

**Death Struck
But God Performed a Miracle!
BY ALTON L. HAYES**

It was during the year 1950, when the Lord spoke to my father and me about building a church in the north part of Dallas, Texas. We soon raised enough money to begin our foundation, and we worked hard from morning until dark digging pier holes and pouring the foundation. At this particular time, we lived at Midlothian, Texas. One evening when we had finished work, we got in our car (my father, my wife and I, and our two little girls, with my nephew) and began driving home. We were going south, when another car approached us going north. The driver was intoxicated and suddenly, without notice, he turned his wheels in front of us causing a terrible collision. The impact resulted in the motor being driven backward into the front seat. At the same moment, my father's head went through the windshield. He received compound fractures, his bones coming through the flesh of his right arm, and through his legs. His head having gone through the windshield and his legs being wedged under the seat, there was nothing we could do for him immediately.

In the meantime, I managed to get out of the car. I was in a dazed condition, but was able to walk to a filling station about hundred feet

away. There was a woman there and I asked her, "Are you a Christian?" She replied, "Yes." I said, "Would you pray for me?" She looked at me and saw the blood on my face, and suddenly became hysterical. At that moment a man in the store and said, "There has been an awful tragedy. I am sure there have been several people killed in that car wreck. We had better call an ambulance." I was conscious just long enough to say, "Call Dudley Hughes, on Jefferson Street. Brother and Sister Hughes are good friends of ours." So they called Dudley Hughes and that was the last I remembered.

I fell unconscious, as the ambulance rushed to the scene. It is against the law to take six people at one time in an ambulance, but they saw our condition, and they got us all in. My father was pulled out of the front seat of the car and was put in the ambulance with us, and we were taken to the Methodist Hospital in Dallas. By this time my father had lost so much blood, they could not understand how he was still alive.

Friends gathered in the corridor of the Hospital, while the doctors and nurses tried to do their best for us. Soon a doctor went out into

the hall and said, "If you want to see any of the Hayes family alive, you may see them now. None of them will live longer than possibly thirty minutes." Many people went into the emergency room, and they looked at us for what they thought was the last time, alive. The doctors had no hope for my father, but they started giving him blood transfusions. He lingered on for many days, although the doctors continued to entertain no hope for him. His face was so lacerated that they did not even take stitches. They just put big clamps on his face. They expected that if he lived, they would have to use surgery to help his disfigured face. Then on the tenth day, they took the dressing off of my father's face and, to their surprise; God had already done the plastic surgery!

It was true; father did not have a scar! The doctors said "I do not understand it", and they told my father, "It was a higher power that healed your face." His physical condition was somewhat improved, but they said that even if he lived, he would be an invalid the rest of his life. At first they said his legs could not be set because his bones were chewed up into little splinters. But he was praying and folks all over Texas were praying. The doctors could not understand, but God was recreating bones all the time. They took a number of x-rays and at last said that there was enough new bone to set the legs. They set his legs and placed him in a cast, and after many days the doctors x-rayed again, and said, "We believe that it is going to be possible for this man to walk again, but it is going to be on crutches."

They attempted to set his bones, and the Lord was certainly with them, in performing the work. After wearing this cast for 119 days, they put him in braces from his hips on down and they placed locks on each knee. My father, like a baby, had to learn to walk all over again, but soon he was able to hold his balance very well.

One night my father was in the church, and the power of God fell. As he was walking up on the platform on his crutches, the glory seemed to sweep over the place, and he felt that God had given him increased faith. So he said, "After a service like this I feel that God will heal my body." He laid his crutches down and started to walk all over the building. He began to cry and shout that God had performed a miracle. From that night forward he did not have to walk with his crutches. In another service, just a few nights afterward, when the glory of the Lord came down again, my father said, The Lord has healed me and I don't have to use these braces any longer. I believe that God can help me to walk normally this night." So, he took off his braces. He walked all over the building, stepped upon the platform that was about eighteen inches high and, from that night, he has walked normally. His crutches and his braces today stand in the closet of his home.

