

ONE BREATH

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ONE BREATH

Introduction

After open heart surgery, I was inspired to write a partial autobiographical description of my encounter with God before, during, and after open-chest, open-heart surgery. It is my hope that my story will inspire you to look back over the times that you know for a fact that only God could have made a certain thing take place in your life. It is also my hope that as you look back that you will realize, perhaps for the first time, that God was working in your life even when you were not aware of it. Either way, can you say, “Thank you, God for directing my steps down the path of life when I knew it was You and when I did not know that it was You.” I encourage you to write your own autobiographical recollections and obvious encounters with God. You do not have to wait until a major problem occurs, go ahead and do it now.

GOD AND MAN

Adam (Made of Earth)

According to the Bible in Genesis, chapter one, God created man in His own image. He formed man out of the dust of the ground. Get the picture—there was a form lying on the ground that was shaped like what we know as a male human being. However, he was just lying there. He was not in heaven nor was he in hell. He was just a form on earth, made from dirt, and was to be called Adam. To be in the likeness of God, something had to be done to this form. So, God breathed into him the ONE BREATH, the BREATH OF LIFE and immediately the man became a living spirit, soul and body. The newly made living man was a spirit just as God is Spirit. True, the man was housed in a body, but the real man was his spirit. It should be noted at this point that the Holy Spirit is the breath of God and Jesus is the life of God. So, Father, Son and Holy Spirit participated in the making of Adam.

To be more specific, for Adam to be in the image of God, it was necessary for God to instantly place within the man several of His own attributes. God placed within Adam an intellect. God is all-knowing. He knows everything that has ever been, the current things and all future things involving eternity past, present and future. Adam, on the other hand, was given a mind that could be continuously developed as he experienced life. Man’s intellect would never come close to the intellect of God, but would be sufficient for him to

have an earthly life and it more abundantly. Since God is the source of absolute truth, He gave Adam the ability to determine truth and to be truthful. He also gave Adam the measure of faith and the ability to be faithful. These characteristics gave the man the ability to believe that there is One True God and that God has the ability to do everything that He has said He would do.

We often say, “God is good all the time and all the time God is good.” Without question, God truly is good in everything He does. This was definitely an attribute that He incorporated in the man He had just formed. It was, and still is, His will for His creatures to maintain a consistency regarding goodness. Closely associated with goodness is love. God does not just exhibit love, He is the personification of love. As you know the Bible declares: God is Love. Likewise, Adam was filled with a God-kind of love for God Himself and was given a kind of love which he could share with the other people who would associate with him at a later time. God gave him another kind of love, sexual love.

God gave His grace and mercy to Adam making him able to use these as he relates with other people, once they began to populate the earth. Long-suffering was added to the list as God would always display it as He dealt with Adam and others, yet to be. Likewise, God gave Adam the ability for self-control to use with others in the future.

One of the most outstanding characteristics that God has, if not the greatest, is His holiness. He made it possible for man to live above sin (righteous) and said that without holiness man would not be able to ever see Him fact-to-face. A life of holiness and righteousness would assure man that he would, in the future, be able to dwell continually in the presence of God. As you know, Adam was made to be righteous. Although God knew what would take place in Adam’s life, He made Adam to live above evil.

God had established His Word prior to forming Adam and He indicated that His Word would be the guide for Adam to follow. Regardless of whether God was daily walking with Adam or whether Adam was not directly in God’s presence, he was still to obey God’s Word. God declared that He would always be just in all of His dealings with man. Adam was to follow that pattern as he had children and other descendants.

There were probably other ways in which God made Adam in His image. Overall, it can be said that because of God, Adam was a perfect human being. He had a one-on-one relationship with the Heavenly Father and was able to

fellowship with God at a godly level. He was placed in a location where every need that he would ever have was already at his disposal. All of this had come about by that ONE BREATH—THE BREATH OF LIFE which the Holy Spirit had breathed Jesus into him. Our calling in life here on earth is to be as much like God as we possibly can. Just as with Adam, the Holy Spirit has been given to us to help us be an image of God. With His help, we can fulfill the will of God for our lives.

Perhaps, you are asking, “What does this have to do with my open-chest, open-heart surgery?” Well, the answer is on the way, but first, I need to tell you has God how manifested Himself in my everyday life. So, let us fast-forward several centuries.

