

THE BETTY BAXTER STORY

**A 1941 MIRACLE OF HEALING
AS TOLD BY HERSELF**

**THIS STORY HAS ALREADY BEEN HEARD
BY MORE THAN A MILLION PEOPLE**



“Sister Betty”

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The Betty Baxter Story

AS FAR BACK AS I can remember I wasn't normal like other boys and girls. My body was twisted and crippled and deformed. I guess I will never forget that awful feeling of no hope. I know how it feels to have the family doctor look in my face and say, "Betty, there is no hope." Also to be carried from one hospital to another and see the specialists shake their heads and say, "There is nothing medical science can do."

I was born with a curve in my spine. Every vertebra was out of place, the bones were twisted and matted together. As you know the nerves are centered on the spine. The x-rays showed that the bones were twisted and matted together, therefore, my nervous system was wrecked.

One day as I lay in the University hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I began to shake all over. It was sort of a trembling at first but soon I was shaking violently from head to toe. I shook out of my bed and fell on the floor. The doctor rushed in and put me back on the bed. He said, "This is what I have been expecting. She now has St. Vitus dance and there is nothing to do but send her home."

They took wide straps and strapped my body to the bed. It didn't keep me from shaking but it did keep me from falling out of bed. They kept

and pierced his two precious hands with nails, and thrust a spear in his side and when they pulled it out, blood and water gushed out of his side and flowed down his limbs, the Royal blood spilling on the ground. He said this blood had power to save from sin and heal our bodies from affliction today.

It was the best story I had ever heard. He began singing in his beautiful tenor voice:

“Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See at the portals he’s waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

“Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home.
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling;
Calling, O sinner, come home.”

Tears began trickling down my cheeks. I found myself kneeling and asking Jesus to save me.

As I knelt, I saw a vision of my heart, and Oh, it was black. I knew I couldn’t get to heaven with a black heart, full of sin.

Then I saw a vision on a hill far away an old rugged cross. I saw shaping up above the cross bright, sparkling letters, these words which I read:

“HE DIED FOR YOU.”

I said, “Jesus, now I know that you did and I want you to save me from my sins.”

I saw before me a big door in the shape of a heart, Jesus walked up to that door and listened in. There was no knob or latch on the outside. (You must open the door). Then Jesus knocked once and listened, then the second, and the third time he knocked the door flew open; Jesus walked in and I knew I was saved. I felt the great burden of sin roll off of me. Jesus is still in my heart today because if he had gone out I would have known it.

I told Brother Davis I was going to be an evangelist. Then he gently put his hand on my head and prayed a blessing over me. Later he told my parents: “Don’t ever let this girl get away from the call of God. I have never seen a child her age have such an experience with the Lord as she has.”

But the hand of affliction began to cut my life short. The only relief I got was through my mother’s prayers. My daddy did not have the faith in Jesus to heal my body as Mom did but he was a good dad to me and never hindered Mom from praying for me.

My mother loved Jesus with a great love. I believe she understood Jesus better than anyone I ever knew. She seemed to know how to make my faith strong in Him for Him to heal me someday.

My darkest hour came while they were wheeling me down the hospital corridor on a stretcher. The doctor walked up, stopped the stretcher,

looked down at me and said, "Betty, we have x-rayed your spine. Every vertebra is out of place, the bones are twisted and matted together. Also you need a new kidney, as long as the old kidney remains you will have pain."

Dad said, "No, I am going to do everything in my power to make my child well again but never shall a knife touch my child." I have never had an operation except the one when Jesus did the operating and He doesn't leave any scars. How wonderful it is when Jesus does something for us; it is always perfect and never leaves any bad effects.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," the doctor said, "we can never hope to untangle that mass of bones in Betty's body. Take her home and let her be as happy as possible."

I was eleven years old at that time and had no idea that the doctor was sending me home to die. I looked at him, "Yes, Doctor, but someday God will heal my body. I will be well and strong then."

I had faith then for Mom had read God's Word to me and talked to me about Jesus so that my faith was strong. One of Mom's favorite scriptures in those days was, "If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." Also, "Nothing is impossible with God."

They took me home where the doctor said I would soon die. I grew worse. The pain I had suffered before was nothing compared to what I began to feel after I returned home.

I would go blind and for weeks could not see; I would become deaf and could not hear; dumb and could not speak. My tongue would swell, then would be paralyzed.

Then the blindness would leave, also the deafness and paralysis of the tongue. It seemed I was caught; some awful power was trying to destroy me. But each day Mom would pray with me and tell me God was able to heal my body.

I can't count the many times that for day after day I saw no one but Dad, Mom and the doctor. As I lay there during those years of loneliness, isolated from the world, I found out one thing: doctors can isolate you from your loved ones, they can take friends from your bedside but they can't isolate you from Jesus because he promised, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

So it was during those years of loneliness that I got acquainted with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Many people have said, "Betty, why didn't God heal you when you were a little child and had such great faith?"

I don't know. God's ways are not my ways. God's ways are best. There is one thing I do know—during those awful years of loneliness and pain I really got to know Jesus. He lives in the Valley, my friend. He is the Lily of the Valley and you will find him there if you look for Him. Standing in the shadows you will see Jesus.

Mom would bathe me in the mornings, then she would leave me. Sometimes I would hear a soft

walk by my bedside and I would wonder if Mom had come in the room while I was not listening. Then I would hear a soft voice that I learned to know. It was not Dad's voice. It was not Mom's voice. It was not my doctor's voice. It was Jesus speaking to me.

The first time this happened He called me by my first name three times, very softly. He knows your name and where you live.

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

He called me three times before I answered. I said, "Yes, Lord, stay and talk with me for a little while because I am so lonesome."

Would He stay and talk with me? Yes, He would. He said a lot of things but one thing I will never forget. I believe the reason He always told me this was because He knew it thrilled me most. This is what He always said: "Betty, I love you!" Jesus would look down upon me in my pitiful condition so crippled and deformed that when my daddy would stand me up I stood only as high as my little four year old brother. Large knots had grown on my spine, the first one at the base of my neck, then one right after the other to the base of my spine. My arms were paralyzed from my shoulders to my wrists. I could only move my fingers. My head was twisted and turned down on my chest. When I drank water I had to drink from a tube because I couldn't

raise my head. Yet in this condition Jesus whispered that He loved me. I said, "Jesus, help me to be patient because I can do anything as long as I know you love me!" Many times he whispered, "Remember child, I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Listen friend, I am confident that he loved me just as much when I was crippled, forgotten by all the world, as he does right now when I am well and strong and able to work for him.

