

THE MIRACLE OF THE RUSSIAN REVIVAL

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By Tommy Hicks



Gordon Lindsay, TVH, joined four officials of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in welcoming Tommy Hicks back from Russia as he appeared at the Los Angeles Chapter. Left to right: Miner Arganbright, Vice-President; Gordon Lindsay; Tommy Hicks; Harold G. Kabisch, Secretary-Treasurer; Demos Shakarian, President; Thomas R. Nickel, Editor and Publisher, Full Gospel Men's Voice.

(Our readers will remember the story of the historic revival in Argentina, where Tommy Hicks preached to 200,000 people inside Huracan Stadium, and perhaps to as many more outside who could not get in. About the first of this year Brother Hicks returned to Argentina. For ten days, he preached in the Atlanta Stadium. Then suddenly the meetings were closed down, and the evangelist was forced to remain in his hotel room. Later in a meeting with President Peron he was informed that the president had learned of a plot to kill the evangelist, and therefore he was taken into custody and given protection. Later, however, he was released and was given permission to preach in many of the cities of Argentina.

After the close of his second Argentina campaign, Evangelist Hicks left for Europe, with the purpose of preaching behind the Iron Curtain, in Russia and the satellite countries. The proposed venture was so bold that those who heard it were skeptical and thought that it was an advertising stunt. They reckoned without host, however, for the God of these men who have been called to a ministry of deliverance in these last days, is a God with whom nothing is impossible. Through a series of miracles, God opened the door so that Tommy Hicks was not only able

to preach the Gospel in the satellite countries, but in Russia itself. Thus for the first time in many years the Full Gospel message was preached within the Soviet Union, openly, and by an evangelist from the democratic nations.

While on the way to Russia, Brother Hicks stopped in Jerusalem. He begins by telling of his experiences there at Calvary and the Tomb of Jesus:)

As our airplane swung to the left, I was tapped on the shoulder, and someone said, "We are here." As I looked out ahead, I could see Jerusalem, the city of David, the birthplace of Christianity. There was only one reason why I had come to this city. I had three things I wanted to do. One, I wanted to stand on Golgotha's hill and live the scene of 2000 years ago, when the lonely Man of Galilee died on the Cross. I wanted to see the tomb; I wanted to go into the upper room. I wanted to read that story, standing on that hill and I wanted to go into the garden tomb and pray, in the place where Jesus lay. I wanted to kneel and tell Him how much I loved Him for taking my place. But I did not know that Golgotha was closed to the public and no one was allowed there. It is in the hands of the Moslems and they now refuse permission for visitors to go there.

When I went to the gate-keeper and told him what I wanted, he said that it
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THE OATH CLERGYMEN MUST TAKE IN RUSSIA

The text of the oath of high ranking clergymen in the union of Soviet Socialist republics:

"In my capacity as God's servant and as a man and a citizen, I swear to be faithful to the people and to defend the Popular Republic from any external and inner enemy.

"I also swear to respect and oblige all my subordinates to respect the laws of the republic; I swear to oppose myself to any action of my subordinate tending to infringe the established order as well as in taking part in such deeds."

That text concerns metropolitans, bishops and hierarchy. The ordinary "servants of creeds" conclude their oath by the following words:

"I swear to respect the existing laws and not to reveal the secrets entrusted to me by the state."

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was impossible. I asked him where I could go to someone else, and he referred me to the Moslem Council in the City of Jerusalem. After I had talked to the Chief of the Council for some time I knew that only a miracle of God would cause him to give me consent. I prayed silently and suddenly it happened. His little boy was in the next room, sick with fever; he was crying. Though I had to use an interpreter, in less than three minutes time after we prayed for the boy, the fever was gone, and we were on our way to Golgotha with a special permit.

On top of the hill I had the greatest experience of my Christian life. My guide was a wonderful man, not a Christian, but one who had received most of his education in England and then had returned to Jerusalem to live. He went with me to the top of the hill and there I opened my Bible and began reading the story. Never before had my whole heart and soul been so enraptured as now. The scenes of yesterday became real. There was a great stillness; I was trembling from head to toe; I began to weep, as a new realization of God had swept into my soul. It was then that I felt the power of God. It seemed to fill my body and soul; it was so great that I fell prostrate on my face. I do not know how long I was there, but when I raised my eyes, my guide was close to me. He was saying something in his language and his hands were stretched toward me. I gently laid my hand on his shoulder and spoke to him.