GOD AND ME

(Marvin Edward Neill)

God has always been working to perform His will in my life. Sometimes, I was aware of it and other times I had no clue. It often took me days, weeks, or even years before I saw the hand of God in various situations that affected my life. Most likely, there are still some things that have happened and are still happening in my life that I have not associated with the hand of God, but it was and still is God, nevertheless. I’m sure if you have thought about your life up to this point, you know that God has been working to accomplish His will in your life, as well.

Now, I will attempt to share both the known times and the unknown times that God was orchestrating my life. Please understand in no way did God force His will on me. He always gave me freewill to accept or reject His leading. Please keep this in mind as I share a lot of information that may seemingly have nothing to do with the subject at hand, my point is that God was always with me. More specifically, all the information that I share are steppingstones that led toward my experience with God that I had a few nights after the heart surgery. I must say upfront, God has always helped me to get where I needed to be at the time I needed to be there.

It all began for me on January 17, 1942. I think my birth certificate says my official arrival was at 6:15 pm. My parents were Earnie Wendell Neill and Clara Estelle Darnell Neill. Both parents were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. They were members of the Wheel Shiloh Methodist Church. My

father, sister and I attended church every Sunday and my mother attended as often as her health would allow her. Unfortunately, that was not very often. Nevertheless, she lived her Christian life daily with her family. There are three inspirational memories of her walk with the Lord which helped to shape my life. First, she was asked to conduct a Wednesday night prayer service, assuming she felt like it. She literally spent days studying the Word to prepare for the service. A second memory is that she invited several people to our house for a time of fellowship and prayer. I probably was only about six at that time. I remember well that I was excited having that many people at our house. One of the things that I remember most is that there was a man whose name I thought was very funny. His name was Buford Rainwater. It seemed like he must have been the minister. I later learned that he was there as a minister. Oh, by the way, something else that I remember about this man was that someone accidentally sat on his hat and squished it. Another incident that I remember about my mother, she had our whole family to go to an Assembly of God Church, called Haskins' Chapel, for a revival service. I did not fully understand the service, but there was something that made an impression on me. We had kerosene lamps at home to light our house, so did this church. The difference between our lamps and the church lamps was that the church lamps were somehow hung on the wall. Even at my early age, I wondered why these lamps did not catch the walls on fire.

Since I am talking about my parents and the Christian influence that they had on my life, I remember another situation just as clearly as if it were yesterday. We were invited to my Uncle Fred and Aunt Rosie's house for a picnic. I was only four at that time. As Uncle Fred and I were walking to the barbecue pit to build a fire in it, he asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I can remember that without any hesitation, I replied that I wanted to be a preacher and a teacher. This, to me, shows that I had been taught the most important lesson that everyone should know—the importance of Jesus in one's life.

To share a little more along this line, I recall that our church had a week-long revival when I was eight years old. I know now that the presence of the Holy Spirit and His convicting power were working in the service. At eight years old, I only knew that there was something down inside of me that made me want to go forward when the altar call was given. So, I was waiting for that call and when it was given by the minister, I started to move out from my pew. Before I could get in the aisle, my first cousin, Kenneth, who was sitting beside me stepped out and went forward. Not wanting anyone to think that I went forward just because Kenneth went forward, I sat back down. That feeling

down inside stayed with me all the next day. When the altar call was made the following night, I rushed to the altar and was sprinkled with water to validate my acceptance of Jesus as my Savior. I began to recognize the calling even more that God had put on my life.

Now, I am going to back up and give you some more notes about what life was like when I was just a youngster. I'm going to start by letting you know that my mother was bedfast from the time that I was born, but that did not stop her from being a strict disciplinarian. Needless to say, I soon learned to walk the straight and narrow. I guess you can say that my Christian experience was predetermined by her bedside. Because of this, I learned to honor my parents, especially my mother. Seriously, I think my mother had deeper spiritual insight that she did not have the time or energy to teach me while she was alive. However, her prayers lived on and have been answered in and through me. As you know, God stores our prayers in heaven and answers them at just the right time.

I learned early how to cook and do laundry . I also learned how to clean the house. It never crossed my mind that I would really need to know how to do this before becoming an adult. God knew ahead of time that I would need to know how to work at an early age. As it turned out, my mother passed due to cancer when I was thirteen. To this day, I do not know why my mom requested Brother Dean Irvin, an Assembly of God minister, to conduct her funeral unless she had had an experience called the baptism of the Holy Spirit. (I will get the answer to my question when I get to heaven.) Brother Irvin was a distant relative through marriage and had lived at Wheel some years before. At the time of my mother's death, he lived somewhere in West Tennessee. He conducted the service at our Methodist Church. The death of my mother left my dad and me alone. Dad said that he would do all the farm work and I would do all the housework.

