

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my seven daughters and their families. They are the reason I first began thinking about writing. I realized some of them do not really know me and what I am all about. Some of them feel so sorry for me having to work so hard all these years at the laundromat. They think I lead such a dull and boring life. Before they finish reading this book they are going to be so envious of me and wish they had half as much excitement in their lives.

I have never gotten tired in the thirty-five years of being here, mopping floors, cleaning washers and everything else that goes with running a business. And I especially have not gotten tired of helping my customers, even the "ornery" ones. They are the reason that what I thought, in the beginning, would be a small notebook to my daughters, has turned out to be a nice-sized book.

I love some of my customers with all my heart, some, maybe, with half my heart. But I really want you to know you are all very important to me. Also, I want to thank my wonderful friends, who are too many to mention, for all your love,

prayers and help. I have needed all of you -- daughters, customers, family and friends. And my thanks to my friend, Kathy Shaw, for editing this book.

Another I would like to mention is the father of my seven daughters. Virgil was my husband for twenty-eight years. I am almost envious of him because he will spend more time in heaven with Jesus than me, because he has already been there for five years. I'll bet he will be surprised to see me -- and, hopefully, glad.

FOREWARD

All the stories I am going to share with you are the truth. Some of the names have been changed to conceal the guilty. I will not exaggerate, not one word. And I will not hold back for my own sake from telling everything. I have witnesses for most of the stories; the rest you will have to believe. The people who know me will tell you they believe I tell the truth. This is what my book is about: how the spirit world works in all our lives to a certain extent, but to the believers it is more apparent. And how lives are changed because of it.

Chapter 1

IN THE BEGINNING

I'm sitting here at my brother and sister-in-law's lake house. It is quiet and peaceful here with a light wind blowing through the trees and a gentle rain, with plenty of oxygen from the water, the grass and the plants. I see the logs floating on the lake, looking like big crocodiles, caused by the not –so- gentle rain from the day before. I believe I have found the perfect place to write a book and I know I have plenty of material for one. If I can just find a place to start.

I guess it would be from the time I was born. I will fill you in on a little bit of my life “before the laundryomat.”

I believe that it is important for the reader to know a little bit about the author, if it is a true story; and everything I am going to tell you about is absolutely true. I have witnesses for most of the stories, and for those others, I have witnesses that I tell the truth.

I was born Betty Jo Chandler in Duncan, Oklahoma, in 1936, into a family of four boys

and six girls, my being the third from the oldest. My mother was an amazing woman. She went through hell trying to take care of us, feed, clothe and keep us warm. Mother hated a liar and a thief, but I saw her do both, just to feed us. Many times I saw her take a bucket and go out to the pasture and steal milk from some farmer's cow. Mother grieved over our not having an education. She gave up trying to keep us in school because Daddy kept taking us out and moving to another town or state; and since, until I was twelve, there wasn't a law to make parents send kids to school, I only went to school half of the first grade, half of the second and all of the third and fourth grades.

For awhile, Daddy was in Hawaii in the Civil Service. He went over there right after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I had just finished the fourth grade when he moved us to West Texas to pull cotton. We were back and forth between Texas and Oklahoma. We lived in tents, dugouts, grain storage sheds, barns or whatever the farmer could furnish. Sometimes an old house was available. What we lived in, or the lack of food or other necessities, was nothing to the terror we lived in from our father, especially when he was drunk. I was always afraid he would kill my mother or one of my

brothers and sisters. He was always fighting with someone --knives, guns-- and mother almost died once. She was in the hospital for weeks. The doctor didn't think she would live. He tried to get Mother to put Daddy in jail ,but she wouldn't.

When I found myself thinking how I would kill my father if he hurt her again I decided I should leave home. At thirteen I packed my paper bag and asked the neighbor to take me to Brownfield. I won't go into all of that ,but ,yes, Daddy found me, and I lived at home for another year ; then I left for good.

I did begin the eighth grade at age fifteen, and passed; but it didn't work out for me to finish school.

We didn't know much about God, only being in Sunday school a couple of times in my life when I was four or five. One day I overheard an eight – year- old girl talking to my sister ,Trisha, who was also eight. tThe little girl had just came from church with her parents. They had stopped to welcome us to the neighborhood. The little girl told my sister that she had learned about Jesus in church. She said He lived in heaven with His Father and He came down here to save us. He

knew those mean old men would kill Him, but He loved us so much He came anyway. And, she said, if we love Him, when we die we can go up there and live with Him forever.

I made up my mind right then if He loved me that much I wanted to go live with Him, and I have never changed my mind. She also said when we get to heaven we can have anything we want. All we have to do is ask. Do you want to know what a four or five- year -old thinks heaven is? I thought, "Oh goody-- ice cream, soda pop, candy, red tricycles and black patent leather shoes." I had seen a little girl once with those shoes. They had half a dozen straps with buttons, and I longed for a pair! And since we almost never had sweets, heaven sounded pretty exciting! Today I see it as fruits, nuts, vegetables and carrot juice. And a place with lots and lots of supernatural love to go around.

I remember when I was five or six we were living at the edge of some small town in Texas. We didn't have any food,so Mother sent my brother, Frank, who was two years older than me, and myself to the store to see if they would give us credit. And, of course, they didn't. When we got back home Daddy was there with a truck. And he said, "Load up; we are moving." He took

us miles out into the country and unloaded our things on the front porch of an old shack. He said to Mother, "I have to take the truck back." We didn't see him again for two weeks, which was not unusual for Daddy. I didn't think he rented the house because the owner came and told mother she would have to leave. Mother said, "You tell me how, and I will. I have six little kids, ten years and under, and I have a baby a couple of months old."

The house had no water, gas, electricity or toilet—just an outhouse. There was water outside. Mother had no food at all to cook, and no cook stove or heating stove. She and my brother had to move everything from the porch into the house. I remember being very cold and hungry that night. The weather had turned cold, so Mother took all of the covers she had and went down the hill to an old dugout. A dugout is where a small room is dug into the side of a hill. This one at one time had had a door, but it had been torn off. She put all of us in it and built a campfire in the mouth of it. I don't think she slept much those two weeks. We were visited by rattlesnakes, tarantula spiders, coyotes, bobcats, skunks and other wild animals. But she said, "As long as we keep the fire going we will be okay."

The fire will keep the animals away." So, we all hunted wood; she didn't even have to tell us to.

When daylight came, Mother sent Frank and myself to a neighbor half a mile away to borrow a cup of lard. The only thing Mother had was flour, so she made water gravy and flapjacks on the campfire for us. When we got back, Mother went to the pasture and milked a cow she found with a baby calf. She brought the milk back so her babies would have something to eat. I will never forget the look on her face and what she said. She looked so pleased that she had gotten the milk, but she said, "I got plenty of milk, but I made sure I left that baby calf some." The next morning we had milk gravy and flapjacks. I remember the baby crying all night the night before mother got the milk, and I don't know who the cow belonged to; but it didn't really matter. Mother had milk for her children!

My sister, Trisha, who was about ten, my brother, Frank, and I saw an old barn way out in the pasture, so we went out to see what we could find. We couldn't believe all the good food we found—hard corn on the cob, which we shelled and took to Mother, who parched it for us. The next day we had to wait until after noon to go to the barn because there was a bull close

by with the other cows, and he really looked mean. We found food that had been brought for the cow. It was called cow cake. It was made from soybeans and cotton seed. One thing I remember about it, after we ate it, our stomachs felt very good and satisfied.

The next day we went back to the barn early, after Mother had milked the cow. We felt very brave that day, so we climbed up in the loft of the barn. It was very dark up there, but after we sat there for awhile we could see better. (It took me years to figure that one out.) But what we found was worth all the scary part. We found peanut hay! That is the only time in my life I have seen peanut hay. We took those bales apart, digging out the peanuts. Then we started back to the dugout; and wouldn't you know it? The bull was back—and standing right between the barn and the dugout. I was really afraid it would get dark before he left. Frank acted real tough, but I could see he was getting scared, too. It was hard to tell about Trisha, but I knew someone as old as she was wouldn't let anything happen to us. Finally, the bull went away and we took our treasures to Mother. She sent us back to the neighbors for the third time to borrow a cup of lard. But the third time they said they didn't have any more. But that was okay. We still had

more than enough. We had milk, flapjacks and all the parched corn, peanuts and cow cake we would ever need! But, after two weeks, Daddy came back, and it wasn't fun anymore.

My sister, Patsy, was two years younger than I was. She had beautiful, curly red hair and freckles. She thought she got her freckles from drinking milk from a cow named Freckles. She seemed like a baby to me and, for sure, much too young to go with us to the barn. Wayne was almost two. He was born on the King Ranch in Brownfield, Texas. That house was a scary place for a four-year-old like me. The night we moved in, Daddy wasn't there. I think he went to take the truck back. There were holes around the baseboard of the room. Mother put us on the only bed with a stead. She lit the one lamp we had and told us to be quiet, as she sat and waited. Big rats, not mice, but rats, would come up through the holes and Mother would hit them with a pot and kill them. There were three or four in the room at one time. Mother then nailed anything she could find over the holes. I think she must have missed one, because that night I slept on a pallet on the floor and a rat bit a hole in the top part of my nose.

When I was nine years old we moved to a suburb of Oklahoma City, called Britton, Oklahoma. One of our neighbors, Mrs. Clark, came to welcome us to the neighborhood and asked if we would like to go to church. It seemed like all of the ones who came to welcome us to the neighborhood always asked us if we would like to go to church.

I went with her that Sunday morning. I didn't know quite what to expect. I was scared, never having been in church at all, but there was a little girl my age. Right away she asked if I had learned my scripture verse. I said, "What is a scripture verse?" She said, "Oh, we all have to learn our scripture verse-- the teacher said." Well, I had gone to school just enough to know if the teacher said it, then I'd better do it. I asked, "Where do I find the scripture verse?" She held her Bible up and said, "In the Bible." I don't remember ever having a Bible in my hand. I asked if I could borrow hers. I opened the Bible for the first time. Can you imagine what it looked like to a nine-year-old? I reasoned that in between each number must be a scripture verse. Well, one seemed as good as the other, so the first time I ever read or memorized a scripture was this: 'I am the Lord thy God; I have brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of

bondage. You shall have no other Gods before me." (We lived in Britton for a year and a half, and then we moved back to West Texas.)

I did not realize then, that fifty-four years later, God would use this very scripture to help comfort and strengthen me to get through breast cancer. After the diagnosis I had gone to Oklahoma City to stay with my sister, Carolyn. She took such good care of me, giving me just fresh fruit and vegetables and six glasses of carrot juice a day. I remembered the little Baptist church in near-by Britton. I decided to go there for Sunday school. We sat in a semi-circle, about four deep. The teacher got up to teach, and over her shoulder was a sign: "Free at Last." Underneath was the scripture that she was teaching on: "I am the Lord your God, I have brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You shall have no other Gods before me."

I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit so strongly. It was as if He was saying to me, "I was with you when you were nine years old, I have been with you all through the years and I am with you now." Everyone in the class noticed the tears running down my face, so the teacher was more than willing to let me tell my story. I said to them, "God has truly brought me out of the land of Egypt, which to a Christian, represents the sin of

the world, out of the house of bondage of poverty, alcoholism, confusion, fear and perversion. And I have no other God before Him. Through the years I have given up anything that was more important than Him, and I thank God that I am free at last.” The teacher thought that was awesome. She said, “Class, do you hear what she is saying? It was ordained of God she be here this very day, after fifty-four years, and that we should be studying this very verse the first time she came back.”

And I had a perfect peace as I was going through that time in my life because of the prayers of my family, friends and many of the churches and customers at the laundromat. (Some of my best friends I have met as laundromat customers first.)

Now, back to my childhood in Texas, after Britton. One place we lived after leaving Britton was in a pretty good house, but Daddy was gone a few weeks. (He may have gone to take the truck back.) I didn't understand back then why all the landlords were so mean. They were always asking Mother to move. It seems they could not ever find Daddy. Of course we ran out of food again before he got back. But Frank and I found a place where the rabbits lived. We

watched for them and chased them until they ran into a hole. The dirt there was very sandy, so it was easy to dig them out. Frank and I took turns killing them, Mother would skin them and I think Trisha helped cook them. Of course Frank and I got the job of going to the neighbor for lard to fry them in. This neighbor was very kind. He realized we were hungry ,so he gave the three of us older ones a job throwing tumbleweeds over the fence with a pitch fork. Then he told Mother we could ride into town with him if we needed anything. So ,thanks to our neighbor ,we survived until Daddy came back with another truck.

I know some of you are thinking, “Why did your mother put up with living like that?” Life seventy years ago was a lot different than it is now. TV had not yet been invented . We had no radio and no telephone. Mother had no car. We never had electricity or running water, and we cooked and heated with wood. (I remember when someone gave Mother a kerosene cook stove. It was an amazing invention. We didn't have to carry wood in or the ashes out!) Also, the government was not as liberal with the money as it is now. There were no food stamps, no housing or Medicaid. A few times, if we lived in one place long enough, we could get

commodities, which consisted of flour, lard, cornmeal, cheese, powdered milk and beans.

Also, a woman had to have her husband's permission to get an operation so she wouldn't have children. Seven of us were born at home. The last three were born in a hospital.

Mother tried to leave Daddy a few times, but where can you go with so many children? It seemed back in those days that everyone we knew was having a hard time making ends meet because of the Great Depression. And every time Mother tried to leave Daddy he was meaner to her than before.

I am so looking forward to seeing my mother again--to see her happy and beautiful ! And I will see my grandmother. My mother's mother died when she was eight years old, so I never got to meet her. So, you see, Mother, all of her life, had a difficult time.

Chapter 2

MY FIRST JOB

When I was twelve Daddy got a job for me in Brownfield, Texas, living with Irma Lee Dooley. I took care of her two boys, Jimmy and Jerry. I cleaned house, cooked and she paid me a dollar a day and my room and board. Irma Lee was a telephone operator. When I went for the interview with her I was afraid she would think I was too young; so when she asked how old I was, I told her I was thirteen. Then I felt guilty, so I said, "Well, I will be thirteen in two weeks," which was the truth. I always looked older than I really was. Irma needed someone to help her, so she hired me.

I was paid twelve dollars every two weeks, and on payday Daddy would send my brother, Frank, to get the money. My sister, Trisha, was working at a café and she lived next door with an aunt and uncle of a man she later married. The uncle worked on the farm where my family lived. One day he told us that Daddy had left and Mother and the kids didn't have food. So Trisha and I put our money together and bought Mother a much-needed wash tub. It was used not only for

washing clothes with a scrub board, but for bathing, too. We filled it full of good food and candy for the kids. When Daddy came after my money he was plenty mad! He told Frank to tell me if it happened again he would make me go home. Well, I couldn't resist; so it happened again, and he came after me. He was drinking. It wasn't much fun riding home with him.

A few months later I packed my paper bag and ran away from home. I went to a neighbor and asked for a ride into Brownfield, I went to Irma Lee and asked for my job back.

I visited a little Four Square church when living there. I accepted the Lord and was baptized. They told me to read in the Book of Acts to see if the gifts of the Holy Spirit were true, so that night I knelt beside my bed and asked the Lord to show me. That was the first time I felt Him listening to me. And as I read, I believed.

My aunt, Daddy's sister, asked me to come to Oklahoma City to help her, as she was about to have a baby. I got a ride with some people who lived in Altus, Oklahoma. I was to stay with them a couple of days and then they would take me to Oklahoma City. But the day before we were to leave, Daddy called. He was at Mother's

sister's there in Altus. He said, "Get your things together; there will be someone there to pick you up." "Who will it be?" I asked. "It will be the sheriff," he said. The sheriff told me if I didn't go home with Daddy, get back in school and behave myself I would be sent to a girl's reform school. What he didn't know is that I wasn't in school. I loved school, but was never able to go. Everyone knew that only the very bad kids went to reform school; but I knew I didn't want to go home. So I asked him if I could go to the reform school instead.

When he let me out at Aunt Beth's, the sheriff said, "Send your father out here." I don't know what they talked about, but when Daddy came back in he was very kind. He told me Mother had left two weeks before, and my little brother I had always taken care of was in the hospital. Daddy said he needed me to come home and cook for the kids—that there was no one to look after them. So, of course I went home to take care of my poor little brothers and sisters.

I thought for sure we would all die on our trip from Altus to Snyder, Texas, where my family had moved while I was gone. Daddy had two guys who came with him to get me, and they were all drunk by the time we left. We drove all

night, and one time they put me to driving. There wasn't much traffic on the road in the middle of the night on those West Texas highways. They were long and straight. Daddy said, "Just keep your hands on the wheel, stay in this lane and don't let the hand of the odometer go past this number." I did the best I could, but I was so scared because I had never tried to drive before. So I kept going off the road and waking them up. Finally, one of the men said, "Well, 'blankety blank', Walt, get her out from behind that wheel before she kills all of us!" So I was put in the back seat with one of the men. He kept trying to put his hands on me, and I kept pushing him away. I knew if I told on him, someone would probably get killed, so I finally took one of his fingers and bent it backwards as hard as I could. I'm sure I heard it break; but he didn't touch me again.

We stopped at an all-night diner. I wouldn't get out. The other man came back out to the car and asked if he could get me a soda. I said, "No, I don't want anything." He asked if the other man was bothering me. He said, "You don't have to be afraid; I will ride the rest of the way with you." I thought, "Oh no, here goes another broken finger." But he didn't try anything.

It was just breaking daylight when we got home. Daddy just let me out and said he had to go to work. I thought it strange he didn't even go in, but realized why when I walked in. Mother was sitting at the table feeding Linda Kay, the baby. I said, "Mother, when did you get back?" "Get back from where?" she asked. "Well, Daddy said you had been gone for two weeks." Then I asked, "How is Freddy?" "He's okay; he's in there playing." "When did he get out of the hospital?" I asked. Mother was so mad! She said, "He was never in the hospital. That 'blankety blank' just told you those things to get you to come home!"

Chapter 3

OUR MOVE TO LA MESA

I turned fourteen the spring we moved to La Mesa, Texas, just thirty miles south of Brownfield. The first week we were there I found the Four Square church. It was within walking distance from our house. The pastors from the Brownfield church, the Westburghs, were there in La Mesa holding a revival meeting. I walked to church and then would ask one of the people to take me home. One night Mrs. Westburgh took me home. She asked me if I had received or been baptized by the Holy Spirit since I received Christ. I told her I hadn't. She said, "Come to the alter tomorrow night and receive the Holy Spirit." She said the Holy Spirit will be my comforter, my teacher, my helper and help me not to be afraid. Also, He would make me feel closer to Jesus and love people more.

All the next day I was so peaceful and anxious for the day to be over so I could go to church and get filled with the Holy Spirit. When the pastor called for the ones who needed prayer, I was the first to go down the "sawdust trail." The floor really was dirt with sawdust on it. Pastor Vest

was a carpenter; he had built the church. It looked like a long narrow house. (I went back to La Mesa after sixty years. It is still there. Trees have grown up through the roof and out the windows and doors. They have a big, beautiful new church now. It was interesting going back there after all those years and standing in the place where I had received the most awesome experience of my life.)

I was very backward and shy and would never lift my hands or pray out loud. The pastor said, "Just lift your hands and thank Jesus for what He is about to do for you." So I lifted my hands about even with my shoulders. Then I whispered to where no one but Jesus could hear me. "Thank you Jesus." And when I said it, I felt thankful; and so I said it again. And each time I said, "Thank you Jesus," I felt more and more thankful ,until the words I was saying just were not enough to express the love and thankfulness I was feeling. There was not anyone touching me and no one was telling me what to say. All at once, I felt, starting in my feet, a surge of what felt like hot liquid in every little blood vein. It came through my legs, and when it got to my stomach, it was sort of like going over in a big Ferris Wheel for the first time in your life. (Of course, this was happening in the spirit.) When

the warmth got to my arms they reached straight up as high as I could reach. It was as if Jesus was right there and I wanted to take His hand. When it came to my throat it loosened my tongue and I was able to express from my very heart my love and thankfulness to my heavenly Father and my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit. But the words were in a language I didn't understand. I was not aware or did not care any longer who was hearing me. I felt as if my tongue was on fire; it vibrated. I do not know how long I was praying, but I became aware of how tired my arms and tongue were. I was too tired to pray any longer, and I just said, "Lord, I do not want to stop praising you; I do not want this wonderful feeling of overflowing love to ever end." Then, all at once, I felt so refreshed, as if I had just started praying.

When I finally stopped, the pastor asked me how I felt. I didn't say much, but I felt like I was light as a feather, strong as an ox and more powerful than Hercules! I had never felt such peace. For the first time in my life, I felt like everything was going to be alright.

And it was, until Daddy came home drunk the next morning. He told me to fix him something to eat. While I was cooking his breakfast he sat

there drinking coffee. I wanted to tell him about the miracle that happened to me at church. But then I thought, "First, I will sing a song." So I began singing "I'll Fly Away," and he turned to me and snarled, "Where are you going to fly away to Betty? You just tell me, where do you think you are going to fly away to? So just shut up and get my breakfast. And don't ever let me catch you going back down there to that so-called church. And if you do, I will lock you out of the house and you will sleep outside with the coyotes." I was so sad, because I loved going to the church. I always felt so safe and loved there. It was a different world, but I knew the Bible said to obey your parents. I talked to my sister about it and she said, "Doesn't the Bible say to obey God rather than men? And God said that we should go to church." So I asked Mother. She said, "You have my permission to go to church. If he locks you out, I will get up and unlock the door." So, I went back to church.

I got all kinds of reactions from the ones I told about my experience with the Holy Spirit. It seemed no one understood. Since there was not even one Christian on either Mother's or Daddy's side of the family, it was hard for them to understand. It was difficult for me to understand, but one thing I knew. I had been

touched by the supernatural power of the living God!

After receiving His Holy Spirit, I knew He had forgiven me of all my sins. He even forgave me for thinking about killing my father, and I was able to pray for him. I also felt lightness, as if I weighed no more than a feather. (The weight of sin, fear, confusion and hurt is very heavy.) If someone had told me at that time I would ever sin again I would not have believed them. But, I am sorry to say, that was not the case. I have learned, as long as we are in the flesh, we do things that hurt others and that is sin. So I am still learning to walk more every day in the spirit so as not to fulfill the strong desires of the flesh.

One thing I know: as long as we are sorry for our wrongdoing, God always forgives us. The love of Jesus for us is stronger than all the love combined of all the people on earth.

Because of His great love for those of us who know Him, I believe it is harder to be lost eternally than to be saved. We have to turn totally away from God and His goodness and turn to ungodliness to be eternally lost. Although we all pay for the sins we commit, a lot of times the person will start reaping the penalty of those

sins before they repent. Nevertheless, I've seen suffering bring repentance and obedience.

While working for Irma Lee for the third time, I decided to go back to school. She said it would be okay with her as long as I kept my work done and was home when her boys got home from school. At this time she paid me \$24.00 every two weeks. When I decided to go back to school I went in to see the principal to ask if I could start in the seventh grade. I was afraid he wouldn't let me, since I had not been back to school after finishing the fourth grade. I made up my mind I would not tell him my mother and father's name or where they lived. Not that I knew, because they had moved more than once since I last saw them. I didn't care too much if they put Daddy in jail, but I would never let my mother go there.

The principal just asked why I didn't go to school, so I told him we were a large family and had to help by working in the fields, which we did. After he talked with me for a while he said, "I am putting you in the eighth grade. I believe you can do it, because I see you really want to learn. And I will tell all your teachers to give you extra help," which they did. I learned that the teachers who are the hardest to please are the ones who care the most.

A woman in our church asked me to come live with her and her husband so I didn't have to work while attending school. So, at the end of the semester, I went to live with Ethel and Mill Stone on a farm about eight miles south of Brownfield. I finished the eighth grade with B's and C's. Ethel wanted to adopt me, but I didn't want to hurt my mother by her thinking I wanted someone else to be my mother. However, life just didn't seem to work out for me there--probably because I was a sixteen-year-old teenager. So, after six months, I went to live with my married sister, Trisha, for a month or so; then I moved to Oklahoma City to live with my Aunt Dona, Daddy's sister.

Chapter 4

A BRIDE, AND SEVEN DAUGHTERS

At age sixteen, I went to work for the summer as a car-hop at a drive-in diner in Mid-West City. Then I moved back to Duncan, Oklahoma, where I met Virgil, the man I married, and the father of my seven daughters. I was working at the Red Horse drive-in. Virgil was driving from his home in Beckley, West Virginia, to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in Lawton, for a second term in the Army. He really thought he was impressing me with all those stripes as a sergeant. He didn't know, until after we married, that I didn't know the difference between a private and a sergeant.

I was flattered that an older man liked me so much, and he asked me to marry him. Virgil had just turned twenty-two. I would be seventeen in April. I lied about my age when we went to get the license. Virgil had told me if I didn't marry him then, he was going to go back over to Korea. And since I didn't think anyone could be more wonderful than he was, we were married after knowing each other for only two weeks. Married life was not easy for me, and I think it was harder for him.

I had loved going to the Four Square church back in Brownfield, but after leaving there I didn't know where to go or what to do. I was so very lonely. So one night, while still living at Aunt Dona's, I had seen a church having evening services. Upon seeing this I was very excited, so I went the service that evening. I was so disappointed! Not even one person spoke to me. I had left feeling even more lonely. So, I wasn't attending church when Virgil and I met. Virgil's father was a Baptist, so he was in disagreement about the kind of church I liked.

I was eighteen when my oldest daughter, Reva was born at Fort Sill. After Virgil got out of the Army we moved to California, where my second daughter, Barbara, was born in Corona. I was twenty at that time. Leisha, my third, was born in Philadelphia. We lived there ten years, then moved to Hiwassee, Arkansas, where the last four girls were born.

We had put a lot of hard work in the home we bought in Philadelphia and we were able to make enough profit to make a down payment on the eighty acres of rock in Arkansas. I prayed for the Lord to direct us in buying that farm, but I thought for ten years He hadn't heard me.

Although through the things I learned there, and through selling it for many times what we paid for it, we bought a home in Joplin, Missouri, for cash. This house was then later sold for a down-payment on a laundromat.

I will tell you how it came about and why I know beyond a shadow of a doubt God was directing and answering my prayer while we were living on the eighty acres in Arkansas. The house had been pulled up from the “holler” by a team of mules, so the story goes. It was semi-modern, meaning it had an out-house. It wasn’t much for so large a family. We had seven girls, and I wanted to be able to help my husband make a living for them. He was always worried about being able to meet the bills and buy food and clothing. He was constantly concerned, and I felt very weary, tired and unable to help.

So, as I was praying one day, I felt it would be an answer to my prayer to find a larger place where I could contribute more. So I asked my husband if I could find a place and trade our farm in on it. But it was very difficult dealing with him. (I know you wives know what I mean.) Nothing I found seemed to be right for him. And he had told the girls we would not move out of the Gravette, Arkansas, school district. After weeks

of looking I finally gave up; so I prayed again and made a list of the things I wanted on the farm. I said, “God, you know, if there is a farm in the Gravette school district like this that we can afford; I can’t look any more. I am too tired, so you are going to have to show me; find it for me.”

Then I told Virgil what I did and read him the list of things I wanted. First: I wanted gravity-flow water. For those of you who do not know what gravity-flow water is--- you have a spring on the side of the hill, the water flows into a reservoir and then it is piped downhill to the house. You do not need a pump or electricity. This was important to me because our pump was on a spring a quarter of a mile or so down a steep hill. Virgil was always having to pull the pump out and I would take it to Southwest City for repair. I wanted a place we didn’t have to have electricity, gas, water, sewer or trash service. So it needed a place to burn wood; and I asked for a place to have a wood furnace in the basement so I could have central heat without the mess. At least two bathrooms, four bedrooms, food storage or cellar, and a sun porch to start my garden plants early. A good garden spot, good grass to raise cattle, hay storage, a smokehouse, a barn and a place for the milk cow. And a “springhouse”, so named because it is a little building built over

running water. You put your milk, butter, eggs, meat or any food you have into containers, put it in the water and it was kept cold and away from the animals. I know for some of you it may be hard to understand why this kind of place was so important to me.

When I showed my husband, like a lot of you, he found it very amusing. And to tell the truth, I didn't really expect everything on the list. Virgil didn't like to hear about me praying for things, so he said to me, "Well, since you are getting all of that, why don't you have Him put me a big creek down through the middle of it? Ha, ha, ha, ha!" I felt good about it, so I just said, "Okay, Lord put a creek down through the middle of it."

Two weeks later I got the four-page Gravette News. I wasn't even looking for it, but there it was! The ad read: "Sixty good bottom-land acres with gravity-flow water." I couldn't wait till Virgil came home to show him. We drove over to look at it. It was an old farm place that had been remodeled on the inside and added onto. It had 2 ¾ baths, and every thing I had asked for — like a fireplace, central air and heat. At this time we had burned wood for ten years with no backup heat. The owner took us down to the basement where there was a fallout shelter.

Back then there were a lot of them being built because of the fear of nuclear war, but what was remarkable was the chimney.

He said if a person was so-minded, he could use a wood furnace and not have the mess upstairs and still have central heat. Just outside was a food storage cellar. It had everything I had asked for and more—like the grain storage. And guess what? The biggest spring-fed creek in Northwest Arkansas ran right across the sixty acres! The house sat at the bottom of a north hill. You could cut wood and roll it right down to the basement door. A large spring on the hill furnished water for the house. It flowed through the house and then on out to water the garden and on to the creek.

I kept bees and had wanted to plant, I think it's called crown vetch, for making honey. This farmer had also kept bees and already had the plants for them. The smokehouse was there — which, by the way, is not a house where you go to smoke! It was to smoke your bacon, ham or any meat you could preserve by smoking. The only thing the farm didn't have that I wanted was the spring-house. So, as we were leaving, I was so happy I was beside myself! I was musing to the Lord, thinking, "You knew before this farm was built that this day would come, that I would

be asking for it. It would have been so simple for you to have a spring-house on it and, Lord, I'm not complaining, but why didn't you? It has everything else and then some."

I wasn't communing with the Lord out loud; I seldom did around Virgil. So my husband could not have known what my thoughts were. He turned to me and said, "Betty, did you notice the farm didn't have a spring- house?" I thought, "Oh no, now he's going to say if that was really an answer to prayer from God, it would have had one." But instead he said, "Did you see the little oak cabinet on the back porch?" "It is lined with metal and the cold spring water runs off the hill, through the cabinet all the time and then out to the creek. You don't have to go outside to get your food – just to the back porch!"

Virgil made an offer, I believe, to trade our farm in on it but he would not budge one penny. He said to me one day, "You want that farm more than you have ever wanted anything don't you?" "Yes", I said. Then I said, "I want that farm more than I have ever wanted any material possession in my life, but if I could have what I want even more than that farm or anything else, it would be to have the ability to convince people about

Jesus Christ and what He came to do for them. And about the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

Virgil asked me one day while they were considering our offer, "Do you believe you will get the farm?" I replied, "If I don't, they will be someone living closer to the Lord than I am." A few weeks later, a holiness family moved from the east to put their children in the holiness school in Gravette. They bought the farm. I was very sad, but I told the Lord, even though I couldn't understand, that it was okay. I knew He knew what was best for everyone concerned, even me, whether I liked it or not.

A couple of years went by and everything in our lives was turned upside down. Many things happened that I will come back to later, but the results of it all took us to Joplin, Missouri, where we bought the laundry then known as Maggie's. I was very happy, and this particular morning I was singing and thanking God for all He was doing in our lives. Suddenly a stillness came over me--a quietness like nothing I have ever felt, except when the Lord is ready to speak to me. (He has spoken just a few times like this to me, I will tell you about most of them later.) I have never heard the voice of God with my natural ears. It is always in the stillness of the

spirit. It is much more impressionable than any voice to the natural ear. It is stamped in my spirit permanently, never to be forgotten and never, never to be doubted. When I hear His voice in this way, it brings such faith and confidence that nothing -- no circumstance or no person -- could shake me or turn my thinking. Something I have noticed about His speaking: He uses as few words as possible, so you cannot misunderstand. And He always leaves me with a feeling of peace, joy and awesomeness.

This particular morning He said to me, "Remember the farm in Arkansas?" I said, "Yes, Lord, what about the farm in Arkansas?" The Laundromat is what I have given you in place of the farm." I could not believe what He was saying to me. I then dedicated the Laundromat to Him and told Him that day if there was anyone He wanted me to help, witness to, encourage, pray for or anything else to send them to the laundromat. Many have come. I will share some of their stories later.

Now, listen to this if you think the Lord will not confirm something He has said. I went to the bank to give a financial statement because the owner of the Laundromat let us go ahead and take over the business and just pay him interest

on the money until our loan went through. When the bank called and I went in to give our financial statement, the young loan officer who took the statement said, "You are from my home town; I am from Gravette." I said, "Well, that's a coincidence." He said, "Yes, I grew up on a farm just outside Gravette." Yes! It was the same farm that the Lord refused me in order to give me something He knew that I would want even more!

Chapter 6

BORN AGAIN

Now, let's go back to Arkansas. I will not go into detail on what our problems were; there were many. Virgil blamed me and I blamed him, so when you add it all up we were both to blame. All I know is that I could not take life like it was any longer, so I was making plans to leave. But something happened that made me realize I couldn't leave. I could not go and I could not stay. So I cried out to God, "God I can't stay and I can't go – I can't live and I can't die. I NEED your help!" I felt a quiet stillness come over me, and the Lord said to my spirit, "If you will obey me and keep my Word I will give you the desires of your heart." I didn't know at that time that this promise is in the Bible. I said, "Lord, what are the desires of my heart?" I was so confused I didn't know anymore; and then He made me remember.

When I was first born of the Spirit, nothing was more important to me than seeing my family know Jesus. So God was telling me I could have this. But I said, "Isn't obeying You and keeping Your Word the same thing?" He didn't answer.

I didn't know until a few years later what He meant! He meant to keep the written Word, the commandments, and to obey Him when He shows me to do something. I have also found this in the Bible. He says, "To obey is better than sacrifice," and for us "to know to do good and not do it, to us it is a sin." He also tried to tell me when some of these people come to Him and get saved, they will not obey Him all the time. I said, "Father, are you telling me Virgil will get saved?" I thought the Lord showed me that Virgil would be first, and if the Lord hadn't told me Himself, I would not have believed it. I could not have gotten through the next six months if I had not known I had heard from the Lord.

I was watching television one Sunday morning and Virgil was working on his antique car. He came into the living room and asked me to get him a grease rag. While I was getting it, The Good News program came on, sponsored by The Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship. The president and founder of the Fellowship, Demos Shakarian, was talking to a chaplain in the Army. Virgil had been in the Army seven years. I think he said he "pulled a Truman year" or something. So, this got his attention. He watched the entire program, hearing how this chaplain in the Army had gotten baptized in the

Holy Spirit. Virgil said much later, he knew this man was telling the truth or he would not be on TV telling everyone.

After the program, Virgil went back to his car. I wrote down the TV program's phone number and called for prayer. I talked to the president of the Joplin chapter, Jim Black. I found out they had meetings each month. So, when time came for the meeting, I decided to go. My husband was very surprised to come home from work and find me dressed and ready to leave. "Dinner is on the table," I said. "I am going to Joplin," – sixty-five miles away. He had never experienced this before. In the ten years we had lived there I almost never went out in the evening. I was too tired, having five girls still at home, ages two and a half to thirteen. (The older two had married the same year.) I had not asked Virgil to go with me because I knew he would not go if he thought it would please me. So I just prayed. He said, "Well, if you had asked me I might have gone with you." "You still have time to eat and get dressed if you really want to," I said.

So, this is how we found out about the Christian school in Joplin. I didn't know there were any private schools except for Catholic ones. So I started praying about the girls going to the

school. When I brought it up one day I just said, "Wouldn't it be good to have our girls in that Christian School?" Virgil responded, "I can't even afford to keep them in public school; and besides, it will be over my dead body they ever go to any private school, let alone one like that." Meaning of course, where the administrator and all of the teachers "pray in tongues."

We would go to the Fellowship meetings each month, Virgil would listen, and on the way home he would say, "Surely to God you do not believe that junk." I would say, "I believed it before I ever met these people." Then one night, at one of the meetings, he went forward for prayer. And he asked me later, "Are you praying for me to stop drinking?" And I said, "No". And then he said, "Well, if you are, I wish the 'blankety blank' you would pray harder or shut up! I have never been so miserable in my whole life!" I didn't tell him I was praying for him to be born again of the Spirit, to accept Jesus as his Savior. Then I knew he would not need to drink to have peace of mind.

