authority and dominion over you demons of hell. I command you in Jesus' name to come out! You wicked demons of hell, I cast you out by the name of Jesus Christ!"

I didn't go down into the dirt and scream into their ears. No! The dominion of the name of Jesus was more than sufficient and could be very well exercised when spoken right from the platform. The demons heard my command as I cast them out, and they had no choice but to obey. To my knowledge, every demon-possessed person was freed!

Just like when Jesus rebuked the storm and the sea was instantly calm, so was it in India. Instead of chaos and confusion, there was peace and quiet in a moment's time.

Then, the people who lay in the dirt relaxed, as if they were asleep. I instructed the personal workers and the ushers to move in and help them up to their feet. I asked them to take the delivered ones aside, and to lead them to a personal acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Savior and Lord. It was beautiful to see them, once in the grip of satanic insanity, now walking calmly, with clear eyes.

Later, these same people were brought to the platform. I wanted to hear them share what the Lord did for them. I asked them what it was like to be demon-possessed. These newborn people related their experiences: the horrible noises locked inside their heads, the torment day and night. Now, they were free! There were smiles on their faces. They were changed by the power of the Son of God.

If God had not equipped me with the power of His Holy Spirit, if I had not been fearless to speak His name when the forces of hell were having a riotous outburst, if the name of Jesus had not been the greatest name in heaven, earth, and hell, perhaps those people would never have been liberated!

By the grace of God, I reached out that night in Calicut and thousands were touched!

Later that night, another miracle happened. I realized that I could not lay hands on individuals because there were just too many awaking prayer. So I prayed "en masse prayers" for everyone, asking the Father to minister their healings by His power.

On this night, the Holy Spirit led me to pray for a specific need. On this night, I was told to pray for the hopeless cripples at the meeting. Unknown to me, there was a woman, hundreds of feet away from the platform, whose husband had brought her one hundred thirty five kilometers (about ninety

miles) to the crusade. He was a rich Hindu, a landlord who heard about the crusade and decided to drive his paralyzed wife to Calicut.

While I reached out in faith and compassion in the ministry to paralytics, this woman, who was lying in the back of her car, began “feeling some power flowing” into her body. She began wiggling her fingers, and they responded! Likewise, her legs began moving. In a few miracle-moments, this woman was completely and totally made whole!

She arose from the back seat of that automobile. Her equally excited husband walked with her those hundreds of feet through the crowd on the way to the platform. There, they were met by the Examining Committee (formed of doctors, ministers, and government officials), who checked thoroughly to determine what the Lord had done. Sure enough, they were convinced it was a tremendous miracle. The woman and her husband were sent to the platform where, for the first time, I heard the account of God’s wonder! As the woman stood before the microphone and shared her miracle of healing, the crowd exploded in excitement and praise to the Lord!

Following the Nagercoil crusade, Reverend V. A. Joseph, our India Crusade Director for the outreach, sent a report-letter to our offices. The following excerpts are from that letter:

After the preliminaries were over, Evangelist Don Gossett was introduced, along with his wife, Joyce, who sang the “Hallelujah Chorus,” when we could forget the language barrier and feel the oneness in Christ. Reverend Gossett started speaking under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and the Lord used this man of God in a mighty way.

People were dumbfounded with the results that followed. People were convinced that there is no other way for salvation but through Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. The Holy Spirit took control of these meetings for those nights, resulting in Nagercoil experiencing the miracle-working power of the Lord.

Thousands upon thousands were drawn to the love of God. People were amazed to see the cripples walk, the deaf hear, the blind see,

and other kinds of incurable diseases healed, even many who were given up by doctors with no hope!

The Greatest Physician in the universe, Dr. Jesus, was happy and pleased to pass by this city and heal the sick according to the promises of His Word. Every day, the crowds increased, and the last night, the crowd at Nagercoil was estimated to be over 100,000 people. People walked for miles and miles to hear the God's Word.