I remember as Jesus stood by my bedside I would ask him, "Jesus, do you know the doctors won't give me any morphine for my pain? I wonder if you know how sharp that pain is in my back where the knots are?"

And Jesus would say, "Oh, yes, I know. Don't you remember? One day when I hung between heaven and earth I took the pain and the sickness of the whole world upon me there."

As the years went by I gave up all hope of ever being made well by a doctor. Finally my dad came in and took my crippled body in his arms and sat on the edge of the bed. He looked at me with big tears splashing down his rugged face. He said, "Honey, you don't know, you don't have the least idea what money is but I have given up everything, I have spent all I have and more too in order to get you well. Betty, your daddy has gone as far as he can go. There isn't any hope anymore."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his

face dry. Then looking at me he said, "I don't believe Jesus will let you suffer much longer. He's going to take you to that place called heaven and when you get inside, stand there and watch everyone that enters. Someday you will see daddy coming through those gates. It won't be long. The doctors say it will be soon."

I want to say right here that although I had given up hope as far as man's help is concerned, I still had faith in God.

One day just before the sun went down I was struck with such unbearable pain that I lapsed into unconsciousness. Three hours later, my mother noticed my breathing was too slow and I scarcely had any pulse. She called the doctor. After an examination, he said, "This is the end. She will never regain consciousness." I lay unconscious for four days and nights. The family was called in and they took up the death-watch.

The fifth morning I remember opening my eyes. Mom leaned over the bed and put her cool hand on my burning forehead. I felt as if I was burning up inside. Knife-like pains were shooting through my spine. Mother said, "Betty, it's Mother, don't you know me?" I couldn't speak but smiled at her. She raised her hands toward heaven and began praising God for she felt God had answered her prayers and given me back to her.

As I lay there looking at her, I thought, "Which would I rather do—stay here with my mother and

daddy or go to that place mother has read to me about, a place where there is no pain."

I remember mom used to say, "Betty, there are no cripples in heaven. Everybody can walk in heaven." She said that in heaven there was no sickness or death and that God took His big handkerchief and wiped away all tears from the eyes.

I prayed a prayer that day that I suppose many other people have prayed. "Jesus, I know I am saved and am ready to go to heaven. Now Lord all these years I have prayed to be healed but I have been denied. Lord I have reached the end of the way and I'm not particular what you do. Please come and take me to that place called heaven." As I prayed a thick darkness settled over me. I felt coldness creeping through my body. In a moment's time, it seemed, I was cold all over and completely surrounded by darkness. As a child I had always been afraid of the dark so I began crying, "Where am I? What is this place? Where is my daddy? I want my daddy."

But, my friend, there's a time when daddy can't go with you. There's a time when mother can't go with you. They can stand and see you draw your last breath but it takes Jesus to go the way of death with you.

As the darkness settled about me, I saw through the darkness a long, dark, narrow valley. I went inside this valley. I began to scream. "Where am I? What is this place?" and from a distance I

recognized my mother's voice speaking slowly, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

I remember saying, "This must be the valley of death. I prayed to die and I guess to get to Jesus I will have to walk it," and I started through this dark place.

Friend, as sure as you live, every single one of you is going to die and when death comes upon you, you will have to walk through this valley. I am confident that if you don't have Jesus, you will walk it in the darkness alone.

I had barely got inside when the place lit up with the light of day. I felt something strong and firm take hold of my hand. I didn't need to look. I knew it was the strong nail-scarred hand of the Son of God who had saved my soul. He took my hand and held it tightly and I went on through the valley. I wasn't afraid anymore. I was happy for now I was going home. My mother had said in heaven I would have a new body, one that would be straight instead of bent and twisted and crippled.

At last we heard music in the distance, the most beautiful music I ever heard. We quickened our steps. We came to a wide river separating us from that beautiful land. I looked on the other side and saw green grass, flowers of every color, beautiful flowers that would never die. I saw the river of life winding its way through the

city of God. Standing on its banks was a company of those who had been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb and they were singing, "Hosanna to the King." I looked at them, not a single one had knots on their spine or a face marred and marked with pain. I said, "In a few minutes I'm going to join that heavenly band and the moment I step on the other side I will straighten up and be well and strong."

I was anxious to get across. I knew I wouldn't have to cross it alone for Jesus would be with me. But at that very moment I heard the voice of Jesus and I stood at attention as I do when I hear the Master's voice. Very softly and with great kindness Jesus said, "No, Betty, its not your time to cross yet. Go back and fulfill the call I gave you when you were nine years old. Go back for you are going to have healing in the fall."

As I stood and listened to the words of Jesus, I must confess I was disappointed. I remember I said, as tears rolled down my face, "When I'm so close to happiness and health why must Jesus deny me. I've never known a well day in my life, now when I'm so close to heaven, why can't I go on in?"

Then I thought, "Oh, what am I saying?"

Turning to Jesus I said, "Lord, I'm sorry. Your way is better than my way. I'll go back."

I slowly regained consciousness. Then the doctor said I would not last through the summer months. For weeks after that I could not speak.

March - Aug.
The knots grew larger. I would hear Mom say, "Dad, look, the knots are so hard and they are getting larger. She must be suffering."

I couldn't tell her just how I was suffering because the words would not come. Listen, I know what it is to be in such pain that I would bite my lips to keep from screaming with pain so that my mother could get some sleep.

Early summer came. Everyone in Martin County, Minnesota, knew the little Baxter girl was dying. Saints and sinners alike came to my bedside but most of the time I was unconscious. When I was conscious they would pat me on the shoulder, say a kind word, and pass on.

But during my moments of consciousness, I never gave up hope. I couldn't speak out loud but in my heart I said, "Lord, as soon as fall comes I'll have healing, won't I Jesus?" I never doubted because Jesus never breaks a promise. Jesus is a man of his word. I kept believing he was going to heal me in the fall.

That summer on the 14th day of August my speech returned. I hadn't spoken for weeks and I said, "Mom, what day is today?"

She said, "The 14th day of August."

My daddy came in at noon. I said, "Daddy, where's the big chair? Please put the pillows in it and set me in the big chair." The only way I could sit in the chair was with my head resting on my knees and my arms hanging down at my sides. I said, "Daddy, when you go out close the door.

