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The Day That Something Bad Happened To Me and the Miracle That Brought Me Out of It

Oral Roberts

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Every Sunday morning I get up on television and say, "Something
good is going to happen to you!"

It thrills me to say it. I feel like I'm coming against the
devil because he only wants us to think about the bad things, to dwell
on them, and even to give up and let him have his own evil way with us.

Well, I am against the devil and for the good. Good is from
God and I know God is a good God. I long every day to share His goodness
with you--and with everybody in the whole world.

August 26, 7:45 pm -- Will I ever forget that moment when some­
thing BAD happened to me. To me, Oral Roberts. It wasn't the usual kind
of bad, you know, like little things that strike at you. It was the devil
himself trying to close in on me with no way out--he tried to kill me.
This wasn't the first time and I recognized his evil purpose.

It started off so innocent, so simple. I never would have guessed
it would have happened. God had really been blessing me. In a healing
service nearly everyone I had prayed for had been helped, some had received
miracles. Other good things were happening. The steel was really going
up on the new medical building here at ORU and I had the day before climbed clear to the 6th floor and prayed over it. My partners had been writing and sending their seed-gifts. The students had got here for the fall semester. I had spoken to them in small and large groups several times, and we had had our first chapel—it was packed out. I'd felt a healing service was a divine appointment to start us off to our greatest year. What a healing service it was! Then everybody, some 3500 students, stretched out their loving hands toward me and Evelyn, and prayed for us. Our hearts melted! God was in that place. I felt on top with God.

The next evening I finished eating and Evelyn and I were still at the table when Roberta, our youngest daughter, drove up on her 10-speed bike. I said, "I believe I'll just go out there and see how it rides." I'd always ridden the older type of one-speed bike, you know, the one with the brakes on the pedals. I got on Roberta's new bike. It was built smaller and lower. And being tall I really had to bend over to get to the handle bars. I pedaled off and downhill. It felt good. Then I noticed it was fast, real fast, so I put foot pressure on the pedals to apply the brakes. Nothing happened except the bike got faster. I tried again. By this time I had hit a real downgrade, and I couldn't get off. It never entered my mind the brakes were on the handles! But by this time my speed was so fast the handle brakes wouldn't have helped.

Now I was going at least 30 miles an hour and couldn't stop the bike. A big wooden gate with an iron bar at the top was only 50 feet away. To my left was a curb and about 50 square feet of grass between it and a high solid fence. In a split second I knew I had to choose. Something in me shouted "Don't hit that gate, don't, don't." Then, "Turn over the curb, that's the only way."
The seconds were running out and suddenly something harmless was becoming a monster. *Something bad was about to happen to me.*

I turned to the curb, hit it and that's the last I remember. When I came to, the bike was about 20 feet away, its handle bars bent. I was on the ground unable to move. Pain shot through my head, my left side, shoulder, hip and arm. Everything was going round and round!

What was I doing there? What had happened? I couldn't remember. Then I saw the bike. Slowly I began to realize what had happened. Cars were going through the gate but nobody saw me. "Oh God," I prayed as the tears came, "let somebody see me." But nobody did.

I lay there over a half hour, feeling broken in over half my body. Such a simple thing, I thought. Why am I hurting? Why can't I move?

Slowly I moved my feet, then my legs--they seemed o.k. My right hand and arm I could move. I rolled my head slowly, oh so slowly--turned a little and fell back.

Finally I turned over, hollering at the pain. I sat up only to fall back with excruciating pain in my ribs, shoulders and chest. Again everything was swimming in front of me.

"What has happened, Lord?" I asked. "I was only riding a bicycle. Why am I so hurt?" I grew quiet and God began to bring scriptures to me, letting me know something bad was happening to me but it was none of His doing. Then He opened His Word to me.

The scripture came to me about how Paul was beaten and stoned and left...for dead. I thought: *I'm hurt and I'm left here...nobody even knows about it.* An overwhelming feeling shot through me from God. I KNOW ABOUT IT. Then came His words, "Do you remember what Paul did as he lay there beaten and broken and left alone to die?"
I remember whispering (the pain in my ribs was so bad that's all I could do,) and I remember whispering, "Yes, God, I remember what Paul did... he rose up."

