
The Early Years in Pennsylvania

John 6:44

No man can come to me,
except the Father which hath sent Me draw him:
and I will raise him up at the last day.

The Lord was drawing us to Himself



As a young married couple in our early twenties, my wife and I were lost and without God. We were brought up with very little exposure to church or to the Bible.

My greatest memory of church as a little boy is one time when I attended a Vacation Bible

School. For art work we made an 8 ½ by 11-inch white plaque. We made letters that spelled out the words **JESUS SAVES** using a half-inch strip of red crepe paper, and pasted the letters on the white paper. Though I was just a little boy I never forgot those words: **JESUS SAVES**.

I also remember hearing my grandmother pray at the table to bless the food. She always asked the blessing in **Jesus' name**.

Our troubles became God's opportunities

We had an opportunity to purchase a house and were busy working on it. Though it needed a lot more work, we moved in. We lacked the funds to finish the work, so we were trying to get a mortgage. But we couldn't find a bank that would help us. They told us we were too young, and I was in the draft age. I had been discharged from the Navy, but it was the time of the Korean War, and I was still eligible to be drafted into the army to fight.

We were disappointed that our request for a mortgage was turned down - but we didn't give up. It seemed there was nowhere to turn, and nobody to help us: But at least we had a roof over our heads and I had a steady job. All we could do was to wait.

We received some bad news

I got a letter from the draft board, and it wasn't good news! I was being called up for the draft. I would have to go to war! My first thought was to re-enlist in the Navy, though I didn't want that, either. I wanted to be with my wife. I was between a rock and a hard place. While I pondered in my

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heart what to do, my wife told me she thought she was pregnant. This was to be our first child, and here I was having to leave my wife alone and go to war. Troubled in my heart, I called the draft board and told them my circumstances. They reviewed my status and said that if my wife was pregnant, it would change my draft status. I needed a letter from the doctor verifying her pregnancy. We didn't waste any time! We went to see the doctor and he verified she was pregnant. He gave us a letter that I took to the draft board - and I was reclassified. This solved my biggest problem.

We find help!

We went along for a while and then I tried the building and loan again: but they were adamant in refusing to give me a mortgage.

Romans 2:4

**Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness
and forbearance and longsuffering;
not knowing that the goodness of God
leadeth thee to repentance?**

One night we were in bed, talking about the house. We were wondering why it was so hard to get the

needed funds. We were blank for any explanation. It seemed there wasn't any thing we could do. I turned to my wife and said, *Why don't we pray?* Neither of us knew how to pray. We had never prayed before - but we were willing to try. I remembered grandmother praying at the table, asking in Jesus' name. I went ahead and prayed, *God, if You will help us get a mortgage to finish our house, we will start going to church; and we'll get our lives straightened out. God, I ask in Jesus name, Amen.*



One day while I was at work I felt to stop at the building-and-loan again to ask them to reconsider my application for a mortgage. When I arrived at the building-and-loan there was only one woman left in the office. I asked her if I could see the manager. He was in his office, so I went in to see him. He asked me to be seated, and I asked him to reconsider my application for a mortgage. He looked at me for a moment, and said to me, *You really want that loan don't you!* I answered, *Yes, I do.* And he said, *I am going to give you the loan.* I could hardly wait to get home and tell my wife about it. We just knew that God had answered our prayer. Soon we signed the papers and started to remodel the house.

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This was our first time to pray and this was our first answer to prayer. The Lord works in wonderful ways to reach out to souls in need of salvation.

**Testimony of
Sister Dailey**

I felt the Lord dealing with me when I was just a little girl, around 10 years old. Katherine Kuhlman was holding meetings at the tabernacle in Franklin, Pa. My aunt (who was also 10) went to the meetings with me. I felt the dealings of God then upon my life. If someone had come along with a concern for children I believe I would have given my heart to Christ at that time. I remember keeping a New Testament on my dresser. I loved to hear the old-time hymns being sung on the radio. I remember crying whenever I heard them, for God was dealing in my heart. My heart was open to the Lord back then, and it seems He had touched my heart with a hunger for the things of God. Also, when I was young I attended a children's Bible club at a woman's house where she taught us from the



Bible. And off and on in my early teens I attended a Sunday School. In all of this, the Lord was drawing me.

After I got married I knew that I wanted our children raised up in church. When I had my first child I began to urge my husband to begin attending a church as a family. When our son was two . . .

There was a Christian woman who lived up the street from my mother's. One day she was leaving her house to buy a loaf of bread when she saw my mother and me walking by. She invited us to her church, and she witnessed to us. God began to deal in my heart afresh that day. My husband and I didn't attend church that Sunday, but the next Sunday . . .