I learned the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship would soon be having their world convention in Anaheim, California. I asked Virgil if we could go. He said, "I am not going on

vacation and stay in church for a whole week.” We hadn’t been on vacation or away on a long weekend in five years, so, I asked if I could go and take the five girls. We could stay at the KOA campground in the new truck camper. He said, “Sure, if you can come up with the money.” I figured I could get by with about \$500.00. We were just barely making it financially, but we had a small mobile home beside the house, connected by a breezeway, which we no longer needed since the two older girls had gotten married. So, I asked Virgil if he would give me \$200 to buy paint and curtains to make it look nice. Then I would sell it for \$1500 and give him the \$800 he had been asking, plus the \$200, and that would leave me \$500. He just laughed at me. “Sure,” he said, “I have been trying to sell it for \$800 for over a year – so you are going to sell it for \$1500 and you have to do the work on it and sell it within a month?” I said, “You don’t believe the Lord will help me do it, do you?” “I will tell you how much I don’t believe it,” he said. “If you have the money from the sale of the mobile home I will go with you to Anaheim.” Then he laughed and said, “You are absolutely crazy!”

I worked as much as I could on the mobile home. I had to find bargains for the material I needed.

We lived ten miles from town and Virgil was always sending me on errands. I would think, “He is just deliberately finding things for me to do to hold up progress on the mobile home.” But then I would think, “Oh no, he would never do that.” I finally finished it and put the ad in the paper one week before time to leave for California. That morning Virgil said, “The ad is coming out in the paper today and you really do believe you are going to sell it in time?” I said, “Yes, the first people that look at it will buy it.” What he didn’t know was that I had asked Jim Black and Yolanda, his wife, to pray that Virgil would go with me.

A couple looked at the mobile home that morning and said they wanted it, but would go to the bank and be back that afternoon. My husband came home at lunch time and said, “Well, did anyone look at the mobile home today?” I said, “Just one couple.” He said, “I guess they bought it,” as he laughed. I said, “Yes!” He said, “Oh, don’t tell me; they had to go to the bank to get the money, right?” “Yes,” I said. “Don’t you let anyone hook onto that trailer until you have the money in your hand-- a bank money order,” he said. That evening they were putting the wheels on the mobile home when Virgil came from work. He said, “What are

they doing?” “They bought the mobile home,” I replied. When I showed him the bank money order for \$1500, needless to say, he stopped laughing!

I was amazed at all of the things the Lord did to make Virgil know He is real, and how much He loves us and wants to help us with our problems so we can have joy, peace and confidence in His hearing our prayers here on earth. And, after this, there is all of heaven to look forward to!

(I know by now you may be thinking, “Well, when will she get to the really strange stuff?” Just be patient – I will get there.)

Virgil still wasn't ready to go with us. I said, “Do you remember ,Virgil, you said, ' I swear to God I will go with you if you pull this off.'” So I called to make our reservations at KOA. I could not get reservations, and we couldn't afford for all seven of us to stay at a motel and eat out for a week. I said ,“Lord, you got us this far – now what?” My daughter ,Reva, called and said, “You and Daddy can fly round trip for \$325 . We will keep the girls.” So I called the convention center and they made our reservations at a good price. And when we arrived we found two food bars – all you can eat for \$2.00! Virgil said, “We are going

home when the \$500 runs out.” We had ten dollars left over after all was said and done. It was the best week of my life up until then!

More than anyone in the whole world, I wanted to meet Demos Shakarian, President and Founder of The Christian Businessmen's Fellowship, and Rex Humbard, a pastor from Akron, Ohio. Virgil said, “There is no way you will get to meet them with 50,000 people around.” I said, “Oh, I believe I will.” “Oh sure; Demos will walk up to you and say, ‘Well Hi, Betty; I'm Demos, and I sure am glad you could come, ’” he teased.

The day we registered at the convention, as we came out of the building, there in the crosswalk was Demos and a half a dozen other men. When we got closer, Demos turned and waited for us, held out his hand and said ,“Hi folks; I'm Demos Shakarian. I sure am glad you folks could make it. Where are you from?” He asked Virgil about his work and different things. Then he said, “Oh, your'e from Bella Vista, Arkansas? Well, just a minute. I want you to meet our vice-president, Tommy Ashcroft – he just got back from there.” We talked for awhile --it was very exciting!

The evening Rex spoke, he said he would be there all night if any of his TV family wanted to meet him. So I got in line with hundreds more. I thought he looked so tired, so I stepped out of line. I thought, "If the Lord wants me to meet him He will set it up." Needless to say, we went home with Virgil saying, "Well, why didn't God let you meet Rex Humbard? You said you would get to meet him." I said, "I don't know. I wanted to meet him so badly, but there is a reason."

When we got home we started attending a very small Full Gospel church. The pastor started there the same day we did. He was the president of the Bank of Bentonville, of Bella Vista, Arkansas. (This was a couple of weeks after we had returned home.) The pastor said, "I am friends of these people where Rex Humbard is visiting in Bella Vista. Rex said if any one of you want to visit him he will be at Blowing Springs Park this afternoon."

The park was three or four miles from our home. I not only got to meet him, but got to tell him what was happening and the people's names I had sent in to his Prayer Key family. He encouraged me, and said, "Keep praying and believing." I saw Virgil drive through the park. He was working that day -- he worked at Bella Vista.

And he saw me standing and talking to Rex Humbard!

Virgil had been very quiet this one day and I realized he would like to be alone, so I took the little girls and told him I would pick up the older ones at the ballgame. We left early and I took my time and stayed out as long as I could. When we came home, I opened the back door. I could feel the peace come out to meet me! I didn't realize how little peace we had experienced in our home. I walked to the bedroom door; it was open just a little. The light was on and I could see Virgil's face. It was beautiful! He had such an expression of peace that I had never seen on him. And he was praying very softly in the spirit. I had never heard anything more beautiful, except once in a dream I had .

Things were different now between us--just all the quietness, and a love that we had never before experienced. He told me he loved me very much, and I knew that he did. He said, " I am so sorry for the things I have done and said to hurt you, and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you." I said, " Virgil, you have nothing to make up. It is as if you have never hurt me." And it was true.

I felt like God had worked a miracle in our lives, because I had told the Lord at one point I didn't want to live with Virgil any longer, even if he did get saved and filled with the Spirit. But, right away I had repented. I told my husband I was also sorry for any hurt I had caused him and truly asked his forgiveness. I really loved him and I know he loved me. I had never experienced the closeness and the physical and spiritual love we had at that time.

Virgil began to see how much driving I was doing with the shopping, girl's activities, going to the laundry and to appointments. So he asked me to find a house in Gravette. I remember thinking, "But Lord, I thought you said the girls would be in the Christian school in Joplin. But I will do what my husband asked and find a house in Gravette." I never mentioned to him again about putting the girls in the school after that one time. So it definitely wasn't my persistence that led him to say what he did on the day I told him I was sure he would like the house I had found. He took me for a drive in his antique car and said, "Betty, I have been praying about what the Lord wants me to do. I know He wants us to move to Joplin and put the girls in the Christian school."

Chapter 7

BETTY'S LAUNDRY

We moved to Joplin, bought a house, and put the girls in school. But Virgil couldn't find suitable work. He had been field superintendent of heavy construction at Bella Vista. He asked me to get my real estate license, so I went to school and worked for Brookman Realty. Virgil then asked me to find a business, so we looked at a couple of places, but they weren't suitable. Then I found the laundromat. We looked at it, but the owner wanted all cash. We went to see Mr. Roper, the president of United Missouri Bank. Since we had not been in business before, the laundromat owner didn't have any paperwork, we would be just renting the building, and Virgil didn't have a job. Mr. Roper said, "I'm sorry, but we cannot give you even half the money on the business." We were putting our home up for the other half.

We had been in Joplin three months and Virgil was talking about moving to Texas, where our oldest daughter and her husband lived. I said to my husband, "Let me see if I can work out a trade with Mr. Taylor," the owner of the laundromat. I thought I had things worked out really

well, and Mr. Taylor said he would probably go with it, but would let me know the next day. The next day I went by the laundromat. Mr. Taylor said that a Mr. Kline had offered him cash, and he had told Mr. Kline, who had a drive-in cleaners and was losing his building to Memorial Hall to be used as a parking lot, that he would talk to me, and if I could come up with half the money in cash he would let me have it. If not, Mr. Kline could have it. So, I told Mr. Taylor to go ahead and sell it to him, because I couldn't come up with even with half of the money.

After I left the laundromat I kept thinking we would still get the it. When I told Virgil this, he said, "That does it; I'm going to Texas and get a job. You put the house on the market, and when school is out you and the girls can come out to Texas". I said, "If I have a contract on the laundry and a way to finance it, will you come back here?" He said, "Betty, don't you understand the laundry is sold to someone else? And even if it wasn't, you can't get the money for it." I replied, "I know; but if it did happen, would you promise to come back here? If it doesn't happen before school is out I will come out there and be happy about it." He finally said, "Yes, I promise to come back if you get it and have a way to finance it."

Virgil left that day, so I decided to go to another bank and try to get a loan. The new, young loan officer said, "Why yes, we can loan you the money." So I went to Mr. Taylor and told him, "I can get half the money." He said, "I am so sorry; I just sold it. It is under contract, and he is paying full price in cash."

It was three weeks until school would be out. One night I was saying prayers with the girls and one of my daughters said, "And oh, yes Lord, make that man change his mind on buying that laundry, because we don't want to move to Texas." The next day I called Mr. Taylor. I knew he was looking for a storage building and I had found one. I really didn't think he would like it – and he didn't. But I had a chance to talk to him. I said, "How is the sale of the laundry going?" He said, "Okay. We are waiting to get the lease signed, and Mr. Kline called a man to get an estimate on bringing his pressers in." I said, "Well, if anything happens, will you call me?" He said, "Well, nothing is going to happen. Like I said, he is a man of his word, and we are just waiting on Mr. Bormaster to sign the lease." I then said, "I know, but would you call me if anything happens?" Mr. Taylor looked a bit

disgusted and said, "Well, I guess he could drop over dead." "We won't hope for that," I said, "but if anything else were to happen, just know I am still interested."

The next day I went to Arkansas to take care some business. When I got back to the Brookman Realty office, the secretary said, "You got a call from a Mr. Taylor. He sounded very excited and said for you to call him." He wasn't nearly as excited as I was! I went over to see him and took a contract. He said, "You still want this laundry?" I said, "You know I do!" "Well you can have it," he replied. "Mr. Kline and his wife came in and they wanted me to come down on the price and said he could only come up with so much, and I told him you still wanted it. And his wife said, 'Oh sure, you have people standing in line now to buy it. You have had it for sale for two years.' So I told them to forget it; I was going to sell it to you."

I made out the contract and Mr. Taylor took it to get his wife to sign. I knew Virgil was coming home in a couple of days, so I didn't tell him. I wanted to surprise him. He wasn't as happy as I thought he would be, but he did sign the contract, then went back to Texas to quit his job and get his things. I was in for a big shock the next day.

I took the contract to the bank, where they said, "There is no way we can loan you the money," so I went to Mr. Brookman. He said, "I can't think of anyone to talk to but Mr. Roper; you might go see him." I said, "He turned us down first." "Well then, there is just no way to get it financed," he replied. By this time I was angry and I said, "Oh yes, there is, and I will find it!" Mr. Brookman just shrugged his shoulders as I walked out of his office.

Then I heard the Lord say, "Go see Mr. Roper." I thought at first it was an echo from what Mr. Brookman had said, but there it was again: "Go see Mr. Roper." I said, "But Lord, you know he said no, and all the circumstances are worse than they were, and Virgil is not even living here." The third time I felt God say, "Go see Mr. Roper," I said, "I think Mr. Roper is going to give us the loan!"

I made an appointment for the next morning. When I arrived at the bank there was someone with Mr. Roper, and I was glad. I was not a very forward person back then and I had no idea what I was going to say. Then the secretary said, "You can go in now." I was very nervous. I kept saying, "Lord, what am I going to say to him?" The Lord said, as I walked through the door,

"Just say it like it is." I thought, "I can do that!" I said, "Mr. Roper, my name is Betty Bower. Do you remember my husband and I coming in to see you about a loan to buy a laundromat?" He said, "Yes, I do."

So I told him the story about Virgil going to Texas -- the whole story. I said, "That laundromat is a very good business, and I drive by it every chance I get. I have watched it, and it would be a good business for our family. We moved here to put our girls in the Christian school. My husband had to move to get work. We have to follow him as soon as school is out if I can't get this laundry financed; and we do not want to leave here. It doesn't make sense that we can't get half of the money if we are willing to put our home on the line." Mr. Roper just tilted his chair back and listened. When I finished, he said, "Will you be home about 4:00 pm? We will be out to look at your house." They walked around just the outside of the house, and then came over to me and said, "You have a firm commitment; we will loan you all the money."

I saw Gil Roper several years later and thanked him again -- told him how I was able to buy three other laundromats and five houses. He said he was very happy things had worked out for us. I

had never been so happy in my life. We were all in church together -- and my girls were in a Christian school!

Chapter 8

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

I knew the girls were learning, and I wondered how much. We had given the girls a television game called Pong for Christmas. My youngest, Rhonda, was about four at that time. She came running into the kitchen and said, "It's my turn and Laura is taking her turn." I said, "Laura, let Rhonda have her turn." Laura replied, "We drew straws, Mother. She got the long one and I got the short one." So I explained to Rhonda, "The short one goes first; the long one is last."

Rhonda was so frustrated and said, "Well -- well I know that, but doesn't the Bible say, 'The last shall be first and the first shall be last?' Well, I was last. Doesn't that mean I'm first?" I said, "Laura, give Rhonda her turn."

I find we are like that at times. We try to work the words to our circumstances for our own needs, instead of "rightly dividing the Word of Truth," like the Bible says. I loved having our girls in the Christian school and I wanted to do something to help in the school and church, but I just didn't have time. I worked full time at the laundry and I had the five girls -- all the shopping, cooking, paying bills. And so the only thing I was able to

do was to launder the school's basketball uniforms and the church's baptismal robes and towels. They were brought to the laundromat and picked up when I finished, so, it really didn't take any extra time, since I was at the laundry anyway. One night a month I worked in the nursery at the church.

I also had more and more responsibilities. Virgil worked out of town a lot, and he would buy cars and trucks around Springfield, Missouri, and take them to Texas to sell. He did not like to work in the Laundromat, and that was okay; he really didn't have to. We did dry cleaning and had a laundry service at that time, so we had two eight-hour shifts, seven days a week.

I have been working there for thirty-five years and have never gotten tired of cleaning and taking care of business and seeing and taking care of the customers. Most of them think I am pretty much okay, but others just don't know about me. Like one morning -- this was after my husband had left for work. I was so busy I hadn't had much time to talk to people, so this morning I said, "God, I am sorry I have not been doing my job. I am going to work, and if there is anyone you want me to talk to, I promise I will stop work and talk to them."

When I got to the laundromat there was only one customer. As I began washing the windows I said, “ Lord, I am going to go to the sink and wash my towels out before I go do the windows outside, so if I am to say anything to her, let her start the conversation.” Right away, she said, “I sure am going to miss coming to your laundry.” “Are you moving?” I asked. “Yes, I am. I am moving in with my boyfriend, and my kids are not very happy about it.” “How old are your children?” I asked. “A boy, fourteen, and my daughter is twelve.” “And why do they not want you to move in with him?” She answered, “Well, he just got out of prison.” “Why was he in prison?” I asked. “Well, he didn’t do what he was accused of. They said he molested these little girls.”

I was dumbfounded, and MAD! “You are moving your little twelve- year- old in with a child molester?” She said, “Well, he told me what happened , and he didn’t do it.” I said ,“I can’t believe what you are saying! This is a sick, rotten, no good, ungodly world. Parents are supposed to protect their children, and you are helping the world out. What are you thinking? You need to get your children and get in church somewhere and keep them from people like this.

Have you ever accepted the Lord?” (By the way, I didn’t remember ever having talked to this lady or seeing her before. She said “Well, I did when I was young.”

She had backed up ,and looked at me while I was talking to her as if I had slapped her in the face. She said she had accepted the Lord in a Baptist church. I said, “There are a lot of good Baptist churches here -- there is Calvary__.” And, before I could say any more, she said, “It’s strange that you should mention Calvary. My daughter was baptized there Sunday. I said, “Well,no wonder I thought the Lord wanted me to talk to you. Your little girl is praying you will not move her in with that man.” “ But,” she said, “I wouldn’t leave her alone with him.” I said, “Oh, yes you will; he will see to it. And the Bible says, “Where any two of you can agree on earth about something, it will be done of the Father in heaven.” And I want you to know I am coming into agreement with your daughter that this will not happen!”

Two days later this same woman was the only one in the laundry again -- which is unusual. She was on a pay phone in the back and didn’t know I overheard her. She was saying “What are you doing over at her house? We were

supposed to be moving in together. What do you mean, God told you not to move in with me? You're not even a Christian, and God told you not to move in with me?" She slammed the phone down and ran out crying.

I didn't see her again for a few years. Then she came in one day, not to do laundry, but to let me know she had rededicated her life to the Lord and that she didn't move in with that guy. I didn't tell her I already knew that she didn't. She said, "I knew that you would want to know, and I want to thank you for talking to me that day.

Some people would say that, as a Christian, I should mind my own business. Well, I believe this was the Lord's business. The Bible says if we do not tell a person that they are to stop sinning, and they die in their sins and have not repented, their blood will be on our hands. We are to love especially our brothers and sisters and warn them of their wrong ways, causing them to repent, so they do not have to suffer the consequences. That is not judging their heart, but the act we see them doing. The Bible also says, "Do unto others as you would like to be done unto." I would hope my sister would remind me of my sin and pray for me, as I did for

my sister in the laundry. (And there have been times I have been warned by a brother or sister .)

Chapter 9

TORN APART

I ask God every day to forgive me of my sins and cleanse my hands and heart ,because I know we are not any of us sensitive enough to the other's needs. We all trespass against one another. That is why Jesus taught us in his prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive the ones who trespass against us." I know I was a hard person for my husband to life with. He just could not understand me. I did not realize how much he disliked Joplin or the laundromat. He was just different when he came back from Texas. I tried to please him and I just did not know how. I told him I would find a buyer for the laundry, because he said he was sorry he ever bought it. When I talked to Mr. Taylor, he said he would like to buy it back because his wife would not go to Alaska with him, and that is the reason he had sold it. But Virgil said, "Well, maybe I was wrong and we should keep it."

It was a very difficult time; we grew farther and farther apart. He treated me as if I were his enemy and he disliked my ways more every day; and I did not know what I was doing to displease

him. After four years, he said he had had enough, and he went back to Texas. He told me to sell the laundry and our home and come out there. He would come home every few weeks.

Virgil found a man to buy the laundry, who was supposed to send Virgil \$10,000 down and so much a month. The man sent two checks and only one cleared. In the meantime, I was turning the business over to this man a little at a time. He was to take the money out of the machines and deposit it in the laundromat account.

I didn't realize, until my checks started bouncing, he had not made any deposits. I took my keys back, and his second check never cleared; so we still had the laundry.

Other things happened, and we decided to get a divorce. Virgil said, "I am leaving for Texas; you go ahead with the paperwork," which I did. It was a very sad time for everyone, especially our daughters.

How do you ever get over your family being torn apart? How is it that two people who are Christians and who love God and each other wind up fighting, hurting and hating each other to the point of divorce? There is not anything more

beautiful than a marriage made in heaven, and I have known of a few; but even then there are often problems that have to be worked out.

Our Father in heaven created man and woman to be fulfilled in their love for each other and their God. God is spirit, but we also have an enemy who hates us and the Lord. He also is a spirit being whom the Word of God says comes “to steal, kill and destroy.” Do you really think every thought you have is your own? Few people, even Christians, can harness their thoughts and bring them into submission by doing what the Word of God says. The Lord says to “cast down our vain imaginations” or thoughts, and “bring them in line with the Word of God.” All too often the devil, who is Satan, puts all the doubts, fears and suspicions in a persons mind, and they think because they thought it, it must be true.

I remember several years ago, back in Arkansas, I did spiritual battle with Satan. But at that time I didn't understand what was going on. I had never doubted in my life that there was a God, but, at that time, I was weak in my mind, my body and my spirit. I was not attending church at the time. I have learned this is just the time the devil strikes. I will not go into all the battles I was facing, but it was at this time the thought came

into my mind loud and clear, “There is no God.” It was a very scary thought. I felt my mind was going from me. I felt I had no anchor to hold me down. It was like I was a balloon turned loose in the universe.

My mother had come to help me. She was in the kitchen and I was in the bedroom, crying out in desperation for Jesus to please help me. I remember saying, “Lord, you said in the Bible you would not let more be put on us than we could bear, and I cannot bear any more!” Just then I heard my sister-in-law, Fay, come into the kitchen. I did not want to leave the bedroom, but I knew it might hurt her feelings if I did not go see her. As I walked into the kitchen I heard Fay say, “This is Betty's scripture for the day,” and she read Phillipians 4:8, which says we” will have the peace of God if we think on all good things -- virtuous things, lovely things, true things, honest, just, pure, and things of a good report. Also, if there be any praise , think about this.”

I had not seen Fay reading the Bible before. I am sure she had, being a Christian, so I knew it was the answer to my prayer. I began looking for good things to set my mind on. It seemed there just wasn't much good to think on at this time. I remember going outside, looking at the animals,

the cows and chickens, the trees and flowers and sky. I thought, "God created all of nature; anything He did would be good to think on." But the thing that gave me the most peace was holding my baby and watching and listening as Fay's and my little girls were playing. I thought they were lovely, virtuous, honest; they were true, they were pure. They were everything the Bible tells us to think on. And isn't this interesting? The Word says we "have to become like little children before entering into the Kingdom of heaven."

If husbands and wives did think on all these things there wouldn't be any divorces. But in this world you have to practice thinking on good, and put down, or out, wrong or bad thoughts. It took me weeks to get back to where I didn't have to work at tearing wrong thinking out of my mind and replacing it with good. Satan has all of these ways of leaving the bad and taking the good. Almost any movie we watch can put wrong thoughts in our mind. Also, what we read, conversations we listen to. All of this may also cause us to dream, and our dreams can add to that wrong thinking.

Did you ever stop to think that you have to think it before you do it or say it? Whether good or bad,

all of this carries over into our spirit. Our thinking can affect others without their realizing what is going on. We can affect them for good or bad. Our prayers and thinking good thoughts help them. Our negative thoughts or bad words hurt them. The Word of God says we have power to bless or to curse; but Jesus says to use your powers to bless, in order to be like your heavenly Father. If husbands and wives would think good thoughts toward one another, the bad would not come. But if they think bad thoughts, the good will not come.

I remember, about a year after my husband and I divorced, I was having a real problem being troubled in my spirit. I called my friend, Thora. I told her I didn't understand why, but it had to do with forgiveness and Virgil. I said to her, "I really felt like I had forgiven him because I had been able to pray for him." But I felt something had to be done to get me free in my spirit. Thora was the kind of prayer warrior that took the bull by the horns, so to speak. She said

When we finished praying I said, "Thora, the Lord showed me what is wrong while we were praying." "He showed me, too," Thora said. "It is not your unforgiveness for Virgil, but his unforgiveness for you." Immediately I thought,

“Well, what does he have to forgive me for?” Of course, this is only a natural reaction for everyone to believe that divorce was the other’s fault. So I repented, and we both prayed for him to be able to forgive me.

Virgil called in a couple of days and said he was coming to see the girls. I said to him, “Virgil, the girls and I love you and we forgive you , and Virgil, I want to ask you to forgive me.” He cried. And when he came to pick up the girls we talked for a couple of hours -- more than we had talked for years.

When he started to leave, Virgil took a hundred dollar bill out of his pocket, handed it to me and said, “Happy Birthday.” We had released each other in the spirit. When we hold unforgiveness, bitterness and anger in our spirit, we are binding up one another in their spirit. Also, it is not possible for us to do this in and of ourselves. We have to have the help of the Holy Spirit. But, we do have to be willing for the Holy Spirit to come in to help us. We may still go through the struggles and pain, but He will bring us through to a happier outcome.

Virgil stayed in Texas after our divorce. By this time, most of the girls were living there. He

remarried, and someone asked me if it bothered me to go out to Texas, seeing them together. We always would get together at Reva and Ronnie’s for Sabbath dinner, so I saw them often. I said, “It hurt a lot going through the divorce, but I knew we would never be together again. I also knew he would remarry; so I was glad he married Melba, because she has been a good mother and grandmother to my children and, I am sure, a good wife to Virgil.”

I remember when, several years after they were married, Virgil was very sick. They called for his girls and his brother and sister from Philadelphia to come. I had my church anoint me with oil and pray over me, and I went to Texas to pray for him. I told Melba why I was there, and I asked if she would like to go into his room with me. I told Virgil what my church had done and asked him if he would like us to pray for him. He said, “Yes, of course.” In the prayer I reminded the Lord what His Word said. I prayed, “Your Word says if any in the church are sick, let them call for the elders of the church, let them pray over them, anointing them with oil, and the prayer of faith will heal the sick and the Lord will raise them up. And if they have committed any sin, it will be forgiven them. So Lord, I am asking

you to perform your Word concerning Virgil. Let him get well and get up and get on with his life.”

Virgil had gotten back in church after he and Melba were married. She was a Seventh Day Adventist. I also have a son-in-law whose father pastored a Seventh Day Adventist church, so he, too, came to anoint and pray for Virgil. I wasn't there, but I know they had a little testimonial service in the room afterwards. I really appreciated what he did.

(I accept all of my brothers and sisters in Christ who are walking with Him. Regardless of the name over the door, it is what's in the heart that counts. I am not of any denomination. I do attend a full-gospel church, Faith and New Hope. The pastors, PJ and Charlotte Hutchens were raised, he in the Assembly of God, and, I believe, she as a Methodist. They are wonderful pastors, full of faith and the love of God.)

Virgil called me the next morning when I was leaving to thank me for coming to Texas to pray for him. I said to him, “You are welcome; what are ex-wives for anyway?” He began getting better as soon as everyone prayed for him. The Holy Spirit works with all of us, helping us to grow up spiritually. That is why it is important for

us to release each other into His hands. He does such a much better job than we can.

Virgil lived, I think, seven or eight years after that. Early Thursday morning, before the Saturday he died, Melba dialed my number and he took the phone and said, “Betty, I just needed to tell you I am happy and I have such a perfect peace. I have been able to be with my girls, sons-in-law and some of my grandchildren and talk with them today.” “Virgil, I will see you out there in a couple of weeks,” I said. “No; no, you won't be seeing me again. I won't be here in a couple of weeks.” I said, “We love you, Virgil; and know that I am praying for you.” He said, “Thank you, Betty; bye- bye.” And he went to be with the Lord two days later. I went out for his funeral. He had his daughters and family with him when he died.

(Our youngest daughter, Rhonda, married a man from Joplin, so she had stayed in Joplin and helped me with the laundromat. At this present time she and her husband are running it while I am away writing this book. I have been trying to do this for several years but didn't have the time and probably not enough material for one.)

Chapter 10

I COULD WRITE A BOOK

I remember a few years ago I had gone to see Virgil's mother, who had just been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. On my flight home I sat with a man who was retiring. He had made a trip from California to Florida to sell his yacht. When I flew to Florida I had changed flights to St. Louis, so we didn't fly over the water. On the way home I flew to Dallas to see my girls. The man next to me said, "What do you see down there?" I said, "I see ships and lots of water. I think we are either being hijacked to Cuba, or I have gotten on the wrong plane." "Where are you going?" he asked. "To Dallas," I said. "You are on the right plane; we are flying across the Gulf of Mexico." "Of course," I said. So right away he saw how dumb I was.

He began to try and impress with me with his knowledge of flying, and he was doing a good job of it. He said he had flown all his life because of the work he was in. He told me that when you see a cloud formation you know the land is near. Since he was so nice and friendly I began talking to him. And since it is natural for

me to bring my faith into the conversation, I began to tell him of an experience I had just gone through at the laundromat.

I realized if he were not a Christian he would not understand, so I asked him, "Do you understand what I am saying; are you a Christian?" "Well, he said "Probably not by your standards". I said, it's not by my standards or anyone else's it is have you been born again of the spirit? Do you have a relationship with Jesus? I realized I had offended him when he excused himself and went to the bathroom. When he came back he ordered another drink and sat with his shoulder to me. I thought well, I won't try to force a conversation with him but I was sure when we saw the cloud formation he would not be able to resist. So when he saw the cloud formation he said "see what I told you, there is the cloud formation, we are near land". I said "Oh yes, I see, I guess you really do know a lot about flying but this is only my second time I have flown so I don't know much about it". I have a laundry mat and it keeps me pretty busy. I said in fact, I just went through something recently that will fill a whole chapter in my book. This really got his attention so he began asking me all these questions about writing a book. So, I confessed to him I didn't know any of the answers to the

questions he was asking. I said “But, I have known the Lord long enough to know when the time comes he will send just the right person along to answer these questions”. He cleared his throat and said “Well, I think I can help you because I am an author”. He asked me what I was writing about so I told him my story of my three weeks in the laundry mat”. He said when he got up to leave “You really do have material for a book, so do not let anything stop you. You write that book”. He gave me his card and said he wanted to read it.

Chapter 11

The three weeks I was talking to him about happened a year after my divorce. During that year I had all kind of problems. The dry cleaning machines were supposed to have been sealed off from the dryers. But for some reason, the fumes began getting to the tubs and rust would form. Some of the customers were ruining their clothes. I realized I was not getting enough income to pay the bills, make payroll and me and the girls to live on. I had two part time and one full time worker. I knew if I could get the money to take the dry cleaning out, I could take the clothes racks out and add more washers and I could have an unattended laundry mat because it

was all too much for me. The vultures were coming in thick and fast, stealing, conning, destroying. I caught two of the three women working there stealing. I went in one day and the new girl was starting machines for the customer. When I asked “What are you doing?”. She said “Well, the other lady, I saw her doing it and she said it was okay because it keeps the customers coming back”. They would bring their dry cleaning and laundry in and do not only theirs but others too. They were supposed to take the money to start the machines for the laundry service and write it down. They wrote it down but put the money in their pocket and started the machines with the key. They were stealing supplies and I was paying out money for ruined clothes and the dryers would get rust on them after setting all night. So, I still don’t know what the one woman was doing to let the fumes from the dry cleaning machines get to the dryers at night. And she treated the people from my church mean and she didn’t like children. One day my friend Yolanda stopped to see me and I was telling her I could not stand for this lady to work for me any more but I could not fire her either because she had worked there for so long and for so little of money. I said “Yolanda, let’s pray she just quits and finds another job”. The very next day I was weighing the clothes my

daughter had done that morning. When this lady came to work she asked "What are you doing"? I said, you know I am paying out a lot of money on lost, stolen and damaged clothes so here is what we are doing. Each woman will weigh the laundry and count the dry cleaning when it comes in, then I will be here at each shift change. I will be reweighing, counting the dry cleaning and hanging them on the main rack. Then when they go out, you will reweigh and count. This way there will be no mistakes. I to this day do not know why she got so mad and said "You are not weighing clothes on me, I will just quit". I said, "I have to do something, I am not making ends meet". She said "Don't tell me, I see all the money that comes through here". "But you don't see all that is going out" I said. "Well, I am giving you my two weeks notice, I refuse to do this". "I am sorry I said but this is how I am doing it". She gave me every opportunity to ask her to stay. She told the new girl "She is not about to let me go, she knows she can't run this place without me". I really did not trust her but I never treated her any way but kind. She was to turn in her keys that Friday morning. I called the locksmith and changed the locks that evening. Some time during the night someone threw a concrete block that we used to prop the door open through the door glass. She was so

mad at me she didn't speak to me for years. When I would run into her somewhere she would wheel and go the other way. One day she came into the laundry mat and she told me she was praying for me. She heard I had cancer. I could tell she was really sincere. I went to see her in the nursing home when she had a stroke and we were able to visit a few times before she went on to be with the Lord. I am just glad we made peace with each other before she left.

I tried over a year to get a loan to make the changes in the business I needed to make in order for me to be able to handle it. I had to have dryers. Really all of the equipment needed to be replaced but I could see, if I took the dry cleaning machines out and the clothes racks, I could add eight more washers and some more dryers and I would have to have a change machine. I was running on one hot water burner and it had been welded so much on the copper coil that the plumber said if it started to leak again it couldn't be fixed. I had to start laying off the help and I was working more and more. I still had the four girls at home and since I didn't ask for child support, the income from the laundry was the only income I had. This equipment salesman had found some good used dryers for me and told me he would hold them for two weeks so I continued looking for a loan. I went back to my bank four times that year but the loan officer told me that I could not show enough income to make the payments. Our tax return, the year of my divorce showed we only made under 9,000. I knew, my being a woman and just getting a divorce didn't help either. I had gotten the laundry, our home and our car which we owed more on than the car and house were worth. The laundry was almost paid for. I also got a small mobile home on two acres near Carl

Junction which I sold for \$10,000 and used the money to help survive on. My customers were leaving because of the shape the equipment was in. I was behind on everything. If I were a loan officer I wouldn't have loaned me any money either. I was three months behind on rent at the laundry. My suppliers cut me off and the utilities were behind. I figured I would have to close the door in less than three weeks. My daughter Leisha called from Clovis, New Mexico. She said Mother, let me and my husband come and get the girls and put them in school here until you can get on your feet. Leisha's husband Randy had gone to Rama Bible School. They went to Clovis with two other young couples to get a church started. The church furnished them a four bedroom home so they had plenty of room. They rented a u-haul and took their beds and things to Clovis. When Virgil found out he called me and said his attorney said he could go get the girls since I could not longer afford to take care of them and I had let them go out of state. I called my attorney. He said he could do that and I would have a long expensive battle getting them back. I began praying. The lord knew nothing meant more to me than being able to have my girls. I felt like the Lord was saying everything would be okay. I called Virgil and said "Virgil, please do not go get the girls, I did not give them

away. I am getting a loan, putting in a changer and other things. I told him about the dryers and everything else that had to be done, which was a long list. I will have it all done by the time school is out and be in Clovis in three weeks to pick up my girls". He said "It would be impossible for you to do all you say you are going to do even if you had the money in your hand and no one is going to loan you the money. You have tried for over a year". I said "I know, it is impossible but I have done every thing I know to do and the Lord will help me, you will see". "Well if he doesn't can I have the girls"? I said "Yes". He said "Okay, I will not go get them if you have everything done you say you are going to do in three weeks, I will not go get them but I know that you can't so I will be in Clovis, three weeks from today to pick my girls up". Virgil knew that I would keep my word. He also knew there wasn't much I could do about it if I didn't get the loan. I put the phone down and walked to the front of the store praying every step of the way. I said "Lord please send someone to help me. Send someone to work in the mornings, not knowing whether they will ever get paid or not so I can go to the banks and find a loan". That very afternoon a lady I didn't remember having ever talked to came in. I had seen her a few times when she came to use the big washers. I knew she was a

Christian. Her washer had broken and she came in to do her laundry. That is when I learned sometimes the Lord breaks washing machines. She said to me "Are you okay?". "I'm fine thank you". She looked at me said "You look like you need help". I said "I'm having some problems, you could pray for me". She said "Is there anything I could help with?". My name is Rose Guernsey and I am a nurse. I work at the hospital all night so I could come in and work for you in the mornings. I said "I had to lay all of my help off, I don't have money to pay wages". I still had one part time lady who could only work after three when the banks would be closed. Rose said "I didn't mean for pay. I am the kind who believes in putting feet with prayers. I will be here at 8:00 in the morning". So, I just started crying. As far as I knew she didn't know anything about me. So I knew she was sent by the Lord. This was the beginning of my three weeks of one answered prayer after another.

