

Part Two: Life and Ministry, from January

1966 to December 1976

The five years of my life at the Mission Bay Camp were taken up with running the camp, taking seven half hour 'Bible in School' classes a week, running two youth programs at a military camp every second Wednesday, and taking Maori Postal Sunday School lessons to every home that would have them. Running the camp entailed looking after the buildings and grounds and making sure that all the supplies were ordered. (One day I changed five times from good clothes to old ones because between school classes I would return to the camp and mow the lawns). Every school holiday, we were responsible for at least one week long camp of up to 100 children aged between eight and twelve, as well as another camp for 20 to 30 teenagers.

When we held the camps for the eight to twelve year olds I expected my wife to be camp cook, camp mother, play the piano for the singing twice a day, look after our five children and still be my wife! Looking back, it is only the grace of God that got us through. After our fifth child my wife contracted hepatitis while she was still breast-feeding, which was a very painful experience. An elderly couple drove 20 miles every day for weeks, just to help in the home while I was out doing the so called, 'Lord's Work'. I look back at that with shame and praise God for His forgiveness and his healing love. Two of the children also went down with hepatitis just before my wife did.

When our youngest son was only a few months old, he got a thyroglottal cyst and had to have an operation in Rotorua, 70 miles from the camp. We took him there and the doctor said that he would operate the next morning. So we just left him and went back a week later and picked him up because the, 'Lord's Work', came first. This is something we have had to repent of and ask the son to forgive, because it opened the door for rejection to rule his life for many years. (More of that later.)

During those years I attended the Summer School program at the Bible Training Institute in Auckland. When Billy Graham came to NZ I attended all the workshops and crusade meetings. Other than that, it was full on, every spare moment serving God all I knew how, with little time for private prayer and Bible study because there was so much to do and few to do it. On top of all that we helped a friend run camps in another part of the country, as well as taking the odd Children's Mission around the New Zealand.

When we moved to Taupo we continued to run camps and do all the work we did while at the camp, but because I did not have the responsibility of the camp, I took on more, 'Bible in School', classes to the point that between my wife and I, we were running fifteen classes a week over an area of 50 miles, plus church services to speak at and do home visits to some of the older people who attended the local Brethren Assembly. Any other spare time was taken in helping several farmers, as it was a way of spending time with them

Easter 1976, Mission Bay Christian Camp

Just before Easter 1976, my wife said to God, "Your pay is lousy.

There are two of us working full time and you don't pay one decent wage". She heard the words loud and clear, "Depart from me, I never knew you". (Matthew 7:23) to which her reply was, "You are right, you never asked me to do all those things. I did them because it was what others believed I should do, what my husband expects of me, and what I believed I should do". And she said, "I quit!" And she did.

I was devastated! My right and left hand had given up and I felt inadequate by myself because my wife seemed to have all the talent. So we went to the Easter camp with nothing to do because my wife refused to run the children's program. I felt guilty doing nothing. Some months later my wife came into a living relationship with Father God through Jesus by the Holy Spirit, when the words of Acts, chapter 2 were being read to her. (The only works that Father God supports is the work He requires us to do; otherwise, all the good works of people in the world would receive greater reward than many of God's people. What He asks man to do, He pays. It is as simple as that. When people are doing a work of God and not being supported, they need to ask Father God if He asked them to do it.)

On the Sunday night, the prayer tent was full of young people, seeking God. The preacher at the Sunday night service was a friend. What he spoke on, however, I have never remembered, but at the end of his address he pointed to three circles he had drawn on the black board behind him before the service. The first circle represented a natural man, a person who did not have Jesus in their life, and the inside was out of order. The second circle represented a spiritual man, a person who had Jesus sitting on the throne of his heart, with the inside all in order. The third circle represented a carnal Christian, that is, a Christian who has Jesus in their life, but not on the throne resulting in the inside being out of order. He then said, "Look at the three circles and examine yourself and decide which one you are". I knew I was not the first one because of the experience back in the bedroom in 1960. I also knew I was not the third one, because I did not drink, smoke, dance, swear, and went to church and served God, yet when I looked at the second circle I knew I was as spiritual as I could be, but there was a place in God I had not attained and did not know how to get there.

