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THY GOD REIGNETH

The Story of Revival in Argentina

R. EDWARD MILLER

"THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL ARISE
WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS." (MALACHI 4:2)

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The Argentine Story

Here is the factual background to one of the greatest spiritual awakenings in the history of the Christian Church . . . and it happened in our day.

In this personal, first-hand account we are taken behind the scenes to discover the why? . . . and how? To anyone earnestly in pursuit of God and His ways and principles of operation, this vivid account will disclose many of the secrets of God. These precious treasures are withheld from the careless and the satisfied, and revealed to that hungry, determined, holy, 100%-involved-with-God band. These are they who dare to take God at His Word and cross the spiritual deserts in finding their way through to God's answer.

The message contained herein will challenge and deeply inspire. And upon a prepared few will settle the conviction that "my God is the same, yesterday, today, and forever and is without respect of person. I can also find God's way through to a glorious awakening and revival for myself, my church, and town, and area, yes, and even in my country!" God's side: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Man's side: "From the days of John the Baptist until the present time the kingdom of heaven has endured violent assault, and violent men seize it by force (as a precious prize)." (Amplified)

Introduction

By Stanley Frodsham

On September 7, 1850, Captain Allen Gardiner sailed for Patagonia in Argentina, with six others--Surgeon Williams and John Maidment, three Cornish fisherman (Pearce, Babcock and Bryant), and a ship's carpenter named Erwin. The latter had accompanied the captain on previous journeys, and declared that to be with such a captain was "like a heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer."

Gardiner's burden was this: "Our Savior has given a commandment to preach the Gospel even to the ends of the earth. He will provide the fulfillment of His own purpose. Let us only obey." Knowing that Patagonia is a barren country, the men took supplies with them and made arrangements for further ones to follow. The hostile natives stole from their meager supply, and there was not much the men could do to supplement it. Before long they had run out of ammunition, and could not add to their rations by shooting game. After much fatigue and privation from want of food, Allen Gardiner and his men departed into the presence of their Lord between June 8 and September 8, 1851. The ship with the needed supplies of food did not reach the seven men until a few months too late.

One of the papers found by Captain Smyly, who sailed from Montevideo in search for them, revealed that in their greatest distress Williams wrote, "I am happy beyond all expression"--despite the fact that they had nothing to eat but limpets, mussels, and wild celery. On a rock they had painted the words of their united testimony, found in Psalm 62:5-8, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God. Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us. Selah."

The last words Gardiner wrote were, "Our dear brother Maidment left the boat on Tuesday at noon and has not since returned; doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served so faithfully. Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that throng to sing the praises of Christ through eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food. Marvelous loving kindness to me, a sinner."

The Lord saw to it that the diaries of these godly men were preserved, and these have provided excellent material for many biographies subsequently written.

Ragland, a pioneer missionary to India, wrote, "Of all plans of insuring success, the most certain is Christ's own--becoming a corn of wheat, falling into the ground and dying. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'" At the grave of Ragland, Amy Carmichael and two other missionaries found this prayer in the depths of their hearts, "Lord, give us to live that life and to die that death, and to bring forth fruit unto life eternal." In 1851 seven men in Patagonia lived that life and died that death--the seed corn of the subsequent harvest which is recorded in some measure in this story.

Authors Preface

For a long time we have earnestly desired that this extraordinary story be made available to those who are truly interested in revival. We waited for someone capable - a ready writer - to pick up the details and weave them into their beautiful pattern, but as yet no one has appeared. More and more the conviction grew that the story must be published - that God desired it to be written.

Keenly conscious of our literary limitations, we have done the best we could. "Thy God Reigneth" is not set forth to be criticized as a literary work. We just tell the story to those whose hearts burn as they muse and who hunger to know in a more practical way the history of revival.

God permitted us to witness most of the important events. He often told us before it came to pass, that when it did come to pass, we might believe. He allowed us to put together the more obscure factors of faith and works in His divine pattern and find in it a sure way for His workings.

There are always many theories which remain until they are placed to the acid test. Then that which is truth shines forth into reality; when theories produce reality they become fact. We feel that in a large measure this little booklet will help those interested to find the way through the maze of much theory concerning revival and know that there are works that God has prescribed in order that His reality might come gloriously forth.

We fully recognize the Divine sovereignty and operation in all His movings. We acknowledge that these are not the only and exclusive ways to revival but these are the ways and methods that God chose to use in the great outpouring of His Spirit in Argentina. Too, we know that all things originated in Him and were carried out by Him and brought forth for Him and the praise of His glory. There is not the slightest desire to take any credit nor give any glory to the human vessels that He caught up into

His purposes. They were used; let that suffice them. Let ALL the glory and praise and honor be ever and always given unto Him, the Great Potentate, who rules and reigns. Let them say unto Zion, "Thy God Reigneth."

After the outpouring, then what? The "what" is another story. We did not feel to include the further history of His workings in this story. Perhaps the Lord will allow us to tell it at another time. The further story of His marvelous workings in this great, pagan land with its idolatry and witchcraft under the thinnest veneer of a purchased civilization and modern inventions should yet be told.

The history of His marvelous workings after the great Hicks revival has been truly as marvelous and the logical continuance of that which went before. Surely, but silently, without the sound of hammer, His building has continued on in large healing and salvation awakenings, new works raised up and churches built. The Peniel Bible School and "Pinares" Children's Home, (where this story was written) were established as a result of this revival. Hundreds and thousands have been healed, saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. Countless lives have been dynamically and miraculously changed and capable nationals raised up to carry high the torch that God set aflame. The story is filled with the continued blessing of the Lord.

To eyes which are closed in unbelief and the lack of the knowledge of God's ways it might appear that there was a vacuum created after the Hicks meetings drew to a close. But such has not been the case. That which God set out to do, He did and He continues to work. The gates of hell have not been able to prevail, nor shall they ever prevail against that which God is building.

We pray that God will bless this brief but wonderful story to its readers and that they will be encouraged and helped to find God's ways through to victory in their lives, in their homes and in their communities.

R. Edward Miller

A Heavenly Visitation

"I set my face unto the Lord God. I prayed unto the Lord my God and made my confession. While praying . . . Gabriel talked with me, saying, 'Thy words were heard; I AM COME FOR THY WORDS.'—Daniel 9:3,4,20,21; 10:12

The midnight hour had long ago passed. All nature seemed stilled and expectant. The very heavens filled with glittering stars appeared to draw closer and closer. Out from the depths of the heart of a young Polish lad a cry, born of God, ascended into the very heavens. God heard; His answer came. Was it imagination - this strange feeling - the very stars seeming to press down upon him? Brighter and brighter they appeared until they were great orbs of fire. Then in their intense light a greater light appeared. A Being from the heavenly world drew near until it enfolded him. The lad, still in his teens, found himself in the very presence of God, holy, majestic and terrible.

A great fear fell upon him. Jumping up from his knees, Alexander fled in terror back to the refuge of the Bible Institute, little realizing the part he was destined to play in the great move of God in Argentina, little knowing why he had been burdened for so many months in deep, burning prayer that had robbed him of so many nights of sleep. Out in the fields and the forest of this Chaco home, and now in the early morning hours in the sweet meadows that surrounded the Institute, Alexander had continued to pray. And now God had come to him.

Inside the Institute building, located in City Bell, a small town near the great metropolis, Buenos Aires, Argentina, everyone was tranquilly sleeping, little anticipating the drama about to unfold. Outside, Alexander pounded in desperation on the door, to his terror finding it locked. He called out for someone to let him in. Finally one of the students awoke, recognized his voice and arose to let him in. Thinking to escape the awful Presence that accompanied him, Alexander ran inside the building, but the Heavenly Visitor entered with him.

In a few moments all the students were wide awake. As they felt the Holy Presence the fear of God fell upon them. They began to repent, crying out to God for forgiveness. The Spirit of the Lord, holy and mighty, dealt

with them all. No one present could escape the holy fire of His Presence. One girl, unwilling to uncover her sin, repent and abandon it, quickly packed her suitcase and disappeared. For many nights afterwards the students feared to be alone. Even those in one room would vault into one bed, not even bothering to take off their shoes, for the fearful Presence of a living, holy God had accompanied our Angelic Visitor and the students were afraid.

The next morning, June 5, 1951, we all gathered for the announced time of prayer which was to replace regular class schedules. Outside, a great storm tore the atmosphere as if there was a great conflict in the skies about us. Inside the Institute an air of expectancy hushed all to silence as we waited for God to move.

A few moments after we began to pray, our Heavenly Visitor came again and stood by the side of Alexander, who was transported in spirit by this Mighty Being to far away countries. He began to make journeys over the face of the earth, looking down and seeing many cities and knowing the name of each one he was taken to visit. He opened his lips and began to speak, slowly, deliberately, distinctly, repeating each word twice or more, telling us the name of each city he visited.

Cities. City after city. Beginning with cities in Argentina, he then moved out from country to country just as if he was deliberately reading off the names from an atlas. Neither student nor traveler could have named such a long list, much less this lad from the forest jungles of Chaco with barely a primary school education.

As he moved in spirit from country to country, he gave the name of each city in the language of the country, English, German, Slavic, Arabic and languages we didn't know. He told us afterwards how he looked down and had the sensation that he was visiting the cities one by one. Hour after hour the the naming of the cities continued, cities the Lord promised to visit before the end comes.

"LET IT BE WRITTEN"

The next morning as we gathered again for prayer the Spirit of the Lord brought us all into strong intercession. Students and missionaries were melted together under

His power. As we prayed, our Visitor manifested Himself and stood by the side of Alexander. He could not be seen in human form, but manifested Himself so markedly that we all knew that He had come. In spirit He was seen by Alexander who talked to Him.

Again Alexander began to speak, repeating slowly and distinctly the words he heard from the Angel. To those of us listening it was a tongue altogether different from any other we had heard him use before, but we couldn't understand what he was saying.

At the same time another lad, Celsio, came forcibly under the power of the Spirit of God. A national, young and even less educated than Alexander, Celsio had often had discords and quarrels with Alexander - the nationals vs. the foreigners. Of different races, backgrounds and temperaments, there were no natural bonds to unite them. Yet suddenly upon this national lad the Spirit of the Lord also came, opened his ears, caused him to understand as plainly as he could his own language, all that was being said by Alexander in an unknown tongue. They became one in spirit.