I know a man who brought his son, a blind boy, from a distance of nearly fifty kilometers (about thirty miles), walking all the way with simple faith in Jesus. The Lord honored his faith and the boy received his sight! Praise the Lord!

If that father had not reached out in simple faith and led his blind son by the hand, that boy would possibly still be in darkness!

Jim Larson is a retired commander of the United States Navy, and a former professor at Columbia University in New York City. He has been a member of our crusade team on three different missions to India. At the close of the first crusade Jim attended, he shared this report:

One of the high-points of my life was witnessing the crowd respond to the call for salvation during the first meeting. About 8,000 were present that first night, and when the salvation call was given, I believe all 8,000 stood up to receive Christ! It was just incredible! As the crowds increased night after night, surpassing 50,000 the closing nights, the same thing substantially happened every night. The people responded the same way as they did to Jesus in person. In each service, perhaps ninety percent of the people were sincerely receiving Christ as personal Savior and Lord. What happened from there on was up to the local churches, as the follow-up came through them.

I've made a film of the crusade and photographed the miracles of healing. The first night, a man came up with his wife and children.

He testified that half of his body had been paralyzed and he couldn't walk. The Lord healed him during the prayer, and he stood in front of me, stamping his feet saying he could now walk and move normally. He was just glowing with joy, and his wife and children were the same way. This man returned every night!

I've attended many of the large meetings in the United States conducted by Oral Roberts and others. But I've never seen anything like these meetings in India. The people have experienced the new infusion of life in Jesus. They are excited and their faces are radiant.

It's up to us in North America to support these crusades. It's more than an obligation, for the Lord will hold it against us if we don't do this; it's our duty! The Lord has laid it on North America to carry the gospel to the world.

Another team member with us in India has been Mr. Marvin Winch, president of "Maranatha Realty" in Edmonton, Alberta. Brother Winch, too, has caught the vision of the ripened harvest fields. Here is his report:

I don't know how I could describe the atmosphere in the Calicut crusade. There was a special atmosphere of the Lord. It seemed like there was a 'cloud of love' over the grounds, and perhaps over the city. The whole city has been changed. People everywhere were talking about the healings. We know this is nothing but the grace of God. God is definitely visiting India.

These were the types of meetings that you would think have passed. The masses that need to be reached must be reached by mass-evangelism. I believe that the mass-evangelism crusade that we were involved in is the only answer to reaching the hundreds of millions of people in countries like India and China. God is prepared to heal 'en masse' if He can find men willing to cooperate with Him.

As I witnessed the gospel make its impact in India, I praised God for each person He used to make this great crusade possible. I realized that God has given Canada and the United States the resources and the ability to evangelize the world. It's up to us to fulfill the Great Commission. I'm convinced this is why He is blessing and prospering the believers in these nations, and He will continue extending His hand of blessing to us as we reach out our hands in ministry to others.

A valuable co-laborer out in India is Mr. A. S. Pandian, who has been a Commissioner of the Government of India for much of his career. He has come to most of our crusades at his own expense, and has served as a crusade director with us in India. Commissioner Pandian, a distinguished gentleman of a high caste, has written this report. Here are excerpts:

The messages given by the evangelist, Don Gossett, were inspiring and touched the hearts of the people. He prayed every night for the healing of the sick. Hundreds of people were cured, and gave witness to the same from the platform.

One of my assignments was to help screen the people who claimed miracles, before they were permitted to go to the platform. I tested them one after another and witnessed the mighty workings of God's Spirit.

One night, I saw an old man near the platform, standing with the help of two sticks. I took pity on him and approached with a chair to seat him. He said he was not able to sit; nor could he walk.

When Brother Gossett finished praying for the sick and crippled, I watched this same eighty-three-year-old man climb to the platform without the support of anyone or any sticks. He was holding the sticks above his head!

He came to the platform and gave witness to the wonderful way in which he was cured. He praised the Lord and went away walking

from the platform like an ordinary young man!