After a few minutes the preacher then said, "We are not going to pray, but sing a song". The first line of the last verse read, "I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for thee; A soul baptised with heavenly energy". My eye caught those words just before we sung them, and through my mind went the thought, "I wonder if these idiots know what they are singing; if they do they will not sing them because it is asking for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and they do not believe in it and even preach against it". For myself, I said in my mind, "Lord, as I sing these words I believe what I am singing, I am asking for the baptism of the Holy Spirit".

After a few minutes the preacher said, "If any one felt a touch on their life in some way, would they like to acknowledge it by coming to the front". My immediate thought was, "They are full of unbelief, no one

will move”, but to my shock four people walked passed me to the front and I burst out crying and did not know why. The preacher asked my wife and I to pray for these people, but I said, “Not me”, and fled out of the meeting.

The next morning I found a board, took my Bible, climbed over the fence and headed up the hill to find a quiet place to pray. I put the board down and sat on it and started to pray. (For some time I had an impression that I was a ball on a beach and every high tide the waves would dump all the muck and rubbish out of the sea over me.) Two verses out of the Bible came to me: “Lord I am wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: and I know it”. (Revelation 3:17) and the other was, “I [am] a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: and I have not seen or heard from you for a long time”. (Isaiah 6:5). I immediately heard the words loud and clear, “No you are not! You are clean!” I jumped up and turned around to see who had said those words because I wanted to hit then and tell them off for listening into my prayer time that to me was very private. I was sure some human had spoken to me, but there was no one but me and God and I all of a sudden knew it.

I sat down and said, “That was you Lord, Your word says the spirit went out of the man, it wondered around and came back and found the house empty, so went back in and invited seven mates with him. Lord, I don't want to end up seven times worse than I was; please baptise me, fill me, turn me upside down with the Holy Ghost”. A warm lump appeared in my chest, I had my morning worship time by singing a few choruses, read the Bible passage for the day, said thank you and headed for the camp. At the fence I met the preacher and said to him I had just met the Lord. He replied, “I can see that!” I wondered what about what he could see, then I realised I had two words added to my language, and they were words I hated because those crazy Pentecostals were always saying them, and I had believed they were of the Devil. The two words were, ‘Hallelujah’ and ‘Praise the Lord’, and I could not stop saying them! I also knew I was in deep trouble.

The very next Sunday, it was my turn to take the evening service at the local Brethren Assembly and the subject I chose was, ‘How long is it since Father God personally spoke to you?’. Why that subject? Because He had just spoken to me that previous Monday morning. I used as my text, 1 Samuel 3, where we read of the account that God came to Samuel and spoke to him with an audible voice. Also John 7, where Jesus said to the crowd on the feast day, “If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink, and out of his being will flow rivers of living water”. And, John 7:37-39, “In the last day, that great [day] of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet [given]; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.)”

I said nothing about being baptised in the Holy Spirit, but I shared a testimony about how that week I wanted to fit a vacuum gauge in the Holder station wagon we had at that time. I had already fitted a temperature and oil gauge and had a space for another. As I sat outside the shop and held the gauge around the spot I felt it should go, I felt uncomfortable so took the gauge back to the counter and said to the assistant, "No, not at this moment". As I walked back to the car, a deep peace fell all over me, and I said to the people present in the meeting, "it was like the Devil was saying in one ear, 'Buy it', and Jesus saying in the other ear, 'Don't', and praise God, I obeyed Jesus."

