

Little David Miracle Boy Preacher



"I Spent Five Hours In Heaven" and other sermons by Little David

"Little David As I Know Him"

By Raymond G. Hoekstra,

Director Raymond G. Hoekstra, director of the city-wide revivals which bring the gospel preaching of Little David to thousands of hungry souls, has long been interested in evangelism. On a programme of aggressive evangelism he has established one of the largest Full Gospel Churches in the United States. Calvary Tabernacle has been a famous gospel centre for the past ten years, as the gospel has gone forth from it by radio, printing presses, and pulpit preaching. Calvary Tabernacle is centrally located in Indianapolis, Indiana, the cross roads of America.

In 1946 a large addition was built to accommodate the Calvary Christian School, a grade school that is approved by the state department of Education, and operated by Pentecostal, Spirit-tilled teachers.

In July, 1947, Reverend Hoekstra was requested by the family of Little David to take over the direction of his work and ministry.

In March, 1948, a contract to provide legal authority for the arrangement was approved by the Probate Court of Indianapolis.

The ministers and pastors of our churches acclaimed this the will of God for further enlarging the Ministry of Evangelism, and also rescuing the ministry of Little David from any who would use it for personal gain.

As a gospel team Reverend Hoekstra and Little David have given tremendous impetus to the work of full gospel evangelism.

I Spent Five Hours In Heaven

You say you don't believe that? My daddy didn't believe it either, when I first told him. But he does now.

You'll believe my story, too, after you have heard how the Lord took my spirit to heaven; how Jesus sent me to preach and promised to confirm His word by the salvation of many thousands of souls.

This experience happened when I was nine years of age.

Would you like for me first to tell you of the place of my birth and my early life? Well, here is my story.

My name is David Walker. Everyone calls me Little David. I was born in Phoenix, Arizona, September 20, 1934.

My parents have three children, myself and my two sisters. My older sister, Mary Ann, was two years of age when I was born. My little sister, Esther Sharen, was born in 1945. My mother and daddy have told me that the first words that I spoke which they were able to recognise were the words, "Glory Hallelujah." All my life I have loved the Lord and His blessed Bible.

When I was three years of age I used to memorise scripture verses and sometimes memorised whole chapters short chapters, of course.

My sister, Mary Ann, also loved to read the Bible and memorised scriptures. We had contests to see who could learn, by heart, the most chapters of the Bible.

At four years of age I received one of my first definite religious experiences with the Lord. It happened like this.

Our family had just gathered at the table for lunch.

When prayer was offered and thanks for the food was given I felt a burden of prayer upon my heart. I told my mother and daddy that I could not eat; that I felt I must pray. I went into another room and knelt down and prayed. Soon I heard footsteps near me and found that the entire family had left the food upon the table and had come to join me in prayer.

The presence of God came down and it was a time of mighty victory through prayer as we all wept and prayed and rejoiced together.

From my earliest memory I realised that in order to get things from God we must be willing to fast, as well as to pray.

When I was five years old my parents moved to Chicago.

We were staying for a short time at a large camp near the Southern edge of the city.

Many members of our party had been giving themselves to fasting and prayer. And I felt in my heart that I, too, was to fast for the Lord.

I came to my father one day and asked if I might fast for three days. For a while he hesitated because I was so small and so very young. But finally he consented.

Perhaps he was influenced by my need of healing as I had been suffering for months from an affliction with my eyes and was unable to see.

A group of children from our camp would often go into the woods to pray. And as we went together into the woods my sister, Mary Ann, or one of the other children, would take me by the hand and lead me.

Our altar in the woods was the stump of a tree. It might seem very crude to pray by an old stump but God heard and answered our prayers.

While I was praying during this time of fasting there were three different voices spoke to me. The first was the voice of my belly, saying to me, "David, why don't you go and get something to eat?" That was a real temptation. I kept on fasting.

The second voice was the voice of the Devil. He always tries to discourage Christians in fasting and prayer. The Devil would suggest to my heart and mind that I was not doing any good and that I might as well go and play.

The Devil said, "Play," whenever I prayed.

The third voice was the voice of the Lord who comforted my heart by saying, "Little David, keep on fasting and praying. You are sure to gain the victory if you do not faint." I had two very special reasons for fasting and praying.

First, for the healing of my infected eyes and second, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire.

On the third day of my fast while we were gathered in prayer around the stump in the woods, the windows of heaven were opened above us. The miracle of Pentecost was repeated. I was filled with the Holy Spirit. My heart was filled to overflowing. My soul was overwhelmed with joy. I received the same experience that the disciples received on the day of Pentecost. I was filled with the Holy Ghost and Fire and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit of God gave me utterance.

I had received the gift of the Holy Ghost. It was the same blessing that came upon the disciples in Herod's temple. It was the same infilling of the Holy Spirit that was received by the disciples who worshipped in Solomon's Porch. It was the same rushing, mighty wind that filled the upper room on the day of Pentecost. It was the same cloven tongues, like as of fire, that sat upon each of the early believers as they were baptised with the Holy Ghost.

It was another fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, Joel 2:28: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." I can say to-day, as Peter said on the day of Pentecost, "This is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel." While I was rejoicing in the gift of the Holy Spirit I suddenly realised that God had answered my other prayer.

My unseeing eyes were opened. The veil of darkness was gone from my eyes. The children didn't have to lead me back to camp that day. I went singing, shouting and praising God for the double miracle the gift of the Holy Spirit and the opening of my blind eyes.

This it was that in the fifth year of my life I learned of Calvary's double cure.

Psalms 103: 1-3, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Isaiah 53: 4-5, "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

Chapter 2

This second chapter in my life began with my experience of being filled with the Spirit and will include experiences which I had in Christ between the ages of five and nine years.

As soon as the Lord had given to me the gift of the Holy Spirit I felt a strong inner urge to work for the Lord.

Soon my sister, Mary Ann, who was two years older than I, joined me in singing gospel songs during street services and revival meetings.

Very often have Mary Ann and I stood on the street singing the songs of the gospel. The people in the crowd would want to throw money at our feet, but we would not accept money because we know that this salvation is not purchased with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We did not want these poor sinners to think that by giving money they could save their souls. Therefore, we refused to accept any of their offerings whatsoever. We asked instead that they should give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. Our hearts were filled with the joy of soul winning as we would see poor sinners step out and kneel in the street, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ and asking Him to forgive their sins and save their souls.

Quite often while eating in restaurants my daddy would have me to stand upon a table and sing gospel songs to all of the patrons. In these informal services we saw many hearts touched by God and many souls brought to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Something interesting happened in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that I would like to tell you about. It happened like this. A group of children were gathered at the altar for prayer before the opening of a revival service. The mission door, which opened on the street, stood open. As the sound of our voices and of our songs went into the air it attracted the attention of four men who were intoxicated.

The four men stepped into the mission door and walked slowly down to the front of the hall where we stood with happy hearts and shining faces.

The men were startled as they saw little children with their hands raised toward heaven, thanking and praising God for His blessing on their lives.

As the men came forward they reached into their pockets and took out gifts of money which they tried to give to me. But my father had taught me that I should never accept money from strange people. I gave their money back into their hands and told them instead of giving their money to me they should give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ.

These men remained for the gospel service which followed. God dealt with their hearts and in eternity we shall see the glorious results of this event which happened in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when I was five or six years of age.

When I was seven years of age our family moved to Dallas, Texas. I had started to school and was on my way home from school when I had an experience that I shall never forget.

As I walked home from school I chanced to look across the street and saw my Uncle Harley coming out of a store building. Without looking to see if any cars were coming I dashed across the street to see my uncle. As I ran behind one automobile I stepped directly into the path of an oncoming taxicab. The driver slammed on the brakes to but

it was too late. The taxicab struck me and threw me to the ground. By the time the driver reached my side blood was streaming from my head and from my arm.

He started to pick me up and said, "Come, sonny, I'll take you to a hospital." But I cried out, "I don't want to go to the hospital. I want to go home. Jesus will heal me." But the driver insisted, "You must go to the hospital.

You might be seriously injured." But I cried all the more, "I don't want to go to the hospital. Please take me home. Jesus can heal me." In spite of my protests the driver took me to the hospital. He was very frightened. He was afraid that the accident might cost me my life and cost him his job.

From the hospital one of the attendants phoned to mother and told her of the accident. She immediately notified some of her friends who were Christians and they went to God in prayer for me.

God heard and answered prayer. He had proven again the truth of His holy word in which we read, "By His stripes we were healed." When I was eight years of age we moved to the city of Long Beach, California. I was enrolled as a student in King School. I was in the third grade.

Larry and Jack were two of my nearest and dearest friends in school. Larry was a Jewish boy and Jack was a Gentile. The word of God teaches us that we should not have respect of persons. Therefore I had no prejudice against Larry because he was a Jew. One day during recess, Larry, Jack and I were standing together on the playground and I began to tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation. Larry walked away and said, "I want to go and play ball. Let's play." "Wait," I said, "I want to tell you more about Jesus." But Larry walked on and merely said, "That is all non-sense." But Jack stayed on and I testified to him about the love of God. I told him how Christ had filled me with His Spirit when I was five years of age. I told Jack also about the healing power of Christ and the many blessings that there are in serving the Lord.

Soon Larry came rushing back and insisted, "Come on, fellows, let's play ball." But when we refused to go he left us again and returned to his play.

The third time Larry came over to say, "Come on, David, it's no fun standing there. Come and join the ball game." But I continued witnessing to Jack about the love of Jesus. Larry stood around and soon became interested to hear all that I had to say. When the bell rang to signal that recess was over we were still there talking about the Lord.

As we walked together, arm in arm, back to the school house I invited Larry and Jack to attend our gospel services at the Apostolic Tabernacle, 25th Street and American Avenue, where Reverend Glen Harvey was our pastor.

Both boys promised that they would attend service the next night.

They kept their promise. They came to the tabernacle and took seats in the very front row. At the close of the service when Pastor Glen Harvey gave the invitation to souls who wanted Christ, Larry and Jack went to the altar and gave their hearts to the Lord. In Jesus Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile. We are all one in Him. The same gospel that makes Larry, Jack and I one at heart and one in Christ is what the world needs today.

They accepted my invitation to come to church and then they accepted God's invitation to come to Christ.

Friends, we should always be faithful in witnessing to all whom we meet, for every soul is precious in God's sight.

That is my testimony of how, as an eight-year-old boy, the Lord used my testimony to bring two of my playmates to Christ.

