

Confirmed Alcoholic at 22-- Now a Messenger of Deliverance!

YOU WILL BE THRILLED as you read how God delivered this young man from a life of bondage to drink — and commissioned him to preach His Gospel and heal the sick!

MY BACKGROUND has been Pentecostal, for I was born into a Pentecostal family, for which I thank God.

DIVINELY HEALED WHEN JUST A BOY

When I was just a young boy, I was converted to Christ in an open-air meeting. As a very small boy, I came in close contact with Divine healing, for my pastor at that time was Reverend J. C. Hibbard. He believed in Divine healing and had a ministry of healing himself.

One day, I stepped on a nail which penetrated my foot. From that, my foot became swollen and very painful. I went to Brother Hibbard, and he prayed for me.

INSTANTLY, ALL THE PAIN AND SUFFERING LEFT! My foot had been healed by the power of God!

That was my first experience of Divine healing.

MY PARENTS MAINTAINED FAMILY ALTAR

My Father and Mother were Pentecostal believers. They knew what it meant to pray food in. They knew what it was to have God's power intervene and save them from sure destruction, as they prayed and sought the Lord.

My Father and Mother would call us children around to have our evening devotions and we would sit there and have the Word of God read to us and then would have prayer. Often they would tell us how God had worked in their lives, how He had so often heard their prayers, healed their bodies, and had provided food for them when they were in need.

FAMILY DIVINELY DELIVERED FROM FLOOD

I shall never forget the story my Mother so often told us, which has thrilled my heart over and over again because I think it is one of the most outstanding miracles I have ever heard.

It is a story of an instance of Divine intervention that always reminds me of the Children of Israel's miraculous crossing of the Red Sea.

This happened before I was born. My parents lived in South Texas near the San

Gabriel River. Mother and Father told how the rains had swollen the river until the water came up to the doors of their home. The water had risen so high, it was already in the house. My parents walked to the door and looked across the river. There they saw their pastor raise his hands toward heaven and begin to pray. They began to pray, also, seeing their danger. They went out of the house onto higher ground, raised their hands toward heaven and again began to pray. When they started praying and seeking God's help, it was about 7:30 in the evening.

By 9:00 o'clock, the waters had receded and he sent a wagon team over to get our family and take them to the other side.

By 4:00 o'clock the next morning, the waters had risen again, even higher than they had ever been before.

Yes, I'm thankful I was reared in such a home and by parents who believed that God answers prayer. I feel that I owe my ministry today to a praying father and a praying mother, who knew how to trust God and who taught their children to believe the promises of God, and to call upon the name of the Lord.

BACKSLID—BECAME AN ALCOHOLIC

As stated before, I was saved when quite young and lived for the Lord many years but, in spite of my good background and early training, I backslid and stayed away from the Lord for a long time.

While in that backslidden condition so many things happened. I went all the way down into the bondage of sin. At first, I began to sin just a little. The devil always tricks us that way. I then became worse and worse and, by the time I was twenty-two years old, I was an alcoholic—a confirmed alcoholic. I often spent as much as \$700.00 in one month on liquor, and all the rottenness of the flesh.

I was in the army during World War II—a confirmed alcoholic. God only knows how bad I was but He was still watching over me in His mercy.

LIFE SPARED BY GOD'S MERCY

Many times I recall how God miraculously spared my life during the war. Buzz bombs were kept from killing me. One time a V-2 exploded over my head and I was spared from that horrible death. God has been such a good God to me! He is a God of power, and One Who answers prayer! God even answered my prayers while I was in sin. I know God answers prayer!



Evangelist David Nunn

DELIVERED FROM DRINK— CALLED TO PREACH

When I came back to the Lord He, by the power of the Holy Ghost, delivered me from the bondage of drink and all the evil habits of my life and put such a fire in my soul as I had never had before. He filled me completely with His precious Holy Spirit.

I WONDERED ABOUT THE SIGN-GIFT MINISTRY

When I began preaching God's Word, I wondered why there was an absence of the manifestations and signs that Jesus said would accompany the preaching of His Word. I asked, "Where are the signs of the apostles? Where are the signs Philip had with him down in Samaria; where are the miracles that the apostle Paul wrought? Where are the true disciples who will go and pray for the sick until the sick are healed?" I wondered also why these things did not accompany my ministry.