There were many blind individuals who came to the platform to demonstrate how they could see, even reading fine print. In each city, God has used His servants to preach the gospel and to pray for the healing of the sick. There have been hundreds of miracles!

God has shown me over and over again that when you reach out to people—people anywhere—they will usually respond. And, when you reach out in the precious name of Jesus, they will be wonderfully and miraculously touched. Be a reacher and a toucher. You will touch someone's life.

CONCLUSION

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

(Romans 10:13–15)

If my partners at home had not sent me by their prayers and love-gifts, I would have never gone overseas to evangelize. “*How shall they preach except they be sent*” (Romans 10:15) is another way of saying, “If Christians fail to reach out to the lost, nobody will be touched by the hand of God!”

Remember these points as you minister by reaching and touching others:

1. “*Ye have not, because ye ask not*” (James 4:2). If we don’t pray, we don’t get answers. If we fail to reach out in prayer, nobody will receive miracles of salvation, healing, and provision. When we ask the Father in Jesus’ name, He promises to respond to that prayer with His mighty answers, and fill us with His joy.

2. “*It is more blessed to give than to receive*” (Acts 20:35). We do not give to receive; we receive in order to give. There is blessing, great blessing, in receiving; but we are even “*more blessed*” to give! Because we reach out and give our money, love, prayer, and time, others all over the world will be touched by God’s presence and power.

3. “*They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover*” (Mark 16:18). If we don’t take our rights as believers and lay our hands on the sick, there will be no opportunity for God to minister His healing power. The more we lay our hands on the

sick in compassion and faith, the more manifestations of healings we will experience.

4. *“Behold, I give unto you power...over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you”* (Luke 10:19). Jesus Christ has given us startling dominion over the works of the wicked one. When we reach out and minister in His name to deliver captives from sin, sickness, demons, and fear, people are touched with divine freedom from oppression and vexation.

5. *“Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it”* (Proverbs 3:27). It is in the power of our hand to do good, but if we withhold and do not reach, those who need our good cannot receive it.

6. To whom is good due? We can follow the example of Jesus Christ, who said, *“The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor...to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised”* (Luke 4:18). To the lost, sick, fearful, despondent, and the lonely...it is in the power of our hand to minister God’s goodness to all of them.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For more than fifty years, Don Gossett has been serving the Lord through full-time ministry. Born again at the age of twelve, Don answered his call to the ministry just five years later, beginning by reaching out to his unsaved family members. In March 1948, Don overcame his longtime fear of public speaking and began his ministry in earnest, preaching for two country Baptist churches in Oklahoma.

Blessed with the gift of writing, Don became editor of the Bible College magazine in San Francisco; afterward, he was invited to become editor of an international magazine. Following this, he served as editor of T. L. Osborn's *Faith Digest*, a magazine that reached over 600,000 homes each month.

Don has penned many works, particularly ones on the power of the spoken word and praise. His writings have been translated into almost twenty languages and have exceeded twenty-five million in worldwide distribution. Additionally, Don has recorded scores of audio series. His daily radio broadcast, launched in 1961, has been released into eighty-nine nations worldwide.

Don raised five children with his first wife, Joyce, who died in 1991. In 1995, Don found lifelong love again and married Debra, an anointed teacher of the Word. They have ministered worldwide and have lived in British Columbia, Canada, and in Blaine, Washington State.

In September 2009, Don and Debra (also an ordained minister) founded a new church in Vancouver, British Columbia, where they continue to serve as pastors. The International Community Church truly is an international body of believers with members from many nations sharing a vision: to bring the saving, healing, and restoring power of Jesus to the community, locally and abroad.



Your gateway to knowledge and culture. Accessible for everyone.



z-library.se

singlelogin.re

go-to-zlibrary.se

single-login.ru



[Official Telegram channel](#)



[Z-Access](#)



<https://wikipedia.org/wiki/Z-Library>