

Treasured Testimonies



When God led Joshua and the Children of Israel towards Jericho, and they came to the river Jordan, God performed a great miracle for His people. As the priests that bare the ark of the covenant entered the brim of the water, God parted the water - stopped the river from flowing - and allowed the people to cross over Jordan on dry ground. And the Lord commanded Joshua to have twelve men (one from each tribe) each take a stone from the midst of the river where the priests' feet stood, and carry them out. He wanted them to make a memorial, so that when their children ask their ancestors "what mean these stones", they could be told and reminded what God had done for His people. And the last verse says "That all the people of the earth may know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty; that ye might fear the Lord your God for ever".

Those "stones of remembrance" today are similar to the many testimonies that have been told by God's children down through the years. He wants to be praised for His mighty works, those big and small. And He wants us to testify to His goodness, mercy and grace. Over many years, the testimonies of "what God has done" have served as thanksgiving and praise to Him, and have encouraged the saints. Knowing that God changeth not - what He's done for others, He will do for you.

1st Chronicles 16:8 - Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people.

Psalms 9:11 - Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

Psalms 26:7 - That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Ephesians 3:20 - Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus through-out all ages, world without end.

This collection of treasured testimonies are dear to the hearts of some of the members from Huntsville Holiness Church.

A special thank you to, **Sis. Sonya Clemons**,
for designing the beautiful cover picture.

Sis. Karen Bradford:

I feel so humbled that the Lord does so very much for me....big and small.... which all are great when He does them. Some time ago, I asked the Lord, "What can I do for you, for all you do for me?" He told me, "Just live for Me". I replied, "That's easy Lord! I can do that!" I am so honored to live for Him! One day at a time for over 45 years, I have tried to do that, by keeping Him the priority in my Life. He never promised that it would always be roses and sunshine, but He did promise He would be there! He always has been there, right by my side! I'm so thankful for that!

Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Bro. Gary Bradford:

I received the precious gift of the Holy Ghost on May 7, 1968. One day shortly thereafter, I was looking out the window from my office at the City of Huntsville Municipal Building, looking across the lagoon towards the Huntsville Utilities building. In my mind, I said, "Lord, I want to still have the Holy Ghost in 10 years". (As a young Child of God, 10 years sounded like a very long time to me.) The Lord spoke to me and said, "Take it one day at a time". That is what I have done for over 54 years now. I have made it this far by "Taking it one day at a time".

In January of 1969, three couples from church (My wife Sibyl and I, Brother Bill and Sister Eula Mae Price, and Brother Harold and Sister Libby Simmons) made a trip to North Carolina to visit Sister Linda Potter and her husband Junior. He was in the Marines and was involved in an accident, getting thrown from a vehicle and was run over. Junior was in a military hospital, in critical condition, and it didn't look hopeful for him at all. On a Friday afternoon, we drove off in the night headed to North Carolina. The next morning, when we arrived at the hospital, Sister Linda was watching out the window for us when we pulled up in the parking lot, and she met us downstairs, so happy to see friends from back home, and

hoping for help for Junior. When we went to the motel, and got checked in, we found that our rooms were near the mechanical equipment. In most cases, we would not have preferred having rooms where it was so noisy. But we were in the perfect place; we could pray as loud as we wanted to, begging God to intervene for Junior. We were not there on a social visit; we were there on serious business. Since Junior was in isolation, we were required to wear a hospital robe when we visited him. Only 2 robes were provided for his visitors. Being on the weekend, the laundry was closed, so there was no way to get additional robes. Each time we visited; the situation looked so very serious. We made several visits over the weekend, and when it was time for our last visit, Sib and I went first. When we came out, Sister Eula Mae and Sister Libby went back to visit. I could see that the other brothers would be the last to go and they would get to go together. I was the oldest in age, but the youngest in the Lord, and I was willing to stay back and let them go together for the final visit. Brother Harold said, "Come on Gary". I just went along, and when we got to the place where the robes were hanging, there was 3 robes, one for each of us brothers. Keep in mind, there was only 2 robes when Sister Eula Mae and Sister Libby had just come out from their visit. The Lord provided the third robe just for me! The three of us brothers went back to Junior's room for the final visit. Junior asked Brother Harold to sing "The Lights of Home". Brother Harold began to sing and during the song, I began to feel the Lord and felt like laying hands on Sister Linda. I remembered our teaching about being careful, but just in case, I reached over and laid one hand on her. The Spirit of the Lord came in the room and we all felt His presence. We left the isolation area, walking thru the rest of the ward filled with soldiers. I had so much compassion and my heart went out to those boys. I thought, "Lord, I would heal them all if I could". As we went thru the ward and went out in the hallways, Brother Harold and Brother Bill were shouting. I didn't shout a bit, but I felt as good as they did. We finally made it to the lobby downstairs and out in the parking lot. Brother Harold was still shouting, and we like to have never got

him in Brother Bill's car. The sisters were in another car, just laughing and rejoicing. It was a glorious time! We travelled back home to Alabama, feeling good, knowing that we had done the Will of the Lord. A few days after our visit, Junior was taken off the critical list, after being so critical for 11 weeks. In less than a month he was moved out of intensive care, and by the first of April, he was moved to a hospital in Birmingham. In June, they were allowed to come home for one night for Junior to be brought to Beirne Avenue to be prayed for. In early 1970, he was finally discharged and was able to come home, and later received the good Holy Ghost. We took that trip to North Carolina over 54 years ago. I know the Lord provided a robe for me that day, and one day when I take my final trip, I expect there to be a robe awaiting me in Gloryland.