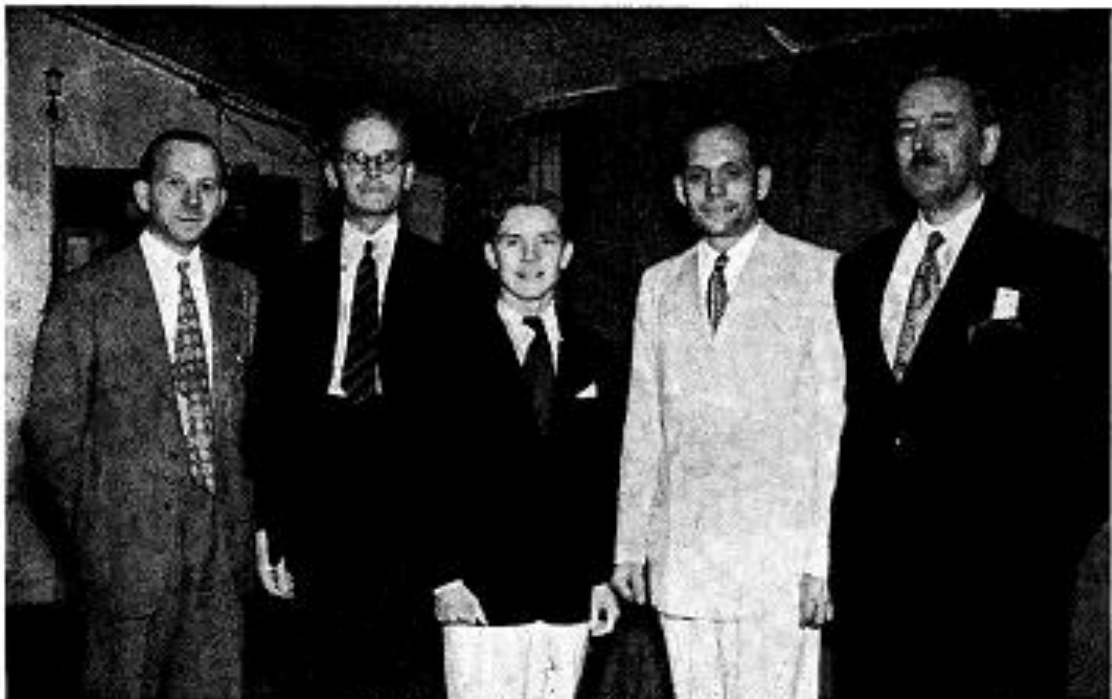
In Acts 1:8 Jesus said, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." We can apply that to our witnessing for Christ to-day by saying that we should be witnesses first in Jerusalem, that is, to our personal friends; second, to all Judea, that is, to all the people we meet in our neighbourhood; third, and in Samaria, throughout our city, and finally to the uttermost part of the earth. If we are faithful to witnessing for Christ at home then the Lord can call us to carry His gospel abroad.

Chapter 3

A Nine Year Old Boy Goes To Heaven

When I was nine years of age I spent five hours in heaven. And ever since I had that unforgettable experience I can say, "I know Jesus lives. He talks with me. He sent me to preach. He tells me what to say." This glorious and heavenly experience happened on a Wednesday night prayer meeting at the Apostolic Gospel Tabernacle at the corner of 25th Street and American Avenue in Long Beach, California.

I went to church as usual, expecting the presence and blessing of God, but little realising what a miracle was to take place that night. I went to church expecting the presence of the Lord to come down to bless us, not knowing that during the service I would be taken up to heaven to talk with Him.



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, AUGUST, 1949

Bernard Porter, E. J. Phillips

S. J. Martin

Royal Albert Hall August, 1949

Left to right: Bernard Porter, British Secretary of The Healing for the Nations Campaign, Minister of the Marble Arch Assembly of God, 141 Harrow Road, London, W.2, and Home and Over-seas Missions Secretary for the London District Council of Assemblies of God. Pastor E. J. Phillips,

Executive Member of the Elim Full Gospel Alliance and organiser of the Great Rally in the Royal Albert Hall on 14th August, 1949. Little David, The Miracle Boy Preacher. Raymond G. Hoelistra, Director of the World Wide Healing for the Nations Campaign. Colonel S. J. Martin, Chief Usher of the Kingsway and Albert Hall meetings and member of Pastor F. R. Barnes Assembly of God Church, Boone Street, Lee, London, S.E.13.

We had a brief and blessed service after which the pastor gave an invitation for any souls that wanted to be filled with the Holy Ghost, asking them to come to the altar for prayer. One of my Sunday school classmates, named Leon, asked me if I would go with him to the altar to pray.

I went to the altar expecting to be there about five minutes, but it turned out to be five hours in heaven.

As we knelt down at the altar I placed my arm around Leon and we started to pray. After a few minutes of prayer I was startled to see coming toward me from heaven a group of angels. The angels, which came toward me, were dressed in long white robes. They had no wings, as many people suppose, but they appeared in heavenly bodies, clothed with beautiful robes of white. Two of the angels took hold of my body and laid it gently upon the floor. As my body went over backward my outstretched hand took hold of Leon's trouser leg.

My spirit was carried by the angels up from the earth into the heavens above. As I left the earth below I looked down and saw my body lying on the floor of the church.

Soon I was led by angels into that heavenly country which God has prepared for His own. Many people think of heaven only as a city. But heaven is more than a city.

The book of Hebrews speaks of heaven as a country.

As I entered heaven my spirit took on a heavenly body.

A body such as the saints of God will have in the resurrection. That will be a body fashioned like Christ's own glorious body.

As I raced through space hand in hand with the angels we sang such heavenly songs as I have never heard. All around us seemed to swirl an invisible singing, heavenly chorus.

The air was filled with music. Everything was harmony and melody.

The heavens were bathed in the most beautiful light that my eyes had ever seen. It was like jasper glittering in the sun. There was no sun in the heavens. There were no street lights in that heavenly country. And yet it was gloriously light all around us.

Then as I wondered from whence all this beautiful light had come God brought to my mind the words of Revelation 21: 23, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." As I stood gazing upon the beauties and wonders of heaven I looked as far as I could see, in front of me, then to the right, to the left and behind me, but nowhere could I see any end of heaven.

Many people on earth have a conception of heaven as being just a little city which is made for their own group.

But heaven is a vast country. Heaven must be a big place, for the word of God tells us that there will be ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands.

Revelation 5: 11, "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Revelation 7: 9, 10, "After this I beheld,

and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Matthew 8: 11 Jesus said, "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." This vast heavenly country, into which the angels led me, was the home which was promised to men and women of faith, of whom the Bible speaks in Hebrews 11: 16, "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city." Then in the distance I saw a great city bathed in a sea of light. It was the new Jerusalem, the city of God.

This is the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. This city was made without human hands; it is eternal in the heavens.

Hand in hand with the angels I raced toward that beautiful city singing as we went. Many people have asked me to sing for them the songs that I sang with the angels.

But I cannot sing them here on earth. I didn't learn them on this earth. They have never been written in our hymn books. I have never heard them sung in any church.

They were the songs of heaven. You ask me how did I learn them? I didn't need to learn them. I just knew them. And when the angels sang I joined with them.

It would be just as difficult to sing on earth the songs that we sang in heaven as to describe with human tongue the beauties and glories that I saw in the heavens.

I Corinthians 2 : 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 Many people have asked me, "How did you feel when you were in heaven?" I will explain the kind of joy that I had in just one word. It was joy "unspeakable." 18 LITTLE DAVID If you asked me to tell you of the kind of love that flooded my heart, in just a few words I can say, "It was love that passeth all knowledge." You ask me what peace was in my heart and mind.

I had peace that passeth all understanding.

As I sang with the angels and gazed upon the wonders of heaven suddenly a bright light flashed before my eyes.

It was the brightest light that I had ever seen. Immediately it seemed that the heavens, the earth, the angels, all disappeared, and I was enveloped in the presence of unspeakable glory.

As I stood there tense and still, waiting for something to happen, I thought within my own mind, "I wish that I might stay forever in this heavenly place." Out of the shekinah glory a voice spoke. It was the most wonderful voice that my ears had ever heard. It was a voice filled with love, mercy, compassion and charity. It was a voice that expressed kindness, meekness and understanding.

It was the voice of Jesus, the Son of God.

Jesus called my name and said, "David, David, I know the desire of your heart. I know that you would like to remain forever and forever in heaven. But I have a work for you to do. You must return to the earth and be a labourer in my vineyard. I am going to make you a preacher of my gospel." You can imagine how thrilled I was to hear the Lord say that He was going to make a preacher of me. But how could I be a preacher? I was just a nine-year-old boy.

Then I answered the Lord and said, "How can I be a preacher? I am only a boy. I have never been to college or to a university." Jesus answered, "You will not have to go to a college or to a university. I am going to make you a preacher.

All that you must do is just stand before men and open your mouth and I will give you words to speak." Jesus said, "Go, and preach my gospel. Preach my word, preach my name, preach the Kingdom of God." The Lord said, "Preach my name like Philip, the evangelist, preached. Preach my name as did Paul and Peter, the apostles." The Lord said, "Do you remember what Philip preached when he went down to Samaria? He preached the name of Jesus and the Kingdom of God. When Philip preached my name and the Kingdom of God, Samaria was stirred, many were healed, multitudes were baptised and Samaria received a great revival. It was one of the greatest revivals in Bible history." Then Jesus said, "David do you remember what the Apostle Paul said, 'I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified'." The Apostle Peter on that day of Pentecost preached the gospel of Christ when he said in Acts 2: 38, "Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." "As Philip and Peter and Paul preached my name, even so shall you, David, preach the name of the Lord. Command men to believe the gospel, to repent of their sins, to be baptised in my name for there is no greater name under heaven given among men." Again Jesus spoke saying, "At my name every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is saved." Jesus said, "David, go back to earth and tell men to believe on me as their Saviour and King. Tell them that if they will believe in my death, burial, resurrection and ascension they shall inherit eternal life." "Tell all who are seeking for the gift of my Holy Spirit not to give up. Tell them to continue to seek and ask and knock and it shall be given unto them, for everyone that asketh, receiveth; everyone that seeketh, findeth; to everyone that knocketh, it shall be opened." "David, there will be many scoffers and mockers, for my word has declared that in the last days scoffers shall come in their own lust. Do not get discouraged because of those that do not believe, but keep on and preach my word. There shall be goats; there shall be sheep; there shall be believers and unbelievers. Many will be amazed and others will be in doubt. Some will mock, but David, do not get discouraged, for there is coming a day when I shall separate the sheep from the goats, the believers from the unbelievers." After this Jesus told me many other things which were to come and He held me to a promise that I would never reveal them until He gave me His permission.

He said, "David, do not tell these secrets to your father, your mother or to any of your family or relatives. Keep these secrets in your heart and tell no man until I command you to speak them forth." Till this I have kept in my heart and have never told a living soul the secret revelations which Jesus gave unto me.

Again a shaft of light flashed out toward me from the throne and suddenly the angels appeared at my side.

Once again I looked and saw in the distance the city of God. The angels led me back to the place where I had entered into the heavenly country. It was time for me to return to earth.

As we came again to the gate I turned to wave good-bye to the angelic band. One of them cried aloud and said, "David, we will see you again someday," My spirit left the

heavenly body in which I had visited that heavenly country and my spirit returned to earth.

Once again my spirit entered into my earthly body. I opened my eyes. I looked around about me. I was in the little church in Long Beach, California. I looked at the clock. It was 2.30. I had come to pray for five minutes but I had gone to heaven for five hours. My hand still clutched the trouser leg of my Sunday school classmate, Leon, who had remained in prayer with me through those eventful hours.

As we stood again upon our feet I walked back in a daze.

