

Experiencing the Supernatural Good and Evil

By Robert Brown

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Chapter One

Spiritual Heritage

It is hard to really know where to begin. How can a person take and describe God's awesome power and their experiences with that power in mere words? I guess I should begin from the very beginning. One of my first remembrance was the fact that my Dad, Rev Billy Bird Brown, was a fiery Pentecostal preacher. He was born on 6-21-1930 in Burns-White Bluff, Tennessee, to Roland and Carrie Brown. His mother was born 2-6-1906 in Talladega Alabama, she was 3/4 blooded Cherokee Indian. She was cousin to Tennessee Ernie Ford, the Country and Western singer. When my dad, "Billy Bird" as they called him was a baby his mother Carrie M. Ford (maiden name) felt he had a calling from God on his life to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. She herself was a devoted Pentecostal preacher and she told him at the age of five he was also called to be a preacher. However Billy's parents were dirt poor so religion along with school did not seem important to Billy. In addition, the fact that they lived so far out of town, that after about 3 years of walking several miles to and from school every day, an education did not seem necessary. After all why would you need to go to school when you lived on the great Mississippi River? There was just so much to do like fishing, boating, camping; just running up and down the great Mississippi in Lake Village Arkansas took up all his time. So at a very young age he learned how to chew, smoke and drink. At the time, one could buy a plug of chewing tobacco for just five cents. I guess Billy thought he was having a fun-time living such a carefree life. But all good things must come to an end.

In 1942 Roland Brown Billy's dad who was full blood Irish and also a Pentecostal preacher from around Talladega Alabama (*many of the Browns from around that area were well-known preachers*) loaded up his family and moved to Arizona. The State was prospering because cotton grew well and tall. So away they went to pick cotton in the beautiful state of Arizona. All throughout Southern Arizona they traveled - Buckeye, Avondale, Glendale, Eloy, Chandler, Phoenix, and Coolidge. Wherever field hands were needed, Billy who was turning into a strong healthy cotton picking machine, was there. I remember him telling me he could pick that cotton with lightning speed. It was even reported that at one time, he picked cotton with Buck Owens. Buck later became a Country and Western singer and was best known for the popular television program "Hew Haw." Life was hard making a living by the sweat of his brow but it was a good life.

In 1947, at the age of 17 life dealt a hard blow to Billy, his mother Carrie died of cancer in Glendale, Arizona at the age of 41. He then began to run with the wrong crowd. Picking cotton by day and then drinking all his money up every night; however, all of that was about to change because Billy's dad, Roland, had got a job with a farmer by the name of Jack Roberts. He was living in a government camp called 11 Mile Corner. Roland had started attending the Pentecostal Holiness Church in Eloy, Arizona. The year was 1950, Billy was 20 years old. Billy, along with a friend came to visit his father, who invited him to go to church. The church was full of many young people, particularly one beautiful young girl, Mary Elizabeth Atkins.

Mary Elizabeth Atkins was born 2-11-1935 in Colgate, Oklahoma to Earnest and Pauline Atkins. They had moved to Arizona from Texas in 1941. Mary began attending the Pentecostal Holiness Church on 4th Street in Eloy, Arizona. At the age of 12, she was gloriously born again by

the power of God and several months later she was filled with the Holy Ghost. Mary was 15 when she first saw Billy, whose first impression was that he was nothing but trouble, smoking, drinking and running with the wrong crowd, yuck! However, many of the other young girls had quite a different opinion of the tall slim handsome Billy Bird.

The little church was full of the power of God, so it was not long before Billy began to feel the pull of God on his life and many times he would go to the altar but never could seem to get set free. Then he received the notice he had been drafted into the army. So he left Eloy and traveled up into the Phoenix area for his physical. Due to his hearing loss, he was not accepted into the army. Upon this news, Billy began to drink and run with his wild friends once more. Meanwhile, back in Eloy, his dad, along with the church, was praying for Billy Bird. One night tragedy struck; one of Billy's friends got killed in an automobile accident. A few days later, after the funeral, Billy and his friends sat at a bar trying to drown their sorrows. By now the Spirit of God was dealing with Billy so much, he was a miserable mess. As they sit there he began to talk about how he needed to change his life. He got up from the bar, got in his car and drove the 60 some odd miles back to Eloy. In the meantime, the church was praying for him. In the course of that prayer meeting a woman of the church prophesied to Mary Elizabeth Atkins that Billy Bird would be her husband. Mary thought to her-self "Oh no, not him!" Just about that time, Billy walked in the door, half drunk and smoking a cigar. As soon as he came in, he found the chair closest to the door. Realizing he had forgotten he had the cigar in his hand, he tossed it under the seat. Soon the power of God began to get all over him, and off to the altar he went. With the men of the church surrounding him, he cried out to God to save him. There he was on the church floor rolling under the power of God as Jesus washed him clean from all his sin by his precious blood. That night he was born again by the Spirit of God. He never touched Alcohol again!

Billy became a completely different person. He was in church every time the doors were open. Every day there was prayer at the church at 12 noon Billy would be there along with many other kids from the local school. So was Mary with her sisters. One day in particular Mary with her sisters had come to noon prayer, as they began to leave it began to pour rain. Billy being the gentle man he was, offered them a ride home. Even as a young man Billy always had a car to drive. From then on he was very willed to offer his services to Mary any time she needed them. After about three months Billy was smitten, head over heels in love. So he proposed, Mary flat out told him "No! You are still using that nasty tobacco". You see even though God had delivered him from alcohol, he still struggled with tobacco. Mary told him, "I will not marry you until you stop smoking and chewing". A few months later Billy was filled with the blessed Holy Ghost and was set completely free, he never used tobacco again!

Billy and Mary were married April 21, 1951!

Some of the events I am going to share with you now explain how God can and will work in a person's life if they will completely surrender their hearts and lives to God. The Bible tell us,

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Romans 8:14)

Chapter Two

A Sign from God

Billy was very fervent in seeking after Gods will for his life. A few months after he was baptized in the Holy Ghost, he began to feel the urgency in his Spirit to go to Boise, Idaho. You see he had been there before he had got saved and had caused a lot of trouble. So he felt the need to go and set the record straight by testifying as to how God had changed his life. After putting forth a fleece before God to confirm to him if it was his will to go to Idaho, Billy was at work driving a caterpillar. In prayer, he said to God, "If it is your will for me to go to Idaho, show me a sign." Just about that time, a swarm of bees flew right through the cab of that old caterpillar within inches of his face. And yet not one landed on him. Then God spoke to him saying, "*Is that sign enough?*" "Yes," he replied.

That evening he quit his job. He loaded up his few belongs, his wife and new born baby girl, "Karen May Brown" born 2-25-52, and headed for Boise Idaho, in an old beat up car towing a small travel trailer with a few dollars in his pocket.

When he got to Boise the car he was driving had had enough. The strain of pulling that small travel trailer was just too much. The car died and never ran again. There they were on the side of the road with hardly any money and a broken down car. Billy decided he would go and find some help, leaving Mary and little baby Karen in the car. While he was gone, it started snowing so much that it began to get very cold. Mary looked around and spotted a house. She wrapped her baby up in a blanket, walked through blizzard-like condition and knocked on the door. When the door opened there stood a woman Mary had never seen before in her life. The very first words to come out of her mouth were, "Is your husband a minister?" "Yes" Mary replied. "Oh we have been praying that God would send us a preacher", the lady said with excitement. "God has answered our prayers," said the woman. That was the start of five months of Revival services in Boise, Idaho for Billy Bird and Mary Elizabeth Brown. In the five months they were in Boise Idaho, God blessed them financially. When they left there they had another car and money in their pocket, and back to Arizona they went.

Back in Arizona, Billy enrolled in a correspondence Bible study, through the Pentecostal Church of God. When he graduated as an ordained minister they asked him if he would like to accept a pastoral position in Eloy. However, he was warned that several babies had died in that parsonage from sudden infant death. Needless to say, Billy was so full of the Spirit of God he had no fear. So under the unction of the Holy Ghost, he accepted the position. By then Billy had two babies, Karen and a baby boy, Steven Louise Brown. The parsonage was in bad need of repair, so Roland, Billy's dad, came to help. He stayed in the parsonage sleeping on the floor. Billy and his family lived in the small trailer parked next to the parsonage until the parsonage was repaired. They had only been there a few days, when that night while Billy slept, his spirit came out of his physical body. It went up through the roof of the trailer and into the parsonage area. There, in the parsonage, were three demon spirits which no doubt had been killing those innocent babies. They were like balls of fire with long flowing hair and little monkey faces. When they saw Billy, they charged him. He, however, by the power of God would catch them and throw them back. Over and over they charged him. Every time he would catch them, rebuke them in the name of Jesus, and throw them back. After sometime of fighting these demons in the Spirit, one by one he threw them

out of the parsonage. By the power of God he conquered those horrendous baby killing devils. Billy won the victory in the Spirit and not another baby ever died in that parsonage.

After that great victory in the Spirit, God began to pour out his Spirit and the church began to grow. To begin with they only had a handful of people but in no time at all their attendance had increased up to 80 people in Sunday school. In that congregation there was a woman who attended service with her adult son. Her son, who was around 20 or so, came down with double pneumonia and the doctor had given up on him saying that he would not live. She contacted Billy and asked him to come and pray. When he got to the home, many people were already there. When he entered the room he said, "If there is anybody in here who does not believe God can heal this boy, please leave now!" Billy and the few who had remained in the room began to pray and God healed that boy completely, even to the point the doctors were amazed.

After a couple of years the leadership of PCG recognized the leadership ability of Billy. So in 1954 he became a trouble shooter for the PCG. So off he went to other churches to find out why they were not growing. His first stop was Stanfield then to Chandler and then others.

In 1956, under the unction of the Spirit of God, Billy went to Louisiana. After being there for a few months, holding revival here and there, he felt it was time to go back to Arizona. As they were traveling down the road, he noticed a car coming from the opposite direction down the middle of the road. So to avoid a head-on collision, he swerved. However, on both sides of the road, there were deep ruts from water running off the road way. When he hit the rut it yanked his car off the road. Billy turned his wheel to get back onto the road. When he did that, his tires grabbed the road and the car was back on the road but out of control, spinning around and around. While the car was spinning God spoke to him and said, "*Everything will be all right, no one will be hurt.*" Then, bam! They slammed into two huge pine trees. When they hit the trees, Steven who was three at the time, went through the back window. When they found him, he was lying in the road with blood coming out of his nose and ears. The driver of the car that had run them off the road had come back to apologize and to help any way he could. He even gave them all a ride to the hospital. After a thorough examination by the Doctor, they could not find anything wrong with anybody including Steven. So even though the car was badly damaged and kind of drove sideways down the road, Billy limped it on back to Arizona.

For a couple of years Billy pastored here and there, Stanfield, Chandler, wherever there was a troubled church he would go and build it back up then turn it over to another pastor. Then God led him to travel into California to hold some revivals there. By 1957 Billy and Mary had two more children for a head count of 4. There was Karen, Steven, Billy, and "*Ernest Paul Brown who died at birth*" and Kenneth, was the baby. While in California once again being led by the Spirit of God they moved to Oklahoma. While there, Billy ministered in many churches. After several months, they prepared to travel back to Arizona. After they had loaded everything up in the car, right when they were going to leave, Mary felt like she needed to mop the floor, which was kind of silly because after all it was raining. This delayed their leaving by about a half hour. While she was mopping, the Tornado sirens began to blow. But they did not even know what they were. So she just kept on mopping. When they finally left, there was not a car on the road. The very road they would have been traveling on was the very place the tornado had just touched down. There were trees, debris, electric poles and lines lying all over the road. If they had left a half hour earlier they would have been caught right in the middle of that tornado. When they pulled into a gas

station, the attendant said, “Are you guy’s crazy; get off the road. This is tornado weather,” but they just filled up and kept on driving.

After being on the road awhile they once again filled up with gas figuring they had enough gas to make it to Albuquerque, New Mexico. When they got there, they could not find a single gas station open and they were sitting on empty. However, because of the urgency Billy felt in his spirit from God to get back to Arizona, Billy just reached down and turned off the dash lights and kept on driving. Mary knowing they had no gas in the car began to pray. All the way Mary was praying “Lord, don’t let us run out of gas; Lord, protect us on this road; Lord, I have all these kids.” They drove from Albuquerque, New Mexico to Show Low, Arizona, which is 240 miles, on an empty tank. God supernaturally caused that car to run on empty for 240 miles. When they pulled into a gas station in Show Low, Arizona, the car ran out of gas and it rolled right up to the pump.

When the family got back to Arizona, Billy accepted a pastoral position in Chandler. Baby number five, by the name of Robert Lynn Brown, was born. On March 1, 1958, I was born the fifth of seven siblings.