Bro. Shannon Barron:

My testimony is about when God sent condemnation on me and gave me the Holy Ghost. I had been going to the altar for some time. I wanted the Holy Ghost, but was not seeking the Lord. Paul Simmons called and told me that Mark McAllister was in bad shape with his heart and thought he was dying. When he said those words to me I felt something come all over me. Sharon and I went to Sister Phyllis and Mark's house, and when we got out of the car, we could hear Mark crying out to God for mercy. The Lord helped him that night, and when we headed home, I was in such a shape that I didn't know whether to go home or go to the emergency room. We went on home and I went to work the next day. I wasn't able to stay at work so I went to my in-law's house. I knew Brother Gary would be coming home for lunch and I could get him and Sister Sibyl to pray for me. They did pray for me, but they knew exactly what my problem was. I was condemned and knew I had to have the Holy Ghost. I began putting my priorities in order. At that time, I was trimming houses for a builder in Madison, and Paul Simmons was working with me. We were working on a Saturday and I thought we needed to work late and

get more work done. I went to a pay phone and called Sharon to let her know we were working late and would not make it to church. I went back to that house and started trimming a window. A bad feeling came over me and I knew I was doing the wrong thing by missing church that night due to working late. I told Paul to pack up the tools, and that I was going to church. This was the start of getting my priorities in order. Brother David came up to me after church that Saturday night and told me to make a sacrifice and go to Pleasant Grove the next week where he was running revival. That was the week of July 4, and we had plans with Sister Teresa and Maurice Walls to go camping. When we got home that night, I called Maurice and cancelled the camping trip. There again, I was working on priorities and making a sacrifice. The next night we went to Pleasant Grove to church. Brother David stayed right with me in the altar, for probably an hour. While I was praying, a child got sick and the children of God were praying for him. The Lord came by for the child and the Lord was blessing his children. Brother David said, "Shannon, get up and go over there where the power is, and ask them to pray for you". I didn't hesitate. I got right up and did exactly what he said. They began to pray for me and lay hands on me. I lifted my hands and told the Lord I was coming to him. I was standing on my feet praying, and began to speak in tongues, and accepted that as the witness of the Holy Ghost. All of Heaven came down! That glorious night was July 1, 1984. As a result of getting my priorities in order, making a sacrifice, and obeying Brother David, I was able to make it to the Lord. What a wonderful life it has been living for the Lord these 38 years! Later that week, Brother Mark McAllister received the Holy Ghost. The next year, Brother Maurice Walls and Brother Paul Simmons received the Holy Ghost. We have had many wonderful years together serving the Lord!

Sis. Sharon Barron:

I received the Holy Ghost on August 21, 1976, just before the start of my junior year in high school. I attended a very large high school, and I was the only person in my school with the Holy Ghost. It was my desire to look and act like a Child of God, and to represent myself, my family, and most of all my Church, in a positive way. I desired to know the Voice of the Lord, as I knew that He would guide me and keep me. But being young in the Lord, I didn't have the understanding of how I would hear His voice. We had a break each day between morning classes. I would always meet a few nice girls from my class near a particular stairwell during the break. We would visit and then go to class when the bell rang. On this particular day that I remember so well, the bell rang, and as I was leaving class to meet for break at the usual location, a thought dropped in my mind to just go on to class. My next thought was that I would just stop by and speak to the girls, and then go to class. The thought came even stronger, "Go to class". But this time, with the stronger thought, there came a very strong feeling. Not really understanding why, I went to class and sat alone. At the end of the break, students came rushing in to class, telling about a fight and that a student had gotten stabbed with an ice pick. As they were giving all the details, I realized that the location of the fight was at the stairwell where I would have been for break, had I not obeyed the thought and feeling from the Lord. I learned a valuable lesson that day about hearing and listening to the Voice of the Lord. It may not always come as booming thunder, or an actual voice in your ear, but oftentimes comes as a strong feeling or sweet thought in your mind. I am so thankful for the lesson I learned as a young Child of God, and I am so very thankful that 46 years later, I still recognize the Voice of the Lord.

Bro. Rob Buckner:

The Tootsie Pop from Above.....

I worked as a mailman for almost 42 years. During that time, I delivered mail all over Huntsville Alabama. One particular evening I was sent to help finish another carrier's route on the other side of town. I was going to be walking house to house putting the mail in the mail boxes on the porches of the houses. This was a subdivision with very few mailboxes on the curbs. It was a lot of walking and I had already worked 9-10 hours on my route. I knew it would take another hour or so to finish this other route and on the way over there I had this craving for a Tootsie pop sucker. I thought it would help perk me up a little and energize me enough to get the job done. Unfortunately, I didn't have time to stop and buy one so I went on over to the route. While I was walking and delivering the first street, I had the craving come over me again for a tootsie pop. It was really kind of odd, because up until I headed over there, I hadn't had any thoughts all day about any kind of candy. Since I still didn't have time to go buy one, I just kept walking and delivering. I got about half way through the subdivision and for a third time I had this strong craving for a tootsie pop. I just passed it off and tried to finish my delivery. I turned the corner on one of the next streets and parked my mail truck in front of a small white house that was sitting a little ways from the rest of the houses. So, I was going to walk to the porch and then return to my truck to drive up to the next house on the block. As I approached the house a little old lady came from behind the screen door and stepped out onto the porch. Keep in mind I wasn't her regular mailman and had never seen her before, and haven't seen her since. I walked up to her to hand her the mail, and before I could do so she stuck out her hand to give me something. She didn't say hello, didn't ask for her mail, didn't ask me who I was or anything. All she said was "Here, do you want this?" I looked down and realized she was holding a purple tootsie pop still in the wrapper, and was extending her hand to give it to me. This was amazing to me and I got very happy because of her

kindness and generosity. I looked down at it as I took it from her hand and said "You are not going to believe this, but I have been craving one of these for almost an hour!" I guess I must have been a little too happy about it because she looked at me like I was from another planet. She quickly turned around without saying one more word, and headed back in the house. I turned around, and started walking back to the truck, with the tootsie pop I had been craving for a while in my hand. Then one of the most wonderful things happened. As I stepped up into the truck, I heard that peaceful little small voice, God's Children hear from time to time and it said "I just wanted you to know, I was listening". He had been hearing me all along. Walking with me as I delivered and knew what I was thinking about, what I was wishing for, and just how to supply it for me. I was so overcome with joy I could not hardly contain myself. I didn't have any trouble finishing the delivery because I was energized with what The Lord had done for me that day. I also learned a valuable lesson that afternoon as well. It wasn't a tootsie pop I really needed that day, what I really needed..... was to know He was listening.