Tell Mom not to come in for awhile, I want to be alone." I heard my daddy sob as he left the room and he didn't ask any questions. He knew why I wanted to be alone. I had an appointment with the King.

My friend, I want to tell you that you can have an appointment with Jesus at any time you want to talk with him. Any hour of the day or night, He is ready to talk to you.

I heard Dad click the door. I began to cry and sob. I didn't know how to pray. All I knew to do was merely talk to Jesus but it got the job done. I said, "Lord, you remember months ago I almost got to heaven and you wouldn't let me in. Jesus, you promised if I would go back that you would have healing for me in the fall. I asked Mom this morning what day it was and she said the 14th day of August. Jesus, I guess you don't count this fall yet because it's still awful hot but Lord I wonder if just for this one year you could call this fall and come and heal me? The pain is so bad, Jesus, I have gone as far as I can go. I can't stand the pain any longer. I wonder Lord if you will call this fall and come and heal me?"

I listened. Heaven was quiet. But I didn't give up. I pray differently than some people, I guess. If I don't hear from heaven, I pray until Jesus answers. I listened a while longer. When there was no answer, I began to cry again. I said, "Lord, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a bargain. Now Jesus listen to me, I'm going to

bargain with you. Jesus, if you will only heal me and make me well inside and outside I'll go out and preach every night until I'm ninety years old if you want me to."

Listen, God knew I was sincere. I prayed again, "Lord, I'll do more than that. If you will heal me so I can walk and use my arms and be strong and normal I'll give you my whole life. It will no longer belong to Betty Baxter—it will be yours and yours alone."

I listened after I made these vows. This time I was rewarded. I heard the voice of Jesus speaking audibly to me. He spoke these words: "I am going to heal you completely August 24, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

A thrill of hope and expectancy swept through my entire body and soul. God told me the day and the hour. He knows everything, doesn't He?

The first thought that came to me was "Won't Mom be glad when I tell her. Just think how happy she will be when I tell her I know the day and the hour." Then Jesus spoke again and said to me, "Now, don't tell this until my time comes."

I thought, "I've never kept anything from my mother. How will I keep this from her?"

Before I got healed I walked softly before the Lord for fear I would do something that would displease him. I was afraid to tell my mother I knew the day and the hour.

After Jesus told me this I felt like a new person.

I didn't mind the sharp pains any more or the violent throbbing of my enlarged heart. The 24th day of August would soon come and I would have relief. I heard the door open and Mom walked in. She knelt down on the rug and looked up in my face. I wanted to tell her what Jesus had told me. The hardest thing I ever did was to keep from telling her.

I looked at Mom. I thought, "Something has happened to Mom. She looks so pretty and young today." Then I thought the reason she looked so different was that I knew the secret about my healing the next Sunday. I looked at her again and I was convinced more than ever that something had happened to her. Her eyes had never shone like that before. Then all at once she leaned over me, pushed the hair back from my forehead and said, "Honey, do you know when the Lord is going to heal you?" Oh, I knew but I wasn't supposed to tell. I couldn't say, "No," for I would not be telling the truth. So I said, "When?"

Mom smiled and said, "August 24th, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

I said, "Mom, how did you know? Did I let it slip and tell you?"

She said, "No, the same God that talks to you talks to me."

When my mother said that I was doubly sure God would heal my body the 24th day of August and make me well. I said, "Mom, am I getting straighter? Are the knots going away?"

She looked at me and said, "No, Betty, you are getting more bent every day and the knots are growing larger."

I said, "Mom, do you still believe God will heal me the 24th day of August?"

She said, "Sure I do. All things are possible if we only believe."

Many people have asked how my mother knew the day I would be healed. While the Lord was talking to me, the rest of the family were in the dining room eating. My mother had taken a fork full of food and as she was about to put it into her mouth it dropped back on the plate with a clatter. Then she heard the inner voice of God speak and say, "I have heard your prayers and I am going to reward you for your faithfulness. I am going to heal Betty, August 24th, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and she knows the same thing, as I have already told her. So when Mom came in the room she already knew that the Lord had told me the day and hour that I would be healed.

A NEW DRESS

I said, "Mom, listen to me. I haven't had a dress on or shoes on my feet since I was a little girl. I have worn these night clothes all these years. Mom, when Jesus heals me Sunday afternoon I'm going to church Sunday night. The stores are closed on Sunday. Mom, if you really

believe Jesus is going to heal me, will you go to Fairmont this afternoon and get me some new clothes? Will you, Mom?"

My mother showed her faith by her works. "Sure, I will go into town today and get you some clothes so you can wear them Sunday night," she said.

As she was driving away, Dad stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to town," she said.

"What for?" he asked.

"Well, I am going to get a new dress and shoes for Betty," she said.

"Now, Mother, you know we won't have to buy her a new dress until we lay her away and let's not think about it until we have to," Dad said.

"Oh no, she has had word from Jesus that he is going to heal her Sunday afternoon, the 24th and I've had word too. I'm going to Fairmont to get some new clothes for her."

My mother brought them home and showed them to me. I thought the dress was the most beautiful I had ever seen. The shoes were patent leather and they were pretty.

Packed among my treasures, in the bottom of an old chest, in my mother's home up in Iowa there lies that old blue dress right now.

After my healing I wore it until I got a hole in it where I had rubbed against the pulpit when I preached.

I said, "Mom, don't you think I'll look pretty when I get straight and can put on this dress and these shoes?"

When people came to see me I would say, "Mom, get my dress and shoes out and let my friends see them." They looked at me, then at the dress and shoes, then at my mother. I knew they thought strange of me but I knew exactly what was going to happen the 24th day of August.

Yes, there are a lot of people who stand by and say, "If I could only see a miracle I would believe." But if you don't believe it before you see you will find some excuse after it happens. I told a neighbor of ours who was not a christian, that if he wanted to see me tall and straight, to be at our house Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock because Jesus is going to come and heal me. He looked at me and said, "Listen, I want to tell you if the day comes when I see you straight I'll not only become a christian but I'll be pentecostal." Today he is still unsaved.