From Chandler Billy went back to California to hold some revivals. When he left to go to California, he loaned all his furniture to a friend. After he was there a few months, God spoke to Billy and told him to go back to Eloy, Arizona. The year was 1960. When they got back to Arizona someone had stolen every piece of their furniture. Billy and Mary began to pray they would be moving back into the church parsonage but they had no furniture! Nothing! Not even a bed for their children to sleep on. The next day, a minister who was leaving the state came up to Billy and sold him a complete household full of furniture for 100 dollars. God answered their prayer. The Bible tells us,

“The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much” (James 5:16b)

Chapter Three

Spiritual Upbringing

While living in Eloy, one more baby was added to the family, Sharon Marie Brown 6-3-1960. While living in Eloy I began to have my first memories. Some say they can remember when they were babies. I don’t remember much about that. But I do remember that I was a cotton-headed carefree little dude. While we were living there in the parsonage, Steve, Billy, Kenneth, and I thought it would be fun to have a friendly rock fight. Everything was going pretty good. Dodging those flying rocks seemed pretty easy. However, all that ended when Steve, who by then wore eye glasses got hit in the eye with a rock. His glasses shattered and all that glass flew right into his eye. Of course my mother rushed him to the doctor who removed as much glass as possible informing my mother there was nothing else he could do. That night was church service, and all the people gathered around Steve and prayed. After they had prayed, miraculously all that glass that was in his eye started coming out. I remember seeing him with a handkerchief catching the little slivers of glass as they came out of his eye. The people were rejoicing that night in the presence of God. And as my dad began to preach, all of a sudden the front doors burst open and two young men

came rolling into the church fists swinging. They had started a fight over a girl outside the church and had ended up in the middle of the church floor. Billy never missed a beat, but just kept on preaching. He jumped out from behind the pulpit, ran down the aisle, grabbed those two young men by the collar, yanked them up from the floor, and threw them out the front door. Then he shut the door and kept on preaching. After a while both those young men were sitting on the back seat listening to the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Hallelujah! The devil tried to stop the service but God got the victory anyhow. While dad was pastoring in Eloy, Arizona, there were times the anointing of God would be so strong upon him, he would run the aisles. In those days all the church had were made-shift wooden benches. Dad would jump up on the benches then leap up on the back, run down the back, jump across the aisles, land on the back of the bench on the other side and never miss a lick. Everywhere he went and pastored the church would always grow. By the time we had moved from the parsonage in Eloy, we had one more addition to the family, Mary Helen Brown born 7-3-1962.

Chapter Four

Life in the Country

Even though my dad, Billy, was pastoring in Eloy, we only stayed in the parsonage a couple of years. Near the end of 1962, Dad got a job as a cat-skinner so we ended up moving into an old house in what is now called Toltec, Arizona. When we moved there, there was really nothing but land being cleared for farming. The old house we moved into had been left in very bad state of disrepair. All the windows were busted out, there was no indoor toilet just an old outhouse, and the house was full of trash. The day we moved in the boys had the job of picking up the trash around the outside of the house. Of course this was exciting fun for us, because we had never lived out in the country before. I could image the endless adventure of living so far out of town. Mother had brought with her a roll of storm plastic she was making windows out of. Everyone was busy, when all of a sudden Karen let out a hair curling scream. Immediately all of us boys bolted toward the door to see what in the world was going on. Into the house we ran and asked, "What is going on?" There stood Karen as white as a ghost clearly shaken and pointing at an old mattress, "SSSSnnaake, snake, snake," she screamed again. By then everyone was in the house. We had never seen a snake before. Dad had told us stories about them, but to actually see one in real life, wow! We also wanted to hurry up and flip that mattress over. Steve of course came to the rescue, being the oldest boy. And the fact it was only a twin mattress would make it easy for him to flip over. Ever so slowly he reached down and took hold of the corner of the mattress. It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop; the suspension was so thick you could have cut it with a knife. I could hardly breathe from excitement. Mother cautioned everybody to get back. Then with one of his entire strength yanks, Steve flipped that mattress over. There laid a six foot long rattle snake coiled up and ready to strike! You would have thought everyone of us had got struck by lightning or something. From all the screaming, you could not tell the boys from the girls. All I know is that house was empty in a matter of about two seconds. Just about that time Dad pulled up and came in the house. A few minutes later he walked out holding his dead trophy. It is amazing that none us got bitten by that snake because we had been working and cleaning around that mattress all morning. I don't know how many snakes my Dad killed while we lived there but it seemed like he

killed one every time you turned around. He even killed one in the outhouse, which Billy found while doing his business.

Since we lived so far out of town, Karen, Steve, Billy and Kenneth had to ride the school bus to Toltec School. And even though we had no Television or as far as I can remember not even radio, there was never an end to the things I could do. I had the whole world in front of my five-year old curious mind. I was never bored. One of the highlights of the day was when my father would come home from work because, you see, he always brought home some kind of goodies. As soon as he would pull up, out the door Sharon and myself would bolt to see who would get there first. And if that was not exciting enough, once a week dad would fill up the water tank. It sat high on a wooden frame. Dad would have to go out and start the well. I remember there were two long cables or something like that hanging from some kind of electrical box. He would take this rod and reach up to one cable and pull it down. This would start the pump turning and winding up. After it had got to turning really fast, he then would take that rod, reach up and grab the other cable and yank it down. If he did it fast enough, a few seconds later, water would start coming out of the pipe. Oh boy! Time to go swimming. So in the ditch I would jump along with whoever else wanted to go swimming. It was a little ditch but I was a little guy so it seemed pretty big to me. I would lay on my belly and let the water just push me down the ditch, then I would turn around and pull myself back up the ditch against the water. Oh what fun we had in that old country ditch with just a few inches of water in it! It was a happy time, living out there with the jackrabbits, spiders, scorpions, snakes, coyotes, bugs, and mosquitoes. Of course we never missed a service; we went to church every Sunday morning and Sunday night, then Wednesday was the midweek service. You could not ask for a better life than what we had because we had the peace of God in our home.

My youngest brother was born, James Phillip Brown on 5-22-1964. We ended up moving again somewhere around the middle of 1964 into a house that sat on the corner of 11 Mile Corner Road and Houser Road, about a mile out of Eloy, Arizona. What was amazing is the fact that two weeks after we moved from the house in Toltec, a drunken driver drove his car right into that old house. If we had not moved, no-doubt one of us could have been seriously hurt or even killed!

Moving into the house just outside of Eloy brought along with it new adventures. I started school there in the fall of '64. It was a very exciting time for me because that is where I met my first girl-friend by the name of Rosie. She had two brothers named Randle and Earl. Along with them, Kenneth and I began to roam. We walked everywhere. I cannot count the times we walked into Eloy just for the fun of it. One day Kenneth and I had this bright idea. I don't remember who came up with the idea, but we decided we were going to cook some spilt peas. After all, how hard could it be? Mother cooked them all the time so it could not be very hard. First we needed a pot; then we sneaked into the house to get the peas; next we were going to have to start a fire. Ok, we got the fire going; well we put the peas into the pot, added water just like mother did it. So we placed the pot with the peas onto the little fire we had started with a few stick. After about 5 minutes the fire began to go out, so we put more little sticks on it then some more sticks and them some more stick. After about half an hour, these peas were still as hard as a rock and the fire was going out again. Just about that time Kenneth remembered dad had some gas in a plastic jug. Great idea! We would just throw some of that gas on the fire and it would really cook those peas. But first we needed to move the peas out of the way because we didn't want to throw gas into the pot with the peas. So I moved the pot away from the few smothering sticks. When I turned around, Kenneth had thrown the whole jug with all that gas directly onto those smothering sticks. "No!" I

screamed and ran to try and kick the jug off of the fire. An hour later I was sitting in the doctor's office with, second degree burns on my arms, and face, the hairs on my arms were gone, my eyebrows were gone and the hair on my head was cinched. The only bad part about it was rubbing that nasty salve on my face and arms thrice a day. Hey, at least I got to stay out of school for a week and mother bought me a 7up just about every day. And darn! We never did get those peas cooked. When I look back at those times of living out in the middle of nowhere, and how none of us got snake bites or anything else, and how God moved us out of that house just before it was destroyed by that car driving into it, I now see how God had his hand upon the Brown family. The Bible says, "*The lord preserveth all them that love him*" (Psalm 145:20).

Chapter Five

Good Times in Coolidge

Toward the fall of '66, there was a change for the whole Brown family. Dad and mom had received a large amount of money, so they bought a house at 376 W. Kennedy Avenue in Coolidge Arizona. So, off to Coolidge we went. Dad had accepted a pastoral position with the Pentecostal Church of God. It was an old adobe Church building with a separate parsonage that sat on the corner of Main and Bealy. The house we had moved into on Kennedy was very small, the bed room my brothers and I shared was so small. There was only room for twin size bunk beds and two had to sleep in each one. One stood on one end and the other on the other end. Many a mornings I woke up with toe nail scratches on my back or arms. However, it was a happy time. We learned to make the best out of what we had. I had started first grade in Toltec in the fall of '64 and attended school there for two years. However, the second grade did not go so well for me. I was too busy having fun and didn't see the need to worry about studying, Besides, the little girl who sat next to me made straight A's. Why did I need to study if I could just copy from her? I thought it was a pretty good plan. Unfortunately, the teacher did not think so. After copying from her number by number and word for word, I was getting F's while she was still getting A's. Needless to say, I did not pass that year. So when I came to Coolidge, I was back in the second grade at eight years of age; boy, was that pretty scary! When I was at Toltec, I was riding the bus to school but in Coolidge I had to walk. That meant waking up early in the morning so I could walk. The upside to that was that every morning, no matter, what there was always a hot breakfast on the table consisting of a good bowl of sweet rice or oats, or potato pancakes made from the left over mashed potatoes from the night before. Yum! Yum! Never did we go to school hungry. The school I went to was West School. Kenneth walked with me part of the way since he went to a school on Roosevelt Street. I would have to walk the rest of the way by myself. To be at school on time, we had to be up and ready to leave for school 45 minute early because it was quite far across town. Even though we walked to and from school twice a day, I don't ever remember being scared or anything. In the fall of '67 I was going into the third grade at 9 years old. That year living in the house on Kennedy was a special time because before that school year dad and mom bought us all new school clothes. Wow! I did not have to wear hand-me-downs any more! Mom bought every one of us new clothes out of the Sears Roebuck catalog. I got three brand new pair of pants, three brand new shirts, three brand new pairs of underwear, three tee shirts, three pairs of socks, a brand new pair of shoes, and a new coat! I was so proud of my new clothes that I even wore them to bed. The added benefit was that I got no more toe nail scratches!

Up early the next morning and off to school I went. As I was walking to school, I noticed all the water on the side of the road was frozen. Oh boy! I broke every puddle of ice I came across and boy what fun I had. That made me a little late for school which was understandable. After all, how often do you see frozen water on the side of the road in Coolidge, Arizona? Oh well, who cared as long as I was having fun? Walking home from school, there were many alleys to roam down in the afternoon and the fact I had found out that Save Money Market was buying coupons at face value made it even more exciting. So every garbage can I came across could be a jackpot in the waiting! I would spend hours roaming the alleys on the way home looking for that one garbage can where someone had thrown away a newspaper or magazine full of coupons. Saturday I would take my findings and track all the way down Main Street to Save Money Market to cash in my findings. Did pretty good this week, \$5.50!! Hey, that's pretty good for a nine-year old in the third grade. The year was 1967.

After school let out for the summer of '68, it was time to get up and head for the city pool. But man! It sure was hot but that did not bother me. However, to go to the pool, one didn't need shoes or a shirt, just cutoffs. So making it to the pool also became quite an adventure because the only thing cool enough to stand on was a grassy areas or shade. Therefore, from one grassy area to another, I would run, I would have to spot the next area I was going to run to before I took off like lightning to it. But after burning the bottom of my feet off, I would finally make it there. I spent endless hours in the pool. Needless to say, I did not realize a person could get burned so badly by the sun and still have so much fun. So day after day, I roasted in the pool, until my back became crisp and blistered. I had sun burn on top of sun burn; my brothers used to peel my dead skin off my burnt back. When all was said and done, I had huge brown freckles all over my back but it sure was fun in the summer of '68. When looking back at all the times I roamed the alleys and the fact I did not know how to swim very well I know that God was watching over the Brown Family. The Bibles says,

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry" (Psalm 34:15).

Chapter Six

Back to California

In the fall of '68, Dad once again being led by the Spirit of God rented out the house on Kennedy and another preacher took over the church. They loaded up what little they could along with eight kids and headed for California. Once in California, I was in the fourth grade. However the work was easy because I had pretty much done the same work in Coolidge. We were not there very long, but one thing I do remember was, Kenneth and I decided we were going to dig us a tunnel in our back yard, so to work we went. It took us several days but before long we had a pretty good little tunnel. It went down several feet then turned and went several more feet then in to a little room. It was back-breaking work because you could only use the shovel for so far then we had to dig with screw drivers and haul the dirt out by a bucket. Bucket after bucket we carried out of that hole. After what seemed like hundreds of bucket of dirt, we sat in our little room and admired our work. After a little while we decided to continue enlarging our room. As we began to dig we ran into something. No longer could we dig because there was an old piece of carpet or something in the way. We finally managed to get it out of the way and dragged it up out of the

hole. Sure enough it was an old piece of carpet. As we began to roll it out, there was something all over it. Mother by then had taken notice that we were spending a lot of time in the back yard and she came out to investigate. When she noticed the piece of carpet, she became very concerned because, apparently it was covered with blood stains. She very firmly told us, "You are not allowed back into that hole." By then my spirit of adventure was sky high. If the carpet is covered in blood, there is no telling what else we may find if we dig a little farther, maybe a dead body or a skeleton. So as soon as she went back into the house and we felt the coast was clear, back into the hole I went. But no sooner had I got back into the tunnel when I heard a voice saying, "Robert, get out of that hole." It was the voice of my dad. Reluctantly, I crawled out of the hole, figuring I was in for a whipping. But he was pretty cool about the whole tunnel digging project because he had already decided it would be a perfect hole to dump all the garbage that needed to be carried off. As we filled our little tunnel up with garbage my Spirit became heavier and heavier, finally the hole was full and could not hold any more garbage. We then finished filling it with dirt. When the last shovel full of dirt was thrown, dad told us, "Now don't you dig another hole," and that was the end of my tunnel-digging days.

While in California dad traveled and preached at many different churches. While visiting one particular church, I noticed that there was a pretty little dog outside the front door. He seemed friendly to everyone, wagging his tail and letting everyone pet him. So I just kind of lagged back letting everyone else go in, I wanted to pet that pretty little dog myself. So after every one had gone in, I walked over to that little doggie and said, "Hello little doggie" and reached out to pet him. All of a sudden that little dog turned vicious attacking my hand. Even though he did not hurt me seriously, the few scratches sure scared me to death. I learned a lesson, don't trust strange dogs no matter how friendly they seem. And to this day I have never been bitten by a dog because I don't trust them no matter how friendly they look.