I prayed for the sick and a few people were healed, but I was so dissatisfied. I cried, "Oh God! where are those mighty miracles? Why doesn't the blind see when I pray; why doesn't the deaf hear when I pray; why doesn't the paralysis leave when I pray?"

These and many other questions went through my mind and I was so burdened about it.

I NEEDED MORE OF GOD'S POWER

I held a number of campaigns, while going through that period of unrest and dissatisfaction with my ministry for God.

In 1949 I began a meeting in Dallas, Texas, in Little Bethel Assembly of God Church. God was moving, souls were being saved and people were being blessed of God and filled with the Holy Spirit.

During this meeting, a little girl came up to me, who had facial paralysis. She looked at me and closed one eye. She could not close the eye on the other side of her face. The eyeball would turn up inside of her head.

I looked at that child with such compassion and prayed for her, but seemingly nothing happened. My heart went out to

her and I looked again at that child and said, "Honey, you come back Friday night. I'll fast and I'll pray that God will heal you. You come believing, Friday night, and I will pray for you again."

I did not understand faith then as I understand now, or that little girl could have been healed that night.

When I went away from there, my heart was so heavy. I had gone away and had not brought to her the deliverance that Jesus paid for at Calvary. I had failed one who needed help so badly. My heart was broken.

I so wanted more of God's power! Tears came to my eyes. Seemingly, there was no way that I could minister the power of God.

I knew that His Word declared He wanted us to use this power today and through all of our lives. I knew that Jesus said, *"These signs shall follow them that believe."*

"But," I asked, "where are the signs?"

I became more and more perplexed and I reasoned that "Perhaps I had not been called to preach — the signs were not there."

FASTED AND PRAYED—ASKED GOD TO CONFIRM MINISTRY

During those days, I prayed and sought God so desperately.

I pleaded, "Oh God! give me this miracle to confirm my ministry, if I am called of You to preach Your gospel. I want to know that I have a Bible ministry. I want to know that You have called me to preach. You must confirm my calling!"

I said, "God, I'm depending upon You for this miracle, that I might know I have a call from heaven, and that I have not entered this warfare of my own accord."

I fasted and prayed as I promised and, that Friday night, when I got to the service, I was so weak I could hardly preach. I'll never forget that night, as long as I live!

MINISTRY CONFIRMED—PARALYZED GIRL HEALED!

After I had preached, that little girl came forward. I laid my hands on her and prayed. I prayed five or six times. When I had finished, I told her to go home and believe the Lord.

Five days after I had prayed for her, the little girl was playing outside. All of a sudden, her little eye closed. The paralysis had left her face.

She ran inside to her daddy, grabbed him by the pants-leg and said, "Look, Daddy, what Jesus has done for me!"

That day, her mother called me on the phone and said, "Carolyn May can now close her eye."

I said, "That's wonderful! You should write your testimony and tell what God has done for you."

But her mother said, "Brother Nunn, the paralysis has not all left her body." The Spirit of God fell upon me while I was talking on the phone, and I said, "Sister, by Sunday night, every bit of it will be gone." I don't know why I said Sunday night, but I did.

That Sunday night, I went back to that church and preached again for the pastor. While there, that little girl came up behind me and tugged at my pants-leg. I looked around and she said, "Look, Brother Nunn!" and closed her eyes.

Oh, what a thrill that was! To look into that little face that had been paralyzed and see that all the paralysis was gone!

Her arms were free from the paralysis also. All of it was gone. Her body had been made whole—by the Power of God!

Her mother then told me something which helped me understand why Jesus healed the child within 10 days. The mother wanted to trust God. Her daughter had persuaded her not to trust God, but to

go to the doctor. The doctor had told her, after his examination, that in ten days the child would be well. However, at the end of the ten days the child was still paralyzed. After two weeks, the child still was paralyzed. Many months later, that little girl was still paralyzed. The doctor could not help her.

However, Jesus, within ten days, did what the doctor had said he could do, but was unable to do. Only Jesus could help her.

Thank God, our God is a God Who keeps His Word!

Yes, "These signs shall follow them that believe! In my name shall they cast out devils,"—even paralysis devils!

"And they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

In Mark 16:17, 18, God said that!

COMMISSIONED TO HEAL THE SICK!

I remember in January of 1950, after I had accepted the pastorate of a church, how sweetly the Lord came to me.