The content of the message so frightened Celsio that he ran from the room. Outside, he told others of the strange sensation and understanding he had in the chapel, and they urged him to go back to interpret the message for the rest. He complied, entered the chapel again and tried to give the message.

Then another strange thing took place. Every time he tried to speak he choked up as though an invisible hand would squeeze his throat shut. Frightened, he again ran from the room. Meanwhile, Alexander slowly and patiently repeated the words, knowing that Celsio should interpret them. When the lad ran from the room, in spirit Alexander knew he had gone and called him back. Yet Alexander's eyes were closed in prayer and worship, lost in the tremendous Presence of this Visitor whose atmosphere mightily surrounded us all.

Several times that morning Celsio ran out and was persuaded to return. He understood the strange and sometimes frightening messages, yet when he tried to speak he would choke up. Frightened, he ran out again. Then finally someone suggested that if he couldn't speak why didn't he write the message that came to him. Celsio be-

gan to write - it was just what God wanted. The message began to flow, noted first on a piece of scratch paper, then written on the blackboard or read for everyone to hear. Celsio, as God's scribe, wrote down the messages dictated by the Angel and spoken in an unknown tongue by Alexander as he was in the spirit. God's desire was that the messages be written out and kept; not spoken, to be soon forgotten and lost.

When the Spirit first fell upon the assembled group at the Institute, one young man, a medical student (who has since received his Doctor's degree) attending the classes as a day student, was scandalized. "This is of the Devil and must be stopped!" he protested. But when he read the first transcribed message he was convinced it was of God. "I know Celsio," he said, "and his lack of education and literary ability. Only God could cause him to write in a style like this."

Meals were forgotten; an occasional sandwich or a quick lunch was sufficient. Sleep, a necessary interruption, was scanty. As the group continued on in prayer, the Visitor would manifest Himself and leave another message. Many hours were spent in deep prayer and intercession in the mighty power of God.

After the first week, the Visitor did not come so often. Yet, the Mighty Presence of God continued upon all, forming a circle around the Institute building of several yards. Strangers coming within that invisible radius remarked concerning the strange sensations they had as they entered the Presence of the Lord.

All those whom God took into the strange, wonderful manifestations were sealed into extraordinary intercession in the Holy Spirit. They prayed such as I have never seen a group of people pray. Although there was little understanding at that time of the purpose of the tremendous waves of intercession, yet hour after hour a great cry arose to God from each one present for God's intervention. Students, teachers and missionaries were bound together in diverse manifestations of His Spirit, weeping uncontrollably in deep brokenness before the Lord under the burden of the Spirit for Argentina.

Because the power and presence of God made the very grounds around a vortex of spiritual activity, we did not sit around reading and meditating upon the Angelic mes-

sages during those months. The Presence of God was too real - the work of the Spirit in our own hearts too vital - the Bible too important a book to make the prophecies a center. The Lord Himself was our center. Prayer became a strong, terrible crying out to God. The Word of God, open before us, became a constant handbook to guide us. The spoken word came forth in mighty anointings. Prophecy flowed as rivers from many vessels. God worked in individuals, cleansing, transforming and filling. For mercy and pardon, cries ascended to God.

As the war in the heavenlies progressed, intercession reached out for lost souls, for the cities mentioned, for this great country so utterly bound in paganism, idolatry and Catholic tenets of religious pretense which satisfy by ritual but leave the inner life a pitiful vacuum. All present were united by this mighty wave of intercession which continued on hour after hour. Ever upwards the Spirit of the Lord carried us. The fountains of the deep were opened as tears flowed like streams down the faces of those young folk caught up into God. He wept through them over His beloved world that did not know Him and traveled on alone into an eternity without Him. One missionary, prostrate on the floor for several hours, saw an unforgettable vision of the cross.

Vacation time came. As several days had passed without the Angel appearing again we didn't know whether or not He would return, as He never referred to Himself or His activities. A lifting of the Holy Spirit gave a certain respite and clearly indicated that the Lord would have vacation days respected. Some of the students and teachers went to the town of Bolivar, and the Spirit of the Lord accompanied them there. One young man received a call to the ministry as a result of the visit of the young people.

As I waited upon the Lord for His will and guidance for the resumption of classes, He spoke, clearly indicating an entirely new order, giving a list of the subjects to be taught exclusively from the Bible, and the name of the teacher for each subject. Class time was extended from forty-five minutes to two hours. Three classes were to be held daily, each teacher having an assigned class time. The classes were opened with prayer and waiting upon God until the Holy Spirit indicated the bring-

ing forth of His Word. Messages came when there was a full heart preparation to receive them. Through the following months God honored this order and schedule, always anointing the teacher responsible for the class.

The spirit of prophetic utterance was common. Often the messages given through prophetic utterance confirmed the messages given previously by the Angel, though the latter would still be in the hands of the scribe. There was a strong confirmation to the peculiar operation of the Holy Spirit through all that He had appointed.

One young woman, a missionary's wife, had never taught in her life and was very frightened at the prospect. Only after much persuasion did she finally consent. To our surprise, when she took her first class and began to minister, the spirit of prophecy came upon her. For nearly an hour she brought forth a precious lesson, fully in accord with the subject assigned her, and fully prophetic. This happened in every one of her classes.

The days that followed slipped by rapidly. The waves of deep intercession lifted as the Word was ministered and the visits of our Heavenly Visitor became more infrequent. Among the many visions, messages and divers manifestations, the most important were the deep, heart-tearing intercessions when our very souls were poured out before the Lord in a cry that originated in God Himself.

Then one Friday morning in September the Word of the Lord came forth directly and in mighty power, "Weep no more. The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed." Instructions and promises over Argentina followed, telling of the wonderful things He was going to do. With this word came a mighty release.

Immediately there was a change as if a great weight had fallen from off our shoulders. A song of praise was born in each heart. Great joy rested as a mantle upon each one present. The sound of laughter, at first strange to our ears after the months of weeping, was heard. The holy laughter of victory and praise occupied the place of sorrow and crying. Praise came forth as spontaneous as the intercession had come. God had come forth in victory! Though understanding little at that time, we knew that all those weeks of intercession had not been in vain. We knew beyond all doubt that God had brought forth His plan and purpose into victory.

Coming down from the glorious heights in the Presence of God into the stormy atmosphere of the outside world, we heard strange news. A revolution had broken out in government circles. It was abortive, just lasting that day, but to us it was highly significant - as though it confirmed those things He had been telling us of His victory - as though a great hand had reached down to shake the very seat of the Argentine government, both physical and spiritual.

That day the ruling spirit of Argentina was bound and the strong man of Argentina was overcome. (Daniel 10) The Lion of Judah's tribe had again prevailed. Michael had once again come forth in battle to help the children of the Lord. The Angelic Visitor had mentioned Michael, our prince.

Jesus had said, "How can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house." (Matt. 12:29). Up to that day Argentina had been under a terrible handicap. The ruling prince of this country ruled his kingdom almost unhindered. The work of God was pitifully small. The few scattered works had been raised up with great sacrifice. If a small church had a few conversions a year it was considered most successful. A miracle of healing or a baptism in the Holy Spirit was a most outstanding event. The prince of evil was not bound; the strong man still possessed his house and his goods.

But from that day on the Lord began to speak hope into our hearts. Messages, both written and spoken, told of revival to come and of mighty blessings. Visions were given of countless multitudes hearing the Word of God and receiving it. In spirit we saw visions that left our imagination uncomprehensive - the lame walked, blind eyes were opened and miracles of healing took place. God was going to loose a mighty River of Life over this country. Another vision revealed the fall of one of the most powerful women in history - Eva Peron, the beautiful, evil, spiritist wife of the president, who had usurped more dictatorial power than her husband had. God was going to take her in hand and intervene to bring this nation unto Himself, transforming it from paganism to Christianity, from idolatry to the worship of a living Jesus.

As word got out of what God was going to do, scoffers

were not lacking. Not having been in those many months of preparation, many could not believe such mighty prophecies and rejected them, unwilling to receive the Word of the Lord. Strong and bitter opposition raised up against the little band. Some felt it was doing God a favor to openly reject and oppose. Some went so far into blasphemy that they were severely dealt with by God. Great suffering, sorrow and death resulted.

In spite of opposition, God continued on with His plan. He would not be hindered; the gates of Hell could not prevail. Unbelieving and scoffing men could not detain Him who is mighty to save. God had given spiritual weapons into the hands of believing children who dared to use them - the sword of the Lord, the shield of faith, prevailing prayer and the Blood of the Lamb. With these, the all-conquering Lion of the tribe of Judah had arisen to scatter His enemies. The power of His might would be seen again upon this earth.

We continued to believe God. For two years God had been leading us up to the place where we could move into His plan for victory - His plan for revival. It did not all begin on that morning in early June when the Angelic Visitor came to Alexander the Polish lad. That was but one of the glorious steps that led us ever upward into His high purposes.

It is not our purpose to trace out all the beginnings; probably we do not even know them all, nor are we trying to give credit to men. Many were the servants of God who in utter obedience to Him had their part in the many events that led up to these days. Our purpose is to give, as we know it, the direct line of the progression of events that led up to the movings and interventions of God at a given time in the history of men. So let us go back a few years.

An End And A Beginning

"YE SHALL SEEK Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with ALL your heart."—Jer. 29:13

In January of 1949, I came to the end of the road. To Lavalle, a village nestling in the foothills of the Great Andes mountains I went with missionary Robert Thomas and a gospel tent. Our purpose was to hold a gospel campaign in a town where to our knowledge the gospel had never been preached before.

We labored in the hot Andean sun, filling the air with recorded music, visiting every home in the community, distributing tracts and gospel portions. We prayed and prepared messages; yet night after night no one came. Then came torrential rains and flooded us out; still we kept on. But in spite of all our efforts, witnessing, testifying and preaching, we still had no congregation. The strong man still ruled over the small city. After two weeks of expense and labours we were forced to retreat in keen disappointment with absolutely no visible returns. For me that defeat marked the end of a long trail and the beginning of a new one.

"I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways of my own mind" (1) could well describe my relationship with God up to that time. There had always been plausible excuses for the lack of harvest and the want of results in my ministry. As a child I had often witnessed mighty operations of God under the ministry of servants of God as Dr. Charles Price and Aimee McPherson, yet I knew these operations were lacking in my own ministry. Still excuses, convenient places to lay the blame, provided for me imaginary refuge from the searchlight of God's truth.