The salesman that had the dryers told me he had someone else who wanted the dryers so I said, could I have one more week and if I don't have the money by then I won't call you. You just go ahead and sell them. The morning Rose came to work I went to First State Bank and applied for a loan. I was amazed when the loan officer said

I could have the money. I had made a list of all the workers I would need to call. I didn't realize it at the time. It was amazing but they all showed up the next morning. There were two electricians, three plumbers, two sheet metal men, Rose Guernsey, a welder, a locksmith and two laborers. All together there was a dozen men trying to work with each other. I didn't know enough about business to know you just call one part at a time but it is a good thing I didn't know because it couldn't have gotten done in 19 days. I only had one day left on the dryers before he would have sold them. I was so tired and I didn't have time to do anything but answer the questions of all the workers. I was so tired I didn't even think to put up a closed sign so a couple of men had put their laundry on to wash. One of the men had gone next door to the store. He came back and said "I can't find my clothes, they are gone"! I said "Well, I'll help you look for them. Which machine did you put them in? He was all excited and pointed toward the dryers. They were in the dryer but the dryer is gone. The men were taking the dryer out the door. I think we have them in here they said. Those three weeks were funny, sad, and I felt like I was drunk most of the time. Things were happening so fast I just couldn't keep up. I had to order a hot water burner, it had to come from Dallas and

unless someone went after it, it probably would not get there in time. So the salesman who had the dryers came by and said he found a good used hot water burner just 40 miles away and it would work on my hot water system. I asked him if he had found a used changer. He said there isn't a used one anywhere. I can't even get a new one for a couple of months. "But I have to have one in 9 days". He said "I'm sorry but there just isn't any". I said "You come back in 9 days and you will see one over there in the corner". "Well okay" he said. I was seeing so much happening that I was confident that the lord was going to help me finish what I had started. The part time lady that worked for me had a friend who cleaned house for a man who had three laundry mats in Joplin. She overheard him say to someone "The woman who has the laundry at 7th and Jackson is about to lose it. She can't get a loan and her equipment is shot so I'm just biding my time. I will be able to pick her laundry up for a little of nothing". This was just two or three weeks before I got the loan so I called him and asked him if he would like to buy it. I said I will sell it to you cheap, small down payment and you can make payments on the balance. He said why would I want to buy another laundry mat so close to mine? I said "to get rid of me as a competitor for one thing. Because, if I have to

get new equipment in here I will give you a lot of competition". He glanced at the man who came with him as if to say 'It's in the bag'.

After I got the loan we were setting the dryers in and he came and looked at them. I have to admit they didn't look like much. They had been sitting for a few years, not in use. A window was broken out of a couple of them and they were scratched up and parts had been robbed off them. A complete burner was gone off a couple of them. Motors had been taken, some of the thermostats. I knew the parts from my old dryers would work on them and Mr. Taylor, that I had bought the laundry from said he would help me get them going. So I wasn't worried. I talked to a man from a paint and body shop. He said if we sanded them he would paint them at a good price. So when my neighbor came down and looked at the shape the dryers were in he still had that look on his face like he would win. I asked him if he knew where I could buy a used change machine at a low price. He right away said no. Then he said "Well, I could sell you the one over on 20th street". That laundry mat was closing down because they were widening the road. So I went over right then before he could change his mind. He also had a .25 cent changer which I really needed. So he said he

would sell me both them. By that time, I had my check book out and I said "Now how much is that altogether?". He said "Well, that will be" – he didn't finish the sentence. He just looked up at me and said "I don't know why I am selling you these changers. I don't even want to sell them". I said "Well, I really appreciate you selling them to me because I can sure use them". He never knew how desperate I was for a change machine and he didn't realize if I hadn't got a change machine he probably would have gotten the laundry mat. I never got to tell him, I only saw him one other time. He came in to show me some things about the changer. The salesman was very surprised when he came in and saw I had one already installed.

Rose worked every morning and wouldn't accept pay even after I got my loan. I didn't know it but she was going through a financial crisis herself. But the Lord worked hers out also. Rose has remained a very good friend of mine all these years. I love her dearly.

Another man who came to help me at that time is David Turnaban. There is no doubt the Lord sent him. I had just found out Mr. Taylor was sick. And he gave me a couple of names of someone who might help with the dryers but they didn't

work out. So I was asking everyone if they knew who might help me. After two days of asking and only seven days left of the three weeks I got up early that morning and went to the laundry mat. I took my little red tool box and I prayed "Father, by faith I am going to work on these dryers and do what I know to do. Lord, I have looked for two days, I am too tired to look any more. Would you please just send someone right here to help me"? A few minutes later this tall good looking Italian knocked on the door. I went to the door and he said he needed to do laundry. I said "I'm sorry, we are closed. I do not have my dryers going yet. You wouldn't know who I could get to work on them do you"? David smiled real big. I say, real big because he had a mouth full of beautiful teeth. He said "Me". I asked if he had worked on commercial equipment. He said "No, but I pick up things quite easily and I am sure I could do it". I said "Come on in here David, I think the Lord as sent you". I did not know him but had seen him doing laundry a couple of times. I thought he must be a Christian because I saw him reading the New Testament one of those times. David came from California where he had gone to school. He was going to be a psychologist. He and his wife had divorced. David has a son who is a physician. David left college and told his professor and his wife he

was going out to find the truth. He was able to go back and tell them he had found the truth and his name is Jesus. David said "I have been driving by here going to work and the last two days I felt I really should stop and see if that lady needs help". I showed him all I could see wrong with the dryers. There were 17 of them. I said I have to have all of them operating in 7 days. That is when he looked like he wanted to run. I said "David, I know you can do it. Just take one dryer at a time, one thing at a time. If you need anything just tell me". I prayed with him and he went to work. At one point I said "How are you doing David"? He said "It's the strangest thing, I will need something to work with, or a part and I'll just turn around and there it is". Another thing, which was many, I had asked a couple of guys to go through the storage room. It was such a mess and I was needing the space to store the parts off the old dryers and vending supplies but there wasn't room and it was totally disorganized. We only had a few days left. David said to me "Would you mind if I just get back there and do something with this room?". I sure wouldn't mind, I have been praying someone would. I don't know what is good or what is bad, just throw away most of it I guess". "Oh no, there is a lot of good stuff in there". He worked all day into the night. At 10:00 I was ready to go home. I

went back and asked David are you still back here having fun in this stuff? He had the last bit of small things on the floor examining them. He said as he looked up at me “Well, I don’t know about having fun but I just feel compelled to do this. It is a compulsion”. I said “Do you know why?” He said no why? So I told him how important it was and I had prayed for help. This is how God works for the most part through people. He put a desire – or a compelling in you to answer my prayer. When you need a prayer answered he will compel me or someone else to come to your aid. David said “Oh, is that how it works”. David has moved to Arizona but his work brings him through Joplin from time to time and he always stops in at the laundry mat to see us. David, after twenty-something years is still one of my best friends.

One of the laborers that I hired to help pick the dryers up called and said he would not be able to come to work for two hours. I really needed him because one man could not come out and pick the dryers up by himself. I had rented a truck with a lift so I knew two men could handle the job because of where the dryers were sitting. So when he called to say he would be late, I was just hanging up the phone when I turned around

and here came this big guy out across the lot. He said “I need a couple of hours work lady, do you have anything”? I said “Yes I have”. He said, I cant’ work but two hours. I said “It’s enough”. I went with them the first trip to show them where the dryers were and how to do it. It pretty much took the two hours to go out, pick up a load then bring them back and unload them. Just as soon as the two hours were up the young man said “I’m sorry, but I can’t work any longer”. That’s okay I said, here comes the other guy.

When they were moving the old dryers away from the laundry, they were sitting against the plate glass windows. One of the girls’ friends just happened to come by. One of the men said “Come help us push the dryers onto the lift”. I was standing right inside, just in time to see the boy brace himself against the plate glass window and push. I didn’t even have time to say anything except “Oh God”! When he came backwards through the plate glass window everyone, including me couldn’t believe, he did not get one scratch. He was not hurt at all.

My plumber that I used, could not get to the job so I called a new man that was recommended to me, Gary McGinnis. He brought two helpers and he worked with them a few hours but was then

called to the Gazebo Restaurant. They had some kind of a big emergency. He came by the laundry about 9:00 that evening. He had not talked at all and no one knew why I was in such a hurry to get the work finished. He got a pop out of the vending machine and just stood looking around. Then when I walked up he said "This is amazing to me, that so much work was accomplished with so many men working in here together". I can tell you don't know what you are doing and for so much to get done is amazing. I was able to tell him later but at the time I just didn't talk much because I was just kind of numb. At one point, a Christian woman said to me – this was just as the three weeks were coming to an end – I never see you reading your bible, praying or witnessing. I said "there is a time of reading and learning and then there is a time of putting into practice what you have learned. I have been practicing this three weeks and praying continually and I believe what is happening is a great witness to the power of living for Christ." She was a young Christian and only had book learning. She didn't realize sometimes the flesh has to go through things to help our faith to grow and to get down in our spirit the reality of living for Jesus. I have had more than one person ask, including my deacon at one time, "Why are you having to go through so much if you are living the

way you are supposed to"? All I can say is Christ must trust me that I can go through them and each time I go through something I am stronger. Show me your faith without having to go through things and I will show you my faith by things I have gone through. So if you are going through hard times, it is a blessing for a time to exercise your faith and see the hand of God move and come to your rescue. If we never need the help of God, how will we ever see the wonderful things he can and will do for us? Sometimes people have let me down but He has never disappointed me.

I saw the Lord work in others' lives during those three weeks. This young woman I knew, Ann Marie who came to live with us two months before. I saw her walking in the rain one day and I stopped to pick her up. She was crying. I said "Ann, what's wrong?". She said "Oh everything is wrong. I have been put out of where I live and I don't have any money and I am hungry and I am on my way to the college to apply for a loan".

Ann Marie was in her mid 20's. She was from Tennessee and was born with MS and the doctors told her parents she would never be able to live alone. But she was determined to try so she left home and came to Joplin. I met her

when I worked with Thora at the counseling department. We had helped her at that time so when I picked her up that day I said “Ann, I am taking you home with me and get you something to eat and tomorrow I will take you to the college, which I did, and she applied for a student loan. Ann had applied for work at several places but my phone had been taken out. Several people had made long distance calls. My bill had reached almost \$500 which I could not pay so there was no way for her to be contacted about work. Ann was going to have to go home because I was renting out the house.

After I picked the girls up I had promised my daughter I would bring the girls out to Texas for the summer. My daughter was concerned about their father and though it would help if they were out there with him. He would furnish us a mobile home and food for the summer. I was not sending them out without me. Ann knew she had to leave within a week. So that morning I had worked until about 10:00 or so and had gone home for breakfast. Ann Marie fixed my breakfast and when I sat down to eat I looked up at her and she looked so forlorn it broke my heart. I said “Come here Ann Marie and sit down”. I took her hand and just said “Father if Ann is to stay in Joplin, she needs a job, a place

to live and transportation. Will you please do this for her? But if you want her to go home to Tennessee, she will be willing. I said – you will be willing won’t you Ann Marie? She shook her head yes. That very after noon a woman came and knocked on the door and asked Ann Marie if she could come to work that night at the nursing home in Galena, Kansas, about five miles from Joplin. Someone at work said they knew an older woman who had a very small apartment in her home for only \$100 a month. She felt safer if another woman were in the house with her. I took Ann over the next day. The lady talked with us and said Ann needed \$150 to move in. Everything in the apartment was furnished and it was only two blocks away from where she worked and she could eat at the nursing home. The only problem, I didn’t have the \$150.00 to give her. The money I had borrowed had ran out and I had been closed for ten days so it would take the customers awhile to come back.

Ann Marie was wiping the washers for me before going to work in the evening. She let out a scream and I ran to see what was happening. She stood looking in the washer and there stuck to the sides of the washer was exactly \$150.00. So I took Ann Marie over to pay her rent. I let her use the \$150 because I realized it had to

have been for her and no one ever came back and asked for it.

I saw so many things happen those three weeks. To me it was as big as the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea on dry ground. Each step looked so difficult but I watched the Lord work through it all.

Chapter 12

I had a perfect driving record of 28 years. Not one ticket or wreck. But the year of my divorce, I had five tickets. Once for speeding in a hospital zone. I had been called because my friend Thora was close to death. Another because I ran a stop sign looking for one of my daughters about 1:00 in the morning. The other three because I wasn't paying attention to my speed. I had to turn my license in a week before the three weeks began so I had a difficult time finding rides. I told this one boy who did his laundry regularly, I would give him \$10.00 to take me to the bank and pick up some parts. He was very happy to do it. But we had just left the laundry when we saw a patrol car. He said "I better turn here". "Why I asked?". "Because I had my license taken away". "Oh no I said, take me back to the laundry". I called the station and asked what they would do if they caught me driving with suspended license? He said, "We would take you to jail". So I didn't know how I would get to Clovis to pick up my girls because I was still suspended for a couple of days after my three weeks were up. My friend Yolanda came by the laundry not knowing anything about my license but knew it was time for me to leave. She asked if she could ride to Oklahoma City with me. Her

brother had a car he needed to get to Joplin. I said "Sure, you can and I'll let you drive me". So I spent the night at a sister's in Oklahoma City and I drove the next day to Clovis. It took every day of the three weeks but the Lord did it and I was in Clovis that night. Virgil had come too. I think he was surprised.

While I was there, I wanted to do something for Leisha and Randy. I appreciated so very much what they had done for me and the girls. The girls were in accelerated Christian education in Joplin so they were able to just continue in the same workbooks because it was the same kind of school they had started at the church in Clovis. I went to the food store, I thought I would get something Randy would like but I had no idea what kind of food he liked so I prayed. Not having much money I could spend, I just started looking. I spotted a cup with his name on it so I thought he might like it. I hate buying things for anyone when I have no idea what they like. So then I found blueberry muffin mix and then I bought ingredients for banana vanilla wafer pudding ingredients and made pudding for him. When Leisha saw the cup she said Randy had wanted the cup last week but they really didn't have extra money for it. Then she saw the pudding and muffins and said it was Randy's

favorite desserts. The next morning I went to McDonald's for coffee before anyone got up. I stopped at a garage sale and they had an atrium with nothing in it except some sand and it was very dirty. I got it for practically nothing and hid it in my car until everyone left for work and for school. I cleaned it up, used the same dirt that was in it and then went to Wal-Mart and found colored rocks and plants and trinkets. When I put it together, it was so pretty. I set it on the dining room table. When they got home Randy came in first. He saw the atrium on the table and said "Leisha, you are not going to believe this". It seems she had really been wanting one.

I visited their church the Sunday before we left to go back to Joplin. It was Mother's Day so they were giving the oldest, the youngest mother a rose. Also, the mother with the most children. They had one rose left and it was for the mother with the most children present. I tied with another lady. We both had five children present so when we both stood up, I think they didn't know what to do. I thought, well she should have it because it is her church. She stepped up and received the rose, then turned and walked up to me and presented me with the rose.

TAPE 3 SIDE TWO

I wondered for years why it was such an emotional thing for me that I cried. I did not know who this beautiful lady was but she had touched me. I thought, well maybe after what I had just gone through, I just needed someone to give me a rose and I really appreciated her doing that. But it still did not make sense that I would feel that it was something spiritual. Who would have know, ten years later our children would be put together by the Lord? I didn't even know who her children were but realized when they got together, the significance of her giving me the rose. The rose represented our children without our realizing it. She was presenting, not just a rose, but her son she was giving to me and I giving my daughter to her. Brenda and Ace have such a beautiful love story of which I will tell later.

We stayed in Joplin a few days before going to Texas. I left a girl from Michigan in charge of the laundry. I had prayed with her on the phone to receive the Lord before she moved to Joplin. David said he would keep the machines going while I was gone. Cathy had to take the money out every day to deposit for whatever bill was due. We had lost a man's shirts. He said he

would settle for \$50.00 we had to ask him to wait for a week to cash the check. When I left Joplin, my car payment was due and I filled the car with gas but didn't even have money to feed the girls on the trip. My sister Trisha had asked us to come by her house on our way. The day before we left, my baby brother Freddy called. He said he wanted me to come by his house in Arkansas. I said I can't Freddy, I promised to go through Wagner to Trisha's. "Well then he said, I'm coming up there". Which he had never made a special trip to see me since I had lived in Joplin. I said "What is it Freddy"? He said "I just want to come and see for myself if you are alright". "What are the family saying about me I asked"? "Well, some of the family thinks you need to go into the hospital for a rest". "But why I asked"? He said "Well, when you went through Oklahoma City on your way to pick the girls up – there were five of our brothers and sisters at Glenda's – and they all agreed that you were just a little too happy under all the circumstances. I realized then they were just not hearing me. They knew about all the bad things I was going through but they were not hearing and would not hear the good things and how God had worked them out. And I guess I was a little high in the spirit so I told Freddy all that had happened. I said "What do you think? Do you think I need to be locked up"?

"No I don't" he said. "You make better sense than anyone I have talked to lately". When we got to Trisha's she said Betty, I want to give you a little money. I feel like you need it. I hadn't told her my circumstances but she gave me just enough to pay my car payment and feed the girls on the way to Texas.

I worked for my son-in-law at the Mobile Home Sales for about six weeks, then Cathy called and said she needed me to come back to Joplin. She was going home.

CHAPTER 14

I was so busy that first year trying to work at the laundry and take care of all the business part too. I knew I was not taking care of the girls the way I should so when the house across from the laundry came up for sale I asked my friend Yolanda and Sherry to pray. It was very important to me to have the girls where I could keep my eye on them. It was for sale by the previous owner of laundry mat Mr. Taylor, so I went over to see if I could rent or buy without a down payment. He turned me down and said he needed to have more rent or a down payment – which I couldn't even afford to rent it. So, I went over the next week to ask him if he would lease it for six months at \$200 per month – he wanted three – and after the six months lease was up, I would pay \$500 down, 10% interest and make payments of \$300 a month. It was a duplex and I knew a young couple that I could rent the downstairs to. The place was a mess, he had felled two giant trees in the back yard. He just let them lay there. There were weeds and bushes covering the lawn, inside was a lot of junk and the windows, which were many, had never been washed and had no curtains. I didn't know until later the very time I was trying to make a deal with Mr. Taylor, Yolanda had called Sherry and said "Sherry, I really feel we should pray right

now for Betty. It is very important for her to get that house". I told Mr. Taylor we would clean the place up, haul all the trash and trees away, clean the windows and put curtains on the windows. He said if I could be sure you would buy it , I would think about it. He was about to have to pay a big fine for the mess in the yard. I said, "You will come out better, even if I can't buy it in six months". I know I will be able to come up with the \$500 and I need the house. He had to ask Maggie his wife. She said "Since it is Betty, let her have it for that".

The girls and I lived upstairs in the two bedroom apartment. I rented out downstairs for two hundred. Also, I was able to rent out the house we were living in for \$300 a month so I was \$200 a month ahead. A few years ago I was able to completely remodel the duplex and make it a one family dwelling. Only the foundation and the frame remained of the old house. Everything, including the roof and new construction widows are all new. Terry and Rhonda my daughter and son-in-law bought the house across from the laundry mat and now they are taking care of everything for me.

The next summer, when the girls went to Texas, I was able to rent a house on the edge of Joplin.

Laura had stayed in Texas with her sister. The other girls had a room of their own for the first time. David helped me move before they got home. I was able to get them a small waterbed each which had to be painted. The house looked very nice and they were so surprised. We lived there until the house sold, then I found a three bedroom by a massage parlor. I told the girls – Thora and I prayed that it will close and they will find a better job. Also, they were building one out at Thora's daughter's house and we prayed it would never open. We were driving by it one evening and Rhonda said "Mother, I thought you said this place would close down". "It will I said". But when? I said Well when Lord, do it soon". Two evenings later we were driving by and again, the police were there closing it. Some days later my daughter was watching the news. She came running and said "Mother, the news said the parlors are all going to open back up". They had closed 3 or 4 the same time they closed the one by our house. I said "If the Lord did this, the one here will never open back up and the one will not be opened at Thora's daughter's house. All the other parlors opened back up. But not the one by us. We prayed they would get a better job. And we also prayed the wind would come and blow this sign down. It was a big sign pointing to their privacy parking.

The next night the wind was blowing very hard. The girls looked up at me and I said "Not down here, Lord – up there". The next morning the sign was laying face down on the ground.

One of the girls met a man while in Texas so she went back and married him. Later Brenda went out to Texas. Before she left she had taken all her money out of the bank – which was about \$500. I had bought a small laundry in Carl Junction and a house across the street. Brenda went over to wipe the machines for me. She didn't realize it but she left her purse at the laundry. Two hours later we were going to Joplin when she remembered her purse. She was very upset. She ran over to the laundry but of course it was gone. She said "there were two women there when I left – I know they took my purse". I said "If they found it – I think they would have taken it to the police station so I called but no one had turned it in. As we prayed I remembered the store was right next door. I said Brenda, I believe those women found it and took it next door to the store. She said "Sure they did, I can just hear them now – here's a hundred for you and a hundred for me – one for you and one for me". So I called the store and the manager said "Did her purse have a lot of money in it? I said \$500.00. She said she is a very lucky girl.

These two ladies brought it in and it looks like all of the money is here. I said “This is a good lesson for us Brenda, we should never accuse anyone in our mind or our heart for anything unless we see with our own eyes and learn to do what the bible says – pray about everything and in everything give thanks.

A few years later, she had just gotten married and of course every young woman wants to impress her husband. He was the ump for a ball game one evening so he took his billfold and gave it to Brenda to hold. The next morning, he said Brenda, what did you do with my billfold? It’s not in my purse Ace. If it’s not in your purse where is it? The billfold could not be found. Even after a trip to the ball park. Brenda said “Mom, I really prayed he would somehow find it. I was so embarrassed”. She was so happy when he called to tell her he had found it. He was walking across the parking lot at work and there standing on end and sticking up out of the light snow from the night before was his billfold. They had forgotten about going by his office after the game.

Chapter 15

What I did not know about Brenda, while the girls were in Clovis going to school she met a boy one year older than herself. She was almost thirteen, he was almost 14. The night before we left, all the girls wanted their new friends to come over so as to tell them goodbye. I said no. I knew we had to get up early and Leisha and Randy had to go to work. So years later I found out when we were pulling away from the house she was very lonely and sad. And she said the Lord said she would be with Ace some day so she wasn't sad anymore. Two years later at almost 15 she had a date with a boy from their school in Joplin. I said "Do you like him Brenda"? She said "Yes, but mom I do not like any boy as much as I liked Ace Grandy". I turned to her, hardly realizing what I was going to say. I said, "Would you like me to take you to see him"? "Why would you do this for me"? I said "You are a good daughter and a good Christian girl. I believe it would be pleasing to the Lord". I did not understand how she would be taking this. Not knowing what the Lord had said to her. I told her we would go in two weeks. School would be out. The other girls would be picked up for their summer trip to Texas. You

could stay here with me and just tell them Mom is coming out later. I will stay and come with her. But Brenda, do not ever, under any circumstances ever, tell anyone that I took you to Clovis to see Ace. She called Ace and said "Mom is coming to Clovis and I will come with her if I can see you". He said he was not seeing anyone so he could see her. She sent a picture of herself. In the picture she looked like she was twenty years old and was just beautiful. One of my friends said "You should not be taking your little 15 year old across the country to see a boy". I said "I know, but I gave her my word so I have to go". On the way to Clovis I was thinking "Lord, I don't know what I think I'm doing but you know I have to keep my word to Brenda". I had not one time thought they would ever get together and be married and didn't even know what he looked like or who his family was. I told Brenda we could only stay a couple of nights. As soon as we got there she called and left a message with his mother that we were there and wanted Ace to call her. He didn't call and didn't come over that night. She called the next morning, his mom said "He is not here but I gave him your message". So he did not come over or call that night. The next day I told Brenda, we will stay one more night but we have to leave in the morning. It was one of the hardest things I have ever done to

leave Clovis with Brenda being heartbroken. I thought I would never get over hurting her that way. I felt grieved every time I thought about it the next eight years. And my friend said "I told you not to do it"! "I know I said, and I don't understand but I would have to do it all over again because of the way I felt". When we were leaving Clovis, I prayed "Lord, give me something to say to her so she will feel better". So I said "Some day Brenda, you will know I am telling you the truth. You sent the big picture of yourself. You look so pretty and so mature. He is just barely 16 years old. I think he looked at your picture and thought "I am just not ready for this".

After Brenda went to Texas to go to school she was renting an apartment from her oldest sister, Reva. She really felt like the Lord was showing her to move back to Joplin. At this time I believe Brenda was 21. Reva said "Brenda, you need to settle down, stay in school and put down some roots. You do not need to be moving back to Joplin". A girl had just moved in with Brenda and she had just put a telephone in a couple of days before. So Brenda said "Lord, if this is you wanting me to move back to Joplin, would you have Reva say she was wrong and that she felt like it was okay for me to go. And have this girl

tell me she wants to move out. Reva told me she started thinking about what she said to Brenda and realized Brenda was old enough to know her own mind and she didn't have any right to tell Brenda how to live her life so she went over and told Brenda this. And then, a day or so later the girl went to Brenda and said "I hate to tell you this Brenda but I am moving back home to Georgia. Brenda came home to Joplin and over the next year she dated a few boys but I could not understand, here she was almost 22 and nothing ever worked out for her. She told me later, one of her biggest fears was that she would tell a boy she would marry him and she would be half way down the aisle and then she would run out of the church because she knew she couldn't. I was concerned about her because she just seemed so sad. I would try to talk to her and try to find out what was wrong and she just would not be able to tell me anything. She said later I was afraid to tell you, I was afraid you would think I was crazy if I told you it was because I would marry Ace some day. I was very concerned about her. This one day I asked my friend Jim, I said "Let's pray for Brenda, she needs to know how much God loves her and let's just pray he reveals his love for her and do something very special for her. And I didn't know it but the month before Brenda had prayed and

said “Lord, if this was you telling me that I would marry Ace some day then have him call me. But if it wasn’t you, would you please take him out of my mind and heart”? So, it was a week after I had prayed with Jim. I went to the laundry mat. My sister had written down a number for Brenda to call a boy in Tulsa by the name of Ace Grandy. By this time, there had been so many boys because of my 7 daughters and so many names that I just thought ‘that name sounds familiar’ but I really didn’t know he was from Clovis.

Brenda came to the laundry mat but got in the truck with Jim Sutton and they left to go to Wendy’s to eat. They couldn’t have been gone more than 30 or 40 minutes and while they were there Brenda was asking Jim, ‘Do you think the Lord has a particular person for us to marry’? Jim said no, I think we can marry whoever we choose as long as they are Christian but he doesn’t pick one out and say ‘you need to marry this one’. Brenda was thinking about Ace when she asked him that.

Rhonda had called the laundry and I told her ‘Rhonda, there is a boy that wants Brenda to call him in Tulsa. His name is Ace Grandy’. “Ace Grandy!?” I said “Do you know him?”. She said mom, that’s the boy that Brenda liked in Clovis

and at that minute a light went into my chest and came out through my eyes. It was the strangest thing. I saw everything clearly and I knew that instant that they would be married. That was the first time I had ever thought such a thing. I said “Tell Brenda if she comes by, and then I said ‘Oh here she is with Jim’. So Rhonda said “Please, let me tell her, let me tell her”! I didn’t want to. I wanted to be the one that told her but I said “Okay”. Brenda came in, at that time Brenda and Rhonda were not getting along too well and I said “Brenda, Rhonda has something very important to tell you”. “Oh yes, well what is it Rhonda”? And Brenda’s eyes got so big, her mouth came open and she said “Oh My God”! And she said “Mother, come in here, come in here”! And she took me in the little office room and shut the door and while she was still on the phone with Rhonda she said “Mom”. And she starts crying and she said “When we were pulling away from the house in Clovis God told me I would marry Ace some day and he has called. He is in Tulsa. I said “Brenda, be quiet. Let’s not tell anybody this. I know you are going to marry Ace. I know that, but let’s not tell anyone and especially not Ace. You wait until you have set the wedding date and then you tell him”. I also told Brenda, I said “Brenda, the first time he sees you he will fall in love with you”. So Brenda

called Ace right then and they talked for a long time. She asked him while she was on the phone with him “Ace, why didn’t you come to see me when I came to Clovis”? And he said “Brenda, I was only 16 and you sent that picture and you looked so beautiful and so mature”. He said almost identical what I had told her that day that I said would happen. He was in a golf tournament in Tulsa that week-end so he asked her to come up there which she did. She came by the house on her way and she never looked more beautiful. He told me later, “When I opened the door and saw Brenda standing there, on the inside I just bent over. She was the most gorgeous creature I had ever seen”. And he fell in love with her right there. They saw each other for – I forget how long – maybe six weeks. At the time that they got together Rhonda was getting married so they waited to make the announcement after Rhonda and Terry had gotten married. When Ace’s mom knew he was dating Brenda she said “Ace, you take that girl to church with you because the Lord is in your getting together”. And when Ace was talking to his Father about Brenda one day and his Father said “Ace, you need to tell that girl you are in love with her before it kills you”. And Ace said to Brenda – he was telling her what his father said – and he said “Brenda I am in love with you”. And

Brenda said “I love you too Ace”. Ace told me later “It really surprised me that she told me she was in love with me too, so soon”. I said “You didn’t know that she had been in love with you since she was 12 years old”.

Ace’s mom ran into a boy that Ace had gone to school with. She said “You will never guess who Ace is dating”. And the boy right away said “Brenda Bower”. She said “How did you know, I would never have guessed in a million years”. He said “Because when Brenda was here going to school, when she was 12, Ace pointed her out to me and said “I probably never will marry, but if I do, it will be someone just like Brenda Bower”.

I was very busy during this time and hardly had time to think but when I would go home at night and go to bed it would just all come onto me and I would just cry. I was so happy and relived for Brenda. And something that I thought would never go away was how I had hurt her and the Lord had healed me from it. It wasn’t me after all, it was the Lord’s doing”.

Chapter 16

I met a lady at the laundry when we first went there. Her name was Iva Norris. Iva had just gotten to know the Lord. She came in every Saturday morning and did her laundry at the table next to my counter. Iva was very sincere with her walk with the Lord. I watched over the next couple of years, her life being changed dramatically. Iva had five children, one still at home. Iva worked as a waitress and had a modest apartment. She had her teeth fixed, she got a new short hair style and color and she lost weight. She just became a beautiful lady. She said one day Keller's BBQ where she worked was closing but she was confident the Lord had a better job for her. Iva had been telling me about a lady she had met who worked at Revival Fires ministry. She said "She is just like you. I think you should meet her". As it turned out, Iva went to work with this lady and kept saying "You just have to meet her, you too are so much alike". After a year or so there were changes made at Revival Fires and Iva had two weeks to find a job. She was so disappointed but said "I know God is with me and I do not know what he has for me but it will be good I am confident". At the end of the two weeks, Iva came in and left her laundry for me to do. I said "What is going on

Iva"? She held out her hand and showed me her pretty engagement ring. "How long have you know this man" I asked? "Two weeks" she replied. I could not believe it! I said "Iva, you know better! We have been taught to get counseling". She just smiled and said "I know, he is the one". Iva had invited a young couple to stay at her apartment until the house they had bought was closing. The woman was Forwarding Secretary for a Charles Phipps who had been a missionary to Italy for many years. Charles wife Francis had died a year or so before. Charles came to the states and needed to see his secretary who was living with Iva. He took one look at Iva and fell in love with her. Iva had said she would know the man the Lord had for her because he would give her a yellow rose. After a week, he picked her up at work and presented her with a yellow rose. Charles came in to pick up the laundry. I knew right away he was for her and was able to tell her before he took her off to Italy. I received a letter from her a couple of months later. She said "Betty, I am sitting here in my beautiful apartment, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. I have house servants and I am able to work full time with my husband in the ministry.

I really loved Charles and Iva. They would come in to see me when they came to the states. She said "Betty, I am so happy! It is wonderful to be able to grow old with Charles". The next time they came home Iva had to go into the hospital. I saw her only once before she went to be with the Lord. I saw Charles a few times after Iva died. Later he met a lady who had been a missionary with her husband for years. Her husband had died so she and Charles got together and were married. That year they visited the places where she and her first husband had did their mission work. Then they went to Italy where Charles had spent all those years and where his first wife, Francis, was buried. They were getting ready to leave for the airport to come home when Charles sat down and he too went on to be with the Lord. I thought 'how strange and beautiful at this time for him, to go back to his home in Italy and to be buried beside his first wife Francis'. God is good.

Later I did meet the lady from Revival Fires but not until after Iva had gone to Italy. Her name was Thora Shaw and we became close friends and prayer partners. The pastor of the church I attended of about 2500 had asked Thora to come and head up our counseling department. She had a Helping Hands for Jesus list of which I put my name on it and prayed if I were called

that I would be able to do it. Three months went by before they called me. I only saw Thora a couple of minutes while she told me what I was to do. It didn't take long and I called back and gave a secretary my report. Some weeks later I went to see a customer in the hospital. She told me about a young woman across the hall from her that had cancer. The doctor had just told her she had about six months to live. I went in to see her and I prayed for her. When I left her room I was so sad. I went into the bathroom because I couldn't stop crying. I felt very sorry for her and thinking of all people were going through with no hope. And I prayed the Lord would somehow show me what I could do and for him to help me do it.

It was on Friday that I had gone to the hospital. Sunday morning I went to the lobby at church to pick up a tape. Thora was talking with a lady as she was walking toward me. She said "You are Betty Bower aren't you"? "Yes" I said, surprised that she would remember me. I had not seen her but that one time and the church was so large. She set by the door on the one side and me and the girls on the other, right by the door we came in at. Thora said "I have something I want you to pray about. I have been busier and busier since coming to the counseling department. The Lord

said I need an assistant. The Holy Spirit woke me up at 2:00 this morning, said you were to be my assistant. Will you come by the office and talk to me in the morning”? “Yes” I said. I was so surprised to have my prayer answered so soon. The next morning when I went in to see Thora, we had just began our conversation, I wanted to know if Thora knew about Sandy in the hospital. I had not yet said anything and just as I opened my mouth, I said “Thora, do you know...” and before I could say her name, at that very time Thora was handing me a folded paper. When I said Sandy Thora looked so surprised. She said “That’s the name on this paper. I wanted you to go to the hospital and pray for her. This was to be your first assignment”.

“I prayed for her Friday” I said, “but I will go and pray for her again if you want me to”. I explained to Thora that Sandy was the one that caused me to pray the prayer the Lord was answering through her asking me to help her. I explained to Thora I was very busy and would not be able to do much. Thora said she needed me to stay in the counseling office for three hours, two days a week while she goes to the jail. I was only able to do one day a week. I went to see Sandy after she went home. She asked me to go to the jail and see her son. I had known Thora a few

months and she had never asked me to go with her to the jail and I didn’t think that I should ask her so I asked the Lord.

The next day when I went into the office, Thora had her coat on ready to leave. She said “My teacher is sick and I do not have anyone to go with me to teach”. Thora helped the boys get their GED at the jail. She said “Oh, I know who will go with me”. So she made another call while I was thinking ‘Oh no they won’t because I think I am going’, but I didn’t say anything. Thora put the phone down and said “They won’t go either. You would be surprised how many people are afraid to go into the jail”. She looked over at me and said “If you were a man, I would take you”. “I would go” I said. “Oh, I couldn’t take you over there”. “Why not? I asked. “Well, some of those guys just wouldn’t care if there was a woman present”. They go over and use the commode out in the open where you have to turn around to keep from seeing them. And there are all kinds of dirty pictures and writing on the wall”. “I am sure I could handle it” I said. “Well”, Thora continued. “The guards take you back in the cells and lock three doors behind you. And you are back there with murders, rapists, robbers and all kind of men”. “I wouldn’t be afraid Thora”. “You wouldn’t be afraid”? “No” I said. “You know

Betty, I think the Lord is telling me to take you with me". I thought 'I thought He would never get through to you, Thora'.

When we got to the jail Thora took a briefcase out of the car and handed it to me. She said "You are going to be the teacher today". I thought well, this is no time to tell her how much education I have, and she didn't ask. So I prayed, boy Lord, we sure have got me into a fix. You need to help me out here.

So we go into a large cell room with 6 or 8 young men. Thora introduced me as their teacher. She said "If you have any questions, just ask Betty". Right away, one of the boys who was 19 raised his hand and said "I need some help here with this algebra problem". I thought as I walked over to the end table where he sat "I have never even seen an algebra problem". I sat down and asked "Now what is it you do not understand about this problem"? So he showed me the problem and starts to explain what he didn't understand about it. It sounded like Greek to me, so I turned his paper toward me to get a better look. Then I said "Did you ever see a teacher go to class and forget her glasses"? I wasn't lying to him, I had just gotten my first pair of glasses and wasn't used to carrying them. But it would have taken a

mighty strong pair of glasses for me to have worked out that problem. So I just said to him "What in the world is a boy like you doing in jail"? "I killed five people" he said. "You don't look like a murderer" I said. So he explained how he and a friend were drunk out on a country road, ran a stop sign, hit a car with four people in it. All four in the other car and his friend were killed. This boy was in the hospital and almost died. We talked for a long while. He said "Your not afraid in here are you"? I asked "Should I be"? He said "Everyone who comes in here keeps looking over their shoulder. But I noticed how you have not looked over your shoulder, not one time". So I told him the story and I said "I know, my being in here is an answer to prayer. And I know my God wouldn't let anything happen to me, since he helped me get in here". I was relieved when Thora said "Betty, we have to wind things up, it's time to go". To this day, I have not worked an algebra problem. The next time I saw Thora she asked "What did you say to that boy in jail". She said "I have tried to get through to him ever since he has been there and couldn't make any headway". And for Thora that was an exception because she could make a believer out of the hardest mindset.