HOW GOD HEALED ME

At the time of the collision, my head struck the middle of the front seat. This caused the seat to be knocked loose from both hinges. The impact broke a blood vessel in my head, and I began to hemorrhage at

once. Blood was gushing out of my nose as we were being taken to the hospital, and it seemed my end had come. The doctors examined me when we arrived, and they said, "We don't see how this boy has lived as long as he has." For fifteen days I lay on a hospital cot, which everyone thought was my deathbed. At times I would become conscious and would feel intense pain in my body. I was so miserable that I would cry out to God to let me die. I would toss and tumble from one side of the bed to the other. Sometimes the pain would be so severe that I would pull the hair from my head. Then I would go off into unconsciousness again.

On the fifteenth day, about seven o'clock in the evening, big clots of blood began to pass from my head into my stomach. This nauseated me, and I began to pass large clots of blood. All during the night I hemorrhaged, and by morning I was rapidly weakening. During the day my heartbeats became weaker and weaker. When I was conscious I realized that the doctors and medical science could do nothing for me, and that soon I must die. It was at this time that I began to call on God. As I prayed, I thought of the millions of people going to hell without God. I cried to the Lord and said, "God if you will raise me off of this deathbed as a testimony to You, I will go before the people and preach with all the strength that You give me, to win every lost soul I can from a devil's hell. Lord, I will seek You for a deeper depth and higher height, to know more of Thy truths, and I will try my best to be the man that you would have me to be." At 6:30 that night the Lord spoke to me and said, "My son, you are going to live." This was the best news I had heard in all my life.

As soon as God spoke to me that I would live, the hemorrhaging stopped. Then the Lord showed me a vision of hell. I saw refined, cultured people from all walks of life before me. As I stood, looking into hell, I saw millions of inhabitants, some rich and some poor. Some would call my name and say, "Bother Hayes, isn't there something you can do for us? Can't you give us a drink of water?" Then I thought of the Scripture where God has said, "My Spirit will not always strive with man." I said, "I wish that there were something I could do for you. I would even be willing to give my own life's blood if it would save you out of this place.

The Lord said in John 3:16 "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' You had your chance, but the day of your opportunity has gone. You have crossed over the boundary line of grace and, regardless of your vows and your resolutions and your prayers to God, there is nothing that can save you. No one can help you. You have sinned away your day of grace."

When I awoke my heart was stirred, and filled with such love, as I had never known before. God gave me a compassion for the souls of men that I never before had. I realized the sad condition that the world is in, with people going on day-by-day, careless and unconcerned.

There was one incident that impressed me, while I was lying there on that bed. At one time the nurses came in and injected a needle into my right

arm and began to give me a blood transfusion. I had felt life going out of me, and my chest and lungs seemed to be caved in. But when the blood began to flow into

My body, I felt new life coming where death had seemed to have taken hold. As I looked at that blood, I thought how much life there is in it. And then I thought of the blood of Jesus, and of the life that there is in it. There is power in the blood to overcome every evil force and to bring deliverance to every sinner and to heal any man or woman that is dying of cancer, even when the doctors say there is no hope. There is power in that blood to cleanse from all sin as the Scripture says in, I John 1:7 "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

What a miracle it was when the Lord raised me up! God created a new eardrum in my left ear. The doctors said I would never have normal use of my left eye. It had been paralyzed and I could not move it in any direction; I could not close my eyelid; my face was disfigured. I had facial paralysis on the left side. Blood clots were pressing against my brain, and my head was almost a size larger than normal. At seven o'clock, the night the Lord spoke to me, I felt a bolt of power go through me from the top of my head to the sole of my feet. I knew that I was healed. Four days later I was dismissed from the hospital and was permitted to go home.

Sometimes people have asked me why it was that the Lord allowed such a tragedy to occur. Just before I was healed I asked the Lord why this

happened when I had been trying to serve Him with all my heart, and to win souls for Christ. Then the Lord said, Romans 8:28 "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." I can certainly say that through this tragedy the Lord has given me a greater love than I ever had before for lost souls and suffering humanity.

Excerpt from "Men Who Heard From Heaven", Compiled by Gordon Lindsay, Published by Voice of Healing Publishing Company 1953. Minor typographical changes made. Healing and Revival Press 2005.