Our stay in California was cut short because Dad got a call from the church in Eloy telling him they had voted him in as their pastor. Back to Eloy we went for a short time. Then Coolidge needed a pastor and we ended up back in Coolidge, but not living in the house on Kennedy. We lived at the parsonage on Beale Avenue. The year was 1968.

Chapter Seven

Miracles in Coolidge

Once we got back into Coolidge living in the parsonage at the church was quite a change. It was the winter of '68; I was in the fourth grade; I was 10 years old, Dad's older brother, Cecil Brown, came to live with us. He stayed in another house that was in the back of the parsonage. I loved to sit and listen to the stories he told us about their childhood on the Mississippi River. I don't remember much about what he told us, just the fact that his stories warmed my heart. In the six years while living there in the parsonage, I had many experiences. The Brown family had never been one to celebrate holidays too much, or at least I don't remember celebrating them before then, but that Christmas was different, we had a Christmas tree, and presents wrapped up nice and pretty under the tree. And I could not wait to find out what I had. Dad came from work teasing us, saying "I can't wait. Can you? I can't wait." No, I could not wait and I wondered how he knew that. Every

chance I got I would shake and feel and try to guess what they had gotten me. When that did not satisfy my curiosity, I began to pull at the tape, tearing a little bit on the corner, just a little bit, not enough for mother to notice. Of course there was nothing you did that mother did not know about. She would tell us, “Now, you boys, stay out of those presents and stop trying to peek and see what you got.” After days of not being able to find out what they had bought me, Christmas morning came. Out of bed we jumped and all lined up in the living room as mom set our presents on the floor in front of us. On your mark, get set, go! We attacked those wrapped presents like there was no tomorrow. Now I don’t remember what all I got but I do remember I got a big shiny new metal car. Just like dad had but mine was a little bit smaller, It was very pretty! I had wheels on it that turned and, you know what? You could roll it across the floor real fast, we did not have carpeting. So after a few hour of just rolling it across the floor, Kenneth and I found out it was more exciting to run our cars into each other. He had got one too. We would sit in the middle of the floor and roll them at each other as fast as possible. For hours we transformed our living room floor into to a demolition derby. And man, those little cars were tough. It took weeks to tear them up.

In the midst of all this, there was church three times a week plus revivals which lasted at least a week at a time. This was all we knew. We did not know life outside of dwelling in the presence of God. When dad took over the church, there was just a handful of people going but in no time at all the church had grown to about 80 people. I really did not quite understand what was going on, but the people would start singing and the next thing you knew women were dancing all over the place. People would be shouting, “Praise God,” at the top of their lungs. Some would be laying all over the floor. The presence of God was mighty strong in that little church. Through those years I remember sitting in a crowded Sunday school class learning about the great patriot of faith. Those teachings are still with me today.

It was reported that God performed many miracles in the time we lived there. One miracle that occurred was a woman and her children had started coming to the church, when one of her sons by the name of Noland Morrow, contracted spinal meningitis. The Health Department found out about him and had quarantined the whole family. Big white signs were placed on the windows and signs were placed around the property warning people to stay out because there was a contagious disease. Not heeding to the signs, dad and a few men from the church went and prayed for Noland and God healed him instantly. The next day his older brother Ebert was outside playing when the Health Department came by. They freaked out and asked, “What are you doing playing out here?” Ebert answering said, “Jesus healed my brother last night”! They went in and checked on Noland. He had no fever; nothing was wrong with him. He had been completely healed by the power of God! Also in that same time period his sister had been healed. Her feet were cracked open and bleeding but God healed her. After prayer she went around telling everyone God had given her new feet. Many other miracles God performed in those years, too numerous to mention.

Chapter Eight

The Love of my Life

During those years, there were so many coming to church that it was hard to remember them all. However, there were a few that made a lasting impression. There was such a family who

had moved across the street from the church on Main. Their house sat catty-corner from the church. They began to come to the church on regular bases. It turned out that the father, Bill, could play the guitar and sing, and he was really good. He had worked as an entertainer in his younger days. He even had his own Country and Western band called "The Texas Rattlers". So Bill and his family became a regular part of the church services. Bill also turned out to be very good fisherman. He was always going fishing and he would come back with sacks full of catfish out of the Salt River. I had never even heard of the Salt River and why did they call it that? Was the water salty? Anyway, he would always give my dad fresh catfish to eat, which we had never really eaten much of before then. I really did not know what to think about this mysterious family from across road. Because not only did they bring fresh catfish over to my dad but also homemade goat milk ice-cream, yuck. The worst part about it was there were four brothers - one younger than me, one my age and two older than me. Since I was small for my age, I became the object of their bullying. Every time I turned around, they would chase me and try to catch me just so they could wrestle me to the ground. Other times, they would try to put me in a headlock or pull my arms behind my back. I had been raised in a family that did not tolerate bullying or horse playing. We did not fight and fuse or we would get our backsides busted! This went on for some time until the three old boys grew tired of it when they found out I was not going to be the subject of their childhood pranks. Unfortunately, out of the three, the one a year or two younger than me, Edgar, who was the mean one of the bunch, kept on. You see, he stood about four inches taller than me and out-weighed me by about 20 pounds. One night, after church, I was walking through the church parking lot and just about everyone had left. Dad and Bill were standing in front of the church talking. Edgar came running up behind me, wrapped his arm around my neck, choking me. I had had enough, and little did he know that my sister, Mary and I had been practicing Karate on the church's carpeted floor. So, when he wrapped his arm around me, I managed to break his hold and, grabbing his arm, I bent over and flipped him over me. Through the air he flew and landed flat on his back. Needless to say he did not get up because it knocked the air out of him. He started crying. His mom and dad came running over to check up on him. He was alright, just a little startled. After they left and went home, I fully expected I had a whipping coming. To my surprise, Dad just walked by me and smiled. You see he had been aware of all the bullying I had been enduring and he knew I had tried my best to not be the instigator of a fight. He was proud I had finally stood up for myself. After that night, they never tried to bully me again. I had nothing against the boys and after that we became good friends; we played together all the time. The family became really good friends of my family. And that Bill man he could sure cook when he put his mind to it. When he started cooking, he could whip out a meal fit for a king! He also would make homemade milkshakes, yummy! He would take a quart mason jar and fill it about half full of milk then put two raw eggs, strawberry, and banana flavoring, put ice into it then shake it until it was foamy. Boy it was sure good! And he could make the best homemade pecan pies I ever ate. But that was not the best part about it. You see, Bill had a daughter! Charlotte! She was a year and half younger than me. Little did she know it but when I first saw her I thought I had died and went to heaven. She was the prettiest girl I had ever met. She was a little taller than me, with long brown hair and green eyes and kind of a big nose, but it was love at first sight. She did not seem too interested in me. After all, she was my sister, Sharon's friend and not interested in boys. They only lived a year or so across the road from us then they moved. Little did I know they would become a part of my life forever because, you see, I married that pretty girl, but now I am getting ahead of my story.

It was also just about that time of my life when mom started letting us go trick or treating. I knew nothing about the evils of Halloween. I was in it for the candy and, boy, did we get the

candy! We were too poor to buy costumes so we would make our own. Just an old brown sack with a face painted on it, which did not stay on every long. But we would hit every house possible and come back with a sack full of the sweet goodness. We did not worry about razors or straight pins or some kind of drug being put in the candy. We were kids and we did not even think about that kind of stuff. So after our bags would get so full we could hardly carry them, we would head home. Dad was always waiting for us to come in the door; as soon as we got there, he would always help himself to as much candy as he wanted. I think he enjoyed Halloween as much as us kids!

Chapter Nine

Let's Play Ball

When I was eleven in the summer of '69, I was very interested in baseball, so I thought I would try out for the city little league baseball team. I was so excited about try outs, I could not wait. I practiced day after day. The night of try outs my brother Kenneth and I went to the Little league baseball park which was on second street and Walton. There were about two hundred boys who showed up that night. One by one the coaches picked their players. Kenneth got picked but I was the only one out of them all who was not picked because they said I was too small. Oh well I would just have to prove to them that I could play baseball as well as the rest of them if I only had a baseball glove. Then one day about midseason I found one in the garbage. It was old and had a lot of wear. A lot of the leather lacing was gone out of the pocket but I was going to fix that. I removed all of the old leather lacing and replaced it with my shoe strings and it was as good as new. I was ready to prove to them I could play baseball! That night there just happened to be a game, and, with my old-new glove I went, even though my mother told me not to. As I sit in the bleachers watching the game, I waited for my chance. Then someone hit a foul ball up over the back stop it came, higher and higher and higher and came right where I was sitting. As I put up my glove to catch that foul ball, I was blinded by the bright lights. I woke up lying on the ground next to the concession stand. Because I was blinded by the light, I had missed the ball and it had hit me right in the face just below the left eye and knocked me out cold. There I lay with an ice pack on my eye. I got up and they checked me out, gave me a snow cone, then after they had determined I was alright they started the game again. I had a pretty good shiner for about a month. I never tried out for baseball again! I figured I really did not need to play baseball after all. Since I had lost interest in baseball, I just kind of hung-out at home. Then something interesting started happening. Every evening about sundown, great big beetle bugs started flying through the yard. There were so many of them that when they landed on a tree they would eat all the leaves and the bark off the tree to the point that it would look like it was bleeding from the sap oozing from the stripped tree. I mean there must have been thousands of them. So I started pretending they were baseballs. I would find any good stick or branch or anything I could use as a bat and start batting those ugly bugs. For weeks on end, I made it my mission to kill as many of those little duds as I could that by the summer's end, I had killed too many to even count. That made me believe I was not too bad of a baseball player after all.

Chapter Ten

Experiences with Evil

One day my sisters found an old doll in the garbage. It stood about 3 feet tall. At first, nobody thought anything of it. Then my sisters just had a bad feeling about it and began to be afraid of it. They decided to put it on the top shelf of the open closet in the boys' bedroom. It had only been there a day or two when Billy told us that that doll got down from the shelf and jumped on to his bed; it had walked across his bed! That very next night, for some reason, I woke up and sat up in bed. At that point, I noticed the doll on the top shelf of our open closet, sitting up and swinging its leg off the side of the shelf then it turned its head and looked at me! You talk about being scared; I have never been so scared in all my life! I pulled the covers over my head as tight as I could. Then, after a little while, I felt it jump up on my bed and walk around on top of my covers. I was all alone and did not know what to do. The next day I told my dad about the devil doll and I never saw it again. Say what you may, I know what I saw, not just me, but also my brothers and sisters!

In that time period of my life I had many confusing things happen. It seemed every time I turned around I was getting a whipping. I guess I was just a little bit mean! I got so many whippings after a while I began to believe I deserved them. One such beating came when Uncle Cecil was there visiting. My older brothers had taken to jumping from the top of the house where Cecil was staying. It was very tall. One day they convinced me to climb up on top with them but once I got there I decided to back out but they would not hear it. With one little push I was sent sailing. Once I hit the ground, I decided that it wasn't that bad after all. One day while they were all gone, I thought I would give it a try by myself. I was actually too little to be handling that big ladder but I did manage to get it in place. So I climb up to the top of the roof and, as I looked down, I decided that maybe I was not too good of an idea after all. After I had gotten down, I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to take the ladder down. As I was doing so, the ladder slipped from my grip, and, when I turned to get out of its way, there stood James. I yelled, "Get out of the way." He jumped back and the ladder landed right beside him. I thought I was a hero for screaming at James to move otherwise the ladder would have no doubt landed right on him. Unfortunately for me, dad did not think so. Consequently, he whipped me really good.

Through those years, I also learned how to ride a bicycle. It was a 36-inch bike and I could not sit on the seat and reach the pedals. So I had to sit on the bar. After many tries, I finally figured out if I would lean the bike to one side while straddling the bar I could begin to run. Once I got it going pretty fast, I could jump on it and, sitting on the bar, I could catch the pedal as it came up then push it as hard as possible then catch the other one and repeat the action while balancing myself all at the same time. After many falls, many tries, many scrapes and bruises, I finally learned how to ride that bike. Then my Dad's sister came with her daughter to visit from Oklahoma. When my cousin came out side to play with my sisters, of all things, they let her ride my bike. I dared them let her ride my bike. After all the times I cracked my nuts on that bike learning how to ride it, who were they to let her ride it? As she was riding up into the yard, I thought I would show her up; so, I picked up a stick and threw it at her. It went right into the front spokes of the tire and locked that tire up. Right over the handlebars she came! It skinned her up really good to where I thought it was funny. Dad did not think so; so it was time for another whipping!

Now my Dad also at that time owned two pearl handle revolvers. When he would leave for work, I would sneak in and look at them. One day I took some of the bullets. I ever so gently took them apart and poured out the gun-powder into a pile. Then, standing back, I threw a match onto the gun-powder. To my amazement, it burned up fast. That gave me this bright idea to take and stuff match heads into the hollow part of the bullets, place the lead part back onto it, then build a fire and throw the bullets onto the fire. Standing back peaking around the corner of the house, Kenneth and I waited but nothing happened. So after a little while the fire started going out. I decided then that it was not going to work. As I started around the corner and got about two feet away from the smothering fire, they started going off and one of them hit me right in the foot. Since they only had match heads stuffed into them the bullet only slightly went through my tennis shoe and indented my foot, but it still hurt pretty bad.