When Thora went back to the jail he wanted to talk to her and Thora was able to pray with him to receive the Lord. He sent me a picture he had drawn for me of the highway to heaven.

Thora affected more lives for good than anyone I have ever met. She did the jail and was known as the Chaplin and the Mama Shaw of Jasper County. She was over the counseling department at our church. Worked with Souls Harbor and did marriage counseling. She was in the news often and was selected as one of President Bush Sr's Point of Lights, which was recognition of volunteers who had done so much for their community. She and her husband Raleigh were invited to the white house for the award ceremony. Also, they had met with the President and a few others for a dinner in Kansas City. Thora worked from early until late every day without pay. Some might wonder why anyone would work without pay so hard. So I'm going to tell you of an experience she had before coming to our church.

Thora told me about being so very sick, of being taken to the hospital where she was put in intensive care. She said she was in so much pain and she heard them call code blue. She saw the doctors and nurses come running into

the room. She was watching them trying to revive her while she stood over them looking on. She said "Betty, an angelic being came and took me up through a long tunnel toward this beautiful light. There is no way to describe the light or the place I came out to. I knew the light was God. He was awesome and my surroundings were so beautiful. It was the place of perfection. The colors and the dimensions were all of a different dimension than anything on earth. Everything was indescribable. The being took my face to cause me to look back and somehow I knew I would have to go back to my body that was suffering so much. So I tried to resist. But he said "You are not finished with your work there yet". So I reluctantly came back. I started to cry when I found myself back in my body. The nurse said "It's okay honey. You are going to be alright". What she didn't know was I didn't want to be alright. I wanted to go back to heaven.

After Thora got well she wrote a letter to the nurses and doctors who attended her at that time. She told each of them what they did and where they were in the room while she was supposedly dead. I understand the doctor later gave his life to the Lord. I have know of four people who have died and came back to tell about it.

A man I met at the laundry became a friend of mine. He told me of his experience. It is the most wonderful story of God's amazing love, forgiveness and mercy and to the extreme he will go to give us a peace of mind, even after we have lived a life like this man had lived. His name is Chester Careco. Chester accepted the Lord when he was a young man. He felt the Lord called him to preach but Chester liked the women and alcohol more than he loved God. He became an alcoholic and at age 49 he was in a bar in Joplin. Chester's son Kevin was in Vietnam. When the news came on they told how this one unit had been wiped out. Chester knew it was Kevin's outfit. Chester said "Betty, I fell on my knees right there in the bar and I begged God to show me where my son was". He said I could not bear not knowing. Chester knew if he had been serving the Lord the way he should have, he probably would have known. Chester's father was very close to Kevin. He was in the hospital, very sick, so they didn't tell him about his Grandson. The father died and the doctors brought him back. Chester went in to see his father and he said "Chet, I had the most wonderful dream. I dreamed that I died and went to heaven. It was so beautiful and I dreamed I saw your Grandmother and Grandfather and all

the family who have died. They were all there Chet, I talked to them and the dream was more real than life but I know it had to have been a dream because Kevin was there and I know he is not dead". Chester said "Dad, Kevin died three days ago". His Father said, "Then it wasn't a dream Chet, heaven is real and Kevin is there". Then his father died again and he went to be with Kevin and his family and this time he didn't come back. I was friends with Chester for four years. He was 74 when he went to be with all of them. Chester had a little church in Galena, Kansas. After he lost his son he turned to the lord with his whole heart and preached for 25 years.

Chapter 17

Dale and Susan Bagley are evangelists. They stayed in my home several times while doing revivals in Joplin. Dale's parents were pastors, I believe in an Assembly church, all of his life. Dale's father had a little camper sitting on a hill overlooking highway 69 or 75 in Atoka, Oklahoma. He would go there to pray and study. An angel would take him to the hill to show him something which he did not understand and it didn't make sense to him until one day, while Dale was seven years old he was crossing 69 highway when a speeding car hit him and drug him several feet. A nurse had stopped. She said he was dead and the ambulance people said he was dead. When the doctor at the hospital tried to send his body to the morgue Dale's mother said "No, God said my son would live and not die". After several doctors told her 'he is dead' she would not let them send him to the morgue. So they said, "What do you want us to do? Do you want us to send him to a larger hospital"? She said "Yes". They sent him to Oklahoma City. Altogether seven doctors said he is dead but his mother said just put him in a room and leave him. The doctor thinking she was overcome with grief said "Let us give you a sedative" which she refused. After twelve hours

one of the doctors, before going home, stopped in to see Dale. The doctor saw him move so they began treating him. Dale said "These two big angels picked him up from the highway in Atoka". He said they flew through the expanse between heaven and hell. He does not try to explain heaven much because it is unexplainable he said. But he saw the Lord and the Lord told him he was to preach the gospel. When the angels brought him back to his body he was in Oklahoma City. When he could talk his parents asked if they could get him anything. Dale said yes I want a whole bible because Jesus said I should be a preacher. All he had was a New Testament so he wanted a whole bible. The first time I was in one of his services Dale said "Sis, I see you somewhere, you are speaking to the people, and I don't think it is in a church, I think it could be a funeral". Up until that time the only funeral I had said anything at was my Aunt Sally's but since that time I have spoken and/or sang at about a dozen funerals. He has told me several other things since then. Dale is one of my favorite evangelist.

One time when I was at my sister's in Oklahoma City going through cancer treatment, I was missing everyone at home and in church so I go to visit this very small church out in the country

outside of Midwest City. I had not seen or talked to Dale or Suzy for months so I was very surprised to see them walking toward me in the church parking lot. It was also very comforting seeing them. The Lord knows when we really need a touch.

I know a few churches teach we die and are asleep until the resurrection. I do not believe it will affect theirs or my salvation believing this one way or the other. Some say the medication causes people who say they have died and went to heaven to hallucinate but Dale was not on medication and it couldn't have been because of the trauma because he was killed instantly and was dead for twelve hours. Why would a seven year old come back and say he wanted a whole bible because Jesus said he was to preach the Gospel. You would think after 40 years of preaching he would have given it up if it had been his own imagination.

The bible says the wages of sin is death. Jesus said if I turn to him I will never die. If he has cleansed me and forgiven all my sins why do I have to die that soul death? Jesus has also said we have been given power to become sons of God. Why do the sons and daughters of God have to die even for a short time to pay a debt

Jesus himself has already paid for them? I believe I will go with what the apostle Paul said. He said to be absent with this body is to be present with the Lord. He said he would rather leave this body and go to be with Jesus but for the peoples sake he would rather stay. I feel the same way Paul did. What difference does it make to us which way we believe, because if it is true that I go to sleep for 1000 years it will be just as if I had shut my eyes and opened them again.

I would like everyone to be happy for me when I go. I might add, I do not believe we come back to visit after we go. You will have to come there where I am.

Chapter 18

Thora's husband Raleigh was a wonderful man. It was because of him Thora was able to have her ministry. He supported her in it and Raleigh also helped both of us by managing the laundry for me so I could work more with her. I was able to go to the jail both days Thora went. I have a lot of interesting stories about some of the people I met there. I heard on the news one evening, some woman dressed as a nurse went into a room at the hospital where a mother was caring for her newborn baby. She told the mother it was time to take the baby back to the nursery. The woman stole the baby. It didn't take long for the police to find her so when I went to the jail the next time with Thora I met her. Thora would go downstairs where the men were and I would go upstairs to the girl's cells. I saw this young woman who took the baby. She told me how much she had wanted to have a baby. She said, I am so sorry for what I put those people through, I wish I could tell them. I said "I know them, would you like me to tell them for you?". "Oh yes" she said. When I told the family they said tell her "we forgive her and are praying for her". The girl cried when I told her and later, after I had talked to her about the Lord and his forgiveness she asked Him to forgive her. I talked with her

about the Holy Spirit and she said, after I had read the scriptures, she wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I said "I will get my friend, she is downstairs and we will pray for you". As I started downstairs I met Thora coming up. She almost never came upstairs. We prayed for the girl and she received the Holy Spirit.

Another girl that I met, her name was **Tara** - I'm not sure why she was in jail. Nothing too serious because she got out in a few weeks. I really tried to get through to her but don't think I made much of an impression on her. After she got out of jail she started doing her laundry at my laundry mat. A lot of times this would happen, that I would meet them at the laundry and later see them in jail or the other way around, like with Tara. She began talking with me then. She and her husband moved two blocks down the street from me. One day she came knocking on my door. She was very upset. She said "Oh Betty, our dog is hurt bad, could you please help us?". I said "Get in the car Tara, we will go get him and take him to the vet". Oh, we can't put him in your car he will get blood all over it and we do not have any money for a vet. I said "We can put something over the seat and we will worry about the money later". By this time we were walking in her kitchen door where her young husband

was sitting on the floor with the dog. The dog was bleeding pretty bad. His leg was cut all the way around to the bone, down to his paw. Tara's husband said "Isn't there anything you can do Betty?". I said Tara, get some white cloth, tape and a disinfectant. She brought me some hydrogen peroxide. The only tape she had was electrician's tape so I poured the whole bottle of disinfectant on him then bound him up and taped it. We were all on our knees so I said "Let's pray for him". I just said "Father, we have done all we know to do for this dog, the rest is up to you. We leave him in your hands". I wouldn't have given you two cents for that dog's life. A week or so later I saw Tara at the laundry mat. I knew I should ask her about the dog but was really afraid to. Finally I said "Tara, how is your dog"? She said "I think he's going to be alright Betty, he is trying to kind of hobble around in the house". I thought, 'Oh Lord, he lived'. Another week went by so I asked her again. She was all excited to tell me he was running all over the neighborhood. Tara and her husband went through a lot and he went to jail. Tara moved in with me until she could get a job and get on her feet. I didn't see her for a few years. She came to see me. She looked and acted very good, driving a nice car. She said, I just wanted to show you how good I am doing, I was very happy for her.

I went to the jail one day and a new girl was laying on a cot just inside the door. She was very sick. The other girls told me about her. She was a very pretty girl with golden curls and only 18 years old. She had grown up in the Methodist church and received an inheritance from her grandmother. I thought she did pretty good with the money. She bought a mobile home, a car and a tanning salon. But being a very pretty young woman with the appearance of having money she drew the attention of a lot of men and some of the wrong kind. One of these men got her in trouble with the law without her even knowing what she was doing. Which put her behind bars where I met her.

I was on my way out and I stopped to ask if I could pray for her. She didn't move or open her eyes so I knelt beside her cot and prayed for her. The other girls told me she had a disease that caused her to get very sick when she gets upset.

I was in the laundry three days later when Manda came walking in. She said "Do you remember me? You prayed for me in the jail". I said "I sure do, how are you doing I asked? She said that is the reason I came in to see you. I have never seen a Christian like you before. I was raised in

the Methodist church and I am a Christian but I have never seen a Christian like you. I was very sick when you prayed for me but as soon as you left I started feeling better and the headache I had all the while I was there just suddenly went away". So Manda and I had a lot of good talks and she went to church with me, rededicated her life to the Lord.

One evening she said "I would like to get baptized". So I called my friend Thora and we took her right then and she asked me to baptize her. Then she wanted to receive the Holy Spirit which she did. I had known her about a year when she met this boy. I went to their wedding and when her baby girl was a few months old she and her husband left for Texas, I learned later. I could not understand why she did not let me know she was leaving. Through the years, when I would think about her I would just pray for them. One day 17 years later I was praying for her when I said "Lord, I just need to know how Manda is doing, would you please have her to contact me or let me run into her somewhere". At the time I prayed, she was living in Kansas City. I went by the laundry after church one Sunday afternoon to clean. I saw this woman getting out of her car. She had her dark hair pulled back in a pony tail so I didn't recognize

her. She came in and I had my back to her but I heard her say "Well, hello there". I recognized her voice, I turned and looked at her and I was speechless. She said "You don't remember me do you"? I said "Of course I remember you Manda. I said Manda I could never forget you! I just asked the Lord about three weeks ago to show me where you are. I just needed to know how you are doing". "Well he sure answered that prayer fast. I just moved here two weeks ago from Kansas City. Manda had moved one block from me so we had a lot of catching up to do. She explained why she had gotten upset and left without telling me. As it turned out, I had no part in what she thought I did. In fact, I hadn't even known about it. All too often this is what happens and it separates friends and family. We would all be much happier if we were not so easily offended and if when we think we have been done wrong we would go to the person and discuss the problem. The word says Love is not easily offended. It is wrong for us to hold something against one another when we really do not know if what we think what they have said or did is true.

Jesus said when we stand praying, forgive what others have done to hurt us so our Father in heaven can forgive us. About the time I was

praying about Manda, I also asked the Lord to heal me from fibromyalgia or for him to show me what to do for myself. I have been healed more often than not by him showing me what to do for myself. When I met Manda I was about to leave for a week in Texas. My niece Cindy had called and said her mom had come across something she was sure would help me so I went through Oklahoma City and she gave me a can of Ambrotose. So I thought, well this could possibly be it, so I started taking it that very day. When I got to my older daughter's house, Reva, in Texas I was telling her about the Ambrotose, she went to the kitchen and came back with a can someone had given her. Said it would be good for her because she had fibromyalgia for years.

Another daughter picked me up the next morning to take me for lunch. She said Mom, my husband met this nurse at the hospital in Dallas who knew the doctor who won a Nobell prize on cellular study. This doctor has said, we need eight essential sugars which we are not getting from our fruits and vegetables before they get ripe so the sugars have not come into them yet. He has put together this product called Ambrotose. One of the results is how it is helping fibromyalgia. What it does, the reason it is good for so many diseases and sickness, is

because it levels out the immune system. My daughter said "Mom, I believe this will help you. If I buy you some will you take it"? "I started taking it yesterday I said". She was very surprised, she didn't know I knew anything at all about it.

When I got home Manda and I went out for lunch. She told me she was getting her doctorate in holistic medicine. I said to her "If you are into that, then you know about our eight essential sugars don't you? She reached into her pocket and pulled out a booklet on Ambrotose. She said, I brought this for you, I believe this will help you. The bible says in the mouth of two or three witnesses and I now had four. I had been taking it over a year and my fibromyalgia symptoms are gone. I have also learned, the best way to buy our fruits and vegetables is frozen. If the food is to be frozen they let it ripen in the field, then they take it directly to the processing plant and process it. I believe in divine healing. I also believe when we have a physical ailment, sometimes we need to see a doctor. We need to pay attention to what we put into our bodies, whether it is food, drink or medication. Also, what we put into our minds. I believe because of my experience through the years and what I have learned, most of our

health problems can be taken care of with healthy food, lots of fruits and veggies, plenty of fresh clean air, water, sunshine, exercise, enough sleep, recreation and tons of love. But if you break a leg, go to the doctor, let him set it, take a pain pill and then do all of the above while you are letting it heal.

I had a problem with low blood pressure for several years. We lived in Philadelphia when I started taking B12 shots. I took two a week for a couple of months each year for three years. My pressure would come up a half point with each shot. So when we moved to Arkansas I started to the doctor because of weakness. I was always skinny, it seemed I just couldn't gain weight. The doctor said my blood pressure was dangerously low. So he put me on B12 shots again but my pressure went down a half point with each shot. After half dozen shots the doctor said go pack your suitcase I am putting you in the hospital. We can't let it get any lower. He had also told me that the B12 shots replaced the liver shots which caused people a lot of damage. I thought "Whoa, if this liver shots were causing damage what are the B12 shots doing"? When I left his office that day I prayed. I said "Lord, I am so tired of being tired. I know you can heal me so either heal me supernaturally or please show

me what I can do for myself. Nevertheless Lord, I am not going into the hospital and I will never take another B12 shot". The years I had gone to the doctor, not one time did they ever tell me to get on a healthy diet. I believe the reason I almost died when Laura was born was because of weakness. We were not taught back 50 years ago how important good food is to our health and strength. And after moving to Arkansas I had to really skimp that first year or so to provide any kind of meal for my family. After I prayed that day I began noticing articles in the magazines and on television about the benefits of food to our health. I realized it was an unusual thing that was happening so I remembered God said he was taking his people to a land flowing with milk and honey. I reasoned those two foods must be very good for us. I also remembered Daniels' diet of lentils' and that God told man from the beginning he had given us every green plant for food. I remembered the grapes, the wheat, olive oil that it mentioned so I realized the Lord was saying get some of this good food into you. I bought a jar of honey. Later I began keeping bees because honey was so expensive. There was wild greens that came up in the very early spring called poke and lambs quarter. I began eating them by the pots full. I ate the honey and started using milk in everything. I was milking a

cow at the time. I churned the cream and we had butter and buttermilk. I ate lots of beans, rice and I bought the whole grain wheat, cooked and ate it whole. I ate lots of raisins until the grapes came in. The girls and I would go in the vineyard after the fields had been gathered and for a dollar a bushel we could have all the grapes we could find. We canned gallons of grape juice. Later I raised a garden and learned to can, dry and preserve foods. I raised our beef and chicken. After I saw the benefits of healthy food to our body I made every bite count. Nothing went into my mouth that was not healthy. I right away began to gain strength and continued gaining until I was strong enough to work from early till late every day. I have never had a problem with low blood pressure again. I would like to say I continued to eat that way but my flesh is like yours, too busy and too weak. But when I would begin to drag I would remember and start eating right again.

I was in for a surprise one day when I walked into the jail and we had a new 17 year old girl. I said "I don't believe I have met you, my name is Betty Bower, what is your name". "Liza" she said as she looked up at me with a stone face out from behind one side of her hair. She asked "Do you know why I am in here"? "No I don't Liza, but

one thing I do know about you is that you need the help of God more than anyone I have ever seen". I asked if she would like to talk in private. We went into a small room the attorney's used. She began telling me about how her and her friend Penny along with three boys had killed a man. I asked her why and she said he had raped her friend and the five of them had gotten high on drugs and went out to his home, just to teach him a lesson. He fought back and things got out of hand and they killed him. We talked all the while I was there that day. The next day after I went she asked if I would pray for her, which I did, and her hardness broke and she said she wanted to know the Lord. The next week they brought her friend in. She was in a cell alone. She was raised in a Christian home. Right away she said "someone said Liza accepted the Lord and I don't believe it, she is an atheist. I have tried to talk to her about God and she said she didn't believe there is a God". "Well it's true Penny". She asked me if I would pray with her. I said "What about you, do you know the Lord"? She said "I was raised in church so I know who he is. I have been very rebellious and my mom told me I would have to pay back ten times over what I thought I was getting away with and my mom was sure right. I cant' believe I am in jail charged with murder". Penny said "could you

please go see my mom, she is really having a hard time with this”? The next time I went to the jail, the matron came and asked me to see the two girls. She said they have cried all night and need to talk to someone. They had just found out what they were up against. They were in a cell alone, their faces were swollen from crying. They said they were told they would get life without parole or the death penalty. I didn't know what to say to them so I just knelt by the bed they were sitting on and started praying in the spirit. I could feel what they were going through. We prayed for the longest time. I just couldn't leave them, then when I asked God to help them not to be afraid and to give them peace. The next time I saw them Liza said “Penny, tell Betty what happened to us”. Penny said “during the day while we were out with the other girls it didn't seem so bad but when the matron would lock us up at night by ourselves we would be very scared and upset. It was terrible. But after you prayed for us, the last time you were here, when the matron came and put us in our cell we felt the same. We didn't get upset and we weren't afraid. Then Liza said “Everything you prayed for us happened. I know now God is real”.

I made an appointment for lunch with Penny's mom, May. I discussed what the girls were going

through. May was so angry at Liza. She blamed her for her daughter being in jail. I said “May, you have to forgive Liza and pray for her”. She looked at me like I had slapped her. She said, as she cried “I could never do that. If it were not for that girl, my daughter would not be in jail charged with murder”. I said “May, you have no choice. If you are going on with the Lord, you have to forgive her. There is nothing you could do for your daughter that would be better than to pray for her friend”. “I just can't do it she said”. I said “Oh yes you can. We are going out to the car to pray and the Lord will help you to do it”. As we prayed I asked God to help May to be able to forgive and pray for Liza. I said “May get on your knees every day, before the Lord, and pray until it happens”. The next time I saw May she was still crying. Then she told me she did what I told her to do and nothing happened. Every day she prayed until the 7th day. And May put her hand to her breast, she said “On the 7th day something happened in here and all at once I was able to pray for Liza”. May said “I did not know you could ask God to help you do something like this”. I said “What do think God is all about May? He is always ready and willing to help us and especially if it is something he has told us we should do. God knows we can't keep his commandments. All he wants us to do is admit it

and ask his help but we have to want to do his will. Then we have all of the help of heaven. May asked me to pray she would be able to put her arms around her daughter and hold her. She said "I can't believe you can go right into the cell and be with her. I have not been able to touch my daughter for all these months. So we prayed. That's when I learned God sometimes gets people spider bit.

Penny was bit by a brown recluse spider. The police transported her back to the little town where she was from because her doctor was there. May had known the matron all her life so she was able to go in to see Penny every day and stay a couple of hours with her. After May forgave Liza I went in to see the girls. Liza said "Betty, Penny's mom wrote me a letter. She said she loved me and is praying for me and I don't believe it because I know how much she hated me". Penny said "I know it is true Liza because my mom would not have said it if it weren't true". I said "Yes Liza, it is true" and I told her the story of what had happened to her. Then I said to Liza, "now it is your turn. Are you ready to forgive and to pray for May"? So we all three prayed and Liza said she was willing. While Penny was in her home town I went to the jail and Liza was curled up on her cot not moving a

muscle. Just her eyes were moving around. The girls said she had been like this all day. She hasn't moved, we don't know what is wrong with her. I said to Liza "I know what is wrong with you, let's go into the attorney's room". I explained to Liza satan is trying to come back into your life. I am going to pray for you and he will have to leave. We prayed and I rebuked satan and told Liza the Lord Jesus said if we rebuke him he will flee from us. We have this power in Jesus name. Also, the Holy Spirit in us has power over these demons. When you feel like this always say I rebuke you devil, in Jesus name and he will have to go.

Later, after Liza was moved to Springfield she wrote to Penny. She let me read the letter. Liza said "Penny, don't ever give up on God, he is real. Remember I would have that evil presence come over me and make me terrified? Well while you were gone I was really having a bad time. Betty took me into the attorney's room and we prayed. She rebuked satan and that evil presence left me and it has never come back. Penny was very upset the day after Liza left. She said she had been offered a plea bargain. Her attorney said if she admitted to her part of the murder she would get life with parole. But if she didn't she would get life with no hope of

parole. She said "Betty, I don't know what to do. I do not have money for another attorney's opinion, what do you think I should do?" I said "Penny, I do not know what you should do but I know someone who does and if you have truly put your trust and faith in him he will show you what you should do and you will have a perfect peace about it". I don't know how I could ever have a peace about it, she said. Regardless of the decision I made I will always wonder if I made the right one. They gave her two weeks to make her decision.

I left the next day for Texas to see my kids. When I got back Penny was very excited to see me. She said "Betty, I have to tell you what happened. I have told the girls and the matron but they won't believe me. You used to tell me, and Liza things like this and we knew you were not lying but we just had not experienced anything like it". I said "Okay Jen, tell me. Tell me what happened". She said "Three days before time for her to give her decision to the attorney she was praying and told the Lord "Betty said I would know what to do but I still don't know. Lord, what should I do"? While she was praying she remembered her mother's sister who had died eight years before, was married to a man who had studied law. He had left right after

his wife's death and no one knew where he had gone. Penny said "I called my mom. I said Mom, please make some calls and see if you can locate him and ask him what I should do. I will call you back this afternoon". Penny called her mom back and asked "Mom, did you make the calls"? She said "No Penny, I..". "But mom you knew how important it was". "Listen Penny, after you called I went into the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee. I started praying that God would show me where your uncle was. And Penny, while I was praying the doorbell rang and your uncle was standing at the door. He didn't know anything about what happened. He was coming through and just stopped to see how the family was doing". He couldn't stay but told May to get a copy of the transcript and mail it overnight to him, he would read it and get back to her attorney. It took May two days to get the transcript. They told her when she went to mail it they couldn't guarantee it would get there in one day. They said a third of the time it will get there. It did get there in time, her uncle read it and on the last day, called her attorney and they were in agreement that she should take the plea bargain. Liza went to trial. She was convicted and got life without any chance of parole. Liza and Penny said to me one day before they left. "Betty, how could you possibly know how we feel? We will

never be out from behind these bars again. We will never know what it is like to be married or to have a baby". "I can't know fully what you are feeling I said but I will tell you this and God knows it is true "I would rather not ever walk out from behind these bars and to have the spirit of the Lord with me than to be out there free in the world with all that money can buy, all the good looking men and all the fame and not have the peace and comfort of the holy spirit". I prayed with them before they left and sent them the bible on tape with a tape player with head phones. They told me they had to leave them with the chaplain but were able to go in and listen to them.

Liza called me one day and asked me to pray. She said I know I'm not supposed to use curse words but I'm really having a hard time stopping. Liza was in maximum security. She and another woman escaped. She was gone five years. The program American's Most Wanted ran a story on her. Someone knew her and called in. She was returned to jail. Liza had met a boy, they had moved in with his parents, she had a baby just 30 days old when they came for her. The boy's father said "There has to be a mistake. This girl we have known all this time could not possibly have done what they say she did". Liza was not

that same girl, she had been born again. The bible says we are a new creation in Christ Jesus. That we are a new creature, our old self has passed away.

There were three boys involved in the murder. I was able to talk with two of the boys and pray for them. But since they were taken to different County I didn't get to see them again. I always felt bad because I didn't get to see or pray for the third boy.

One day not long ago I called Springfield for someone to work on my equipment. There was a new man being trained by the regular repairman. He said to me "I used to visit my friend who lived in this neighborhood". "Who is your friend" I asked? He named one of the boys involved in the murder. I asked how is he doing and if he were still in prison. "Yes" he said. "And I just got out". I said "You are the third boy – the one I never got to meet". I told him how I had thought about him and prayed for him through the years when I would think about the circumstances that had happened to them.

I only saw him that one time but I thought how the Lord knew how much it would mean to me to

see him and to be able to pray for him at last.
Only the Lord could have brought him there.

Chapter 19

The repairman he came with was Terry Riesner. Terry has worked on my equipment for 16 to 18 years. The man who worked on it just before Terry came would always come in, look at the equipment and gripe and complain about the old broke down stuff. So I was praying about someone to work on it. I needed new equipment desperately, about 100,000 worth but the bank wanted \$30,000 down and I needed money for shipping, taxes and installation. I did not at the time believe in making pledges. If I had the money I gave. I also paid my tithe. One day I felt to make a pledge only to the Lord of tithe on \$100,000 which I would have to make payments on the \$10,000.

The first time Terry came to work on my equipment he came in smiling, happy. I learned he was the praise leader in his church. I said "Terry, you know the Israelites always sent the praisers out first when they wanted victory in battle. I believe the Lord has sent you as the praiser just before the laundry equipment is coming in". Terry never complained, he just came in smiling, went right to work. Most of the time he wound up praying for someone. He really made an impression on a lot of people,

customers and friends of mine. I have a video of him standing under my big sign out front praying for me new equipment. One day a salesman came in and asked if I were coming to the equipment show in Branson. He said "I know you need new equipment and if you buy at the show you get a big discount". I told him I did not have money for a down payment and not even enough for shipping, installation and taxes. He said "Did you know if you have been in business for several years Speed Queen will finance the full amount". I did not even know Speed Queen was doing their own financing until then. "You need to bring the paperwork from the last three months on the business". The show was in a couple of days and I had not gotten my paperwork to the book keeper so after the salesman left I prayed about it and I felt I should go for it. So I took my paperwork to my bookkeeper. I was too embarrassed to ask her to try to have it ready for me in time for the show because I should have already taken it to her, so I just asked the Lord to help on it. Wanda told me later she had not planned on finishing it as soon as she did but it was a quiet day, not many came in or called and as a rule she did not work after dinner. But since her office was her home and she felt good so she just went back and

finished it up that evening. So I had my paperwork to take with me to the show.

Three months earlier, the other laundry mats in Joplin went up on their prices. I always stayed .25 cents lower so that threw enough business my way that during that three months, to show that I could make the payments that I needed. I went to the show and I picked out my equipment. The salesman took me over to see the man about financing it. I had just had my home go into foreclosure that I had sold in Carl Junction. I didn't know the payments had not been made until I received a letter saying it would be auctioned off in two weeks. I had to borrow \$5,000 to redeem it. When I explained to the man from finances all I had struggled with he said "Why didn't you just file bankruptcy and get out from under all that"? "Didn't you know you could"? "Yes", I knew I could but I am a Christian and I believe if we make a debt we should pay it and have learned if we stick in there, the Lord will help us to do that.

I got the loan, I didn't have to have a penny and didn't have to make a payment until 30 days after the machines were installed. This was six months after I made the pledge. Another thing that figured into the story was at the time I made

the pledge, I also told the Lord I would not make any kind of contract or spend any money unnecessarily until I got my new equipment because I knew I was supposed to be there at the laundry mat.

At the time my home went into foreclosure I was renting a townhouse. It was built onto the end of an apartment building. I really enjoyed living there, all the utilities were paid and the rent was reasonable. But I knew I had to move back into my home in Carl Junction. I didn't want to rent it out so I lived in Carl Junction. Later my daughter and son in law were moving to Carl Junction so I rented it to them and moved into a very small one bed room apartment with my grand niece. I had fallen and hurt my hip so was in bed for a while. I needed a place of my own and I was praying one day and asking the Lord where I could live. While I was praying the townhouse ran through my mind. It was so peaceful and quiet there but I rebuked the thought because I knew I would have to sign a lease. So I said "I'm sorry Lord, I didn't mean to desire something I shouldn't have but I desperately need any place, just one room would be okay". The townhouse was on my way to and from church. When I went by that morning I noticed it was vacant. I really felt to drive by again and I

felt like the Lord was saying I could rent it. But I knew it couldn't be him because I would have to break my word to the Lord if I signed a lease. And the Lord knew that I wouldn't. It is a very serious thing to say to the Lord I will do this or I will not do that and then go ahead and break your word. So I was confused for a while but the thought still would not go away. So I said "Okay Lord, if this is you telling me I can have the townhouse you are going to have to give me a good sign". While I was talking with the Lord the thought ran through my mind well, if the manager would call me and tell me it was available, that would be a good sign because I didn't really know her all that well and she thought I was in my home in Carl Junction and besides I knew there was a waiting list for the townhouse. So I thought, oh well, that will never happen, that's too hard so Lord give me another sign. When I got to the apartment there was a message from the manager saying "Betty, the townhouse is vacant, the man who lived there said you might want it back". I remembered seeing this man at the store one day. The only reason I knew who he was is that his car always sat in front of the townhouse and I was in line behind him. This was not long after I had moved out. I just asked how do you like living there. He said "Oh, we really like it". I said "I liked it too so

if you ever move out give me a holler, I might be ready to move back in". I didn't even remember saying that until the manager left me the message but I knew I couldn't use that as a sign from the Lord because I had rejected it and asked for another sign because I thought that wouldn't ever happen. There was also a message from my niece in Arkansas. So I was praying that the Lord give me another sign as I called my niece because the manager had said to call right away if you want to lease it. My niece knew nothing about my circumstances; I hadn't talked to her since she moved from Joplin the year before. She had asked if I would give her a reference, she was renting an apartment. I said "Sure Bobby, I'll give you one, what is the number"? She said just a minute, I have to look it up. She came back on the line and said "Betty Jo's townhouse". I said "What did you say Bobby"? She laughed, she said I am reading this out of the Fayetteville phone book. It says Betty Jo's Townhouse, 1011 Betty Jo Drive in Fayetteville. I said you don't know it Bobby but the Lord just spoke to me through you. I called the manager and told her I wanted the townhouse. I still did not understand but I knew it was okay with the Lord. The manager asked if I was in a hurry to move in. I said "No, it will be almost a month before I can move". She said

“Oh good, we want to paint and do other things to it”. I said “Do you want me to come in and make my deposit?” “No that won’t be necessary, I will call when it is ready, then you can come in and sign the lease and make your deposit”. It was after this that the salesman had come by and asked if I wanted to go to the show and buy my equipment.

Speed Queen had asked to check my banking activities for the last three months. They approved my loan for 100% financing including taxes, shipping and installation at prime rate plus 2% which was good. The salesman brought the paperwork from Springfield. I signed it and he said “The equipment is yours”. Two days after I was told I had my equipment the manager called and said the townhouse is ready for you. Come in and sign the lease. It was then I understood why the Lord was saying it’s okay. Jesus said my sheep know my voice and another they will not follow. I believe the little lambs have to learn his voice by doing what the bible says about exercising our spiritual senses. My senses had been exercised enough to know it was my shepherd who was leading me. I had the outward signs and the inner witness of his peace. Sometimes we are lazy and just don’t want to exercise because it makes our spiritual muscles

sore. But when we go ahead and work the soreness out we become stronger. So when we have a log in our path we can flex our muscles, lift the spiritual log up and set it aside and go on down the path to our next adventure.

Chapter 20

About the same time that I had gotten my equipment, three of the five stores in our small shopping center went out. Wally's Barber and Betty's Laundry were the only two left. Wally has been a very good neighbor and friend for almost 30 years. I heard we were getting a pool hall in the building joining us and I had noticed they had worked on the building about three weeks, then they brought in their horse shoe bar and laid their rolls of carpet in. In the meantime, my prayer partners, Joyce and Jocelyn Holms and a couple of others had got together and prayed that these people would find another place that they would like much better and that the landlord would find tenants that he appreciated even more. Jocelyn said "Yes Lord, we do not need any more alcohol on this corner, so bring in businesses who don't sell the stuff". So I told the girls, we need to ask the Lord for stores suitable for the neighborhood. We are not a wealthy neighborhood, we have lots of apartments and lots of children so we needed and asked for discount stores. We watched them come and take the bar out and wondered what kind of store we would get. We were very happy to have the Dollar General come in it's place and we were even happier when the supermarket that came in was called

"Sav-a-Lot" with a 40% discount overall on their food. Then I heard about the blue building just across from the laundry mat right in front of me on Jackson street. It had been a video store. The young man who came to work on my equipment said "Betty, I need to tell you something. There is a large Speed Queen Laundry mat going in right there in that building. I started to laugh. "You are kidding me". "No" he said. "They are buying their equipment from us. The salesman has met with them twice to lay out the plan and to see how many washers and dryers they will need". The building was much bigger than mine. I said "If they knew what I know about this laundry mat they would go on down the road a ways". After this I heard from a girl that worked at one of their other stores that they were going to give away free laundry until I went under. I said "well, I'll just put a big sign out front that says Dear Customers, when free wash is over, please come back home". I needed to pick up something at the office in Springfield. I saw Tom, the owner of Speed Queen who is a very nice Christian man. I said to him "I hear you are going to sell equipment for a laundry that is going in right beside me". Tom said "I have to sell it to them, they came to us and I am the distributor." I said "Oh!, I want you to sell them the very best equipment you have so in a year

from now I can pick up some good washers and dryers at auction for a fraction of the price". I would not mind sharing if they would go on down the road a ways but I really do not think they are going to take my business. The Lord put me here and only the Lord can take me out.

Todd, a friend of mine said to me one day "Those people who are putting the laundry in across the street came over here asking your customers questions. They began asking me and I said "I know the lady that owns this place and she is such a nice lady that I would do my laundry here if they were giving it away somewhere else". Different ones kept telling me those people are going to put you out of business. They have the money to do it. One day a young man came in, he was in his mid 20's, he asked if he could put vending machines in. I told him the reason I didn't have vending machines, I just did not have room for them. He started talking and asking questions about the business. I told him there was someone putting a laundry in the old video building. I told him about the rumors about him putting me out of business. He just kept listening so I explained to him of all of my struggles in raising my girls and trying to make ends meet all these years and was just now able to get new equipment. I had never met this young man but

the next day he knocked on my door. He said "I just wanted you to know, they will not be putting a laundry across from you". "How do you know", I asked him? "I have known these people all of my life" he said. So I went over to see them and I told them about you and all the years and things you had gone through financially and that you had just now been able to buy the new equipment. And I told them they didn't need to set up beside you and put you out of business. So they said that they wouldn't. I don't know who this young man was, I don't remember his name, but God Bless Him!