As we sat down for a moment before leaving the church, Leon turned to me and with a smile that covered his face, said, "David, can't we do this again to-morrow night?" I said, "Leon, not only to-morrow night could we do this but some day we can do this for ever." During the five hours that my spirit spent in heaven my father and mother waited in the church, not daring to touch my lifeless body at the altar for they realised that I was in the hands of God.

When we went home I kept in my heart all that had happened to me during the five hours that I spent in heaven.

After three days I went to my father and told him that during the five hours that my body lay lifeless at the church altar my spirit had been in heaven. Daddy simply laughed when I told him. He said, "Perhaps it was just a childish idea." When I saw that my father did not believe that I had spent five hours in heaven I realised that he would not believe me if I told him about being called to preach. It was then that I decided on a hunger strike.

I started on a fast for five days without my food. On the third day of my fast I came to my father and said, "Daddy, do you remember the experience that I had at the church the other night?" He answered, "Yes, David." I said, "Well, daddy, there was something happened that I haven't told you yet. When my spirit went to heaven and I talked to Jesus He told me that I was to become a preacher of His gospel." Daddy answered, "Well, perhaps someday you will be a preacher. When you are grown up you can go to college or a university and perhaps you will be a preacher." But I said, "Daddy, Jesus told me that I was to go and preach now." "What," he answered, "you, a little nine-year-old boy, to go out and preach the gospel now. I might have believed your story that you spent five hours in heaven, but I can't possibly believe that the Lord would send a nine-year-old out to preach the gospel." I answered, "I know it seems strange, daddy. I told Jesus that I was only a nine-year-old boy and had never gone to a college or to a university. And He told me that I didn't have to; that He was going to make me a preacher. He said that if I would stand before men and open my mouth He would give me words to speak and thousands would be converted." When I saw that my father was not to be convinced by my story I continued my fasting for another two days.

On the fifth day of my fast my father came to me with a very determined look upon his face.

He said, "David, this foolishness has got to stop. Your mother and I are both worried about you. You haven't eaten for five days. Now I am going to take off my belt and either you are going to eat or I'm going to have to whip you." I trembled at the thought of what might be in store for me but I had to be true to my heavenly experience. So I simply said, "Well, daddy, I don't like to disobey you, but I guess you'll have to whip me this time, for I cannot eat unless you promise to give me a chance to preach." My father

seemed very surprised. When all my testimony had failed to convince him, my willingness to suffer a whipping rather than give up my call to preach, changed his mind. He started to put his belt back through the belt loops of his trousers.

He said, "David, if I give you a chance to preach, will you break your fast and come and eat?" I said, "Yes, daddy." Then daddy smiled a great big smile and said, "David, this is one time you whipped your daddy." Mother prepared a hot meal for me and I broke my fast with a joyful heart because I knew I was to have a chance to preach.

My father kept his word and almost immediately made arrangements to rent an auditorium in the Woman's Club House in Colton, California. This was to be the scene of my first preaching campaign.

When the day came for the opening service of my first revival campaign daddy placed a small advertisement about the boy preacher in the local newspaper.

We expected only a small crowd of people to come mostly the folks from the wrong side of the tracks. But that night in the opening service on the first row sat the mayor of Colton. On the second row sat the chief of police and behind him sat the fire chief. And it seemed to me that just about everybody in Colton was there.

Imagine how my nine-year-old heart felt when I looked back into the audience and saw there two noted ministers, pastors from the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches.

After a few preliminaries my daddy presented me to the audience as a nine-year-old boy preacher. He was so afraid that I would make a complete failure that he went and hid behind the stage curtains. I'm sure that he did some earnest praying.

At the end of my sermon when the invitation was given about thirty souls came to the altar to seek the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these were young people from the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. Some of the adults were businessmen in the city of Colton.

That is how my ministry started when I was nine years of age.

In every city where the Lord has sent me to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ great revivals have followed because God's word can never fail.

Soon afterward I held campaigns in San Bernadino, Fontana, Ontario, Riverside, Long Beach and Los Angeles.

These were great meetings for God.

Then I was invited to preach at the large auditorium in Angeles Temple, Los Angeles, at a Sunday morning service. Four thousand were present. The glory of the Most High God was in the service.

We had a great service also in the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles.

From Southern California I travelled through the north-west. Later, down through Mexico, where many hundreds were converted. And then into the central states into New England, where God met us in mighty soul-saving revival campaigns. And I expect to continue my ministry for Jesus Christ in the great cities of America, in Mexico, in the islands of the sea, in Europe and around the world until Jesus Christ comes to take me home.

That is what Jesus Christ told me that I was to do when I "Spent Five Hours in Heaven."

The End.

Just What I Preach

Little David,

July 7, 1947 Station W I S H.

Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day and forever.

And His religion is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Now lots of folk say, "I'll take the new religion." Brother, I'll take the old-fashioned religion.

You ask me what I preach. I'll tell you what I preach.

It's simple but it's still good. It has been preached over and over hundreds and hundreds of times again, but it still stands true to-day. I preach about the atomic bomb.

Only I do not spell the atomic bomb in ten letters; I spell the atomic bomb in six letters, and it is G-O-S-P-E-L. It's the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been preached over and over again by every evangelist, no doubt, but it still stands true to-day in the hearts of millions.

The Apostle Paul said, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." And that is why I preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor.1:18, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." Unto those that p.re perishing, unto those that are in danger of eternal damnation, it is foolish-ness to hear the gospel of Christ, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. In other words, Brother, it is atomic power.

There is enough power in God's gospel to save the universe; there is enough power in God's gospel to heal the lame man; there is enough power in God's gospel to open the blinded eyes; there is enough power in God's gospel to unstop deaf ears; there is enough power in God's gospel to make the dumb to talk; there is enough power in God's gospel, sinner friend, to save your unworthy soul! That is why you, too, should accept the gospel and that is why Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe." Brother, you say, "What shall we believe?" Believe the gospel and preach the gospel and when men and women preach the gospel of Jesus Christ then you are going to see signs and wonders follow. Brother, you are going to see the sick healed. You're going to see the devils cast out of many, and that is why we can preach the gospel, and stand upon the gospel.

Yes, it's simple, but it's good. That is just what I preach.

You folk remember when Nehemiah was building the walls, and Sanballat and Tobiah heard about it, and they sent messengers saying, "Come on, let's leave the villages and let's discuss this thing and reason this thing out." Nehemiah sent a messenger back and said, "I am out doing a good work. I can't come down. Why should the work cease, and I come down and argue with you?" Listen, Brother, I'm doing a good work building the wall and preaching the gospel; why should this wonderful work cease that I should come down, and just argue a few things out with you? Brother, I'm doing a good work and that is I'm preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. It will be preached over and over again, and that is the gospel of Christ that should be preached everywhere.

God's Saturday Night

Isa. 13: 6-7, "Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand. It shall come as a destruction from the Almighty.

Therefore shall all hands be faint and every man's heart shall melt." Eccl. 11:9-10, "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine own eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore, remove sorrow from thy heart and put away evil from thy flesh. For child-hood and youth are vanity." Go ahead young man or woman, have a good time in this present world. Walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes, go ahead and have a nice Saturday night. But always remember that not only you have your Saturday nights, but the God of heaven is going to have his Saturday night. God's wrath is going to be poured out on this old world. You may think that you are getting by with a lot of things that you are doing, but always remember that there is an all-seeing eye watching you. Be sure your sins will find you out. God knows where you go and He knows what you are saying. God sees every move that you make; He sees every vile thing you do. One of these days when you stand before the judgment you are going to give an account for all the evil things you have done.

This old world is in a mess. Sin everywhere! One of these days, and it's not very far off, God is going to pour out His wrath, and that without mixture. Rev. 14: 10.

To-day God is pouring His wrath out with a little bit of mercy, but one of these days God isn't going to pour out His wrath with mixture. God has been good to America, but the trouble is, we don't appreciate His love, goodness and mercy. We haven't had any trouble. We, as people of God, should praise Him more and more for all of the wonderful blessings He has given us.

America, or rather the world, is fulfilling scripture, 2Tim. 3:1-5, "In the last days, perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, un-thankful, unholy." We can tell that God's wrath is beginning to come upon this old world. You can read in the papers how food is getting scarce, and also in the headlines we are told that perhaps there will be another war.

We will never have real peace until the Prince of Peace comes.

John said to flee from the wrath of God which is to come. He didn't tell us to walk. He said to flee. There is only going to be one group of people that is going to be able to stand when God's wrath is poured out upon the nations, and those are the ones that have been born again of water and of the Spirit.

Jesus, Are You Still Living?

Heb. 13: 8, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." 1900 years ago a Saviour was born. Matt. 1: 21. He began preaching when he was twelve years of age. When he was thirty-three years old He was led up the hill of Golgotha to be crucified. The soldiers nailed Him to the cross and with a spear they pierced His side and forthwith came there out blood and water. Then they took the body of Christ and laid it in a new sepulchre wherein was never a man yet laid. John 19: 41. While all of this was going on I can imagine the old Devil sitting over on the side laughing and saying, "Well,

I've got him now. I've got him now." The Devil used every weapon possible on Christ, but none of the weapons overpowered Christ. Then the Devil tried death, the most powerful weapon, but even death could not overpower Christ.

His power is mighty; His power is unrealised. It's atomic power. Rom.6:9, "Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him." The cross could not hold Him. The grave could not hold Him. The soldiers could not hold Him. The stone could not hold Him. He is mighty in power and nothing can hold Him. Luke 24:6, "He is not here; He is risen." The apostles could not even believe that Christ was alive.

Luke 24:11, "And their words seemed to be idle tales and they believed them not." One day the disciples were gathered in a room, the door being locked for fear of the Jews. Jesus came in through locked doors and said, "Peace be unto you," and He showed them the nail prints in His hands and His pierced side, and they were glad that they had seen the Lord.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, "We have seen the Lord." But Thomas said unto them, "Except I shall put my finger into the nail prints and thrust my hand into His side I will not believe." And after eight days again His disciples were within and Thomas with them.

Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in their midst and said, "Peace be unto you." Then saith He to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing."

There are many doubting Thomases to-day. Although with my natural eyes I did not see Christ arise from the dead, yet I am persuaded that He is alive. I am just the same as Job. He said, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Job 19:25. I don't think I know! I know that Jesus Christ arose from the grave two years ago, but my question is, "Jesus, Are You Still Living?" The answer comes rolling back from heaven, "Yes, David, I am still living." You will have to admit when you walk into many of the churches to-day, that you would think Christ was in the grave. Many churches to-day are like Ezekiel's dry bone yard. Many think that Christ is alive one day in a year and that day is Easter Sunday, when thousands of people all over the United States go to church. Then when they come home they hang up their Easter suit and Easter bon-net. When the next Easter comes they do likewise. In other words, to them Christ is alive one day in the year, and the other 364 days Christ is dead. But I don't believe Christ is alive one day in a year, but alive 365 days.

I don't blame the three Hebrew children for not bowing down to the dead image that Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up, because they were serving a Living God. The reason why the 450 prophets of Baal did not have the power to bring fire down from heaven to consume their sacrifice was because they were crying to a dead image that could not see or hear.

But the fire came down and consumed Elijah's sacrifice because he was crying out to a God who could see, hear and talk.