May 2, 1954

The next Sunday morning my wife woke me out of a deep sleep, and said, *Honey, lets go to church.* I replied, *I am still tired. Let's sleep in this morning - and I promise you we will go next Sunday.* We went back to sleep that morning, but when the next Sunday came we got up and headed for the church where our neighbor had invited my wife to attend.

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It was on Cole Avenue. We went the length of the street and couldn't find it. We turned around and went back the other way again. We still couldn't find it! We came across another church down at the end of the street, and I said, *Do you want to go here?* And my wife said, *No, I want to go to the church we were invited to.* So we went back up the street again to see if we could find it. And there was that white church setting right close to the street. Why we didn't see it before, I don't know, but there it was.

We went in and sat down in the back. The pastor's wife was sitting next to us, and she welcomed us to church. That morning the pastor preached salvation and had an altar call. We didn't respond, because we didn't know what to do: but we went back for the evening service.

After the service, as we were about to leave, two older women stopped us in the pew and asked us if we were saved. They explained the plan of salvation, and prayed with us and we received Christ and were wonderfully saved. I took the cigarettes out of my pocket and threw them away. I soon replaced them with a New Testament and I spent my noon hour at work reading it.

Oh, what a great joy came into my heart that night. I didn't sleep, as I was too happy. I thought about facing the men I worked with the next day. I purposed I would tell them as soon as I got to work that I had gotten saved. They said it wouldn't last, that I would be back doing the same things I used to do - playing poker at noon hour, telling dirty stories. They kept on me, but I stood fast. In a couple of days they saw they couldn't break me down.

It was different with my wife. Satan tried to break her down by telling her there was no God. He plagued her mind with doubt until she couldn't stand any more of it.

After some days of this, we sat down to supper and she told me she couldn't take any more. I reached across the table and laid my hand on her head and prayed for her. In Jesus' name I commanded the devil to go. The devil left her right then and there, and she found the joy of the Lord in her soul. We have both served the Lord together ever since.

That was May 2, 1954!

We began to attend church regularly, and loved it so much. We spent the next five years with that

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church. But, eventually, we began to feel a deep hunger in our hearts for something deeper. We didn't understand what we were hungry for, but we began to pray about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This went on for a while.

The Power of Pentecost – I was healed

On my way home from work one night I saw a tent set up on Mr. Ford's field. There was an old truck there with a large sign: REVIVAL MEETINGS - SALVATION, HEALING, HOLY GHOST, and an old world war kind of tent that was quite tattered. I just drove by and went home without giving any thought to it.

I was at work the next day when I felt a lot of pain in my chest. I was a little concerned about this and decided I'd better go to the doctor. I went home and got ready to go to the doctor but my wife told me he wasn't in that night. So I decided to go to the prayer meeting at our church instead, and have them pray with me about it. I started for the church, when I came to the place where that old tent was set up. I felt a strong pull on me to stop and go to that tent meeting, and I pulled up and got out of the car.

I went in and sat in the back row. I sat there watching with amazement at what they were doing! They were all standing up singing fast and clapping their hands - and some were dancing. I could see that they were all happy and enjoying what they were doing.

I was used to a quiet service at our church. This was so strange to me! But it didn't make me feel bad, so I stayed for the service. Evangelist Ervin Miller took the service and began to preach about the power of God and healing the sick. He asked people to come for prayer to be healed. I got up and walked down to the altar and told him I was having pain in my chest. He laid his hand on my chest and prayed. All that pain left immediately. I was surprised - it was all gone! I was healed right then and there.

My wife received the Holy Ghost

I went home and told my wife what happened to me and she wanted to go the next night. She called my mother to come with us, and the next night the three of us went. While we were sitting in the service I looked over at my wife and her mouth was quivering and chattering. She went up to get prayer for healing and the evangelist said, *You're*

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ready to receive the Holy Ghost! As he prayed for her, she was filled with the Holy Ghost and speaking in other tongues. She got so filled that night that she spoke in tongues all the way home. She spoke in tongues until she finally went to bed.

I saw a sign from God and received the Holy Ghost

I spent most of the next day in prayer, hungering for what my wife had received. After seeing my wife filled with the Holy Ghost the night before, I could hardly wait for the tent meeting that night.

At the service that night I started to enter in, clapping and lifting up my hands in worship. As the song service was about over, Evangelist Ervin Miller jumped up and took the service. I looked up at him and he turned toward me, opening his mouth to prophesy. His first words were, *My son!* and I saw a red arrow coming out of his mouth as if it was shot out of a bow. It came and hit me in my heart. As it did, I lifted up my hands to the Lord and was filled with the Holy Ghost and speaking out in tongues.