Now there was a little store called Arney's Time Market that sit one block from our house on Main Street. Every time I would get a little bit of money, I would run over there and buy me some candy. I had a friend who one day showed how I could have candy and not pay for it. We would go in and I would buy a few pieces of candy and he would fill his pockets up. One day I got in the store and did not have enough money to buy what I wanted, a pack of juicy fruit gum. So, when no one was watching, I took and stuffed it in the front of my pants. I went up and paid for a couple of small pieces of candy and turned and walked out the door. I was a few feet from the door when the clerk came out of the door and said, "Wait a minute, son. Come back here." So I stopped and turned back to face him. He said, "What you got in your pockets?" "oh-oh-no-nothing," I replied. He told me to take everything out of my pockets. So I took everything out of my pockets. When he noticed I had nothing, he asked me to raise my shirt up and I was really scared by then. When I raised my shirt, the top of the large pack of juicy fruit could be seen it was right under the waist band. "Give me that!" he demanded. Then he took me by the arm and marched me into the store and into the back where the owner was. He said, "I caught him stealing juicy fruit!" The owner glared at me and said, "You know what I do to little boys I catch stealing." I swallowed hard, and squeaked out, "No!" "I lock them in my meat freezer," he said. Then he went on to tell me how he had locked them up in there until they confessed or died. By then I was about to cry. "Come on," he said, and, taking me by the arm, he opened the door and pushed me in. There were dead cows hanging everywhere and it was really cold. After about two hours, he stuck his head in the door and said, "Are you sorry for stealing?" "Yes sir," I said. So he let me out and told me, "Now you go home and tell your dad what you did here and don't you ever come back into my store and steal again." "Yes, sirs," I said. I did not tell my dad, at least not then. I did tell him many, many years later. And you know what? I never stole any- thing else from Time Market again.

It was in those years I smoked my first cigarette and pipe. And it was also the first time I ever got drunk. Behind us lived an old hermit-like man. He was not married, had no kids, and never had anyone visit him. However, I befriended him because he had a television. And I loved to go over to his house after school and watch Batman and Robin. One day we were going to church in Tucson and I had got ready early so I thought I would just run over to visit him for a few minutes before leaving for church. When I got there, he was sitting on his couch watching TV. I don't remember what he was watching but I sat down and started to watch TV with him. After a few minutes he pulled out his PA and rolled him a cigarette. I mentioned to him that I had smoked me a cigarette. "Oh," he said, "then would you like to try my pipe?" "Sure," I said. So he took his pipe and stuffed some PA in it. After he got it lit, he told me take the pipe and suck on it just like

a cigarette. At first I was having a hard time getting the smoke through it, but then I sucked real hard and filled my lungs with smoke. Needless to say, I began to cough and gag. He sat there laughing. Then my head started feeling really funny, kind of spinning. Just about that time there was a knock on the door and the person said, "Hurry up we are leaving for church right now!" When I got in the car mother made a comment, "You smell just like smoke." Little did she know I felt really sick! There I was with my head spinning around and around and around. After about fifteen or twenty minutes down the road, I asked my dad to pull over because I was going to throw up. No sooner had he pulled over and out the door I went that everything in my belly came up. I was sick for the rest of that night. But that sickness was nothing compared to the first time I got drunk. I don't remember where I got the beer from. I think it was from some friends of my older brother. My friend and I had decided we were going to get drunk for the first time. We had made all the plans for a certain person to buy us some beer and we would meet at some trees just a couple of blocks from my house. I don't remember much of what happened after that. All I remember was I barely made it back to my house and knew it was late; therefore, the doors would be locked. Besides, I did not want to go into the house drunk. I remembered that we had a dog house. So, I crawled into the dog house. When I crawled in, the dog ran out. There I lay drunk as a skunk, and twice as sick, in the dog house. Boy, I was really having fun! Ha Ha. As I lay there not able to move, my head spinning around and around, I knew everything was going to come up. However, I was so sick I could not even get up to throw up. So I just turned my head to one side and uhhhh, uhhh, uhhh. Since I could not move, there I lay with the side of my head in my own puke! Over and over, I heaved and heaved until there was nothing left. Then I slowly drifted off to sleep, laying there in my own puke! After what seemed like an hour or so, I woke up as someone reached inside the dog house and picked me up. They held me with one arm, wiped off the side of my face, carried me into the house, and placed me into my bed. It was my dad! The next day when he saw me, he never said a word. I guess he thought I would have learned a lesson from that first drinking experience. Boy was he wrong!

Even though through those years of adolescence I saw many things happen as people would come up for prayer, nothing had prepared me for what was to happen when I was 12 years old in 1970. We were having a typical service that evening. Dad had preached a powerful sermon that night, and, when he gave the altar call, a young man went up for prayer. As Dad began to pray with him, he began to make all these strange sounds. After about a 15 or 20 minutes, Dad got back behind the pulpit and said, "If you are here and don't have strong faith, please leave now because we are dealing with demon spirits in this young man." There were only maybe 25-30 there and about half of them got up and left. By then I was very curious. Another minister by the name of Brother Ellis had joined my dad. As they prayed for this young man, he began to fight them, growling like a dog, or hissing like a snake saying things like, "You cannot cast me out." It took everything for Dad and Bro. Ellis to hold that young man down. One was laying on his legs and the other across his chest having his arms pinned down at his side, but he was still picking them up into the air. It was as if he had supernatural power. Even at my young age, I knew it was the power of the demons in him that gave him his unbelievable strength. After about an hour, the young man began to calm down. At that point, Bro Ellis told Dad he was going to get help. After a few minutes, he returned with another man. The three of them continued to pray and the demons manifested themselves again. He would lay there and writher and hiss like a snake, saying things such as, "He is my vessel; he belongs to me; I will not leave; you cannot cast me out." An hour or so later, God gave them the victory as they cast those demons out in the name of Jesus setting that young man completely free.

Chapter Eleven

Experience with God

The first time I experienced the power of God I will never forget. I think I was about 12 years old. Even though I have had many more experiences with God since that time, that first time left a lasting impression on me. There was a friend of my dad's, an evangelist by the name of Van Stewart. He would come and park his RV next to the church. He would pray and fast a few days before he would start his revival. He was a large tall man, who, before he got saved, was a biker. He would tell us his stories of how he would drink and fight. Then one day at a very young age, he had a heart attack. While he was lying dying, God spoke to him and said, *"If you will go and preach my word, I will heal you; if not, you are going to die."* That is one thing about God. He always makes his point clear. Van Stewart decided to preach and he was quite a preacher. He would come and hold revival two or three times a year. These revivals would often last two or three weeks at a time. One night, he was preaching and I began to feel funny. I had never felt like that before. It was different from anything I had ever felt; it was a really good feeling. When he finished preaching, he asked if anyone would like to come up for prayer. I don't remember why I went up, but I did. When the evangelist laid his hands on me at first I did not feel anything but then for no reason at all I began to cry. I could not help myself and I could not stop crying. I was not crying because I was hurting. I was crying because I felt good. Then I was on the floor crying and crying and crying! But then I started screaming, tossing, and turning on the floor. The evangelist picked me up and said, "Devil come out of him, in the name of Jesus!" I stopped screaming and crying and I had this peace come over me. He laid me back on the floor and I began to softly sob! But it was peaceful. Then these words began to come out of me, words I had never heard before. They began to pour out of me so fast that I could hardly keep up and say them all. Over and over and over they came out of me for what seemed like for hours. When it was over, no one had to tell me what had happened. I knew I had been baptized in the Holy Ghost with the evidence of speaking in a heavenly tongue. The next day I went and told my best friend what had happened to me. He also came and got saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. A couple of days later, as I was walking down the alley behind the parsonage, I turned, and, for a split second, I saw a man standing beside me. I believe it was an angel of God! After my experience with God, the whippings stopped!

Chapter Twelve

Snow, Grapes, and Television

In the summer 1970, when school let out, Dad had a surprise for us. We were all going to California on vacation. It would not be a vacation going to Disney land or some theme park. We would not be going fishing or to the beach but it would be a working vacation. You see, Mom's great uncle J.C. Pener, owned a grape farm. Therefore, we were all going to California to cut grapes. You would have thought it to be a boring vacation but we had the time of our life. There is nothing more precious than a family working closely together. Early in the morning we would

get up and mom always had a good hot breakfast ready. Then we would head to the field, cut grapes for about eight hours then have the rest of the day to visit our relatives that lived in and around Shafter, including my mother's parents. It was a wonderful vacation and we were never bored. The best part about it was we got to eat all the grapes we wanted. For the first few days, we, Brown kids, filled our bellies full of ripe sweet green grapes. However, we soon realized eating grapes all day long was not a good idea, especially after we began to have to go to the restroom several times a day. After two weeks of vacation cutting grapes for raisins, we were ready to go home. So back to Coolidge we went with our raw butts.

As we were coming back home, God once again intervened in our lives. As we traveled, we began to sing songs of praise to God. Our hearts were full of joy because of the wonderful fellowship we had while on our working vacation. It was now late into the night about 35 miles out in Needles, California when the alternator light came on, and glowing bright red. Dad told mom, "Well we are just a few miles from Needles; we will try to make it to a service station." So we just continued driving and singing. After a few minutes, the alternator light went out. When we got to Needles, Dad pulled into a service station. He did not shut the motor off but just got out and opened the hood. When Dad open the hood the alternator belt was completely gone; however, the alternator was sitting there spinning by itself. Dad called the gas station attendant over and said, "Let me show you a miracle from God." The gas station attendant came over with a flash light. As he stood there scratching his head, he said, "Well the alternator is polarizing itself and running like a motor on it's own." Dad asked him, "Do you have a belt" and his answer was, "No." Dad closed the hood, told him to fill her up, and, a few minutes later, we were back on the road. We traveled for another 200 miles in the night with the lights on and no alternator belt. Up early in the morning, the alternator light came back on and Dad pulled over, turned her off, and went to sleep. The next morning she started right up. At the next town, Dad brought an alternator belt, and we drove on back to Coolidge.

The winter of '70 I will always remember because it snowed in Coolidge. I mean it snowed a lot. I have never seen it snow that much since that day. It was on a Sunday evening around 5:00 pm; it snowed for about two hours. The snow was two or three inches deep. We, children, were all excited about the snow because we had never really seen it snow like that in Coolidge. I mean it does not snow here, because it is hot here all the time. So you bet we were outside playing in the snow, throwing snow balls. Boy we were having the time of or lives playing in the snow. Then we had the great idea to make a snow man. So we began to gather the snow up, making up big balls. Fervently we worked. We had never made a snow man before, but how hard could it be. I mean we had seen pictures and had seen fake ones at school. So we were doing pretty well when Dad came out and put a stop to it because church was to start in five minutes. We thought our spirits were dampened. We reluctantly abandoned the snow man project and went into church. All throughout church service, my mind was filled with thoughts of completing our snow man. I had already finished him from start to finish, all the way down to his button eyes and stick nose in my imagination while the church sang amazing grace. When church was finally dismissed with the last prayer, I frantically hurried out the door. When I got out to where the snow man we were building was, only a pile of melting snow was left. By morning, only a little bit of snow was left along the walls of the house and church. But at least we enjoyed ourselves playing in the snow even if it was for a very short time.

Growing up in Coolidge I was never really interested in school, I mean it was alright, I just never did quite fit in. I was always the smallest boy in my class, and kind of a nerd. It is not that I did not like school. It's just that because I was so small and quiet, I was always overlooked by teachers. I guess they did not really expect much out of me. That left me in some kind of my own little world of discovering the wonderful world of books. I could be anybody and do anything when I read books. I was not limited by the preconceived notion of my peers and teachers as to who I was and what I could accomplish with my life. So I lived in a world of wonderful fantasy.

I was never very good in English or Math. My best subjects were Social Studies and Science. However, that all changed when I was in the sixth grade. On April 28, 1971, I had just turned 13 when the Arizona Elks Association had a writing contest. I don't remember a lot about it, but just that they wanted us to write about America and why we loved it. I really did not put that much effort into it, but still I won the writing contest. I never had thought of myself as writer, and really had no interest in writing. Since then I have been told I have a talent and am gifted in writing. I don't know why but I just believe whatever talents or gifts a person has, they come from God. He does not want them to lie dormant but be put to good use. Anyway, Mom and Dad were proud of me and that made me happy. Dad, Mother, and I went to the award banquet. I accepted my award and did not give it much thought. I just kept on being myself, independent and headstrong, living in my own world of imaginations.

Also, in April of 1971, my oldest brother, Steven, joined the Navy at the age of seventeen. Just before Steven left, Dad had finally given in and bought a television. It was a little 13-inch black and white, but that was good enough for the Brown kids. I guess he had gotten tired of us always going over to the neighbor's house to watch television. We set it up on the dresser in the boys' bedroom. We would all crowd around it to watch whatever the rabbit ears could pick up. The very first movie I ever watched was Ben-Hur. It was on a Sunday evening. It had come on at about 5:00pm on a Sunday evening. At about 6:00 pm, Dad came in and told us to get ready for church. We all began to half-way get ready for church while we kept one eye on the movie. Before we knew it, we were all back in front of it. Then about 6:30pm, he came in again and, with a stern voice, demanded that we shut it off. We all agreed but kept on watching. We were so captivated by the movie that we could not stop watching it even if we wanted to. That lasted another 15 minutes when he came in and shut it off himself saying, "I told you to shut this TV off. Now get to church." One thing about dad was when he got upset you did not argue with him. So that was the end of the very first movie I almost watched.

In the six years the Brown family lived in the parsonage behind the old adobe church, it was a time when we all were growing up into young adults. What we experienced there has had a lasting impression upon us all.