Always the reason for my failure lay somewhere outside of myself; in one place the people were too hard; in another it was not harvest time yet; or it was necessary to sow the seed first; or the people had no faith. From one pastorate to another, from one mission field to another the excuses multiplied. True, a certain work for God had been done - in the eyes of man there was no need to feel ashamed. But in my own secret heart I

(1) *The Hound of Heaven* by Francis Thompson

knew there was a better way. The ever-faithful Spirit of God did not let complacency hinder His purposes. Times without number the question of Elisha echoed in my soul, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Now in Lavalley (The Valley), a town which had never heard the gospel before, was neither gospel-hardened nor burned-over territory, I was faced with stark reality: I had been defeated. With every condition favorable, missionary equipment complete, a competent missionary evangelist companion, I had still failed utterly. I was forced to admit that in spite of excellent ministerial training and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit received as a child, there was still an obvious and deadly lack of power in my ministry. The long road of excuses was over. My fleeing ended. God caused me to take inventory of myself - the result was disillusioning.

Bitterly defeated, all defenses overthrown, I was brought by God into a conference of surrender. "Not by might" (horses of flesh) "not by power" (chariots of clever inventiveness) "but by My Spirit" God was saying, challenging for the surrender of both flesh and the works of flesh. Good as flesh works were they were unacceptable; God was offering a new way - a way of power - an operation of the Holy Spirit Himself released in the ministry of deliverance.

A WAY - A HIGHWAY

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen, the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." (Job 28:7-8).

The terms of God for surrender were that I should spend a minimum of eight consecutive hours daily with Him in prayer and His Word. If a man could work eight hours a day, a minister could pray as long. Sometimes I remained much longer than the eight hours; at times all day and night. Some openly expressed their disapproval, questioning my sanity, concluding that no one had a right to receive a missionary's salary who spent most of his time in prayer and not in traditional missionary activities. Yet I knew that I could not go one step more fooling myself and fleeing from God; I had to accept His challenge.

In a little vacant attic room over the garage of the adobe church in Mendoza where I was interim pastor at the time, I began to seek the Lord. I just had to find God's answers for revival and the moving of His Spirit in Argentina - for a divine intervention such as spoken of in the book of Acts - for an operation according to His abilities and not according to mine.

Was it merely wishful thinking? Was it possible for an ordinary man without any other qualifications than a call to the ministry to meet God in such a way that it would bring tangible results and visible fruit? Did God challenge men? Could man accept such a challenge? Could time accept the challenge of eternity? Were all the mighty saints and prophets of history special sovereign creations of God or were they just ordinary men who accepted the challenge of God? Was there a way? Could man have a direct encounter with God? If not.... At the end of that road of no return, if there were no answers, there loomed ahead for me an abysmal disorientation - shattered dreams and illusions long held in sacred secret.

So often in the Scriptures God says to man, "Seek My face," but He never tells how it is to be done. Was seeking God the prerogative of a select few - a limited group of mystics by birth who could climb high on prophet's mountain? Many unanswered questions led me to one main question. Could a most ordinary man, with but the most ordinary talent and preparation, without any special gifts of mysticism or genius find God? Was there for such a one a vital contact - a personal encounter with the Lord of Glory? A careful search of the Scriptures from Abraham to Nehemiah, from Elijah to Peter seemed to clearly indicate an affirmative.

Being practical by nature, more at home in shop and field than at a desk or in a prophet's chamber, I had to find an answer that was at the same time both spiritual and practical, dynamically real as well as scripturally authentic. The spiritual and the material just had to meet in man.

Doubts, questions and fears marked the passing of long hours. Where was God? The walls echoed back the barren question. Turmoils wrestled within. Was such a demand on God human impertinence? Ahead loomed an apparently dead-end street. A defeat threatened, so final

and so abysmal that the fear of it became a strong motive to forge on. Days of fasting, still there was no answer. Endless hours passed, still no windows were opened in heaven. Weeping, waiting, meditating, searching the Word, walking, kneeling, standing and again prostrate on the floor. Silence. No posture, no fasting, no tears, no cries could pierce the silent, invisible barrier which so oppressively closed in upon my being. The days slowly passed, lengthening into weeks.

God was in no hurry to uncover the secrets of His mysteries. He who had so carefully hid the diamonds deeply in the earth for only the most diligent of seekers to find, did not hurry to reveal His hiding place to the one who aspired to visit His treasury. The seeking and digging was necessary. Two months passed - an eternity fitted into time. Not a breeze stirred in the spiritual world, not even a tiny cloud the size of a man's hand appeared.

Then the enemy brought an almost successful attempt to halt the search. "Set God a date. Surely by now you know you are mistaken. There's no use going on indefinitely." A date was set. "God, if by the end of this week, Saturday evening at five o'clock, you don't manifest yourself then I will know that I am mistaken; I will go out with tracts, returning to the conventional missionary routine." Surely God, knowing I was sincere, would be forced to move out from His hiding place.

But still no breeze stirred. In infinite wisdom and patience, God held His peace and the end of the week drew near. The five o'clock hour arrived and still God had done nothing. With unutterable bitterness of soul, with tears of frustration and defeat welling up from depths within, I filled my pockets with tracts and slowly walked down the long hall which led to the street. God had not answered.

At that moment, in God's precise timing, a local pastor arrived with his teen-age unconverted son. During the visit the pastor poured out his troubles at great length. Minutes became hours; it was impossible to do the proposed house-to-house visitation and tract distribution. As the two visitors prepared to leave I asked the boy a searching question. One word led to another until the young boy was on his face sobbing his way to Calvary's

fountain.

The two finally left. In the darkness of the hall, with the door behind them scarcely closed, a voice within me said, "You see, son, when I wish I can bring them in. Now return to prayer until I tell you it is time to leave."

So back I went again into that little attic room for more weeks of wrestling, prayer and the Word. Months went by until time lost all its meaning. Then one day, a day no different from all the others that had gone before, without any advance warning whatsoever, a word was spoken into the very air of that room - a word that vibrated into the depths and out again into the heights. Upon that word the mighty presence of God came and filled the whole world it seemed.

In a voice that seemed fully audible a special message was given. The separating veil was rent - the windows opened. Glory shone all around and I was in spirit. God had come to just an ordinary man. He had deigned to speak - to bring forth His purposes, His will. His reality was manifested and His word fully vindicated. He had not said, "Seek ye My face," in vain. For weeks the heavens were opened and in spirit I saw things unlawful to be uttered. Then a strange order was given. "Go call the people to prayer. I will pour out my Spirit upon them. Tell them to come prepared to stay from eight until midnight. If they are not prepared to stay the entire four hours they must not come at all."

Could such an order be of the Lord? Just a while previously, a most convenient hour had been chosen for prayer meeting and no one had come. And now, at a most inconvenient hour, who would be interested enough to come? The prosaic order was unspectacular and over simple. Naaman had expected the prophet to at least strike his hand over the place of his affliction, anticipating a dramatic appearance of some kind, not a mere order to "Go wash seven times in Jordan." I later discovered that it is not the order but the One who gives it that makes all the difference.

God's ways are not our ways. He gave this command and He expected it to be obeyed literally. I must confess that I had many doubts. I knew my few church people, their lethargy and lack of interest in the things of God. If there were any response at all, I knew it would have to

be of God.

God was beginning to teach us the importance of simple explicit obedience. In Eden it was not the quantity of fruit consumed that brought such chaos; it was the quality of disobedience which revealed a deep rebellion to the rule of God and separated man from His God. Implicit, simple obedience is the only way which leads back into the presence of God, and restores the right relationship with Him.

The invitation made to the little church group the following Sunday was most unusual and difficult to fulfill. Cold winter weather, unheated buildings, and lack of transportation after the midnight hour all combined to make it difficult to respond to such a call. Nevertheless, three indicated their willingness to attend the proposed prayer services.

These three came: a timid servant lass, a backslidden man and his young wife. Not one of the three had ever seen anyone filled with the Holy Spirit. This small church and many like it in Argentina at that time had never experienced any manifestations of the Holy Spirit. They did not know how to receive the Holy Spirit nor what it would be like when He came. We spent some time the first night instructing them according to the Scriptures, then we all knelt before the Lord in prayer. They waited on in utter silence.

I led out in prayer, praise and song, but no one joined me; they merely waited on in silence. When the four hours had passed, I asked if anyone had received any impulse from the Lord that would call for any cooperation on his part. Had any one any impulse to pray aloud, to praise the Lord, to sing a song, in fact anything at all?

Everyone answered in the negative except the young wife; she admitted a strange desire to arise, walk to the table in the center of the room and hit it. Surely that was a bit strange! Being far too proud to even consider such a thing she merely commented, "Oh, it would be too foolish." Nor could she be persuaded to even try it. Thus the first prayer meeting ended.

Again I went before the Lord. I had fulfilled His command and nothing had happened. What should we do now? But the Lord only said to wait and gather again for prayer. The next night the same group returned to seek

the Lord. The second night was an exact repetition of the night before. During the four silent hours no one had felt the slightest impulse from the Lord save the same woman who confessed to the same strange desire as the first night. But as had happened the night before, she could not be persuaded to do it. The meeting ended in such dismal failure that I was certain no one would return the following night.

Could this be of the Lord - a thing so strange and so out of the ordinary - a desire to rap on a table? Nothing like it had ever been mentioned in the Bible. Why had God not moved? Why did He delay if He had given the command to gather for prayer, promising that He would manifest Himself? Many questions and doubts zeroed in upon my heart and mind. In fear and trembling I awaited the next service.

The third night the same three joined my wife and me for another evening of prayer: a backslidden called-to-be-preacher, his wife and a servant lass. The result was another evening of silent waiting - another evening of no response to any urgings or promptings of the Holy Spirit. When the service was nearly over I asked the man's wife if she still felt like banging the table. With much shame and blushing timidity she admitted that she did, but in no way could be prevailed upon to do it.

How difficult it is for man to learn to know the voice of God! Thrice God called Samuel and thrice Samuel thought it was the voice of Eli. Only the fourth time did he learn that it was God speaking. Several times God had spoken to this young lady. Somehow I knew it was God speaking. Had He not ordered these prayer services and would He not fulfill His promise to manifest Himself? But the woman would not obey.