Chapter 21

Joyce and Jocelyn Holms are two of my friends and prayer partners who pray with me about a lot of things. They have gone through quite a bit themselves but they are truly dedicated to doing the will of God. Joyce and Jocelyn both, along with myself, went through cancer treatment.

Joyce's stomach had started bothering her and by the time she went in for the operation, she had a large tumor removed from her stomach, but she refused the chemo treatment. I would go with her to her appointments and the one day the doctor had told her she needed to take the chemo but Joyce decided against it. Well six months later her stomach started hurting again. She went back to the doctor and he told her the cancer has returned, "You have no choice now Joyce, you have to take the chemo treatment". When Joyce told him again that she was not going to take it the doctor told her she would die if she didn't. He looked at me wanting me to help him convince her to take the treatment. When he saw I wasn't going to he said "Joyce, do you have another spokesperson"? "I need someone to help me convince you that if you do not take this treatment that you are going to die. I

guarantee you, you will be dead in twelve to eighteen months if you do not take treatment.

He was the best cancer specialist in our area. I said to him "Doctor, it is not that we do not believe in doctors or medication or treatment. We are Christians and there is a scripture which says to be led by the peace of God, by his spirit. My responsibility to Joyce as her friend is to pray with her and for her and let her find that peace for herself and then I will stand with her in whatever decision she makes. I have no right to tell her what she should or should not do because I really do not know what I would do.

Joyce went back for her blood test ever so often. Each time the cancer count came down. Finally the doctor said "Joyce, you have had a miracle, cancer just does not go away by itself". And Joyce, you have caused me to see things a lot differently. I am retiring after I take my wife and grand children on a tour of Europe I am coming back here and going to Ozark Bible School and learn all I can about Jesus, and then Joyce I am going to be a medical missionary. Right after Joyce found she was okay, is when I found out that I had breast cancer.

The night before I left Joplin to go to Oklahoma City, her doctor was on the local television news. They asked him if he believed prayer helped heal people. He said I certainly do. I have a patient who should be dead but she is alive and it wasn't medical science that healed her. It had to have been prayer.

I would like to say I didn't take any treatment but it worked out differently for me. I have seven daughters and five sisters, lots of nieces and girl cousins and aunts. I am the only one in this large family – the only woman to have had breast cancer. I had known for some time I had a big problem. It was visible to the eye and I had started being weak and not thinking clearly so it wasn't a surprise when the test said it was malignant. I stayed with my sister six weeks drinking nothing but a gallon of water and six glasses of carrot juice with barley green a day. My food was nothing but raw fruits and vegetables. Carolyn made the best salads in the whole world. And I believe it was prayer along with the Hallelujah diet that caused me not to be in treatment for long and for it not to be in my lymph nodes. Because Dr. Vargas had told my daughter Barbara, it will definitely be in her lymph nodes. They took two out for testing when they removed the tumor. After they had tested them I

was back in the states at the time and Dr. Vargas called from Tijuana and told me "You can tell your sons in laws, you are not so easily gotten rid of. You will be around another 50 years whether they like it or not". He said "This just does not happen. Cancer always goes straight to the lymph nodes, so my treatment was cut short. I told Dr. Vargas, my sons-in-laws would be happy because they were praying for me. The doctor also told me there was nothing I could have been doing that would have been better for me than drinking the six glasses of carrot juice a day. Dr. Vargas treated with high doses of A&C along with laetrile which is made out of apricot pits. With low doses of radiation and chemo. First trip to Mexico, I was there for two weeks. I went home for a couple of weeks and went home for the surgery. Before I left Joplin the first time, three different churches had taken up an offering for me of 7700 dollars. I thought it was very interesting, the first two weeks treatment and medication was 7700 dollars. My sister in law had told Dr. Vargas I didn't have insurance and when the surgeon came over to Dr. Vargas clinic to give me an estimate of what the price of the surgery, two days in the hospital, the medication and his assistant, along with the operating room would cost, he said 3500 dollars. I thought I had misunderstood him and that he meant 35,000.

So I said thirty five hundred! Dr. Vargas looked at me and he said “That’s okay, if you do not have the money we have a fund set up for people that can’t pay and we will take it out of the fund so you will not have to pay”. But of course I was able to pay.

Full cost of the medicine, treatment, air fare, and motel was only about 25,000 dollars. Thank the Lord for family, friends and daughters and son in laws. The thing that amazes me is the peace I had going through it. I felt guilty laying on the beach with such peace knowing that everyone was so concerned about me. I want to thank every one of you who went through it with me with prayer. I love all of you.

My daughter Laura was very sad and upset, the other girls told me, when she found out about the cancer. Then Laura called me one day and said “Mom, I know you are going to be okay”. I was listening to a man on the radio on my way to work this morning. He was telling stories like you tell mom, and all at once I knew you are going to be okay.

I had called Leisha a few days later. I said “Lee Lee, how are you doing?” She said “Not very good, I am mad! Barbara is heartbroken, Reva is

grieving and Laura is just in denial!”. I said to her “Leisha, that’s not denial, that is faith. I am glad someone is standing with me in denial”.

At this point I had not received the peace I needed as to what kind of treatment and where to be treated. The doctor here said I needed a complete masectomy and full radiation and chemo. In Mexico they gave me light radiation and chemo to shrink the tumor, then they took it out and filled in the place with reconstructive surgery.

After I found out I was okay, Jocelyn, Joyce’s sister who had been having seizures for some time, was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Jocelyn would not have the operation but she went into a seizure and the doctors couldn’t bring her out of it. They told her mother she would die if they didn’t operate. Her mother gave her permission, she was afraid for her daughter. Any mother would do the same. We were all at the hospital praying for her through the operation. We learned later, she died on the operating table but they brought her back. Jocelyn stayed in a coma a couple of weeks. The doctor told Joyce they might as well pull the life support because she wasn’t going to come out of it. Even if she did she would be brain dead. So Joyce got down

close to her ear and said “Jocelyn, if your in there you better make us know it because the doctor is about to pull the plug on you”. They saw her eyelash move so they continued to work with her. It took weeks to get her back on her feet. But she is better than ever now, thanks to the love and care of her sister and her mother’s prayers along with a lot of us. We all love Josh, they are two of my dearest prayer partners.

CHAPTER 22

Before I was able to move into the townhouse I was looking for a place to live to share a home with a lady. But I realized right away it was not what I needed. June was 80 and she was on a walker and needed more time than I would be able to give her. She was going into the hospital for breast cancer and would be gone for three weeks. She asked me to please stay and take care of her house while she was gone. I paid June for the use of the utilities for the three weeks but told her I couldn't stay any longer. She asked for my phone number, said, when she is feeling better would I take her out for dinner if she paid for mine? This began a weekly appointment which she was insistent on paying. I finally said "We will take turns June". June let me know right up front she did not want to discuss anything religious. She said "I have had all the religious stuff being stuffed down my throat by family and I do not want to hear any more". But every time we went to eat, she is the one who got on the subject of religion. When I would respond to what she would say, she would get so mad, she would yell at me. June was mean mouthed as anyone I have ever dealt with. One day, at Cracker Barrel, as we were leaving I saw a young woman who worked there who had

come to my home when I was having fellowship meetings. So I stopped to talk to her. June went on to the car. The girl had to stop coming to the meetings because her father did not like our religion. Although the girl was in her early 20's she was still living at home. The girl was so excited that day to tell me about her father dying and going to heaven. And the doctor brought him back so he had such a change of attitude that he told her she could come back to the meetings.

When I got to the car, June said "Well, what that was all about"? I said "I would love to tell you June but it is something about religion so I can't". She could see how excited I was. She said "Oh well, go ahead and tell me, I know you're dying to". So I told her the story. She said "Do you really believe all that stuff"? I said, I know it's probably true because I have known others that have died and came back to tell about it. Before this happened, one day she was very angry with me and she said "Well I don't believe you're an angel". As she was pulling up in front of my house she leaned over in front of me and said "Well, are you? Your not an angel are you?" I said "Well of course not June, I'm just a saint, as I got out of the car". She didn't call me again for a few weeks and I was glad. I kept thinking

'Lord, I don't know why I keep bothering with her. She is so mean and she doesn't even want to talk about you'. But I kept feeling somehow the Lord was trying to get through to her. One day she called from the hospital, she had broken her leg. I went in to see her, I took her flowers and told her if she needed anything to call me. The only family she had in Joplin is a cousin and they were not very close. And I could understand why, if she treated her cousin as mean as she had treated me. June was released from the hospital, then went into rehab for a few weeks. I went in one day and she was not doing very well. I walked over to her bed and put my hand on her arm. I said, June, couldn't I please pray for you? She didn't know I had prayed for her since I met her. I began to pray for her and she began to cry. As she sobbed and cried, she said "Thank you Betty for praying for me. I am so sorry for how I have treated you. I have been so mean to you and you don't deserve it. Your not like my family was. Then she told me about some of the things that happened to her when she was growing up, in the name of religion. I felt so sorry for her. She said her family would not pray for her if she went to a doctor. After being with June that day and hearing all she had been through I didn't blame her. I wouldn't want to hear about religion either if it was like that religion. I spent a

lot of time with June that day and when I went to leave she thanked me again and said "I love you Betty". I never expected to hear those words, not from June. After she went home, I would take our meals to her house and we were able to talk. Not about religion but about Jesus. She called me one day and said her ex-husband was in the hospital. She told him we would come and pray for him. I took June in a wheel chair up to his room. June introduced us. We talked for a few minutes and June said "Come on over here Betty and lay your hands on him, we are going to pray". "We are going to pray for you she said to her ex-husband". As I was laying my hands on him June began praying for his healing. I could tell by her voice and prayer she had forgiven him. She ended the prayer by thanking the Father in Jesus name. I could tell she had forgiven everyone who had hurt her. She had such a peace and softness in her spirit. It wasn't long before she went on to be with the Lord. After all was said and done, I was glad I went with the spirit like the bible says and did not lean to my own understanding. If I had did what my flesh wanted to do I would have not seen her again after the first time she yelled at me. I would not have missed knowing June. You see I did not, as some have said, 'Lead her to the Lord'. June had been saved and baptized when she was a

young girl. But through the years the hurts, the religious confusion, had turned her heart hard and calloused. She needed to be led into being able to love and forgive and in some strange way God used me to help her to do that because the Lord said if we do not forgive others, the Lord will not forgive us our trespasses. I did not understand why I felt to continue praying for her and being kind even though she was so hateful and mean but the Lord knew.

CHAPTER 23

There have been many times I have missed doing or being where the Lord wanted me to be because I went with my own understanding instead of being led by the spirit. One day after we had moved to Joplin my daughter Barbara called and asked me to go to the hospital and pray for her friend Carols' mother who was very sick. I kept doing other things which I thought was important. I realized it had been a few hours since Barbara called so I went to pray for her friend's mother. When I got to her room, they were just pulling the sheet over her. I had waited a few minutes too long. I felt very bad for years so when I would think about what happened I would pray for her daughter Carol. You might say she was going to die anyway and although that is probably true but I have learned when you are praying for a dying person something is happening in the spirit we can't understand but you sense it is of a benefit.

I remember on my way to church one morning I stopped to see an older lady who went to our church who was sick. She was lying on the couch waiting for her daughter to pick her up. After I prayed for her I began to sing. She joined in although she was so very weak. I could not

leave her. I missed church that morning but we continued praising and singing to the Lord. I did not understand why it was such a spiritual experience but learned later she died that morning. I believe when a person is dying, they are for a little while, more there than they are here.

One morning back in Arkansas I was cleaning out our storage building when I found a fatigue jacket. So I hung it on the porch because I just knew my step father, who was an agnostic – he didn't even believe in Jesus, I thought he would like it. I finished cleaning and started into the house. I saw the jacket and had strong desire to take it to him but I reasoned, since they live 15 miles away, money for gas was scarce and besides my mother would not even be there. She had gone to Oklahoma City to see family. Also, Bill and I just didn't communicate very well. So I dismissed the thought. Later that day, looking at the jacket again, I felt to take it to him. The third time it happened I was irritated at myself so I made the decision not to go. I remember thinking, it's not as if he needs the coat. Little did I know he was lying on the floor with no heat in the house where he had been all day and would lay there all night with temperatures going down to 7 degrees that night.

Bill had a stroke. They burned wood in a small wood stove. The old house had no insulation in it. My brother Freddy found him the next day. Bill lived because he had managed to roll himself up in a wool rug lying on the floor. The doctor didn't hold out much hope for him. My brother Raymond and his family came from Oklahoma City with Mother. Raymond said "We need to go in and pray for Bill". Bill lived seven or eight years after that. That's when I learned Jesus loves people who doesn't even believe in him and he doesn't want them to suffer in this life or in the next.

Another time I felt like I missed it is when my friend Lois Rogers was sick. Lois did appraisals for banks and mortgage companies. She did several for me. She worked as a real estate sales lady and also money management. Lois was 80 when she went home and was still working. I was picking up her phone messages for her while she was in the hospital. She had three calls during the three weeks to do appraisals. Lois could sing beautifully and speak. She spoke on discipleship at our church. Lois was an exceptional lady. I was cleaning the laundry one Sunday morning. I had just finished and had just enough time to change and get to church. My phone rang and Lois said "Betty, I

have been very sick, could you please come over and anoint me with oil and pray for me"? I said I will be right over Lois, is there anything you need me to bring you? She told me a couple of things she needed and when I anointed and prayed for her I said "Lois, I am going to fix you some breakfast". She hadn't been eating so as I was cooking her eggs and toast she looked up at the clock and said "Oh no Betty, I have caused you to miss church". Lois never missed church herself and would never cause anyone else to. She went to the Methodist church a few blocks away. She had been a faithful Christian all of her life. I met Lois at the laundry one morning several years before and we became friends. She grew up in a loving Christian home and could hardly believe some of the stories I would tell her about my life when I was growing up. Lois accomplished a lot for the Lord in a quiet way and was a very happy Christian. She ate all of her breakfast that morning and drank her tea while I cleaned her kitchen. She thanked me and said again how sorry she was that she caused me to miss church. I said "But Lois, I didn't miss church, isn't this what church is all about? Praying for one another, helping one another? Isn't this a way of praising our Lord?". Later that day she called a friend who was a nurse. The friend took her to the hospital. Lois called me to

come to the hospital and pray for her. She always asked me to anoint her with oil. My daughter and her husband Robby was with me. One thing I will always remember about her last days on earth was how happy and peaceful she was and how thankful she was to the nurses and how wonderful the food was. She was released from the hospital and went into the Christian nursing home for a couple of weeks. I had never heard Lois cry but one day while she was sick she called and left a message on my phone. She said as she cried "Betty, I am so upset, someone just killed a guard at the holocaust museum. She called and asked if I could come and anoint and pray for her again at the nursing home. When I went out to see her she said "The doctor said I would be here two weeks but Betty I really believe I will be going home in a couple of days. I know I will not be in here for two weeks. The last time I heard her voice was on the answering machine. She said Betty, you forgot your oil and left it by my bed. You can get it when you bring my mail and messages from my phone. I really love and appreciate you Betty. Lois never had any children of her own. Her husband had a daughter who lived in Texas and his only son had died a few years before. The only family Lois had was her church family. I was not feeling very well the next day and

decided to wait to go see her. So early the next morning I went to Lois's home to pick up her mail. Just as I was walking out the door her nurse friend met me. She said, I have been to your house and the laundry mat looking for you. "What is it, I asked"? "Lois died last night" she said. I started to cry. I was shocked and I felt I should have pushed myself the day before to see her one more time. Lois was right on target. She left the nursing home in two days and went home. We never know when the last time we will see a friend, mother, father, grandparents, brothers, sisters or any family member. Give them the roses while they live. They also do not know when the last time they will be seeing us. Lois and I had dinner together from time. It was my turn to buy our dinner and I told her when she gets out of the hospital that we would go somewhere special. I'm going to miss those times that we had together, talking while we were having our dinner.

CHAPTER 24

I would see her often, pushing her little cart all over Joplin. I learned later she, for whatever reason, never drove. She was this little petite Jewish lady. She dressed very colorful and sharp and many times carried an umbrella. Someone pointed her out to me one day and said “She is Ted Bormaster’s wife”. Ted owned the shopping center where my laundry mat was along with many other pieces of real estate. They were self made multi millionaires. I didn’t meet Sarah for years and I didn’t realize she knew who I was but every time I would see her I felt impressed to pray for her to have the peace of God. One day I received a letter saying I should make my lease payments at her office on Main. I went in to make my payment and she looked up at me from over her glasses and still holding her paperwork in her hands she asked “Well, how are you today Mrs. Bower”? “I am just wonderful” I replied. She just looked up at me as if studying me and said “I can see you are, and I just don’t understand it. I know some of the problems you have gone through and I know what you are going through right now. And yet, you look younger and happier all the time. What is it that makes you have such a peace in all of

your troubles”? I thought to myself ‘Lord, I have waited and hoped for this day’. So I told her, I said “Sarah, I have a close relationship with Jesus and I have learned what the bible says is true. He said trouble will come on all people alike. It doesn’t matter if we are rich, poor, young, old, male or female, black or white, good or bad. Trouble will come on us. But Jesus said that he would help us out of all of our trouble if we put our faith and trust in him. And Sarah, he has never failed to do for me what he said he would. So what difference does it make if the trouble is past, present or future? I just do what I know to do and he always does the rest”. Sarah just stood looking at me with many questions in her eyes. Then she said to me “Betty, do you have time to talk for a few minutes”? I said “Of course Sarah”. Sarah began telling me about some of the terrible things that had happened to her and Ted. They had worked hard all of their lives together. They didn’t have children so when it came retirement age, this man they thought they knew so well, kept putting into Ted’s mind to retire. He said “Ted, you and Sarah have worked so hard. You need to sell your real estate, take your wife and travel the world. You could live off of the interest of your money”. Ted trusted this man so much he sold him everything. The man mortgaged everything, extracted all

rents, insurances, whatever he could get from the property and didn't make any payments. I had remembered the man. I saw him once, he came out to inspect the damage. A car had ran into the laundry mat building. The insurance paid him, he didn't pay for having the work done. So their attorney came to me and said I would have to pay. I told him I hadn't ordered the work done and it was not my responsibility and I wouldn't pay it. I guess he figured it out because he didn't come back.

When this happened Ted had a heart attack when he heard the man he loved as his own son had filed bankruptcy. They lost all he had bought. I learned later, through Sarah, he did go to prison. Not for what he did to Ted and Sarah but he swindled someone else and wasn't so lucky this time. Ted never got over what happened although he lived another 20 years or so but never left his apartment again. Sarah had the full responsibility of not only taking care of what they had left but also she took complete care of Ted. She said to me that day in her office, after she told me everything that had happened to them, "Betty, will you please pray for me and my dear husband"? I said "Yes Sarah, I can pray for you right now. I will pray

with my eyes open and if anyone comes in, I will stop praying. She said "Of Course".

As a rule, I do not pray in the spirit for or around people who do not know or understand about the infilling of the holy spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues, but there have been a few times I have felt like making an exception and this was one of those times. So I said "Sarah, do you mind if I pray in the spirit"? She said, "Are you talking about praying in tongues"? I said "Yes, do you know about it"? She said, I have a friend who said I could do it if I wanted to but I have not been able to learn it. I said "That is because it is not something you learn. It is a gift from our heavenly father. Jesus said to his disciples, the father has given you to me. But it is time that I go back to my Father but I will not leave you without comfort he said. When I go to the Father he will send you the comforter which is the Holy Spirit. And he will always be with you and lead you into all truth. He will be with you until the end of the world. Right before Jesus descended into heaven, he said to them. 'Go to Jerusalem and wait for the promise of the Father. The Holy Spirit is with you and he shall be in you. Preach the gospel of the kingdom to everyone. The ones who believe and are baptized will be saved. These signs that would follow them were:

They would speak with new tongues, lay hands on the sick and they would recover, and he gave them power to cast out demons from the people by using his name. So the disciples went to Jerusalem, like Jesus said and there were 150 praying and waiting and the Holy Spirit came in and they were all filled and began praying and speaking in tongues. Peter his disciple told the people. This gift is for you and your children, and your children's children and all that are far off, as many as receive Christ this gift is available to them and other gifts also". I told Sarah to read the first chapters of the book of Acts. Sarah said it was okay for me to pray in the spirit so I did what I had said. I kept my eyes open as I prayed, not understanding the words but knowing what always had been in my heart for her. I watched the peace come into her face. When I finished praying she looked up at me in amazement and said "Betty, you have never studied Hebrew have you?" I said "No, Sarah". She said "I was sure you probably hadn't but did you know you were praying for me in Hebrew"? Then I was amazed. "What was I praying Sarah"? She said "You were asking our heavenly Father to give me his peace". I said "Sarah, all these years when I would see you out walking I was impressed to ask God to give you his peace". This was the day Sarah and I

became friends. We didn't spend much time together at first because we were both so busy but she would call me if she had a prayer request for someone she knew or for herself. Sarah got meals on wheels for herself and Ted. He would never let anyone into the apartment so when Sara had to be in the nursing home for a few weeks, she would call him every day to check on him. If he needed anything Sarah would call me and I would take things over to him. He lived in pajamas so I bought him six pair. He would just open the door enough to take the things from me. I asked him to put his laundry outside his door and I would do it for him, which he did. After Sarah got well Ted got sick. But he would not let her get an ambulance. He fell out of bed a couple of times. She had called me and I asked a friend once to help her get him back in bed. Another time my sister Carolyn and her husband Walter were there and Walter went over to help Ted get back in bed. Ted was a very small man. He was in his 90's. Sarah was 91 at this time. He was so skinny. I tried to get Sarah to call an ambulance but she said "But my husband says no". "I can't go against my husbands wishes can I? I would be having him taken out of his own house against his wishes". I said "Sarah, there comes a time we should do what is best for a person whether they like it or

not. You have taken as good a care of Ted all these years as you could. You are not able to do this any longer. Someone needs to help him so Sarah, we are going to pray". Which we did. I asked the Lord to show Sarah what she should do. I said "Now Sarah, you sit right there until you know what to do. The Lord will show you". I went home, I just lived right across the alley. A couple of hours later I heard the sirens of the ambulance.

Sarah and I spent a lot of time together the weeks Ted was in the hospital. She kept saying "Betty, I want to take you out to eat". I thought she was just wanting to take me out to show her appreciation for what I was doing for her. But when I finally said yes at her insistence we were sitting eating our food and she was looking around and she said "This is the first time I have been out to eat in over 20 years". I could hardly believe what I was hearing. I asked "But Sarah, why"? Sarah said "Well, I couldn't leave my poor husband at home and just go out and enjoy myself could I"? So Sarah and I went out to eat more often. She was a true daughter of Abraham. A very righteous, pure, dedicated loving caring wife and woman of God who went about using her money to help others. I learned a lot about Sarah while I was with her during her

husband's sickness. And then, when she became ill I said to her one day. Sarah, when I was going through such a hard time financially and was all those months behind on my lease payment you and Ted were the only ones I owed money to who didn't try to shut my doors. Did you not know how far behind I was?" "Of course we did" she said. "But we would never have been the ones to cause you to close your business. Ted and I discussed it". I said "Thank you Sarah from the bottom of my heart". She said "We have helped many people to succeed, we would never be the reason for someone to fail". Sarah said she and Ted, from the beginning of their marriage would put their money and bills on the table and pray over them before sending them out. I really learned to love Sarah during the time we spent together. She asked me more than once if I needed any money. I said "I am to a place Sarah, that I have credit for any amount of equipment I need". Several times we were asked if we were mother and daughter. Sarah would say "No, we are sisters".

My friend Joyce who is a black girl, was with us one particular day and a nurse asked if Sarah and I were mother and daughter. Sarah said "No, we are sisters", then added, "We are all

three sisters but this one”, and she said as she pointed to Joyce, “has a different father”.

Joyce ran her legs off helping Sarah with shopping and whatever she needed. Joyce and Jocelyn are always helping someone. But most people we would help couldn't afford to pay someone to help them. When we first started helping Sarah we didn't know how she stood financially but learned she had done quite well in business on her own over the 20 years.

I thought to begin with she would get all dressed up and push her little cart to the office on Main just a few blocks away from where she lived just to have something to do. Boy was I ever wrong. One day Joyce said “Betty, I think I need to be helping someone else. Sarah can well afford to pay someone to do her laundry and shopping”. I said “Yes Joyce, she could hire someone to do it but what Sarah needs right now is friends she can trust and she trusts and likes you Joyce”. “Do you really think so”? “Yes”, I said so Joyce continued with me and Sarah to the end. Sarah wrote us a \$1,000 check each. Joyce tried to resist but Sarah insisted. She said “here is a check for Betty”. Joyce said “It won't do you any good to write it, I know she won't take it”. Sarah said “Oh yes she will”. So Sarah kept the check

and when I went in to see her at the hospital she handed me the check and said “I was told you would not take this, but you have to take it because it is my donation for your book”. I said “But I do not want a donation until after you read the book”. “I may not be around by then she said”. So I took the check. When Ted died he was taken back home to Dallas. Sarah was one of seven sisters and one brother. Their father had brought all of his family to America. They had just escaped the holocaust in Germany. Sarah needed to get to Dallas but was afraid to fly because of the terrorists. I offered to drive her but her three sisters, who were the only ones still living, they said “But Sarah, we do not know this woman, how she drives and the roads are so dangerous, so we think you should take the bus. I realized they did not understand that would be the most dangerous way for Sarah to travel. I knew it had been 60 or 70 years since any of them had ridden a bus. So I said “You know Sarah, one of my favorite granddaughters lives right there in the little town where you get off. I think I will get a ticket and we can ride together”. Sarah was very weak and I knew she would need help getting on and off the bus. It was a long trip for her. Sarah kept getting weaker, she was in and out of the hospital and nursing home. She knew she was not going to live long so she

asked me and Joyce if we would pray the Lord would let her live one more year to get her business in order. So we prayed and the next day I went in to see her. She said "Betty, I had a lovely dream last night". She said "I never dream, but in my dream I was at this lovely banquet. It was a big table filled with all kinds of wonderful food. And Ted was there. I was so hungry and I called to my husband "Ted, Ted, come and sit with me and enjoy this wonderful banquet". Sarah had lost her appetite and was forcing herself to eat for that year. The next day when I saw her she said "This is so strange, I had another dream. In my dream my family was all gathered into one place. I was standing by myself watching them as they conversed together. Someone picked this beautiful rose up from the ground and cleaned the mud off it and brought it over and presented it to me". She said "It was some kind of presentation". When I told Joyce, she said "What do you think it means"? I think it means the same thing you think it means. She said yes, it is the answer for what we prayed for her. The Lord is saying "No, she is coming home". Before she had gotten sick, she thought someone was getting into her apartment. I could tell it was troubling her a lot so I called the locksmith and asked me to fix a lock on my door and then I said, could you go across the alley

and put a new lock on Sarah's door and bring me the extra key, which he did. So I told Sarah, "You and I are the only ones who has a key, so I will call you every morning and you call me every evening at bed time". Every time she called me as she was hanging up she would say "Good night Betty, you go sleep with the angels". She told her family she had an angel looking out after her. Joyce and I along with another friend and her nephew, Norman, were with Sarah when she left. I said to her "Sarah, you always said to me "Go sleep with the angels. Now I'm saying to you Sarah, you go with the angels. We love you Sarah". Her nephew Norman asked if I would like to come to Dallas for her funeral and tell the family some things I knew about Sarah. I was the only one at the funeral except her family. I stopped in the funeral home to see Sarah. She looked so natural laying in the casket. There was nothing else in the room except one small table sitting beside her casket. On the table was a vase carried by two angels containing one single rose. There were no other flowers at the funeral except a spray of roses on her casket. The single rose in the vase sat in the dirt at the head of the casket. I asked later when we all gathered at one of her sisters' home where were the other flowers. Oh, there were no other flowers her sister answered. We Jewish people

ask instead of sending flowers to donate to a charity. But my friend Joyce and I ordered a large vase of roses. Well they didn't come she said, you need to call and get your money taken off the card. When I called, the florist said the reason the flowers were not sent, their computers broke down. Sarah's sister said "Well, Sarah got her way after all didn't she"? I told the family some of the things Sarah had did for others and the things that had happened to her before she died. One question they had was that Sarah had told them lately she had people stop her on the street and give her money. I said I think I have the answer because there was a homeless woman who lived in Joplin, she also pushed a cart and carried an umbrella. This woman was robbed, so when they put this in the newspaper, some people must have thought it was Sarah when they would see her walking and thought she was the one who lost all of her money. I told them, I would sing a little song to Sarah, so I sang it to her family. "I am related to you, you are related to me, we have the same Father"

This is the reason she called me her sister. I had dinner with her family and told them about Sarah's dream and her asking me and Joyce to pray she would stay another year. But we knew

after the dream she would be leaving soon. I said "I believe in the dream where she was standing to the side, seeing all of her family there talking together she was seeing her funeral. I don't think she really knew this but I believe the rose was Sarah, the one who picked it up was the angels. The mud was her physical body and the presentation to Sarah was her new spiritual body. Her sister said "Oh, what a lovely thought".

Just before I left that day, her nephew Norman brought the vase with the rose from her funeral and said "The family and I would like for you to have this in remembrance of Sarah". Of course the rose died but I replaced it with a beautiful ceramic rose my daughter Leisha had given me which she had brought back from Germany. I have this vase with the rose sitting on a table by my recliner. The new ceramic rose reminds me of Sarah's new body. Sarah's family treated me very well. They are a wonderful Jewish family. When Norman came to Joplin to settle her estate Sarah had told me she had ten nieces and nephews and they would be the heirs. When Norman finished he left an envelope there. There was a letter signed by all ten of the nieces and nephews thanking me for what I had done for their aunt and a check for ten thousand

dollars as a donation for the book. Which I am sewing the ten thousand back into the Jewish people for bringing them back to Israel and for the preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. As the Lord God directs me. I truly love the Jewish people.

I had picked up Sarah's mail from the copy center for a year. Norman had a change of address just before he left, but he asked me to go back a couple of times to make sure it was taken care of. The last time I went to Copy Center, Norman had gone, the funeral was over and there was no more mail. It was that day I really felt the loss of my friend Sarah.

God said he would bless all those who bless his people Israel. His word is true. I was truly blessed in many ways by knowing Sarah. Norman was the only other one of her family I had gotten acquainted with. He had a lot of work to do. Sarah had several storage units he had to go through. Along with all the other paperwork, and her mail had piled up. Also, she had asked me to clean out her office and put everything in storage. So Norman was so busy those few months but he took time out to gather all of Sarah's poems and make each of us a book of poems with pictures. It really meant a lot to me.

The rose reminds me of Sarah but her book of poems reminds me of her favorite nephew Norman. Sarah thought very highly of him. The bible said It is the Lord your God who gives you the power to get wealth. Years before, I would see Ted and Sarah out together and I thought Ted was the big wheel who was responsible for their prosperity and that Sarah was just the little doll he enjoyed having on his arm. Isn't it funny how we can be so wrong in our thinking. I believe after knowing Sarah and seeing all she had accomplished after Ted became all together inactive, that it was she who was the big business woman.

I remember the first time I saw Ted. We had waited for two or three months for him to sign our lease. Elmer Taylor, the man we bought the business from was about to take it back because the bank couldn't loan us the money until the lease was signed. I went into Brookman's Realty one day and Mr. Brookman said "Well, how is the laundry doing?". I said "The business is doing very good but we can't seem to get the lease signed". He said "You need to talk to my wife. He took me into her office and I explained everything to her. She said "Well, we will see about this". So she called the attorney who drew up the lease for the Bormasters. She said "What

is this I am hearing about the Bower's not being able to get the lease on the laundry business they have bought"? I could only hear her side of the conversation but she said to him "It has been a few months and their contract with Mr. Taylor has ran out and he is getting ready to take it back, so I suggest you get that lease signed, and so what if they don't have a financial statement? What does a blown up financial statement amount to anyway? And they are good hard working people and I think they are putting their home that they have paid cash for up for half of the money. That should be enough. And no, I don't think they would be interested in going in partners with Mr. Kline in his dry cleaning business". I don't know what kind of pull Mrs. Brookman had with him but it wasn't long before we were notified the Bormasters were coming from Texas and they set a time for closing. It was at this time Ted brought in several pair of his father's slacks to be dry cleaned just before time to close on the laundry mat. That particular day and we were very busy. I told my daughter, we have to be very careful with these pants, they belong to Bormaster's father. I don't know to this day what happened but we misplaced two pair of those slacks. I dreaded Ted coming back for them and was so thankful he didn't pick them up until the day after we closed. I said to him "I am

so sorry, but I have lost two pair of your Father's pants". I will never forget how he looked, standing a little over 5 feet tall in his sharp western outfit, even to the boots. He looked the part of the Texas Tiger that he was called. "Well, how did this happen" he asked? How could you be so negligent? "It wasn't negligence" I said. "Then what was it" he asked? "I'll tell you what happened, we were being too careful. We had waited so long for you to sign the lease and finally we were told you were in town and we were excited. We thought finally now we can settle and give Mr. Taylor his money. Then you come in with your Father's pants and we were afraid something would happen and you wouldn't sign the lease. So I told my daughter, we have to be very careful with these clothes. We were not negligent, we were just too careful". Ted just looked at me and said "No need to be scared, you can just pay me for the pants. I thought "Oh Lord, how close was that"?"

Everyone thought we might not be able to survive and especially after Virgil left, but here I am, even after almost 35 years and many loans later and I will continue to survive as long as I trust in Jesus. When I think of Sarah and all she must have gone through with her business, her husbands, her hurts and her disappointments,

and I think Oh how she must have trusted Him. She was 93 when she died. She worked until after Ted died, I think at 91.

The word of God is so always true. God said whoever blesses the Jewish people, he will bless them and whoever curses them, God will curse. I have never been as blessed helping anyone the way I was blessed being a friend to Sarah.

She had given me one thousand dollars for my book. Then Sara's ten nieces and nephews gave me another ten thousand for the book. Of course I wasn't thinking of a blessing when I was helping Ted and Sarah. But it worked anyway. So be careful who you are being mean to or helping. They may have Jewish blood. It also applies to how you treat your brothers and sisters in Christ. Because we have the spirit of a Jewish man from Nazareth flowing through our veins so let us bless one another with all our might.

Chapter

Reappearance of the Mobile Home.

I have four brothers and five sisters. At one time I had such a strong disagreement with one of my brothers I did not want to see or talk to him. I could not even pray for him. I had to request others to pray. One day as I was thinking about the things that the Lord had did for me. I'm not ordinarily sentimental about things, although there are a few things the Lord has used in my life as signs or to answer prayer that is dear to me. One of these things was the mobile home I had repaired and redecorated to sell to get the money to go to California to go the Full Business Fellowship Convention. It was their world convention. That was such a highlight in my life. One that turned our life around. About 6 or 8 years after we had sold it and we had moved to Joplin. I was thinking on all these things and I remembered my mobile home. I could just see it as it was when I had put the finishing touches on it. So cool and clean and bright with the curtains blowing in the wind. I knew anyone would like to live in it. As I thought on this I wondered 'Lord, who owns that mobile home now? Where is it? I would like to know who lives in it and Lord whoever lives in it would you just bless them

really good. I thought it strange, to feel strong to pray for them in the spirit, not even knowing who they were.

A few weeks later the girls and I went to see my mother in Centerton, Arkansas. We sat at the little kitchen table and talked for a while. When Mother said Betty, open the back door and see what your brother bought. I really wasn't interested in what he had bought, but for Mother's sake, I opened the door no knowing what to expect. Maybe an old truck, motorcycle, mower or whatever but as I opened the door and looked out in disbelief, there is no words to describe how I felt. It was much more than surprise. Maybe shock, disbelief. Awesome or whatever. It was as if I were in The Twilight Zone. There sitting out by the garden fence was my mobile home. I yelled out to Mother "Mother, that's the mobile home I sold to go to California on"! "NO, that's not the same one Mother said. One of my young teen age daughters said as she ran to it, "I will be able to tell because I put a penny in the little round hole in the sliding door. It will still be there because I tried and tried to get it out and it wouldn't come out". As mother and I got to the trailer my daughter said "It's here! It's here! It's the same one". Of course it was. We could tell by the mural on the wall in the dining

room. Also the paper I had put on the walls. How wonderful and how marvelous is our God and his ways past finding out. He looks deep into our heart and deals with us accordingly. He knew deep down how much I loved this brother so he tricked me into really interceding for him. My brother and I are at peace at long last with each other. And we love each other and tell one another when we have a chance to talk. God is so good and he loves all of us so very much.