When He Calls My Name.....

This is a very special testimony to me that made me realize how real and amazing God is, how real and absolutely beautiful the singing will be in heaven, and how God will help you when you are trying to do something for some of His children. Back several years ago, The Lord blessed me with a few songs He had allowed me to write, and I was so honored and humbled that any of them might bring praise to Him or help His children in any way. One morning I received a phone call from Bro. Bud Ware out on Grant Mountain. Bro Bud knew I had written a few songs and wanted to ask a favor of me. His daughter had recently passed away and he wanted me to write a song in her honor. I was overwhelmed by his request and I didn't think there was any way I could ever write a song that would be good enough to honor her memory. Sis Melanie had received the Holy Ghost about a year before then and was called

home before she turned 20 years old, I believe. So, I told Bro. Bud I would love to do that for him but I just didn't think I could. He said I understand how you feel but I believe you can do it. Again, I began to explain to him that there would be nothing I could write that would be good enough to measure up to how he felt about her. I was honored that he would ask me but I didn't think I could do it. Bro. Bud began to tell me once again how he believed I could write a song about his daughter. I replied one last time "Bro. Bud I'd love to but I don't think I can." Then he got me. He asked me "Would you try?" I heard the kindness in his voice and the desire he had to honor his daughter. So, I said "Yes, Bro Bud, I would be happy try to write a song for you and Sis. Rhonda about Sis. Melanie". He was so grateful and told me they would be looking forward to hearing it. I hung up the phone and started praying that The Good Lord would help me write something that would comfort them. One week passed, then two weeks, then three, and then one month and I still didn't have one line of a song. I couldn't even rhyme any words together or come up with any ideas at all. I started begging The Lord to help me, because I didn't want to disappoint Bro. Bud and his family. They were such good people and I wanted so badly to help them if I could. Then one morning when I wasn't even thinking about the song, I was walking through our house into the bedroom. All of a sudden, I began to hear a woman's voice in my head. She was singing the most angelic tune I'd ever heard. A song I'd never heard before. She was singing these words "When He calls my name and the angels take me home. There will be no more pain, all sickness will be gone. So don't weep for me, it's not long till we all will meet where Jesus reigns. Where there comes no night, I'll be all right, when He calls my name". It was absolutely beautiful. I stopped in my tracks right there and just listened. As soon as the singing stopped, I went to get my wife. I told her what had just happened and started singing what I had just heard. We both had tears streaming down our faces as I tried to sing the song to her. I can't describe the peace, the feeling, or the love that filled the room. All I had heard was the chorus but the rest of the song was so easy after that as it seemed

like it all just fell into place. I was playing the piano for a quartet at the time, and we were scheduled to sing at Bro. Bud's church in a few weeks. We got together and learned the song as quickly as possible. I told the sister leading the song that we would all sing with her through the chorus until we got to the line that says "I'll be all right". I wanted her to sing that by herself so it would be like Sis Melanie telling her parents she was all right and not to worry. So, we learned it that way and went to the singing to sing the song for the very first time in front of people. I was praying they would like the song and it would bring peace and comfort to the family. We went up on stage and sung a couple of other songs to start with, Bro. Bud hadn't heard this new song yet, and after we loosened up a little, we were ready to sing it for them. We started singing and I was too nervous to look at the family to see if they liked it or not. The singers sang the song so beautifully, and when we got to the solo line "I'll be all right", they sang just it just like we had practiced it. We finished the song and it was pretty emotional, I finally looked at Bro. Bud and saw the tears streaming down his face and Sis. Rhonda's as well. The Lord had answered our prayers, and blessed the song more than we could have ever imagined. One more thing happened to bless our hearts and let us know it was all from The Master above. During intermission, Sis Rhonda came over to me and was thanking me for the song. She said some of the lyrics made her KNOW without a doubt The Lord had helped me with it. She said I am going to tell you something no one knows but me and one other sister, so there is no way you could have known. The other night I was missing my daughter so much as I lay in the dark bedroom. I was quietly crying, and just whispered out loud what was on my heart. I said "Baby, I miss you SO much". That's when I felt her presence come over to my bedside, and I could feel her loving smile and an amazing peace that was out of this world. She looked down at me and said "Don't worry Mom, I'll be all right". The exact words you had the sister sing to us in the song. I was so thankful, and explained to her why we had sung it that way, as we both had tears in our eyes and I could feel goose bumps down my arms. What a blessing to know

how awesome God is and what He can do for His children to comfort them when they need it the most. It reminds me of Romans 8:28, "and we know that all things work together for good to them that love God". It's amazing how The Lord worked all these puzzle pieces into a beautiful picture to bring this song to life and bring comfort to Bro. Bud and Sis. Rhonda. It also makes me look forward to hearing Sis. Melanie sing it one more time, I am sure it will be amazing and will probably cause tears and goosebumps again, as we get to sing When He Calls My Name with her and the rest of God's Heavenly choir.

Sis. Sandra Buckner:

Angel in the Hallway...

Sister Eula Mae Price was my aunt and was so good to me and my daughter Brittney. She treated Brittney more like a granddaughter and loved having her spend time at her house, playing hide and seek and other games together. Brittney would always hide in the same kitchen cabinets and Aunt Eula Mae would act like she couldn't find her for a while until Brittney would jump out to "surprise" her. Then sadly, Aunt Eula Mae became very ill and was told there was nothing the doctors could do to help her. She spent her last days in the hospital just waiting for the Angels to carry her away. One night Sister Jean Ventress and I were sitting with her. My heart was so heavy and I told Sister Jean I was going to step away for a few minutes, hoping to pull myself together. I went downstairs to the lobby which was deserted. It was the middle of the night. As I sat on the bench, I felt so alone. There was no one anywhere around. Suddenly I heard someone singing Peace in The Valley. There is no way to describe how beautiful and peaceful it was. I looked around to see where it was coming from. Then, I saw a small older gentleman with a mop bucket mopping the floor. He stopped for a just an instant when he got near me and kept singing. The most beautiful singing and the sweetest peace. I didn't know how he got there or where he came from. I never saw

him coming down the hall until he was almost to me. It was like he appeared out of nowhere. But as he sang, the Peace of the Lord began to comfort me and lifted the load of sadness. I listened for a little longer and the singing stopped. There were only two short hallways and there was no one in either direction. He was gone in an instant. It was like he just disappeared. I believe with all my heart he was an Angel. The Lord lifted my heart and gave me peace that night in a way that only He could.