Then it dawned on me the same force that had put Paul down, and now had me down, was no mere human accident. The same planned effort of the devil was being aimed at me and I could do what Paul did: REFUSE TO LIE THERE. I COULD RISE UP AS PAUL DID! I COULD GET UP!

It started flowing in me--God's power. I could feel it. I got over on my stomach and back. I got up in a sitting position although I blacked out and fell back. I heard myself saying, "God, I'm going to rise. I'm going to get up. I'm going to get on my feet." And suddenly, I know not how, I was standing up.

It was at that moment a man saw me and came running. Others came and they sent for Evelyn. She and Roberta rushed up. They had begun to wonder why I had not returned.

Evelyn cried. She said, "Oh, honey, just to think you were lying down here all alone, hurt, and I didn't know it."

Roberta burst into tears. "Oh, it was my bike. Why didn't I tell Dad the brakes were on the handlebars. It's all my fault that he's hurt like this."

By that time an ambulance pulled up. My close associate, Dr. James Winslow, who had arrived, sent me off to the hospital. They X-rayed me and put me to bed, easy that is. I had forgotten how badly one's body can hurt. I couldn't turn on the bed.

The good news was that despite the blinding pain, only my shoulder tip and a rib were actually broken. The stinging pain in my
left arm came from the shoulder. I had suffered a concussion and the unanswered question was my head, my eyes.

There was no medication for this injury except heavy pain killers and I felt I could do without that. For three days I had tender loving care from the dear people in the hospital--but something else was going on that was very important to me, to you.

My top associates, my family and Dr. Winslow gathered around to pray. Evelyn took one hand, the doctor the other and all joined hands. Suddenly the spirit of prophecy came on me and I began to pray in the spirit and with the interpretation.

Through this prophecy God revealed the devil had been accusing me. The devil had accused me of serving God and carrying on this ministry only because of the healing and health God had given me. But let him hit me in my physical body and I would desert God and stop obeying him. God had said, "All right, devil. I will permit you to hit my servant Oral Roberts. You can strike his body but you can't take his life."

Everybody in that hospital room knew God was there. We were all in tears but we were not alone.

Lying there, prophesying, it all came clear. I recalled that for weeks I had felt the devil trying to get through to me. Each time something had prevented him. Now the bicycle. A type I hadn't ridden before. One very fast. One with brakes in a different place. And the place I was riding was a steep downgrade with a heavy gate at the exit!

I told Roberta, "Don't feel badly. It's not your fault. The devil had been granted his wish to hit me. Had it not been through your bike he would have chosen something else. God has permitted this but as Job stood firmly and was delivered, as Paul rose up out of the throes of certain death, and as I got up there from the ground when before I could
scarcely move, so I know God is my God and I will be miraculously delivered from satan's hand. I will live. I will do the work God has called me to do."

I remembered my first thought when I came to was: Day after tomorrow--August 28--I am to go into the Prayer Tower. My partners' prayer requests will all be there, and here I am struck down. Oh God, I've never missed an appointment with you in the Prayer Tower for my partners.

Evelyn, Richard and Patti said, "Don't worry, we'll be there bright and early and start praying."

"But I've got to be there," I said.

"Honey," Evelyn said, "You go to sleep now and leave that to God. Just know we'll be there and when God brings you out of this bed, (she burst into tears) you'll be there, too."

Later in the day on Saturday, Evelyn came straight from the Prayer Tower. She was all broken up. She said, "Oh, Oral, all these years when you would come down from the Prayer Tower you would tell us how when you read the letters you felt their needs so real it was like you were face to face with each one. You told how the Holy Spirit flowed up in you to hold the letters in your hands and to pray, and how you felt so released that God was hearing you. Then I would realize the effect it would have on you for days afterward. You seemed so close to God and the people."

I said, "That's right, Evelyn, but I've missed it this time. This is the first time since we opened the Prayer Tower in April 1967 I've missed going for my partners."
She said, "Would you like to know what happened up there this morning?"

I said, "Yes, because as I lay here in body, my spirit was with you up in the Prayer Tower."