Thursday night everything continued as on the previous evenings until eleven o'clock when I asked everyone to get up from their knees and be seated. "Young lady," I asked, "do you still feel like hitting the table?" In shame and reluctance she confessed to the same strange desire, but she wouldn't get up to do it. So I asked everyone to rise. Singing a chorus we all marched around the table. As each one gathered courage to hit the table, finally the young lady also took courage and reached out.

When she hit the table, immediately a rushing wind

swept into the room from the southeast corner. In seconds, the retiring, timid servant lass was on her feet worshipping the Lord in great ecstasy, her hands raised in the air. Her face was transformed, radiating the joy and glory of the Lord as she spoke in an unknown tongue.

The backslidden, rebellious man who had consistently resisted the call of God over his life fell under the table and there began to worship the Lord in another tongue as the Spirit gave utterance. His young wife, seeing what was taking place cried out in a loud voice, all timidity gone now, "I, too, Lord!" lest the Spirit should pass her by. Upon her too the river of the Holy Spirit flowed, baptizing her in His presence and she broke forth in a strange tongue. Although we didn't realize it at the time, the Holy Spirit was being outpoured, not only upon us, but upon the whole of Argentina in a new way - an outpouring that would later reach out into the farthest corners of this mighty country.

An act of simple obedience had opened the door. God had set in motion the forces to change this vast pagan country and make of it a Christian nation.

The move of God for which so many had prayed had come. Faith had triumphed. All the prayers, tears, longings and countless hours of wrestling with the enemy had at last prevailed. Faith changed into sight and we entered the stream of His mighty purpose for which so many had longed and prayed yet had not seen. Others had laid down their lives in faith, not having received the promise, nevertheless, He came - just as He had promised.

The wisdom of God put to naught the wisdom of men. To hit on a table in obedience to the prompting of the Holy Spirit took away the last obstacle to the flow of the mighty River of God. In early June, 1949, that River began to flow out to Argentina in a new and tremendous way.

A NEW FOUNTAIN OPENED

The news of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit traveled swiftly. More people came out to the prayer service the next night. From then on neither cold nor danger nor anything else hindered the people from coming to be filled

with the Holy Spirit.

A fourteen-year-old girl, having little education, saw visions of things to come; many of those visions came to pass. At times she prophesied, quoting many Scriptures she had never learned nor read. Felix, a young man, received the word of knowledge and saw hidden things in vision. One night he admonished a retired school teacher through the word of knowledge to clear her home of idols. She replied in hurt amazement that there were no idols in her home. Then God gave Felix a vision showing him a certain trunk of hers, with a pile of religious relics at the bottom. It was true; the relics (keepsakes left by her deceased mother) had been there for so many years she had forgotten them. God, manifesting His hatred of all idolatry, wanted them destroyed. The following day the teacher brought all the relics to be destroyed. God taught us of gifts and operations of His Spirit that we had never known before. Young Felix received an anointed healing ministry, later becoming a successful evangelist in pioneering new works.

As word of the revival went out, more and more new people came. All who came were soon saved and baptized with the Holy Spirit. During those months the church did not have one member who was not filled with the Holy Spirit. As soon as they were saved they received the Holy Spirit, often before receiving baptism in water.

Bro. Thomas, who had laboured with me in the disastrous Lavalle tent campaign, made a special trip north to visit us. Various ministers in Buenos Aires, having heard the reports of a moving of the Spirit in Mendoza, sent Bro. Thomas to make a first-hand report. Having pastored the Mendoza church at one time he already knew the people well. Looking upon the gloriously transformed people, all praising God and moving in the operations and gifts of the Holy Spirit, he said, "This is a miracle. This is God. Only God could do this with these people. Before, we had studies on the gifts and operations of the Holy Spirit and there was no response; now these people are manifesting these same gifts!"

In weeks the little church doubled and redoubled its membership. The people formed into little bands and went out to witness for the Lord. On the streets and into the homes they went in the power of the Holy Spirit, re-

turning with glorious testimonies of what God was doing in response to their simple faith and witnessing. People were saved and healed as hands were laid upon them in faith. I listened attentively and the Lord seemed to speak again and say, "You see, son, I can do much more with these little Spanish-speaking ones, filled with my Holy Spirit, than I could with your going out alone with tracts from door to door." Seeing the wonderful wisdom and plan of God, my heart was melted; I knew His way was best.

Having cleansed the church by the purifying Holy Spirit and put it into His order the Lord began to lead out even more in the ministry of healing. We held a campaign in a tent; this time it was not a failure - God worked His wonders. One night there was such a moving of the Spirit of the Lord that all present, whether saved or unsaved, were on their knees before the Lord crying out to Him as a mighty word of prophecy went forth on the Name of Jesus. All knelt before Him that night and confessed Him Lord of all. When His Spirit swept over in mighty power, no one could resist His presence.

Overnight the Lord had transformed the Mendoza church. Instead of a few struggling, uninterested church members, our church was full. Instead of cold silence in the worship services, joyous rejoicing took its place. In place of sighing - singing; in place of death - life; in place of defeat - victory. God had come to us in Mendoza; the desert had become a fruitful place.

But as the goal of the River is to flow ever onwards seeking new channels, it could not be confined to Mendoza. Before long, invitations had come to visit other churches and towns. So leaving Felix, the national pastor, in charge of the Mendoza work, we turned southward.

Outflowing Of The River

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty. I will pour floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. 44:3

"Invite the people to pray." I looked around me at the large congregation of Slavic-speaking folk. The long preliminary program had finally finished and the pastor had announced that I would speak. And now the only word the Lord gave me was, "Invite the people to pray." What kind of a message was that? But having begun some months before to walk the road of implicit obedience to what I felt was the word of the Lord, I obeyed the command, inviting the people to pray. Immediately they went down on their knees. Before I had time to realize what was happening, the Holy Spirit had begun to fall on the group of approximately four hundred. As they began to cry out, several received the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues. Others with cries of repentance sought their way back to the Cross.

The pastor, astonished, wholly unaccustomed to these manifestations in his church (though he was Pentecostal by label) quickly rang a bell to call the people to order. Obediently they became silent and took their seats again. "And now," boomed the pastor, notably perturbed, in a deep commanding voice, "Bro. Miller will speak." God had not changed His mind, so when I arose to speak, my words were these, "Brethren, let's pray!" Down on their knees the people went. No sooner had they begun to pray than the Holy Spirit again moved upon them; others were filled with the Holy Spirit.

The noise increased until the pastor, unable to tolerate any more deviation from the customary ultra-formalism and ritualism, rang his little bell, called the people to attention, and soundly scolded them. They obeyed. The service was returned to me to preach the accustomed sermon. But God's sermon still had not changed. "Brethren, God is here; let's pray." Down on their knees they went for the third time.

Again the same process: the bell ringing, the scolding, the service returned to me, the repetition of the call to prayer, the people down on their knees again, the Holy

Spirit outpoured. But the fourth time there was no more bell and no more scolding. The Holy Spirit continued to move, apparently unoffended by the repeated interruptions. The pastor stood by, observing, until he himself was moved upon by the Holy Spirit and began to call out to God.

At last the pastor had understood that the people were not "out of hand" but "in God's hand." For hours great crying and groanings ascended. In terrible conviction some wrestled for pardon; others shouted in mighty victory the praises of Zion and the Lamb. Others spoke in unknown tongues as they received the Holy Spirit promised by the Father. It was a holy jubilee. By the end of the week nearly two hundred had received the Holy Spirit.

In another church in the capital, Buenos Aires, the same beautiful River of God began to flow, cleansing, healing and filling believers with His Holy Spirit, including several of the children of a missionary pastor and his praying wife. Doors were closed on the sultry summer night to protect unbelieving neighbors from the noise, nevertheless, the cries and praises passed through closed doors as they ascended heavenward.

NORTHWARDS

In a lumbering old train that crept bumpily ahead at a stolid 18 miles per hour, Bro. Robert Thomas and I chugged northwards. Our estination: Encarnacion, Paraguay, where the Lord had indicated His desire to bless.

The second night of services, the River began to flow out in power to those poverty-ridden people of backward Paraguay. On the third night a little timid Indian woman from the jungles came in. As she could only speak the Indian Guarani language, I could not converse with her before the service. It was impossible to even greet her in Spanish; others had to interpret for me.

But when the cloud of glory descended, this timid little Indian woman suddenly leapt to her feet, charged with the glory of God, she began to speak freely and fluently in Spanish foretelling what the Lord was going to do. She spoke in such a beautiful language that I thought for certain the others had been joking about her not knowing Spanish. The Indian woman said that God wanted to baptize a cer-

tain brother with His Spirit but he would not lift his hands. The man still didn't lift them, so the woman suited actions to words, not understanding what she was saying. Leaping over a bench to reach him, she grabbed his hands forcibly upward as he knelt, lifting them over his head. He immediately broke forth in other tongues as the Spirit of God baptized him.

After the service I went over to speak to her, "Well, I guess you were fooling me; now you can speak Spanish." She looked at me blankly as the people around her commented. "Oh, she doesn't speak Spanish, only Guarani." In the Spirit she had been speaking in other tongues, knowing nothing of what she had been saying, even foretelling the coming of the Lord. Yet to us who understood every word she said, a wonderful prophecy had been given.

A move of the Lord began in that land which continued for months in the churches, up into the jungles and out into the colonies of European-speaking folk. Attending some of the services was a younglad, Slavic by birth. This was the first time he had seen such a move of God. "I want this in my life," he determined. Two years later he came to City Bell to participate in the Revival move there. God had forged another link in His chain.

IN THE ARGENTINE CHACO

In the midst of the unfriendly Chaco jungle, hardy peasant folk from Europe had carved out cotton farms. They had known the movings of God in their homeland, but through the great trials of faith in coming to a new land and wresting homes, churches and farms from the hostile land with bare hands and limited tools, they had lost their first love for the Lord. To the elder ones, busy with farm and business, church was a necessary Sunday ritual. To the young people, church was a required habit; they attended in obedience to their parents who demanded it, but they came with laughter, mocking and ridicule. They were known for their backslidden condition and their complete lack of interest in anything spiritual.

Then one day, Christmas time in 1950, the co-pastor and several of his members heard of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit among the Slavic-speaking folk in Buenos

Aires. They went there to visit. Witnessing the glorious work of the Holy Spirit, especially among the young people, inspired them to seek the Lord for themselves. Returning to Chaco they shared first-hand reports of the work of the Lord in the south. A hunger grew in the hearts of the people and they began to seek the Lord. The Holy Spirit moved among them. The young people who had laughed and mocked began to come to the Lord.