Daddy's hat.....

Back in the mid 1960's, there was a high level of concern about the effects of tuberculosis in the United States. There had been wide spread illness and death across the country, causing the government to invent a vaccine to help prevent further contamination. Everyone had to receive a TB test and/or the vaccine and it would leave a round, circular scar on your upper arm. My sister had the test at school and her arm did turn red, hot and swollen. She was considered positive but not active or contagious. So, our whole family had to be tested and no one else was positive except for my daddy. He had to have an X-ray done on his lungs to see if there was active TB present. The doctor looked at the results and found a scar on daddy's lung. Daddy had remembered being sick with pneumonia when he was little and thought he must have received some kind of treatment for it and recovered. The doctor smiled at daddy and told him he may have had pneumonia before but the scar on the X-ray was without a doubt a TB scar. At some point daddy had TB and had recovered. Growing up on Skyline Mountain there were many people infected with it, some lived while others did not. After leaving the doctor's office, he began to think about what he had just found out. He couldn't even remember ever being sick enough to have had tuberculosis. Then he realized that God had healed him of it and he never even knew it. He started home and decided to stop and buy some fruit on the way. He bought a small tray of pears wrapped in plastic and was going to eat one as soon as he was on

the road. He started driving and reached over to poke his finger through the plastic to grab a pear. As he was about to get one, he started thinking about what God had done for him. He had healed him and taken care of him through that dreaded disease. Well for those of you that knew my daddy, when he felt the Lord, he hollered a heartfelt Whow. That is what happened as he reached for the pears, and he rejoiced going down the road, under the Power of God. As he began to come back to himself, he reached for the pears again but started thinking about how good God had blessed him as the Spirit came in the car once again, this time knocking his hat off of his head into the back floorboard. He shouted and rejoiced awhile, and I always loved to hear him tell it in his own words because he would say "and I thinks to myself I've got to remember to get my hat out of the back floorboard when I get home". No sooner had that thought gone through his mind, when he felt Hands firmly placing the hat back on his head. Well, this brought overwhelming joy! He finally made it home and there was no one there but him. He began to put the groceries away and realized he never had gotten around to eating a pear. As he reached for the pear one last time, he started thinking about the joy that came in the car and the power that knocked the hat off his head and those strong Hands putting it back on. That's when the joy of the Lord covered him up one more time. He was rejoicing so much he said "I thought I'd never get still enough to get my finger through that plastic wrap to eat one of those pears!"

Bro. Zacky Butler:

In 1972, I as a Junior in high school and I was sitting in class that had been going on for about twenty minutes. A girl came through the door and walked up to the teacher's desk. I had never seen this girl before and thought I've got to find a way to meet her and I did! After we graduated, we got married in June 1973. Her name was Debbie Byrom. I had a scholarship offer to the University of Memphis for football and baseball. We moved to Memphis and our marriage didn't last very long. Debbie came to Huntsville and I

stayed in Memphis another two years. I finished school and I got a phone call from the Green Bay Packers wanting me to come to their camp. They wanted to draft me for their football team. I went to the camp and I couldn't do anything that I could normally do as far as athleticism. They put me on waivers and I came back to Huntsville. I hadn't seen Debbie in a while. We dated off and on. One day she told me she was going to receive the Holy Ghost. I had never heard of the Holy Ghost and didn't know what that was. I didn't even know anyone Holiness or anything about it. We were dating at that time and she said you can go with me and things would be different and we'd need to get married. I said you go ahead and I don't think I want to do that right now. She received the Holy Ghost in August at a revival. She called and told me and came by my house and when I saw her, she looked like an angel. She was beautiful. I'd never seen her look that good. Her hair was long and she was glowing like an angel. She told me this was the way she was going to live her life and I told her I wasn't ready for that. We split up and didn't talk for a while. I was working and came home and sat back in the recliner and started having spells. I was dizzy and thought I was going to pass out. I thought I was having a heart attack. I was taken to the emergency room and they couldn't find anything wrong. I always said you can't diagnose condemnation. I went home and Debbie called me a few weeks later and asked if I wanted to come cook out with her at her mother's house. I was surprised but I had plans with another girl that I really liked. I was going to the other girl's house to cook out and watch a movie. I went ahead to the other girl's house and I was just tore up. I walked in for us to cook out and after about five minutes I told her I was sorry but I had to go. My mind was all tore up. I left and went to Debbie's. We started dating again. I had those spells and I'd call her because I knew she would pray because I knew the life she was living. She did pray but I found out later she was praying Lord pour it on him and he was pouring it on me. I thought I was going to die. I wasn't ready to die. I started going to a Baptist church. I continued to have those spells. Debbie was taking a timer with her to work. Every hour on the

hour she was praying for me. I could tell you when she was praying because I felt like I was going to die. We got remarried. I was going to the Baptist church and I started reading the Bible. I read the King James Version because that is what my grandmother had. I figured if she had that it was the right one. I started seeing things in it that wasn't being taught right at the church I was going to. I started thinking this word of God is like Holiness. One Saturday night Debbie and the kids was getting ready for church. I started getting ready. She said where are you going? I said to church. She said y'all don't have church tonight, do you? I said I'm going with you. She didn't make any expressions but I knew she was so thankful. We went to Beirne Ave. I watched and listened to the word of God. I thought man I'm going down the wrong path so I started to the altar. I went about 6 months. I received the Holy Ghost April 15 Easter Sunday morning at Riverton. I walked outside after church and everything was so pretty. The sky bright blue and the sun was bright yellow. Everything was green and looked so pretty. I'm so thankful that I got to meet the love of my life and I was able to receive the Holy Ghost.