She said, "We felt you were praying." Then she added, "Your spirit seemed to be in the room."

She said, "The three of us were reading the letters and praying. It was real quiet as the hours ticked away. Then something happened."

"What happened?"

"Well, first we knew God was hearing our prayers— and yours— and the partners would be feeling it. But just as important, something was happening to each of us."

I looked at her and though her eyes were shining, tears were running down her cheeks. She looked around at Dr. Winslow, Collins Steele and some others who were with me. "Shall I tell you?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "What did God do?"

"First He dealt with me. I had gone through stacks of prayer requests, reading all the needs the people had. I got up to go around and lay my hands on the requests and pray. As I knelt I felt so inadequate because the needs were so great and I was only a human being.

"I remember in my prayer I told the Lord, 'how can we even tell you all these requests?' And He seemed to say to me: 'the needs of the people cry up to me like Abel's blood cried from the ground after his brother Cain had murdered him.'

"Then I sensed the divineness of Jesus which took the place of my own inadequacy. I began to realize God already knew what was in the hearts of the people and we could rely on Him to intervene..."
Then Evelyn told me about Patti. She said that Patti said she had the same feeling of inadequacy but the Lord showed her that He looked right down through the pages and read not only the words but the hurts and the needs between the lines. She said, "Really God looks on the heart. The pieces of paper from the people before us are symbols of their released faith, then when we released our faith, along with their released faith, a miracle started taking place."

Then she said, "Oh, Oral, now let me tell you about Richard. Something really happened to him up there in the Prayer Tower."

She had referred only to herself and Patti and what they felt, nothing about Richard until now.

She said, "In the midst of our praying over the needs, I noticed that Richard stopped, took some paper and pen, and began to write just as fast as he could write. He wrote for perhaps 15 minutes. When he was finished he said he wanted to read what he had written. Not only were Patti and I moved by what he wrote but Richard broke down two or three times and could hardly read it himself. I sensed a great anointing of the spirit in Richard. I said to him, 'Richard, I have prayed for this day because the Lord's mantle has fallen on you, not your father's mantle, but the Lord's, the one He wants you to have for the people.'

"Richard didn't say anything. He just sat there and cried and praised the Lord -- in fact, we all three did."

Evelyn got control of herself and very quietly said to me, "Oral, you don't have to worry about Richard's taking on the responsibility that God gives him. He will obey the Lord." She added, "I am sure Richard feels more deeply than ever before, it's a special anointing from the Lord."
Evelyn told me Richard was having typed what he wrote there in the Prayer Tower and would give it to me. Here it is word for word:

8-28-76
10-42 a.m.

As I sit here in the Prayer Tower, I am simply overwhelmed by the needs of the people. They are so open; they are so hungry; they are so ready for God to meet their needs.

Many of the people are in the worst positions of life -- backs to the wall, bills mounting up, marriages breaking up, parental and child relationships going awry, loneliness, depression, fear, hunger, brokenness of spirit. Many have come to the end of their rope.

One thread seems to put it all together for me. They seem to be looking to this ministry for help. However, although their letters are to my dad, they really want to get in touch with God Himself. For many, it is difficult to pray. It is easier to ask some human you have faith in to pray. In this ministry, it has always been my dad.

As I pray over our partner's requests this morning, I sense the Spirit deeply. Their needs have touched my heart, and I know that God is aware of their deep feelings.

This morning, I feel through prayer, animosity is leaving. I feel that healings of bodies are coming; that relationships are being restored; parents, children, families, brothers, sisters are being renewed to each other. I feel attitudes are changing; hearts are mending; whole lives are being changed as Jesus comes
in with complete salvation.

Jesus said to love God with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength and to love your neighbor as yourself. That means that you love people as well as God. And, it also means that you love yourself. When you look into the mirror, stand tall and look yourself straight in the eye and say to yourself, "With Jesus' help I am somebody. I am not a nobody. I am worth something. I love myself. And, I am going to love God and my fellow man in the same way, just as the Bible teaches."