After I closed the meeting with prayer, I went to the door to shake hands with all those present as they left. The first down the aisle was an older man who had been part of the congregation for many years. (At the end of 1975, I went one morning to his place of work to pick up some planks and trestles so that I could spend my spare time painting the outside of the Brethren Church Hall. While there, he and his son spent half an hour accusing me of giving away the, 'Challenge Weekly', Christian newspaper because in their eyes it was, 'Pentecostal'. Not only that, but I had taken the local nuns with me in my car to Bible in Schools 'and they were of the Devil'. Also, I read from a New American Standard Bible, 'and that was the Devil's book' - the only true Bible was the King James. After half an hour of that I felt all beat up and managing to get what I came for - I could still remember that - I was glad to get out of their sight. So, here was this man in front of me! And the first words out of his mouth were, "You are a Pentecostal", the next words were, "You are a liar", and the third words were, "The Bible you have is the Devil's book. Burn it". In my mind I said "Lord, what is going on?" and I heard loud and clear, "You fight not flesh and blood". (Ephesians 6:12) So in response I said, "Lord what do I do?" He said, "Ask him to pray with you", which I did. He replied, "I will neither pray with you or shake your hand" and stormed out leaving me dumbfounded.

That night an eight year old boy who was at the service and had heard the conversation I had with this man said to his dad, "The Bible Mr Waldrom has is not the Devil's book is it? And I like how Mr Waldrom spoke to that man. I want the Jesus he spoke about tonight". His father encouraged him to invite Jesus into his heart, which he did.

For the next few weeks, no one was interested in what the boy did; all they talked about was the fact that I had gone Pentecostal, which I did not really know what it meant. The next Sunday morning I was at the stove, stirring the porridge, and I said, "Lord, how can I sit in church this morning and take communion with a person who railed on me last Sunday night?" Immediately, the words of 1 Corinthians 5: 11 came, "But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat". So I went and got a pen and paper and wrote these

words to the leadership of the church, "To whom it may concern, Because Brother so and so railed on me last Sunday I and my family will be staying at home until this matter is resolved, as I am instructed according to 1 Corinthians 5: 11, not to eat with such a man. The outcome of that letter was that we stayed home for seven weeks. They told me it was a personal matter and it was my job to go to the man, according to Matthew 18:15. But I told them that I had done that when I asked him to pray with me and he refused. I was calling out for help and trusting the spiritual leaders of the church to help in this matter, which I knew was spiritual because Jesus had said that we fight not flesh and blood.

On a Thursday night, seven weeks later, the Elders called me in and put me through what seemed to be 100 questions. The last question was, "Do you speak in Tongues?", to which I said, "No." A week later I received the gift of Tongues and have often wondered if they thought I was telling a lie at that time. (A short time later the man who asked me all the questions died of cancer and he was only in his forties. I have wondered if there was a connection. Had he challenged the Holy Spirit and brought a curse on his life?)

The next night the Elders called the man in who railed on me, and he railed on them, calling one of them a fifth columnist. They then sent me a letter telling me it was over to me and they could not help. So I phoned two men and asked them to come and pray with me. It was a Friday night, they came and together with my wife and eldest son, we prayed until two in the morning. By then I knew some power control was broken and that later in the morning I should go to the man.

Around eight, I went to where the man lived, knocked on the door and he came out. His first words were, "I have not slept all night and have a confession to make: I have wronged you, your wife and family. Will you please forgive me?" I replied, "You are forgiven, and will you pray with me?" He was like a lamb. I lead him to my car and together we sat and prayed. When finished I asked him to come for the evening meal, because the Bible says, "If your enemy is hungry, feed him". He and his wife came that evening and over the meal, I told him that at the Sunday morning service he needed to publicly apologise because it all started publicly. This he did and following the apology I preached a sermon on forgiveness and part way through this, out of my mouth came the words, "This message will go around the world" And I have come to realise that those words were a prophecy which would take place through me, starting in 1984. But I did not know it at that moment.