Sis. Mollie Coffey:

I would like to share my testimony of how the Lord healed my hearing. When I was young, fixing to start school, so I must have been 5 or 6 years old. I started losing my hearing, it had gotten to the point that everyone had to yell to get me to respond. Mom said she was worried because I was about to start school and she wasn't sure what all they would require them to do. They trusted the Lord with all of their kids and I do not ever remember going to the Doctor growing up. She wanted to trust the Lord with this also. One night at church, my Aunt Jari Hughes came and picked me up and started walking around the altar with me, she made 1 or 2 rounds and she said I was too heavy for her to continue, so one of my uncles took over and continued carrying me around the altar. Brother Jamie Black laid hands on me, and I was told that

he was the only one to do so, but I remember being walked around and everyone praying so earnestly for me. Afterwards, I believe I was on the floor beside my "Memaw" Charlotte Finlayson and she quietly said my name "Mollie" and she would later always testify that I immediately turned towards her to answer. How much help that gave the whole church that night I'm sure! I believe it was the next day, I remember my mom (Sis. Sandy Sanford) calling for me (I'm sure to do some chores) so I tried to pretend that I did not hear her calling my name. After a few calls, she yelled " Mollie Ann! The Lord healed you last night, I know you can hear me!" I had to answer her after that. I never had any more issues with my hearing, the Lord completely and fully healed me.

I would like to share this testimony that I have heard all my life growing up and it's my favorite! It's sister Shirley McGee's testimony. She is one of the most humble and sweetest Child of God. I spoke to her and she gave me permission to share it. She said it has fed her all of these years and she hopes it can help someone.

We lived with my husband's (Freddy McGee) mom and dad at the time and I would often ask him if he would take me to church. This one day, I went out to the car, laid down in the seat, and I was just praying, I was telling the Lord he knew I wanted to go to church, and I just wanted to serve Him, and if he would just help me get to church. I went back inside and begged Freddy to take me to church, I asked him "Would you please please just take me to church?" He told me "Well, you know we don't have any money, or gas in the car to get there". I said "well if we can just make it to my momma's, she can help us with gas". Freddy agreed to that, so we started to go to church. We started going down the road, went around a curve, and up on a little hill, and the car started cutting off, spitting and sputtering. and then shut off. I remember that I had my elbows on my knees, and I just started praying. Lord, you know all of my life I have just wanted to go to church and to serve you. The whole time I was praying, he was trying to crank the car

over and over, it wouldn't do anything, until the battery ran down. There was a sweet little voice that just spoke to me and said "tell him to go get a gallon of water". I will never forget it. Freddy listened to me! The Lord let him listen to me. There was a little old man sitting on the porch at his house beside the road. Freddy went up and got a gallon of water from the old man and the man followed him back down to the car and watched him put the water in. Freddy got back into the car and said "we probably just tore up the car!" I was still praying because I knew he would be so upset at me if it didn't work. The car started so smoothly! It sounded so pretty! We drove on to church, and when we walked in, it felt like it was a dry service but when I went inside, Heaven came down! The Lord freed me! It was the best blessing!! It was so beautiful. After church, Sis Dorothy took us to my mommas and she was able to help with the gas to get home. The Lord has just been so good to me all of my life.

Sis Carol Cooper:

On a Tuesday night, My Mother-In-Law (Clara Cooper) wanted us to come for supper and then go to church with her to Keel Mountain. After being away from Holiness for over 20 years, the one person that really stuck out in my mind was Sister Lorene Bunch, that night I seen her come in and told Jim to let's move more to the back. Which did not do any good moving, the Lord starting blessing Sister Lorene Bunch and she came and laid hands on me. On Sunday morning we went to Beirne Avenue Holiness Church and the one thing that disturbed me all of those years away was the locust. Bro David Jones preached on those that morning and I told my sister Fran to move, I was going to the alter. I said everything I knew to say and went home and got rid of stuff that I needed to get rid of. Brother Alvin and Sister Judy Brewer came home with us that day. Then, that night we went back to Beirne Avenue and received the Holy Ghost that night, March 24, 1974.

Bro. Jim Cooper:

I had joined the Army, 1953 & married the love of my life Sept. 2, 1956. We were stationed in Fall River, Mass. and the Lord graciously gave us a son, in 1958. Then, I got sent overseas to Germany and the Lord gave us a daughter, in 1960. In 1963, we were transferred to Fort Monmouth, NJ when we were expecting another child. Little did we know we would have twin boys, Ronnie & Donnie. Donnie was a water head baby and they told me to be thankful I had one healthy baby and the other one would not make it. They said the only thing that would help him would be prayer. I knew I was not worthy to pray but I did try. God did so graciously come by after some very hard battles, and looked at my child. I did make a promise to the Lord and fulfilled that promise on June 5, 1974.

Bro. Keith Dalton:

I received the Holy Ghost on October 10, 1986. The Lord has blessed me in so many ways it would be hard if not impossible to list it all. I would Love to share some of the things that have helped me through the years... Before I received the Holy Ghost, I got a phone call from my uncle which made Canada sound like the place I needed to be. I considered it for maybe an hour and decided I would go. I began to scrape up all the money I could get together, which was very little, and I rented a Very small U-Haul trailer and loaded up my belongings. It just so happens that the day I was leaving Big Cove heading to Canada was the very day that my sister, Pam Terry, received the Holy Ghost. As I was driving off, I met my mother and sister on the road. I stopped and hugged them and told them I was heading out. Pam began to pray and told my mother, Sis. Audrey Dalton, from Big Cove) that she believed that I would be home before revival at Big Cove. Of course, this worried my mother. She later told me that her thinking was that Pam had just received the Holy Ghost and she would be so let down when I

didn't come home. Mother thought I would be gone a long time. But the Lord heard Pam's prayers! When I got to the small town in Spirit River, Canada, things were not at all as I had imagined in my mind. I had spent all the money I had scraped together just to make the trip up there. There was no job there waiting on me. There was no place to live. There was nothing to do and not much to eat. Me being in construction, I thought I was going to build warehouses for my uncle. The only work I got was painting beehives. I basically worked for food and a room to sleep in. There I was with no idea what to do but just keep hanging in there. I had no thought of trying to go back home or even how to get there. My sister was still praying and I was really in a bad situation. Then the Lord stepped in. Little did I know what he had in store for me. One night out of the blue two men that lived in Birmingham said they were heading back to Alabama. Thirty minutes prior to that I had no thought of going home. I told them "I think I'll go with you if you don't mind". All my thoughts of the good life in Canada changed. I was ready to go home. All my belongings that I took with me meant nothing to me anymore. Most of my items would not fit into their van so I just threw it into a ditch and left it. I was headed back to Big Cove. I got back before the revival had started. Thank the Lord! A while after coming home the Lord began to work with me. I became so miserable and began to think about wanting the Holy Ghost, a good life, a good wife and family. I had made such a mess that I didn't know what to do but the Lord through his mercy began to work things out for me. He gave me a good wife and above all He gave me the Holy Ghost.