What a blessing! what an anointing! what a change came into my life! I didn't understand about the

sign of the red arrow until later, but I didn't need to understand that night. I merely responded, lifting my hands to the Lord and receiving from Him.

The Tent Meetings in 1959

The tent meetings went on for about four months. We didn't miss one meeting. Spending four months under the ministry of Ervin and Doris Miller was one of the great experiences of our Christian life. They are the founders of Miller's Evangelistic Association located in Ceres, Pennsylvania. Brother Miller went on to be with the Lord, but Sister Miller is still going on with the Lord. She is pastoring the Olean Revival Center in Olean, New York.

Brother Miller had a ministry where there were many miracles taking place, such as teeth being filled, broken bones being healed, and captives being delivered and set free.

Before attending those tent meetings, my wife and I had been wondering why we read about healing and miracles in the Bible - but never saw them taking place. We soon were inspired by what was taking place in those meetings. As you read this

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story, you too will be inspired at some of the testimonies of how the Lord got hold our lives in those meetings.

I was called of God

About two weeks had passed by. We had been going to the meetings every night. One night I went up to have the evangelist lay hands on me. As he laid his hands on me, I saw a bright white light. It was all around me and I fell to the ground under the power of the Holy Spirit. I laid still and just waited on the Lord. I heard a voice I had never heard before saying to me, *Would you give up your business and take up the call that I will place upon your life?* My response was, *Yes, I will.* This was the first time I had ever heard the Lord speak to me.

God broke the yoke off my neck

In another service I saw a vision. I saw myself with a yoke around my neck. I could not get that yoke off. It had strings tied to it all the way around, and they were tied to everything pertaining to my business. I couldn't go any where with that yoke around my neck! I could turn around, but I had to stand in the same position, unable to go

anywhere. I looked up and I saw a Hand reaching down to me with a large pair of shears. As He handed me the shears, He said to me, *You cut the strings and will break the yoke.* This was the same voice that had spoken to me when I was called.

I had no idea what this vision could mean. I went home wondering. When I prayed about it, the Lord gave me understanding. I got up early the next day with a plan on my mind. My business was commercial refrigeration and electrical wiring. I went out to all the companies I did business with and told them, *Don't call me any more as I am going out of business.* They asked me what I was going to do! *I am going to go into the ministry.* Well, that seemed to satisfy most of them, but when I got to the last one (my best commercial refrigeration account. He depended on me for about everything.) I walked in and said, *Pat, don't call me any more I am going out of business. I am going to go into the ministry.* He lifted up his voice and said, *Wayne, you can't do this! We need you!!*

My customers seemed to understand and didn't call me any more. I had given up a prosperous business that day. And God broke the yoke off my neck! I had some settling up to do with my accounts. Most of my commercial customers paid

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me what they owed me. I paid all my supply accounts off, and forgave all those who still owed me anything. I cut the strings - and God broke the yoke. My business was a yoke around my neck, tying me down. And the ministry that the Lord was calling me into was to be a full-time ministry.

The sheep were scattered having no shepherd

One night I saw another vision during the tent meeting. I was standing at a sheepfold, the place where the sheep were put in for the night. I looked up and saw sheep still up on the hill, scattered across the hillside. It was getting dark, and I became alarmed. I began to plot what I should do. I said to myself, *If I run as fast as I can run to gather them together and bring them down, I will have just enough time to get them into the sheepfold where they will be safe for the night.* I began to run as fast as I could, gathering them and bringing them down. This vision made me to understand that I had no time to waste. I must give my all to get ready and take this call God.

Whom will I send?

One night we arrived home from an exceptional service, really full of joy and praise. We went to bed - but we weren't sleepy. As we lay there with our hands raised up, praising God, I began to feel a love welling up in my heart. It kept filling me more and more. I had no words that could describe what I was feeling. I was trying to tell the Lord how much I loved Him, but I couldn't find words to express the love being poured out on me. I turned over toward the front side of the bed and, suddenly, I saw a vision of a multitude of people. They were white, black and other races. These people were all doing the same thing: their arms and hands were raised up fully, and they were all crying out to God, *Oh, God, help me! Oh, God, help me!* They were crying with loud voices, *Oh, God, help me!* Every one of them kept crying out. Then, above their cry, I heard that same voice again. The Lord spoke out to me, and said, *Whom shall I send?* Without thinking, my mouth opened and I said, *Lord, send me.* This vision came with a full understanding.

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