There was a certain woman in the Bible who had an issue of blood twelve years. She spent all of her money on physicians but got no better. She grew steadily worse.

Then one day she saw a great crowd outside and Jesus was in the middle of the crowd so she began to press her way through. When she touched the hem of His garment she was made whole.

No matter whether it's morning, noon or night, Christ can always hear your cry.
Psa.34:15, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears are open unto their cry."

Healing Miracles

Deaf Mute From Birth, Instantly Healed

Buddy Raines is almost six years old. He was born deaf, and had never spoken a word. The physicians offered no hope that he would ever hear. No hearing device was of any avail.

When Little David opened his Richmond, Virginia, Salvation-Healing Revival at the Mosque Auditorium, Buddy's mother brought him to Little David for the prayer of faith that heals the sick.

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ the demon of deaf-ness was cast out, and Buddy Raines immediately heard.

Within a few days he was speaking words, within two weeks he was putting words together in sentences.

On several occasions he appeared on the platform before five thousand persons at the Mosque Auditorium, to demonstrate how he could hear and speak after being healed through Christ.

At Petersburg, Virginia, Buddy Raines appeared before an audience of about ten thousand people to demonstrate how he had been healed.

His mother and father testified before these thousands to the miracle of healing that Christ performed on their son.

Hundreds like Buddy have been healed in the Little David Healing meetings.

When Little David began his preaching ministry at the age of nine years, Christ said to him, "David, if you preach what I have commanded you, thousands will be converted, and many miraculously healed. The blind will see. The deaf will hear. The lame will walk." This promise has never failed.

From "The Portsmouth, Virginia, Star"

"Little David," The Boy Preacher, Norfolk, Va.

Dear "Little David":

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me. I am the newspaperman who attended your Norfolk services in the Arena and witnessed the truly wonderful works of healing you did, and the hundreds of souls you brought to Christ confessing their sins and solemnly promising to live clean, upright lives hereafter. A hard-boiled newspaper man is often a very difficult person to convince about matters of this kind, yet I witnessed these things with my own eyes, and I was back-stage where I could see all, hear all, not for just one service, but for several.

Truly God is with you, for never have I seen anyone with such miraculous healing power as you possess you made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and you healed the sick of their infirmities. I saw scores of people who I know as residents of this community, go up helpless cripples and I saw them walk off the platform unaided with their crutches swung over their shoulders like soldiers going into action. Truly they

have become soldiers of the Cross, for in the name of Jesus you made them whole again.

I want to testify also to the fact that I received from your hands an unsought healing for high blood pressure from which I had suffered a long while. Someone mentioned to one of your assistants that I had high blood pressure, and in a moment, without my having to ask for it, you had placed your hands upon my forehead and given me a healing, and I am happy to say that from that moment my blood pressure has been normal and I am feeling better than I have felt in a long while.

May God give you strength and increased power, dear "Little David," to continue the great work you are doing for the Master.

Truly, when the hosts of Heaven see the miraculous things you are doing to aid suffering humanity in His Name, they will call you blessed!

Good luck and may God bless you for evermore.

Sincerely, WM. BLOUNT DARDEN,
Associate Editor.

(Note: Mr. W. Blount Darden, the reporter who wrote the story, "Healing Miracles Reportedly Performed in Norfolk, Virginia, by 14-Year-Old Little David," is the associate editor of "The Portsmouth Star," one of Virginia's foremost daily newspapers. Mr. Blount Darden is the cousin of Colgate Darden, president of the University of Virginia, and former Governor of the State of Virginia. Mr. Darden comes from one of the most highly respected families of that wonderful State of Virginia. His story about the Ministry of Miracles of Little David was carried across this nation.)
Little David (Reprint from "The Portsmouth (Va.) Star":



6,500 fill Royal Albert Hall,
London—14th August, 1949

A queue 200 yards long waited to enter the hall to hear the testimony of Little David. All available by Little David for men and women to surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ hands were raised all over the altar rail, it was estimated that over two h



*able seats were filled some time before the opening hymn was sung. When the appeal was given
er the vast auditorium, and as the invitation was given the aisles were filled with people coming to
hundred were converted in this meeting alone.*

Healing Miracles Reportedly Performed In Norfolk, Virginia, By 14-Year-Old 'Little David'

By W. Blount Darden "Little David," the boy preacher, returned to Norfolk yesterday for a two-day stay at the Norfolk City Auditorium. Having heard so much of this lad and read so much of the many wonderful things he is reported as having done in the way of miraculous healings, I decided I would go over and see for myself what it was all about. The evangelistic service, under the direction of the Rev. Raymond G. Hoekstra, was scheduled to begin at 2.30 o'clock, but for three hours before that time a long queue of men, women and children were lined up outside the auditorium waiting for the doors to open. There were thousands of them some brought their lunches, many were carrying invalid children in their arms, others were in wheel chairs, two ambulances pulled up to the stage entrance and attendants carried in two persons, a man and a woman, on stretchers.

As far as the eye could see there were automobiles parked in every direction. A casual glance at the licence tags on some of these cars showed them to be from practically every state within a radius of 600 miles and more.

Some were from Florida, one from Missouri, several from New York, and quite a few from Georgia.

God in Action

Presenting myself at the stage entrance I was introduced to Mr. Hoekstra, who bade me to remain on the stage to Mrs. Charles Raines, 215 Louisiana Street, Richmond, Virginia, tells of the healing of her son, Buddy Raines.

I witness the service. I stayed and I saw God in action in the sensational healings performed by "Little David." From time immemorial people who heard of such things have been sceptical. I have even heard people say that those supposedly "healed" by Little David, the boy preacher, were "plants," people associated with the evangelistic campaign party and that the healings were simply sensational stunts to draw crowds. I can vouch for the fact that they were truly sensational, and I can also vouch for the fact that those people were not "props of the act." I talked with some of them two bedridden persons, a man and a woman, and a blind woman and they were all truly afflicted persons, seeking relief just as did those of the time of Jesus who sought a touch of His hands to make them whole.

There were no fakes and no fakery. It was all plain, simple, applied Christianity with "Little David" preaching a soul-stirring sermon, impassioned, filled with scriptural quotations of which he seems to have unlimited knowledge, with hundreds of citations from chapter and verse; and he knows how to apply them to the world of to-day. He called for true repentance from sins, and a firm faith and continuing belief in Christ Jesus. I have heard many sermons by truly eloquent ministers of the gospel, but never have I seen quite the simple eloquence of this 14-year-old boy.

"Nothing To Gain"

"I have nothing to gain by what I am doing except the souls of people to God and Jesus," said "Little David," and then as though repeating almost exactly the words of the Master Himself, "It is not I who doeth the works but Jesus who works through me, and who has charged me to do these things that the sick may be healed, the lame may be made to walk and the blind to see, all to the glory of God. But you must have faith, such a faith as you have never had before, a constant, long abiding faith. I am criticised and reviled by some, who claim that these services are just publicity stunts, and that it is all a fake, a racket and a money-making scheme. Let them say what they will about me, the preachers and others, but I don't care how many there are who scorn me thus because I know I have God on my side. With God on my side, we more than out-balance all of them. But let my work speak for itself. Jesus said, 'the things I do ye shall do also, even more than I do, for I go to my Father who sent Me.' I'll let my God and my audiences be my judges." Then the healing services began. Long prayer lines started streaming down every aisle toward the platform.

Down front on stretchers lay the bed-ridden invalids; mothers and fathers with infants in their arms; friends and relatives leading blind persons; the lame, the halt and the blind, a vast concourse of afflicted people with simple implicit faith in God and the power of "Little David" to heal them, went forward in a great throng of sincere worshippers.

"Little David" left the platform and went down to the stretcher cases first a woman who had no use of her body, a paralytic for a long while suffering from internal disorders. With a prayer on his lips, "Little David" asked God to "heal my sister, now, in the name of Jesus," then placing his hands upon her he said, "You are now well, you can walk," and turning to the attend-ants, he said "Take that stretcher away," and the woman got up and walked amid mighty shouts of "praise God" and a chorus of "Amens" from the audience.

Bowed in Prayer

Every head was bowed in reverent prayer, nearly every eye in the audience was wet with tears, the hum of prayers could be heard all over the great auditorium as "Little David" went to the man who lay on a stretcher, a chronic arthritis victim whose limbs were wasted and bent in grotesque and fixed positions. Again "Little David" bent low and whispered in the ear of the sick man who couldn't move his body, then placed his hands upon him for one, two, three minutes. "Raise your heads, audience," said "Little David," "you are about to see another miracle performed by God. This man is going to walk," and immediately the bent legs began to straighten out, the arm stretched forth, the fingers moved, the man raised himself on his couch, and in less time than it takes to write it, the man was on his feet, walking around, amid the loud shouts of "Praise God," "Thank you, Jesus" and a vast chorus of "Amens." Then a woman, blind, was led up on the platform, totally blind for years. In less than two minutes "Little David" once more declared, "Another miracle is about to be performed by God," just as he does every time, not by "Little David" but by God and again a cure. Suddenly a shout of praise from the woman and her sister who led her, "She can see," and "Little David" held up first one, then two, then three and four fingers, asking at each instant the correct answer from the woman who was just a few minutes previously blind. And so it went on for nearly an hour, all manner of afflicted, a pitiful array of broken humanity, each receiving a touch of the hands and a prayer for God's deliverance from whatever the affliction might be. It was truly a most inspiring thing to see.

I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

Entitled To Opinion

It doesn't happen? It can't happen? The days of miracles passed with Jesus? You wouldn't believe it even if you saw it with your own eyes? All right. You are entitled to your opinion, but you'll never make me believe any of that, nor will you make any of those thousands who were in that auditorium yesterday, nor any of those who received these miraculous hearings. How does he do it? That is the secret of "Little David" and his God, but he tells you very simply and in all humility himself how he does it, and then he proceeds to prove his words by deeds. Doubters, scoffers, cynics, unbelievers! Yes, the world has been full of them from time immemorial, but as "Little David" constantly affirms, "God is the same to-day as He was yesterday, from the beginning and will be until the end." That's his philosophy. You can take it or leave it.

"The Portsmouth Star."



Affidavit

I, Tessie Elizabeth Rainee, am the wife of William Herbert Raines, of 215 Louisiana Street, Richmond, Va.

Our son, Buddy Raines, age five, was deaf from birth and did not talk. On Sunday, May 22nd, 1949, we took him to the Little David Revival service at the Mosque.

Little David prayed for Buddy. Immediately his ears were opened, and he could hear.

Within a few days he was speaking words, and within a week he was able to put several words together in short sentences. He is very rapidly becoming normal in hearing and speech.

Various Doctors had examined him and declared he was deaf. A leading Richmond Ear specialist said that Buddy had inherited his deafness from his great uncle.

Tessie Elizabeth Raines
Tessie Elizabeth Raines

State of Virginia
City of Richmond

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of
May, 1949.

Marquise Blayson
Notary Public

My commission expires January 14, 1952.

Anyone writing to Mrs. Raines, to confirm the testimony of the healing of her son, is requested to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their reply. Those wishing to call by 'phone, may ask for the telephone of Charles Raines.