I received the Holy Ghost at Nila Holiness Church. Bro. Charlie Brown was the minister at that time. Bro. Arthur McAllister was helping with their revival. I of course was so happy and satisfied that after all the praying in the alter for 6 months I had received "what I always wanted". The night I received the Holy Ghost, I didn't shout the house down as we say, but I was satisfied. I knew I had the Holy Ghost and that was all I wanted. I would go to church and testify of what God had done for me. As I said I was happy. God would bless me but I never really got free in the Lord.

This really didn't bother me for a long time. Bro. David Jones would preach about getting over in the hands of the Lord and I would pray about it but just didn't worry about it. Then after several years one Sunday morning Bro. Leon McAllister testified just as he so often did. This Sunday morning it was different. The power of the Lord got ahold of him and he went across the alter under the power of the Lord. That got my attention. A desire set up in my soul. I began to pray that the Lord would bless me like he did Bro. Leon. I would think about Bro. Leon being an elderly man at that time and there was no possible way he could move like he did except it be the power of God on him. I began to pray. I kept testifying. I kept trying to work for the Lord. All the while the thoughts were there that the Lord was not hearing my prayers. I would get so discouraged but I didn't see a place to stop. I kept trying and praying. One Sunday morning, on our regular meeting time, some of the ministers preached. I don't remember who and I don't remember what they preached. I only remember I felt like I was so far away from the Lord. That afternoon I went home and laid down on the couch and began to listen to the wrong thoughts. I thought to myself "I might as well stay home tonight and settle my mind". I thought I wasn't doing much good anyway but I remembered Bro. David always saying "if I have to go to meeting to make it, you'll have to go to meeting to make it". I knew I needed to go to meeting so I did. That Sunday night the Lord began to bless his children. Everyone was rejoicing. Not me. I was standing against the wall by the side door out in left field as we say. Bro. Junior Potter was saying something to me, I don't remember what but right in the middle of him talking I heard the voice of the Lord. He said TESTIFY. That's all. It was so strong. I knew it was the Lord. I completely left Bro. Junior standing there and walked out onto the alter and said I need to testify. I had no idea what I was going to testify about. The Lord didn't tell me what to say, He just said testify. All I could think of is I just want to thank the Lord for what he has already done for me. About the time I got that out of my mouth the Lord took over. He got ahold of me with the same power that got ahold of Bro. Leon. That power from Heaven that

can bind the mighty men. If I had listened to that voice that was telling me to stay home on the couch, I would have missed a wonderful blessing and the strength that my soul needed. God is so good to his children and I praise him for the Holy Ghost and his blessings on me.

Sis. Kim Dalton:

As a child being raised in Holiness, I knew the good Lord could and would heal. Once I received the Holy Ghost, I experienced gallbladder problems. Being a young child of God I wanted to trust in the Lord to heal me. I would suffer time after time with these spells. Each spell would be worse. I would roll and tumble the bed at night suffering with excruciating pain. It was so sweet every time Keith would call the children of God to pray. Their first response would be “do you want us to come over?” We take for granted how precious that is. Each time I would get relief but they always came back later. I had gone as far as I thought possible with these spells and one night at Huntsville, I was so sick and Sis. Norma Jones had put me on the front seat with her during church. Keith got up to testify and during his testimony he quietly walked over and laid hands on me. It was truly amazing that there was no big shout, no big heaven opening up but just healing. I never had another spell after that. That has been over 20 years and I have never experienced those again. About six months after that I had one time that I felt the little ping of one starting and I remember so well I said out loud “Satan, I will not have this. I KNOW the Lord healed me!!” That was the end of that. It left as quick as it had come on. Thank the good Lord.

One time in my earlier Holy Ghost life I was struggling with the idea of whether I was pleasing the good Lord and people seeing a light in my life. Landon and Haley were young and we were in town with Bro. Stan and Sis. Leslie’s kids, Rachel and Alex. We were going through Burger King’s drive thru. I had my wallet laying in my lap ready to pay for their food and had the window rolled down.

A still, small voice said "roll your window up". I thought that was odd because I could see the window where I could pay right up ahead but I just hit the button and rolled up my window. To this day I don't know where this man came from but suddenly a strange man was standing at my side window knocking on it. It scared me but I was trying to keep calm because of the kids. I barely rolled down my window enough for him to talk. He was rambling on about not having a ride and different off the wall things. In the middle of all of his mumblings he stopped and looked at me straight in the eye and said "are you Holiness?" It completely caught me off guard and I replied yes. He said I would love to be like you but I can't. Keep up the good work! After he walked off and me or the kids couldn't find him. The kids asked later how he knew I was Holiness. It came to me what had been worrying my mind. One, the good Lord protected us with that stranger so close and second, he showed me that the good Lord was pleased with me and I was a light to the world. I've always found that with me the good Lord has always moved in the still, small ways.

Sis. Cindy Davis:

The Lord has blessed my life in so many ways, it is hard to pick just one testimony. As most of you know, my husband left me about 27 years ago. At the time this trial starts I was 29 years old and had the Holy Ghost just a few years. I was left a single mother with two little boys to raise and provide a living for. Over the past 27 years the Lord has done just that. He has been my way maker. One of those answered prayers is the testimony I have chosen.