By this time, I was in the eighth grade. I was a good student and on one occasion, I received an award for having the highest average in social studies. The organization called Woodmen of the World presented me with a certificate. I was thankful, but when I tried to say, "Thanks for the honor." However, my knees knocked so badly that I shook all over. Shortly after that, it was time to register for high school. Of course, some classes were required, but there was time for an elective class. I chose speech class because I knew I needed to overcome my fear of speaking before a group, regardless of its size. Once actually in the class, I was given the choice of different kinds of speeches. I chose humorous readings since my voice was higher than I liked

and humorous readings allowed me to utilize my ability to change my voice to higher or lower sounds. My teacher backed me in doing these readings and she began to take me to different speech contests around the state. I managed to win some of the contests. I was then asked to give a reading at my high school for the whole student body. It just so happened that Fay was also a student in the same school. We did not know each other and never dreamed that we would a few years later become husband and wife. Obviously, God had a plan Fay and I would not even suspect until some years later.

By the time that I was ready to graduate high school, I had learned that mechanical engineering was the career that paid the highest salaries. I also learned that the best engineering college was Tennessee Tech in Cookeville. I applied and was accepted to begin the fall quarter in 1960. Wanting to help pay for my college education, I wanted to find a summer job between graduating from high school and starting college. I realized my best chances for a summer job would be spending that summer with my sister, her husband and daughter in Huntsville, Alabama. Sure enough, I got a job selling Collier Encyclopedias, or better said, attempting to sell encyclopedias door-to-door in all of the Alabama northern towns. It was soon obvious selling was not my best thing. However, the leader of the group with which I traveled realized that I was not the best salesman, but that I was an excellent teacher of how to present the sales pitch. So, that became my job. My high school speech class was coming in very handy. My travel expanded. I was taken to New Orleans for a few days and then on to Mobile, Alabama where I taught the sale pitch to new salesmen. One more time, God knew what I needed and it wasn't to be a salesman.

By the end of summer, I returned to Huntsville. My dad and his soon to-be wife came and got me and took me to Cookeville to start my college career. I was housed in a big dorm room with five other guys. I was not accustomed to being that close to other people. I wanted out of the dorm as soon as possible. But while in the dorm, I would go to the First Methodist Church in Cookeville on Sunday mornings and to the Wesley Foundation, which was very near the campus, on Sunday nights. It was there that I became close friends with a boy who lived in the dorm next door to my room. He liked gospel music as much as I do. So, on the first Friday night of each month, he and I would ride the bus to Nashville and attend the Wally Fowler All Night Gospel Singing at the Ryman Auditorium. We would return to campus early on Saturday morning. My friend and three other boys who had similar interests formed a quartet. Since the quartet needed a piano player, they asked me to play for them. Their singing and my piano playing were on about the same level, not the best

in the world. We mostly ministered at the Wesley Foundation. Once again God had a plan of which I was completely unaware.

Somehow, I learned that a couple rented rooms to college boys. Their house was just a few blocks from the campus, within easy walking distance. My dad agreed for me to make this move. He completely trusted my judgment to the degree that he gave me a blank check book so that I could purchase whatever I needed. I did not misuse his trust. This is another time that God had His hand on me.

The only room that was available was a bedroom in the main part of the Harris house. I accepted it, even though it meant sharing a bathroom next to their bedroom. Again, this closeness was not something that I necessarily liked, but it did bring about family-type relationship which the other boys who rented from them did not have. It was not long before I had access to the kitchen, invitations to relatives' homes, and even picking strawberries from a relative's farm in the spring of 1961. I had become a part of the Harris family. God definitely knows what is best for us even when we are not knowledgeable of His plan.

I continued playing the piano for the quartet. One day, Mrs. Harris told me she had a friend who attended the Cookeville Church of God. She was sure that her friend could arrange for the quartet to sing at that church. The arrangement was made. We were welcomed and received like we belonged there. Unlike any other service that I could ever remember being in, I found something speaking to my heart which was even different from the revival service back home when I was eight. There was an excitement in the congregation—they were saying praises to the Lord, raising their hands, and saying something I could not understand. Perhaps, it was curiosity, but I found myself wanting to know more about this kind of worship. So, I started attending the Sunday evening services at the Cookeville Church of God. It was not long before I was also attending the services on Sunday mornings. By this point I knew this was the church for me. God had more in store for me which would be revealed in the future.