Saturday the 23rd of August came. My mother always slept in a bed in my room so as to be near me. That night when she got me all settled I fell asleep. Sometime in the night I awakened. The moon was shining through the window across the foot of my bed. I heard somebody mumbling and I wondered if Daddy was in my room talking to my mother. Then I saw a form on bended knees with arms raised in the moonlight. It was Mom and tears were streaming down her

face. She was praying "Lord Jesus, I've tried to be a good mother to Betty. I've tried hard to teach her about you. Now Jesus, I've never been away from her but when you heal her I'm going to let her go anywhere you want her to go, even across the stormy sea, because you are going to do for her tomorrow what no one else could ever do. She's yours, Jesus. Tomorrow is the day. You will set her free, won't you Jesus?"

I dropped off to sleep again. I couldn't stay up to pray but Mom took my place. It is because of her faith that I believe in God today, that I have healing for my body.

Sunday morning came. Daddy took my brothers and sisters to Sunday School. They said he requested prayer for me with a broken heart, telling the people that I was much worse and was going to die if God didn't undertake.

I asked my pastor to be present that day at 3:00 o'clock but he said that he had an appointment to try out for a church in Chicago and that was the only time he could go but for us to wire him if I got my healing.

My mother invited a few friends in, saying, "Be sure and get here about 2:30 because 3:00 o'clock is the hour.

They came at 2:00 o'clock. They said, "Mrs. Baxter, we are early but we know something is going to happen and we don't want to miss it." That is the atmosphere they had around me when I was healed.

At 15 minutes of three my mother came to my bedside. I said, "Mom, what time is it?"

She said, "Just 15 minutes before Jesus is coming to heal you."

I said, "Mom, take me in and place me in the big chair." She carried me in and set my twisted body in the chair and propped me up with pillows. I saw the people as they knelt on the floor around the chair. I saw my baby brother, four years old, and I realized I was so bent that I stood only as high as he did. He knelt down by me, looked up and said, "Sis, it's not very long now until you will be taller than me."

At 10 minutes of three my mother asked me what I wanted them to do. I said, "Mom, start praying, I want to be praying when Jesus comes." I heard her sobbing and praying for Jesus to keep his promise and come and heal my body.

HOW JESUS CAME

I didn't lose consciousness but I became lost in the Spirit of God. I saw before me two rows of trees, standing tall and straight. As I watched, I saw one of them in the center begin to bend until the tip of it touched the ground. I wondered why this one tree was all bent over. Then down the road I saw Jesus. He came walking through the trees and my heart thrilled as it always does when I see Jesus. He came and stood by the bent tree. He stood and looked at it a moment and I

wondered what he would do. Then looking at me he smiled and placed his hand on the bent tree. With a loud crack and pop it straightened up like the other. I said, "That's me all right. He will touch my body and the bones will crack and pop and I will stand up straight and be well."

Suddenly I heard a great noise as if a storm was coming up. I heard the wind as it roared. I tried to speak above the noise. "He's coming. Don't you hear Him? He has come at last." Then all at once the noise subsided. All was calm and quiet and I knew in this quietness Jesus would come. I sat in the big chair, a hopeless cripple. I was so hungry to see him. All at once I saw a great white fleecy cloud form. It wasn't the cloud I was waiting for. Then out of the cloud stepped Jesus. It wasn't a vision, it wasn't a dream. I saw Jesus. As he came walking slowly toward me I looked on his face. The most striking thing about Jesus is his eyes. He was tall and broad and was dressed in robes glistening white. His hair was brown and parted in the middle. It fell over his shoulders in soft waves. I will never forget his eyes. Many times when my body is worn and I'm asked to do something for Jesus I would like to say no. When I remember his eyes they compel me to go out into the harvest fields to win more souls.

Jesus came slowly toward me with his arms outstretched toward me. I noticed the ugly prints of the nails in his hands. The closer he got to me the better I felt. When he came real close I began

to feel very small and unworthy. I wasn't anything but a little forgotten girl who was deformed and crippled. Then all at once he smiled at me and I wasn't afraid anymore. He was my Jesus. His eyes held mine and if I ever looked into eyes filled with beauty and compassion, they were the eyes of Jesus. There aren't many people I've seen who have eyes like Jesus. When I see one who has that love and compassion in their eyes I wish I could just stay close to them. That is the way I feel about Jesus; I want to live as close to him as I can.

Jesus came and stood at the side of my chair. One part of his garment was loose and it fell inside my chair and if my arms had not been paralyzed I could have touched his garment. I had thought when he came to heal me I would start talking to him and ask him to heal me. But I couldn't say a word. I just looked at him and kept my eyes on his dear face trying to tell him how much I needed him. He leaned down and looked up in my face and spoke softly. I can hear every word right now because it is written in my heart. He said very softly, "Betty, you have been patient, kind and loving."

As he spoke these words I thought I could suffer 15 more years if I could see Jesus and hear him speak to me again.

He said, 'I am going to promise you health, joy and happiness.' I saw him reach out his hand and I waited. Then I felt his hand go over the

knots on my spine. People say, "Don't you ever get tired of telling of your healing?" No, because every time I tell it I can feel his hand again.

He placed his hand on the very center of my spine on one of the large knots. All at once a hot feeling as hot as fire surged through my body. Two hot hands took my heart and squeezed it and when those hot hands let my heart go, I could breathe normal and I knew my heart was normal for the first time in my life. Two hot hands rubbed over the organs of my stomach and I knew my organic trouble was healed, I would not need a new kidney and I would be able to digest my food because he had healed me. The hot feeling ran on through my body. Then I looked at Jesus to see if he would leave me just healed inside. Jesus smiled and I felt the pressure of his hands on the knots and as his hands pressed in the middle of my spine there was a tingling sensation like I had touched a live wire. I felt this sensation like an electrical current and I stood on my feet just as straight as I am on this platform speaking to you tonight. I was healed inside and outside. In 10 seconds Jesus had healed me and made me every whit whole. He did for me in a few moments what the doctors on this earth could not do. The Great Physician did it and he did it perfectly.

You say, "Betty, how did you feel when you jumped out of the chair?" You'll never know unless you once were a hopeless cripple. You'll never

know unless you sat in a chair with no hope. I ran to my mother and said, "Mom, feel, are the knots gone?"

She felt up and down my spine and said "Yes, they are gone! I heard the bones crack and pop. Betty, you're healed! You're healed! Praise him for it!"

I turned around and looked back at the chair that was empty and tears rolled down my cheeks. My body felt light all over because I didn't have any pain and I had always had pain.

I felt tall because I had been bent almost double with my head on my chest, the knots were gone and my spine was straight. I raised my arms and pinched one of them. My arms had feeling. They weren't paralyzed anymore.