I had taken a recorder and taped the apology as well as the message on forgiveness because I wanted a record of it - being fed up with people who had hurt people, and the record would be a reminder. The following week, an elder came and told me to destroy the tape recording of the service and if I did not do so, they would destroy me. I could not see any reason to destroy the tape so several weeks later I was summoned to another meeting of the Church Elders. I asked my wife to accompany me and when we arrived at the door, I

knocked. The door opened and shut faster than it opened. I immediately knew they were not expecting my wife. After a few minutes the door opened again, a man came out and went and got another chair and we were then invited in. We sat down and I was told that if I were prepared to renounce anything to do with the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and return to the beliefs of the Brethren in this matter, they would continue to support us. But if not, I was not to preach or teach in the Church meetings, although they could not stop me from praying or announcing a hymn. They also said that they would inform other Churches that supported us, telling them of their actions. My reply was no to their request and we were dismissed. As we headed for the door, a dear man who had acted like a father to us and a grandfather to our children, turned to my wife and said, "Seeing Roy will not follow, if you will, we will look after you." We both heard that and said to each other to get out of here, as we did not want anything to do with any one who would divide a marriage.

For the next few months we attended the services, but I sat in the back seat, reading my Bible and not taking part. Then, one Sunday, another man prayed in a service and I followed the prayer by saying, "Amen", where I agreed. After the service all the talk was about how loud Roy was! I asked Jesus what was going on and he replied by thought, "They have all their attention on you". I felt that was not right, so we left altogether.

By now I was feeling lost. Having had a wonderful release back at the Easter Camp, now we were rejected for what we believed and experienced. What had happened in the dimension of the Spirit, through being told by the Elders that they could not handle the situation between me and the person who railed on me, and the Elder asking me to destroy the tape, did not surface till thirteen years later. What I asked Church leadership to do was help me to sort out how to deal with abusive speech called, 'railing by a fellow believer'. Because they did not help, but instead handed it back to me to sort out, spiritually they had put me above Church authority, which was no place to be. And when I had been asked to destroy the tape, it was my opportunity to come back under church authority, which I did not understand at the time. Because I disobeyed, I had no protection against verbal abuse for the next thirteen years!

And so I was railed on in many places around the world. It all came to a head thirteen years later, when I was asked by two men to go to a town 200 miles from where we lived, to speak on "Forgiveness" to a house full of people. This I did and had a wonderful evening. Many responded and confessed that they had been unforgiving and judging. Some weeks later, the Baptist minister from that town phoned me and judged me for ministering to people who attended his church, so I told him I would see him in his office the next day. I drove the 200 miles again and sat in his office whilst he accused me of being, independent, a man not under authority, and that I split marriages, plus a lot more. He said that I had no right to be ministering to any person who attended his church and that he would

put me on a two year probation and that if I obeyed he would consider accepting me. In response, I asked his forgiveness for offending him, but explained I had been under the authority of the two men who invited me, but that was not received and went down like a lead balloon because they were not ordained by man in any shape or form. So I said that I would obey his request, providing he did not go to the people who attended the house meeting and say anything which was negative. But his reply was, "I promise you nothing." Once more I replied, "If that is the case, then neither do I promise you anything", and left his office.

I went to the two men who had invited me and ask them to tell me what was going on. They replied, "Satan wants to destroy two anointed men at the same time, him by judging you and you by judging him". And so they told me there and then that I needed to get on my knees and repent of judging the minister, to take my judgement off and unconditionally bless him, which I did. One month later all the Minister accused me of, he did. He left the Church and his marriage, all a very sad situation. As the Word says, "God is not mocked, what a man sows he will reap."

By this time I was beginning to understand how spiritual powers work. When a person in authority speaks a directive word it comes into effect in the life of the person who receives it, no matter where they are in the world. The first curse, using church authority, was that I was not to minister in church meetings; now I was cursed not to minister to individuals who attended any church, unless they got permission, or left, which would end up dividing people, not putting them together. Understanding this, I returned home and asked my prayer partners to pray while I sort the Holy Spirit's direction as to how to break the curses.