Chapter 25

There are only two other times that I am aware of when I either sang or prayed in the spirit where a person knew the language I was speaking. Once it was as I was singing at a little church in the neighborhood. They did not have church services but Christians from different denominational churches got together and just sang praise and worship songs for a couple of hours. One Sunday afternoon Thora and I along with some we were working with from Souls Harbor were sitting together. The praise and worship was beautiful. We felt more and more free in the spirit. Several of us at the same time began singing in the spirit. I noticed this one man, two seats from me who had come with us kept leaning over and looking at me with an amazed look on his face. After we dismissed he hurried over to me and said. "Betty, I didn't know you could speak German". "I can't Bernie" I said. "Why you can too. I just heard you singing in German. I ought to know, my Grandparents came over here from Germany and I know enough to know what you were singing" "I said, what was I singing Bernie"? He said "You were just singing praises to God in German". I said "Well Bernie, that was the Holy Spirit wanting to make a believer out of you. He just wants you to know how real he is and if you will just live for

him and believe, you will see a lot more of what he is doing for his people in the earth". Bernie was from Kentucky. He was living for himself and the devil. But several years later he called me and said "Betty, I knew you would want to know, I have accepted Jesus and have been baptized. I found a wonderful Christian woman and we are in church together". Also, his niece called and thanked me for being a witness to her uncle. She told me she loved her uncle very much and all of the family had been praying for him. They were delighted to see the change in him and have him in church with them. God is so good.

The only other time this happened with me was not long after I met my friend Lois. She had asked me to come over and pray for her and although she was Methodist, Lois had been filled with the spirit for several years. So it was natural for me to pray in the supernatural. She said when I finished, "You were praying for me in Spanish. You were asking the Lord to hurry and heal and strengthen me". She and her husband Tom had lived around the Mexican people in San Antonio. She had learned some Spanish.

I have only given a message of prophecy in tongues a few times and the interpretation a

couple of times. The most amazing time was once at Souls Harbor. Thora did the service at Souls Harbor one night a month and I did one night a month but we helped each other with their service night. One day, it was her night, I was running late. I had got up early that morning, I had a lot of business that day and I had to go in and clean the laundry mat several times, then the girls were needing to go places. So by the time I had dropped the girls off at the skating rink and got to Souls Harbor I was exhausted. So I prayed, Lord, please don't let Thora call me up to the platform. Lord, I am so tired. Please don't let her need or ask me. I had just got in my seat when Thora said "Betty, would you please come up here for a minute"? I thought "Please! I can't even think, so don't let her ask me any hard questions". As soon as I stepped up, she put the mike in my hand and said "Betty, if you knew this was the last time these people would hear the gospel and have an opportunity to accept Jesus, what would you say to them"? I immediately felt a grief in my spirit, and although the Harbor was operated by Baptist, who do not believe in the operation of the gifts of the spirit in the services, especially praying in tongues, we were always careful not to. But I was too tired to think so I gently began to pray softly in the spirit. Then the spirit began giving a message in tongues through

me. This was very different from my prayer language. It was a little louder and much more forceful. One thing I thought was very strange, while the Holy Spirit was giving the message through me I was thinking "But Lord, who is going to interpret this message"? Lord, there is not an interpreter here. I believe in doing the way, in church like the apostle Paul said not to be acting like nuts. And if there is no interpreter do not give a message in tongues. So this was strange, because I believe in doing everything the way Paul said in Corinthians. But the tongues came that night without me hardly knowing what was going on. But I knew it was the Lord's doing. When the last words in tongues finished, then, without hesitation, the words came in English for the interpretation from me. I do not remember much of what the message was but I believe there was someone there that night who never heard about Jesus and his saving power again.

I do remember the spirit was drawing them and saying "Why will you not come to me and live? Why will you die"? The only thing I saw that night was an older man who had been there for a while. He helped out around the Harbor. I never talked directly to him but I noticed every time we were there, he had a cynical look. A look of

disgust and during that time I was giving the interpretation, I saw him in the back of the room. I watched the cynicism leave his face and I never saw it on him again. When we would go, he would have a pleasant look on his face and he was nicer. We had a lot of response that night and a lot of questions from everyone. I have learned to go with the flow of the Holy Spirit when the Lord wants to do something and not to lean so much on my own understanding. I would never deliberately do anything in a church service or outside of one that would cause anyone to be embarrassed or confused. Jesus came to draw people to him, not push them away. Like the apostle said "I am glad I pray in tongues, more than you all. But it is better to speak in a language to be understood, in order for others to learn, and not be thought of as being mad. I pray in the spirit about everyone and everything when I am in my prayer closet – which could be my car, house or with the ones who understand.

Chapter

There were several women who asked me and Thora to pray they could have children. One of them came back a few years and three children later to ask Thora to please stop praying, they had enough. It was about this time my oldest daughter, who had been married several years, had a tubal pregnancy. The doctors were concerned for her life, but Reva wanted to have children so much she went to have exploratory surgery. All they found was scar tissue on her ovaries – which they removed. We were praying for her along with her friends and family in Texas. It wasn't long before her little Mandy Jo was born. Mandy was premature and had to stay in the hospital for several weeks. When Reva went into labor I went out to Texas. She was in Hughley Hospital and her Dr. had prayed for her. Mandy was turned the wrong way and Reva's labor was very difficult so I called Thora to pray. When I went into her room, her husband Ronnie was kneeling beside her bed praying for her.

Reva went through a lot to have her children. After Mandy, 2 years later came little Kimber Lee then a wonderful little boy Ryan. Reva was very sick the first weeks with him. My sister Glenda went out to stay and help her. I was so thankful

because I was so busy with my girls and the laundry that I couldn't be there. Glenda didn't work and her husband Don was so good to let her go when she wanted to so she was able to be more of a grandmother to Reva and Ronnie's children than I was. But I love them and all my grand children with all my heart.

Another person who asked for prayer for a baby was the young man who worked on my equipment. I had known him several years before he married his present wife. I knew Terry was having real problems in his marriage, not from him but from other repair men would tell me what was going on. I always try to understand both sides but I stopped trying to understand her when she left her husband and little 6 year old boy for a man she met on the internet. My friends and I loved Terry and were heartbroken for him. We tried to encourage him and we told him we know what kind of man of God you are Terry and the Lord will help you and send you a wonderful woman who loves the Lord like you do and she will love you completely and you will be happy. I don't remember how long it was but I remember Terry telling me about this beautiful lady he met through friends of his. Every time I saw him he would tell me how wonderful she is. Then one day I got to meet her after they were

married. I had never asked for Terry to come to work on the equipment. I would take whichever man he sent but this day I asked for Terry and it worked out for Karen to come with him. We were able to visit while he worked on the machines and she was everything Terry said she was. As beautiful on the inside as the outside. God did them both good. One day when Terry came down he said I have something I want you to pray about. Karen and I would like to have a baby girl. I said then this is how we will pray. Their chances of having a baby were not as good as they could have been. Karen had only one ovary and he had to have a reversal. Karen had four children, Terry had one so they would be six children for them. So I called my prayer partners to pray. It wasn't long before Terry called, he and Karen were out for a ride, they had just found out she was pregnant. They were not telling anyone until they saw if she would be able to carry the baby but they wanted me to know. So nine months later their beautiful baby girl was born who is now four years old. I am so happy for this young couple. God is so good.

Chapter 26

Thora put up with a lot of things from a lot of people. But she made an impact on thousands for the Kingdom of God. I remember once at The Harbor. We were trying to ignore this woman who kept butting in. Finally Thora walked off the platform and said to her “I really do want to hear what you have to say. So as soon as we finish here, you and I will sit down and talk, but right now you be quiet”. But the woman had been drinking and started in again. One of the men who worked there came and took her to the back of the room just as we were closing. The man had a pot of coffee on the stove, so he had just handed the woman a cup of coffee, just as Thora walked up to her. She turned and threw all the coffee right in Thora’s face. Her face turned red immediately. So we put cold water on her face and prayed for her. I lived a few blocks away and had a large aloe Vera plant, I put on her face. She didn’t feel to go to the hospital. The next day her face was just a little pink, it never blistered. But as we were walking out of The Harbor, the man said “I am calling the police”. Thora turned to the woman and said “I forgive you”. The woman saw how red Thora’s face was and the man at the Harbor said later it had really

had a good impact on the woman and she repented.

Thora’s life was threatened many times but I never saw fear in her at any time. One night it was my turn to speak at The Harbor. There were a lot of people there that night. One black man about 60, who had been drinking, kept standing up and interfering. What he was saying – that we white women in our fancy homes and our cars and clothing had no idea what a rough time was. That we didn’t grow up in poverty having to be there at The Harbor. So Thora went back to him and said “Sir, we will talk to you about this later, but right now if you don’t be quiet I will have you taken out of here”. But he really got mad at Thora. By this time he had disturbed my peace and I was mad. As Thora called for the men to take him out, they were about to grab him and I realized we were in a dangerous situation. So I said, “No! No Wait! Don’t take him out. I want him to hear what I have to say. So I came down off the platform and I said to the man “I am sick and tired of hearing how hard you have had it. Now you sit down there and shut up and let me tell you a thing or two”. I think I shocked everyone, including the black man. Thora had never seen this side of me. Her eyes got wide and her mouth came open and as I walked back

to the mike the words came pouring out of my own life, how I was raised one of ten children, how I worked in the cotton fields, had a cruel drunk for a father who beat us. I said would you like to see the scars on my back where he took a whip and pulled the skin off for no reason? Seeing him beat everyone and almost kill my mother? We lived in constant dread and terror, never knowing what it was like to have a full stomach. Not being able to go to school, living in tents, grain sheds, barns, dugouts. Being cold in the winter and hot in the summer. You think you have it so bad and you know something else? I still work hard so I can come here and tell all of you, you don't have to live like this. Your heavenly father wants something better for you. He sent Jesus to show you a better way of life and to give you peace and hope for eternity. All you have to do is ask him and do the things his way and stop doing your own thing and repent of your sins. And he said he will come into your life and give you his love and his peace. The man had long since started to cry, so Thora took him into another room while I finished up. She was talking and praying with him. He repented, and immediately sobered up and asked Jesus to come into his life, then he received the Holy Spirit. When he came back, everyone had gone and we sat down and visited. He apologized to

me and he started to church and began giving his testimony wherever he went. What had happened to him at The Harbor, when he and Thora came back into the room, he was cold sober and had such a peace. He just didn't look like the same man and he wasn't. He was a new creation in Christ Jesus. He was delivered of alcohol, cigarettes and a bad mouth. Thank You Lord!

Chapter 27

When I started closing the laundry mat on Saturday, someone said to my daughter “Well, good now she will start to our church. She is one of us”. My daughter said “No, I don’t think so because she still prays in tongues”. The lady said “Oh well, the Lord can take that out of her too”. I thought when I heard it “I don’t think so, Jesus doesn’t take back his gifts he has given us. And it is his holy spirit he has put in me that operates the gifts. I feel I have an open mind to be changed about some teachings or the way I have seen things because I want to know why different denominations believe and teach differently from the others. And I have learned a lot from knowing people from different churches and from visiting them and I certainly do not try to change anyone’s religion. If they have a relationship with Jesus and are walking with him, in his love which is his commandments, then they are heaven bound. I don’t care what church they go to and I am their sister in Christ whether they like it or not or whether they believe it or not.

And as touching the commandments, the Lord showed me once, the way to stay out of false teaching and confusion is to just keep his commandments. He said if we keep his

commandments, they will keep us. I have found false teachers or doctrines will make light of some of the commandments. The only big thing my mind cannot be changed on is the gift of the Holy Spirit. I know without a doubt what I have received. Where, how and when I received. I also know what receiving him has done for me. The word of God says we do not know what we should pray for as we ought to but the spirit helps us to pray his will in all circumstances and in people’s lives. For it is not us that is praying with our understanding. But it is his spirit praying through us.

I feel such an accomplishment when I pray in the spirit. I feel like the job is done according to his perfect will and purpose. And as far as closing the laundry on Saturday. When I grew up, my father always drank heaviest on Friday night and Saturday. Also, his brothers and friends and my husband and brothers. So I always dreaded the week-end and learned to hate Friday night and Saturday. I learned when we are afraid of something, the fear is still with us even when the threat goes away.

The laundry was open 7 days a week, 24 hours a day and I realized it probably wasn’t all that pleasing to the Lord for me to be open and

responsible 7 days and nights a week. I began trying to decide what day to close. Sunday was the busiest and close behind was Saturday. I thought Sunday was not a restful day for my flesh having to work, getting breakfast, dressing the girls, going to church, coming home, fixing lunch. Usually there were things going on in the afternoon, then dinner, getting the girls dressed again for church. Although it was restful for my spirit and I loved being in church, and it was the day Jesus rose from the grave I always felt strengthened in my spirit when I went to church on Sunday. I tried taking off on Monday and every other day of the week but I just didn't find the rest. I tried for about three years to decide what day to close the laundry. When it came to Saturday, one day I realized I did not dread the week-end anymore. I also realized my phone didn't ring much. No one came to the door and even when I worked at the laundry I felt a restful peace. I paid attention and worked with this for a year or so. Saturday was definitely different from any day of the week. So I wondered if the rhythm the Lord set up in the beginning of creation is still with us. As far as his resting on the seventh day, after creation. I also know the 7th day was a sign pointing to the rest of that day of the Lord. But I know Jesus is our rest. So I will rest my body and mind on Saturday. I will

rest my spirit and feed my soul on Sunday. I am still not of the Adventist or any other denomination but I do believe that we should all take a day like the Lord said, to rest and to refresh our soul and forget about working one day of the week.

Chapter 28

I was cleaning the laundry one morning when these seven young boys came in between the ages of 16 and 17. I looked up as they came through the door seeing they should have been in school, knowing they were up to something. This was their day to play. I turned and saw a guard from the Jasper County jail doing his wash. He looked up, he looked at the boys, and he looked at me. He said "You want me to get them out of here"? I said "No, I think those young men belong here. You just let them be. I'm going to see what they are up to. They walked to the front of the building and sat down at one of the long tables. A couple of them cocked their foot up on the table and leaned back. You could tell, they had been brought up better than this. Looking at their clothing and whole appearance said they had not known what it was like to go without much in this world. I worked my way up toward them, washing the machines and getting to the place I could eavesdrop on their conversation. And as I listened I learned some things that were not very important but as I walked around the washers on their side I kind of tip toed into their conversation. And they looked at me like what I really was – an intruder. But I just didn't pay any mind at their

resentment of me coming in on them like this. And continued kind of talking to them. Asking them questions. Then I heard one of them say something about a book. I turned to them and said "Oh, I'm going to write a book". "Oh really? What are you going to write about" one of them said. "Well, the title says it all". The title of it is going to be "Supernatural Happenings at Betty's Coin Laundry". One of the boys foot came off the table, his chair straightened up, he leaned forward, he looked at me and he said "Are you into that stuff"? So I turned and looked toward him and said "I am into it very deep. And I have been for several years". Needless to say, I got all of their attention. They all looked at me and were listening so I continued telling them the reason I am into this is to keep young people like you from getting in on the wrong side. You do know there are two supernatural worlds going on right around us? There is one world so dark, fearsome and loathsome that there are not words or pictures to describe satans world. I have seen into it. The spirits in this world delight in causing pain and suffering of every kind. They are sick minded and love pulling people into this satanic hell. Satan is the price of this world and his demons do his bidding. When young people wander off into things they don't understand and supernatural things like the occult. There are

things that I could tell you that would just blow your mind. And I believe I will just tell you a little bit about it. They were all looking at one another with a scary look on their face. One of them said to the other boy "This is scary". The others agreed "Yes, it is scary". "Why do you say it is so scary"? One of them said "Because just two blocks from here, before we came in, there was a man that walked up to us and just out of the clear he began telling us the same thing you are telling us. This is very spooky". I said to them "It is not spooky. What it is, it is the Holy Spirit. You see, when I saw you boys walk in I knew the Lord wanted me to talk to you. I believe you are about to get into some things you shouldn't be getting into. You probably have someone praying for you. Maybe family or girlfriend and the Holy Spirit is trying to keep you out of a lot of trouble. You young people in this day and age will be pulled one way or the other. You will either be pulled to the kingdom of darkness or the kingdom of light, whichever one you yield yourselves to. Whether it is through the world of darkness, whether it is through unbelief, ungodliness and through doing things that are not right or whether they are being pulled into this other world. There is another supernatural world that is just the opposite of the kingdom of darkness. This is the kingdom of light. And just as there are no words

to describe the dark side. There is just no words to describe the kingdom of light. It is so beautiful, there is such goodness, power and excitement. I have known people who have gone to heaven and come back. I know some personally and they have told me about it. And I belong to this kingdom of light. Just as those evil spirits can come in and possess you so can the spirit from the kingdom of light, which is the holy spirit of Christ. He can come in and possess you and I have the Holy Spirit living in me. Some of the ones who say they are witches, warlocks or Satan followers do not have any idea yet what they are in for. If they did they would run away with all of their strength. Just as some who say they are Christians do not know what it is all about. But one day, if they keep following, they will know the depth of what it is all about. Everyone who comes into this kingdom of light, it starts out with the first glimpse of light is through acknowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ and following him. Then the brightness grows as we experience more knowledge of the bible, prayer and overcoming being tempted by the desires of the flesh. Which Satan tests us with. The more we experience it the more beautiful and desirable and close Christ comes to us. Bringing joy and happiness and peace in our time of trouble. But others cannot possibly understand unless they

too have the spirit of Christ living in them. There comes a time, when leaving this world is no longer fearful but desirable. Because after experiencing the powers of God in ones life and the answers to prayers, there is no longer any doubt that the place called heaven is more real and desirable than this world could ever be. I have family and friends I know I will be with and we will love each other with a love stronger than any love we could ever experience here on earth. Heaven is the reality, earth is the shadow of the heavenly. We will not have to do battle any longer with Satan and his demons putting things in our minds against one another. So let whosoever will come and drink from the springs of living water. God only knows what will happen to you if you choose to go the other route. I said to the boys while I had their attention. "Let me tell you a true story of what happened to some boys, just about your age, who doing their own thing and not caring if it was right or wrong, not knowing what would happen to them, got pulled into Satan worship. The reason they got into this, they sensed a power there, not knowing or understanding what the power was. Satan made them believe they could have popularity, wealth, girlfriends or whatever the fleshly heart desires. One of the boys desire was to be the class president. He got what he asked for. I asked

one of the girls in his class why he was elected. She said the kids voted him in as a joke because they knew what he was. I talked to these boys in jail. They are spending the rest of their life in jail. This is what happened to them through desiring this power. They told me, one of the games they were playing before this started was dungeons and dragons. But they said the music they were listening to was the main thing that drew them in. One of the boys said he loved animals and he would never think of hurting one. Before it was over he had, with the other boys, not only destroyed many animals, the way they destroyed them was so horrible – too horrible to write about. Satan they said was no longer satisfied with animal sacrifice but told them to sacrifice a human. One of their friends, who they had befriended for this very purpose was their own age. They took him out where there was an old dug well. Each of them hit him with a ball bat. One of the boys said he looked up at them with blood running down his face and said "Why me? Why are you doing this to me"? "Because it is fun" one of them said. "That's why". They killed him and put him in the well. When the police came to arrest these boys one of them asked the officer to change the radio station to their kind of music. They took the boys to jail. The boys told me they were tormented continually by this boys

face. Every time we shut our eyes at night we see him standing over us with blood running down his face and saying "Why? Why me? Every time we open a door he is there behind the door. He won't leave us alone". But you see it is not this boy but it is Satan doing this to them. These boys said, "Satan deceived us". He promised us all these things and now see what he has done to us? I won't go into the ugly things that happened to them in prison. Being in prison is the least of their punishment. Satan punishes them with all the torment he can put on them. With the pain of spiritual knowing and them not knowing how to get out of it or if it will ever end. There is no place to run and no place to hide. They can't escape from him. One of the boys told me when he first sensed Satan in himself, he was lying in an upside down cross on his bed and praying for the spirit to come into him. When he sat up and looked in the mirror at his closet door he was terrified because he saw something looking back at him through his own eyes. He was so afraid he could not go to sleep at night. This boy was 16 and he couldn't go to sleep until his mother would come into his room and stay with him until he went to sleep.

Thora prayed and worked with the boys and rebuked Satan out of their life. One of the boys

repented and asked Jesus to help him. When I went over with Thora next time she asked me to talk to them. They were all together in one cell with a few other men.

One of the men with them wanted to talk with me. He was asking about how Satan works so I began answering his questions. I could see the boy who Thora prayed with standing behind him listening. I explained when you repent of doing wrong, or sin of any kind, and turn to the Lord and ask his help he will come into your life according to the sincerity of your heart. But Satan doesn't give up that easy. He comes back to get you to change your mind. If you say no to him, that's a rebuke. He keeps coming back until he knows you mean it. Then he will leave you alone in that area of your life. Each time you rebuke him he comes at you weaker.

I could see the boy behind him knew what I was talking about. He stepped up and said to him "She is telling you the truth. That is exactly how he does it". Most people, even most Christians, do not believe in demon possession. They will call it something else. They would say they were mental. We are living in a day when the older Christians need to rise up, read their bible and realize Satan is turned loose in the earth. And

he is here to steal, kill and destroy our young people. There are many Satan worshippers. A lot of the people in Satan worship want to be there.

Jesus said he came to deliver us from the power of Satan but some people do not want to be delivered. They are the kind who will spend, in the next world, their life locked in with the king of hell and all his unholy demons. You say you don't believe in hell? You will see. Hell is the complete absence of the presence of God and all that is good, pleasant and good beyond all you can imagine, for you to enjoy.

If any of you young people, or older ones, have your life in a mess, if you do not know who to turn to or how to get Satan out of your life. There is only one word that will help you. That word is Jesus. The bible says "All who call on the name of Jesus will be saved". "Saved from what"? You might ask. Saved from your sins, which is the beginning of entering into Satan's darkness. God the father said he sent Jesus to deliver you from Satan's kingdom of darkness and to bring you into the kingdom of light where Jesus is king.

I think I spoiled the plans of those seven boys that morning in the laundry. I guess what I was

saying to them was more important because they kept listening.

Chapter 29

My experience of heaven in a dream.

I had an experience a few years ago I will not ever forget. At that time I had a lot going on in my life, not to mention my business, family and having several people call me for prayer. I was grieved over how many were dying and I asked the Lord, what are these people thinking when the doctor is telling them there is no hope. I would think their thoughts are on just about everything. The thoughts of leaving their loved ones to grieve for them or having to leave children in someone else's care, or not having their finances in order. Or, not having been able to do all that they had planned for their life. Of leaving a mate. All at once they know there is no more time and I just could not imagine how I might feel and in my anxiety I said "Father, what are those people thinking? What are they feeling? How would I feel? If I knew I had only a couple of weeks to live and no hope of my healing? What would my thoughts be of leaving this earth? I would never have imagined what happened next. All at once I felt so caught up in the spirit. It was like some of the out of body experiences I had read and heard about, although I never left my body. I felt I was standing in the hands of almighty God. I felt like

a little bird might feel after being rescued from a fearsome cat and being covered by her owners loving hands. I felt so secure and loved as he held me. I knew everyone I would have been concerned about was also in the hands of a father who loved them more than anyone on earth had ever loved them. It was the most selfish feeling because I was not worried about anyone or anything. I knew he had the whole world in his hand and he was looking to do them good. I felt as if my night in shining armor came rushing in and swooped me up in his arms and said "Come away with me, my love". But what about all these people who need my help, what will they do? Then he would say "I have untold wealth. I will leave my servants here with instructions to take care of everyone you are concerned with. You just come up and away with me to my mansion just over the horizon and leave all your cares and responsibilities to me".

This experience reminded me of a dream I had about 50 years ago. Twenty years later, I relived part of that dream. My second daughter Barbara was a baby. We lived in Corona, California. I laid down with the girls in the afternoon to take a nap. In my dream I was in the hospital. The doctor had told me I was dying. I asked if I could leave the hospital and take my girls to my sister

to take care of them. As I was packing to go I felt very light headed so I just fell across the bed, then realized I was floating up toward the ceiling. I could see my body lying face down on the bed. I could not bear the thoughts of leaving my girls behind. It was horrible. I went through the roof, I could see the hospital, then the city, the countryside, then the continents. All the while I was dreading leaving the earth, I thought No No No! I can't leave. But the further away from the earth I got, the less panic I felt and it was like I was sure the further up from the earth you go, the less gravity pull there is on natural things. It was like this on my thoughts. The smaller the earth got the less pull on my thoughts it had until I watched the earth go out of sight as a speck of pepper. Then I had no more thought of earth or any thing. It was as if all my senses were combined into one giant sense of just being. No emotions, no thought, no sight, no sound. Just a sense of being. There was no way to judge how much time had gone by in that state. Then I was aware of something above me. Vague to begin with, but then bigger and bigger until I was right there at it. The only thing I saw was as if a cloud covering was between me and all of the people I had ever loved and they were there waiting, just for me and could not wait until I broke through the cloud covering. I did not know at that time, or

for years later, the cloud covering represents the glory of God. What I heard was the most beautiful sound of music I had ever heard. It thrilled me completely, just as I was about to break through the cloud I was aware I had stopped. And I didn't understand why, then I began to go back down. There are no words to tell you how I felt. It was many times more terrible than leaving the earth but the further away I got from the beautiful sound, the less pull it had on me until, to me, it no longer existed.

I found myself back in the timeless zone I had come through on my way up to what had to have been heaven. No way of telling if it was one hour or a million years. There were no physical senses, just that sense of being. And there it was again, just that speck of black of pepper and I recognized it was the earth. You would think, all the thoughts of earth would have come flooding back but that was not how it was. It was just the same as when I left the earth. It was a gradual coming back to my senses and memory. The closer I got to earth, the stronger my memory and thoughts were. I saw the oceans, the continents, fields, city, and hospital. As I came back through the ceiling and into my body, I still remember how it felt. Then in my dream, I woke up at home. I walked outside, it was a

pretty sunshiney day. The parakeets were chirping, which my landlady raised. And she came walking out across the lawn. I was telling her about the dream I had just had. Not realizing I was still dreaming. I said to her “a spot came up on my arm and the doctor told me I was going to die”. I asked her to call my husband because as I talked with her the spot reappeared. She said “I don’t think I will call him because you are being foolish”. So as I was walking back into the house I really did wake up. It had been such a long and real dream. I was groggy so I walked outside, it was a pretty sunshiney day, the parakeets were chirping and here came my landlady walking out across the lawn. I looked down at my arm, and thank goodness the spot was not there. I spoke to my landlady and hurried back in to see about my girls who were still sleeping. I had heard about people pinching themselves to see if they were awake. I always thought ‘how silly’ but that day I did the same thing. I needed to get out of the dream. I went to the mirror and slapped my face. I finally realized I was fully awake. I thought “Lord, why would I have such a long strange dream”? For the next 20 years I would remember the dream and the beautiful sound, or music I heard in heaven. And I asked the Lord several times through the years what it was, because after I woke up I couldn’t

remember what it sounded like. Then one evening I finally heard it. It was the second time Virgil and I went to the Full Gospel Businessman’s Fellowship. As everyone was singing the praise songs they regularly sang, it was soft and beautiful. Then all at once, then all began singing in the spirit. It was so beautiful. I had never heard singing in the spirit before. It was like thousands of tiny organs playing the most beautiful music. It really was heavenly. I wanted to shout out “Oh, I heard that sound in heaven in a dream”! But I restrained myself. This fellowship is made up of people from all different denominations who have believed and received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. They stayed in their own churches but get together once a month for fellowship. There is not a more beautiful sound in the universe to our Heavenly Father than his saints, praising him from their heart, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Chapter 30

One morning these two women came in to do laundry. I was playing Christian music. One of the women came to the counter where I was doing the dry cleaning. This happened right after my divorce. The girls were in Texas so I still had the dry cleaning and laundry service. The woman said "That is nice music". She took out a newspaper clipping with a picture of herself and another woman. The paper said they would be playing and singing at a particular church in Indiana. The other woman's name was Betty. Nan said Betty was her sister and they were gospel singers but there had been a car wreck and her sister was killed. I could tell she was still grieving over her. Much later, I found out Betty was her lover. They were lesbians. And because of the news clippings and her words, along with my not having been around gay people at all and since I had spent the last ten years in Arkansas hardly ever going anywhere. I didn't know she and the other woman were lovers. I did notice the other woman kept watching us but just thought she needed her to help her with her laundry. They came in a couple of times a week and Nan always came over to talk to me. One day they came in as I was getting off work. Nan asked me to go to Wal-

Mart with her. Then she just sat in the parking lot and talked. She said she had been married to a country & western singer and she was a friend of Billie Nelson. She said she had a daughter but after her sister was killed her mother took her daughter and wouldn't give her back.

When we got back to the laundry Lucinda was angry. I did not know what was going on but I felt something is just not right. She took every opportunity to talk to me and I felt she just wasn't that interested in conversation. Still, I did not know what was going on. One day she asked if I had any work for Lucinda. They were short of money. So I gave her a part time job at the laundry. Nan would come and just sit and watch her and me. Nan was not a small woman but she was very pretty and dressed well. Lucinda was not so attractive with short hair and tomboyish. But the uneasy feeling kept getting worse until one day without me hardly knowing I was going to say anything, I said "Nan, I do not know what is going on with you but the Lord wants me to tell you that you are on dangerous ground and this is your last chance. That you had better get it right. I got an unexpected reaction from her. She said "I know the Lord is telling you to tell me that and I know you do not understand. But I know what he means. But she

would not tell me. They didn't come in for a while. Then one day Lucinda called me and said "Betty, will you come over here to our apartment? I need to talk to you about Nan". She sounded anxious. The girl who worked for me was a Christian and there was a Christian man there talking with her so I asked them to pray. I didn't know what it was about but I knew it was serious. When I got to The Ridgeway where they lived, Lucinda said "Nan is next door with those other women. They won't leave her alone. About that time the door opened, Nan came running in and stopped short when she saw me. There were two of the biggest, meanest looking women I had ever seen right behind her. Everyone was upset and slinging words around. "Wait just a minute" I said. "Nan, I need to talk to you and I don't have much time. Would you ladies mind leaving us alone for a few minutes? But they stood pat, wouldn't budge. So Nan said "It's oFay, go back to your apartment, I will see you there later". So they reluctantly left. The three of us sat down and I said "Now Nan, what is going on"? She didn't say anything for a minute, then she said "Betty, we are lesbians". "You are what? I asked, thinking I didn't hear her right, but knew I had because the whole picture had come together when she said it. I said "What is the fighting about"? Lucinda said "Those women next door

are lesbians too and they won't stay away. They are after Nan. Then she said to Nan. "Nan, I know you are in love with Betty". Nan glanced up at me and said "It's true Betty, I fell in love with you the first time we came to the laundry and I know you love us but I know it is with a different kind of love". "You are so right Nan, it is different. I love you with the love of God but the love you are talking about is so foreign to me I can't even think it. I understand now Nan, why the Lord was saying those warnings to you in the laundry that day. Yes, she said. Lucinda and Nan, I love you both and God loves you too. But you know what he says in the bible about living this kind of life so you two need to get on your knees and repent and get right with God. There will be a time it will be too late and in the meantime, I think, under all the circumstances it's best we stay away from each other". Lucinda said "I think that's right".

I didn't see them for a while but Nan had told me about her half brother she was wanting to help. He had gone to prison for a couple of years for drinking and driving. I did not know it at the time but she told her Mother in Indiana she had rededicated her life to the Lord, got in church and was playing the piano and singing. She wanted to help her brother to get on his feet. She asked

her mother to send him to Joplin, which she did. James was older than Nan and about eight or ten years older than myself. James did like to drink but I never saw him but that he didn't look clean and neat. He dressed very nice. The first time I saw him, he was out cold. Nan called me one day and said "James needs help, please come help me with him". They were staying a few blocks up the street in some little cabin. When I got there Nan said "Go in and see about him". The door was open and he was lying on the bed. I spoke to him and he just moved a little and grunted. So I asked Nan what she thought I could do for him. She said "He has got his check and he has close to a thousand dollars on him and he is mad at me but you could just slip his billfold out of his pocket and he will never know it. I was shocked that she thought I would do it. I said "Nan, is this why you called me here? You should know I would not do that". Nan got all agitated and said "Well, someone is going to take it off of him, I might as well have it as them and if you will do it I will give you half". I said "Forget it Nan, and don't call me ever again". A couple of weeks later James called me. He said "Betty, you don't know me. I am Nan's brother. I got your number from my mother". Nan had given it to her as a contact number. He said "Betty, I need help. Nan robbed me and had me picked

up and sent to the mental hospital in Nevada. They brought me back here after ten days. The man who owns the Lounge where I was renting a cabin told me I could have a room for a few days, until my mother could get me some money. He said he hadn't eaten for two days and he needed some coffee. So I took him coffee and breakfast. He said he needed to go to Social Security. He had an appointment at ten. The owner of the lounge said he would take him but he hadn't shown up. He said it was very important because he was supposed to get a check for back pay from social security for \$25,000. So he asked if I would take him. The owner of the lounge's name was Richard. I had never met him but while I waited for James to finish with his appointment this man walked in, looked around for a place to sit. It was crowded but there was a chair at my table. So I pointed to the chair and said "Would you like to sit here Richard"? He sat down and asked, "Do I know you"? "No I said but I thought you would get the note we left and come on over". I didn't tell him a couple of weeks before I had received a prayer request to pray for him and his wife Louise.

I was at the laundry when a friend of mine, Mack, came in and told me about them and asked me to pray for them. He said "They are Christians

and they are running a bar". I had never heard of them before but I told my friend "I will pray but for some reason I see Richard and Louise coming in here and sitting down with me and you discussing something". So at the social security office that day, as Richard and I waited for James I asked Richard if he was a Christian. He said he was but he was not in church. "Why are you not in church" I asked. "Well I am in a business God doesn't approve of". He didn't know I knew what that business was. I said "Well, if you know God does not approve, then you better get out of it before it goes down and you go down with it". He asked if I were going to wait for James. I told him I would so Richard left. I took James back to his room and loaned him enough money to eat on until he got his check from his mom. His mother's name was Billie. Billie called me and said "Oh, thank you so much for what you are doing for my son". I was awake all night praying for God to send someone to help my James and God sent you. Betty, Nan is a wicked woman. She got him down there on pretense of helping him but she knows about the check James is supposed to get and she is trying to get guardianship over him. Is there anything you can do to stop her"? "I believe the Lord will help me and I will be able to stop her". Billie said "Nan has guardianship over this other man. She

gets his check and then won't even feed him. I have Nan's daughter, the court gave her to me because of all the things Nan has done. There are warrants out for her arrest here and in other places. The last time I saw her she tried to take her daughter and I called the police. Nan beat me up, broke my arm and ribs. The police were chasing them when Nan wrecked the car and her girlfriend Betty was killed. She won't come back here, she knows she will be arrested. Not just what she has done to me but for stealing and a lot of other things. She also took things that was mortgaged and never paid for them. Betty, please get Nan away from James. She is so dangerous. Please do not trust her or believe anything she says. She is schizophrenic and bipolar. I saw her pick a man up once and lift him over her head and throw him out the door. She is so strong when she gets mad. I saw her pick up a piano once and throw it across the room. James asked me to send his check to you when it comes. "That will be oFay, I said".

Then one day James called. He was so upset. He said "Betty, the police are here looking for me to take me back to Nevada". I said "James, go out the back door and run over to the park and I will pick you up there". "I can't, he said. There isn't a back door and they are at the front door".

