

 CHAPTER ELEVEN

George runs up the street where the girl lies. He starts to pick her up, then stops. He leans over and checks for a heartbeat. Shaking his head, he starts to get up. The Lord speaks to him.

*Pray for her.*

He whispers back, “But Lord, she is dead.”

*Command death to loose its hold. Speak life to her in my name.*

George hesitates only briefly. Still in a low voice, he says, “Death, I command you to let go of this child in Jesus’ name. Come, child, in the name of Jesus and know life again.”

The Spirit touches the little body, and I see the child return to her shell. She seems almost sad as she lies down in the body that just failed her. She sighs deeply in her flesh and opens her eyes. At the sight of George’s face she smiles.

“Are you the one who called me back? I really didn’t want to come, you know. It was so lovely there. Anyway, I know my mommy needs me. Will you take me to her?”

At that very moment, a woman rushes up to them in the street. “My baby, my baby! What’s happened to my baby?”

The little girl sits up as her mother comes rushing to her. “I’m fine, Mommy. The nice man saved me.”

“We’d better get out of the street,” George says, before she can respond. “There’s not much traffic, but it doesn’t stop for anybody.”

She nods her agreement, and he picks up the child. The mother follows him to the safety of the sidewalk.

As they rejoin the crowd at the side of the street, someone points to George and says, “He was *praying* before; I saw him. Someone call the cops!”

The girl’s mother reacts quickly. “We live near here. Come on, hurry. They’ll arrest you for sure.”

He follows her this time as she pushes through the crowd and heads up a side street. She changes directions at the next corner; she explains it’s to confuse those who are watching.

As they walk, she asks her little girl what happened, “A bunch of us were playing ball in the park, Mommy, just like always. The ball rolled out into the street and I chased it. A car came and hit me, real bad. Then, I went to be with Jesus, and it was so nice I just wanted to stay there. But this man called me and I had to come back. Jesus said so.”

The mother’s eyes brim with tears. She reaches for her child and holds her very close, still walking down the street. She raises her head to look at George.

“I haven’t had a chance to thank you. I don’t even know your name.”

“I’m George Alfred, and the Lord saved your child, I didn’t.”

“I’ve never even believed in Jesus or God, not since I was a kid anyway, now my little one says she’s seen Him. And I know you prayed for her. I’d really like to talk about all of that. But – thank you. I owe you more than her life; she’s my life, too. I couldn’t go on without her.”

She leads George up to the second floor of an old brick building, once a store but now converted into apartments. At the top step she pauses, shifts the child to one side, and extracts a key from the pocket of her jeans. She turns to George.

“My husband Stan is in a wheelchair. He was crippled in an accident. Sometimes he’s hard to get along with. I hope he doesn’t upset you. Oh – I’m Carol Lee, and this is Jenny.”

She leads him inside the building and down the hall to the apartment door, which she opens with a second key. An angry voice calls from inside, “Where have you been? I haven’t had supper yet. It’s almost six o’clock. Don’t you even care what happens to me?”

She responds quietly as she enters the room. “I went to get Julie, like I said. She got hit by a car and was hurt real bad. This man, George, prayed for her and saved her life.”

Stan snorts as he wheels across the room. “She probably didn’t have anything wrong with her. I bet she was just scared. Don’t give me that prayer stuff. And you, whatever your name is – get out!”

Jenny speaks up for the first time. “But, Daddy, it’s true! I *was* hit by a car. I went to be with Jesus, but this nice man called me back. You just *have* to believe it, Daddy, and I don’t *want* George to leave. He’s my friend.”

The man’s face, so filled with anger and self-pity only an instant before, melts into a smile. The child is as precious to him as she is to her mother. He smiles and holds out his arms.

“Come here, Precious, and tell Daddy all about it.”

Carol hands the little girl to her father, and he seats her on his lap. Earnestly Jenny recounts the story of her accident, adding some details of what it was like to be with Jesus. When she finishes, Stan fights hard to control his tears and looks quickly away.