Chapter Thirteen

Over the Mountain

In the summer of 1971, we moved back to California. The church, Mom, and Dad had come under severe attack of the devil. Mother had become sick in her body and had to have an operation. She was bed-ridden for several weeks. One man had even told Dad he had seen him in

a dream and he had a snake wrapped around his neck choking him. So Dad resigned the church and Brother Ellis became pastor. Dad felt he needed to get away and spend time in fasting and prayer. When we got to California, we lived in Shafter for a little while. It was good because we got to be around Grandpa and Grandma Atkins. Then we moved to Kern Homes, an old military camp that was about five mile east of Shafter. The county had converted it into homes and had built a school there. I was in the seventh grade there which was a breeze because all the school material I had there in the seventh grade I had already had in the sixth grade in Coolidge. So I excelled there. I became the pitcher of the school baseball team, I learned to play the cello, and was part of the school band. My brother, Kenneth, graduated from the 8th grade there. But the best part about it was that there was another family that had moved there also. Sharlotte, yes, the mysterious girl that had lived across the road from us in Coolidge was my neighbor again. She was not a little girl anymore. She was 12 years old and quite the young lady, more beautiful than I could ever remember. So I asked her if she would like to be my girlfriend and of course she agreed. We would hold hands, talk, and laugh; we had a very strong puppy love.

After being there for about a year, God spoke to my Mother and told her to go back over the mountain. Just about that same time, God had also spoken to dad and told him to go home. So that was a conformation that God wanted them to go back to Coolidge. For me that meant separation once again from my sweet beautiful Sharlotte.

Before we headed back to Arizona, in the summer of 1972, Dad had another surprise for us. We were going to Oregon for two weeks of vacation. Of course we knew Dad had something up his sleeve. When we got there, Dad informed us we would all be cutting green-beans which was still a nice vacation because we had never been to Oregon before. We ended up staying in a small one room log cabin. It had a wood burning stove that mom used to cook all our meals. Every morning we would get up and eat pancakes with thick maple syrup on them. Then off to the field we would go and work till about noon then we would be off for the rest of the day. I was 14 at that time. Every day I either went out to the woods to eat wild black berries, or chopped wood for the fireplace. Either way, it was a lot of fun. I never considered it work; instead it felt like one of the greatest vacations I ever had!

When we got back to Coolidge, things had changed. The house Dad had been renting on Kennedy Avenue had been left empty and someone had stripped if of all plumbing and electrical fixtures. As a result, for a few nights, we slept in the front yard under the stars while Dad fixed the house. Unfortunately, that was not the only thing. The church on Main and Beale Avenue had been torn down. All that sit there was the old parsonage. What had happened was the city had noticed that the rafters were beginning to sag, so they told Pastor Ellis they would have to be fixed. This meant tearing the whole roof off. Since the church was a very old adobe building, Pastor Ellis decided to build a new church. However, in the process of tearing down the old building, most of his congregation left. So when he went to the city to get permission to build a new church, the city denied him permission because his congregation was not large enough to support such a project. All hope was not lost because, in no time at all, the doors opened for my Dad to pastor once again in Eloy.

It was just about this time in my life when I experienced God's healing power for the first time. I was very sick, had the flu or something like that. I was lying in my bed burning up with

fever, tossing and turning, delirious with fever. When my dad came in prayed for me, instantly my fever left and I was healed by the power of God.

In the fall of 1972, I was in the 8th grade when the great flood came, or at least it seemed that way to my 14 year old mind. Dad had come home that evening and I heard him talking to mother about the fact that there was a good chance of rain that night. Not giving it any thought at all, we just went to bed. The next morning when we got up to get ready for school, it was still raining. To everyone's surprise, our house was sitting in a lake of water. The old wood house was sitting in about a foot of water, which was all the way up to the floor. As far as one could see, there was water. That was pretty exciting to the Brown Kids. "We were living in the middle of a lake wow!" And the best part about it was the fact that mother decided we did not have to go to school that day. Big mistake! Can you just imagine what it is like having seven kids in a small two-bedroom house, full of excitement? Needless to say, it was not long before we boys were outside in the water wading around, making our little boats and pushing them through Kennedy Lake. But before sunset, the water had begun to vanish and by the next morning all of it was pretty much gone.

While I was in the 8th grade, I kept pretty much to myself. I just didn't seem to fit in with the other kids. One thing I did was excel in drama. When it came time for the 8th grade graduation the drama teachers picked me to be one of the children to give a speech. My speech was a song by Neil Diamond called, "I Am." I studied it for hours then on the night of graduation I delivered my speech while Dad sat in the bleachers boasting, "That's my Boy; that's my Boy."

In the spring of 1973, Dad got me a job chopping cotton with one of the local farmers, "Jerry Cole". He, Kenneth, and I would get up at 5:00 am, and be in the field at 6:00 am. And, man, was it hot! However I took it pretty well, I actually began to like it because it seemed pretty easy except for the heat and all the walking. It was good to get out of the house and make a little money. I was full of energy and needed a way to release it. On top of that, Dad always kept a good supply of sweets on hand to give us energy. He would make regular stops at Lee's Foodland and buy RC Cola, Paydays, and Peanut Patties. So work became fun and also in those days and miles we walked we had a constant companion, her name was Curly Joe. She was named after one of the three stooges. She was a cocker Spaniel mix breed dog who was solid black with very curly hair; she had adopted us in Kern homes. That was the best rat killing dog I had ever seen. Every morning she would be up and ready to go. She would ride out to the field with us then as we walked down through the field she would hunt rats. It was as if her mission in her dog life was to kill rats. Every time she would kill a rat, she would bring it and lay it down at our feet as if to display it. We would praise her and pet her as she jumped around wagging her tail. She was sure proud of all her kills. She was a good dog and a faithful companion. That first summer I chopped cotton, I made a whole 95 dollars a week. Dad would get 90 and I would get 5. But that was ok; after all what would I do with all that money besides wasting it?

In the fall of '73, my life took a turn for the worst. It was at that time I began to run with the neighborhood boys, smoking dope and drinking. When I started in the 9th grade, I was not interested in school at all. I had found out I could make money cleaning yards and stuff like that, plus none of my buddies went to school. So why would I? I could have more fun running the streets smoking dope and drinking beer. Within a few months, I dropped out of school and never went back.

In the spring of '74, I was 16 and dad had me back in the field chopping cotton. That next fall I decided not to go back to school but I just kept on with my life of partying.

In the fall of '74, my life took a turn once again. God stepped into my life, and for several months I fervently sought the face of God. Since I was not going to school I spent all my time praying and fasting. It was at that time I preached my first sermon. I entitled it, "The Blue Print of God." It talked about the Bible and how it only scratches the surface of what God has for his people. During that time, I also traveled to other churches preaching. I was very nervous and knew I did not have the ability to preach on my own. Therefore, I had to depend upon God completely. It was also at that time God began to use me in the gifts of the Spirit - Tongues and interpretation and speaking words of Knowledge. The very first time God used me in the gift of the word of knowledge I was very scared and nervous because I didn't know how to handle that. I had been visiting a church in Coolidge right off Coolidge Boulevard. We called it the Rock Church. A lot of young people were going there at that time. There were two sisters who were going there also. One day God spoke to me to go to the sisters and give them a word from him. For several days I struggled in my spirit; however, there was an overwhelming urgency in my spirit I could not escape. The next service I was standing outside of the church when the two sisters came walking out. God spoke to me, "*go and speak my word to them*", I hesitated, "*Go speak to them, Go speak to them, Go speak my word*"! It grew louder and louder in my spirit. So I slowly walked over to them reaching out as to shake their hands. I took a hold of one of the sisters' hands. Without knowing what to say, I opened my mouth and this is what came out: "Sister, God told me to tell you not to worry; everything will be alright!" That's it? That's all?" I thought about all that mental frustration and entire struggle. The sister looked at me and started to cry saying, "Thank you Jesus! Thank you Jesus!" God does not have to speak many words to touch a person's heart.

Chapter Fourteen

I Am Going to Kill You

One night, as I lay sleeping, a voice spoke to me and said, "I am going to kill you." No one had to tell me it was Satan. I knew it was. Suddenly I began to have excruciating pain in my left side. I saw in the spirit a huge hand come out of nowhere and wrap itself around my left side. Satan began to squeeze the very life out of me. I could not breathe. I could not get up or do anything. I was all alone and Satan was killing me. Then I spoke these words out of my spirit, "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" "I plead the blood of Jesus against you!" I cried over and over until he let go. I had been attacked by Satan and I had won, at least I thought I had. Satan, on the other hand does not give up that easily. Many things began to happen to me. I still don't understand them all. I don't know what happened I was so on fire for God; I wanted him more than anything in this world; he was my very life. However, it was not long after that, I walked away from God and it took me nineteen years to get back.

In those nineteen years, my life was nothing but partying and working continually. All the sinful things I did in those days are under the blood of Jesus and that is where they are going to stay. All I know is that if it had not been for the hand of God on my life no doubt I would be dead! After I moved out of my father's house at the age of 17, I never went back. I was my own man and I worked and made a living for my family. I had worked in the fields chopping cotton, with my dad for 4 summers. I also had worked in the cotton gins with Dad. He was the night ginner at the Boswell Pima Gin in Coolidge. I ran suction, worked the yard, and the last year assisted inside.

In the fall of '75 we moved to Eloy for a brief period. Dad had brought a new Manufactured Home so the old house on Kennedy had to be torn down so the new Manufactured Home could be set up. While we lived in Eloy, Sharlotte and her family moved from Creswell, Oregon to 11 Mile Corner. So once again, beautiful Sharlotte came back into my life. I had not seen her in five years. This time I had long hair, and wore coveralls, and weighed maybe 105 lbs. She came over to visit Sharon, my sister. While there she wrote me a letter asking me if I would like to be her boyfriend to which I agreed. So we began to see each other irregularly. After a couple of months, the Brown family moved back to Coolidge. By then I was head-over-heels in love with her. Every chance I had, I hitchhiked eleven miles to see her. I had already learned how to drive and had my driver's license but there was only one family vehicle and three teenage boys living at home. The odds of getting the car to go see your girlfriend were slim. That fall while working at the gin company, I saved enough money to buy a ring. When I proposed, she said, "Yes!" I married that sweet girl Sharlotte on 1-5-76. I had \$100.00 dollars in my pocket; I was 17 and she was 16. I had no car and my job at the gin company had ended for the season. One thing we had that has kept us together through 38 years is Love. I worked at two local automotive dealerships in Coolidge and then many other various jobs. I worked in a Uranium Mill in Utah, lived in Washington, California, and ended up working on a farm just south of Coolidge. Throughout this time, we had three beautiful daughters: Laurie, Robin, and Sarah.

Chapter Fifteen

A Change is Coming

In 1990 I was notified to come quickly. Dad had suffered a heart attack and they did not expect him to live. He had got real sick with pneumonia and had gone to the doctor who had him rushed to the hospital. After an examination, they discovered he had had three heart attacks. He was in grave condition. But my mother, being a woman of faith and a prayer warrior, began to seek the face of God and God told her, "*I will give him five more years.*" To the doctor's amazement, Dad slowly began to recover. After they had sent him home one day, he and mother were sitting at their kitchen table adding up all their bills. You see, even though they had saved up a large amount of money towards retirement, the hospital and doctor bills had eaten it all up. There they sat with a mountain of debt, no money in the bank, and no money coming in. Mother asked him, "What are we going to do?" Dad wrote these words across the top of the pile of bills, "Have

Faith in God.” God provided for every one of their needs and every bill was paid before God took him home in 1995.

Shortly after his partial recovery, only about 50% of his heart was working. That made it hard for him preach, and the doctor refused to give him a heart transplant because he had no money. He sold the church on Taylor to another pastor and devoted his time to prayer. It was in this time period that God spoke to him and told him, *“If you don’t pray for your son, he will perish.”* So he began to fervently seek God for me.

1992 was a year when God was preparing to make a change in my life. I had been running from the call of God on my life to preach since I was 16. I was working on a farm about 20 miles north of Coolidge, right off Arizona Farms Road. I had been working all summer and it had been a long hard summer. I was exhausted and I had had a nervous breakdown a month or so before. Then, one evening, as I was irrigating and had just got finished changing my water, I felt overwhelmed as I was still recovering from the nervous breakdown. I stopped, looked up to heaven, and said out loud, “Jesus, I would serve you if I could but I can’t because I am in bondage. Please help me.” It was a simple prayer but little did I know it was going to change my life forever. For two more years I continued to live my philandering life style.

Then on August 24, 1994, not having any plans to change, God stepped into my life and changed me. That Saturday night I went to bed as usually, but in the night I had a dream. In this dream I saw my self standing. Beside me was this woman, all decked up. She had a pistol in her hand; it had just been fired because smoke was still coming out of the end of the barrel. When I turned from her, I saw a man lying dead on the ground in front of her with a bullet hole in his head! I don’t know how I knew he was dead but I did! To my horror, I realized that man lying there dead was me! I turned back to the woman who stood there with no expression of remorse, compassion, or anything and I asked, “Why did you kill him?” “Why did you kill him?” “Why did you kill him?” She said nothing. She just stood there with a lifeless, cold, and evil look on her face. When I turned back to look down at myself lying there dead on the ground, the dead body began to move. It did not stand up or anything, but it just began to slowly go up into the sky. I stood there watching myself descent into the sky until the body was completely out of sight!

Needless to say, the next morning, I was very troubled. I did not know what to think about the dream. What did it mean? Was I going to die? Was I going to be killed or shot in the head? As I went about my normal responsibilities as foreman on the farm, I began to talk to God asking him to forgive me of my sins; to save me if he could. Over and over hour after hour, I prayed. When I went home for lunch, I walked into the door and there stood Sharlotte fixing me some lunch. I said to her, “You will never believe what I did this morning. I asked God to forgive me of all my sin and I got saved.” She turned to me and to my amazement said, “I went to church this morning and got saved also.” God had reached down and saved us both on the same day. She did not know I had been praying and I did not know she had gone to church! That is how God works. He had decided he would save us both on the same day even though we had no knowledge of one or the other.