When Corbin was turning 18, I was going to lose the child support for him that I had counted on for years to help provide that living. I was getting down to the last month I was going to receive his part and knew I had to do something. I was going to need to talk to my boss and see if I could get a raise or was going to need to find another job to makeup what I was losing. Doing either of these two

things was very hard for me to do. I had asked some to pray and I walked into my boss's office to talk to her. Before I could finish telling her what I needed to talk to her about, she stopped me and told me that she had something for me and the director had approved a promotion for me. When she handed me the yellow sticky note (which I still have) with the pay for the promotion on it, it doubled my salary. It still amazes me how the lord worked it out right on time and for more than I would have asked for. He always knows what we need way before we do and he always comes right on time.

Bro. Connie Davis:

Deb and I had married on Beirne Avenue in 1980, the last to get married there before we moved to the new church. We had our first child, Nathan, Dec. 1983. In February, 1984, something happened to me, my stomach started swelling and I was in so much pain. We lived in a small 2 bedroom house on Stevens Avenue. I really thought I was going to die, the Children of God came in and prayed and prayed several times a day for about a week. Several of the young men from church, Shannon Barron, Maurice Walls, Paul Simmons etc.... did not have the Holy Ghost at that time but stood by me in love & prayer. After over a week suffering death, the Children of God, several Elders, Bro. Tom Kerley, Bro. David Jones, Bro. James Mullins, Bro. Paul Simmons, Sr. and several more came in to pray and my brother-in-law, Ronnie Cooper (who was just a young child of God at that time) was praying and the Lord came by and used Ronnie and the Lord healed me.

Sis. Debbie Davis:

My Dad was in the Army for 20 years and retired August 1973. In March 1974, I was going with my Aunt Cathy to several of her wedding showers. On Saturday night, we had gone to

Williams Cove for church. I so remembered seeing Sis. Gene Ventress shouting her hair down and Bro. Joe Ventress laid hands on me that night. I remember kneeling down by Aunt Cathy's bed and praying. The next morning, we went to Big Cove, I knelt beside my Grandmother Burke and told her I didn't know what to do and she told me to pray about it. That morning I went to the alter and prayed so good. We went back to Granny Cooper's; Mother & Daddy were there and my brothers met me outside and told me Daddy said I was too young. I went in and told Mother what had been told. Daddy came in. Me, Granny and Mother were sitting around the table crying. Mother told Daddy come on Jim let's go to church. On the way from Keel Mountain, Daddy told me if it was Holiness I wanted, he would see that I would get there but there was no way he was going.

Mother received the Holy Ghost, March 24, 1974

Daddy received the Holy Ghost June 5, 1974

I received the Holy Ghost July 13, 1974.

Ronnie received the Holy Ghost August 17, 1980

My Grandmother Burke prayed for over 24 years for just one of her family to come in and through God's Grace the Lord gave 4 of us the Holy Ghost.

Sis. Tatum Gamble:

I was at work a couple years ago, and one of the dentists I worked for started asking questions about Holiness. He had a video pulled up of one of those for show TV preachers. He started out somewhat jokingly about them shouting, laying on hands and speaking in tongues. He said, "Y'all don't do that do you?!" To which I replied, "Well yes, but ours isn't fake!" Shock covered his face, and then it quickly turned into a debate. It was the first time in all my Holy Ghost years that I felt like I was nearly being bullied over my

religion. There were several people around and he was coming at me with a vengeance. No matter what I said, he kept coming back with a rebuttal of how he studied the Bible in college, he knew it front to back and what I was saying was basically ridiculous. I felt embarrassed, not because of what I was, but because all I could think to tell him was how the Bible talks about on the day of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost fell on them. I tried to explain about receiving the Holy Ghost and how there are spiritual gifts that come along with that! He essentially chopped it up to that was ONE part of the Bible way back when and not what the whole Bible is based off of. He was so harsh and caught me so off guard. I was beyond flustered and just ready to get out of there at this point, because he simply disregarded anything I had to say. I got in my car and was so upset. I wondered why the Lord didn't help me with more to say. I called Mama and was literally crying from how he talked to me and made me feel. She told me in those situations, there's nothing you really can say unless the Lord helps you. I went home and prayed and prayed, begging the Lord to let me read what I needed. I was tore up and thought I had a point to prove to him. I remember I was walking by my bedroom door and clear as day a little thought came out of nowhere that said, Corinthians 2:5. I was shocked and had no idea what that verse was about. I was reluctant it would actually be what I needed, but I got my Bible, and tears started to pour as I read what it said.

5 That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

I went on to read the whole chapter and I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, the Lord gave me this to read!

2 And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

2 For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

3 And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

4 And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:

5 That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

6 Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought:

7 But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory:

8 Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

9 But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

10 But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

11 For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

12 Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

13 Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

14 But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

15 But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.

16 For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? but we have the mind of Christ.

I knew then that I owed him no explanation! He wouldn't consider anything I said, because he didn't have the spirit of God to know these things. All he had was man's wisdom. I was honestly shocked how what I read so perfectly fit what had just happened to

me! I was nervous to go back to work with him, afraid it would be so awkward. The Lord took care of that too. The first chance he got, he apologized to me! He sat me down and the only thing that kept coming to me to tell him is that it is real! I said it over and over. It's like that's all I could get out. I told him there was so much more available to people then they realized. I told him some amazing testimonies, one being about Sister Crystal, from Stevenson, being healed. He listened to me this time and I hope he never forgets it. I hope he saw a light in me to help him believe the Holy Ghost and all spiritual gifts are so very real. This is a testimony I will never forget and can think back on and KNOW the Lord did this for me!