When the spring quarter of 1961 was over, I headed home for the summer. The only new thing that made the trip home exciting was that dad had now married the wonderful lady named Florence whom I had met just before heading out to college. She was a loving and caring person and joined my dad in supporting my college career. Without question, it was a good summer as we got to know each other in our new family relationship. God was in it.

When fall 1961 came about, I returned to Cookeville for my second year at Tennessee Tech. Of course, I returned to the same household to find out that Mrs. Harris' parents had become disabled and had moved into the room in which I had lived. Since one of the former students had graduated, that opened up a room for me in the wing where the other boys lived. I still had access to the kitchen and was often sitting in the living room with Mr. and Mrs. Harris and her parents.

Of course, I returned to the Cookeville Church of God as my regular church. I became active in the youth group and found myself visiting other Churches of God. One in particular was pastored by the father of a friend whom I had met on campus. It was exciting to know that this friend and I believed in a like manner regarding our faith in the Lord. We both were in ROTC and had to wear our uniforms every Thursday to class. Since he lived a few miles from campus, he had to wear his uniform all day every Thursday. I, on the other hand lived only a few blocks from campus and could run back and change into my uniform just before ROTC class. I got merits for how great my uniform was and he got demerits for how wrinkled his uniform looked. But we became close friends anyway. God had created this friendship.

Back to the Cookeville Church of God, a new church building was under construction a couple of miles from where I lived. As often as possible, I would walk to the site and do anything there that I was capable of doing. We, of course, continued to meet in the old building. As usual, the services were great! Somewhere around the beginning of February 1962, it was announced that there would be revival services every night for the upcoming week—one week only. I planned my studies so that I would not have to study at night during the revival. I attended every service. The same type of fervent worship occurred for each service. By this time, I had learned about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but I was not certain this experience was for me. I just knew that I wanted it. When I returned to my room on Sunday night after the last revival service, I sat up in bed and said to God, "God, you know that I really want to be a gospel singer, but I will do what you want me to do. I want to receive the Holy Spirit baptism." God spoke to me in a loud voice. He said, "This is what you are to do. You are to call the pastor and tell him that you want to be filled with the Spirit. You are to tell him that you want to have a special service on Monday night with only the following people to be present who He named." I did as I was told. I called the pastor who told me that he already had an appointment for Monday night, but would be glad for us to meet on Tuesday night. I agreed that would be fine. Tuesday night came and the designated people met at the church as planned. The pastor

invited us to kneel around the altar and for them to lay hands on me as we prayed. Nothing happened. I became tired of kneeling, so I decided to sit flat on the floor. As I tried to get in a more comfortable position, I could not stop in a sitting position. Instead, I went flat on my back on the floor and began to speak in a language that I had never learned. I had just received the baptism of the Holy Spirit on February 20, 1962. If you check your history sources, that was the exact date that John Glenn went into outer space. My experience took me higher than he had gone. I sat in heavenly places with God the Father, God the Son, and had the Holy Spirit right there where I was. Shortly after this, I sensed my calling not as a gospel singer, but as a teaching minister. I began to work on sermons just to quickly learn that I needed a lot more Biblical information than what I had. After several weeks of study, I was invited to preach one Sunday at the Carthage Church of God. I rode the bus there and then back to Cookeville.

Finally, the new church was completed in April of 1962. It had a baptistry and, remember, I had never been baptized. So, for the first service in the new building, I was the first to be baptized in the baptistry. My dad, Florence, my step-mother, and my Aunt Lucille came to the service. They all approved of the new experience that I was having with the Lord.

GOD AND OUR MARRIAGE

(Fay and Me)

A few weeks passed and it was then time for me to go home for the 1962 summer. Now, just in case you have not been able to see the hand of God orchestrating the direction of my life, well, just hang on. God really proved that He wanted to direct my life and also Fay Sanders' life, as well. God wanted us to have a marriage that was made in heaven. It had all started several years earlier. My sister, Mildred, was ten years older than me. Her best friend in high school was Polly Prosser who spent the night at our house quite often. Polly, jokingly, said that she was going to wait on me to grow up and then marry me. That, of course, did not happen. Instead, she later married Fay's oldest brother. Being Polly, she told Fay about me and that I would make her a good husband, however, we both would have to change churches since I was Methodist and Fay was Church of God. Polly suggested that we should marry and then become Baptist.