That night I went to church, the very same church my Dad had pastored on Taylor Street in Coolidge. When I got there, it was very strange to me. I had only been in church maybe three times in all those years, but something had happened to me. The day before I had no desire to seek

God or even go to church. But now I was hungry for God more than anything in this world. That night, as I stood there in that church praying, I felt nothing except for a desire to be saved. Consequently, I repented over and over for all those years of sinfulness. I still felt nothing! All day Monday I prayed but felt nothing. All day Tuesday I prayed, all day Wednesday I prayed and still felt nothing! By Wednesday night I was becoming discouraged. The Devil had already been attacking my mind saying, "What's the use? Give it up; there is nothing to this religious stuff," but I knew better. That night in desperation I cried out to God, "God save me, forgive me of my sins. God I am sorry for all my sins," and I broke through. Tears began to run down my face. As if a fountain had opened in my soul, all the pain, guilt, and shame came flowing out of me. That night in that little church on Taylor Street in Coolidge Arizona, I was set free and the burdens of my heart rolled away!

Sharlotte and I were so hungry for God, we went to every service. We were so full of joy and peace. For a couple of weeks, I struggled with smoking cigarettes but I constantly prayed "God set me free from these cigarettes and fill me with the Holy Ghost." For two weeks I prayed that prayer then one day, while I was changing the oil on a John Deere tractor, I reached down to pull the drain pan full of oil out from under the tractor and God spoke to me and said, "I have already delivered you from cigarettes and I have already filled you with the Holy Ghost." I stood up and the Spirit of God began to flow over me as I began to speak in a heavenly tongue. I reached in my pocket and pulled out my cigarettes, crushed them in my hand and threw them into the drain pan full of oil. That day in that garage, I got the victory over tobacco as I shouted and praised God in the Spirit.

A few minutes later I left the garage and drove, still rejoicing in the Spirit for 20 some odd miles to a field where I was irrigating. When I got there, I put on my rubber boots, got my shovel and walked out into the water to do some shovel work in the mud, all the while rejoicing in the Spirit. As I was working, shoveling mud God spoke to me, he said, "*I give you the ministry of John the Baptist. Go and prepare my Bride.*" I was so excited, I mean when God speaks into your Spirit what can compare to it? I was so very excited about it. I could not wait to tell everybody. And when I did they responded, "Oh well, so are we." "But don't you understand, God has called me to prepare his bride," I thought. It was no big deal to them but it was to me. That was when I learned a valuable lesson: If God tells you something, it may be very precious to you but not to others. Keep it in your heart unless he tells you to speak it out.

Chapter Sixteen

You are going to Kill Me

After God set me free from tobacco, I cleaned my house. I threw away all ash trays, all R-rated movies, anything and everything that had violence, horror, sex, or nudity in it was gone! I threw away everything that represented my old sinful life. Of course Satan was not going to give up that easily. The very next day, an old friend pulled up and said come on let's go party. As tempting as it was, I declined the offer and told him I had given my life to Jesus. With that he replied something in a mockery tone and sped off.

A few weeks after I had been filled with the Holy Ghost, one night while in church, they began to sing a song, "Lord please make me a sanctuary." That night as I stood there with my hands stretched out to heaven, tears rolling down my face and sang that song with all my heart. All of a sudden it felt like someone hit me with a bolt of lightning on the top of my head and I started falling because I had lost all strength in my body. When I was about half way down it hit me again. This time I went to the floor. I was not aware of what was happening to anyone else and it did not matter. Once I hit the floor, the power of God was surging all through my body. The power of God was so strong I was jerking, with convulsions. It felt like I had stuck my finger in an electric outlet. It was so strong, I could hardly stand it. I thought I was going to die right there on that church floor! Wave after wave of God's power flowed through my body. I told God, "If you don't stop, you are going to kill me!" Slowly it began to subside. The whole experience only lasted about 15 minutes, but I could not have lived through much more. The next day, while in prayer, I asked God what He had been doing the previous night because it felt like I was going to die. He spoke to me and said, "*I was cleaning you up.*" God had allowed his power to flow through me so strong to burn out all my old sinful ways. I will never forget how strong his power really is.

After that experience, God began to deal with me about prayer and fasting. I began to fast two days a week and pray one hour every day. It does not seem like much time for prayer but for me it was because I was working 12-13 hours a day. A few weeks later, I had another experience. This time I had gone to a Tuesday night prayer meeting. I had been praying for about 15 or 20 minutes when my spirit came out of my body. All I know is I was out of my body hovering around the ceiling, looking back at myself kneeling there praying and an angel stood next to me. He stood very tall maybe seven or eight feet tall. He was all glittering white. The brightest white I had ever seen. He spoke these words to me, "*I have been with you all your life and have protected you. I have brought you back so you can do a work for the Lord in these last days.*" After that, I was back in my body. That was my second experience with angels. Remember the first one was when I saw one walking beside me in the ally when I was a boy.

A few weeks later, I had gotten up and had gone to work just a usual work day. At noon when I came in, Sharlotte asked me where I had been at about 7 am that morning. I said to her, "I was outside about 50 feet away from the house working on a piece of equipment." She said, "This morning after you left, as I was sleeping, a demon attacked me. I cried out to God to help me and as I did my attention was drawn to where you were. I saw you in a vision outside of the house and there was an angel standing beside you. When I cried out he turned and looked at me and he let out a sound like a trumpet. The sound he emitted drove the demon away and I woke up". She knew the Angel of God had cast that evil spirit away from her and it never has come back. In no way was this the end to the attacks of the Devil against us. On one particular day, as I was driving a tractor, I came under attack in my mind. All day long I fought in the Spirit against the devil, as he bombarded my mind endlessly with thoughts that I knew were contrary to God's word. Over and over I rebuked them only to have them come back a few minutes later. By the end of the day, I was exhausted in my mind and spirit. As I pulled up into my yard, got out of my truck, and walked toward my house, I told God, "I need your help. You told us in your word you would not allow more to come upon us than what we could bear." All of a sudden it felt like someone just poured something warm all over me. I could feel it flow all over me and into me, giving me strength and

power. Instantly, I was refreshed in my mind and spirit. I rebuked that evil spirit that had come against my mind all day long and he left. I have never had another attack like that since that day.

Another attack happened not too long after that. It was over a doctrinal issue. I had always been taught to believe in the pre-tribulation rapture of God's Saints. I was still going to the church on Taylor and an evangelist had been invited to come and hold a revival. The first few nights we had wonderful meetings. Then about mid-way through the week, he taught on the post-tribulation rapture of the saints. Well it did not really bother me too much, but the revival ended abruptly. So I began to study the scripture and I found scriptures backing both doctrinal beliefs. So I began to pray, "God show me the truth, God reveal to me the truth." As I began to pray these prayers, it was as if a dark cloud had come over me. It was as if God was a million miles away. I would pray and feel nothing; I would go to church and feel nothing. One day I was determined to break through and get an answer. So I went into my bedroom and began to pray, I could feel the resistance in the Spirit but I kept on pressing and praying, determined to get an answer. After two or three hours of prayer, I began to sense an evil presence in the room. A voice spoke to me and said, "If you will do what I tell you, I will make you a millionaire." This was followed by all these thoughts which began to flood my mind as to how I could become a very rich man; none of them were God's way. I stopped and openly, out loud rebuked the Devil. Over and over I rebuked him and kept on praying. About 15 minutes later, the presence of God began to fill the room. I had broken through; it was as if Jesus himself had walked into the room. The presence of God was so strong I could hardly stand up. And God spoke to me saying, "*All those who go up in the rapture will come back riding white horses.*" God still did not tell me exactly if he was coming before or midway or after the tribulation. But what he did deposit in my spirit is that God has put it in his power as to when the rapture will occur. No man knows the hour or the day. However, the Devil has taken and caused much division in the body of Christ over this issue and the issue of water baptism. After all the pride of life always tells us we are never wrong.

Chapter Seventeen

On the Street Preaching

It was not long after that when God began to deal with me about going on the street to preach. I knew exactly where he wanted me to sit up. After I had struggled in my spirit for what seemed like weeks, I finally said yes! I got a piece of plywood and made a 4'x4' sign. The day I planned to go for the first time, the Devil fought me hard. I kept having these thoughts that I was going to get arrested, going to be mocked and made fun of. People would laugh at me! But I kept on making preparations. About a half hour before I was to be on the street, as I was loading everything up, God spoke to me and said, "*everything will be all right, go!*" God gave me confirmation that it was his will for me to go. When I got there and started preaching, it began to flow out of me. I don't know where it came from but it just kept on flowing out. I stood on that street on the west side of Arizona Avenue in Coolidge, Arizona between MacDonald's and AutoZone every Saturday for four years and I was never harassed by the police or even had any problems with anybody. There were times we had 20-30 people there singing, worshipping, and praising God.

In the fall of '95, I had been saved for about a year and had been preaching on the street for about 4-5 months, when God opened the door for me to start preaching in a used furniture store called Bad Boys Furniture just a couple of doors down from the Post Office. Oh! The power of God was so strong, there were times as I preached and prayed for people and could hardly stand up. What wonderful service we had there! The place was usually packed with people. God did many wonderful healings there. The prayer lines were so long, it seemed like everyone who came to the services wanted prayer. One night, as I came in, I noticed a sister was rubbing her jaw. I ask her what's wrong. She said, "Oh, I have a bad tooth ache". I laid my hand on her and prayed. A short time later the pain was completely gone and she had forgotten all about her tooth ache.

One evening in the fall of '95, God spoke something to me that was very troubling. Why he chose to reveal his plans to me I don't know. He told me, "*I am going to take your dad home.*" I did not know how to respond to His message. Maybe he spoke it to me to prepare me so I would not be so devastated. When told my sister Sharon, she said, "Let's pray that God will let him live longer," but I knew what God had told me. I knew what God's will was. Billy Bird had run his race, he had finished his course, and God was going to take him home. Yet I still was not prepared.

In the winter of '95, a little over a year after I had got saved, my Dad died. It was the day after Christmas - December 26, 1995. God had told my mother he would give him five years, and he kept his promise. Christmas night, Sharlotte and I had gone over to visit him. That night, as we were visiting, dad said, "Lets pray." We all knelt down and prayed. I had not heard him pray that fervently in a long time. The next morning I went to work. I had just walked into the John Deere dealership, at 11 Mile Corner when I received the call stating, "Your Dad has died." I left and went directly to his house. There were already many people there. All I could do was to just go in and find me a place to sit and weep. Many of us just sat for hours weeping. Here I was a young minister and I had lost the very one I needed the most to help me in the ministry. My mentor was gone forever. Even now, twenty years later, as I write this book, I still weep and mourn his loss. Hundreds came to his funeral, so many that the Rock Church on Arizona Boulevard was filled to capacity and many were standing in the foyer, outside on the steps and sidewalk because there was no room in the main sanctuary.

That evening, after everything was over, while sitting in his house on Kennedy visiting with friends and family, God spoke to me and said, "*Go into the bedroom and pray*". When I got in there, God once again spoke to me and said, "*You are the Pastor now.*" I said, "I cannot be a pastor". But I just felt the assurance that God would be with me every step of the way and he would be my mentor. It was not long after his passing when God spoke to me and said these words found in,

Daniel 12:3, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever".

I knew that God was talking to me about how Rev Billy Bird Brown's legacy would live on forever and forever.

Chapter Eighteen

What Now

The years 96-97 were very busy years in ministry. Not only was I still going to the street every Saturday but shortly after Dad went home to be with the Lord, the doors shut there at Bad Boy's Furniture. I walked in one night for service and all the pews were stack over in a corner and I was told I could not have church there anymore. So I moved the church into my home on the corner of La Palma and Randolph Road. There were just a handful of us. The room could only hold about 20 people, but we made the best of it. One night, as we were praising and singing in worship with all our hearts, an elderly brother stood up and said, "Jesus just walked into the room." With that we all began to fall out in the Spirit. Oh, the services we had in that little house! That did not last long. I was informed I would have to move. I was troubled in my spirit because we had nowhere to go. I needed a place to live and to have church. As I began to seek God, He said, *"Everything will be all right."* About three week later, a friend who lived down the road about two miles, pulled up into my yard. As we talked, I began to tell him about how I had to move and he said, "Well, why don't you move into my house? I just got another job and will be moving." Right there and then, the Spirit of God spoke to me and said, *"That is where I want you to move to."* Within a week or so, we had moved down the road to another house. It had a bigger living-room that could sit about 30 people! God blessed and poured out his Spirit in that little farm house!

One Sunday morning I had to go out and work. I was a little late getting back to the service. I came in at about 11:00am, not knowing what any-one had talked about. As soon as I got back to the sanctuary, the Spirit of prophecy came upon me heavily. As the Spirit of God began to speak, He said, *"This ministry did not begin here but it began when I called my servant in 1930. The anointing and vision has passed to this generation"*. God confirmed that his hand was upon that little church and my ministry. God blessed us and in no time at all we were at capacity.

One Sunday morning we had two elderly women come and visit the church. After the service, as they were driving back to town, one asked the other, "How did you like the service?" The other replied, "Oh, I loved the service. I just wish they would not have put that tape on with the Rooster Crowing." The other sister started laughing and said, "That was no tape; that was a real rooster crowing outside the window." Now that is a real country church!

It was also in that little church I had several wonderful vision, I spent much time in prayer and fasting. The first vision I had, "I saw myself kneeling in prayer, when God walked up behind me and wrapped a big cloak around me and said *"I give you the cloak of the anointing."* The second one was similar to the first only this time I saw myself kneeling in prayer, when I saw a huge hand above me holding a large pitcher. The hand tilted the pitcher and out of which flowed golden oil. The golden oil flowed down upon my head then ran down my face and neck, spread over my shoulders, down my chest, and back until it completely covered my whole body. God then spoke to me and said, *"Out of you will flow my golden oil; out of you will flow my anointing."* However, all visions are not just for our edification, but some are also for our

protection. One day I was having some trouble with a man and woman. I went to the man to try and work things out. He began to mock how God had been moving in the church services. You see he had been attending the church services. God had been moving mightily and many had been slain in the Spirit. As I talked to him trying to work out are differences, he reached out and forcefully laid his hand on the top of the cowboy hat I had on and began to mock how I had prayed for people. I did not respond to his mockery; instead I went away and prayed. As I was praying, I saw the same scene as before when he had laid his hand on my head in mockery. But this time I did not see a man standing before me, but a large man size snake. And God spoke to me and said, "*Cast out the bond servant.*" God removed them from the ministry.

