

He Touched Me

Raised in a non-Christian home, I was far from God during my early years. But a supernatural encounter with Him changed my life.

When I was a girl, brought up in a home of unbelief—never knew what it was to hear a mother pray, never laid my hand on a Bible till I was a grown woman—the God I now serve looked down into my heart and saw that I wanted something real.

One night as I was dancing in a ballroom I heard a voice speak out of heaven and say, “Daughter, give Me thine heart.” I did not know the voice of God the first time and went on in the dance. Again the voice spoke from heaven, and it seemed that heaven came down into that ballroom, and my feet became heavy and the place was no longer beautiful to me.

Again the voice spoke much louder, “Daughter, give Me thine heart!” The music died away and I left the ballroom; and for three days and nights I prayed and wept and wrestled for my salvation.

If ever I realized my soul was a sepulcher of dead men’s bones, I did then. It seemed there was no hope for me, but I thought: Why did God speak out of heaven if there was no hope?

At last I remembered a woman I knew was a Christian, and I went directly to her home. I told her, “I want Him more than anything else in the world.” I fell on my knees right there, and she prayed for me—and God came into my heart.

Oh, it was wonderful, the rest, the peace, the quietness that flooded my soul! And as I wept for joy, I said, “I must go and

tell the others.”

I went into the house where my friends were. They had cards on the table ready to play, waiting for me; but I lifted my hands to heaven and said, “No cards for me; I have found Jesus, whom my soul has hungered for so long.”

When they looked at me they saw the light of another world on my face. The cards were put away and we sang sacred songs, and oh, how God blessed my soul!

The flowers went, the feathers and the fine clothes. Everything I had loved that was of the world was taken out of my heart; but, oh, how I loved lost souls and wept as I saw those who looked sad, and many times I would stop and tell them the story of Jesus.

Baptism in the Holy Spirit

When I heard that God could sanctify wholly, I began to seek that experience. I went from place to place where they taught sanctification, willing to kneel at any altar, no matter how humble, if only I could find satisfaction for my hungry soul. I consecrated my life to God, hoping that that would bring it, and thinking that consecration is the same as sanctification.

But oh, it is not! Though it takes consecration, laying your life, your all, at the feet of Jesus, it is more than that. You surrender your will, your innermost soul and being to God for time and eternity; and that brings the fire of God, the holy sanctifying flame down on the sacrifice, and your whole being is saturated with the presence and power of another world.

Question it—doubt it? You never can! Depart from it? Never! It is the very choicest treasure your life holds, for it is the purifying of your life, the preparation for the bridehood. It's the purity that God demands for the wife of His Son.

It stands like the Rock of Ages against every false thing that could rob Christ's bride of her purity. The holy, living flame burns through every fiber of your being. Oh, how I thank God it was for me!

When evangelists came to the city, I found a way to get a private interview with them, if possible, and told of my hunger. They would say, "But you are sanctified." But I knew I was not. The hunger, the craving, the thirst that was in my heart, no human could know unless he had it. And though I lived a consecrated life, yet the fire had not fallen on the sacrifice.

How I thank God that when I heard of the latter outpouring of the Holy Ghost, He led me to that little mission [the Apostolic Faith Gospel Mission on Azusa Street in Los Angeles]. It was not a fine hall, just an old barn-like building with only an old board laid on two chairs for an altar. The floor was carpeted with sawdust; the walls and beams were blackened by smoke.

I looked around to see if anybody saw me go in, but I would not have cared if the whole world saw me go out. I had found a people that had the experience I wanted. The first "hallelujah" I heard echoes down in my soul. When I went out of there that day I felt so little. The only thing I wondered was, Can I ever get it?

From Monday morning till Friday at 4 o'clock, I lay on my face between my duties (you can do your work well and seek God, too) and shed tears and read my Bible. That Friday afternoon at the mission, the preacher stopped and said, "Somebody in this place wants something from God."

I pushed away the chairs that were in front of me and fell at the altar. And the fire fell and God sanctified me. The power of God went through me like thousands of needles.

"He sanctified me" were the only words I could speak for days after the fire fell on my heart. If you get the real experience you will never deny it. It will stand when you face all hell. It can weather any storm.

Three days later, after living with Jesus alone, a great hunger seized me and down I went before God. He showed me I must be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. He showed me that the temple was clean and that the Holy Ghost could come only on clean vessels.

How I pled with Him and prayed and praised God and consecrated! Yes, I consecrated again, deeper and deeper, and sought for the power to tell the world what great things God had done for me. I sought till the following Friday.

As I sat in my chair in the mission, the Holy Ghost fell from heaven, and a rushing, mighty wind filled the room. My tongue, which had never spoken another word but English, began to magnify and praise God in another language. I was speaking in Chinese, and it was the sweetest thing I ever heard in my life.

The power of God shook my being, and rivers of joy and divine love flooded my soul. Oh, it was wonderful! But the greatest joy to my heart was that I had received the power to witness to lost souls that they might find Jesus.

Divine Healing

My physical body was in bad shape for a long time, but I never once thought of the healing of my body until God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I had worn glasses for years. Three attacks of spinal meningitis early in my life had left my head and eyes so affected that I could not leave the glasses off. I went to the mission that afternoon and told what wonderful things the Lord had done for me, and had them pray, and the healing power of the Son of God flowed through my eyes, and my eyes were perfect.

I had lung trouble for years and had to live in Southern California for my health—and God healed me of that. I was thin, diseased and broken down in every part of my body. And when I had paid the full price and in simple, childlike faith prayed that I might get my health back again and be a witness for Him in this world, the healing streams began to flow.

As I lay on my bed at night I would open my soul to God and every avenue of my life to these heavenly streams, which seemed to flow through every fiber of my being. And when I awoke, I would renew my consecration, and tell God He knew my heart and knew my life was in His hands; that all I had or ever expected to have was at His disposal; that everything I had given Him, in all the deep consecrations He demanded of me

when I was seeking my sanctification and baptism in the Holy Spirit, was on the altar and was His, and what He gave me was not mine but only lent to me.

When I was a girl, I was thrown from a carriage onto a jagged stump and lay at the point of death. Later in life I had to wear a harness with straps and a metal plate, and I had not walked for 11 years without that harness.

God instantly healed me. I walked 23 blocks that night and leaped and praised God, and have praised God and given Him the glory for His goodness to me for many years.

The healing of my body was complete. An internal trouble the doctors said could not be cured without an operation was perfectly healed. Once diseased from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was made sound and well through the blood of Jesus.

The Christ of Calvary touched my body and made me whole. Oh, how I praise Him! How I worship Him for His great love to me!

Do not be afraid to trust in God. His Word is true. If you will pay the price, you can have the Word wrought out in your life for salvation, for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, for healing or for anything you desire of Him. He will touch you just as He touched me.