That's not all. Some years later after Fay had graduated from high school, she became the administrative assistance for the Bedford County Farm Bureau. My dad, a member of the Farm Bureau, just happened to go into the office one day. He said something to Fay that was very unlike him. He said, "What's a pretty girl like you doing not married?" Having been asked this before, she responded with some words that were unlike her. She replied, "Nobody will have me." My daddy then said, "I have a son that would make you a good husband."

Brother Harry Whittington, a Church of God evangelist, conducted services each year at the Shelbyville Church of God. Upon his visit there in 1961, he had told Fay that he was going to pray for her to meet her future husband before he returned the next year—and she did, me! This is how she met me. The parents of my stepmother lived next door to the pastor of the Shelbyville Church of God which just happened to be the church that Fay's family attended. In talking with the pastor, Florence's father happened to mention that I was coming home for the summer and had become a Church of God preacher while at Tennessee Tech. He asked Bro. Pharr if I could preach a sermon at his church. Bro. Pharr waited until I arrived home and then sent word that he would like for me to preach one Sunday soon. I agreed and at the appointed time, I went there and delivered the message that I believe God had given me. I was well received. Years later, Fay told me that Brother Pharr shook her hand at the back door after the service and said, "I invited him for you. The rest is up to you." Fay, in a state of shock, rushed on to the car ahead of the rest of her family. One exception, Granny Jordan, an elderly lady that the Sanders' family had adopted as their grandmother, was already in the car. She said to Fay, "If you don't set your cap for him, I'm going to set mine."

Fay's parent really reached out to me, inviting me to their house for meals and fellowship. Fay's dad shared with me a lot of information about the Bible and the Church of God. Fay's mother and sister would have me play the piano and we would sing for a long time. Fay would go to bed.

The Sanders' family and I spent a lot of time together that summer, going to camp meeting, revivals, the General Assembly in Memphis and with some Alabama friends for the 4th of July. I finally invited Fay to go with me to an ice cream supper in the Wheel, Bedford, and Thompson Shop Community Park. This date was the beginning of a relationship that would progress rapidly.

Summer ended. It was time for me to return to school. Rather than going back to Tennessee Tech, I had followed up on wanting to know more about the Bible, so I transferred from Tech to Lee College, a Church of God school. Since engineering courses had nothing to do with the Bible, I had to start my college career all over with the exception of English classes. Fay and I had agreed to stay in touch with each other by writing letters. This turned out to be a daily thing for us. We, also, agreed to read the same Scripture and pray each day at the same time. My proposal to her was in a letter that I wrote to her. Her response was also in a letter to me. Both sets of parents realized this was a God-thing and that Fay and I should get married during my Christmas break. We, however, chose not to go that fast, so we set a summer date for the wedding. A lot of our letters were about the wedding, including information about Fay's dress. She sent me the pattern number so I could go to a fabric store and get an idea as to what her dress would be like. Incidentally, Polly actually made the dress for her. During the school year, Fay and her sister, Betty Sue, would come to Lee for all special occasions. I would go home as often as I could, and the Sanders' family would always take me back to Lee. I remember on one occasion there was snow on Monteagle Mountain—scary, but we made it, and they made it safely back to their home. When we were together, wedding plans were our main topic of discussions.

The 1963 summer came and our wedding date of June 15 arrived. The wedding and everything about it went perfectly. God had come through in every way. He had Florence, my stepmother to give us her car so we could go on our honeymoon. For more information about the wedding, you need to ask Fay. She can tell you better than I can.

God was not finished. As you may have realized, I had no job and, thus, no income. Fay's income was not very much, but we joined our faith and God gave us favor through a couple who rented us two rooms for two months, knowing that we would be moving to Cleveland when the fall session of school would begin. They even built a closet in one of the rooms. Soon, the two months were up, and it was time to make the move. We had very little furniture, but no way even to move it to Cleveland. It just happened that the son of the couple we had rented from was going to Cleveland in his truck. This happened a couple of days before Fay completed her work at the Bedford County Farm Bureau. So, what did he do with our furniture in Cleveland for those two days? Again, it just so happened that he made connection with someone connected with the college and together they stored our furniture in a vacant house owned by Lee. The vacant house was directly across the street

from the apartment that we had rented. I'm certain that all of this did not just happen, but it was God directing every step.