Buddy Raines, deaf from birth, was healed instantly in the Little David Healing Revival at the Mosque Auditorium, Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., on the 22nd May, 1949. Hundreds of deaf and dumb have been healed in the Little David Healing Meetings Jesus is the Great Physician.

Aged Man Healed Of Deafness And Blindness

I am writing this testimony for my father, who was healed in the Norfolk Revival. He was partially blind, almost completely deaf. He had not been able to hear a sermon for twenty years.

Now we thank our Lord, and praise Him Most High, for he has caused him to hear Little David's sermons ever since he was prayed for. He says they are the best sermons he has ever heard, and he is confident that they were sent from heaven.

Mrs. Alonzoe Smith, Norfolk, Virginia.

"Little David Just Little Boy Underneath"

Reprinted from "Cincinnati Post" By Janet Callahan

When Little David tells of his Experience, his five hours with Jesus, he's an orator, speaking in the language of the Bible and the evangelist.

When his director, the Rev. Raymond Hoekstra, speaks of Little David, he's the obedient pupil, sitting quietly, eyes cast down. Usually he carefully inspects his hands.

But ask him a question and David's likely to answer like any boy of 13.

Bus Driver Was Ideal

What did he want to be before he took up preaching? Little David grinned, and a lock of hair fell over one eye.

"I wanted to be a bus driver," he admitted.

"It's hard to talk about my Experience when I'm not inspired," Little David explains.

"When I preach, I don't know what I'm going to say ahead of time and after it's over, I don't know what I've said. Sometimes I don't ever want to preach again. But after a good night's sleep, I'm all right." The son of deeply religious parents, David Walker was living in Long Beach, Cal., when he had his call to preach, four years ago.

Four Angels Appear

"I was in a prayer meeting," he said. "Suddenly four angels came and laid me on my back, and my spirit went with them. I could see my body lying there, and there was a bright light flaring in my eyes.

"I went to Heaven and sang with the angels. I don't know how I knew the words to sing and I don't remember them now. Then Jesus talked to me and told me many things which have been taken from my remembrance.

"He said, 'I have work for you. I want you to preach.' I said, 'I'm just a boy. I haven't had any training or college education.' Five Hours in Heaven " 'All you have to do is get in the pulpit', Jesus told me." For five hours, he said, he was in Heaven while his parents watched his unconscious body, believing that their son was having some great religious experience.

It was not his first.

At the age of 5, David had gone on a three-day fast, during which his sight dimmed and miraculously returned, he said. But does he expect other experiences? "I wouldn't mind to have one," he says.

Advocates Prayer

Little David believes through fasting and prayer all things are possible. That is his message to men and women who want to lead a better life to prepare for the time when Jesus comes again to take them all to Heaven.

At each meeting, Little David prays and lays his hands on each convert.

"I was commissioned by Jesus to lay my hands on them. I don't know what purpose it's for," Little David said. But after his St. Louis meeting, a woman blind in one eye, deaf in one ear and crippled with arthritis was suddenly well again. There is a healing at almost every meeting, Mr. Hoekstra says.

Gives Up Playing

Little David is completely serious about his call to preach, and doesn't mind giving up things like baseball and riding his bike, while he's on a speaking tour.

"I make up for it when I'm home," he said.

His parents have moved to Chicago now, but David studies at Mr. Hoekstra's Calvary Tabernacle school in Indianapolis.

A cousin, Mrs. Ernest C. Codrey, of 4023 Grove Avenue, Norwood, will take part in one of Little David's programmes here.

August, 1949.

For 15 years I have hardly been able to hear with my right ear. A leading ear surgeon told me that there were two big perforations in the right ear drum. Little David touched me according to Mark 16: 18, I was healed in the Name of Jesus. With my right ear I can now hear the ticking of my wrist watch; I hear better with it than with my left one.

Mrs. Lydia Prince, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

August, 1949.

In 1934 I had a fall and strained a leader in the right leg, my leg shortened by i inches and the foot became crippled; I have worn an iron and special boot. Last Thursday I came for healing; I limped off the platform down the steps, but as I walked to my seat the leg became the same as the other. To me as a Christian it seems too good to be true, but it is, because Jesus healed me through Little David.

Mrs. J. Smith, Brook Lane, Brentford, Middlesex.

August, 1949.

I came to be healed of neuritis, and Christ touched and healed my left arm and body.... I have been to the hospital and the doctor has examined me and says, "You are cured."

Mr. Pullum, Ark ley Crescent, Walthamstow, E.17.

August, 1949.

I am healed of internal trouble and deafness, Jesus heard my prayer in Kingsway Hall, 8th August.

Mrs. Main, Tooting High Street, S.W.17.

August, 1949.

I went up to the platform with infected lungs. After the laying on of David's hands I lost all pain.

R. Hind, Lancaster Road, W11

August, 1949.

I thank you, Little David, for praying for my daughter's eyes to be better; she can now see, thank God.

Mrs. E. Steward, Bartholomew Street, London, S.E.I.

August, 1949.

I knew I was going to be healed of that dreadful goitre.

I have seen many doctors, they all wanted me to go to hospital, they all said it would have to be cut out. I thank God with all my heart for what He has done for me through Little David.

Margaret E. Knight, Colville Square, London, W.1r.

Crippled Boy Healed, Runs Off Platform Without Crutches

Little David: Let me thank you for everything you have done for me.

My boy was on crutches six months, so I thought that when he was healed, and started walking, he would have to be taught again how to walk.

It certainly made me happy to see him run off the stage.

May God bless you.

Mrs. Adams, 506 Ridgewell Circle, Norfolk Virginia.

Smooth Stones From David's Sling

In his sermon, "Poodle-dogs or Children," Little David exclaimed, "Many people think more of a poodle dog than of a child." You say, "But David, don't you believe in being kind to dumb animals?" "Yes, I do. But please don't treat them like babies. A dog does not have a soul.

That is why I say, "The dog for the dog house, and the baby for the home.' "

A man in Des Moines, Iowa, said to me, "Little David, if I accept your religion, I will have to quit drinking." But I said, "No, Mister, you don't have to quit drinking, just switch your brands. Stop drinking the devil's wine, and start drinking heaven's wine." (Eph. 5. 18).

In the Miami, Florida, Campaign, our tent Cathedral was pitched on West Flagler Street, just west of the Dog Races. After seeing the multitudes going there to gamble, David declared, "Man did not come from monkeys, but in Miami they are surely going to the dogs."

In preaching on The Power of the Gospel, Little David assured the audience that the power of the Gospel would make men love their enemies, adding, "It will also make you love your mother-in-law." A young wife in the audience, who had not spoken to her

mother-in-law for three years, leaped to her feet, ran to her mother-in-law's home and begged forgiveness for her hatred.

Many Christians, or perhaps I should say, many church members, go to church only once a year, on Easter Sunday. The reason? "Because," they answer, "Christ was resurrected on Easter Sunday." I suppose that to them, after Easter Sunday is past, Christ walks back to Jerusalem, lays down in the tomb, and goes to sleep.

Some people say to me, "Little David, why do you shout and become so excited at times?" My answer is, "Brother, if you were going to a place where there is no tears, sorrow, sickness, heartaches, partings, calamities, wars, or death, don't tell me that you wouldn't shout.

You know good and well you would."

What is a revival? A revival is when people forsake their worldly songs and begin to sing the songs of Zion. A revival is when drunkards change their brand, and begin to drink God's wine. A revival is when the carnal mind is crucified, and men receive the mind of Christ. A revival is when sin-loving, pleasure-seeking, ungodly, wicked men hit the sawdust trail, falling upon their knees, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

What kind of revival do we need? We need an angel-taught, Jesus-brought, Devil-fought, Holy Ghost and Fire revival.

"And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour" (Rev.8:1). David added, "That was just before the Pentecostal people marched in."

God promised that He would make His ministers a flame of fire. I would rather be a "coal of fire" than an ice-cube, any day.

It is a shame to put dances, card parties, and picture shows in churches. If you are going to backslide, do it right. Don't go to a church for a free picture show, but go to a theatre and see a good one for fifty cents.

The gospel doesn't need a crutch or a wheelchair. Any-thing that needs assistance cannot stand alone. The gospel does not need assistance. It can stand alone.

Many people try to assist the gospel by painting it, dramatizing it, or illustrating it, or by putting it in motion pictures. The gospel does not need these crutches. The apostles did not paint the gospel, illustrate the gospel or dramatize the gospel. They preached the gospel. 1Cor.15:1, "The gospel which I preached unto you."

Some churches are so dry that if the Holy Ghost and Fire revival should come to them they would go up in smoke.

Deaf Man Healed, His Family Blessed

My Dear Friend Little David: I feel that I must write you a few lines to tell you how much our family has enjoyed your meetings. Each one of us has received a great blessing, and my husband has regained his hearing through Jesus Christ, praise His

Name, and your splendid preaching. We know that you are sincere, and no one can ever change our thoughts about you.

My husband is so happy since Jesus gave him back his hearing, and has not touched his earphone since you told him to remove it. We know that is permanent. Praise the Lord, God bless you.

Mrs. F. I. Hinkle and Family, Norfolk, Virginia.

Little David, As I Know Him

By Raymond G. Hoekstra, Director

Would you like to look at Little David through eyes that see him most? Would you like to hear his preaching, as it sounds to the critical ear of his director? Come along then, and we will go behind the scenes of a Little David Revival campaign.

One of the first questions that Little David asks concerning an auditorium in which he is to preach is this, "Does the auditorium have a stage door or back entrance?" That is one of the outstanding characteristics of Little David. He is shy.

To stand before ten thousand persons preaching the gospel is a joy to Little David. He seems to have no stage fright. But to walk through a curious crowd waiting to see him at an auditorium entrance makes him very un-comfortable.

On our recent Missionary-Evangelistic trip to the British West Indies the nightly services were attended by audiences of from ten thousand to thirty thousand persons. Many of the business men of Kingston, Jamaica, told us that they would not dare to stand in the midst of such a crowd there, because of conditions of social unrest. But Little David loved the audiences.

Threats were made there against our lives by a band of very wicked men, but Little David was unafraid.

On the other hand, his days were often filled with problems as large delegations of young people from schools and colleges came to see him at the Missionary home.

Day after day they came, begging to see Little David.

Many of them brought books to be autographed. Others asked for the privilege of taking pictures of our party.

To David this was the most difficult part of his work.

In Jackson, Tennessee, our services were held in the Armoury Auditorium. Night after night the large armoury was filled as multitudes came to hear the gospel. There was no stage door to afford a private entrance for David, but he was not to be disappointed. He found a large sliding door about seven feet above ground level. This door was used for moving equipment from trucks, up on to the stage.

David enlisted the aid of several men, and had them meet him at the back of the armoury at seven-thirty each night. The men would lift Little David on their shoulders. Others would open the door from the inside, and reach down, lifting him up on to the stage behind the curtains.

He left the building each night by the same method, much to the bewilderment of large numbers of persons who tried to meet him in person at the end of each service.

In most of the cities where campaigns are conducted a good hotel is chosen for our temporary home. Little David would enjoy exploring each new hotel, and move freely in

the coffee shop and dining room, until the news-paper advertisements and stories made the people conscious of his identity. After he became known to the other guests he would take most of his meals in his room.