Then I looked and saw my baby brother standing in front of the chair. Big tears were rolling down his little cheeks. Looking up at me I heard him say, "I saw Sis jump out of the big chair. I saw Jesus heal Sis." He was really thrilled. I picked up a chair, raised it above my head and said, "See what the God I serve can do!"

Standing right behind my baby brother Jesus still stood. He looked at me from the soles of my feet to the top of my head. I was straight and normal. Holding my eyes with His, He began to speak slowly and I'm going to tell you what he said. "Betty, I am giving you the desire of your heart to be healed. You are normal and well. You

have health now. You are completely well because I healed you."

Pausing a moment he gave me a searching look and with authority in His lovely voice He said, "Now remember, every day look at the clouds and watch. The next time you see me coming in a cloud, I will not leave you here but I will take you to be with me forever."

Friend, He is coming back again.

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A BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The finest things will not come to us unless we desire them and eagerly look for them. Unseen things are eternal. Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer. — I Peter 4:7.

THE CASE OF BETTY BAXTER

Several years ago, a Granada farm girl lay on her bed, her body twisted and wracked with pain. On her back were lumps, described by her mother and neighborhood women "as big as hen's eggs." She was unable to straighten up, and unable to attend school. She spent her time in bed.

Her family, especially her mother, was deeply religious, as was the girl.

One day she announced that "at three o'clock on August 24th, she would be healed through faith and prayer. At the girl's request, the mother summoned neighbors, and for a quarter hour before three o'clock, the girl, the mother, the neighbors, brothers and sisters knelt in prayer.

Suddenly the girl, who had been carried to a chair, straightened up and cried "I'm healed." Amid the weeping and rejoicing, her mother and the neighborhood women felt of her back. There were no lumps. That evening she attended church services in her nearby town of Granada and gave a "testimonial" although she had never

before spoken in public. She had become imbued with a surprising, fervent eloquence that was compelling in quality. She announced she had "Given herself to the Lord, who has healed me," and since that time she has been on tour as an evangelist.

Throughout the years, so long as extra copies of The Sentinel telling of the miracle lasted, this office has mailed copies to almost every corner of the United States. Requests still come in. They usually are accompanied by stamps, a dime or a quarter. Of course the copies are long since out of print, and it would require several hundred dollars to duplicate in quantity, reprints of the original issue.

Thomas must have left a lot of descendants, for all these people — while professing they believe — ask The Sentinel to "Please write," or to forward copies of the original issue, "to confirm" what they have been told.

The Sentinel, while it had two representatives on the scene within a matter of hours of the "miracle," is in no position to either confirm or deny that it occurred. It had the word of respectable, God-fearing, God-loving neighbors as to Betty Baxter's (now Mrs. Don Heidt) condition for months before. It had the word of Betty's mother. Half a dozen or more people there on the afternoon of August 24th, were interviewed collectively, then separately to satisfy the natural skepticism of any newspapermen. They were all the same. One Sentinel representative (perhaps also a descendant of Thomas) asked Betty for permission to feel of her spine, to see if the lumps were really gone. They were.

Prior to her experience, Betty had been a patient of local physicians and at the University hospital, where, she said, they had diagnosed a part of her trouble as St. Vitus dance. So far as known, since she was "healed" she has had no trouble with this or other ailment. She carries herself erect.

But, did God heal Betty Baxter practically instantly that afternoon? Probably no human is qualified or competent to tell. Only He knows. But that she was suddenly healed of physical ills and impairment there appears to be no doubt. There are too many reputable people who knew her before, during and after the great experience who know that something happened. Perhaps Betty's mother was right when she told a Sentinel representative: "Why isn't it possible? I believe Jesus is the same today as He was when He was here on earth, if we but believe."

Original Newspaper Story

SENTINEL PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
FAIRMONT DAILY SENTINEL

FAIRMONT, MINNESOTA

Fairmont Daily Sentinel

April 21, 1943.

Evangelist Betty Barter,
c/o Rev. Byron Galylen,
Marshall, Minn.

Dear Betty:

I have your letter of April 17, which I have not answered sooner because I have been so busy on account of Mr. Cavers leaving and being unable to get help, have had to do two men's work.

Regarding whether or not you were "Cured by The Lord", only you, Betty, and the Good Lord know that.

However, I believe that you were.

I had the personal testimony of your pastor, Rev. Dexter E. Collins, and the many neighbors and your mother and brothers and sisters as to your condition over a long period, immediately preceding your miraculous healing. I talked with Dr. Bailey in Fairmont, who attended you. He told me of the lumps on your back, and that you had been sent home from the hospital in Minneapolis as there was nothing they could do.

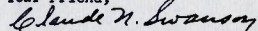
I noted the air of religious fervor in your humble but clean home. I sensed the deep, abiding faith of your mother; and your own thankfulness, and the child-like faith you had in the belief that The Lord Himself had reached down, touched you and made you whole.

I recall, too, my "doubting Thomas" nature, which made me ask your permission, and that of your mother, to feel where Dr. Bailey told me the lumps had been -- and there were none, nor was there any trace of lumps. I saw you walk. I had you grip my hand and felt your strength. I sensed the triumph in your soul as I finally had to admit, "it must be so."

If I were you, it wouldn't matter to me if there were some who did not believe, so long as I retained my own faith. There were people, you know, who doubted Christ himself.

With best wishes for your continued good health, and the hope that you may continue to do good, and succeed in bringing many more into the Fold, I am,

Your Friend,



CLAUDE N. SWANSON
Editor, Fairmont Daily Sentinel.

MIRACLES OF HEALING generally seem to occur in far off places, but now it appears that one has taken place right in Martin County—in the presence of witnesses—and a girl who was hopelessly crippled two weeks ago suddenly—yes, instantly—was made well and normal and is able to walk and do things she has not been able to do for four years.

That girl is Betty Baxter, 15 year old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Baxter of Center Creek township.

In four years she had not been well enough to go to school, having quit in the fifth grade with what then was diagnosed as a kidney ailment. Two years ago she was taken to University hospital and was sent home with the information that the hospital could do nothing for a serious back condition that was not fully explained to the family. Last November she collapsed during the Armistice storm and since has grown steadily worse, until the past month or so when her back was doubled so that her head nearly touched her knees and hard lumps grew on her spine.