Let me tell you more. Farm Bureau does not have a transfer policy from one county to another. So, how were we to live in Cleveland without an income? We weren't. God saw to it that an opening came at the Bradley County Farm Bureau at the very time we moved to Cleveland and Fay had already been assured that she was to fill the position. Without losing even one day of work, Fay immediately started her job in her new office. There's more. Fay and I went to the North Cleveland Church of God the first Sunday night that we were there. We just happened to sit in front of our landlord, Sister Pettyjohn, and a lady, Sister Phillips, who worked at the Church of God Headquarter's bookstore with Sister Pettyjohn, who happened to be the manager of the store. During the service, the pastor asked everyone to turn around and kneel at their pews for a time of prayer. Fay and I did exactly that, but the two ladies continued to sit in their pew and discuss their need for a janitor in the store. They had promised the job to a Lee student named Steve. They were not sure he was going to accept the job. I could not help but overhear what was being said, so I got up, turned to the ladies and I said, "If the person does not show up for the job, I am very interested. Again, as you know, it did not just happen that the other student failed to accept the job. God saw to it that I was hired as the janitor for the bookstore. I worked before and after my classes at Lee. It was not long before I was asked to stock the shelves, soon followed by waiting on customers, and then followed by making window displays. One day Sister Pettyjohn asked me to open and close the store while she and Sister Phillips went to the General Assembly. I agreed but told her that Fay and I were going to see our families in Bedford County the following week. She understood or so I thought. When the next week came, Fay and I headed out on our trip for a few days. Upon returning to Cleveland and reporting to the bookstore, I was called into the main boss' office. I was fired right there on the spot because the store had remained closed for three days while Fay and I were away. I, of course, told him that I had shared with Sister Pettyjohn that Fay and I were going to see our families. He called her into his office and asked her if she had been told about our trip. She said, "I completely forgot or I would not have extended my trip for three days. For some reason, I just expected Marvin to be here to keep the store open." Well, God showed up again. I was fired and rehired on the same day. My work continued with the bookstore, but soon it was extended to include working in a store in Chattanooga and shortly after to help setup a store in Atlanta. Upon my graduation from Lee, I planned to pastor a small church in

Rockwood, Tennessee. However, I was offered the position of manager for a bookstore in Cincinnati. That's our God, but the calling on my life was that of being a pastor. I chose Rockwood Church of God.

Fay and I had hoped to start a family after about two years of marriage. It did not work out that way. After three miscarriages, we wondered if we would ever have children. Of course, we prayed that God would give us a baby. If that should happen, we would need a bigger place to live. Fay shared this information with Margaret Armer, a lady Fay had become friends with and who worked in a dentist office next door to the Bradley County Farm Bureau Office where Fay worked. Fay let her know that Sister Pettyjohn's apartment had been a blessing from God, but a bigger place would be great even if we were not able to get pregnant. We found an affordable, new house for rent in a community just outside of Cleveland, called Charleston. But remember, we had very little furniture. One more time, God supplied the need, this time through Mrs. Armer. She volunteered to let us use furniture that she had in storage. It was just the right amount for the rental house. So, we moved into the house and it was not long before Eddie was on the way. Fay continued to work for Farm Bureau and we would go to Rockwood (70 miles away) on Wednesday evenings for prayer meeting and spend the night in a parsonage that was in great need of repair. We would return to Cleveland early on Thursday mornings. We returned to Rockwood on Friday evenings and ministered there on Sundays, returning to Cleveland on Monday mornings. Making these trips to and from Rockwood was hard on our car. On one of our trips, the motor of our car literally fell out on the highway. We managed to get the car towed back to Cleveland where a mechanic arranged for us to get a good used car with no down payment. We were told to pay whenever and as we could. Talking about God, He really showed up that day.

One of the church members helped me fix up the horrible parsonage to where it was livable. The months passed and time for Eddie drew closer. The day that Eddie was born, Fay worked at the Farm Bureau office that morning. It was Wednesday so we went to Rockwood for prayer meeting. We got there early and decided to gather beans from the little garden that we had planted in the back yard next to the railroad tracks which is another story for another time. But then it happened, Fay said, "We must get to Chattanooga as soon as we can. Arriving at the hospital, Fay no longer felt the need to be there. We went to a big variety store there in Chattanooga and walked and walked for a long time. I decided rather than heading home to Charleston, we should go and sit in the parking lot at the hospital, surely at some point the labor pains would become stronger. They didn't. Finally, we decided it was best to go on

to the house in Charleston which we did. Shortly after going to bed, Fay's water broke. Scared out of my wits, I rushed to get everything to the car, including Fay whose glasses I knocked off in the process. Our dog wanted to go with us and jumped into the car. After I got her out of the car, we started on our 30 miles trek back to Chattanooga. The hardest rain that I have ever seen was pouring down, making driving almost impossible, but with God's help we made it safe and sound. Eddie was born a short time later at the hospital on July 6, 1967 and declared by the doctor to be a miracle baby. He was given a perfect bill of health at that time. We would soon learn differently.

