

# God Healed Me of Terminal Cancer

I want to go into detail about how God saved me, healed my body, and put me into His ministry.

This all started in the early 1950's, when I was in the oil business in the Mid-Western United States. Before that, as a young man at the age of 9 years old, I started smoking cigarettes. I was enticed by an older boy, and it turned into a bad habit. At 10 years old, I was smoking one pack of cigarettes a day. I continued to smoke until I was converted at the age of 27. In the 18 years between the time that I started smoking, from 9 until 27 years old, I had quite a few experiences, some good and some horrible. I started my career in the oil business when I was only 19 years old. I started out in service stations, garages, lube rooms, and I made up my mind to build an oil empire. I came out of a family of 13, raised during the Great Depression. After World War II, I decided that I was not going to live my life as a poor man. I worked very hard in the oil business, prospering mightily. During all the time that I was in this business, I did not serve or know the living God. I had never heard a message about Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Savior of the world, until I was 27 years old.

During my time in the oil business, I began to get worse and worse physically. I spent many, many days and hours working. I didn't take time to eat, I didn't take time for proper sleep, and I was more interested in the almighty dollar than I was in my health. At the age of 22, I developed emphysema. Elasticity left my lungs and I coughed with every breath. I was also demon possessed. The oil business was rough. I learned to swear and drink. By the age of 22 I was smoking around three packs of cigarettes a day. Doctors told me that I would have to quit smoking or die. I just laughed at them. But I had emphysema of the lungs.

At the age of 23, the emphysema turned into cancer. I had cancer in both lungs and the stomach. At the age of 24, skin cancer broke out on my fingers, my left foot, and the top of my head. I was so cancer ridden that the doctors told me

that I could not possibly live much longer. I worked two more years in the oil industry, and I kept getting worse and worse. By the age of 26 I weighed 127 pounds. At that time, I was taking shots in my spine and the doctors were giving me shots to stop the pain because my stomach and my lungs were almost gone. I was bleeding, at times profusely, at the mouth. I would pass pure blood through my digestive system from the cancerous growths in my lungs and stomach.

One afternoon, the doctors told me that I only had a few days to live, at the most. I thought I'd go home and die as comfortably as possible. I determined that I would either go get saved or commit suicide, rather than die in pain. So, I went to my business and took a hundred dollars out of the cash register. I got in my car after I told my employees that they could have what they wanted of the business. I told them that I was either going to go get saved or commit suicide, and I drove away. My brother, who was in that same town, did not believe I meant what I said, but I drove away. I drove down through Kansas, across Oklahoma, down into Texas, across New Mexico into Arizona, and into California. I drove up to Bakersfield, California, and that is about as far as I felt like I could go.

I drove up on a mountain road just north of Bakersfield. It was between Bakersfield and Fresno, California. I drove my car in the evening. It was about 7:30, just at dusk. I drove my car up to a scenic point and backed it up against a cement wall. I took a .45 automatic out from under the car seat. I put a clip in the handle, put a shell in the barrel, cocked the hammer back, and put the gun to my head to commit suicide.

As I sat there waiting, for some unknown reason, a person knocked on my window. It looked like a man.

He said, "Are you alright?"

I shoved the gun down between the car seat and said, "Yes, I'm alright." At that time, an awesome fear came upon me. I did not realize it at the time, because I was still an unsaved man, but a week or two later, after I received the infilling of the Holy Spirit, I realized that it was an angel of God that had stopped me from taking my own life. That man walked away from the car into the twilight. As I drove

down the mountain, the angel walked towards the bottom of the mountain. I did not see him again. I know, and I am convinced, that an angel of God stopped me from taking my own life.

I drove down towards Bakersfield, and I got into a highway cloverleaf interchange. I got lost and ended up in downtown Bakersfield. As I was driving around downtown Bakersfield, I tried to find my way back to the main highway. I pulled up in front of the Bakersfield Rescue Mission and I stopped my car. As I sat there, I saw a sign in front of the building. It said, *Jesus Saves*. The top part was red, and the bottom part was blue, and it was blinking off and on. For some reason, that sign angered me, so I drove away again, trying to find my way back out into the traffic circle. I turned, got lost, and came right back to the front of this rescue mission. So, I just parked my car. As I sat there, I lit a cigarette. I sat there wondering what my next move should be. I was exhausted, physically.

Then somebody opened the door to the Bakersfield Rescue Mission, and I heard the most beautiful singing I had ever heard. It sounded just like my mother singing when I was a child. I closed the door of my car, locked it, and walked over to the rescue mission. I walked to about three rows from the back and sat down. The service had just started. This one minister was ministering that night, teaching how Christ died on the cross for me, how he shed his blood to cover my sins, how by his stripes on his back he took our iniquities and our chastisement, and how by his stripes we were healed.