Jenny reaches up and touches his moist cheek. “It’s okay to cry, Daddy, really. I do it all the time, and so does Mommy. But don’t be sad; I’m fine now.”

“I wasn’t crying because I was sad. I was crying because I’m happy. Anyway, big men aren’t supposed to cry.”

He looks over to George, who has been standing quietly by the door. “I owe you an apology. More than that, I owe you Jenny’s life. Is there anything we can do for you?”

George shakes his head. “What I did, I did in the name of the Lord. He saved her, I didn’t. You might consider, though, that since Jesus is real to Jenny, He should be real to you, too. You’ve rejected Him up to now. Isn’t it time you said yes to Him?”

Stan looks at his daughter, then his wife, then back at George. He nods, “If He’s real like my little one says He is, I want to know Him. What do I have to do?”

George turns to Carol, who stands quietly beside him, her eyes fixed on Stan. “Carol? What about you?”

She nods her head vigorously, unable to speak.

“Go over there with Stan, then, and kneel on the floor beside him. You can just bow your head, Stan.

“The Bible says, in the book of Romans, that all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. No matter how good we think we are, we are all sinners in God’s eyes. Without Jesus, we have no hope of ever pleasing God. Jesus said, ‘I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by me.’ That’s why when we pray for forgiveness, we have to pray in the name of Jesus. The Bible also says that if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved.

“Now in order to be saved from your sins, you have to recognize first of all that you’re a sinner, like the Word says. Then, you have to confess your sins to God and ask for his forgiveness. The first letter of John, at Chapter One, verse nine, says, ‘If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us of all unrighteousness.’ So we confess our sins, and ask for forgiveness. The Lord does the cleanup job.

“After this, you just ask the Lord Jesus to come into your life and be your Lord and Savior. Do you understand what I’ve said to you?”

They both nod. George waits for a moment for it all to sink in, then bows his own head.

“Repeat this prayer after me. The words aren’t magic, and they won’t do a thing for you unless you really mean them.

“Lord Jesus, I confess that I am a sinner. I have sinned against you in thought, word, and deed. I am utterly helpless and lost. I come to you, Lord, and beg you to forgive my sins. Wash me clean, Father, with the blood of Jesus. Now, Lord Jesus, come into my life; be my Savior and Lord. I accept you into my life. Fill me I pray, my Father, with your Holy Spirit. I confess, Jesus, that you are Lord, and I do believe that God has raised you from the dead. Thank you, Father, for saving my soul and making me a new creature in Christ. In Jesus’ name. Amen.”

He says the words slowly, phrase by phrase, waiting until the two adults repeat them. Unbidden, little Jenny repeats the sinner’s prayer, too, even though her slate is already washed clean. Her angel smiles at her tenderly, and the Lord delights in her, as in them all.

Stan and Carol finish their prayer as new creatures in Christ, just as George prayed that they would. But the Lord is not yet finished.

*Tell Stan to get up and walk.*

“Right now, Lord?”

*Yes. It’s time.*

“Stan, the Lord has just told me something else for you. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk!”

The Lord reaches out to touch Stan’s legs, which immediately straighten. Stan leaps to his feet, still holding Jenny, and dances about the room, holding his daughter high above his head. She squeals with delight, and Carol runs after him, shouting “Praise the Lord!” at the top of her voice. The Spirit of God sweeps over the room in power. All four fall to the floor, praising God.

Someone pounds on the door, shouting, “What’s wrong in there? What’s going on?”

When Stan can move he leaps to his feet and goes to the door. He embraces the astonished couple who stand there and pulls both of them into the room. They begin weeping, pleading with God to forgive them. They, too, are filled with the joy of the Lord.

By ones and twos the other inhabitants of the building come by Apartment 2 C, and they all fall under the power. People from surrounding buildings come as well, and soon the apartment and the hallway outside are filled with people who never knew the Lord before but who now sing His praises.

God has come to this home, this building, this town, in a most sovereign way. The revival He promised George has begun.

In the following days people come to the Lee apartment from all over the city. Many have never seen or heard of Stan and Carol, but come out of curiosity because someone told them that wonderful things are happening there. Some who come are Christians already but have been driven underground, afraid to practice their faith openly.