Sis. Lisa Glisson:

My greatest testimony is that God gave me, Lisa Darlene, the "Genuine" Holy Ghost, December 3, 2003 at the age of 37. I went to the alter two times. I went the first time on a Sunday morning, regular meeting at Meridianville and I came in and sat on the back row at the end. I was crying just about the whole time. I was so miserable. I had been praying and laying down things before I got there. I was so ready for my life to change. It came time for alter call and as many other times before the minister stood at the end of the alter and asked if anyone someday wanted the Holy Ghost to come and shake his hand. I walked down like many times before in my life and shook his hand but this time I didn't go back to my seat. I went to the alter where I knelt down and totally repented. I remember having my head down praying to the Lord and then I raised my head up and raised my arms and said Lord here I am. Do with me what you will. I meant that with every fiber of my being. I was so done with my life as it was. I begged the Lord to forgive me and I could feel the weights coming off as he forgave me. I didn't realize how much I was carrying until he took it from me. I felt love like none other. The only way I can explain it was having my precious mother hugging me with her love times a million. I knew he had forgiven me and I started glorifying him. I spoke in

tongues within a few minutes and hugged my sister. I was so happy. Then someone asked me what had happened to me and I turned around to answer them. It felt like I was in slow motion. I went totally blank. I became so unsober. It was like I didn't even know my own name. It was crazy. You see, before I started to the alter, I would talk to the Lord about having the "real" thing and told the Lord I was not going to the alter, but when I knelt down, I was going to receive the Holy Ghost. My precious Mother, Sis. Mary McAnally Jackson, received the Genuine Holy Ghost at Briar Fork when I was 10 months old. I grew up in Holiness the majority of my life. As a kid I would play church with my friends and we were very good. I was struggling with knowing real from pretend. My mother had passed away, too early in life at the age of 66 in 1998 and at her death bed I whispered to her not to worry about me, that I would be there. I meant that from my heart. Unfortunately, it seems it took her passing to wake me up and get serious about where I was and where I was going in my life for me to really start hearing the Lord's calling. Her passing was the worst thing that had ever happened to me she was my dearest everything. I would think about her being on the banks of that river and would look over at me and not know my name. I couldn't bear the thought. It wasn't the fiery pit that got me so much it was the thought of not seeing my mother again. Not that I didn't want to serve the Lord but I needed condemnation and that is what it took. God knows how to get to you when no one else can and the other "you know who" does too. I didn't have my mom at this time to consult with about the "knowing when you had the real thing" verses pretend. I did however have my sister, Sis. Susan Jackson Smallwood and she told me about Bro. Roy Gaines testimony about just this thing. I met up with Bro. Roy and I told him where I was and the questions I had and he just said to me "you'll just know". I took his words. While I was in the alter seeking the Lord, when I spoke in tongues, I heard a lady say "wow, that was fast" which it was, because I was ready. You know who found a way to make me question what had just happened and that it was not the real thing. So, there I was...so unsober. I went back to praying

even screaming, I think. Whatever I thought or was told to do I was willing to do. I remember they got me up to stand and I asked if they would sing a song...because I thought a good song would get my mind right. Sweet Sis. Michelle Satterfield Turner started singing a song which was a lovely song but once the song was over, I said out loud "well that was the wrong song". That is how miserable I was. I had to apologize to Sis. Michelle many times after that, but she and I would just laugh. I just knew that I had to have the Holy Ghost. I was given this chance and I felt I was failing the Lord. I was so scared that I might not have another chance so I wore everyone out praying for me. I had prayed so long and it was regular meeting time. Food had been prepared for everyone and there I was. Sweet Bro. Dale Cantrell, my cousin, was in the alter with me the whole time. He stopped me because I wasn't doing any good and said "hon, we have food to eat". They dismissed and we went to eat. I went outside and pressed my head on the side of the building. I kept apologizing to the Lord that I had failed him. I went back in but couldn't really eat. I just kept my mind on the Lord. Bro. Dale came to me and said "hon, we're going to have a special service for you tomorrow". I told him I wouldn't be there. I told him I had to get myself back to where I was when I knelt down. Everyone around me was amazed that I said that. I felt if I didn't get myself straightened out in my mind that I would go to the alter over and over and that was not what I wanted to do. They did have service on Monday night and I heard it was really good but I didn't go. I stayed home and prayed and prayed. I mediated on the Lord during the day at work. I told the Lord if he would let me, I would go back Wednesday night and I would receive and accept the Holy Ghost no matter what. Wednesday came and I was ready in my heart and mind then I got a call that my father-in-law had been admitted to the ER. The family rushed down there to be with him where he later passed away. I was in the ER with the family and they were all about to leave and go home together and wanted me to be with them. I told my husband I was sorry that I had to go take care of something and I would meet up with him later. I knew it was you know who just trying to keep me a little longer but I

refused. I wasn't going to fail the Lord again no matter what. I went back to Meridianville on Wednesday night. Church started, they sang a few songs and I was ready. They gave alter call and I remember where I knelt down. I tried to get as close as where I was before. I started praying and glorifying the Lord. I spoke in tongues. Here I was again. I was determined. I remember Bro. Dale told me the fireworks will happen after I accept the Holy Ghost. My dear friend, Sis. Denise Scott Kirkpatrick, was down there with me and she said just ask the Lord to let you speak in tongues again and accept it. That is what I did. I went back to praying and glorifying the Lord and spoke in tongues again. This time I accepted it. I believed and just knew that this was it and it was! I had received the real deal. I could feel it. The only difference this time was I believed. Yes, once I accepted it the fireworks did start. I felt like I was floating, I was so happy! The love was all around. I remember wanting to take my precious gift and go home with it. I couldn't wait to get home and tell my husband. On the drive home, I felt like a lightning bug in a jar. I felt like I was shining so bright, I really did. I shouted in the car. I did. I did. I received the real deal. When I got home and hugged my husband, Scott, he said he could feel something different with me.

My husband, Scott Glisson, was not raised in Holiness and his family was even leery about him marrying me because they knew of the religion I grew up in and they thought it was like a cult. Little did they know, God had a plan for Scott and I. My mom told me she thought one day that Scott would have this way. I couldn't see that but kept that in the back of my mind and in my heart. I always knew that I was supposed to have the Holy Ghost and knew it would take that to make it to Heaven. I got sidetracked and that is when I met Scott. I knew Scott and I were destined to be together and held on to that during troubled times. When the Lord started working with me, I had the Bible out reading Revelations and other chapters and knew what I had to do. Even though Scott and I had only been married since 1996 I told him my life was about to change and if he wanted to leave me now would be the time. He didn't leave he just supported me and for