CURE INSTANTANEOUS

Then, on Sunday, August 24, at 3:10 p.m., in the presence of Center Creek and Nashville township neighbors and some other relatives, most of whom were kneeling and praying for her recovery, she straightened up in her chair, stood erect and walked.

Betty told two Sentinel reporters yesterday afternoon that she earlier had had a vision of the exact time and place when her miraculous cure would take place and that she had asked her mother to invite certain neighbors to be present at the time, accounting for the fact there were so many witnesses on hand.

"WORD FROM GOD"

Betty, a sweet and frail-looking girl, said she had "word from the Lord" many times regarding her illness and ultimate recovery, but none quite so clear as the vision she had received about noon August 14 when the details of her recovery and the exact time and place were revealed to her.

She told how once in her sleep she had a communication from God, in which He asked her if she had faith that she would be healed. "I told Him, 'Sure I do.'" Betty went on, "But I did not

know when it would be exactly. I knew it would not be then, but in the fall."

The August 14 vision of the time and place came to her when she suddenly lapsed into a coma while sitting in a doubled-up position in a large chair near the dining room table where the family was at dinner. She seemed to swoon away, her mother said.

MOTHER HAS "WORD"

Mrs. Baxter said, she, too, had the "assurance from God" that her daughter would be healed, with a particularly strong message shortly before Betty's strange vision.

"THE LORD HAS SPOKEN TO ME MANY TIMES," MRS. BAXTER SAID SINCERELY.

The mother calmly verified Betty's statements regarding her previous and present conditions, supplied the names of the persons present, told of the details of the miraculous cure as the devout neighbors knelt in the Baxter living room and prayed for her girl, who sat hunched in an overstuffed chair.

Betty's Pastor Present

The entire interview was conducted in the presence of the girl's pastor, Rev. Dexter Collins of the Granada Gospel Tabernacle, whom The Sentinel reporters had invited to accompany

them to the Baxter home. Rev. Collins had just returned from Chicago, where he had been preaching. Rev. Collins left Granada a day or so before the girl's sudden cure and was notified of it by telegram in Chicago. He had visited the family on Friday, August 22, and had seen the girl hobble out of her bedroom, bent double head almost to her knees, and sit thus in a chair.

Betty told Rev. Collins at this time that he should be present Sunday at 2:30 p.m. for she would be healed at that time. Rev. Collins said he was sorry that his engagement in Chicago was taking him away, but asked the family to wire him if the cure was effected. This the family did about 4 p.m., or about an hour after it occurred.

Buy Her New Clothes

After Betty's August 14 vision, and her mother's communication from God, the family was so confident that it would occur that they went to Fairmont and bought Betty a new dress, shoes and coat.

Like any normal girl, Betty asked time yesterday afternoon to put on her new dress and shoes before she posed for any more pictures.

The first photograph of her was taken in her house dress, hair net on her head, sitting on the arm of the chair in which she was healed, just as the reporters and Rev. Collins had met her upon entering the farm house.

She was startled by the flash bulb, as were her mother and little brothers and sisters grouped around her for the first photograph, then flushed prettily, probably thinking of her new dress like any normal girl would do.

Family History Given

The Baxters really are not newcomers in the nearby community, although they came to the present place, the farm of Wm. M. Potter of Blue Earth, in section 6, Center Creek, the extreme northwest corner of the township, two years ago from Northfield.

Mrs. Baxter was the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Louks of near Guckeen and she and Mr. Baxter farmed in the Guckeen and Pilot Grove neighborhoods in Faribault county until nine years ago when they moved to Indiana, remaining there five years. Then they moved to Northfield where they lived two years before coming back to Martin County. The Frank Louks now live at Owatonna.

Betty was born on a farm near Guckeen.

There are seven children in the Baxter family, namely: Dorothy, 20; Wanda, 17; Betty, 15; Evelyn, 13; Billy, 12; Kenneth, 6; and Ross, 4. Yesterday, Dorothy was at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Earl Adams, near Imogene, and Wanda was helping out at the George Strum home.

It was while at Northfield that Betty became

ill with what Mrs. Baxter said was a kidney ailment and she was not well for the next two years, having to quit school.

Has U. Hospital Care

While still at Northfield, Betty was taken to University hospital for treatments and remained there about two weeks.

Many x-rays were taken of Betty's spine and the young girl said the doctors there then told her there was nothing they could do for her, that her spine was in very bad shape, and that she should to quote Betty's own words:

"GO HOME AND ENJOY LIFE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE."

Betty then volunteered, "But I knew God would heal me."

All this time, up to last November, Betty could not do housework, or any of the things young girls normally do. She could push a chair around the floor, but could not lift it. She became gradually weaker, had frequent attacks and severe backaches from time to time.

Worse Since Armistice

Then came the incident of the Armistice Day storm last November.

"Daddy told me to come to the door and look

out at the wind and the snow." Betty said. "I went to the door and then I fell down."

Mrs. Baxter said the girl did not fall so as to injure herself, but simply crumpled to the floor and that she caught Betty as she was falling.

Toward the last, her mother provided her with an open front housecoat, it being impossible to put on a dress in her crippled condition.

This was the way Rev. Collins saw her on his visit the Friday before her cure. "I knew the family was terribly depressed," Rev. Collins said, "so I made it a point to visit them just before I left and see if I could encourage them. I saw Betty all doubled up and I knew that if something did not change soon, that she could not live long. Then she told me about her strange vision and asked me to be present Sunday as a witness."

Strange Lumps on Back

In recent weeks strange lumps apparently as hard as bone, had appeared on Betty's spine, beginning near the base of her neck and continuing downward.

Rev. Collins said he saw the lumps and touched the one on her neck when he visited there a week ago Friday.

Mrs. Baxter, the children, and neighbors had seen them, too, and said they were about half as large as a hen's egg.

Tells of Vision

Betty was asked to tell more about her visions and talks with her God, asked if she could hear the words as if they were spoken out loud.

Betty and her mother said the words were not heard as if spoken by a human being, but that they heard them in their minds, or spirit, most distinctly and knew exactly what was meant each time.

Betty said she had a vision of heaven with the angels all around waiting anxiously for God to appear and that she saw Jesus approaching.

"THERE WAS A LITTLE TREE, ALL BENT DOUBLE, AND GOD TOUCHED THE TREE AND IT STRAIGHTENED UP AT ONCE," SAID BETTY. "THEN I KNEW THAT WOULD BE ME, AND I ALSO KNEW AT THE SAME TIME IT WOULD BE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, ABOUT 2:30 P.M.