I was led to return to the Brethren Church where it all began and tell the leadership there that I had been disobedient by not destroying the tape, and ask if would they forgive me, which they did. All the time, however, I was asking Father God about what the leadership had done by not helping me and putting me above them, by telling me to handle it myself. Some while later, the Catholic leader who was the advisor about the Holy Spirit renewal in the Catholic Church to the Catholic Bishop of New Zealand needed prayer, and I was told I was the one to pray for him. I asked the Holy Spirit what to pray. He said, "Pray to break the curse of Trauma". This I did, and he was set free from the memory in his emotions as a result of having been verbally abused by a fellow priest when he returned from a visit to Rome, where he had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. After he received his freedom I then told him what happened to me by church leadership and he looked at me and said, "Am I high enough up the tree to break the curse? I said, "Ask Jesus". He did, and heard, "Yes". He then got down on his knees and repented for what Church leadership had done to a man of God by not helping him in a time of need and putting him in a place where there was no protection. Then he got up and asked me to forgive him on behalf of all Church

leadership. Immediately I knew the curse was broken and I was free and the proof of that is, what I was accused of has never happened again!

All my working life, and especially from the time we moved to the camp and up until December of 1976, I was a workaholic. If you had asked me why I worked so hard, I would have told you it was the zeal of The Lord. So it came as a shock to me one day that the reason I was that way was because I was trying to earn my right to be accepted. Rejected people either live depressed lives or are workaholics. There had been an occasion when a lady said to me, "They can never say you are lazy." Strangely, I had a vision of my grave and on the tombstone, "Here lays the body of Roy Waldrom the man who was never lazy." I shook my head and said there was something wrong. I had worked like a slave as a Christian Youth Worker and not a mention of God on the head stone. Some time later the rejection issue was dealt with and I have never been so lazy since and seen so much done!

The move to Auckland

In 1977, under the direction of Church elders of a fellowship just north of Auckland city, who told us that we needed to go and settle there, we moved all our earthly goods to Auckland. Personally, I was glad to go because Taupo meant nothing but death to me. For the children, it was at the expense of leaving their friends; for me, I had none, so to go was easy.

We arrived in Auckland, borrowed bank money and bought a house, believing the house in Taupo would sell. I got a job in Auckland, back at the old trade of building, and tried to settle into a Pentecostal fellowship. Having read the Bible from cover to cover for many years I witnessed things not mentioned or covered by Biblical principles, a lot of soul and flesh, but little of the Word and the Spirit. After attending several Sundays, the congregation was told that the fellowship was in debt, to the tune of NZ\$24,000. The debt belonged to the congregation, even though they had nothing to do with why the debt occurred, the leadership having overspent. So, we were told we were each to put an amount on a piece of paper as to how much of the debt we would be responsible for, and hand it in. The leadership received NZ\$14,000 in IOU's; I put in nothing. On the way home in the car with four other men I said to them, "What is the Church?" but they did not answer. I told them that the Church was the people and by the people taking over the debt, the Church was not getting out of debt, rather it was getting further into debt. That went down like a lead balloon!

Since Easter of 1976, when I aligned myself with the Holy Spirit as my helper, whenever I entered a church congregation I was able to witness who it was that the spirit of control was operating through. This terrified me, as it was very evident in the Fellowship we were then attending, and I found it very hard to handle.

By the middle of the year I would sit in Church services, looking at what seemed like a game of Rugby that had no half back; I was

trained as a half back but no one wanted me to play and it fed my rejection, 'big time'. I went to an Elder at his work and told him that inside I was like 'a 747 with the engines on full throttle and the wheels cemented into the ground, ready to blow up'! All I heard him say was, "Lord, I do not understand this man", and I said in my mind, "Too right you don't, you do not have a clue!" The next morning, I woke up and for the very first time I did not want to get up; I had no reason to go on, I had run out of steam. And I believe that is what Father God was waiting for.