A young girl, the most backslidden of the backslidden, came to Him in repentance and was filled with the Holy Spirit. Older eyebrows were raised. "How can this be? The worst one of the whole church is the first one to receive!" But it spoke another message to the other young people. If God had forgiven and baptized the worst among them, then there was hope for all of them. They began to seek earnestly. They felt themselves strangely drawn to seek the Lord - they who had come to church to laugh and mock.

One young man, Alexander, known as the ring leader of mischief among the young people, had been standing at the church door making fun. In a half-drunken state he felt himself drawn irresistibly forward by a great wave of fire. Nearing the altar he threw himself down. His laughter suddenly turned to mourning and he began to weep uncontrollably. In a moment's time the course of his life was changed. He turned his back on sin and turned his face to seek the Lord. Soon God had filled him with the Holy Spirit. In the weeks that followed he spent many night hours in the forests crying out to the Lord before going out to work in the cotton fields all day. He became a young man of prayer - a change so radical that his companions marveled. Several months later the Lord called him to Bible School in City Bell. It was he to whom the heavenly visitor appeared.

The conviction of the Holy Spirit fell upon the older folk one by one. They repented, going to their most bitter enemies to be reconciled after personal wars of ten years' standing. It was not uncommon when the spirit of weeping and repentance came over a person to see him go in humility to his most bitter enemy to be reconciled. This wave of revival lasted several months.

JOINED IN CITY BELL

Alexander from Chaco, the Slavic lad from Paraguay, a young lady from Mendoza, the missionary's daughter from Buenos Aires and others were brought together by the Lord in City Bell in 1951. It was there that the Angel appeared, and we were all brought into His presence with strong intercession for three months.

At the end of that time, a general conference was called. During one service a young Italian man jumped to his feet. Backslidden for many months, he could not withstand the moving of the Spirit of the Lord. Standing up suddenly, he began to confess his coldness and backsliding. Other confessions followed as the spirit of repentance moved among the people. The dinner bell rang but no one heeded it. The Spirit of the Lord began to convict each one of his own lack and need. One by one confessions were made and relationship with the Lord restored. Several missionary leaders, actively in discord with what the Spirit of the Lord was doing, stalked proudly out of the confession meeting, not to return, angry at the turn of the meeting.

In spite of resistance and refusal by some, the Spirit of the Lord continued to move, for many others were open and hungry. After the school term was over, the young people went out two by two to work for the Lord. Two boys went to the town of Veinticinco de Mayo. A Pentecostal church had stood for many years in the town, but it was nearly empty. "The Lord has sent us here," the boys told the startled missionary in charge. "Come on in," she said as she cordially received them.

The boys went to their room to pray. The longer they prayed, the more the burden of the lost came upon them. Attending no services yet, they continued on in prayer, often walking the streets with tears coursing down their cheeks as they prayed for the people. Then the Lord directed them to put up a gospel tent. The only one available was torn and unusable, so they began to mend it themselves. When it was ready they set it up in a good loca-

tion. Out of hearts broken and moved for the needs of the people they began to minister. The Spirit of the Lord moved upon the townspeople who came, and they were wonderfully saved and healed. Soon the church was no longer empty. The same Holy Spirit which had moved in Mendoza, Buenos Aires, Paraguay, Chaco and City Bell was now moving out to the unsaved in other parts of the country. Our hearts rejoiced, and we concluded that surely the Lord was beginning to fulfill the words of the promise given to us in City Bell.

Then a strange, incomprehensible order came from the Lord. "Retire from the field of battle. Go aside and wait and pray." It was a difficult order. We had anticipated a rocket-launching into a sudden, overnight building of His kingdom, and now He was setting us aside into nothingness - into an apparent dismal failure. Yet in obedience to His command, we left City Bell (The Place of His Presence) and moved to another city some 400 kilometers away.

WAIT, WATCH AND PRAY

In the days of waiting, watching and praying in Mar del Plata our faith was sorely tried. The fulfillment of the promises of the Lord was delayed and many began to laugh and deride. Had God really spoken? It was obvious to them that He hadn't, for nothing was coming to pass of what He had promised; so they continued to mock. Many rejected the work God had done in City Bell, concluding there must be something wrong, turning violently against those who believed the promises. After all the wonderful things God had done, only a small band remained who really believed and kept the sayings, pondering them in their hearts. As months lengthened into years our only encouragement was that He who had made the promises was well able to perform them. During those quiet years of waiting, one event happened which brought courage to our hearts. It was a definite confirmation of the word God had given to us during City Bell days.

"Eva Peron shall tremble...she will see the thunder of My Presence fall upon her heart. She will tremble for she shall see Me just as I am." Then one day the news

leaked out throughout the country that Eva Peron was seriously ill. That beautiful but wicked, powerful but evil, adulterous and unrepentant one who ruled with her husband in a strong dictatorship and had made men tremble, was stricken by the Lord; now she would tremble. As the weeks went by the people learned that her illness was incurable. She was sent to the greatest hospitals, even making a secret trip to a famous hospital in New York City, but all to no avail. Leukemia, that terrible cancer of the blood, rampaged through her beautiful body.

Inflexibly the words of God were coming into fulfillment. She fought hard to live, but in spite of money, influence, youth and all that her spiritist friends could do, she sank lower and lower. Eva Peron, the one who had become an ardent spiritist and was taking the country into open spiritism was inexorably taken down into a terrible, rebellious death, screaming for life, tearing out her beautiful hair in bitter rage. Nevertheless, death took her into the presence of her Divine Judge. She saw Him as He is. . . and trembled.

After the glorious months of the visitation of God in Mendoza, after the move of the Spirit among the churches in Argentina and Paraguay, after the Spirit-led days of City Bell we were set aside to do nothing but wait, watch and pray. The days of waiting were difficult. The silence of the Lord after the abundant messages He had given in City Bell sorely tried our faith; it was the hardest time of all. It was comparatively easy to receive the promises in faith, but we found the time of patient waiting for their fulfillment far more difficult. The times and seasons of God were in His hands alone, and He had told us to wait. Over two years went by.

Fulfillment

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. When a stronger than he shall come and overcome him, he taketh from him ALL HIS ARMOUR and divideth his spoils."—Luke 11:21,22

"Impossible!" chorused the "pro-mass-evangelism" committee. Tommy Hicks had just presented his idea of requesting a personal interview with Argentine dictator, President Peron. Tommy, an unknown, unheralded healing evangelist from the United States, desired to request the use of a large sports stadium, radio and press for an evangelistic healing campaign.

Such a thing had never been done before. No one had even considered requesting the privilege of using such a large stadium; it just seemed too preposterous. Even if one could obtain permission, there weren't that many "evangelicos" interested enough in the healing ministry to fill it.

Tommy wanted a meeting place that would seat 25 thousand; the committee considered that 25 hundred would be overly sufficient. Tommy said he would not start unless a large stadium was obtained. Services of a well known missionary-healing-evangelist had been solicited, but it had been impossible for him to come; it looked as though Tommy was the man. With some fear and misgivings, deliberations continued.

The conclusions of the committee were justifiable, considering all things from man's point of view. Up until this time the evangelical works were limited. Most of the churches were comparatively small; conversions were "one-here-and-one-there"; healings were numbered. Who could imagine that God would move out on a large scale when He had never done it before! As it resulted, even Tommy Hicks' faith was too small. I don't believe anyone, including Tommy himself, anticipated the magnitude of what God was about to do.

As to obtaining the use of press and radio, it seemed ridiculous to even consider it. Under the dictatorship, all religious activities were closely censored. All meeting schedules had to be reported. Special permission had to be obtained for any large gathering. Careful records were kept in government files. Tommy's request was

understandably unfeasible; it had just "never been done before." And the prevailing conditions of the moment did not indicate the possibility of any miracle.

Nevertheless, Tommy insisted on visiting the President. A provincial governor told this story in our hearing; we share it with you.

When told of the impossibility and uselessness of an interview with the President, Tommy went to his hotel room to pray. He knew that God had sent him to Argentina and he knew that his God was bigger than any dictator or government; so he decided to go see the dictator himself. High foreign government officials had been refused with Peron. How could an unknown, unheralded, unimportant U.S. preacher ever get an audience with him? But Tommy Hicks believed his God. Walking up to the Casa Rosada (Pink House) where the government offices are, he neared the door.

An armed guard who served as porter stopped him, asking brusquely, "Who are you? What do you want?" Pastor Hicks carefully explained to him what he wanted - to hold a salvation-healing campaign. The more he explained the more interested the guard became. Finally he asked, "Do you mean to say that God can heal?" "Yes, He can and He will!" replied Tommy. "Well," said the guard. "Can He heal me?" "Give me your hand," responded the evangelist; and right there he prayed the prayer of faith. The power of God surged into that guard's body; in a moment his pain and sickness were gone.

Feeling the power of God, the man was utterly astonished. He felt himself all over, then in utter amazement said, "Why, it's all gone; all the pain is gone!" "Of course, it's gone," replied Tommy, "God has healed you." "You come back here tomorrow and I will get you in to see the President," replied the guard.

The next day when Tommy returned, the same guard greeted him most cordially, then escorted him to the great door of the private office of the President of Argentina.

The President greeted Tommy and his interpreter cordially, offered them a seat and asked their reason for coming. Carefully Pastor Hicks explained in detail the desire that God had placed upon his heart - to hold a city-wide salvation-healing campaign in a large stadium, with

full press and radio coverage. The President listened thoughtfully. In amazement, he heard for the first time of the power of God to heal and save, for Tommy was faithful to preach the Gospel to him that day.

At that time the President was suffering from a most persistent and disfiguring skin disease - an exzema which up to that time no physician had been able to cure. It had grown steadily worse, becoming so noticeable that he no longer allowed photographs to be taken. His ailment had become common knowledge.

Listening to the story of Jesus - the Son of God who heals through faith and prayer alone - the President asked, "Can God heal me?" Pastor Hicks answered, "Give me your hand." Right there, with hands clasped over the big desk, little Pastor Hicks prayed the prayer of faith for President Peron, dictator of Argentina. The power of God flowed into the President's body; God did an instantaneous miracle of grace and mercy.