If you asked him to eat in the dining room, he would simply answer, "I don't like to eat with everybody looking at me." Often the employees would learn his identity, and soon the word would be carried to every employee that Little David was in a certain room. I remember a certain Southern hotel where the coloured help took a special interest in David. The cooks in the kitchen would send messages by the waiters, asking David to come back to the kitchen and speak to them. Others would send requests for prayer.

His Preaching Gift

We could only explain the miracle of this boy preacher by saying that God had given to him a gift of evangelism.

His preaching was definitely inspired. Whenever Little David entered the pulpit to speak a divine enablement lifted him into a realm of miraculous oratory.

His sermons were not memorised, but they were certainly rooted deep in his heart and soul. His sermons poured forth from him as though it was a relief to give vent to the pressure of the gospel that filled his little heart.

Most ministers find it difficult to be always at their best.

Many of the greatest preachers have complained of failures in delivery for which they cannot account.

An amazing fact in the ministry of Little David is the absence of "Off-Nights" or "Failures" in his preaching.

The blessing and anointing is unfailing.

His ministry is marked by humility because he knows that it is a gift from God. He is also very confident, because the promise of Christ is real to his heart. Often in his preaching Little David quotes the promise which Christ made to him when He sent him to preach. Christ said, "David, go back to earth and preach My Gospel, My Word, My Name, and My Kingdom. If you preach what I have commanded you, thousands will be converted, and many will be miraculously healed." The sermon is usually about thirty minutes in length.

It never seems long. After reading a text from the Bible, and asking God's blessing in prayer, David starts his preaching with slow, deliberate, and pointed statements on the subject of his message.

Within a few minutes a flash of inspiration and a burst of forceful preaching awakens every listener to the realisation that this is no ordinary child trying to preach, but this is a God-sent evangel whom the Holy Spirit has made a flame of fire.

In many instances Little David becomes so enthused that he leaps straight up into the air, or runs across the platform preaching all the way.

Often at the peak of the sermon his coat is thrown off in a flash as he drives harder and faster toward the climax of the sermon.

In Kingston, Jamaica, this "throwing of the coat" produced a most amusing incident.

After the service at the grandstand our party was assembled in the Missionary home of Ralph Reynolds as guests of Mother Russel and daughter Nina Russel. As we were seated around a large round table, a little girl of about seven years of age stood nearby in a doorway. I noticed that she looked steadfastly at David with accusing eyes.

Finally the thought of her heart burst forth, as she pointed her finger at Little David, and exclaimed, "Little David got vexed, and flung off his jacket."

Little David, The Soul-winner

The work is not finished when the sermon is ended.

The gospel sermon is not an end in itself but a means to an end. "We beseech you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled unto God." In pleading with souls David is truly inspired. More than half of all who come to the altar to accept Christ, come forward after hearing the first sermon by Little David. The call of God through this Boy touches hundreds of hearts that fail to respond to any other ministry.

In most campaigns about five per cent of the audience each night come forward to accept Christ, or to seek the Lord for the Gift of the Holy Spirit.

If the auditorium seated two thousand persons, one hundred would be found coming forward each night.

The greatest response was in the British West Indies.

It was carefully estimated that ten thousand persons made public confession of Christ in one week in Kingston, Jamaica.

Many of these were afterward baptised in water and filled with the promised Holy Spirit.

How Long Will Little David Preach?

Other child preachers have come and gone. Therefore the question is often asked of David, "Do you intend to continue preaching throughout your life?" David answers, "I want to preach the gospel until Jesus comes for His church, or until I die. If I must die before Jesus comes I do not want to die in a bed. I want to die with my boots on, standing in the pulpit, preaching the gospel." Little David is very anxious to reach the masses with the gospel. It is his desire to make a world tour of the English-speaking countries. The Union of South Africa presents to him a "Macedonian Call." As soon as the way is open, and the necessary funds are available he is ready to go.

The Finances of Little David Campaigns

The man on the street has strange ideas about the money that is received in religious meetings. Even stranger thoughts on the subject are entertained by the people in the pews.

Recently the United Press, Associated Press, and Inter-national News Service carried stories about Little David, in which they suggested that he received from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per week. This caused our party much amusement. At the time of the circulation of these reports the meetings, though large in attendance, were just barely paying expenses to keep the work going forward.

The following examples of Revival finances will be especially helpful to ministers and evangelists contemplating mass evangelism in American cities.

Our largest campaign was held in Kiel Opera House and Kiel Convention Hall, in St. Louis, Missouri. The Opera House seated thirty-six hundred. The Kiel Convention Hall seated more than ten thousand.

Three weeks of time were devoted to preliminary meetings in various St. Louis churches. In these services the offerings were usually taken for the coming expense budget for the Big Kiel Meeting.

The meeting in Kiel Auditorium was held September 21-28, 1947. The campaign opened in the Opera House with about two thousand persons present for the first service. The rent on the Opera House was three hundred dollars per night. The rental on the Convention Hall was one thousand dollars for one day. Besides this there was an added charge of seven hundred and ninety-five dollars for stage hands and other extra workers. The city was covered with posters, and the newspapers carried quarter-page advertisements of the meetings. The budget for the campaign was eight thousand dollars.

The offerings received during the campaign covered the budget of eight thousand dollars, and the balance of one thousand dollars was given through the Red Cross for relief work in Europe.

Little Stories About Little David

By Raymond G. Hoekstra

A Nine-Year-Old Preacher

Little David's miraculous experience of "Spending Five Hours in Heaven," happened during a mid-week prayer meeting in the Jesus Name Apostolic Tabernacle at 25th Street and American Avenue, in Long Beach, California.

Raymond G. Hoekstra, director of the campaigns, preached one of his first sermons in that same church just ten years before "David's Experience." The pastor, Reverend Glen Harvey, tells about Little David's first sermon. "We were driving to a nearby city to attend a Youth Rally. David's father allowed the boy to go with us to the service. As we were driving into the city, David said, 'If they want me to speak to-night, I have a message.' After the regular programme was finished, I announced that the sermon would be brought by the 'Special Speaker,' Little David, nine years of age.

The boy spoke with real anointing. Afterwards I told the father that Little David had evidently received a real gift for preaching."

The University-by-the-Sea

At one end of the Rainbow Pier in Long Beach you can find in continuous session a world-famous University-by-the sea.

It is made up of noisy communists, smug atheists, and many idlers. A speakers' platform is provided, and may be taken by anyone for a given period of time with the consent of the listeners.

Vocal champions of many causes avail themselves of this lecture platform. The scene reminds one of a group of beggars begging from one another.

Occasionally a brave Christian soul will venture into this noisy throng to "Let his light shine." After about ten minutes of jeers and cat-calls they usually retreat quoting in defence, "Cast not your pearls before swine." In his earliest ministry Little David visited this so-called Spit-and-Argue club, and boldly witnessed for Christ. It could hardly be said that he enjoyed a "Revival," but the throngs loved him for the brave little Boy Preacher that he was.

Little David has referred to this as his "University education."

That Midget Story Again

In almost every revival campaign in any large city, reports are soon circulated that Little David is not a boy, but that he is a middle-aged midget. The reasoning is simple. They say, "No little boy could preach as he does, therefore he must be a midget." In the Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, Missouri, a police-man chanced to stroll into the stage door and was heard to remark that he heard David was a midget, and he hoped he would get close-up of him to make up his own mind on the matter.

Immediately the officer was escorted to David's dressing-room, where he enjoyed a chat with Little David, and was fully convinced that he was a little boy, not a midget.

To make the matter even more interesting, another officer was called in, and we had the two officers walk out on the platform before the large audience with David strolling along between them.

No preliminary announcement had been made concerning their appearance, and, of course, the audience was bewildered, until we brought them to the microphone where I interviewed them, and discussed the "Midget Stories" to the amusement of all present. The inquisitive policeman responded with, "I can tell you one thing, Little David is no midget, he is a real boy." An unexpected result of this little incident was the spread of an even more amusing story to the effect that Little David was arrested and exposed as a midget. This report was widely circulated through the state of Illinois.

Little David and the Barber

One of the most interesting "Midget Incidents" occurred in Tacoma, Washington. Little David often tells of it in his meetings. Let him tell it in his own words: "My tutor went with me to a nearby barber-shop, and there we found the barbers talking about me, though they did not know me. As I climbed up into the chair to get a haircut, not a shave, the barber turned to the tutor, and asked, 'Have you heard of this little boy that is preaching downtown in the municipal auditorium?' She answered, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said the barber, 'we have heard that he is a midget, and my partner and I are going down to see if it is true.' Then he turned to me, and asked, 'Say, sonny, have you ever heard him?' I answered, 'Yep, I've heard him.' I climbed out of the chair, paid the bill, and left the shop. To this day that barber does not know that he was cutting Little David's hair."

Little David and the Whale

In August of 1947, Little David and I spent a week in Miami Beach, where David enjoyed a bit of vacation while I made preliminary surveys for the forthcoming Miami Campaign.

One evening just an hour before sundown, we rented a little two-passenger motor-boat made for cruising around the bay.

This was a great treat to David as he enjoys driving cars, motor scooters, etc. Before our time on the boat was expired I was ready to go back to the wharf, but David wanted to drive the little boat until his last minute of time.

Two large porpoises broke the water just ahead of us, and David wheeled the boat around in the other direction lest they should upset our small craft.

I saw in this incident an occasion for a little fun, and urged David, "Let us go in. It may not be safe here. What if a whale should come into the bay, and nudge our boat?" Just then we hit a sandbar, and the little craft shuddered, as though nudged by a whale.

"Here, quick," David cried, "you take the wheel. I'm ready to go in now." You will be relieved to know that we made it in safety without further trouble from the whales.

The British West Indies Revival

March, 1948. Many thousands of Jamaicans will re-member it. Little David and I shall never forget it.

We had planned for several months to devote the month of March to missionary evangelism. The principal campaign was scheduled in Kingston, Jamaica, in the British West Indies.

On March 6, we drove from Miami, Florida, to Key West, Florida, with Mr. and Mrs. William A. Sides. This was just at the time that Mr. Sides became the business manager for the Little David Campaign.

We spent the night at a comfortable hotel in Key West, and the next morning were waiting at the airport for the first flight to Havana, Cuba.

While waiting for the Aerovias plane to arrive from Cuba, we took several interesting pictures. One of these was of Little David and Gregory Peck, the movie star.

Gregory Peck was quite excited as his friends joined him in searching for a lost piece of luggage. But when he learned that Little David was at the airport he took time off for a little chat, and to pose for the pictures.

David told Mr. Peck about a great tent revival that he had conducted some months before in North Hollywood, California.

Soon we were aboard the airliner, and left Key West, with Mr. and Mrs. Sides waving us on to new experiences and God's blessings.

The flight over to Cuba was quite rough, and the stewardess on the plane suffered from air-sickness. She was bravely concealing her distress from the passengers as she carried on with her duties.

From Havana we were to fly to Camaguey on the Cubana Line. But there was a wait of several hours which we spent in visiting interesting places in Havana.