Many who come return to their own neighborhoods to tell others about what the Lord is doing. George visits some of the homes where meetings take place. The Lord heals people of strange diseases, for a great epidemic of sickness has fallen on the earth. The Spirit delivers others from various forms of bondage, from alcohol and drugs to sexual lust and even murder lust.

The local Security Police are aware that something is going on, but cannot stop it. There are too many people involved to arrest everyone, and when the police do make arrests to get information no one will talk. Several resist the most hideous torture, while others pay with their lives for their silence.

Even some of the police officers sent to make arrests fall under the power of the Spirit. Some manage to keep their jobs and are able to help Christians who are arrested and to warn others. These officers are sometimes arrested in turn and the penalty for their desertion is always death.

George moves about unhindered, even though his picture has been widely circulated among the police and their informants from his former visit. He even returns to the squatter camp where he met Lisa and Henry, preaching from any open space he can find. The Lord has placed a spirit of dullness over his enemies and no one recognizes him.

One evening a well-to-do Christian invites George to his home. The man lives in a large brick house perched atop one of the many hills around the city. George arrives at the house just at dusk. It sits at the end of a long winding driveway lined now with dead trees and with a carpet of dust where grass once grew.

He walks to the front door, an elegant reminder of days gone by, and knocks with the ornate door knocker. After a brief pause the door opens.

The man who greets George is large, not just overweight but tall and big-boned. A huge walrus mustache, snowy white with age, all but conceals his mouth. The man has a bland face but sparkling blue eyes. At the sight of George, he smiles somewhere behind the mustache.

“You must be George! Welcome.” He clasps George’s hand and pumps it vigorously. “Come on in. We’re all here, ready for whatever the Lord has for us.”

He leads George into a large living room, filled with twenty-five or thirty people of various ages. “This is George Alfred, folks, the man we’ve all come to hear. He’s one of the leaders of the revival sweeping our fair

city. You can get acquainted with him later. Now, let's have prayer and get right into our service." A perfunctory opening prayer is delivered by Uncle Bob. After this, the host, whose name is Roy, turns the meeting over to George.

"Greetings in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Before we start, we must do something. There is a wrong spirit here, and the Lord can't do what He wants to do until it's gone. Someone is hiding something, and in the name of Jesus I command you to make yourself known."

A young woman springs to her feet. She points to a balding man across the room and says in a choked voice. "Him! He's the one! He pretended to be my friend and then raped me! He has a devil in him."

She is not wrong. I have seen it already; a demon posing as an ancient Indian, towering over the man and leering at the angels in the place. The Lord gives it leave to act.

The lights in the room dim and go out. A chill comes with the darkness, as the temperature drops suddenly. Some of the women scream; a few people begin praying fervently. Very seldom have I seen a demon bold enough to manifest himself this way in the presence of the very angels of God, but this one is brazen. A current of liquid blue flame shoots from the man's belly and the demon materializes in his chosen form in front of them all.

The form of the old Indian shaman walks directly up to George and spits in his face. "I curse you and your God! Now, what will you do, holy worm?"

George gathers the power of the Holy Spirit within him. When he speaks, his voice is rolling thunder.

"Liar of Hell! In the name of the most high God I rebuke you! Who told you to return from the desert places to torment this man? Your form is a lie, and your number is a lie, for there are two of you in him." I see now the second imp, perched on the man's shoulder, hidden before by the form of the larger.

"You will torment him no more. By the blood of Jesus Christ and the power of His name I bind your master Satan and I curse you to depths of Hell. Get out *now* in the name of *Jesus!*"

His voice rises to a shout and the demon hears. With a shattering cry it dissolves its material form and the same blue flame returns to the man's belly. A flaming chasm opens beneath the two hell hounds and they are drawn screaming inside.

The lights return and the room is calm once more. George sags against a wall. The man who has been delivered slumps from his chair to the floor. With a wild yell the girl who pointed him out leaps on top of him. She clearly intends to make him pay with his life for whatever he has done to her.