You see, I had a cast iron will and what Father God used to break it was to put me under a leader more arrogant than me. And it worked. I prayed and said, "Father God, what is the answer?" Nothing came. I prayed again, "Who in your Body has the answer?" And a name popped into my mind. That got me out of bed! I went and phoned this man who was living 100 miles away and who was spending the day resting in bed. I told him I needed some answers, and he replied, "Don't we all!" In reply, I said, "You rotten beggar", because I felt he did not care. But, anyway, I said, "I am coming to see you", and he said, "If you have to". I took the last of the money for fuel and headed in his direction.

When I arrived he was still in bed, so I sat on the end of the bed and told him my story. When I finished, he said, "When Father God wants to break a man, he puts him in a boat in a storm so you cannot see the bow of the ship". And I said, "I have not even seen the flaming deck for months!" He then said, "It is all over Truth and Life. The Brethren had the Truth, which is in the Word; the Pentecostals have the Life, which is in the Spirit, and these two hate each other, but Father God has married both of those in you, and you fit neither". That turned on a million watt light and I immediately knew who I was and why I did not fit. Since then, I have found out that those who walk moment by moment by the Holy Spirit fit neither the Church system nor the world system. He prayed for me and I left and went to visit another close friend just around the corner in the same town. I told him how I had been picked to pieces and he jumped up, put his hand on my head and asked Father God to put me back together. I immediately had a vision of pieces of tinsel coming down from above and pouring into my head. I left and found myself full of joy, knowing who I was and that I had been into self-rejection. You see there were bits of me that people did not like and although I did not know what they were, I did not like them either. That day, I found myself and knew Jesus wanted to use me as I was made, faults and all, just available and clean. On that day I took off and have never landed again!

Now there were at least two big problems. First of all, I needed to go to the Pentecostal Church meeting and thank them for having me, and tell them that I would be leaving. The leader called over an elder, then the leader proceeded to rip into me, using words, which I heard none of because they went right over my head. All I could see was a mouth and two black eyes! The elder stood there dumfounded. When

the leader had finished, my wife told him he was wrong and we walked off. Out of those black eyes was control and anger that I was pleased to walk away from.

The other problem was that the house in Taupo did not sell and it was past the six months we were given by the bank to do that. So I went back to the original men who invited us to Auckland, who had advised us to borrow the money for the house and to sell Taupo. (By the way, my wife loved the house we bought, but I hated it). I asked them, "Please tell me what to do", and they said, again, that I should sell the Taupo house. I asked them "How?" having tried for over 8 months to do so. They replied, "Advertise it all over New Zealand and it will sell". But, again, I asked how I was to do that? They replied, "Put an advertisement in two major newspapers and that will suffice."

Next morning, I went to one of the Elders and said to him, "Was that the word of the Lord you said last night regarding how the house would sell?", to which he said that it was. But I said, "If I don't obey, does that mean I am not a man under authority?" to which he replied, "Correct". I said that I did not believe it was the word of the Lord, but, nevertheless, that I would obey, to prove I was a man under authority, and left. We did as we were told but still the house in Taupo did not sell. So I went back to prayer, "Father, what do I do now?" As clear as someone speaking in my mind, came the words, "Sell the Auckland house". I visited the lawyer, who was a professing Christian, told him what I heard and he replied, "That's right, take your hands off both houses and leave it to Father God, as to which one He wants sold".

Within weeks the house in Auckland sold.

Now I sat in prayer asking Father God what he now wanted of us and He replied, "Return to Taupo, wait and praise Me". Ten months, and so many days later, we loaded the furniture removal van and returned to Taupo, and knew we were home.