Neighbors Called

At Betty's request, her mother called the nearby neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. George Sturm, John Sturm, Mrs. George Teubner and Mr. & Mrs. Earl Adams, the latter a sister of Mrs. Baxter.

The neighbors began to assemble shortly before 2:30, but John Sturm had company at home

and could not come. Present were Mrs. George Teubner and her mother, Mrs. Strosser, of Missouri; Mr. & Mrs. George Sturm, near neighbors; Mr. & Mrs. Earl Adams and two children, Donald, 19, and Viola, 17, and Donald's wife, living near the Imogene corner; and Lawrence Louks of Owatonna, a brother of Mrs. Baxter, who had happened to call that day, and all nine of the Baxter family.

Betty said she previously had had the "word" regarding whom to call for the occasion, thus accounting for the numerous persons present.

At about 2:30, most of the group began to pray for Betty's recovery, kneeling in the small living room near Betty's chair where she was hunched. Mrs. Earl Adams had her hand on Betty's bent back when the miracle occurred at 3:10 P.M.

Back Straightens Up

Mrs. Adams said she could feel Betty's back straightening steadily and in a few moments it was perfectly normal, and the mysterious lumps had disappeared.

All of those present testified to hearing cracking noises as though bones were snapping back into place. Betty's older sister, Wanda, 17, said the noises were like when the Winnebago osteopath gave her treatments a number of months before.

All of a sudden, Betty was sitting erect, and then she stood up and stepped over to a nearby dining room chair and lifted it off the floor.

"SEE WHAT THE GOD I SERVE CAN DO!" SHE CRIED.

The assembled group, of course, was astounded, but made no unusual display, letting the girl obey her natural impulses, the first of which was to go to the neighbor's, John Sturm's, who was unable to be present, and show him what had happened.

Neighbor Astounded

Mrs. Baxter complied with Betty's request immediately and took her in the family car to the John Sturm place, only a very short distance down the road.

Betty said she walked into the Sturm home and that Mr. Sturm was astounded to see her walking erect and looking happily at him.

"Am I dreaming?" Betty said Mr. Sturm asked her.

Then Betty said Mr. Sturm asked her if she was going to church.

"Nothing can keep me home." Betty said she told him.

It is a fact that Betty, that same evening, went to the Gospel Tabernacle church service in Granada with her parents and others and there

testified as to her cure. She had not been able to go to church for more than a year.

The next Sunday, September 1, she again went to church and sang with the choir morning and evening and again testified as to her recovery. She was the happiest girl in the world and everyone said she sang beautifully.

Normal at Home

At home, since her cure, Betty for the first time in four years has had no pains or aches of any kind. She walks around the house and yard normally and her mother said she even had taken a walk down to nearby Elm creek.

Evidence of her alacrity was displayed yesterday afternoon when she was asked to come outdoors for another picture, which she did, and then ran back into the house to put on her new dress.

She walked about the yard with her family and visitors and then went to sit on the porch railing. Suddenly she jumped down, went in the house, and came out with her coat on. It was rather chilly about 6 P.M.

"Is that your new coat that you got before it happened?" a reporter asked her.

"Yes," she smiled happily and girlishly. She seemed to have forgotten those weeks when her mother had to help her into the housecoat, being unable to get into a regular dress.

Mrs. Sturm Verifies

Upon leaving the Baxter place, the reporters and Rev. Collins went to the George Sturm home to interview one of the witnesses.

Mrs. Sturm was busy cooking supper, good old fried potatoes and pork and salad and tomatoes and cake, etc., for silo fillers who were just coming in to eat, but she took time off to talk a few minutes. Wanda Baxter, Betty's older sister, was helping Mrs. Sturm.

Mrs. Sturm told of Betty's hunched condition and of having seen her often in the two years the family lived neighbors. She said she was kneeling, not looking at Betty, when the moment of the cure occurred, but that in an instant saw her sitting straight up, then get up and lift the chair. Her story was essentially the same as that told by Betty and her mother.

Father Is Happy

Just as the visitors were about to leave, William Baxter, Betty's father, came around the barn and was introduced by Rev. Collins. He was all smiles and seemed to be the happiest man in the world, even if he was a bit bashful about the dust and grease from running a corn cutter.

"You know, we can see and hear enough to believe these things," he said, "but this certainly

proves to all of us that there is a higher Power taking care of us."

Baxter was a bit hesitant about having his photograph taken in his work clothes, but finally consented to have a picture with his daughter, Wanda, who came out of the house in her kitchen apron, flushed and as happy as her father.

The Baxters all seem to be sturdy every-day folk and certainly Betty is no longer a care as she had been for her mother in recent months.

Neighborhood Happy

Everyone in the neighborhood is extremely happy over the strange occurrence.

Many stories have begun to go around concerning the case, some of which were becoming exaggerated and erroneous through constant repetition.

Betty has promised to take good care of herself and both scientific and church people are anxious to watch her case. There is no doubt in Betty's mind, or in the mind of her family, that she is permanently cured, and of course, everyone hopes so.

It is truly the strangest case The Sentinel men ever had to cover and the interview could have lasted for hours.

NOTES ON THE BAXTER CASE

As recently as last month, Betty Baxter was examined by a Fairmont physician. With Betty's consent, and the consent of her mother, the newsman interviewed the physician.

"I would not say such a miracle as you have related is impossible," he said. "In fact, it is wholly probable. I advised she go to Rochester for examination. I am glad to hear of her healing, and hope that her good condition will continue."

Today was a happy day for Betty and her family. They set out for Owatonna to see her grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Louks, planning to stay at least until Friday. It was her first vacation in a long long time.

Only one picture of the Baxter girl was taken during her crippled condition, this on the day of her cure, but the photograph was not immediately available, having been sent away to be developed. The Baxter family will give the picture to The Sentinel as soon as it returns, along with another picture taken immediately after she became well.

Betty has been a highly religious girl, active in Sunday school work and choir singing in which she particularly delighted.

Hanging in the Baxter living room is a picture of Christ, which Mrs. Baxter said was Betty's favorite picture. Betty would sit in the over-

stuffed chair and contemplate the picture for long periods. Another plaque in the room says: "God Is the Head of This Household."