Many things happened in the little church on Randolph Road. It was there I also started a radio broadcast; I called it "The Lighthouse Broadcast." I had a 15-minute time slot on Saturday afternoons. I would record my sermons then send them to the radio station. I did that for about a year.

Also around '96, I started a nursing home ministry. Every Sunday, for about two years we would go to a nursing home in Florence, Arizona and have church. We would sing and preach and the response was so wonderful, some would laugh and some would cry, as God ministered to them by his Spirit. I met some of the nicest people there who loved the Lord with all their hearts. There was one man in particular when we began to sing. He would sing along with us as tears ran down his face. Every opportunity he had, he would testify, even though his body was twisted from a stroke and he was confined to a wheel chair. He would testify to how good God was to him and how much he loved God. You could just feel the love he had for God. In spite of his condition, he was not bitter or angry in his heart toward God. It was such a privilege to be able to minister at that nursing home. One day while praying, God spoke to me and said, "*I relieve you of the responsibility of the nursing home.*" That night there came a bad storm into the area, and a micro-burst happened right over the nursing home and flooded the building. They had to evacuate the home and, because the damages were so extensive, they decided not to open it back up. God shut that door. But when God shuts one door, he opens another. In the mean time I had begun to go into the parks to feed and preach to the homeless.

Seeking God in prayer and fasting became my life style in those days. Even though I was still working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, I always made time for God. One day I had gone out into the desert to pray. When I got back to the house, Sharlotte, my wife told me her knee was hurting her. She had fallen many years before and had hurt it. I laid my hands on her knee. As I did, a warm heat came and all pain left. One day as I was walking and praying in my living room, the presence of God was very wonderful and sweet. I had my Television on as I paced the floor praying. There was a man of God preaching; he stopped and said, "God just spoke to me and told me there is someone watching the program right now and God said, '*He is giving you the gift of healing right now*'" As soon as he said that God spoke to me and said, "*You are the one he is speaking to; I give you the gift of healing.*" As I continued to pace the floor speaking in a heavenly tongue, another voice spoke into my spirit and said, "*I have been sent from the throne of God to help you in the ministry.*" It was so loud in my spirit it was as if I actually heard him with my natural ears. I knew from other experiences that it was an angel sent from God. Shortly after that God began to deal with me about going door to door in a local community called Twilight Trails. As I was praying on the subject and making plans to go, I had a vision. In it I saw

hundreds of eyes looking at me. I knew that those were demon spirits; they knew I had come into their territory and they did not like it. It was not but a day or two later when I met a young man who told me he had been in a séance with a warlock. As the warlock began to try and work his evil powers, he could not because there was resistance in the spirit realm; God's presence was strong in the atmosphere. That young man gave his heart to Jesus Christ as God set him free from the powers of Satan. His name was Kenneth Lee Brown, my nephew. Within a few weeks he had moved in with my wife and I and became a tremendous blessing to the ministry. And, yes, I did go door to door testifying about the life-changing power of God and Lee was right beside me!

The services in the little farm church grew stronger and stronger. One night we were having a powerful service just worshipping and praising when the glory of God filled the room. It could be seen as a mist in the air with the visible eye. The year was 1996.

In the beginning 1997, God began to change things again. I was still having three services a week in the little farm church. I was still going into the park once a month and still going on the street every Saturday. But I had been looking for a building to hold church services and found one. It was the Time Market store building where I had been put in the freezer for trying to steel Juicy Fruit gum when I was a kid. It was in bad shape, but I knew God was in it. Hence, by faith I stepped out and began to repair the building. Lee and my brother in law, Carl, worked endlessly with me, day after day. I would work 12 hours on the farm then we would go and work another 4-5 hours on the building. In that time, God miraculously brought the money in. One time I needed 10,000 dollar and I asked God for it. Within two weeks I had it in my hands. For nearly a year we worked on renovating the old building and had our first service New Year's Day, 1998!

Meanwhile, in 1997, God still continued pouring out his Spirit and blessings. One Sunday I received a call from my sister Sharon. Her sister-in-law had been diagnosed with cancer a few months before. She had been given radiation treatments and the doctors had done everything medically possible but she just grew worse and worse. The doctors had told the family to call every one because they didn't expect her to live. The doctors had given up on her. They had pronounced her medically-dead and the only thing keeping her alive was life support. I gathered several other prayer warriors and went to the ICU unit at Casa Grande Region Hospital. When we enter the room, there she lay with tubes and wires running every where. She was burned by radiation and life support machines kept her alive. We prayed and we asked God, in the name of Jesus, to raise her up and restore health in her body, God healed her; she instantly began to recover. Three days later, she woke up and they took her off life support. Two weeks later, she was released from the hospital. Three months after her release, the doctors examined her and found no cancer anywhere in her body. She is still alive today and cancer-free!

Chapter Nineteen

Revival Church

Once we got into the building, things really began to take off. For the next 6 years, from 1998-2004, we grew and grew, as God supernaturally poured out his Spirit. Whole families got saved. Children from all over the city began to come. We were having services six times a week.

Monday night in-home bible study; Tuesday night prayer meeting; Thursday night service; Friday night children service then two services on Sunday plus we were still going into the park once a month. Within a year or so we had grown to about 80 members. Plus we had 30-40 kids coming on Friday night. Soon the church had a reputation of being full of the power of God. In those six years, so much happened that it is hard to remember it all and to put it in exact order. However, I do remember the fact that I felt God had chosen the church to be a revival center. Many a nights God poured his Spirit out upon the people. It was in such a service that my sister, Sharon, had a vision. In her vision she said she saw my dad, who had been dead now about four years, come into the church. He walked through the church and walked up behind the pulpit. He sat there all smiles. I did not know what to think about the vision but as I thought upon it, I thought, "Is it possible for God to show our loved ones how their prayers are being answered? To show them how God is blessing the very ones they had prayed so fervently for when they were here on this earth?" We do know all things are possible with God! Anyway, God continued to bless and pour out his Spirit. One day as I was praying in the church, I saw a wonderful vision. In the vision I saw the heavens open and the glory of the Lord stream down through the cloud. Many a times through those years, God had spoken to me and said, "*My ears are open unto the prayer in this place.*" As a result, God showed himself strong over and over, confirming his word with signs following.

The Park ministry was also taking off. We had been going into a park over in the Casa Grande area but I felt led of God to begin holding service locally. It was at one of these park meets, when a young man rode up on a bicycle. After briefly talking to him, he asked if he could use the rest room and since we were only two blocks away from the church, I told him I would let him use the one at the church. A few minutes later, Lee and Carl, and I met at the church and began to talk with this young man about the Lord. As he started to leave, God spoke to me and said, "*Don't let him leave.*" So I was determined not to let him leave. I even got him on his knees to pray with him but, after about five minutes, he jumped up and ran to the door, got on his bike and took off. About five minutes later, he walked back in the door. He said something turned his bike around and brought him back. We began to pray with him and he began to manifest demon spirits. Soon he was lying on the floor growling and hissing. Just about that time, another pastor friend of mine walked in and said, "God told me to come down here." So there we were the four of us casting the demons out of that young man. One by one they came out, screaming and crying with loud voices. I could feel them in the Spirit as they came out one by one. Finally we came down to number seven. And he was a stubborn one. He told me, "I will not come out," but I knew that through the Blood Jesus we have the power. I commanded the devil to come out in the Name of Jesus. As he lay there withering like a snake, I shouted, "Come out you unclean spirit," "No I will not come," "Come out in the Name of Jesus." "Nooooooo." "Come out of him, satan." "Nooooiishhh." I had had enough I had already been wrestling with those spirits for two hours and I was growing tired. My minister friend, who was an elderly man, had already grown tired and had sat down. I told Lee and Carl to get the young man up on his feet. They got him up on his feet. I looked him right in the eye and said, "Satan I am tired of dealing with you, you are going to come out right now. I am not going to deal with you any longer." I could hear him growling under his breathe. I told him, "I am going to get my anointing oil and anoint you with it and when I do you are going to come out." "No," he screamed, I felt him weakening. I took the anointing oil and I poured it on my hands and said, "Are you ready to come out?" "No," he screamed, "Oh, yes you are." I said, "In the name of Jesus, I command you to come out of him," and slapped my hand on his forehead. The power of

God hit him and he let out a blood curling scream. Down he went to the floor as that demon tore out of him. He was completely set free from every demon spirit by the power of God that day!

God performed many healing in those days. One woman was healed of carpal tunnel syndrome.

In 1999 a young woman who was coming to the church was pregnant with her first son. She began to bleed excessively from a torn placenta. They had admitted her into the hospital and had told her she would have to stay there for the rest of her pregnancy. While in prayer, God spoke to me and told me that, *“Everything was going to be alright for I have healed her and my hand will be upon her son, to use him greatly, as an international Evangelist.”* She called me the next day and said, “The doctors don’t know how or know what happened but I have stopped bleeding and I am completely healed; there are releasing me today.”

In the year of 2000, we had completed the kitchen and Sunday school class rooms. We had also purchased a bus. So twice a week, we would go and pick up children from all over town for Sunday school and children service. By then I had also started a tape ministry. I would tape my sermons and then hand them out free of charge to anyone who desired them. It was in the year 2000 when the glory appeared again. The church filled with a sparkly mist, as the glory of God filled the church. Somewhere around that same time, we were having just an ordinary service on a Sunday night. As we worshipped and praised God, I began to fill the presence of God in a very powerful way. When I got up behind the pulpit, his presence was so strong I didn’t know what to say. As I stood there I opened my mouth to speak and to my amazement I said, “Jesus just walked into the room.” As soon as I spoke those words, I lost all strength in my body and I melted to the floor. I was not alone; several other member also had melted to the floor. We lay there for what seemed like an hour with tears streaming down our faces. All we could do was tell Jesus over and over, “I love you Lord, I love you Jesus.” All we could do was just worship Jesus, as we lay there just basking in the wonderful presence of God.

In 2001, God began to deal with me about writing a Bible study. I told him I was not qualified to write a bible study. He reminded me of what he had told me many years before. I had been praying about studying through a Bible college or taking some kind of correspondence course when he spoke to me and said, *“You have no need of any man to teach you, for I will teach you all things and that which is true.”* Come to find out, the scripture he spoke to me is found in the Bible. So with that I began to study and write. Endlessly hours after hour, day after day, I searched the scriptures. With the help of the Holy Spirit, I began to write in 2001 and I completed the Bible study in 2002. It took me about a year and half to write the Bible study which I titled, “The Bible study: God’s Word Revealed.” After I completed the Bible study it was about two or three weeks later when God opened the doors to go into the prison. So I along with several others started going into the prison on weekly bases. And of course I taught the Bible study to the men. Every week the room would be packed to capacity. The hunger for God in those men heart was amazing.

In the mean-time, God was still pouring his Spirit out in the church and we were experiencing many wonderful healings. Here are just a few.

12-2001 Woman Healed of knot on back of neck; as we prayed the knot instantly disappeared under my hand.

3-17-2002 Woman Healed of stomach ulcers, confirmed by Doctor's examination.

6-2002 Woman Healed of tumor in intestines, tumor seen in x-ray; when doctor went in there was no tumor.

7-12-2002 Woman Healed of fractured rib; upon prayer, pain stopped.

There were many more healings and miracles, too many to even keep record of.

On 9-26-2002, it was a Thursday night. We had a wonderful display of God's SIGNS AND WONDERS. That night we were just worshipping and praising God; His presence was mightily strong that night. When I noticed that several of the neighborhood children were standing in the foyer area looking in, I told my associate pastor to go see what was going on. He came back in and told me, "You have better come outside and see this." When I went outside there were several neighbors with their children standing about 30 feet away from the building, staring at the building. I walked up to them and asked, "What's going on?" Pointing to the church, they said, "Look." So I turned to look and, to my amazement, there was smoke coming off the church building. It seemed to be coming out of the walls and ascending up over the top. There was no fire anywhere in the vicinity and there was no smoke anywhere else only over the top and around church. When I went back in I could see it in the air, a sparking mist in the room. God had completely engulfed the whole building with his glory.

That was not the end of God pouring out his Spirit. He continued blessing and ministering to the people with healing and miracles. Here are a few more.

2003, Sister Sharlotte had been suffering with headaches, had large knot on back of neck; while praying, the knot completely dissolved under my hand instantly.

11-30-2003, Lady healed of cataracts of the eyes.

1-1-2004, Lady suffered a stroke, blockage in heart. After prayer, test was run; results came back with no blockage; totally healed and confirmed.

1-11-2004, Sister healed of thyroid condition, scheduled for laser operation. After prayer, no surgery was performed; she was healed by the power of God.

1-11-2004, Sister who had struggled with spirit of infirmity was completely delivered and health returned to her body.

3-27-2004, a man, in bed suffering with high fever and vomiting for four days, upon prayer within a few minutes, his fever left, he got out of bed, ate, and kept it down without any more vomiting. Next day he had completely regained strength.