Fay now resigned her job at Farm Bureau. We moved fulltime to Rockwood, but Fay was asked to bring Eddie with her and work for about two more weeks at the Farm Bureau office in Cleveland, which she did. Overall, Rockwood was a good place to live. The community received us with open arms. To show you how God took care of us since our church was so small and gave us no salary, I received an inheritance from my grandmother's estate. With it, we were able to pay off the total debt of the church. Even more important, at least in our way of thinking, we received a letter from the Cleveland car dealer from which had gotten our car. The letter said that since several months had passed with no communication, we needed to talk. I followed up that day by going to Cleveland and paying the car note in full. Another financial blessing came when the pastor of the Rockwood Church of God of Prophecy and his wife became close friends with us. To tell you how awesome our friendship was, when they were trading cars, they took off new tires from their trade-in and gave them to us since our car's tires needed replacing. This was God at work.

On Eddie's first birthday, we moved from Rockwood back to Shelbyville. LeNaye was now on her way to being a part of our family. Our intentions were to attend the Shelbyville Church of God on a regular basis. Those plans changed in less than two weeks as I was asked to pastor Whitaker Church of God. Whitaker is on a country road and very near to the Wheel Community where I had grown up. I knew most of the congregation and Fay knew the ones that I did not know. We pastored there for four years. While pastoring there, I also became principal at Wheel Elementary School. It just so happens that this was the elementary school I attended as a youngster. Three of the teachers who had taught me were still there. Without question, I was given the support that I needed as a first-time principal. What really shows the hand of God in this situation was the fact that I went from being a school bus driver to being the principal of a school.

As Eddie grew older, we realized that we would need a special education program for him. Bedford County had no suitable program. We went to Huntsville, Alabama and found a program there we thought would be appropriate for him. Our next step was to find a house to buy. We did and put down an easement on it. That, of course, would require us to sell the house that we had in Shelbyville. Things made a quick change. God spoke to me and told me that we should go to Nashville and find a program for Eddie there. So, we left Huntsville and went through Lewisburg strait to Nashville. We immediately found a much better program and a house in Nashville. We called Huntsville and told the realtor what we were doing. To our surprise, he refunded the money we had paid. This was definitely a God thing. We moved to Nashville, but I continued my job in Shelbyville until I was hired at Goodlettsville High School (Grades 7-12). In 1986 a new high school opened leaving Goodlettsville to be a middle school.). I remained for a total of 29 years.

I'll go ahead and tell you how God helped me complete my work in the educational field. During my time at Goodlettsville, I earned my doctorate in educational administration and worked as an adjunct professor at Tennessee State University for five years in addition to the work at Goodlettsville. I worked two years at a special school called Renaissance and then I retired from McGavock High School after three years there. Here is another time that God came through in a big way. He saw to it that my pension from the school system, my social security and my pay from our ministry together was more than I would have been paid if I had kept the job at McGavock.

Let me now tell you more about the ministry. God showed Himself faithful in guiding Fay and me regarding where and how we were supposed to minister. Once we were in Nashville, we attended the Meridian Street Church of God. I soon became the youth minister there. After some time there, a new building was built and it became Broadmoor Church of God. A new pastor was hired. He asked Fay and me to start a new work in Springfield, Tennessee. We agreed, but soon found out that we were not going to be successful there. In the meantime, I was approached by a man who was very successful in the Amway Business. He shared the Amway plan with us and we shared our home as a house church for his family. Prior to moving to Tennessee, he and his family had attended an Assembly of God Church in North Carolina. Soon, another couple joined the services, followed yet by a few more people. As we taught the Word of God to these people, Fay and I began to sense that we