Before the eyes of all present, the skin of President Peron became as clean as a baby's; he was instantly made whole. Stepping back in utter amazement, he wiped his hand over his face and exclaimed in astonishment, "Dios mio, estoy curado!" (My God, I am cured!). And he was healed; the exzema had all disappeared. The Name of Jesus had prevailed.

Opening his arms wide in a characteristic gesture, he gave Tommy everything he desired - freedom of press, freedom of radio, and freedom to hold a large gathering. In gratitude for his healing, under the touch of the hand of God, his soul awed in the presence of power and might, the President made the impossible, possible.

Barred doors were thrown open and God made a way where there was no way. In a moment, God had done what no man could do.

The Atlantic stadium with a seating capacity of 25 thousand was rented. God began to stretch out His hand, even though the beginning crowds were small. The news spread rapidly; God began to heal. Before long, larger crowds were coming out to see and hear this "miracle worker" as he was called. Ushers were soon working 12-hour-a-day shifts. Often the bleachers were occupied several hours before the services were scheduled to begin. Because of the many people who had to remain on the out-

side, loud speakers were installed. Inside the stadium, the walk-ways were filled, then the crowd pushed down the fence surrounding the playing field and surged across, filling the field as well. They pushed down the doors of the stadium and shoved their way in.

One night the workmen were unable to assemble the platform because of the pressing crowds. When Pastor Hicks arrived, escorted by a line of policemen, he went over to a corner of the field; the crowd surged towards him, giving the workmen room to put the platform up.

As God began to move, some of the people shouted, others cheered, others wept, others pushed forward to touch the evangelist or to stand in his shadow as he passed.

When the evangelist preached a simple sermon (for he was not a great orator) about Jesus, the Savior and the Healer, the multitudes responded, "We want this Jesus as our Savior and our Healer." Pastor Hicks turned to the ministers on the platform saying, "Do you see this beautiful scene? Argentina needs Christ. Don't your hearts burn?"

When the prayer of faith was spoken, the evangelist cried, "Release your faith; do what you were unable to do before." There was a movement everywhere. Abandoned crutches were raised up in the air. Some cried, "I can see." Others abandoned their wheel chairs. People observed amazed, thrilled, hopeful and pensive.

One night it was announced that the campaign would draw to a close. The multitude stood up, waved their handkerchiefs and shouted for about 15 minutes, "Let it go on. Let Hicks remain!" It sounded like the roaring of a restless sea. After a hasty deliberation, it was decided to continue the campaign. The mushroom growth continued.

People spent the night in the stadium to assure themselves of a better seat for the next service; the cold of early winter had already set in.

Because of the overflow crowds, a much larger stadium was rented - the great Huracan stadium, the largest in the country with capacity for 180,000. It had never been filled; no sports event or political rally had ever filled it. And now the little, unknown Gospel preacher had dared to rent it. The Angel had said that the wave of blessing

God would send would fill the largest places with vast multitudes seeking to hear the Gospel; rulers would hear the message. Now it was literally coming to pass.

God was moving; His mighty plan was being fulfilled. God was going to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ so forcefully to Argentina that it would forever know that His hand was not shortened nor His ear heavy. The Gospel was to make a mighty impact upon the nation of 20 million people.

Argentina, strong, powerful, wealthy, influential, but at the same time proud, idolatrous, wicked and pagan; God was going to move it out of its papal orbit that it might revolve around Jesus Christ.

The power of God swept over that vast throng in wave after wave. Night after night the healing virtue of Jesus flowed out to the thousands who released their faith in God. Outstanding healings took place, too numerous to recount. The full account is accurately recorded in heavenly courts.

The thought and ordinary routine of the nation began to change as a new day dawned. Through press and radio the news flashed to all Argentina. Magazines printed articles with photographs of what God was doing. Daily papers printed notices of meetings and miracles.

All available copies of the Bible were sold, 55,000 of them. The people clamoured for a copy, nearly snatching them from the ushers' hands. Urgent request went out by air-mail for more copies to be sent.

Stolid cynicism gave way to hope. Proud Argentines became as emotional as any Pentecostal. Every night, a shouting, singing audience responded to the power of God as Pastor Hicks ministered to them the joy of deliverance. A mighty rush began - a migration similar to the gold rush in the early days to the West. But what the people found was better than gold; they found the Fountain of Life. Healing waters were flowing; the power of God was moving out to the people.

Using busses, subways, trucks, trams, trains and any other available conveyance, they came. From as far away as Bolivia, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay and the farthest corners of Argentina, they converged to the place where God was meeting man's need. When chauffeurs were asked, "Where is the campaign being held?" there was a stock

answer, "Where you see the people get off, you get off too. Follow them and they will take you to the stadium." For blocks around, the crowds all moved in the same direction, making a tremendous traffic snarl.

Inside the stadium, where someone tried to light a cigarette, others obliged him to put it out. "Mal educado," (poorly educated) they called, "Here is the Word of God is preached."

The president of the Huracan Football Club remarked publicly that he had never seen such an assemblage of persons in all his life, estimating that there must be at least 180,000 in the stadium.

Wherever men met, there was one topic of conversation. In homes and on the streets people commented pro and con about the Gospel campaign in Huracan stadium; hymns and choruses were sung in public conveyances. On a bus a sceptic tried to convince another that the whole thing was nothing but a hoax. The other man argued that it wasn't. A third entered the conversation, affirming that everything was true, for God had healed his wife of paralysis. The sceptic offered no further arguments.

In a factory, when comments were being made about the campaign, some tried to make fun. A man got up and obliged them to be silent; in the campaign his high-school-age daughter had been healed. She had one leg shorter than the other and had been healed instantaneously, discarding her orthopedic shoe.

The lame were walking, the paralyzed set free. The blind were seeing, stretcher cases healed. Ambulances brought invalid patients and returned empty. Life and health flowed like a river, for God had come to Argentina.

The hotel where Pastor Hicks stayed appeared more like a receiving ward in a great hospital. Ambulances brought people at any hour of the day or night; the lobby became crowded with needy people. Workers were recruited to help the ones who came to the hotel.

Nightly the crowds increased until the stadium could seat no more. They filled the aisles and passage ways. Still on they came like a great surging tidal wave of humanity - people as a giant waving field of ready-to-be harvested grain.

The stadium was filled to capacity; not even standing room remained. Still on they came, until for blocks

around the stadium in every direction a great sea of humanity gathered. The doors had been closed an hour before the service began. Messages reached them through loudspeakers; the wave of healing power reached out to them as well.

An English paper of Buenos Aires reported one of the services favorably, estimating the crowds as being 200,000. It spoke of the hundreds who waited from early morning for the stadium gates to open. A short time after the service had begun it was practically impossible to travel either by tram or bus in the direction of the stadium, for everyone appeared to be making his way there. Although a vast crowd filled the stadium, hundreds more milled around the entrances, swarming up the steps and blocking all gangways. Tommy Hicks, standing alone in the large expanse of greengrass, looking around at the thousands of faces all looking in his direction, preached that Jesus Christ came to reveal God to the World. The multitudes said, "Hallelujah," clapped their hands, sang a hymn, raised their arms to God, stood, then bowed their heads in prayer. The silence was impressive.

God was visiting Argentina in a sovereign way; He was making a whole nation conscious of His Name, His power and the reality of His gospel. No more could people blindly accept the claims of an oft-times depraved clergy; no more would the vile idols of Catholicism hold complete sway over the minds of men as they had up until then. Rome's power was broken; her hold over Argentine minds was gone forever. For a time Catholicism remained the state religion, but in name only.

Who can describe those days? Who can measure such happiness and joy? Who can tell of the tremendous relief from pain and misery, fear and sickness? God swept it all away in torrents of Divine love.

A little child of over three had been unable to walk without heavy steel braces; something was wrong in the bone structure of the leg. When the mass prayer was made, the mother took off the child's braces in faith; the child started walking. As he ran up and down, the crowds began to cheer, to weep and shout. Faith rose in many hearts and miracles began to happen spontaneously out in the crowds. A doctor who knew the child's case observed the miracle, then came over to where

Pastor Hicks was standing. Grabbing him around the knees, he began to cry out, "I want this Christ; I want to be saved; I can serve a God who will do this for little children."

A 20-year-old youth was brought to the stadium on a stretcher. An invalid from birth, he had never walked. Because of the vast crowds and the impossibility of nearing the platform, an usher volunteered to help the stretcher carriers make their way forward. The next night a woman sought out the same usher, saying, "See that young man in the bleachers?" The young man saw them looking and waved. It was the same youth who had arrived the night before on the stretcher; he had been completely healed.

A noted publisher was healed of hemorrhoids, deformed and enlarged varicose veins, rheumatism and failing sight; his healing was recorded in an important magazine.

One night policemen brought a demon-possessed woman to the platform. When the evangelist cried out in a loud voice, "Demon, come out!" terror filled those who heard him. The policemen lowered their caps in an attitude of reverence. The demon fled and the woman raised her hands and began to praise God for her liberty.

People from all walks of life came to the meetings - the crippled and the blind, the sick and the poor, the rich and the not-so-rich, old people, mothers, fathers and young people.

The sister of the vice-president of Bolivia brought her children to be healed. The wife of the vice-president of Argentina held prayer meetings and Bible studies in her home. One of the wealthiest women in Argentina came to the Lord; a provincial governor was healed.

Death fled from hundreds of his prey at the rebuke of Him who took captivity captive. Mothers received their babies safe and well again. Others leapt from their beds of affliction absolutely whole. Fathers returned to work to bring home bread for loved ones; home became home again.

Salvation, real and certain, came to many homes. Hearts of thousands were turned from their sins. The rich and poor, educated and uneducated, high and low, governors and beggars met God together in those days.

Nearly two months of glory on earth - from mid-April to mid-June in 1954. Heaven bent low and kissed earth. The blood of Jesus washed people every whit clean and whole. Traditional church people received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

But the strength and endurance of Pastor Tommy Hicks was giving out, so the Lord released him to return to the United States. Scarcely eating or sleeping during those tremendous days, carrying a heavy spiritual burden, he could continue on no longer.

Great consternation came to the thousands when he announced his decision to conclude the services. The multitudes who had been healed, saved and filled with the Holy Spirit only God can number. A newspaperman desired to publish an evangelical paper, others offered to donate funds that a stadium for evangelistic services might be built; professional people desired to abandon their careers to dedicate their lives to the ministry. Now the vast throng was left, apparently without a shepherd. All ended, seemingly abruptly.