The first place of interest was Morro Castle, the historic fort in the Havana Harbour. Of special importance to us was the site where the battleship "Maine" was sunk at the close of the last century.

As we strolled over this history-making ground little native boys beckoned us to the waterfront. There they begged for coins to be thrown into the water. It was thrilling to see them dive into the sea, and come up with the coins that were thrown into the deep. The beautiful promenade, where children play, where young folks court, and where the old folks stroll in memories, was a great tourist attraction.

We could not understand Spanish, but life is lived the same in any language, and the river of humanity flowed steadily around us, speaking its language of rippling joys, turbulent troubles, love, friendship, or loneliness, according to the course of fate. But though we were thrilled by it, we were not a part of it.

The natives stared back at us, no doubt imagining us rich Americans because we carried a camera and took many pictures.

On to Camaguey, Cuba

In mid-afternoon the Cubana plane was ready to leave for its flight along the narrow island of Cuba, and we were happily aboard. The poet, Ruskin, said, "Any place is good

enough to spend a lifetime, but no place is good enough to spend a day." Camaguey is a prosperous cattle town in south central Cuba. It does not appear to suffer the blight of poverty that hangs like a pall over so much of Havana.

While waiting at the Camaguey airport for the Pan-American plane to Jamaica, we went to a nearby restaurant. Here our lack of Spanish was to make itself felt.

We ate cheese sandwiches, and drank Coca Colas because we did not know how to order the well-balanced meals that the Spanish-speaking customers were eating all around us. I was tempted to go to a nearby table and point to the dinner order that we would have chosen, but I did not.

In Cuba, as in America, the natives often gather at the airport to see the planes come and go. In the airport the attendants were very friendly, and some of them spoke English. But beyond the airport we faced on every side the language barrier, and felt that we did not "belong." The large four-motored Pan-American plane stopped on its night flight to Kingston, Jamaica, and we were taken aboard. The other passengers were sleeping as we moved through the dim light to the seats reserved for us in the front of the plane.

In a surprisingly short time the giant plane came around for its landing at the Palisades airport in Kingston.

As we started through customs some of the pilots came up to say that they had been in the Miami meetings, and that they had read much about our revivals. We were right at home.

A taxi driver was engaged to take us to the Missionary home of Ralph V. Reynolds. We immediately noticed that he drove on the wrong side (left) of the road.

I remarked to David that the most dangerous part of travelling by air is the taxi ride from the airport. The driver put on a thrilling display of daring driving. The large old open touring car was typical of the out-of-date machines that were available. We held on to the seat and enjoyed the rushing of the warm air as we tried to pierce the veil of night and acquaint ourselves with this strange island that had called us down into the Caribbean Sea.

A Missionary Welcome

The screech of the taxi's brakes was the signal for the members of the missionary group to open the gate and welcome the Evangelists from the States.

Missionary Ralph V. Reynolds, with his wife and children, opened the doors of welcome, and assured us that the island city was expectantly waiting the opening of our gospel campaign.

Here, too, we met Mother Russel, and her daughter, Nina. They all treated us like royal guests, but we felt more like members of a common, happy, Christian family.

The Jamaica Revival Our campaign opened on a Wednesday night in the Ward Theatre in Kingston. It was made to accommodate one thousand, but before the inrush of eager natives could be checked, two thousand persons had crowded the theatre, filling the aisles, and occupying every available bit of standing room.

Three thousand more stood outside throughout the service.

The next night the meetings were moved out to the grandstand at the race-course.

About ten thousand were present. The natives entered into the services with heart-warming enthusiasm.

When the invitation was given many hundreds responded. The city had been taken by storm. Crowds had been expected. A revival had been prayed for. But this was overwhelming.

When we entered into a car to be taken home after the service the throngs pressed all around it until it could not move. It soon developed into our most pressing problem.

How to get Little David out of the racecourse after the meeting.

Careful plans had to be made every day, as we continually changed our method from night to night.

The Threat of Death

Where God is working the Devil is plotting. It was so in Jamaica.

The apostles preached under the threat of death. We were to face this test, and prove God's faithfulness.

It happened one Saturday night. The audience was estimated at about twenty-five thousand. Our platform was in the centre of this mass of people. Thousands were on every side.

A band of wicked men, known as "Rustifiers" came from their dens and caves outside the city to harass the revival.

These men apparently fear neither God nor man. Fierce and forbidding in appearance, these bearded men, carrying clubs, made their way through the standing crowd until they had gained a point of vantage within a hundred feet of the platform. Here they took up their position behind a large lorry that was loaded down with visitors from Spanish City. A Christian woman on the lorry attracted our attention by continued waving, and I sent a messenger to the lorry to learn the cause of her great anxiety.

She, with others, had overheard the band of men plot to kidnap David and kill the members of our party.

The missionary home was seething with excitement by the time that we returned to our quarters. Some of the natives said that it would be suicide to return to the race-course for another service. After a thorough discussion of the matter, and after prayer was offered, we retired, assuring them all that we would give our decision the following morning.

Two more services were scheduled, and we were very unwilling to cancel them. The next service was designated especially for prayer for the sick, and many of the suffering natives were looking forward with great anticipation.

The crowd, numbering more than twenty thousand, assembled by six o'clock. We were prepared to start the service early that night. As the service progressed, and Little David preached, we knew that at any moment a rifle shot in the dark could bring death, but we were confident that this was God's will. The work must go on.

At the end of the sermon about three thousand persons stood up for prayer for healing. Prayer was offered for first one group, then another. As I offered prayer for the last group, our co-workers quickly and quietly took Little David out of the racecourse. The crisis was past.

The next night, in the farewell service, the photographer from the daily newspaper estimated the audience at thirty thousand. It was a night never to be forgotten.

I can still see and hear them sing

Jamaica needs a revival,

*An old time revival to-day;
For we as a nation have drifted
Afar from God's holy way.
Lord burden our hearts for our island,
Breathe on us a spirit of prayer;
Until an old fashioned revival
Sweeps over our island so fair.*

God heard, and answered that prayer in song. It was estimated that ten thousand persons responded to the gospel invitations.

Only eternity can reveal the conversions and consecrations of that heaven-sent visitation.

The next day our plane carried us from this island which had become so dear to our hearts. The natives stood at the airport waving their farewell. The magic of flight carried us up into the clouds.

As we gazed in wonder at the mountains and valleys of the sky, I thought of the oncoming of Christ; "Behold, He cometh with clouds." Then, when we meet the Lord in the air, we shall see the eternal benefits of answering the Macedonian call, preaching the gospel to hungry hearts on our Missionary-Evangelistic trip to the British West Indies.

Healed Of Spinal Affliction; No Longer Wears Brace

Dear Little David: I want to thank you for coming to Norfolk. It was through your explanations of certain scriptures that helped me to have real faith In Jesus Christ to heal me.

A friend of mine called, and told me about you, and quoted you as saying, " Jesus does not want his children to continue in sickness any more than he would want them to continue in sin." I had suffered a non-fused vertebrae in my back for several years, but the minute I realised that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," I laid my support aside, and have been completely healed.

My husband also has been healed of a back condition.

Your ministry in Norfolk has brought about many revivals in the hearts of Christians. It thrills my soul when I think of all the souls that turned to Christ and the thou-sands that were healed.

Mrs. J. E. Chappell, Jr., Norfolk, Virginia.

Deafness Of Fifteen Years Instantly Healed

I had been deaf in my left ear for fifteen years. Not a sound could I hear. But praise the Lord, I can now stop my right ear and hear every word David speaks on WCAV.

When the service was over, I was on the outside of the arena. I stopped up my right ear and said, "The Lord has healed me. I can hear. I praise the Lord for His healing power."

I was in your service on February 27, when the man was instantly healed who was carried into the service by two men. (The man healed had not walked for three years. Six brain operations had failed to restore him. God healed him instantly.) I saw his mother and wife weeping for joy when he walked off the platform healed. This was on February 27, and the Lord healed me on the following day.

Mrs. Gladys Ford, Norfolk, Virginia.

Blind And Deaf, Healed In Norfolk, Virginia, Revival

I was at your meeting last night (February 8) and was wonderfully healed of blindness and of deafness.

I sincerely hope that you will continue to pray for me, that I will be strengthened in the faith and grace of our Lord.

I am praying that the Lord will bless you, and keep you in His care that you will continue to help others, as you are helping me.

Amanda Armfield.

(Editor's Note: This lady was brought into the auditorium by her daughter. I talked with her before she was prayed for. The daughter explained that her mother was completely deaf and blind. As soon as the deaf and blind spirits were cast out, this woman received her hearing and her sight. It was a very notable miracle, witnessed by a large audience. The people praised God as they saw this miracle take place before their eyes.)

Anointed Prayer Ribbons

Special Miracles "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the disease departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." Acts 19:11-12.

If you have loved ones, friends or neighbours, who are sick, and who cannot attend the special healing services, you may send for one of these ribbons over which prayer has been offered. Place this anointed ribbon upon the body of the afflicted one, and with it earnestly offer prayer for their deliverance. Many others have received mercy and healing through these special miracles, and so may you.

Send Your Letter To

Little David, Boy Preacher 1 Delamere Crescent, London, W.2.

"Little David"

Phenomenal Boy Preacher



RETURNS TO

CINCINNATI

FOR

3 Great Services

TONIGHT—SATURDAY—7:30 P. M.

"THE GOD THAT ANSWERS BY FIRE"

SUNDAY—2:30 P. M.

"I, David, Saw The Holy City"

*I Spent Five Hours in Heaven—I Know Jesus Lives
He Sent Me to Preach—He Tells Me What to Say*

SUNDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Little David Will Answer Your Most Important Question

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

AT

Emery Auditorium

Walnut & Central Parkway

2200 Seats

Sponsored by The Apostolic Church, 300 CEDAR AVE.

F. R. GIBBS, PASTOR

David and Kathy Walker



Little David Picture Hovering In Air

Little David - age 13, preaching with vigour, 2 feet in the air, at a tent meeting in Louisiana.

Little David and Kathy Walker have served God as missionary-evangelists since their marriage in 1959. Preaching across America and in 70 foreign nations they have led thousands to Christ. Their revival meetings are characterized by strong preaching of God's Word and miraculous healings. "Little David" began preaching at age nine, after a five-hour vision of heaven. As a boy preacher he ministered all over the world, with countless salvations and miracles in his ministry. When David was 16 years old, God raised him from death after a tragic accident. In 1993, "Little David celebrated 50 years of ministry. (He is one of the few preachers alive today who began - at age 9 and is still preaching 50+ years later!) Despite the obstacles, he hasn't quit! David and Kathy Walker have a proven ministry of integrity, and are welcomed by congregations in America and around the world.

THE 1940'S

In the 40's "Little David" was healed of blindness at age 5; called to preach at age 9 during a five-hour vision of heaven; immediately began crusades across America. Thousands of people packed stadiums, auditoriums, and tents to hear the boy preacher; multitudes saved and healed; in San Diego, many sailors convened before going overseas in the war, and some are preaching the gospel today; mission journey to Mexico at age

12, where God saved him from kidnappers; preached with William Branham during the early days of Branham's ministry, towards the end of the decade, experienced severe tribulations, but God kept the vision for evangelism alive in David's heart and brought him into the fifties.