When he finished preaching that simple message, which took about 20 minutes, he had tears running out of his eyes. He had such a love and compassion that I had never seen before in any man.

He raised his hands and said, "If there is any man here that would like to make peace with God tonight, let him come forward and receive the Lord."

I stood up and it felt like a giant hand was placed upon my back that lifted me and carried me down the aisle. I slid into that old fashioned altar on my hands and knees. As I knelt there, I remember the prayer that I said.

I said, "God, if you are a God, save my soul and let me die in peace." As soon as I spoke, it felt like somebody poured a pail of cool water down my back and into

my lungs. It felt like my lungs came out in front of my chest. I took the first long breath that I had been able to take for almost four years. Then, several of the ministers came down and said something to me.

I looked up and I said, "What is this?"

And they said, "What?"

I said, "Well, I'm dying of cancer in both lungs and my stomach, and I couldn't breathe. But, as soon as I asked the Lord to forgive me of my sins, it felt like somebody poured a pail of water inside of me. My lungs feel like they are outside my chest, and I've taken the first long breath that I've been able to take for four years."

They asked me who I was, and where I was from. As they found out my name and where I was from, they sent a man to the backroom to call the sheriff of my hometown to confirm my words. The ministers began to explain and expound the scripture to me. I will never forget the pastor. He is still there in Bakersfield, California, at the Bakersfield Rescue Mission, and if any of the people listening to this testimony want to do something for God, support your rescue missions. They are doing a great work, even though they are unknown soldiers.

Brother Lonnie began to ask me questions about how I felt and what had happened. When I told him that I felt like a million tons of lead lifted off my back, he said, "Well, God has saved your soul and forgiven you of your sin." I told him how my lungs were so full and how I could breathe so easily. As I stood there and wept, he said, "Well, if you're saved, you're healed." That statement from Brother Lonnie Heath hit me like a bolt of lightning.

I said, "Preacher, what did you say?"

He said, "If you're saved, you're healed."

He read me this scripture in Isaiah 53:5: "But he," speaking of Christ, "was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Then he went over to 1 Peter 2:24: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," or on the cross, "that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed."

He said, "If you're saved, you're healed, because healing comes with salvation."

In the meantime, they had sent somebody over to the Chinese restaurant around the corner and had brought back a pint and a half of navy beans.

He handed me that and said, "Have you had anything to eat?"

I said, "No sir, I can't eat anything except baby food."

He said, "If you're saved, you're healed." He repeated that one more time. So, I took the beans and there was a piece of ham on the top of the beans. I picked it up with my thumb and my finger and I put it in my mouth.

I told him, "Now, if you have not told me the truth, this will burn all the way down, and it'll almost kill me." I put that piece of ham in my mouth. I chewed it well and I swallowed it. It felt so good when it went down, and I felt no pain. I felt no burning. I tipped that pint of beans up, and just drank them. I was so starved and hungry; I just drank them. The beans ran out of the side of my mouth, down the front of my suit and down on my shoes. There was bean juice all over me. Later, the only way they could explain how I ate, was that I "just hogged it down." They said I ate like a pig. Well, I guess anybody that was almost starving to death and finding a new experience with God would eat like a hog.

They also gave me a piece of three-layer German chocolate cake. I said, "Surely this will kill me."

Brother Lonnie repeated and said again, "If you're saved, you're healed," or "healing comes with salvation." I believed it. I ate a piece of the chocolate off the top of the cake, and it tasted so good. Then, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I began to weep. I hogged the cake down, I had cake all over me, and everybody was rejoicing. There were several ministers there that night. They all witnessed this miracle that had taken place. The ministers talked to me until about 10:30 p.m.

In the meantime, they called the sheriff of my hometown. He told them that everything I had said was true, and that I had given the proper identification. The sheriff said, "The man is dying of cancer of both lungs and the stomach." Everybody in my hometown knew it. The pastor told him over the phone, "This

man just got saved.” That ended the conversation with the sheriff about me, but years later, I was able to go back and testify to that sheriff in my hometown.

I asked the ministers if I could stay at the rescue mission that night and they said, “No, it is against the law for anybody to stay in the rescue mission.” They asked me why I wanted to stay there, and I said, “Well, I want to stay on this holy ground.” I'd been taught that wherever the Spirit of the Lord was and wherever God appeared, that was holy ground, and I believed it. When they said I could not stay, it was about 10:30 p.m., and we all had to leave.

I got in my car to go look for a hotel or a motel, and I drove onto the main highway out of Bakersfield. As I drove, I got severely sick. I had never been that deathly sick before. The devil tried to take my faith at that time. I said, “Lord, surely those preachers did not lie to me. Lord, did those preachers lie to me?” I came to an open cotton field that had just been ploughed. I drove out a few yards into the cotton field, and I stopped and left my headlights on. I got out of my car and walked out into the cotton field and dropped to my knees on that freshly ploughed ground. I said, “God, surely, they didn't lie to me. Surely, God, a preacher would not lie to me.”