Yet we do not feel qualified to question the wisdom of the plan of God, for this was the end of only another glorious chapter in God's historic invasion of Argentina. Nor is it over yet. For since those days, in other places and in other ways, God has done marvelous things. There are yet many things to fulfill of those things promised by the Angel in City Bell.

Ministers lighted their dimly burning torches in the blazing flame of the awakening. Hitherto unknown "little evangelists" caught the vision of what God could do, and spread out over the country ministering in turn to thousands more. One young man, a backslidden called-to-be preacher left his professional sports career to become an outstanding evangelist-pastor. His brother also saw the glory of the Lord; the same flame of God ignited in his soul. When he launched out in evangelism the hand of the Lord was upon him. Young would-be ministers and Bible School students, seeing what God could do, launched out in healing ministries; new works were opened. Churches reaped new members, new buildings were secured to care for the crowds; extra church services were added.

No doubt, the Hicks campaign with its spectacular,

overnight growth and post-campaign complications was not the way man would have done things; he would have planned better. But God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts ours. We may philosophize and wonder, but God goes right on with the fulfillment of His plans, moving with those who will dare to believe Him and follow Him whithersoever He goeth. For God was not through. And He still is not through with His mighty purposes for Argentina.

God did not sovereignly choose Argentina to bring forth such tremendous things for nought. Here in a country steeped in idolatry and paganism, filth and degradation, God brought forth one of the greatest single mass operations of Divine Grace ever recorded in Christian history. Nearly a decade later, we are still reaping the positive effects from that outpouring of His Spirit.

A great light dawned upon Argentine consciousness. Overnight, people became Gospel conscious; great barriers were thrown down. The Gospel was of interest to the man in the street; it was no longer a despised "sect of devils." A million chains were broken from the minds and hearts of men. The "strong man" (Matt. 12:28-29) of Argentina was bound, the ruling spirit of this country overcome by the strength of God. The Word of God reached out and out and out; God began to fulfill His promises.

Everywhere, from Chaco in the north, to Patagonia, Argentina's great southland, God was moving forth. The Man of War had stretched out His right hand; in it was hidden the secret of His power. His right hand had done valiantly; it became glorious in power. It dashed in pieces the enemy; it destroyed them. The Lord made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations.

The last chapter has not yet been written, for as yet it has not been enacted. The story is still not ended, nor has it all been told. It cannot be written, for as in the book of the Acts, it still continues on.

A fire was kindled; it continues burning. In the words of Ezk. 20:46-48, "Son of man, set thy face toward the south . . . say to the forest of the south . . . Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree. The flaming flame

shall not be quenched, and all faces from the south shall be burned therein. And all flesh shall see that I the Lord have kindled it; it shall not be quenched.”

The story of the “flaming flame” must yet be written.

Supplement

The following excerpts were taken from the messages given in City Bell in 1951. Translated from Spanish, they have been re-grouped according to subjects, and are not necessarily presented in the order originally given.

A CALL TO BROKENNESS

You ask me to break you;
I draw near to do it,
And you flee from me.
Do you wish to be broken?
Think well.

I want your heart,
Contrite and humbled;
Thus I can work.

If you go down,
You go up.
If you go up,
You go down.

Humble yourselves
And I will exalt you.
With all naturalness,
Simplicity and humility
I will do my work in you.
Humble yourselves.

Without submission, you will
not be able to obtain
Continue going down
day after day.

Don't be surprised that when
you have gone
Completely down,
I will raise you up
From there.

A CALL TO CLEANSING

Pure is my presence.
Be holy because I am holy.
Prepare yourself.

You are an instrument
In my hands;
But my instrument
Is not dirty.

Reach out your hand --
But clean.
Not only your hand
But your heart.
Extend your hand
Together with your heart.

I can, without any difficulty
Take your heart
And cleanse it.
But how am I going to do it
If you have not given it over
To me entirely?

You cannot give your heart
Over into my hands
And maintain it yourself.

I walk slowly among you;
I am looking at your heart.
Do not place holiness
On top of sin;
First take away the sin.

Your "I" must not be there;
 It must disappear.
 Take away from you
 Your personal ego.

Certainly it will hurt!
 A fishhook enters easily
 But wounds when it comes out.

If you do not learn of me,
 What will you teach?
 If you do not pass
 Through the fire,
 How will you speak
 Of the fire that I have?
 I bring fire in my hand;
 I must burn everything.

Everything that is
 Within your heart I see.
 Do you know what I see?
 A forest of evil to burn.
 I can only burn it
 If you let me.

Certainly in my kingdom,
 There must not be
 Any filthy thing
 That belongs to thee.
 Because of this,
 I must reduce it all
 To ashes.
 So I can put
 My kingdom there.
 And go to dwell therein.

I want to put my hand
 With purifying fire
 Within your soul.
 Your heart will burn
 Together with your being.
 But I must burn
 If you will allow me to.
 All stains will disappear.

A multitude of abominations
 I see within your heart
 Of which you are unaware;
 But I see them clearly.

All of this I must burn;
 It is pain to your body
 But it is joy to your soul
 Allow me to work in you.

Do not leave me.
 I am letting you know
 In order that you will not flee
 When your moment arrives.

Is your heart burning?
 A great forest
 I have to burn,
 Huge trunks
 Embedded in the depths
 Which will wound you.
 But do not fear;
 Allow me to take them out.
 I will heal the wounds tenderly.

Without a clean heart --
 A humbled heart --
 I will not bless you.

With egotism, personal pride
 You will be
 Nothing more than statues
 Which I will take
 Out of my presence.

All that you see
 That appears wrong
 To your eyes
 Is my plan;
 Which you will not understand
 Until all be fulfilled.

You are a mountain of seeds
 With refuse

And many imperfections
Which I have to pass
Through the wind;
In order that only those
Which give the fruit
That I wish remain.
You are the seeds;
I am passing you
Through the sieve.

Allow me to enter your heart;
I can transform you.

Do you know me?
Do you know who I am?
Your father —
He who changes lives
And makes the black
Turn to white.

'To be... or not to be.'
Be as I want.

A CALL TO DISCIPLESHIP

Who is first in your life?
How much time
Do you spend for me?
And for yourself?
Half? No!
Everything or nothing.

It will not be agreeable
Neither pleasant
To leave everything for me.

Remember:
The natural of this world
Will pass away;
But I am eternal.

Don't be afraid
To leave father, mother
Or whatsoever

You most love here
For me.

How many of you
Will enter the ranks
Of the 'givers of their lives'
For the souls that perish?
How many are ready
To follow me?

Of all I called
Not all I chose.
Seek to be chosen.

Thinkest thou that all is easy?
Certainly thou wast not safe.
Yet thou art
In a precious place,
In a place of comfort.
But Someone
Paid a great fortune for thee.
Greater than all the wealth
Of the earth.

You will shine;
But I shall refine.
There is war
Between me and you;
But I will take care of it.
My promises are faithful;
I will not fail them.

Count all the times
That I failed my promises.
I am faithful to my promises.

The manner in which I work
The human mind
Cannot understand, nor reason.

Why do you doubt
And say I am not with you,
In the very moment
That I am guiding your lives?

I am thy God.
 Thou shalt have
 No one in the world as I am.
 I will uphold thee;
 I will clothe thee;
 I will live with thee.
 Permit me
 To enter within thee.

Be patient!
 Learn to wait in me.
 Waiting and believing
 You will receive.
 Do not become desperate
 Nor say when.
 Leave it in my hands.
 Only wait for me.

Why do you trust
 In your mind and ideas?
 Trust in me.

Ask of me faith
 Believing
 That you will receive it;
 And I will give it to you.

Believe!
 I am thy God who giveth
 Abundant life to thee.

Believe!
 Confidence in my words
 Is of great importance.

A CALL TO LIFE LIGHT AND LOVE

I will give you life.
 Not poor and weak life
 But life in me.

Rivers of virtue
 Flowing out from me

Enter into you
 To flow out to the world.

Is God a God of lies?
 I am faithful --
 And you?

You are but a shadow.
 If I take my light away
 You will certainly disappear.
 I am a God of light.

Can you measure
 My love for you?
 It is great;
 It is high --
 As high as from you to me,
 Deep and wide.

With eternal love,
 I have loved you.
 With love, I will pardon
 Your iniquities.

Love without pretense.
 I do not desire from you
 Feigned love.
 I desire that you love me
 In truth --
 And with all your heart.

If you love me;
 Do as I command you.

What have you done
 With the love
 That I gave you?
 Why do you not love
 One another?
 Have you not learned
 Of me?
 You should not look
 To others.
 Look only to me.

Love one another with the love
That I gave you.

If those surrounding you
Who already love you

You do not love,
How will you be able

To love those
Who hate you?

Don't cease from loving

Your enemies
And your neighbors.

Many suffer pain,
Illness, anguish,
And sadness because of sin.

Call to them!
Intercede for them!

Can the world

Now see me in you?
And can they contemplate
My love and my goodness?

Of my love you have received.
Give of my love.

A CALL TO OBEDIENCE

You cannot come to me
Anyway you like,
Without having first decided
To be under my hand.

I need you to be ready to do
Not what you wish,
But that which I wish.

Fulfill faithfully everything
I order you to do.

Run not ahead of me to do
That which I ordain not.

Do not fear to make a mistake
Fear must come out of you.

If you do not do
All that I say unto you,
You can appear to be like me
But you are not.

In you I cannot work.
You do not continually do
What I tell you to do.
Fulfill!

It is not sufficient
That you pray to me.
You have to live
According to my will.

Do not give place
To your enemy.
Subject yourselves to me,
And also to those
That I am directing
With my hand upon them.

Are you willing --
To fulfill my will?
Do you desire --
All that is my will?
Will you do --
According to my sayings?

I found many before you
Who promised me
In a great way
To do my will
To walk according
To my commandments.
But I found in them:
Indisposition, deceit, fear,
And love for themselves.

Do not permit your life
To enter into lightness.
Do all that is pleasing to me,
And subject yourselves
To my will.

Walk in my way;
 Don't depart from it.
 For if you wander away,
 With difficulty
 You will return.

Learn from the life of Jonah.
 Silence not the truth;
 But give not my pearls
 Before swine.