THE 1950's

During the 50's David continued to preach, with many overseas crusades in London, Royal Albert Hall filled to capacity with people seeking Christ... in Paris, mocked by journalists as the "boy hypnotist US from America" ... healing of a blind woman in Cuba stirred a great revival in Havana... crusades with Raymond T. Richey... many conversions and healings... at age 16, David was severely injured in a water skiing accident... God raised him from the dead as his mother prayed... following months of recovery, David pastored a full gospel church in Michigan... but God then renewed David's vision for world evangelism... traveling with a Voice of Healing ministry team, David preached around the world... major crusades in Hong Kong, India, Berlin... ministered with David Duplessis... in 1959, married Kathleen McDonald, whom he met while preaching at Zion Bible Institute.

THE 1960's

Mission journey to Russia... David and Kathy ministered across America in crusades... pioneered a church in Virginia as they raised their family of 3 children... missionary crusade in Jamaica, where in Kingston, 3000 people responded to a single altar call ... mission outreach in Haiti, where 1000 new converts were baptized... David experienced health and financial problems, but God brought him through to victory and the 1970's.

THE 1970'S

The entire Walker family, David, Kathy and their three children, ministered across America, in churches, tents, and auditoriums... missions outreaches to Vietnam, Hong Kong, Indonesia, the Philippines. David and Kathy preached in Guatemala 10 days after a devastating, catastrophic earthquake... crusades in Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Peru, Chile... many local churches were built as a result of the conversions and healings.

THE 1980'S

David continued preaching in America and overseas... Dominican Republic, Alaska, Hawaii... several pilgrimages to Israel and preached in Panama for 2 months, closing with 25,000 people attending a stadium crusade... many conversions and churches established returned to Haiti and Mexico ... David and Kathy became grandparents.

THE 1990'S

Travelled to Cuba, where customs inspectors miraculously permitted Bibles into the country ... met converts from the 1950's crusade... rejoiced to see 93 pastors of churches which survived communism hundreds of teenagers converted during crusades in Bogota, Colombia... built an addition onto the Bible school there... missions outreaches to Poland, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Russia... ministered in many churches across America... David believes we must "work until Jesus comes!" David and Kathy give all the glory and honour to Jesus for the 50 years of ministry.

My Vision of Heaven

The following story you are about to read is the personal testimony of Little David. It is the miraculous experience, in his own words, of spending five hours in heaven. The year was 1944 in Long Beach California. I was nine years old. It all happened at a Wednesday Night prayer meeting. I was kneeling at the altar praying with a Sunday school classmate. His name was Leon. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and suddenly it was as if I had been hit by lightning. My body fell to the floor as my spirit soared away. I could see myself lying there. I was being lifted up and yet I had no real sense of any certain direction or distance. Time seemed to stop as I was being carried through space. I do not know how far I had travelled when I came to the edge of a high mountain. Then I saw it. It was a beautiful, vast city on top of a high mountain. I have seen the cities of London, Rome, New York, Tokyo and Moscow, but heaven is not like any of these cities on planet earth. It has breath-taking beauty and huge vastness. The angels were singing beautiful and harmonious songs. I joined them in their singing. Such peace filled my entire being and I felt as light as a feather. There are no words that can describe it.

Dear Friend, if you have lost a loved one and they are in heaven, believe me, they are enjoying the highest peace, rest, joy, and happiness that transcends all our understanding! The streets were pure gold and yet they were clear as crystal. The gold was solid and thick, but unlike any earthly gold, it was clear and transparent.

The gates were of pearl and the walls jasper. The brilliance of this cannot compare with the light coming from God's throne. It was bathing the entire city in the most magnificent hues of colour that I have ever seen.

Then a golden cloud enveloped me. I stood still and speechless! I was aware that this was the presence of Christ. I remembered thinking, "Oh, how I wish I could stay here forever"!

It was then I heard His voice. It was the kindest yet with a sternness like I had never heard before.

"David", He said, "You can return some day, but now I want you to preach my gospel to the world."

"But Lord", I replied like any nine year old would do, "I do not know how to preach."

The Lord answered, "You do not have to know how to preach. I will teach you. Stand behind the pulpit and open your mouth; I will fill it! My Spirit will anoint you and give you the words to speak. Study my Holy Word and I will do the rest. David, if you will preach what I tell you, thousands will be converted and many miraculously healed. The blind will see! The deaf will hear! The lame will walk! If you will get people to believe my word, nothing will stand before your prayer of faith."

The above experience lasted only five hours but the promise God gave to Little David is still true today. Since that day in 1944 he has travelled around the world in almost every major city. He has preached the Gospel and prayed for the sick, and has seen with his own eyes the promise the Lord gave, fulfilled.

Today, Little David is joined by his wife, Kathy, who also ministers with him in preaching and praying for the sick.

Little David has seen the lame leap from wheelchairs, the blind shout, "I Can See;" and the totally deaf received their healing. Many other diseases healed by the power of God, too. David tells his audiences not to look at him as a faith healer, but look to Jesus, the

resurrected Christ who arose from the dead with the power. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Accept Him now as your Saviour and Healer.

If Little David should come close to your home to preach, he invites you to attend so that he may join with you for the answer to your prayers. He believes that, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven".

Healed From Blindness

I can never forget the morning I awoke with a strange matter running from my eyes. The doctors told my parents that I had contracted a serious infection. For over 6 months I was without any sight. It is a horrible feeling to go groping through life with such helpless faltering steps and to be dependent on other people's assistance so much of the time, especially after being accustomed to sight.

However, I had always been taught to go to God whenever I was in trouble, and what prayer alone could not do, prayer linked with fasting would surely do! I asked Dad to let me fast for three days for I knew I would be healed! I really believed Jesus would heal me. He refused at first, saying that I was too small to fast for so long. Finally, after much pleading, I received his permission. Each day for three days some Christian children friends of mine would accompany me to a place in the woods behind our home near Chicago and there we would earnestly pray around an old tree stump. After two days of fasting and praying, I was seemingly no better. I felt discouraged and downhearted, but thank God, we did not give up, for the children led me back to pray the third day. I kept calling on Jesus until something within me said, "The work is done, and you are healed! Do not ask any more; just praise me for doing it". With a little hesitation, I began to take my hands from my eyes as I had my face buried in them. I thought, could that voice just be me or was it really Jesus. Suddenly in faith, believing, I threw my hands to the side, opened my eyes, looked straight up and lo, I could see! I saw the beautiful golden light of the sun shining through the leaves of the tree. Oh what a sight! I leaped to my feet shouting, I Am Healed, I Am Healed.

Then I began to dance and speak in another language as the Holy Spirit baptism came within. I remembered turning to see one little path that I knew led to the house where Mother was waiting. Needless to say, I outran them all to tell the good news of what Jesus had done for me that day! Mother had always told me to dust my shoes off before coming into the house, but that day we all forgot about the mud and shoes. The old house rang with praise and rejoicing all the day long.

Little David' Walker

David Walker was born in Phoenix, Arizona on Sept 20, 1934. When he was nine he was transported by a vision into heaven for five hours and he came out of that experience as an anointed preacher! Thousands came to hear the "boy" evangelist preach the Gospel with as much zeal and power as many who had years of crusade experience.

Amazing miracles and supernatural manifestations accompanied "Little" David's ministry. He worked with the best known healing evangelists of the Voice of Healing organization as a young man.

First mention of 'Little David'

The first mention of 'Little David' Walker was in the very first edition of the Voice of Healing in April 1948 in an article by Jack Moore. 'Two separate campaigns in Miami were held in January and February. The first time, the Branham party went as guests of the "Little David" campaign, the phenomenal boy-preacher of 13, who with his manager, Rev. Raymond Hoekstra and the Kenzie party, had been engaged in several weeks' meeting under the new, spacious Tent Cathedral, which they offered to accommodate the crowds which always follow the Branham campaigns.

On the first trip, four nights of service were rendered in Miami, and six nights on the second. We were also invited to minister in Little David's meeting in the resort city of Orlando, where we spent three nights in the municipal auditorium.'

In January 1949 he ministered alongside William Branham in Miami (VOH, Feb. 1949, p11) and Dale Hanson in Tacoma, Washington in Nov. 1949 (VOH, Dec. 1949, p6)

World Traveller

He was accompanied by Raymond G. Hoekstra to England in August 1949, preaching in London's prestigious Royal Albert Hall on Sunday, August 14th, where seven thousand persons listened intently to his testimony.

'Newspapers throughout Britain and London published reports, with names and addresses of persons who testified to miracles of healing. Simply and earnestly he testified that when he was nine years of age his spirit was taken up for five hours into heaven. "Jesus said, 'David, if you will preach what I command you to preach, thousands will be converted, and many miraculously healed. The blind will see. The deaf will hear. The lame will walk.' That promise has never failed."

'From London Rev. Hoekstra and Little David went by plane to Amsterdam, Holland; Brussels, Belgium, and then on to Paris. In Paris, God sent another revival. The Palace de La Mutualite was filled to overflowing. In a single service they prayed for one thousand persons. Many miracles of healing were witnessed. The common people of Paris had great faith.' (VOH, October 1949, p3. (Picture there as book?))

In September 1960 he was campaigning in Moscow, Russia (VOH, October 1960, p8.) and in January 1961 the magazine began to publicize his book, 'Around the World for Christ.' Thereafter he became a very successful pastor and missionary, ministering in over 70 countries of the world.



"Little" David Walker

David was a boy of nine and weighed only 55 pounds when he was announced to preach for the first time. At that time he was called "Little David" and that is a name that he has been known by from that day until this present day.

David was born in Phoenix, AZ on Sept 20, 1934. He has experienced three amazing miracles in his life. At age five after an infection took his sight, he was totally healed of blindness. At the age of nine he was transported by a vision into Heaven for five hours; he came out of that experience as a powerful preacher! Thousands came to hear the "boy" evangelist preach the Gospel with as much wisdom and zeal as someone thirty years his elder.

Amazing miracles and supernatural manifestations accompanied "Little" David's ministry. He worked with the best known healing evangelists of the Voice of Healing organization as a young evangelist. At the age of sixteen he suffered a water accident and was pulled from the waters without signs of life. Miraculously after calling on the

name of Jesus, he was restored and was able to continue his ministry. He is the boy preacher who has not quit! David has ministered in over seventy countries of the world.



Kathy Walker

Kathy is a dynamic speaker of the Word.

Her messages are faith-inspiring coming from years of believing God for the impossible. She has authored several books, including "Bread for Body and Soul" and most recently co authored with David their Life Story Book, "The Journey.....Walking with the Walkers". She is a country gospel singer and has recorded several CD's.

She is an ordained minister of the gospel and comes with an 'on the scene' knowledge of world evangelism. She delivers her messages with a unique humor and a genuine love for those she speaks to. She holds a BA degree in Bible from Zion Bible Institute in Barrington, RI. Kathy is the mother of three grown children, who are all active in the work of the Lord and is the grandmother of five.

Most of all, if you would ask her how she wants to be introduced and known, she would tell you "I am a soul winner"

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