I have also noticed that heaviness of spirit often keeps us from having joy in our lives and love in our hearts. I pray that if someone holds something against us, we will go and ask forgiveness. And, if we hold something against someone, in the same manner, we will forgive them. This action will cleanse us inside and allow the Holy Spirit to really guide and direct our lives. I personally find it hard to function with bitterness in my heart toward others. There are several persons right now that I hold bitterness against, and it is my intention to change that so I can get back into joyous living with God.

Also, I have noticed that the opposite of love is not hate -- it is selfishness. That is to say, to love you have to give of yourself--your time, your efforts, your money, your concern, your compassion, your talents. The opposite then is not doing these things; but, instead, harboring them and thus, being selfish.
Love is planting a seed; watching it grow; and expecting it to be multiplied back from God.

The Bible is very important on this in our own daily lives and devotions. In Isaiah 55 it says God's word is the word that waters the seeds planted. If we take this Scripture in faith and apply it to our lives by giving of ourselves and expecting back from God—where once there were problems, solutions will come—where now there are prayer requests, answers from God will come in the form of many divine healings and miracles. It is a new kind of miracle living. Just like, as we look and learn from the past—where once this was a five-hundred-acre farm, it is now a living organism—Oral Roberts University—a Miracle, three thousand five hundred students whose work in spreading the gospel throughout this earth will far exceed ours.

(Signed) Richard Roberts

Richard and I used to have a hard time with each other. Then a miracle put us together in 1968. He used to say as I tried to get him to let the Lord have his life, his talent, his very being, "Dad, get off my back." Now he says, "Dad, you are no longer on my back but I am by your side in this ministry."

Now as I read his words I could not keep the tears back. I felt God's mantle on me still strong and secure. But I felt something else, I felt it stretching. Not only was God's mantle especially for Richard coming on him, but mine was being stretched to be part of that special
one and I knew as never before we are together in this ministry. Not only in his love, his singing, his administrative help, but in his own God-ordained gift to minister God's healing love to those who suffer and need God's healing. This is not something I ever could have done, or anyone else. Only God can do it and none can ever take it away.

As I lay there I could feel the presence of God gathering in me. I was down but not out. The devil had slipped up on me in a simple bicycle ride and suddenly cut off escape. He meant to break my body, to take my health, for it had been God's promise when I was 17, "Son, I am going to heal you" that turned my thoughts toward God and caused me to want to be saved.

Something more came to me from the Bible. God revealed that this bad thing happening to me was the same as when the devil came against the righteous man Job. God had prospered Job, his work for God and his family. The devil accused Job of serving God because God had blessed him so much. "Take that away from him and he will curse you to your face." God granted the devil this but said, "You cannot take his life."

For days--maybe weeks or months--Job suffered. He lost everything including his family, his wealth, his friends and his health. Still he remained faithful to God his Source. Finally right in the midst of his pain and hurt Job did two things:

First, he prayed for those who had become "miserable comforters" to him in his loss, falsely accusing him.

Second, in the midst of all his hurting, he said to God, "I know thou canst do everything" (Job 42:2). It was then that God healed Job and gave him twice as much as he had lost. "Job's latter end was greater than before" (Job 42:12).
I know the devil's intention was the same as when he came against Job -- *if he took away my health he would stop my ministry.* But he intended to go beyond that and *kill me outright.* How I was reminded of this as Jesus' own words came to me, "The thief (devil) cometh not but to kill...." (John 10:10).

Going down that hill I was innocent of what the devil was doing. But in the instant I couldn't control the bike or get off, that instant I knew this was no ordinary situation. Had I gone on toward the heavy gate the impact would have completely disjointed me. Only one way of escape was open and it carried its dangers.

God has said, "With every temptation I will make a way of escape" (1 Corinthians 10:13).

I have retraced my steps several times, seeking ways I could have escaped from going over the curb--but it was THE ONLY WAY OF ESCAPE. Thank God, His word is true: the way of escape was there and I was able to take it in split second timing.

There are two other things to this story so very important to you. One is what God reminded me of as I lay there trying to figure this all out. It was Joseph's experience in the *bad thing that happened to him when his own brothers sold him into slavery.* God told Joseph, "They meant it for your harm but I meant it for your good" (Genesis 50:20).