He raised his head with tears pouring from his eyes and said: "Pray for me for I am a wicked and sinful man, for I would like to know this Jesus whom you have just met. I did not see Him but I felt Him." I cannot remember the time when I could not control my weeping as when this man asked me to pray for him. But two thousand years ago, on that same hill another man said: "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom." We prayed and what joy came to him was recorded in heaven.

Then we visited the Garden Tomb. Mr. Matter, the keeper of the Garden, gave me the key and told me to lock the door and stay as long as I liked. I knelt by the side of the empty tomb and prayed. Once again, time lost its meaning. I was lost in prayer. This time God was to do a new thing for me, something I had never known before of his love and compassion. Suddenly the empty tomb became filled with light. I did not realize it was light from another world. I only knew that I could feel His power and presence. I must have shouted very loud, because suddenly someone was knocking on the door, asking me if I was all right. I do not know how long I sat there after that, but when I came out it was dark; many hours had passed by. God did a new thing for me that evening in the old Garden Tomb that never shall leave me.

From Jerusalem I went to Zurich, Switzerland. I did not know that this was the proving ground. This seemed to be God's answer to what He had given me, for in six days time we saw one of the greatest outpourings of the Spirit of God in Switzerland in over a hundred years. With little or no advertisement we filled the largest auditorium in Zurich. People

came from every part of Switzerland and from Germany. We plan to return there as soon as possible to use a great stadium. Listen to the words of Pastor Schneider:

TESTIMONY OF PASTOR SCHNEIDER

"Those who had the privilege to visit the wonderful meetings of Brother Hicks, from April 29th to May 4th in Zurich will remember them as unforgettable days, which influenced whole Switzerland. Never before, with the one exception perhaps of the World Conference did we have so great meetings. Never before did we see so many people come forward to give their lives to the Lord. How wonderful to see this multitude of men and women who were put in the light of the Gospel. It was given to His servant, Brother Hicks to preach the word clear and comprehensible, illustrative and convincing and in the power of the Holy Spirit. Between two and three thousand people have given their lives to the Lord or have renewed their covenant with God.

"Although the meetings lasted nearly three hours nobody found them boring. It was like the rushing of mighty waters when the thousands of people sang: 'Isn't He wonderful.' The people wouldn't miss the meeting. The miracles were spoken of in the town and we are sure that a longer ministry of Brother Hicks would have put 'upside down,' if not our whole country, at least a great part of it."

At the close of the Zurich meeting, we made our way into Germany and England, and after many trying days, we received our visa to enter the satellite countries and into Poland, where each step of the way we saw the hand of God leading us. From Poland we made our way into Finland, and through a miracle of God, arrangements were made to have meetings in the City of Helsinki after our return from Russia.

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ENTERING RUSSIA

It was almost the last week of June when our final papers were granted for Russia. How our hearts beat with anticipation of the visit that lay ahead. We entered Russia by Warsaw, Poland. Stalingrad was our first step, then on to Rostov, Kiev, Tananrog, Kharkov, Cancases, Crimea, and Voroneah, and many other cities, for twenty-eight days, day after day, preaching an average of three times every day, many times four and five services, not spending more than two or three days in a city, but what happened in those days will live forever in the souls and hearts of those people behind the Iron Curtain.

My greatest handicap was the fact that I did not have a Christian interpreter, for only in two cities did I have one that was a Christian. Other than these two times we had to use non-Christians. But despite all this God honored His word. We can honestly say that at least half of every congregation made a decision for Christ. How earnest those people were when they prayed the sinner's prayer! It was always with deep emotion and strong crying that

one could not help but weep with them. The deep hunger in their hearts was far beyond anything one would dream or think.

Perhaps one of the outstanding miracles of my ministry happened in the city of Rostov. In the midst of my sermon, for reasons unknown to anyone, my interpreter stopped and began cursing me, saying she did not believe the things I was saying, and she refused to interpret them, and stepping back, she spit in my face. I was so shocked and stunned I could do nothing but look at her, and as I saw her walk off the platform I wiped the spit off my face, and turned to the congregation, and began to weep because I was so deeply hurt. As I did this, suddenly a mighty anointing came upon me and for more than five minutes, I spoke with the greatest force I had ever known in all my life, words that I had never learned nor did I understand. Then I turned and asked how many would receive Christ. These words were evidently understood, and to my amazement, more than half the congregation raised their hands. After I prayed with them, where they were, I asked them to come forward and kneel in front of me. I made them to understand this by making motions and kneeling down myself. They began praying. For more than one hour it was impossible to get them from their knees. Only in the records of eternity, will we know the results of these meetings.

(To be continued next month.)