Back in Taupo

Now we needed to rebuild our lives, as directed by the Holy Spirit, not man nor our ideas. The first thing I did was to run a weeklong children's mission in a local camping ground. Then painted a house for a farmer who was a professing Christian. A minister in a town 30 miles away told me I needed to spend one day a week in his town taking Bible in Schools, which started in March 1978. At that time I also got work with a builder four days a week which kept us in food and clothing but left nothing to pay off a NZ\$10,000 debt that we had from a shortfall after selling the house in Auckland plus the mortgage we had on the house we owned in Taupo, to the Brethren church trust fund. This Trust did not support any one at that time who declared that they walked by the Spirit and especially if they spoke in tongues. The following is the statement signed in the 1970's, by 17 leading men of the New Zealand Brethren Assemblies, that controlled the Trust Fund we had a loan from.

1. "We the following members of the Stewards' Trust repudiate categorically any imputation that the Stewards' Trust supports the present day claims to manifestations of the sign gifts.

2. "We believe the gift of tongues and gift of healing were given for the attestation of the gospel message in apostolic times.

3. "As the knowledge of God increased, and the churches were established, God's purpose for these gifts was achieved, and they ceased.

4. "We believe the present day teaching that the gifts of tongues and healing are still in operation is divisive and erroneous."

In no way did we want to be bound to a group who made such a statement!

The breaking of the financial stronghold

Around June of 1978, a doctor who we were in close fellowship with said he was going to a conference in Singapore on unity and that he was to pay for me to go. I said that I couldn't because we owed the money on the house and it would not be honourable. So he said that we needed to agree in prayer, together, that Father God would fix it and that I should go. While in Singapore my wife contacted me and said that a finance company had offered us a loan, and would I go and sign for it. When I returned I went to the office and was told to sign here and there and that the loan would be ours to cover all we owed. What had transpired was that our lawyer was having a meal with other businessmen and one was the manager of a finance company who told our lawyer he had just taken over another finance company and had lots of money available for loans. Our lawyer told him about our situation and he said he would instruct the nearest branch office to get us all we needed! As I was signing the papers, I asked the man how much fees there was to secure the loan, he replied NZ\$500. I said that I now need NZ\$10,500, and so he said that they would lend us that amount, but I said that I couldn't do that, so I stopped signing and said that if Father God sent me NZ\$500 I would be back for the NZ\$10,000 loan, and walked out.

There were two things I needed to know. The first, that this loan was of God, and the second that He was going to send the money each month to pay it off because we were not earning enough. The following Wednesday I went to the first school for the half an hour Bible lesson. Up till then we had been talking about the Living Lord Jesus who was alive and who answered prayer. Many times we had witnessed answers to the Children's prayers. I started the lesson by saying how I was hurting because I needed money and should be working 16 hours a day, six days a week, and asked them not tell people I owed money, because I would hurt more. One girl asked if they could have a box so that they could each put 50 cents in it a week. I thanked her for that but said that we were not allowed to. Then two boys stood up and one of them said, "God, get Uncle Roy some money", and sat down. I remember saying to myself, "Dumb prayer, dumb me for asking", and went on with the lesson. As I was packing up to leave at the end, a girl around eleven years of age was looking at me with eyes that seemed to go straight through me. I went over and asked her, what was the matter? Out of her mouth came the words, "Are you not supposed to be living by faith?" I was slain, shot

by a direct word from Father God through that lass. I was surely rebuked.

Three days later I collected the mail and there was a letter containing a cheque for \$526.68 from a businessman who knew nothing of our circumstances. Two days later I returned to the Finance Office and signed up for the loan.

Two years before this, a Christian businessman said that Father God had told him that one day his business would be used to support us and not long afterwards he sold the business to another believer, who was never told about the support. Now, from that first gift, which was the second believers profit for the month, he sent enough money to pay the loan payments till the loan was paid, and has continued on to support us ever since. This has left us free to be available to go, where ever and when ever at Father God's command. That is a huge commitment that has maintained all house costs, and all our travel costs have come in as gifts from many of the places we have ministered around the world. Once, a cotton farmer gave us a gift of NZ\$5000 and it was used to get us part way around the world, but that's another story.