What does that mean to me Lord, and to others who are struck? I asked. *The devil is constantly trying to test the faith of my servants. Under my permissive will this is sometimes granted. It was such in your case. The devil meant it for your harm but I took it and changed it for your good.*
That meant a lot to me, for it reminded me of what I already knew. God never lets us be completely in the devil's hands. He's there all the time! And the fact was He was with me, He had snatched me away from the devil's murderous purpose and was already changing it for good. In the next few hours I was to know what that good was.

Meanwhile, I had finished my new book, 3 Ways to Better Health and Miracle Living: I had been working on it every extra moment for over 6 months. I was facing my 30th anniversary of this ministry. All God had taught me to help people get better health for their whole person--and how to enter into daily miracle living--was being put into this book! I had told Evelyn it was like I had heard her describe having our children when they were babies. It took time, labor and waiting for delivery.

The book had been finished just before the "accident" so we could get it to the printers to be offered on our Christmas Special. But I hadn't read it in its finished form. I asked Ron Smith, my close associate, to come and read it aloud to me. "I am hurting," I said, "I've been in the valley of the shadow of death. Let's see if the book is really what I believe it is. If it is, it will help me get my healing, my miracle."

As he read it out loud, I lay there listening. The first 10 pages had me. I felt God lifting my faith, in fact, I felt His power moving in my hurting body. He read on, chapter after chapter. I kept experiencing more of God's presence and uplifting power. By the time Ron finished reading the book out loud to me I felt the irresistible flow of the miraculous power of God. I felt I was going to float right out of the bed!

Well, I knew that I knew that I had written God's book for Better Health and Miracle Living--I knew because it did for me what no
medicine, no hospital care, no mortal power could do. The doctors seemed to sense this and decided to dismiss me earlier than planned.

Glory to God! When I got out I headed for the Prayer Tower. I wasn't completely healed but I could feel the miracle working within.

I saw where Evelyn, Richard and Patti had been there and prayed over the requests—but every request was still there. My associates had believed God would give me a miracle so I could be up in the Prayer Tower at God's appointed time for me and my partners.

Standing there, looking at pile after pile of requests, and realizing that the very miracle I would ask for each one WAS HAPPENING TO ME, I felt an overwhelming sense of awe. God was giving me this privilege to defeat the devil once again.

I began reading the requests and soon time meant nothing. People with needs were getting through to me, and if to me, how much more to Jesus of Nazareth. The presence of God came over me, filled the room, and I began hugging the prayer requests to my bosom and crying and praying to the God of miracles.

The Spirit of prophecy gave me these words: "Devil, I command you through Jesus Christ of Nazareth, turn my partners loose from their fears, their sicknesses, their hangups, their loneliness, their ups and downs—their shortcomings—turn them loose!"

Such power of the Spirit swept over me I felt as if I were face to face with every person whose prayer request was in my hand—I felt I was touching them, commanding satan to take his hand off God's property. And I knew the devil was a defeated foe through our risen living Christ—I knew it.
Then these words came from my lips: Oh God, blessed Lord of deliverance, tell each partner to pray one more time, to try one more time, to reach out to You one more time. And again I knew in my spirit God would do it. Therefore, I know you will pray again, you will try again, you will reach out to God once more. I know you will do it and God will answer you!

As I left, having prayed for every request of every partner who wrote me to pray for them up in the Prayer Tower, God's power was still mightily on me. What Evelyn, Richard and Patti had begun with their prayers before I could get there, now had my personal prayers added to it. I felt as a family we had done a job for the Lord. Never before had we been in such a oneness in our feelings, our prayers, our tears, our compassion and our faith for God to set people free.

As a family we've had our problems. The path has been thorny, with many heartaches, and with many prayers for God to defeat the devil from hindering our witness for Jesus. God has won this victory. We are one in the Spirit.

Yes, we've been close in the Lord. You've seen that on our television program. But this closeness God gave us through this time of trial is deeper. You'll see and feel it in every television program, in everything we do as a family to take God's healing power to this generation.

The devil meant it for my harm but God meant it for my good. And when Satan hits me and I trust God my Source and He brings me through by a miracle, it means something special and miraculous to you, my precious partner. It means God has sent me to you with the message of His healing power, and it means for you to expect many miracles.