I said "James, let me talk to the officer". I told the officer what was happening but he said "I am sorry, but I can't do anything but follow orders. I have a court order, if it were my own mother I would have to take her to Nevada. I asked if I could say bye to James. He gave him the phone, I said James, you go with them but Nan is not going to win. I promise you I will be at court for you and I know Richard and Louise will be too. We were the only ones he knew in Joplin. I will be praying for you and I will call and come to see you". James asked me to get his check when it comes, open an account in his name and deposit it for him. I promised him "Don't worry, I will take good care of it for you". I promise I will not desert you". Billie called in a few days. She was very upset. She said "Betty, the check came so I mailed it to you but Nan called and talked to her daughter and found out I sent you the check. She will be at the post office and try to pick it up so please be there with an envelope addressed to me, get the check and mail it right back to me. Do not leave the post office with it because Nan will take it away from you. She has a gun she carries in her purse. She is smart and determined, so please be careful. She may have the police there to get it since she hired an attorney to get guardianship over James". I said "Billie, I gave James my word I would get his

check and deposit it for him. I can't go back on my word". I went to the post office and told them what was going on and described Nan to them. I said do not give my mail out to anyone. I knew the check would be there Monday morning. I knew Nan would know it too so I was at the laundry cleaning Monday morning, trying to decide what to do when my friend Rose came in. I told her what was going on. She said "Don't you think you are exaggerating this"? I said "No Rose, she will be there this morning or she will have the police there". Well Rose was always ready to get in on what the Lord was doing so she insisted on going with me. I said "As soon as I get the check I am going straight to Nevada for James to sign it, then directly to the bank". Rose insisted so we drove her car. Nan and Lucinda were sitting in their car directly in front of the post office door. I said to Rose, lets go get Cathy, another friend, she can go into the post office on the side door, where Nan can't see her, I'll go in the front and Nan can't see my post office box from where she is at. I will slip the check to Cathy and she can leave by the side door while I go out the front door. When Nan stops me I will show her my mail and tell her I don't have it. We had driven just a block away when I saw Nan's car pull away from the post office. I said "Rose, let's hurry back to the post

office". I took my mail from the box, I had the card saying I had a registered letter. I wasn't thinking I would have to pick it up at the window. The postman said "She was in here ahead of you and tried to get your mail". As we were pulling away from the post office a police car pulled up behind us and went into the post office. I took the letter to James and he signed it and signed the card to open his bank account. While we were there they took him to be examined by the board of doctors. I asked if I could go in with James and they said that I could. They let me tell them why he was there. I told what Nan's mother had told me. Why she was getting guardianship and about the other man she had. About Nan trying to get me to rob him. I told him I had not seen anything about James that would be reason enough that he needed someone to take care of him. I didn't know if it helped but I knew it wouldn't hurt. I took the check to the bank and opened his account but the teller said they couldn't deposit a government check that large without him being present. I thought, I do not dare to leave this bank with this signed check so I sat down to pray. Then it dawned on me I could rent a safety deposit box. So I put the check in a safety deposit box. Richard called and said he and Louise needed to talk with me about James. I was at the laundry mat and as I

saw Richard and Louise come in one door, my friend Mack who had requested prayer for them was coming in the other door. They were surprised to see each other, especially Mack. Richard told me they were on their way to pick James up, he was being released but first they felt like we should do something about Nan. I said "I have already did something, I went to her attorney and told him the whole story. Nan wanted me to rob him for half his money. I told him what her mother had said about her and the other man she had guardianship over. I told him about the check and I told him I have others who will go to court and say there is nothing wrong with him. And I said besides, she will never pay you, she doesn't have any money". Needless to say, he dropped her. I know I did some good there, I went with Richard and Louise to pick James up. On our way we were discussing why they were not in church and Louise asked me if I thought it was wrong for them to be in the honky tonk business. I said "Louise, have you gotten on your knees with your husband, before the Lord and asked him that question"? "Not about this place we have now but we did pray about the first one called The Garden". "What happened to The Garden"? I asked. "It burned down". End of that conversation.

James was so happy to see us and to know her attorney had dropped her but he was still scared of running into her and her coming after him. He heard she left town but one day we were driving in the car, I was talking to him, taking him to an appointment. And he was so anxious about whether she was still in town so I said "James, we are going to ask the Lord so you can relax and forget about her". Then we drove just a few blocks when we met her and Lucinda. So he said "Well, I know to keep hiding out, don't I"? James was terrified of her. Her mother said she always hated him. James got new clothes, rented an apartment. He would come by the laundry and visit. He kept asking me out but I told him I just didn't date. He wanted to give me money for helping him. I took just the expense money I had been out and I told him the Lord does not allow me to take pay for the ones he has me helping. And James said "But if it were not for you Nan would have all of my money and be getting my checks and I would probably be dead. I really am afraid of her".

At this time my daughter Leisha was having her first baby who was a boy, Josh. I was always there for my daughter's first baby. They were living in Clovis New Mexico so I checked to see what an airline ticket would cost. It was over

\$600. I knew I couldn't afford that so I was taking the bus. James found out I was taking a bus and he said "Oh no, you are going to fly. I am buying you a ticket". I said "James, I really appreciate it and thank you so very much but I just can't let you do that". He said "You have did so much for me and you won't let me do anything for you. But at least I can buy your grandchild a present, so he handed me a \$100.00 bill". I said "that is too much, just give me \$10.00 that will buy him a nice gift".

At this time, Thora had moved to Springfield. Her husband Raleigh was managing the Gazebo restaurant there. I would call her a lot to confirm something. We were almost always able to be in agreement on things. I told her about James wanting to pay for my airfare. She said "Oh I am so glad, I really hated to see you ride the bus all the way there and back. He just wants to do something for you because you have been so kind to him". As Thora talked I am thinking "Boy Thora, this just doesn't agree with my spirit at all, but I didn't say anything, I just listened to her go on and on about how glad she was that I didn't have to ride the bus. She was silent for a minute and then she said "Betty, take the bus". I said "Thank you Thora, I was confused for a minute, I didn't understand why we were not in

agreement". She said "because I was thinking what I wanted for you and not what the Lord wanted. He wants you to take the bus because there is someone you are going to minister to. So right away, when I got on the bus in Joplin I began looking for this person. Didn't find them even when we changed in Amarillo. There was a young woman with two small children I was able to help but I knew she was not the one Thora mentioned. So when my daughter took me to the bus station to come home, I kept my eyes open looking, I even looked in the bathroom. But they were not there. Not many got on the bus in Clovis. But they weren't there. But when we stopped in Amarillo the bus began filling up. I still didn't see them. Then, one of the last to get on was a young black woman. I was sitting more to the back than to the front. As soon as she stepped up into the bus, I knew it was her. So when she got close to me I asked if she would like to sit with me. She thanked me and sat down. We didn't talk much for awhile and since I had learned the spirit has to lead I just waited. Then there were black people in the seat across from us, she was back and forth with her conversation with me and them. When the bus stopped for a break we all sat together and I paid for our drinks. We talked about the Lord, the others were Christians. But I noticed she would

just get kind of quiet. So since it was near Christmas time, when we got back on the bus I began singing Christmas songs and they all joined in. We just laughed and sang and enjoyed each others company. She told me she had left five years before because her life was so very difficult at home. She had thought to kill herself but decided instead to just get on a bus and go somewhere, wherever the road took her. She met a woman on the bus who was going to a Copeland seminar. The lady asked her to go with her. She accepted Jesus. The woman helped her get settled. She had not seen or heard from her family in those five years. They didn't know what had happened to her but she had called them and told them she was coming home. It was very late so I asked her if she would like to get off in Joplin, stay the night with me and continue on to Chicago the next day. She thanked me but said she was anxious to be home. She said they were expecting her. She said my sister Betty will be there waiting for me. "You have a sister named Betty" I asked? My name is Betty so now you have two sisters named Betty". Peggy began to sob and cry. She said "I cannot believe this". She said "The first time I ran away I met this Christian lady on the bus. She helped me to know Jesus. I get in church and now I am on the bus running away

again because of some white prejudice people in the church and I was so hurt I swore I will never go in another church again. So what do the Lord do? He puts this beautiful white lady on the bus, who is so sweet and kind and she invites me to go home with her and now she calls me her sister. So now I'm saying "I hear you Lord". When we got to Joplin, I had prayed with her and told her if she was ever in Joplin to come see me. She thanked me again and said "You just do not know what you have did for me". I told her the story about James and Thora and what Thora said about me riding the bus.

James stopped coming by the laundry as often. Also, he was drinking a lot and I felt very bad for him. I said "Lord, it didn't do much good to keep Nan from getting his money. He is just wasting it and have I did him any good at all by showing him he can put his faith and trust in you, because it is obvious he hasn't. Father, I need to see something. Were you ever in my helping him? I felt you were, but why and was anyone really helped? I really need to know. As I finished praying, in my imagination I could see a very tiny, little silver cross on a very fine chain and I had such a desire to have one. And this is strange because I was never big on wanting jewelry. I

wondered why this had happened and what it meant. I found out the next day.

I was at the laundry in the evening. A cab pulled up and James got out. He came into the laundry, he was not drinking and he looked very nice. I had not seen him look any better. He said "Betty, I had to come and tell you what has happened to me. I have accepted Jesus as my savior and I wanted you to know it was what you did and how you cared about me, not expecting anything in return. I could see he was real because of what you did. And you still will not let me do anything for you. But Betty, the Lord said it would be oFay for me to buy you this. James handed me a little box from Zale's jewelry. I opened it and you have already guessed. Yes, it was the little tiny silver cross on a very fine chain. As tears filled my eyes I looked up at him. I said "James, it is just beautiful and I know the Lord showed you to buy it for me". And I told James about my prayer and conversation with the Lord over him. I said "James, I am so happy for you. You always remember, you go with God and he will always go with you".

I only saw James once after that. I had been with Thora doing Souls Harbor. When we finished, a group of us went out to eat. When I

drove by the laundry James was walking out side on the walk. I knew he was there to see me but it was late and I was very tired so I went on home. I have always wished I had stopped because not long after that I received a person to person call for him. I told the operator he was not there but I would take the call. I heard Nan say to the operator, "No, that's oFay operator". I knew she was supposed to have left town because I came out of the post office one morning, she was sitting across the street with a u-haul trailer on her car. She asked "Where is James"? I told her he had moved. She said "Tell him I am on my way, I am moving to Texas". I questioned later if she really moved very far away. A few days later, after the phone call for him, I learned they found him dead in his little camp trailer. Nan called me three days after James died. She asked me if there had been an autopsy done on him. I said "I don't know Nan, but they think it was alcohol poisoning". I didn't hear from her again until weeks later. I came home from seeing my daughters in Texas. Wally from the barber shop next door came over and said that Nan came by and said to tell me that she has her mother and her daughter with her and is taking them back to Texas. I know she will want to know. Nan knew that I knew her mother would never have voluntarily gone with

her. Another few weeks went by, Nan called for the last time and said "Betty, I know you would want to know. My mother is dead. She fell and it killed her". That's all she said and she hung the phone up. I know this is a very sad ending to this experience. I do not know why, and the Lord has not shown me anything, but one thing I do know. The Lord had warned Nan she had no more chances. I didn't know what that meant at the time. I thought as long as we are alive, we have a chance to repent. He gives us every opportunity but I see there are some who sin away their day of grace. There will come a time while we are on this earth, it is too late to say I'm sorry. The day is set. Nan will pay for her sins and also what she did to her mother and brother, Billie and James.

Chapter 31

This man came in to do his laundry one morning. I was the only one in the laundry mat. Someone had pointed him out once and said he was somewhat of a gay leader in our area. He was slinging his clothes into the machine. I could tell he was mad, mad, mad! He went to the changer for quarters. There was Christian literature on the changer and that even made him madder. I asked him "Are you oFay"? He said "I really don't want to be talking to one of you Christians. The way you feel about the gays, not after what happened yesterday up on Main Street. And I guess this is probably one of those non-profit places. I see your Christian literature. "No" I answered as calmly as I could. "I make a living out of the laundry mat". "Well I am sure, you being a Christian, you were with your kind down on main yesterday". He was referring to a group of Christians who were picketing an adult peep show a few blocks away on Main Street. I had heard the news that some of them had a run in with the gays. "No, I wasn't there but I did pray about it and didn't feel I should go". He was spitting other words out as he was going out the door. He by this time had me riled up. So I ran to the door and said "Young man, you come back here". He stopped and turned around. I said "How dare you? You come in here all mad,

spewing out all of this anger and hate at me and other Christians and then you just leave and don't give me a chance to answer you back. You come back in here, I have some things you need to hear". To my surprise, he came back and he really did listen to what I had to say. I started out by saying to him. "Your telling me how mean those Christians were to all of you. Well, you come in here, being even meaner to me and I have never been mean to you or any of your other gay friends. It is very difficult to tell someone about the love of their heavenly father and creator, Jesus Christ when you are at war with them. They are too busy dodging bullets to hear what you are saying, and that's why I am here. I am certainly not here to condemn you or anyone else but to cause you to understand what your creator came to do for you. The bible says Jesus did not come to condemn any of us but to save us from the power of Satan, who intends nothing but evil and death for us. All of us. We are all here on earth in the same boat". I told him some stories about why I was in Joplin and at the laundry, was because I love people and I want them to be happy. And I know they are not going to be until they stop living their life the way they want to and turn to their creator and learn the plans he has for them. "You can't judge all Christians by the few who attacked you. It

would be like me attacking one of your friends who came in because of the way you treated me. How fair is that? And you can't expect any Christian who knows the word of God and what it says about sexual sin, which includes, adultery, fornication, and homosexuality, to agree with you against the word of God, which is the approved way to live. The only gays I have a problem with are the ones who say they are Christians. But I also have a problem with straight people who say they are Christians and are committing adultery, fornication or any sin. If we say we are Christians, we better be living the way God says. Jesus says "don't say you love me and not keep my commandments". The young man was very sweet to me and said he would like to hear more stories. I am sure, if he is in Joplin he will be reading this book.

I didn't see him but once after that. It was at a funeral of a young gay man who I had known for years and that I cared for very much. I had not always felt this way about the gays. When I first came to Joplin and to the laundry mat I knew it was the Lord that put me there. I was walking on clouds, I was praying for everyone. But then one day I realized I was not praying for some people with certain kinds of sin. Like prostitutes and gays. And I prayed about it and the Lord was

just kind of quiet on the subject, so it got me to thinking. I knew we as Christians were supposed to be like Christ, but I also knew we do not get there over night. I started thinking along the lines of what would Jesus do? So I remembered the woman they brought to Jesus they had found to be an adulteress. Jesus told the ones without sin to punish her. They all walked away. So Jesus said "No one condemns you and neither do I". Jesus was without sin so he had a right to punish her. But he said "I am not going to punish you, you can go but do not sin anymore. I know that is what he is saying to us. I am not going to punish you for your sins. But you go and do not sin anymore. He said to this man, one he had healed – don't sin anymore or something worse will happen to you. I know I am under the Lord's protection but I also know, if I go out and deliberately sin I will have to pay for it. He gave me eternal life. I had better appreciate it. Also he said in his word that if I know to do good and do not do it, that is a sin for me. So since all have sinned, who am I to judge who has committed the worse sin? So I decided to get off of my high horse and start praying for everyone. I prayed and asked God to give me a love for the people I thought I was better than.

Right away I began seeing things happen. We had several massage parlors in Joplin at that time. One night three were set on fire. But I promise it wasn't me.

I was working the next day. I had not yet heard about the fires. This pretty young woman brought several long dresses in to be dry cleaned. I greeted her with a smile and she said "These dresses have been in a fire, can you get the smoke and odor out"? "Sure", I said. Then she told me they came from one of the massage parlors that had burned the night before. I was hoping my attitude change didn't show on my face. After she left I said "Lord, you need to help me with this". So I said "Lord, I am taking this spotting fluid and I want you to count it as anointing oil". So as I sprayed the dresses I prayed over them. I asked the Lord to cause someone to witness to these girls that he would open their spiritual eyes and ears so they could see their need for God's love and forgiveness and cause them to repent and get in church and get into another line of work.

After I went to work in the counseling department, this couple came in to see a counselor. They had not been in church long. They had worked in one of the parlors. Another

woman came in another day to see a certain counselor who was not working that afternoon. I asked if she would like to talk to me. She said "Oh no, I could never talk to anyone else about this". We just began conversing about whatever. Then it got around to Christians who had been in church all their lives, thinking it was too hard for God to forgive some people. I was thinking about myself. Then, the attitudes some Christians have. All at once she started to cry. I think you are the one I am supposed to talk to she said. She was one of the girls who had worked in the massage parlor. She had gotten sick and one of the bus drivers from our church prayed for her and she was healed. So she came to church, accepted the Lord and was baptized. She was very happy. Until, some of the women in the church found out what she had been forgiven for and they wouldn't accept her. She was crushed. I prayed with her and her counselor took care of the matter. This all happened before we moved down the road from the parlor that I told about in an earlier story. I have dealt with many through the years.

I have also known many gays through the years. I knew this one family, the one boy was raised in different foster homes. He always wanted to go home to be with his mom and family, but each

time they had court his mom said she wasn't ready to take him home. Although she kept her other two children. He became gay through the other boys in the home and when he was old enough to be on his own he became a gay prostitute. I would see him from time to time. I tried to help him. Ben was a very nice looking young man. I don't think I ever saw him smile. Even in his 30's he still looked like a young boy. One day I told him, Ben, you need to turn to Jesus and be healed. He loves you so much and Ben, I love you too and I pray for you a lot. Ben, the bible says trouble will come on all flesh alike but it is the Lord who helps him out of all of his troubles that puts his faith and trust in him. And it doesn't matter if we are rich or poor, male or female, good or bad or what color we are. Trouble is coming if we live on this earth. So Ben, I know trouble is coming your way and who will help you out of your trouble when it comes? You will have no one. About a month later, his trouble came in the form of HIV. Ben came to the door that day. He said "Betty, I am going to die. I have HIV". I didn't know what to say to him, I had known it was just a matter of time because of his lifestyle. I said "Ben, go home and get on your knees before the Lord. Perhaps he will be merciful to you. I will be praying for you". It wasn't long before he had full blown

aids. He came to me one day and asked if he could come to church with me. I set up an appointment for him with my pastors PJ and Charlotte Hutchens. I knew he needed their love and care. They are both so gentle and kind and so faith filled and solid. We went in an hour early that morning. I was praying in the upper room and I could see them talking and praying with him. Then during the service, at prayer time this faith filled young man, Arnold, was leading the prayer requests when Ben said "I would like for you to pray for me, but don't touch me because I have aids". Arnold came down off the platform, put his arms around Ben, lifted him up, took him down front and said "All who want to pray for him, come forward". Almost everyone in the church came to pray for him and they all gave him a hug. It was very interesting and fulfilling to see Ben receiving the peace of God.

Ben bought a car from one of the lots that did their own financing. He paid more down on it than the car was worth. He drove it to Galena, five miles away and the motor blew up. I could see he was dying a little each day. I never knew why, but there were two men broke into his apartment and beat him with baseball bats. Ben was hospitalized for a while. When he got out he asked me if I could help him get the motor in his

car. This car was very very important to Ben. I think he paid \$1,000 for it. He found a motor that was a couple of hundred so I signed for the motor. He said "Betty, I promise I will pay you back, so much a month". It was so important to him so I told him I would help. Hospice was coming to his apartment to take care of him. I hadn't seen him for a while and one night it was very hot and the double doors were propped open at the laundry. I had just stepped outside when I saw him walking up. He looked so pathetic. He had on shorts and a short sleeved shirt. He was skin and bone. He had sores all over him. Many had blood running out of them. He could hardly walk he was so weak. He stopped several feet from me. He said "I am so sorry Betty for coming here but I am so very lonely. My family and friends have stopped coming to see me and I wondered if you would pray for me. I just can't stand the loneliness". I have never experienced the love of God going through me to another person like I did that night. I walked over to him and said "It's oFay Ben, yes I will pray for you". I put my arms around him and held him like a child. I began praying in the spirit. The laundry was very busy that night and the customers were having to walk around us on both sides. The thought came to me loud and clear. You might as well close the laundry. All

the people can tell he has aids and is dying. And they hear that strange language you are praying. They will think you are crazy and none of them will be back and their word will get around. Everyone will be afraid to get near you. You will not come out of this. You two will die with aids. Although the devil was running all these things through my mind, I could feel the love of God going from me to him. And those things just didn't matter. If it cost me the laundry. If it cost me everything I had, even if it cost me my life, it was oFay. The only thing that mattered that night was that Ben knew and felt the love of God. I took him home and we talked. He said as he got out of the car "Betty, I love you very much". The car was still at the shop ready to be picked up but he was not in any shape to drive it. He went into the hospital a few days later. I went in to see him, he was so weak he could hardly talk. The nurse was with him, I didn't stay long but I said "Ben, don't worry about your car. I will pick it up and take it to my house until you get out of the hospital". He said "Thank you Betty". I prayed for him, as I turned to leave the last words I ever heard Ben say was "Betty, I love you". "I love you too Ben, and I'll see you tomorrow". But I knew it would be a long time until tomorrow. I picked up the car and the man gave me the title for \$200, very reluctantly, after

a few threats which he saw wouldn't do any good.

Ben's mom gave me a paper saying I could sell the car and get my money back. Ben's mom asked me to find someone to do the funeral. So I asked the minister who had at one time owned the praise place. I told him I had a scripture I wanted him to use but I couldn't remember what it was. He said "Call me when you remember". But it was very interesting, I knew the Lord had given it to me and wanted it used but then I couldn't remember what it was until I was on my way to the funeral. When I sat down and pulled the scripture up on my electronic bible, he and his wife came in and sat in front of me. I said "I know you already have the scripture you are going to use and I just remembered on my way here". He said "This is the scripture I am using". I looked at it and I said it's the same scripture. It was the one about the last shall be first and the first shall be last. The 11th hour.

I was asked by one of the family to sing Amazing Grace. I also took the opportunity to tell how the Lord had helped Ben those months before he went home to be with his heavenly father who loved him so much.

After the service, the police chief and his wife were there, they said that had seen such a difference in Ben that year and wanted to meet the person who had brought him to the lord. Also a lady who owned a glass company approached me and said she too had tried to reach him but nothing had happened. I think every one of us who witnessed to Ben had a part of his being in the land of promise today.

As I was leaving the funeral home, a young couple had waited to talk to me. They said they used to party with him but both of them had accepted Jesus. They had wanted to witness to Ben but just hadn't and they felt so bad when they heard he had died. They were not going to the funeral but were so happy they changed their mind and came because they would not have known he was saved, so they thanked me.

Chapter 32

I think how our heavenly father must grieve over his children. I know it is different than how we feel about our rebellious teens. I remember I had a daughter who was rebellious once. Well, maybe more than one, maybe two, three, four – well maybe seven. Well, never the less. This is one incident I am thinking of. My young teenager was really having a hard time understanding why I would not just turn her loose and didn't I think she was old enough to make up her own mind and make her decisions? So needless to say we were at odds against one another. One day she was very put out with me. She stood with her hands on her hips and said "I will be 17 in two weeks. Then I can go anywhere I want and I can come home when I want and you can't stop me". That's not true I said. "Oh yes it is, just call the police and ask them". So I picked up the phone and called the police station. I asked "How old does a girl have to be so she can make her own decisions"? He hesitated then said "Seventeen". As I put the phone down, she with her hands still on her hips said "Well, what did he say"? "Do you really want to know what he said"? "Yes, I do" she said. "He said, in two weeks I am no longer responsible to work hard to provide a home for you. I don't have to buy you

any food. I don't have to wash your hat and apron out and go looking for you at your friends to take you to work so you can have spending money. I don't have to take you to the mall to buy clothing or take you anywhere else. I don't even have to take you to buy a Pepsi, and honey I don't intend to". One of her girlfriends had just got married so she said "Then I'll just move out with my friends, they really want me". "I believe you honey, I also know it will last about two weeks and they too will get tired of furnishing food, transportation, clothing, taking you down the road for a Pepsi, taking you to work or giving you spending money. So any time you are ready honey, I am". Needless to say, it took the wind out of her sails. But, I found out something later she was doing about that time that took the wind out of my sails. The lady living across the street sent word for me to come over, she needed prayer. She had an 18 year old grandson who had just been killed in a car accident. She loved this grandson dearly. I remembered seeing him the summer before. He had come to his grandmother because he was having a problem with his parents. But he had gone back home. I knew my daughter had got to know him at that time. I talked and prayed with his grandmother and had gone back over to the laundry to work. Later this lady came over, she said I need to tell

you something. It dawned on me you might not know this but it was your young daughter, last summer, who led my grandson to know the lord. They sat on the porch and talked. She told him how much God loved him. She said He loves us more than our own parents do and He forgives us even when our parents won't forgive us. My grandson came and told me that she had made Jesus so real to him that he believed in Jesus. He went home, got in church and got baptized and got a job. The lady said Honey, it was because of your little girl that my grandson is in heaven today.

It caused me to do a lot of thinking about teen aged rebellion and I wondered how I was coming across to my daughter. Was my reaction to her rebellion causing her to think I couldn't forgive her? But my little rebellion turned out to be a wonderful daughter, mother, wife, friend and most of all knowing her God. I love her more than she could ever know. It causes me to see my rebellious brothers and sisters in Christ that are not in church. I believe many of them are out there being a witness simply because it is in their heart but for many of them, I wonder if it is like my daughter. Are they feeling like they are not being forgiven by the ones in the church. Whatever the reason, a loving heavenly Father

will sooner or later bring them in, if their heart is like my beautiful daughters'. Our Father sees into our heart. If that seed is in our heart He sees us as a finished product. Not as we appear now in the flesh. As rebellious teens. But as we are in maturity. A perfect beautiful being, bright and shiny like our brother and savior Jesus Christ. Oh, how he loves you and me. The bible says for us to be forgiven toward one another. To keep putting up with one another. Loving one another, helping one another as Christ as done for us we should do for each other. And if we don't, there is a price we will have to pay. Whether we know it, or like it or not, we are somewhat responsible for one another. Our heavenly Father believes in us. We should believe in each other.

Chapter 33

If we continue in faith we have a reward. We are rewarded here on earth and in heaven. One of those rewards is he promises to help us when trouble comes. As he did for a beautiful niece of mine. My brother's daughter had gone through her teen rebellion years as most of us have but she had come home, gotten married and she was working in a day care with children, the job which she loved. Dawn Ray was offered a position as administrator over the day care center in the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, which was a much better paying job than what she had. Dawn's mother is a faith filled, obedient Christian who taught her children well. To seek his will in their life and not their own will. Treasure, my brother's wife, had three daughters and a son. One of her girls married a minister, she has been a pastor's wife. The other daughter has been the nanny for some of Ross Perot's grandchildren for several years. Their brother married a beautiful Christian girl and he is over the garage my brother owns. All three of the girls worked with children as they were growing up. All three were such beautiful girls and all of them sang. Treasure taught her children to pray about everything, like the bible says. If we could only bring ourselves to do

whatever the bible says, our lives and the lives of those around us would be so much fuller, safer and better. But we are too busy doing our own thing so let this story sink deep into your spirit. Because it is a true story of how God rewards those who earnestly look for and does his will instead of their own. Dawn wanted the job very much and her husband insisted that she take it because they needed the extra money it would bring in. So he, not being brought up the way Dawn was, to pray about everything, just could not understand why she was hesitant about taking the job. But Dawn felt a check in her spirit about taking the job so she went to her mom and asked her to pray. Since they both felt the lack of peace in their spirit and having had experience in spiritual matters, Dawn not understanding why decided not to take the job. The morning she would have gone in the girl that took the job went in with her baby to work. Dawn Ray saw the news that morning and called her mother hysterical. She said mom the explosion that all of them had felt was at the building where I was supposed to go to work. They found out later the woman who took the job and her baby were killed. As Treasure was telling someone about how the Lord had saved her daughter they said "Well, who do you think you are that your daughter is more important than the other

woman's daughter who was killed"? Of course Treasure was heartbroken about the other girl and her baby. But she said, as she sobbed and cried "I don't know, I don't understand but one thing I do know, God saved my daughter from that fiery hell". I know why it is because Dawn and her mom took time to pray and was willing to do what God wanted instead of what they thought would be best for Dawn. I remember Treasure calling me and telling me what happened. She said as she sobbed "I have thanked my heavenly father for saving my daughter's life. I just can't thank him enough. Betty, would you praise God for me? I just can't praise him enough. Ask your church to praise him for me". So Sunday morning at praise and worship time I asked if I could say something. I took the mike and quickly told them the story. I said "I have gotten a lot of requests to pray but I think this is the first time I have received a request to please praise God for me". So all of our church thanked God that morning for hearing and answering Dawn and Treasure when they prayed and for all his obedient children.

Chapter 34

After moving to Joplin, the girls were happy about being in church. Angie was eight, Brenda was seven. Angie was learning to tithe. She was taught how the Lord would bless if you give to him so Angie was giving every penny she could get her hands on. One day she came up with three dollars. I heard her say to Brenda, now I have three dollars for the offering tomorrow. I started to say to her, Angie you don't have to give everything in the offering the tithe is thirty cents on the three dollars but I felt checked. I thought No, I'll just wait and watch and see how the Lord blesses her. It really was interesting to see all the ways money and things came into her hands. She was finding money in different places, then this woman asked her to help her with her children and she paid her. Rosemary Butterfield, she and her husband did their laundry at my laundry mat. They owned Butterfield jewelry in Joplin. She took a liking to Angie. She would take her out to eat, which we almost never did. She would take her home with her and bought her treats and other things. She learned Angie enjoyed drawing so Rosemary took her to the store and bought a lot of art supplies.

One day we were in Wal-Mart. Angie saw a coat she liked very much. She asked if she could have it. The coat was \$60.00. I said Angie, there is no way I can buy you the coat. I had five girls at home so they wore a lot of hand me downs. Later we went to Wal-Mart again. The coat came down to \$30.00. I was not getting any money of my own at the time. Virgil was handling all of the money and it wasn't easy to get money from him except in an emergency. And the coat wasn't an emergency. The next time we were in Wal-Mart she ran to the coat rack. There was only two coats left and only one in her size. They had come down to \$15.00. She said mom, couldn't I please have it? I still didn't have the money so she said "If I can get half the money will you pay the other half"? I said "Ofay, I will get the \$7.50 if you can come up with \$7.50 before they sell the coat". Guess what – Angie came up with the money in a couple of days. And we hurried to Wal-Mart and there hung the one coat and it was her size. If I had not believed it, paying in tithes before, I saw enough about what happened to Angie I would have to believe. Angie was a firefighter in her class at church. This was like a Deacon in the big church. She was to go to a hot dog roast with a teacher and the other firefighters. We were in a very large church. There were about

20 busses bringing in children. That Saturday Brenda, just one year younger than Angie, she felt left out of everything. Saturday morning she came to me and said in her very timid way. "Mom, I want to be a firefighter but they won't let me". "Why will they not let you Bren"? She said "They have to vote on me and they won't vote". So I stopped what I was doing and I said "Brenda, it really is not up to them. It is up to the Lord. And honey, if you please the Lord and he wants you to, just ask Him. Because I guarantee if He says it is oFay for you to be a firefighter, it doesn't matter what anyone else says. We are going to pray and see what the Lord has to say. And don't ever forget it.

That afternoon the teacher called, said could Brenda come with Angie tonight? We want to vote on her. Yes, she was voted in. She was a very happy little firefighter. I told Brenda, honey if the Lord wants you to be anything, just ask Him and you will be but if he says no you don't want it anyway. Because he might have something better for you. You might have to wait a little longer. I have not been disappointed for turning down a position or anything when I felt this is not what He wants for me.

When I was 22 or 23 Virgil's mom came over. We were living in Philadelphia. She brought over some clothes that her sister's daughter was giving me. Her sister Goldie had money and she was always so nice to me and so was my mother-in-law. I was married to her son 28 years. We never had angry words with each other. That day, as I modeled the dresses she waited to take back the ones that didn't fit but they all fit perfectly. She said to me, honey you are so beautiful and you can sing so good, Goldie and I have been talking about you. We know you could be anything you wanted to be. You could be a model, dancer, singer or movie star and we would like to help you do whatever you would like to do. We will take care of your two little babies and furnish the money for you to go to school. I just could not believe my ears. I knew they liked me but this was quite a surprise. She said 'You think about it and you decide what you would like to do'. What young woman would not like the opportunity to be a star? I always thought I would like to be a ballerina dancer or a country western singer. That would have been nice – a yodeling ballerina! I was so happy and very exited after she left thinking about this. And although I was not in church at the time, the Lord spoke to me and made me know this was not what he had in mind for me. I really do not hear

from the Lord like this often, but when I do I know it's oFay and I'm not really disappointed. It has been a gradual climb and a lot of hard work through the years and I have not always did what I knew I should but I learned when it comes to big decisions like this, it would be a turning point in my life and it is the Lord who gives me the strength and the desire to make the right decision. Even against what my flesh would like to do. I am so thankful I did not get into the entertainment world and I know if I had my life would probably been destroyed. I know I would not have my seven beautiful daughters, wonderful sons-in-law and all my 29 gorgeous and handsome grandchildren. I am fulfilled in life. I am so thankful the Lord has held onto me and forgiven me all of my stumbling and my nonsense of the flesh. I love him and he knows I tell the truth. I would not trade my life in Him for anyone else's who has ever walked on the face of the earth.

Chapter 35

I have attended the church Faith and New Hope about 20 years. I have been very satisfied there. PJ and Charlotte have been strength to me. They are well grounded in the faith and like one girl who wasn't in our church at the time, but she would give me prayer requests. She said every time I give your church a prayer request, it gets answered. So she started to my church. PJ is like my son-in-law Terry said: He is the best all around teacher I know. As for me, I have not seen a minister of the word I am in as much agreement with as PJ. I have not been able to do much in the church but it has been a place of peace, prayer, faith and hope for me. PJ and Charlotte have never taken a wage from the church. Charlotte is a retired teacher and PJ had a business for years. They are where they are because of their love for the Lord and his people. I know they cannot be bought. The bible says the workman is worthy of his hire but there is just something about the minister who works for the Lord and is paid by him instead of the people and if any minister deserved a wage they do. The church has never been in debt. When the church burned there was enough money to rebuild bigger and better with an added fellowship hall.

They lacked just a few thousand to finish up for the carpet which they borrowed on their own property so the church could remain debt free. During the fire that we had at the church, there was a banner about 12 foot long that said "Praise the Lord" on it. It was lying upstairs on a shelf. There were trophies on the shelf. The wood burned off of the trophies and the metal melted but the banner had just enough smoke streaks to know it had been in a fire. It is framed hanging in our sanctuary. It was really a miracle. There were different groups and churches that borrowed the banner so they could tell the story about it.

I have seen a lot of people come into the church, stay and learn and then go out on their own and start a ministry. I have stayed, I am still learning. We also have a blessing house which we have food and clothes for the needy and a residence house for the ministers. All in all we have a beautiful place in the country just outside of Carterville, on the outer road.

Chapter 36

Frank—

I grew up with five sisters and four brothers. I love them dearly. I would rather have died than to have seen one of them die. I hurt for them constantly because of what they had to endure. The embarrassment of the way we had to live. The continual hunger and pain but most of all because of the fear of our father coming home drunk and beating and terrorizing everyone. This story is about my brother Frank who was two years older than me. I always felt better when he was around. Maybe safer inside. I remember some of the things we would do together besides going to the neighbor to borrow lard to the store to get credit for food or to the alleys to see if we could find the stale loaves of bread that was thrown out sometimes.

Frank and I would hitch hike a lot of times out on the highway to get to town, even as young as 9 and 10 years old. I shutter of thinking of a child doing that today. But then, it might have been dangerous but for sure not like it is today. I don't remember us ever having any problem. Sometimes we would have a dime and we would go to the movies. I remember once, it was getting late when we got out of the movie and I

was afraid it would get dark before we got home. First we had to catch a ride with someone going our way. Back way, out in West Texas there wasn't much traffic at night. Then when they would let us out at our dirt road we still had a couple of miles to walk. And I didn't mind the wolves, coyotes and the rattlesnakes in the daytime because in the daylight we would hunt for them. Sometimes Trisha would help us find rattlesnakes and we would look for baby coyotes. There was a five dollar bounty on coyotes back then. There were so many of them interfering with the farmers that the farmers would cut their ears off and take them in for their five dollars, then they would hang them on their fence post so everyone could see how many they had killed. From one farm had a coyote on every post for about a mile. I think he won the contest but I'll bet he killed some of the other farmer's coyotes too. Although he had several sections of land. I thought Frank was very smart because he always had an answer to tell of all of my questions.

I was born on Easter Sunday in 1936. I always wanted my birthday to be on that day. Once on my 16th birthday, on Saturday, the next day was Easter. Frank told me "I can tell you when it will be on Easter" So he took a pencil and paper and

came up with 1989. So I waited all that time. I was sure he was right, he was 14 at the time. But 89 came and went and he was wrong. Although, in 1998 my birthday, for the first time in my life was on resurrection Sunday. Could it have been me and my memory that was wrong? If you turn 89 around it is 98.

So I believe back when Frank was a young man, he would have killed himself if he could have looked ahead and seen what he would be like in his later years. I could never have thought that this brother I grew up with and went through so much with would one day want to kill me and even take steps to do it. I have learned as we go through life, we each have a story to tell. What we don't stop to realize, the ones we go through life with have a story to tell also. That we never stop to consider what all has happened to them. We knew nothing about what it took to change them from being someone we knew to someone that is a complete stranger. I know what happened to Frank in the last years that caused him to change so drastically and to do some of the things he did. I just am not sure when and how it came about. He did more to hurt me than anyone I know and I will not go into most of it because there are others to consider.