Chapter Twenty

God's In Charge

By the year of 2003 many people including ministers and preachers from other churches and from other denominations had begun to take notice what God was doing in the church. They began to visit us. I did not even know they had visited until years later. There always seemed to be an evangelist or singing group willing to come and minister to the people. God had spoken to me many times telling me, *"They will come from the east, west, north and south."* And surely they did. We had about 120 members by then not counting the many others that came to visit. Not only had people noticed what God was doing in the ministry, but so had the Devil. He began to attack in the form of causing contention and strife. Most of those attacks were directed at me. While they were finding fault with me in everything I was doing, God just kept on assuring me, *"I am pleased with you."* I knew in my heart God was in Charge of all things. On one of the Tuesday night prayer meetings, one of my leadership clearly had a problem. He began to accuse me of many things and, "Yes" his accusation contained partial truth. I tried to reason with him but he would not hear of it. He stormed out of the church mad. The next day, a friend of mine who was an intercessor and prayer warrior called me asking, "What happened last night about 7:30? All of a sudden I felt an overwhelming burden to intercede for you. Were you under the attack of the devil?" "Yes," I said and proceeded to tell her what had happened. But this was not the only attack; there would be many more from within the leadership of the church.

One day, while in prayer, I had another wonderful vision. In this vision I saw two massive doors that were both about 30-50 feet tall and each 10-15 feet wide. As I stood gazing at these massive doors, I could see light illuminating out from behind the doors around the edges. Then God spoke to me and said, *"Enter in to my Glory."* Then the doors opened. Behind them was the brightest light I had ever seen. It was so bright, it illuminated everything. Nothing could be hidden from the all-powerful light. There was no darkness in it. It seemed I was staring into an endless supply of God's glory. Once again he said, *"Enter into my Glory."* As I walked into the light, I asked the question, "How do I enter into your glory?" I know now that the only way to enter into the glory of God is through relationship. The reason God wanted me to enter into his glory was so I could be protected from what was about to happen to me in the next several years.

Toward the end of 2003 into 2004, there seemed to be a shift in the Spirit. We had had a spilt in the church; however, God quickly brought in more people, and even though the prison ministry had ended, God open new doors.

God had placed in my heart a burning desire to write for him. Consequently, in February of 2004, I published my first book called, "Perfect Harmony with God."

In 2004, one evening while I was working around the church, I received a phone call. It was from my brother Steven. He told me he was at the Hispanic Counsel in Casa Grande. Earlier that day, he said they had brought a young woman into the clinic to receive counseling and they had been trying to help her all day long because she was being tormented in her mind. He wanted me to go over and pray for her. I said, "Sure, but let me go home and clean up a little." About a half hour later he called back and said, "Don't worry about coming over because they have decided

to have her committed into a mental health institution.” I told him, “Ok, but if they need me to, I will come over and pray with her.” Then several minutes later, he called back again and said, “Come on over; they have released her into the custody of her uncle and I have given him your phone number.” As we were traveling from Coolidge to Casa Grande, the uncle called me and told me the tragic story. He said, “My niece had become involved in a satanic occult; several days ago, as part of her initiation, she had to have sex with several partners in a public setting. Since then, she has been tormented by demon spirits. Several ministers have been praying with her all day but to no avail.” I met with the uncle and we went to her house. When we went into the house, she was sitting on the couch watching Television. As we began to talk with her, she began to display evil spirits. I told her I wanted to pray with her and she said, “It will not do any good.” I knew it was the demons speaking. As I began to pray with her, she threw herself on the floor and began to scream and hiss while withering like a snake. One by one, those demons came out of her. After about two hours, the last one came out and she just went limp as her whole body became relaxed. She laid there for a few minutes then said, “I am so tried,” and went into her bedroom and went to sleep. I kept in touch with her uncle as to her progress. Every time I would talk to him, He told me she was doing great and that she had started going to nursing school. One day I was in the hospital walking down the hallway when a young woman passed by me, and then stopped, and turned saying, “Are you Brother Brown?” “Yes,” I replied. She asked, “Do you remember me?” I had to be honest and tell her I didn’t recognize her. She said, “I was the one you prayed for that night and God set me free.” Oh how she had changed for the glory of God! Here she was standing in front of me completely set free and in her right mind. I have seen her several times since then and she is still serving the Lord and working as a nurse.

Then God opened the doors to start a Television broadcast. Once week, we would travel to Phoenix to do a live Television broadcast on a public Television station. That lasted about a year.

By the year 2005, even though the Lord had blessed the church with a large amount of money, the attacks of the devil had become even more vicious, as the lies and gossip of the Devil were being spoken everywhere. Even with the attacks, I still had it in my heart to build a new sanctuary. We had purchased the two lots where the old PCG church had sat. However, when I went before the city council to get a permit to build they flat out told me NO!!, The next night, while in prayer, God spoke to me and said, “*Dust off the dust and move on.*” Right then I knew God had other plans. From then, on even though the attendance of the church was waning, my ministry outside the church was growing. It was in that year when God spoke to me and said, “*Go to Tucson and start another church.*” I called a minister friend of mine and told him, “Find us a building.” Within a few days, he had found a small building on Ajo Way, in south Tucson. In no time at all, we were having church there. God began to pour out his Spirit. The minister friend became the pastor and I would go down once a month and hold revivals. My! How God began to move there. What the people in Coolidge were rejecting, the people in Tucson were receiving. One night, while in service, I had a wonderful vision. In the vision, I saw wave after wave of God’s Gory sweeping over the people, not just Tucson or Coolidge, but all across America. God spoke to me and said, “*Those who stand through the trials, tribulations and persecution will be the ones I will use in the end time revival. My glory will flow out of them.*”

I understood what God was saying, that there would be a season of hard times for God's people. The ones who withstood would be the ones He would use to bring the end time revival.

Even though I was traveling to Tucson for meetings and still pastoring the church in Coolidge, it was also in this time when God began to deal with me about launching a tent revival ministry. As a result, I purchased a tent and away we went. Once a month, we would set it up in various locations and preach 10-day revivals. There was one location God had begun to deal with me about going to and setting up the tent. It was out on the Indian reservation where there had been several suicides. So we went and set up holding a 10-night revival. Nothing really spectacular happened, but we had good services. After the revival, I was feeling a little discouraged. While in prayer, I asked the Lord why he had me set up the tent in that location. He reminded me of all the suicides that had happened in that area and then said, "*By you setting up the tent, you took my glory into that area and broke that suicide spirit.*" After the revival, there were no more suicides in that area. Sometime you don't know the good you do when you obey God. God does not speak vain, empty words, but every word that proceeds out of His mouth produces life. Every time God tells you to do something it is because he has a plan to produce life and to bring himself glory. We also had one outstanding miracle under the tent. A sister came up for prayer. 80% of her body was covered with mercer. She had been to doctor after doctor but just grew worse. She called me a couple of days later and said, "The entire mercer has cleared up. God has completely healed me."

Chapter Twenty One

Cast Your Net

In 1996, I published my second book called, "Reaching for Glory." The church in Tucson had closed its doors. God had begun to lift off the burden of the tent ministry. It was in that year when God opened a new door for me to begin to travel down into Mexico. As I was praying about going, God spoke to me and said. "*Cast your net on the other side.*" I knew then it was God's will for me to go. Therefore, in February of '07, Brother Ebert Smith and I flew out of Sky Harbor airport to Tuzla, Mexico. There we were met by Larry Goldwin. It was an hour and half ride back to his house in Tepeska. The next morning, man, we sure were in for a surprise! We went to a church in the area of the city called little Jerusalem. The church was a small build of maybe 40'x60'. However, before we knew it, there where around a 150 people packed in there. All the men sat on one side, and all the women sat on the other. As Pastor Gonzales started singing, the presence of God filled that place. Well, I have been in many services where the presence of God showed up, but what happened that morning was new to me. The children all stayed right in the service with the adults and when the adults started praising and worshipping God, so did the children. As Brother Ebert and I stood there watching these children, soon they were dancing in the Spirit. I mean little children 6-7-8-9 years old danced in the Spirit and spoke in a heavenly tongue right along with the adults. Then they began to fall out in the Spirit. Children and adults laid on the floor together slain in the Spirit of God. You talk about being blessed. We were blessed! The next day we traveled for eight hours to a small town on the border of Guatemala. The name of the town was Beniamerico. Apparently we were the first evangelists to be in that town for

several years. There had been a group of guerillas who had taken over the town and had shot many of the town's officials. The military had to go in and drive them out. People were afraid to go there. Just to get into the town, we had to go through two heavily armed guard posts. We are talking automatic weapons, and armed guards ready to shoot and kill. On the night our arrival there, there were a few hundred already gathered in the city park. As I ministered that night, deep in my heart I was crying to God to help me reach these people. That night after the service, the host pastor told us, "You will be staying in my home." When we got there, we realized just how humble these people were. His house had no windows, no toilet, no running water and no hot water. However, we did sleep well under the mosquito nets. The next morning we got up and prepared for Bible study. After the bible study the question was how we were going to bathe. Problems solved: we were going to go into a little cement room and dip cold water out of a larger container and pour the cold water over our heads. One by one we took our cold pouring. And you talk about hearing grown men hop and howler, moan and groan. I never heard so much noise in all my life. It kind of sounded like: oohooohwhoahwhoohooahooahooahooohoo!

All throughout that day, I kept asking God to help me reach these people. I got my sermon ready or at least I thought I did. Just before I was to go up to preach, a brother who was traveling with us leaned over and told me, "Brother Brown, if you will show these people love, they will respond to you." As I got up to preach the sermon I had prepared, God changed it right there and then. Instead, God spoke to me and said, "*Preach on being filled with the Holy Ghost.*" As I preached, I could feel in my spirit the people were receiving. When I gave the altar call, hundreds came forward. The next night several hundred were in attendance and God poured his Spirit out as hundreds more responded and came up for pray. I had never met people so hungry for God!

When I got back into the States, I continued the tent ministry; however the burden was slowly lifting. I ended up donating my 30'x50' tent and a 30-passenger bus to Brother Larry Goldwin who took them back down into Mexico. I bought another tent but only set it up a few times. Not only was the tent ministry waning, but the church was also slowly waning. I tried to keep the people's hearts inspired but they were slowly losing heart.

In November of 2007 Brother Ebert, Lee and I traveled back to Mexico. When we got there, Brother Larry met us at the airport in Tuzla. We traveled back down to his house where we stayed the first night. On Sunday, we were back in Pastor Gonzales' church where we had another powerful service. That night, Brother Larry had the tent set up. It was cold but we worshipped and praised God anyhow. After the service, as we were preparing to leave, a man came up and asked for prayer. He said he had a large cancerous growth on his leg. We prayed a very simple prayer. Now I am jump ahead of myself. I did not see that man until February of 2008, but he testified that after prayer, that cancerous growth had fallen off. God had completely healed him! Now back to 2007. The next day, we travelled up into the mountains to a place called Por Veni. Every night the clouds would sit down on the mountain in a dense fog. The church we would be ministering in was also a small church, but every night it was packed full of people. God poured out his Spirit upon the people. In 2009, we went back to Mexico one more time.

In the year 2010, God began to deal with me about closing the church. He told me the people had lost heart. So I put a fleece before the Lord. Everything that happened pointed toward me moving on. Therefore, in November 2010, I had my last service, and closed the doors. I was

depressed and discouraged. I felt like I had failed God. After that, God spoke to me told me to go Glad Tidings PCG in Casa Grande. There, he placed me in a season of rest. It was also in that year when my brother Steven was murdered. He left his house one day and disappeared. They found his body, several months later, lying in the desert and covered up with tree branches. All his money and his bank card were gone. The official ruling of his death was unknown. I broke down a couple of months later and wept like a baby. I was not just weeping for him but for everything. Then the healing began. I had held on to all the pain of disappointment, guilt, and the feeling of being rejected, because I felt the people I had poured all my heart into had abandoned me. In that time God spoke to me and said, *“Everything that has happened to you has been to prepare for the plans I have for your life.”* And yet in the midst of everything, God was still speaking to me. He told me, *“I shut the doors because the people lost heart.”* For two years, I rested in the Lord. As I rested in the Lord, I wrote, studied, and finished my third book, *“THE PRECIOUS GIFTS OF GOD.”* In 2012, I wrote several booklets and a few poems. I entered one of my poems in a contest and was in the top 30, out of thousands of entries. I also organized a few outreaches in the park and held a few meetings in the mission. God used me many times to give words of knowledge to others, encouraging them to hold on to God, and yet I still struggled with depression and discouragement. I could not break free from it. I was like in a deep fog and could not find my way out. I kept my trust in God.

One night, toward the end of 2012, I awoke and sat up in bed. Standing over in the corner of my bedroom, I saw a figure of a man. I knew in my heart this was the same angel I had seen in the alley when I was a child. The next day while sitting in church, God spoke to me and said, *“You are sensitive to my Spirit”*. At that point, I began to come out of the discouragement and depression. I began to seek God for new directions. I told him, “God, I need you to come to me; I need a touch from you.” One night in January of 2013, as I lay sleeping, I had another out-of-body experience. My spirit came out of my body. As my spirit hovered near the ceiling, I looked over and there stood a man next to me. He leaned over and laid his hands on me. I said, “That is an angel; that is an angel!” He turned and looked at me. Then I was back in my body. I knew God had come to me; he had visited me. He spoke to me as I pondered over his visitation. He said, *“I am increasing the anointing on your life.”* I knew then a new season was beginning. Shortly after that, God told me to leave Glad Tidings and start going to a little church called San Tan Community Church. He said, *“The season of rest is over. Be ready to start working.”* There, my wife and I met some of the sweetest loving people we had ever met. There, God continued the healing process in our hearts and began to use us both in full-time ministry. I now preach several times every month in different churches throughout southern Arizona. God is continuing to pour out his Spirit and bless my ministry. I have now preached to more people than I could have ever imagined. In all that I have experienced and in everything that has happened in my life, there is one thing I have learned: God is faithful!

Update In the year 2016, I became Pastor of San Tan Community Church, In the years 2019, I launched an International internet bible study called STISM, San Tan International School of Ministry. It took off like fire within a few months we have over 500 students in many nations of the world. We also have many church affiliated with San Tan Community Church in Uganda Africa.