The other Baxter children seem to be a happy and healthy lot. Four year old Ross came down out of the apple tree with an apple nearly as big as his little tousled head. He had lots of tricks with his dog, too, and the half dozen kittens running about the place. Six year old Kenneth has nearly white hair and is equally active as little Ross. He took over the dog to show some more tricks. Kenneth and 12 year old Billy had on new overalls, for it was the first day of school. Kenneth had just put in his first day of school. Evelyn, 13, is a rather quiet girl, but she doesn't miss a thing that goes on. She ran in and put on another dress before the first picture was taken.

Both Rev. & Mrs. Collins were reluctant to have Betty's case publicized. "It is a miracle, that is true," said Rev. Collins. "But I am afraid if it is publicized Betty will be subjected to curiosity-seekers, which might have an untoward effect on one so young."

When it was pointed out there was already much talk about the case, and that a simple, straight-forward account of what actually occurred were printed might help, rather than hinder the cause of Christianity and faith in the Infinite, the pastor agreed to accompany the newsmen.

The Sentinel has attempted to present the entire

case in an entirely dispassionate manner, with facts from personal interviews only from persons who knew the Baxter girl. One motive was to still wild rumors and inaccurate tales already started about the strange case. The story is one of the strangest and most gripping that has occurred in the annals of this newspaper. *The incident certainly has done much to strengthen the faith of the people in Betty's community.*

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES OF THOSE WHO WERE EYE WITNESSES TO BETTY BAXTER'S HEALING SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 24, 1941, AT THE BAXTER FARM HOME NEAR GRANADA, MINNESOTA.

To Whom It May Concern:

I was there at the Baxter home when Betty was healed, and saw her healed with my own eyes. I knew her before she was healed. I saw how she suffered and how helpless and crippled she was, how she was made well and strong as any normal girl, and is well and strong today.

Betty asked me one day before she was healed if I would testify for her when she was healed. I promised her I would.

Betty was healed by the hand of God who undertook for her in answer to prayer.

GEORGE STURM
Granada, Minnesota

Dear Brother Collins:

I am sure that nothing I could say would add to Betty's testimony except that I know the story she tells is true. I was in their home many times, both before and after Betty was healed. I know how sick she was. I saw her all crippled up just as she describes herself. Especially do I remember the time she sent for me to come, about two days before she was healed. It was almost like a little visit in heaven. She told me that she was to be healed and asked George, my husband, and me to be there. She set the time for us to come (2:30 P.M. the following Sunday).

I have since heard Betty give her testimony many times and each time I have been unable to keep back the tears, as I remember how the whole family was under such a burden because of Betty's condition, as well as the terrible suffering of Betty herself.

The Baxters are just common people, and what God has done for them He will do for all who will humble themselves and seek Him with believing hearts.

MRS. GEORGE STURM
Granada, Minnesota

Testimony of Mrs. Wm. Baxter, Betty's Mother, Who Was Present When Betty Was Healed, Sunday Afternoon, August 24, 1941

My personal testimony regarding my daughter Betty's healing. It is a day I shall never forget. It

was August 24, 1941, when our wonderful Saviour touched Betty's afflicted body and completely healed her that Sunday afternoon.

As we knelt to pray the mighty power of God came upon us. From then on I hardly knew what was happening. I rose to my feet and was standing praising God even before Betty was healed, because I knew the Lord was going to heal her. God had witnessed to me as well as to Betty that she would be healed that afternoon, and I was fully expecting her healing then.

The Lord has given Betty a wonderful privilege of telling the gospel story to thousands of how Jesus can save from all sin and heal today as He did at the beginning of the church and Christian era. We know that "Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Praise His holy name.

MRS. WM. BAXTER

Route 3

Blue Earth, Minnesota

Testimony of Mrs. George Teubner, Betty Baxter's Sunday School Teacher

While praying for Betty Baxter's healing, before this particular time, I was assured that she would be healed, and that she would be an evangelist. I did not know just when, but as I drove over to the Baxter home that Sunday afternoon, August 24, 1941, I prayed earnestly that God would give me the assurance about when

she would be healed. The answer came to me that Betty would be healed that afternoon. I expected it to happen.

Something happened which I did not expect. I will tell what it was further on in this testimony.

As the friends gathered in it seemed as though everyone was waiting for something to come or happen. As the hour drew near, Betty asked for a drink of water. Her sister, Wanda, brought her a glass of water with a drinking tube, for Betty could not raise her head enough to drink from a glass without a tube. She sat in a chair with her head resting on her knee.

It was now nearing the hour for the fulfillment of the promise which Betty had been assured of her healing. Mrs. Baxter said: "It is time for us to pray." Betty was still sitting in the large chair. Wanda, Betty's sister, and her aunt, Mrs. Earl Adams, knelt on one side of the chair and Mrs. Baxter and I knelt on the other side. Mrs. Baxter asked me to lead in prayer. I prayed a short prayer, as it seemed to me there wasn't much for me to say. Mrs. Baxter asked Betty if she wanted to pray. She did not answer nor did she pray. Her mother asked her the second time if she wanted to pray. Still no answer of prayer. I thought that was very strange. I looked up at Betty, and she seemed to be looking at something. The south door of the room was opened, and all at once something like a gust of wind

filled the room. Then Betty said: "O I see Jesus coming!" Then she went on to tell Him how she had suffered and patiently waited for His coming to heal her. Then, all of a sudden she SPRANG to her feet, raised her arms above her head, and shouted: "HE HEALED ME! HE HEALED ME!" Then with her arms, which only a minute before were both paralyzed, she picked up one of the dining chairs, raised it above her head and shouted: "SEE WHAT MY GOD CAN DO FOR ME!"

Now, I will tell you what happened to me, which I did not expect. I expected to see Betty Baxter healed, but did not expect what happened to me. When I laid my hands upon Betty and the power of God which touched her and healed her, also fell upon me. There are no words which express or explain it. It was the most wonderful experience I ever had. I never was demonstrative, as all my friends know, but it seemed that my very body would burst if I did not give vent to my feelings some way!

Dear friends, I believe this was only a little taste of what the saints of the Lord shall experience when they come face to face with our blessed Redeemer. O, what God would do for His people if they would only let Him have His way in their lives!

I have told many people about Betty's healing and my experience, and it has been a blessing to both saint and sinner. May this testimony be

the means of many believing on the Lord Jesus Christ for their Salvation and for their healing.

MRS. GEORGE TEUBNER,
Winnebago, Minnesota

For additional copies of this remarkable story
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