I noticed there was a difference in him when we moved from Philadelphia to Arkansas. At that time I was 30. He would have been 32. I didn't know what it was but there was a change and a sense of not trusting him. He and my husband liked each other and they also liked to drink together. Along with my step father. I stopped them from coming into the house to drink so they would sit in the driveway or go down the road to the Little Sugar beer joint. I told Virgil I was not going to raise my girls like this. And one day Frank and Virgil were laid off from work on their construction job for the rest of the winter. They went together to the unemployment office. I figured what would happen. I was milking the cow that evening and praying. I said "Lord, I am not going to live like this. If he does not stop drinking, I am going to leave". The thought came very loud, how many times are you going to say it and not do it? I said "I am going to do it now. If he gets drunk one more time I am leaving". The Lord and I both knew I would do it so when Frank and Virgil came home drinking, they had stopped and picked my sister-in-law Fay up. So I told Fay I am leaving Virgil. I am making my plans and I will be leaving. I had never said that to anyone before or after that. I never made idle threats. I saw Mother leave daddy only to come back and see him treat her meaner than ever. So I

determined I would not make threats or leave until I knew I would not go back. My baby was 30 days old. I was rocking her to sleep. Then I had a sense of dread. I felt I needed to get the girls and leave. So when they left to get more beer I got the girls in the car and started out the driveway. I began to slide on the ice so I thought it would be more dangerous to go out on the slick roads than it would be to stay and face my fears.

I opened the bible that morning and without sitting down I read a couple of scriptures. I did that from time to time when I was too busy to sit down. I forgot all about it until I heard the dog hit the door wanting in. He was an outside dog and the only time he wanted in was when there was thunder or when the hunters were in the woods shooting. It was dead of winter and 9:00 at night so I knew Virgil and Frank had the guns out. I knew it was slick to walk and they were drunk. I heard Frank call for Fay. I turned to see the rifle he was holding. There was a glass between the kitchen and porch. I could do nothing but sit there. Frank said something to Fay and walked away. Fay ran into the bathroom. I went in after her. I said "Fay, what is going on"? She said "Oh nothing, Frank wants me to go with them to the store". I took hold of her by the shoulders and shook her. I said "You tell me what is going

on, I need to know what to do". She said "Frank has shot Virgil". Blood began draining from me and I felt my knees begin to buckle. All at once, it was as if someone was saying out loud the scripture I had read that day. It said "be not afraid of sudden fear when it comes, for the Lord shall be your confidence and keep your foot from being taken". I know this scripture wasn't written for me but the Lord sure used it at this time to help me through. I could feel the blood coming back up into my body and my knees were strengthened and I knew the Lord knew what was happening and would get us through it. Virgil was lying on the ground trying to get up. I could see in the dim light what I thought was blood on his shirt. I thought "Oh no, he has shot him in the chest" but later saw that it was wet where he had laid on the snow. Frank had deliberately shot him. I could tell by the way they acted. The bullet had gone through the flesh in his upper leg, just missing the bone. Frank was still holding the gun, trying to help me get Virgil into the car but Virgil would curse at him and wouldn't let him help. He kept passing out. I said "Frank, let me hold the gun while you try to get him into the car". He handed me the gun, I handed it to Fay and I said "hide this right now where he can't possibly find it". We finally got Virgil in the car. I said "Fay, please take care of

my girls". It was the most difficult decision to drive away, leaving the girls with Frank being there drunk. Virgil would no sooner come to than he would pass out again. As I stopped at the stop sign in Hiwassee he raised up and said "I'll tell you one thing Betty, you will never have to worry about me drinking again". Then he passed out again. The police questioned both Frank and Virgil. They both said it was an accident but they never had anything to do with each other again. I was told what it was about but that's another story and not enough room in this book to tell it. The other things that Frank did to me was just as devastating. But I remember the day I realized what his problem was and I know most denominational churches will not agree or believe that demons possess people today. But I have dealt with enough possessed people to know its true. I don't have to guess. Even if I had not been used to pray for people to be delivered and seen the results, I would believe because of what Jesus did and said. He said we have power in Jesus name to expel them from a person. He also said this is why he came, to deliver us from the power of Satan. How on earth do Christians who have read the four gospels, and especially pastors, evangelists or teachers not know what they are in the business for? And so many of them teach against the

power of God without realizing it. The bible says in the last days the Christians would have a form of Godliness but denying the power of God. I think this is one big sign, along with many others, that we are living in the day, the time of our Lord's return. It also says when he returns, will he find faith on the earth? We all as Christians need to get in the battle. After all, we are all in the army of God and the battle is getting hotter. If you don't know what the battle plan is, your in trouble. Better pray you don't get a dishonorable discharge.

Virgil didn't drink again for about five years, or he didn't let me see him. He knew I had a problem with being able to smell but I saw enough signs to know he snuck a few beers from time to time but he never knew that I knew. Because as long as he thought it was a secret he wouldn't get drunk and the others wouldn't come over drinking. So we both had a secret and that was oFay with me.

I knew a lot of things Frank was doing against Fay and their marriage. I don't know how she stayed with him as long as she did because I learned she knew a lot more about him than I did. And I know she was afraid of him and she didn't want to cause her married children a

problem by going to them. Before we moved she would go to the Full Gospel Businessmen's meetings with us in Joplin. She and I rededicated our life to the Lord. I was very happy for her when she was filled with the Holy Spirit.

After we moved I found out about something he had done so I told Fay that I wasn't trying to get her to leave him but if she ever did she could come to Joplin and I would help her. It wasn't long before she came. She was so thin and I felt she was just about dead. I took her to Thora's office so we could pray for her. Thora took me aside and said "do you know how near death she is"? I said "Yes Thora, that's why I brought her here, for you to pray for her". Thora also prayed that she would gain about 35 pounds of weight, which gradually she did.

It didn't take long for my brother to find out where she was. He came while I was at work. We were living a couple of miles out of town. He found out where we lived, went to the house, made her go with him. He took her out to a dead end road and was going to rape her. She said "Oh Jesus, are you going to let him do this to me"? It surprises me to this day that he took her back to my house and let her out, although I do

know it was because she called on the name of Jesus. He said something like her throwing cold water on a fire.

I moved her into one of the apartments he didn't know about. He went looking for her again. This time, one of my daughters was there alone. She called me, she was so scared. She said "He is trying to get in the door". I ran for the car and by the time I got to the edge of town I met him. I pulled over and told him "Fay is no longer living with me and I do not want you going back to my home". He said "You are going to tell me where my wife is". I said "I will take a note or a message to her. If she wants to see you, I'll bring her to the laundry mat but I will not tell you where she is". So I took the message to her. She said "Well, I have to talk to him sooner or later about us. He needs to know I am not ever going back to him". When we got to the laundry he was sitting in his truck outside. She walked up to the truck and talked for a few minutes than came hurrying into the laundry mat and said "can I take your car"? I had left the car unlocked and I put the keys in her hand just as he came in the door like he was very angry. He said to me as she slipped out the door "I am going to tear this blankety blank place apart". I said "No, your not going to tear anything apart Frank". Just then he

saw Fay get into the car. She was able to pull out before he got to her. He ran for his truck and chased her. She came back racing through the parking lot with him right behind her so I called the police and told them what was happening. They picked her up and took her and Thomas her son to a shelter for the night. Frank got away, he didn't come back.

We were having a family reunion in a couple of weeks. Mother said he thought for sure Fay would be there. And when she didn't come he came at me. The room was full of just us women. The men were all outside or gone. He came at me with his fists drew back saying now so and so, you are going to tell me where my wife is or I'm going to beat the hell out of you. As I stood there, of all things I thought of was I had better take my glasses off, he is going to hit me in the face. But just then one of the men came in and began talking to him. All the men but two were gone. I saw one of my sisters was very upset, crying and ran into the bedroom. I went in and sat with her on the bed. Two other sisters came in. Caroline said "he is going to hurt Betty". Just as I am saying to Caroline "he is not going to do anything to me" he came busting into the room. Just then Glenda ran to the living room and said "You men get in here, he is going

to beat the crap out of her". I jumped up and said "No, he is not going to hurt me. Frank we need to talk. Come outside with me. I went ahead of him and he followed me. I walked to the side of the house where the cars were parked. When I turned toward him he said "Now, you are either going to tell me where my wife is or I am going to kill you. You don't think I will kill you do you"? I said "Yes Frank I believe you would kill me. But hear me on this. You can torture me, torment me or kill me and I still am not going to tell you where Fay is". There were three windows facing out toward us. His back was to them. The windows were filled with the women in my family listening and looking on. Frank said I guarantee you, you will not get back to Joplin alive. Of course he was drinking but he got in his truck and pulled up beside my car. I went back into the house and apologized to mother.

Frank and Fay lived across the gully in a mobile home. After about an hour he pulled across to their house. I am sure he probably needed to get more beer. So I told everyone bye and left as soon as he did. Glenda heard him say I would not get back to Joplin alive so she insisted she was going with me. But I told her No. I said "I'll go a different route than he knows and I will

spend the night with Fay in the apartment". The girls were not home. I didn't take them to the reunion because I knew there would be trouble. But there always was trouble at our reunions. I learned later he came looking for me and my friend Thora. He was going to kill both of us. He had a shotgun. Right after that, the family found out some of the other things he had done and they reported him. He went to prison for two years. While he was in prison Fay remarried. Frank had gone to mother's after he got out of prison. I always took mother a cake and present on her birthday and she would cook my dinner. He told her he would leave me alone and stay in his room. I couldn't imagine him doing that so I had Joyce, Jocelyn, Thora and other friends praying. I had to admit I was nervous but I knew it wasn't Frank who wanted to kill me but the demon inside of him. As we sat down to eat I was telling Mother about Fay's wedding. I guess he overheard me. He came out of his room like a wild man, telling me what he was going to do to me.

I was sitting by the back porch door. I thought he was reaching for me but he grabbed the back of my chair instead and picked me up and slung me across the room, opened the door and went to the porch, got a can of beer, came back to the

cabinet. I was standing by the refrigerator. By this time he came at me again with the most horrible, vile language I have ever heard and I have heard a lot of terrible language. He not only used every sick word in the book but there was a force which came with them that had to come straight from hell. I don't think the devil has ever done a better job of expressing himself than he did that day through Frank. I was sure if my friends were not praying I was in trouble or dead. But after letting me know how much he hated me and was going to kill me he left the room. I sat down, determined for Mother's sake, who sat very still and quiet through it all, that I was going to finish the dinner she had cooked for me. She told some of the family later if he had touched me, she had her eye on an iron skillet she had cooked the corn bread in and she would have laid him out with it.

Not long after that he was diagnosed with cancer. I had prayed for Frank. It is so heartbreaking to see someone you have loved and who at one time loved you, turn into a monster and do the terrible things to you that he did to me and others. If it had not been for Christians interceding for him he would have died. And thank God for intercessors, like my

sister-in-law Treasure. The Lord put it into her heart to pray for him. Also Fay, his wife.

Treasure made three trips to Mother's to pray. Also her children. One day I learned later, she, her daughter Cindy and friend Carol had been interceding for him and felt they should go to see him. They lived in Oklahoma City, I in Joplin. My brother didn't feel to go at this time. I had had a tooth pulled and didn't eat the day before. But I began intercession and fasting without knowing that the Lord had put me on the fast. And I didn't know to begin with who I was praying for but the second day I knew it was Frank. Treasure had said "If we are to go, Betty will call and tell us". We only talked to each other a couple of times a year, by phone.

As I was praying that day I felt strongly to call my brother Raymond and tell him mother and Frank really need a visit from you. All he said was "Here's Treasure". She said when the phone rang I told Cindy, that will be Aunt Betty. So Ray and Cindy and Treasure went to Mother's in Arkansas. The next morning, I felt to call Frank's daughter Pat. She said I am at my church at an intercessory prayer meeting. I am going to have them anoint me with oil and pray over me. Then I am going to see Daddy. I continued to pray, I

was feeling very weak on the third day of a complete fast so I fixed a sandwich but pushed it away from me. I just could not eat.

I had not been under such strong intercession. It was the most intense, at the time so I just collapsed on the sofa. I totally relaxed for a few seconds then I raised up to pray again but there was no more prayer left in me. Intercession had lifted. I thought Lord, what has happened to him? Did he die? This had happened to me once before when I was praying for my mother's sister. She had died at this very time so I thought maybe Frank had died. But I did feel a tremendous peace. When I called later to see what was going on with him I learned there were six of us which had had the same experience, at the very same time. Treasure had gone in and prayed with Frank and I think Cindy did too. But at the time we all had stopped with the intercession and received a peace. Pat had gone in and prayed with Frank too. She was in Mother's bedroom praying. Treasure was walking in the field, Cindy walking around the house and Carol was in Oklahoma City. I was telling Fay later what happened. She said I know exactly what time it was, I was in Sam's shopping and I felt to pray. When I received the peace, it was exactly 5:20. The same time the five of us

received it. Treasure had told Cindy what happened. She said, it happened to me too mom. Let's go tell Pat. But they met Pat coming out to meet them and to tell them the same thing happened to her. So there was no doubt in any of us that he had been delivered. I had always said, when I see he has a peace with me I will know he has a peace with his creator and Lord. Ten days later I went to Arkansas to see Mother. My sister Trisha was there. I said "Trisha, there is Christian music coming from Frank's room". She said "Yes Betty, he has had that Christian radio station on 24 hours a day for 10 days". So, exact to the day that we had stopped praying for him. I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Next time I went down he was lying on the sofa. We always used the back door, in the kitchen when we would go to Mothers so I didn't see him until Mother said to me and Trisha "Let's go in and watch TV with Frank". It was a strange feeling walking into the living room into his presence and still feeling the peace. So I knew that it would be oFay.

Where I sat, he couldn't see me. Mother said "Frank can get five TV stations now with the antenna". She said "Show them Frank". So Frank went through the stations and stopped on a Christian program. Frank and I didn't talk but

he sat up as we were leaving the room. Trisha and mother went out first. I turned to him and said "I love you Frank, I'll see you later". His head dropped, almost to his lap but he didn't say anything. So the next time I went, the same thing as before except we exchanged very few words. But this time, when I said "I love you Frank", he dropped his head a little and said "I love you too". He had never in his life said he loved me. Our family used to not say I love you. And we never hugged. I remember when I was ten it was the first time I remembered Mother hugging me. She was leaving for a week or so, so she hugged us all bye. It sounds strange to me now that we were like that. But I guess with ten kids it took a long time to get around to hugging us all. But I never doubted she loved us because of the way she took care of us and her soft voice.

Frank would not go to the doctor or hospital. He medicated himself with whisky but as far as I know he never got drunk and I believe that was oFay. The bible says strong drink is for those who are perishing and we all knew he was dying. He didn't have an appetite. I knew he loved barbeque so I took him some barbeque from a good barbeque place and I bought him two country gospel tapes with the old time artists.

Trisha said that was the last music he listed to the night before he went into the hospital. I was there that night. Mother kept trying to get him to go but he wouldn't. I think he knew once he went in he would not be coming out again. I bought him a hospital bed. His bed was in terrible shape and he was in bed all the time. He would get up just to go to the bathroom. He wouldn't let Mother have someone put it up because he said "Ma, I am not going to be here long enough to put it up". So when I felt it was time for him to go into the hospital, I went to Mother's. I said Frank, I am not going to try to get you to go to the hospital but when you get ready to go I will be here to take you. Are you spending the night, he asked? "Yes", I said. He looked at me as if knowing I would be there for him however long it took. The next morning he made a list of things he needed for the hospital. He asked us to call an ambulance for him. He went into the hospital and I had to go home, 65 miles away for a day. He was there, I think two days, when they were going to operate the next day. I stayed in the room with him that night. I heard him say four things that I had never heard him say: "Please, help, thank you, I am sorry" and again I love you. He woke me up saying help me, help me. He had fallen from his bed and was holding onto the rail. I called the nurse and they helped him back

in bed. He said to me "I'm sorry I woke you up". I said "Frank, I want you to wake me up if you need anything. That is why I am sleeping in here with you". He said "I never did thank you for the barbeque. Thank you. It was very good. And thank you for the music". I said "Your welcome Frank, and when you get out of here we will go out and get some more barbeque". He woke me up again later saying "Please, put my bed up I can't breathe. Please help me, I can't breathe". I called a nurse and asked her to roll his bed up. She said, we are not supposed to. I said "Yes, you can, he is drowning, and his lungs are filling with liquid". Roll his bed up and put pillows under his head. So she helped him. He said "Thank you again". I said "Your welcome Frank, I love you". "I love you too Betty". And those were the last words he said to me. The others of the family were all coming in so I went out to get coffee. When I came back they were getting ready to take him to surgery. He never came to after the surgery. The Lord gave me what I had waited for years. He gave me my brother back. If only for a short time and there was peace between us so I knew he had a peace with Jesus. Some family would say there is no way he made it to heaven. He is in hell. The demon who controlled him will go to hell but the brother I grew up with went straight to his heavenly father.

If I could forgive him for the unspeakable things he did to me and the ones I love, how much more will God of all understanding, mercy wisdom and love forgive him. His father loves him even more than I do. Cheer up my brothers, live in the sunshine, we will understand it all bye and bye.

Search for him with all your heart and you will find him. This has been one of the most amazing things I have ever experienced and the one with the most satisfying ending. We all will go to meet our creator. I hope, like Frank was, we will all be ready. But not like he was – by the skin of his teeth.

Chapter 38

My Trip to Cozumel.

My two little friends and prayer partners were praying for me a pearl white Cadillac Escalade because my transmission had gone out of my care and it really wasn't worth repairing. So when they said what they were praying for I said "Oh no! Don't pray for me one of those cars". "But you said, those are the sharpest vehicles on the road didn't you"? "Yes I did, and they are but pray for something I can deal with. Like the little Pontiac Sunbird I got from Roper Pontiac. It was the only car I ever bought new. My daughters and I drove that little car way over 200,000 miles. I got the best gas mileage than any car I have ever had and spent almost nothing in upkeep. It finally gave up when my daughter drove it without oil. I couldn't pay for the upkeep, taxes, insurance and gas for one of those Escalades". So they prayed that the Lord give me what I needed instead of what I liked.

Two days later one of my daughters called and said "Mom, I am getting a new car and I know you have always liked my Ford Victoria so my husband and I want to give it to you. When you

fly out next week you can drive it back. So I did and hadn't told Joyce and Jocelyn with my sharp 95 Crown Victoria and said "Come and see what the Lord has done". They pray a lot for me and many others.

The winter of 2007 I spent part of the winter with my wonderful niece Lashell in Phoenix because of the problems I have with arthritis. She and her husband have two young sons and a very large house with a nice yard and pool. I really enjoyed being there and getting the much needed rest and getting reacquainted with Lashell. Lashell's husband was working in Israel at the time. He would come home every two weeks. I enjoyed getting to meet and visit with his mom from Pennsylvania while I was there. Jeff blessed me on one trip back home. He brought me a cross with stones from different places in Jerusalem. And he took the time to take the little cross and have it blessed. I have it hanging in a special place in my little apartment.

I had planned to go back to Phoenix last winter but my little prayer partners wanted me to have a place of my own so my daughters could come and visit. But Lashell would love to have my daughter's visit I said. Besides, I can't really afford to rent an apartment in Phoenix in the

winter time. But it would not be the same so we are going to pray to have someone rent you an apartment for two months in Phoenix. You will accept it if you do, won't you? "Well oFay" I answered. "If someone out of the blue says I want to pay your rent in Phoenix for two months, I will accept". Little chance of that happening I thought. The twins have a problem with my lack of faith sometimes. Well it was no time, one of my daughters called me and said "Mom, my husband and I have decided to rent you a place in Phoenix for two months". I was dumbfounded. She couldn't talk long so when she got off the phone my mind started thinking "What have those girls done"? They have put this in my daughters mind because they know her and her husband are doing good financially. So I was getting very put out. I called my daughter back but I got her answering machine. "I need to talk to you, call me". I picked up the phone and called my daughter in Salt Lake City. "Brenda, do you know anything about your sister and her husband paying my rent in Phoenix"? "No, I didn't know. That's very nice she said". "No, I know Joyce and Jocelyn put a bug in her ear and I'm going to have it out with them". "Well mom, Brenda said maybe it's a coincidence". "No, that's too much of a coincidence and Brenda; do you know where I would like to go for the

winter"? I would like to go down south in Mexico on the shore. If I had someone to go with me I would like to go". I had never thought that until that moment so I know I had never said it to anyone. We talked for a while and then my daughter from Texas beeped in. "I will call you back Bren, I need to talk to her and make for sure before I talk to Joyce and Jocelyn".

"Sorry I missed your call mom but my husband was just leaving and I was telling him bye and my husband said to me honey maybe your mom would like to go to Cozumel, Mexico for the winter instead of Arizona. Why don't you call her and ask"? I told her you would not believe that I just told Brenda that very thing and I know no one told you because I was still on the line with her when you beeped in".

So I spent three months on the little island of Cozumel and was able to finish this book. It was a wonderful three months. I did go to Joyce and Jocelyn and apologize for accusing them in my mind and heart. They just giggled. Joyce said "Oh but we don't want you to go to Mexico; we want you to go to Arizona so we can visit you". "You can come to Mexico" I said. "Oh no, I'm not flying over that water" Joyce said. "Well why not; I would rather be over the water if the plane goes

down than to be over land". Well I wouldn't she said, there are all kinds of things down under that water".

I had been praying for this young twelve year old girl. Her family went to our church so I was very happy when she moved down the street from the laundry mat. She would ride her bike through the parking lot and I would walk out and wave to her. She was shy but one day she pulled over and sat her foot on the curb. I said a few words to her and off she went again. One day she came in to ask me some questions about the bible which I was more than happy to answer. Our church was having our annual kid's camp so I told her I would pay her way if she wanted to go. When she returned she ran in and said to me "I accepted Jesus at the camp". Her family moved again but I would see her from time to time. She graduated and was married. Then one day a minister from one of the churches said he needed a place for a young woman to stay who was getting off of drugs. I was surprised to find out it was the same girl I helped to go to camp at twelve years old. I knew she had gone through a lot while still at home and after she left home. So she moved in with me. After she left my home I knew she and her brother were both doing drugs. I heard her brother was looking for me because he thought I was being mean to his sister because I wouldn't help her anymore.

I knew he stopped at the store where she worked, on his way to work. I made a point of being there at that time. I told him I heard he was looking for me and that we needed to talk. We went outside and he told me he did not appreciate me being mean to his sister. I said to him "I have loved and prayed for you, your sister and family all these years and tried to help her so why in the world would I talk bad about her or be mean to her at this point"? "Well" he said we can live the way we choose to and it's not yours or anyone else's business if we do drugs. We are not hurting anyone by doing them". Just then a man pulled up in the wheelchair and asked if his was the car blocking the ramp, which it wasn't, so the man went on. I said to the young man I was talking to "for some reason that man makes me think of a man I met about 20 years ago. I know it is not him but I have remembered him and prayed for him all these years. I was working in the church with Thora at the time. She gave me his name and address. Someone had requested prayer for him so I went, not knowing what was wrong with him. When I knocked on the door, he came, opened the door and wheeled himself to the far side of the room and just sat there looking at me up through his very long hair and beard. He looked to be very early 20's. Both his legs were gone. I told him

who I was and that I was asked to come pray for him. He made sounds but I couldn't understand him. My heart was broken for him so I knelt beside his chair, took his hand and prayed. I couldn't get him out of my mind so the next week I went to see him again. After I knocked I realized no one was living there any longer. I asked several people about him but they couldn't tell me anything. I felt grief for him and through the next 20 years, every time I would see someone in a wheel chair I would remember a young man named Ted and would pray God would help him. I did learn from Thora what had happened to him. Ted and his friends were partying. They were high and walking on the railroad track. Ted kept falling down and his friends would help him up. The last time he fell they were not aware of it until they had left the tracks and heard the train's brake being put on. Then they realized Ted was not with them. They ran back to him but it was too late. So young man, you tell Ted's friends and family and Ted himself that there is nothing wrong with getting high and taking drugs. I think they will disagree with you. As we stood watching the man leave the store in his wheelchair the boy said to me. "Betty I am very sorry for what I said to you and thank you for praying for me and my family all these years". I learned two weeks later this boy

rededicated his life to the Lord and is still in church to this day.

I was visiting a church not long ago and saw his sister who is also doing good.

Two days after I talked to the boy outside the store the same man we saw in the wheelchair came to the laundry mat. I saw him drive up in his car, reach into the back, pull out his wheelchair, jump into it, open the back door, pull out his laundry basket, wheel himself into the laundry mat. Put his clothes into the washer. And I thought to myself "This man has no legs but he is not letting this stop him from living". I walked over to him. He looked so clean shaven, neat and clean with his short haircut. I said to him "Hi, my name is Betty Bower, how are you doing today"? "Fine" he said. As we talked, I asked him what had happened to his legs. "I was in a train accident" he said. My heart skipped a beat. "What is your name"? I said. "Ted" he replied. "You are Ted Ames"! I said. "Yes I am Ted Ames". As he was trying to decide who I was, "Ted, do you remember me? I came to pray for you when you first had the accident". Ted said he didn't remember anything for two years afterward. I said "Ted, you were living on Joplin Street close to downtown". "Yes,

I lived there with my aunt". "I have prayed for you many times through the years and now to be able to see you and see how good you are doing is so wonderful". Ted came to do his laundry for a while so we were able to visit. One day my friend Joyce was with me and Ted came in and asked for us to pray for him to receive the Holy Spirit. So we prayed with him. He didn't receive at that time but a few weeks later I received a letter from a very excited Ted saying he had received. God is so good.

I am not of any denomination, I do attend a full gospel church Faith and New Hope. The pastors PJ and Charlotte Hutchens were raised, he in the Assembly of God and I believe he in the Methodist. They are wonderful pastors full of faith and the love of God.

Virgil called me the next morning when I was leaving to thank me for coming to Texas to pray for him. I said to him "You are welcome, what are ex-wives for anyway?". He began getting better as soon as everyone prayed for him. The Holy Spirit works with all of us helping us to grow up spiritually. That is why it is important for us to release each other into His hands. He does such a better job than we can. Virgil lived, I think, 7 or 8 years after that. The Saturday before he died, early Tuesday morning, Melba dialed my number and he took the phone and said "Betty I just

needed to tell you I am happy and I have such a perfect peace. I have been able to be with my girls, son-in-laws and some of my grandchildren and talk with them today”. Virgil, I will see you out there in a couple of weeks, I said. “No, no you won’t be seeing me again. I won’t be here in a couple of weeks.” I said “we love you Virgil and know that I am praying for you”. He said “Thank you Betty, bye bye”. And he went to be with the Lord two days later.

I went out for his funeral. He had his daughters and family with him when he died. Our youngest daughter Rhonda married a man from Joplin so she had stayed in Joplin and helped me with the laundry. At this present time she and her husband are running it while I am away doing this book. I have been trying to do this for several years but didn't have the time and probably not enough material for one.

Chapter 37
My most important gift.

It has not been an altogether easy 74 years, coming into this world and being raised with parents who knew nothing about what life is all about. With no one single Christian on mother or daddy's side of the family. And sometimes I just think this just seems impossible. The only thing I ever heard my father say about God was that somebody out there had to have made all of this stuff. But he certainly didn't have any fear of God in him, or else he would not have kept on damning him. As far as I know he never changed. I really don't remember Mother saying anything. But I know she was oFay with Jesus when she left this earth. She was baptized thanks to an evangelist Dale Bagly who has also did a lot for me and many others. And my friends Joyce and Joycelyn had a lot to do with Mother getting things straightened out in her thinking. And although I was young when I accepted Jesus, I still had to figure it out for myself. All those religions and denominations are so confusing. Only the Holy Spirit could get us through mans teachings. Some good, some bad and some no one could understand. Thank heaven for the bible and that he gave each of us an ability to read it and to understand with the

power of the Holy Spirit how to be saved. It is so simple and yet mankind with the devil has made it so complicated. But after all doctrines, religion and denominational teachings are taken out of the way, it is so simple. A small child can understand the doctrine of Christ. Just believe on the Lord Jesus, confess your sins to him alone and be baptized in water. Then, if you ask, he will baptize you in the Holy Spirit and give you other gifts of the spirit. Jesus said just love him enough to keep his commandments and they are all combined in these two commandments. The first is you shall love the Lord your God with all of your heart, mind and soul and spirit. The other commandment is to love others like you do yourself. Treat others like you would like to be treated. So if you are doing all this, do not let anyone put you under condemnation. You will be oFay with your heavenly father and his son Jesus. Even after I found a place with the ones who believe like me, I still did not know exactly what or how I placed in the body of Christ. I was told I should preach but instead I got married, raised seven daughters and waited. I tried at every turn to go the way the Holy Spirit was leading. But flesh kept getting in the way. A lot of Christians, especially men, think a woman should not preach and I didn't feel like a preacher. So I did start giving testimonies of

what the Lord was doing in my life. So as not to offend anyone I didn't preach, I just told stories.

As my daughters all grew up and left home I remarried for a short time. Then I divorced so one day I said to the Lord. "I know I'm not worth being anything in the body of Christ – the church. I have had two divorces, I don't feel I have done whatever I was supposed to do. What shall I do?" There is a scripture where Paul says do not accept the widows into the ministry under 60. But let them marry. I thought well Lord, I am over 60 and I am a divorcee – what shall I do? Shall I sell everything and give it all away and go out and preach the gospel by faith? I am willing. Then one day I was reading an article in the newspaper on Frankincense and Mirth. It was around the holidays and a very strange thing happened. I began to smell the perfume of the frankincense. I didn't remember ever having smelled it. Then I began in the spirit – or my imagination – to see a small metal container. It was gold but it began to gradually turn to silver, then gold, part gold and silver. I squenched my eyes in the spirit to see what color it really was. Then I could see it clearly. It was gold. I said "Father, what is this I am seeing"? He said "It is a gift from me". "But why I asked"? He said "It is a sign between you and me that I am accepting

you". But Father I said, have you not always accepted me? Don't you accept all of us when we accept your son Jesus? He didn't answer me and it wasn't until he gave me the gift that I understood. I felt impressed to tell my pastors so I told Charlotte and asked her not to tell anyone but PJ because I thought it would be perfume. I told Charlotte, if anyone knew there are some that would go out and buy some for me. So no one knew, not even Thora.

When I came back from Texas after Christmas, Thora called and said "Let's have lunch at Granny Schaffer's and exchange gifts" We talked for a few minutes and Thora handed me my gift. She said I hope you like it. All of us on the staff received one and as soon as I opened mine I knew it was for you. I went to my son Gary (who is the administrator of the church); it was Gary who was responsible for buying the gifts. She said "I asked Gary if he had another one for you and if he didn't I would have to give you mine. Gary had an extra one. I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit before I opened it. It was a small gold box with the word Abba embossed on it. Somehow I sensed this was the gift from my Abba father. The box had a small gold elastic string tied around it. I opened the box and there was the gold metal container with Ushuaia

etched on it, just as I had envisioned it. I took the top off and the smell of the frankincense and Myrrh was the most intoxicating smell you could ever have imagined. I was in another world because there was nothing on this earth to compare it with. I could not move or speak since she handed me the present. I know Thora was feeling the same presence I was feeling. We both just sat like that and the waitress, knowing us, and knowing something was going on let us just sit there. At least five minutes went by without our moving or speaking. Finally Thora said I intended to buy you a chain to go with it. I hope you like it. She said later that she was feeling his presence but didn't know what was happening with me. The first words I said was "Thora, there is no amount of money on earth I would take for this gift. I know I could buy another one, but it is what it means to me because I know it came straight from my father in heaven. Then I told her what he said to me and I said, no one on earth knew about this except my pastors. I felt the Lord said Tell them as a witness and no one else. Thora said "You didn't even tell me, your best friend". Then she said "It wouldn't have worked, would it, if you had told me". I was still feeling on cloud nine. I went home and sat down at the table. I slowly took the container out of the box and opened it again.

The odor filled the room, it was the most beautiful odor by far that I had ever smelled. I just sat again feeling so caught up in the spirit. I do not know how much time went by. But as I came back to my physical senses, I slowly put the container back in the box, tied the elastic string back on it, picked it up from the counter and put it in a little envelope of clear bubbly packing material, and slipped the box inside just as the phone rang. My friend Joyce was on the phone. She started saying something, and then Jocelyn broke in. Joyce, I need to tell Betty something very important. I said "What is it Josh", because she was very excited. She said "Betty, the Lord said tell you he is giving you a very special gift". As I stood holding the gift, Josh described it perfectly. She said "Betty, I see your gift, it is in a little gold box with a little gold string tied around it and it is in a bubbly see through wrapper. Thank you for telling me Josh, I will be over later to show you the gift. I just wanted to be alone with the Lord for a little while longer. When I did go over and show them the gift they were astounded. The box had The Father written on it, the container had the Hebrew name for Jesus and inside the container was the oil which represents the Holy Spirit - the trinity, the Father, son and the Holy Spirit. What a gift was that! The container the oil is in began to look different

in a week or so. It was very shiny gold but then it began to look like it did in my vision. Sometimes it looked like a mixture of gold and silver but gradually it became silver. It didn't peel off, it just turned colors. I don't understand why but it was another sign to me that it was from the Lord. As I pondered the meaning of it all and what it meant I remembered the bible says if any in the body is sick which covers some in all the churches, all those of us who have and obey the doctrine of Christ. Let them call for the elders of the church and they shall pray over them anointing them with oil and the prayer of faith will heal the sick and the lord will raise them up. Also, if they have committed sin they will be forgiven. This is why my friend Lois Rogers always wanted me to anoint her with oil when I prayed for her because I had told her about the gift. I have told very few people this story. I haven't even told my church, just the pastors. I did tell it at a woman's meeting and to a few individuals. My Father was saying he had ordained me as an elder in the body of Christ. Well, some of you might say "I am an elder in the body of Christ. I anoint with oil and pray for the sick and I haven't received a gift like that". Then you probably didn't need a gift to tell you what to do since you already know what to do and are doing it. If there is one thing I have learned through the years, our heavenly father is

no respecter of persons. He loves every one of us who has the name of Christ the same. So he gives to each of us those things we have need of. Me today, you tomorrow and someone else yesterday. We are all his beautiful children and he gives to all of us what we need, when we need it. And if we are looking for his will and way in our life, not for our own sake but for others.

Also, I believe my age has a lot to do with me being an elder. It is like the rabbit fur coat Angie wanted. She had paid her tithe, she had believed for it. She had worked for it. She had asked for it. She had done the leg work by keeping on, going back to the rack and checking on it. Why should I then, take the coat and give it to Rhonda? It wouldn't even fit her. I believe there are a lot of us who have and are keeping things that should be told as a witness to others. But because of the persecution we think we will have to go through from some of the body of Christ, because they don't or won't believe God works or does things he is doing in our lives. And the ones who do believe us want to put us on a pedestal, because they get the wrong idea that we can hear from heaven any time we want to. Or get anything we ask for or everyone is healed we pray for. And that is just not true. We each one have to walk by faith every day. It is

our father who is doing things. We just, by faith, get in on a little of it. If he is not doing it, we can't do it for sure. I believe Jesus said that, didn't he?

Jesus said even he couldn't do anything on his own while in the flesh. He had to depend on his father. Jesus said I do what the father shows me to. The bible also says Jesus could not do very much in the place where he grew up. Because of their lack of faith he just healed a few sick people.

Not everyone is going to be healed, the ones who do it is a sign of the coming kingdom where everyone will be healed. I do believe the demons will be cast out if the possessed person wants him out if we do it all in the name of Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit. I am old enough to know there are going to be a lot of Christians that are in disagreement on a lot of things I am writing about. But anyone who reads just the new testament with an open mind and believes just what Jesus said against what the denomination doctrines of man teaches, then you will see it as not only one denomination but there are Christians in every one of them. I have visited almost all the different churches. There are some who say they are Christians but do not

teach the doctrine of Christ. From those stay away – far away!

Thora was very happy for me to receive my gift. And I was so happy she got to be the one who delivered it. And that my friends, Josh and Joyce were the ones to confirm it and my pastors to be a witness for it. I miss Thora very much. I know she is happy to be there where she had visited years ago. I bet she has seen and talked to Mother, Frank and Freddy and all the other ones of both of our families and the many Thora and I knew together. And oh yes, she knew my friend Lois. I can't wait to get together with them. Well, on second thought maybe I can.

Gods love on everyone who has or will read this book.

I love you.

Betty.