I got awfully sick, and I began to vomit, and then something began to choke me around the neck. I did not know at the time what was going on, but in the New Testament it says the devil “rent him sore and came out of him.” I found that scripture three days later to confirm and understand what had taken place in my body.

As I began to vomit, it felt like three or four men had their hands around my throat choking me and a great lump came up in my throat. Something came out on the end of my tongue, and I got a hold of it and began to pull. I pulled a cancerous growth out of my stomach. It was confirmed later by tests that it was a cancerous growth. I pulled that thing out of my mouth and out of my throat, and it was about the size of an unfried egg. It looked like it had small legs on it, and it stank so bad that I dropped it in the dirt and covered it up. Another one came up, then several more and then several more. Then my head cracked, and it sounded like a pistol went off inside of my head and it felt like worms coming out of my

nose. I reached up, and cancerous growths about the size of a pencil were coming out of my nose, about two inches long. I pulled those out, dropped them in the dirt, and covered them up. As I did this, I would back up as each one came out. As I vomited, not one bean or one bit of cake came up. It was just those cancerous growths and fresh blood. As I said before, the devil tore me sore and came out of me.

Now, I had never read a Bible scripture, and I did not know anything about the Bible at this time. But somebody had taken the pack of cigarettes out of my shirt pocket and had inserted a small New Testament in my pocket in its place. I got back in my car, shut the door, turned the lights out, and went into a deep sleep. It was the most wonderful sleep that I had had for years, without sedatives. The next morning, I woke up at about 9:30 a.m. and I was wringing wet with sweat. I had on a white shirt the night before, and it was now yellow. The nicotine in my blood and body had sweat out through the night. It saturated all my clothing. I opened the car door, and I stood up.

As I stood there, I noticed that I did not get sick from the fresh air. I had no weakness in my body, mouth, or anywhere. I was able to look right up into the sun. I realized that I did not have my glasses on. My eyes had cancer, so I would get tumors behind my eyes and in my head, and it had caused me to start going blind. I was also almost 60 percent deaf and was wearing an electronic hearing aid. The night before, I heard a brother say, "Praise the Lord, well, thank you, Jesus!" That's the only way I knew how to praise God at that time. A new convert will imitate anybody to get close to God. I raised my hands and looked right in the sun, and I said, "Well, praise God! Thank you, Jesus!" Then I realized that I had looked right into the sun. I really did thank the Lord then. All at once, I heard a sparrow cheap, and I heard a meadowlark whistle and I saw that my hearing aid was laying on the seat of the car. I realized that my hearing had returned, and my eyesight was good. I praised the Lord with great joy. It was one of the first emotional things I had ever done before the Lord. But I just could not help myself. I felt so good.

As I stood there rejoicing in my newfound Lord, I got awfully hungry. I got just as hungry as I was sick the night before. So, I got in the car, and I drove down the highway about two miles to a truck stop. I went in and there was no one in the restaurant except the man working at the counter. He looked at me as if to say, *what are you doing in here?* I knew that he thought I was a drunk that had been lying in the gutter all night. I just pointed my finger at him, and I said, "Don't say a word. I just got saved last night." I told him what I wanted. I told him I wanted him to start frying pancakes and eggs until I told him to quit and set me up a pot of coffee. He just stared at me. So, I took a twenty dollar bill out of my wallet, laid it on the counter, and said, "I have money to pay for everything I eat."

The man made me 6 eggs and 12 pancakes and brought them out with a cup of coffee. I took the eggs and put them on top of the pancakes, and I poured syrup all over the top of that with butter. It felt so good as I slowly ate. After I paid him, I was still hungry, so I walked out of the restaurant and went down to another truck stop.

The next truck stop had booths, where you put 50 cents in the slot for a towel and a small bar of soap to shave and clean up. I got a clean suit, shaved, cleaned up, and went over to the restaurant around the corner. I went in and I told the waitress, "I want 12 pancakes and 6 eggs, please." They gave me a cup of coffee.

The waitress looked at me funny, turned around to walk over to the cook, and yelled through the little slot in the wall, "There's a man out here that wants 6 eggs and 12 pancakes!"

The cook looked around the corner and said, "Well, he looks like he could use them." I ate another 6 eggs and 12 pancakes. But as I walked out of there, I was not quite as hungry as I was before I went in. Since that day, I have been able to eat everything and anything I want with my new stomach that God gave me.