I'll never forget that particular morning.

I had promised God that I would give the early part of every Sunday morning to prayer for my church.

The church had run very low and I had made a covenant with God that I would not eat any breakfast on Sunday mornings but, instead, would go to the church and there pray for my Sunday School and that God would do something more for me personally, to deepen my spiritual life.

It was during those hours of prayer and consecration that God spoke to me, as I walked around that church, praying and seeking God for His power to move in the midst of the people.

That morning, to which I refer, God spoke to me and said, "Get up from here and go into every city, heal the sick therein and preach the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

I understood, from that, that God would have me go and declare the truth of Divine Healing and that He was promising me that He would work with me, confirming His Word—with signs following!—that I was to preach that Jesus was coming, and that He was coming very soon!

I have done just that, for the past three years, and, during that time, I have seen literally thousands of people set free by the power of God. Hundreds have been saved and healed in a single campaign!

We have seen blind eyes opened instantly, by the power of God, and they could see! Totally blind eyes have been instantly healed! Paralysis has left and the afflicted have been enabled to walk by His power.

We have seen arthritis healed, tumors have passed from the bodies of those we have prayed for, deaf ears, by the scores, have been opened—by the mighty power of God!

FEAR OF DEAFNESS REMAINED

It is such a joy when the Lord gives a special victory over fear.

I remember that, after God had called me into this glorious ministry of deliverance and I had left my church and gone forth, I obtained a tent and began a meeting but, somehow, fear remained in my heart. I had a friend, another minister, working with me.

I could pray for every affliction, believing God would heal, except one thing. Each time I saw a deaf person coming to me, fear would grip my heart. I would begin to tremble on the inside, and the devil would say, "What if his ear doesn't come open? You have prayed for a lot of people whose ears didn't open. How about this one?"

After that, fear would always grip my heart. I was so grieved about it and sought God earnestly to remove it.

In the latter part of 1950, in Bastrop, Texas, I was conducting a meeting. One day, in the home of the pastor, he, another friend of mine, and I, got into quite a discussion and it became a real debate. Our argument became very heated and they wouldn't listen to my side, and I wouldn't listen to theirs.

I immediately saw that we were not accomplishing anything; therefore, I looked at them and said, "Brethren, you don't have to preach tonight, but I have to. I have an obligation to the people, and I must go pray through. I've lost my victory over this discussion." I, therefore, asked them to forgive me and I walked out of the house, over to the church, and there I knelt before God and began to pour my heart out to Him.

As I left that house and went to pray, I realized that was the best thing that could have happened to me. That was one time the Lord made the devil to praise Him. I had lost my temper, but I had self-discipline sufficient to know that I had an obligation to God, and to the people, to preach to them the message that God had laid on my heart.

I could not do that when my spirit was not in harmony with that of my brothers. I had to have that peace restored between us, to have God's fullest blessings on my ministry.

REFILLED WITH HOLY SPIRIT

During the time I prayed there at the church, and waited on God, He gave me one of the greatest refillings of the Holy Ghost I had ever had. It even eclipsed the Baptism of the Holy Ghost I had received. So much power and glory came into my soul that afternoon! Even those men, with whom I had argued, said that, as I came into the service that night, they felt the power and glory of God extending even to where they were sitting. Truly God answers prayer!

DELIVERED FROM FEAR OF DEAFNESS

That night, as I stepped under the tent, I was filled and charged with the mighty power of God.

Fear was far from me!

I had had a visitation from God, and His power had liberated me from fear. The deaf came but, thank God, there was victory.

Five deaf people, in a row, came. Five in a row were healed! They heard the tick of a watch. They heard the slightest whisper.

Every one of them, without a single exception, was healed by the power of God.

From that hour, I have no longer been afraid to pray for any affliction, deafness, leukemia, cancer, or any other ailment, because I have known, since that hour, that the same God who heals headaches and minor ailments heals all other afflictions, too, and it takes only one touch for Him to do the job!

He said—

"Lay hands on them—and they will recover!"

If we lay hands on them, in faith believing, Brother, **THEY WILL RECOVER!**

God said that—and "God's Word will not return unto Him void!" It will accomplish what He sent it forth to do!

HE WILL HEAL YOU!

Receive it, neighbor, and healing is yours!

You can be free now, as you read this article. God's power will make you whole, for

"His Word will not return void!"