A CALL TO PRAYER

What are you seeking?
 What are you looking for?
 Seek God!
 What you are looking for
 Is in my hands.

The desire to cry unto me
 Must burn in you.

Day and night
 Cry out to me.
 Don't be careless.
 Cry out to me.
 I am your Father.

Don't waste time;
 Seek my face.

Do not fear to seek me alone.
 What I will give you;
 You will find alone.

You must pray to me
 Continually.
 It doesn't matter
 Where you are,
 Nor what duty
 you are fulfilling.
 Pray to me.

Continue digging
 For when
 You least anticipate it,
 You will find great riches.

Pray without ceasing.
 It is not necessary for you
 To be on your knees
 All the time.

Habit prayer? No!
 Prayer
 In spirit and in truth.

Child, where am I?
 Am I only there
 Where you are on your knees?
 Don't you know
 That I am by your side
 Even when you are resting.

I wish to be with you
 Without ceasing.
 Take care that you do not
 Exclude me
 Even for a moment.

Wherever you find yourselves,
 Continue crying out.
 How do you expect to be
 As I am
 If you do not even pray?

Don't sleep spiritually.
 If you sleep
 I will pass by your side,
 And you will not see me.

My greatness is offered to you
 Because you are thirsty.
 But you did not drink
 Of the water I gave you;
 You drank of that which

I did not give you.

Do not think that because
I do not go to you
With manifestations of power
And answers
To your petitions,
I have forgotten you.

Do not think
That I have forgotten you,
If you do not see
My answer soon.
All that you go through
Praying in truth
Brings you nearer to me.
Call out!
Even though you see
An impossibility before you.

If you do not have to suffer,
Wrestle, cry,
Wear out your body,
And wait --
How can you appreciate
That which I give to you?

Everything is working out
For good.
Continue seeking me
With patience
And with continued humility.

A CALL TO SUFFERING

Certainly you will have
To suffer.
But what do you prefer?
To suffer
And have me dwell in you?
Or not to suffer
And be simply human
Before me?

What is the human
In my presence?
Only abomination to me.

Do not think that
The path you run is
Roses without thorns;
Of thorns
There are multitudes.

In the moment of the test
Fix your eyes upon me;
And face together with me
The situation I put
Before you.

You will have to suffer
Cold, hunger, persecution
And even death.

Seek refuge,
I will not let you
Be overcome
By the host of enemies.

Throw thyself into my hands.
Thou shalt not perish.
But my Sun of Righteousness
Shall shine before thee.

A CALL TO TRUTH

Do not allow yourself
To be deceived
By your heart.
I look at it
And great evil it has.
But don't trust
In what it tells you.
Look only to me.

Don't allow yourself
To be blinded
By false ideas

Formed in your heart.
 Don't trust in it;
 It deceives you.
 Don't have confidence in it;
 For it betrays you.

I have conquered the one
 Who puts confusion
 In your mind.

Before me
 There is nothing hidden;
 I am He
 Who searches your heart;
 I know of what things
 You have need.

A CALL TO VICTORY

Behold! Contemplate him
 Who between
 Heaven and earth
 Was lifted up for you.

The Kingdom of my Father
 Must be the heart.

It is not my fault
 If your desire
 Is not fulfilled.
 I offer you even
 My very Kingdom.

I will give you all
 That I promised you;
 But do not think
 You are going to find it
 Living lightly.

It is not sufficient for anyone
 To have experienced
 The Baptism of the Holy Spirit;
 I have much more for you.

Be quiet about that of which
 You know nothing.

Without me you are nothing;
 But I dwell within you.
 Without me you are nothing;
 You are but dust.

If you do not wish to go
 Where I want --
 Go where you want.
 I do not guide you tied to me.

I will hide you in my shelter,
 Even though the angered sea
 Against you come.

Be careful of yourself.
 Do not be careless
 Lest in your carelessness
 You should trip,
 And lose all that I give you.
 You are blessed;
 Don't be careless
 With your blessedness.

Look only at me;
 Look not
 At the storm around you.
 Because if you do --
 A ray of it
 Will take possession of you.

Watch that you walk
 In Spiritual oneness.
 You should be united
 With unity of love in spirit.

Leave all offenses in my hands;
 Do not judge anyone.

They will say of me --
 Blasphemies;
 But do not rise against them.

Watch that you do not murmur
Against my anointed one.

Can you understand
My work among you
And among those
Whom I choose?
If you can, explain it.
Do not try, vainly
Because no one
Can understand my work
In its beginnings,
If I do not reveal it to him.

Do not fear
That which you hear
Contrary to my work.
Men's minds
Cannot understand;
They are too small.

Will you cease to cry out
And seek my face
Because you do not
Understand my work?

If up until now
You do not have the victory,
Will you abandon me
Because of this?

There is war
Between me and you.
But I will take care of it.

Draw near in confidence
To where I am.

The roaring lion walks
On the face of the earth;
Woe unto him
And his followers.
Are you afraid of him?
Do not be afraid.

I want you to know
That he lives and dwells
Within his own houses;
Do not have anything to do
With such places.

You are in a vile world
But you are
Of a celestial world
The place where I dwell.

Movies are immoral.
Do not take me
Where I must not go.
Do not touch filthy things.

Do not allow yourselves
To be tempted by the Devil.
He stupifies you.
But I give you life.

A CALL TO ARGENTINA

Oh, Argentina!
You who are rejecting
My love!
Why are you so proud?
Because you are rich?
Who gave you the riches?
Stop and think.
I still have not taken away
My love toward you.
But if you persist
In rejecting
You will not see my glory.

Your heart abounds in vanity;
You love vanity.
But you do not think of my love.
You love me outwardly
But you do not look
At your inward nakedness.

Look! Think!

Stop in your tracks!

Oh, soon, soon, soon,

You will tremble;

Your inward parts will shake.

Oh, woe unto you

If you continue on like this;

Certainly my wrath

Will be upon you.

Your judgments

Are like a raging sea.

Why do you justify yourself?

You think

That all you have is yours.

Your footstool is mine --

Together with all

That is above and within it.

Ay! Ay! Do not reject me.

Why do you

Puff yourself up vainly?

You do not have anything.

Naked, blind, poor,

Wretched you are.

But if you ask

With real humility,

I will raise you up.

If you humble

Yourself before me,

You will have life.

Look at what

I am saying to you:

I do not dwell

In temples of vanity.

Nor am I in statues

Which your hands

Have made.

A hard thing it is

For you to trust vainly in idols

Which only take you

Into misery and wretchedness.

You think that

You are the highest one;

Vanity superabounds

On your countenance.

Behold, you are a servant.

But if you obey

And yield yourself

In my hands

To fulfill my will,

I will heap blessings on you

And I will dwell with you.

I send you a powerful wave,

But woe to you

If you reject it,

And it return to me.

Beautiful you are;

but black is your heart.

Oh, man who is drowned,

Not with water but with sin.

Humble yourself

And I will pardon you.

If you do not do this,

You will die without mercy

For great is your pride.

You do not know my love.

If you did know it,

How you would lament

Because of your condition.

I am giving you time

But it is fleeting;

Do not let it go by

Without being converted

To Me.

Know you not

That the end of all this

Is that you may see me
Just as I am?

You know me not yet.

Wait, let the time pass by
As you walk with me.

Then you can answer

'I know thee!'

'Yes, I know thee!'

And I will give you life

Such as will cause

All around you to tremble.

Never boast yourself

Before me.

This country will hear --

Will see and be amazed

Upon seeing her condition

Of sin before me.

Would that she does not

Remain in her pride

And rise up and I go from her.

From the north to the south

From the east to the west

My voice will be heard.

Virtue will flow through you

To the world,

Which will bring them

To my feet,

And they will repent.

The city of sin (Buenos Aires)

Will tremble.

I will visit Chaco,

Together with the other

Provinces.

They are living

Under human will

And not mine.

Eva Duarte (Peron)

Shall tremble

With all her principal

Leaders and helpers.

They shall know who God is;

They shall be

Greatly terrified.

Woe to them.

Eva Duarte (Peron) shall see

The thunder of my presence

Fall upon her heart.

She and her faithful

Companions

Shall greatly tremble,

When they see me

As I really am.

In the south of Argentina,

A multitude of Argentines

Know nothing of my Son, Jesus.

They live lives full of evil

Which I cannot stand.

Some of you shall stand before

Rulers and great ones

In the land.

But before me,

They are low and vile.

Great halls of pleasure

Shall be temples unto me

In which they shall see

My glory.

Thousands will be saved.

The theaters and every place

Of your enemy

Will remain almost

Completely empty,

Because I will come

To this country.

Not only here (in this land)

But in every country

And city

Which I indicated to you,
Great places
Will have to be occupied
In order that people
Can listen and repent.

Many will be converted to me.
But if they refuse me
And do not become
Converted to me,
Great will be their ruin.

Black stains has the world:
Pride is the greatest;
Vanity and disobedience;
Highmindedness
And rebellion.

Thousands lie
In the tomb of sin.
The night is very near to you.
And is about
To extend its black cloak.

Find this:
'To take out pride.'
For the day is coming
When I will pour out
My wrath.
Woe to him who does not
Humble himself before me.

A CALL TO THE WORLD

Oh, vile world!
Surely now
You shall tremble
Under my hand.

If you do not repent,
You shall be
An abomination to me,
And with fire
I shall consume you.

The world is groaning;
It is about to explode;
The world shall perish.

Oh, world!
You shall perish
Without pity,
If you do not take
The last opportunity
That I give.
Prepare yourself, oh, world.

I am coming soon; I delay not.
That which I told you to do
Oh, that it be done
When you awake
To my coming.

The world
Is going to pass away
In a short while.

A CALL TO YOU

What do you think of Argentina?
What do you desire
Her future to be?
What are you doing for her?
Doesn't her situation move you?
Look how she
Is living in sin!
There are many
Who do it ignorantly;
But what are you doing
For her?

Come!
Let us cross her paths,
Proclaiming
What I will give you.

Where is my love in you?
Where is your love
For your neighbor?

These Argentines
Are your neighbors also.

What have you done
With the love
I gave you for souls?
They are already
Perishing!

What are you going to do
For them?

Multitudes of souls perish --
Souls that are
Miserable and waiting.
Look . . . and lament.
Are you going to rescue them?
Harden not your hearts.