I went back to the Bakersfield Rescue Mission the next night. Of course, everybody was interested in what God had done for me. I still had a cancerous growth on the side of my left foot, about the size of a half dollar coin. My fingers were raw, and I had to wash my hands and cleanse that sore on my foot at least twice a day or it would burn so badly I could hardly stand it. I showed some of the



men at the rescue mission the cancer on my foot, and they even helped me bathe it for the next two days. On the third day, I went to bathe it and it was gone, nothing was left. Several men witnessed this, and we told several of the ministers about it that night. The ministers spoke about it in the pulpit, how God was healing my body. I also had cancer on top of my head which was also gone. This was the beginning of a great miracle ministry. Brother Heath and several others took me to one of the prison farms there. I testified to the prisoners, and many of the prisoners came forth and received the Lord just on the strength of my testimony. Then members of the church around there, and the ministers and the people, began to take me to the hospital and different places. I began to share what good things God had done for me. It gave me a chance to minister right away, and God thrust me into the ministry right then. I began to get some missionary work.

A few weeks later, I made a tape of a message that I had preached. I sent it home to my mother, let her know that I was converted, and that God was using me. She took the tape to her church, where the pastor played the tape for the congregation. Everybody there knew me and had known me for years. They knew me to be quite a character. I was labeled as the black sheep of the whole town and family because of the rough attitude that I had in life. I was invited back by my mother's pastor to preach a revival in this church. I asked permission to go back, and once I received permission, I went back to the church in my hometown. The first night I preached, I had a wonderful message. It was a simple message of Christ and what he had done for me.

The second night, I could not think of anything to say. I finally turned to the pastor, and I said, "Brother, what's wrong? I can't think of a thing to say."

He said, "All of these people here, Brother, are Spirit-filled Saints. Have you received the Holy Spirit since you first believed?"

I said, "I believe that I have the Holy Spirit."

He said, "Do you speak in other tongues?"

I replied, "No, I haven't so much as heard about speaking in other tongues."

He said, "Then how were you baptized?"

I said, "I have not been baptized yet."

He asked, "Would you like to be baptized?"

I said, "Yes."

So, this brother called another minister friend in Kansas City and said, "There's a man here that wants to be baptized in water and receive the infilling of the Holy Spirit."

They responded, "Well, bring him right on down."

When I stepped down in that water, the minister said the prescribed words over me, and baptized me. When I went under the water and came up, it just felt as if I could give a little jump and go right through the ceiling. The power of God came upon me; such a sweet spirit came upon me. I wept, and I stood in that water for quite some time. Then we went back home. I was told that I would receive the Holy Spirit.

I began to speak in tongues. When the power of God hit me, I began to talk and sing in the most beautiful language that I had ever heard, one that I had never learned. God filled me with His Holy Spirit right then and there. And from that hour on, I have had a great and wonderful testimony.

The Lord put me in my mother's upper room in her home for months. All I did was eat, sleep, pray, and study the Bible. The way God taught me from that time on was by His Spirit. He began to give me visions and revelations of His wonderful Word. He gave me visions and different experiences to establish me in His Spirit. When I came out of that upper room 14 months later, I was invited to preach, and I began to travel all over the world. It took almost a year for my body to completely heal, for the places where the tumors had been to knit and heal. I became completely whole. Before, my diaphragm was eaten away with cancer, my larynx was almost gone, and all the vital organs were deteriorating. But, after the first year, I was completely healed.

While I was still healing, my younger brother came up to my car. I still had cancerous growths on the ends of each of my fingers.

My younger brother, Bruce, came up to the car one Saturday evening and he said, "Okay, Godman, if you have a God, why doesn't He put fingernails on your fingers?" This was just a few weeks after I was converted and had received the Holy Spirit.

I said, "Well, by this time next week, I will have fingernails on my fingers."

The next Saturday night, he came to me in my car quickly and said, "Okay, Godman, let me see your hands." When I held my hands up for him, he gave me the most surprised look, fell over on the car fender and said, "Oh my God!" Then, I explained to him what the Lord had done. I looked at my fingers, and they were healed. I had complete whole fingernails again. During the week, I had forgotten all about what I said, but now, the scars are like baby skin. You can still see the pigment of the skin that is gone, and now it's all new skin on the ends of my fingers up to the first joint. God had, at some time during that week, restored my fingernails without my knowledge. I have had no more pain, I had no more heartache, and I have had no more trouble since the day that I received the infilling of the Holy Spirit.

Now, God has added 36 more years to my life. He has let me travel almost four million miles around the world, teaching about Jesus Christ and His WORD. God has brought me to the Jungles of Mexico, the slums of Chicago and Baltimore, Los Angeles, and wherever He has wanted me to go I have been willing to go. I have ministered to many wonderful young men and women, seen them saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, and receiving the good things of God.

I want to ask God's mighty blessing on everyone that reads this testimony. May God richly bless you, is my prayer, in Jesus' name.

*Brother Bob passed away in January of 1990 and was received by God the Father with open arms. This testimony was recorded in 1967.*