were being called into the Assemblies of God. After checking with the Tennessee District Superintendent of the Assemblies of God, we were referred to Calvary Assembly of God where we were welcomed, and we soon began to work in various positions. Shortly thereafter, I was ordained by the Assemblies of God. It was while working at Calvary that I learned how to really appreciate and respect the call that God had placed on our ministry. After some time there, we moved to Belmont Assembly and began working with the pastor there. He taught me how to enjoy and even have fun as I ministered. Several months later, the pastor asked me if I would fill in as pastor at a nondenominational church that had always used Assembly of God ministers until they could get a fulltime pastor. After four years at this church, we started attending a mega church when we were not having service. God opened the way for us to unite with this church and we were there for ten years. During that time, Fay and I became the directors of the Adult Bible School with a large group of students who were eager to learn more about the Bible. Then one day, we received word that Bethel, the nondenominational church was in need of a pastor again. Twenty-five years later, we started our own church called Revelation of the Word Church which is a interdenominational church. God has made it possible for us to have a weekly TV program, our own ROKU channel, a great web site and apps for both Apple and Android iPhones. Currently, we are using Go-To-Meeting technology to reach out to listeners from Michigan to Florida, as well as locally. Although our church is nondenominational, we are ordained with the Assemblies of God.

GOD AND OUR FAMILY'S HEALTH

(The Neills)

God has moved in my family's life through every phase imaginable—our finances including another miracle regarding a car situation , our housing, our secular work and our ministry. Probably, the most obvious involvement is in the area of health. So, I am finally almost down to talking about open heart surgery and what God did for me. But first, I want you to get from this portion of my story/testimony is that even though we have gone through some very touchy situations, sometimes even close to death, God has brought us through them and has restored our health. Before we dive into the specifics, let me give you some of the facts regarding our family's health that we have

experienced in the past and our current status. I'll start with Eddie. Eddie stopped breathing when he was just a baby. Fay and I prayed and he started breathing again, but we took him on to the hospital to be checked out. About that same time, Eddie was diagnosed as having special needs. When he was about six years old, God gave us a word of knowledge and said that someday Eddie would be completely well and would minister effectively in ways which We have never dreamed. Although he is not totally healed, he is well on his way. He definitely ministers in a loving way that touches the hearts of those who get to know him. Another time, Eddie was at Vanderbilt for observation as to why he was sick at his stomach. While doing some tests on him, he stopped breathing. Again, Fay and I were at his side. I was praying loudly and Fay was singing in Eddie's ear, "Jesus loves Eddie." The doctor yelled "yes" in agreement with my prayer every little bit. He soon started breathing again. Fay asked Eddie a few days later if he was scared while all this was going on. His reply was: "No, that room was full of angels." As it turned out, he needed his gall bladder removed. He is now a blessing in many ways thanks to the BREATH OF LIFE.

LeNaye, as a youngster, had a severe underbite. Surgery for this was required when she was a teenager. Bone was removed from her hip and was used to construct the needed shaping of her mouth. God brought her through this without lasting consequences. Another time she was in Donelson Hospital and her muscles began to move uncontrollably. Her arms and legs were in a constant state of motion. The more medicine she was given to stop this movement—the worse she got. She was highly allergic to all the medicines. Fay and I saw what was happening and worked it out for her to be transferred to Vanderbilt Intensive Care. After a few days there, she was sent home to die because her heart would soon wear out with this constant movement of her arms and legs. With much prayer, she was healed. Then there was the time that she had arsenic in her system. It goes without saying, she was close to death. The Amway couple came to the hospital to see her. When they left her room, the man told us that there was an angel standing at the head of her bed watching over her. Once again, she was healed. Through all of this, she was able to continue her ministry of teaching children with special needs up to the time of her retirement which within itself was a miracle. As of right now, she has just conquered breast cancer through surgery. She is still allergic to most medicines, but God is helping her on a daily basis. Every day she is doing what most grandmothers love to do taking care of her grandchildren. This is the BREATH OF LIFE at work again.

Considering our ages, Fay and I are healthy and younger looking than what we actually are. However, there have been several uncertain times for each of us. We will start with Fay's list: sjogren syndrome, chronic sinusitis; hypertension, orthostatic hypotension, breast cancer, shingles, herpes (left eye,) herpes lips, bladder infections, hypothyroidism, vertigo, arthritis, stage 3 kidney failure, migraines, reflux, tias. & amaurosis fugax (left eye), chronic anemia, torn rotator cuff high cholesterol & high triglycerides, hemifacial spasms & a severe stroke in 2008. She was unable to say LeNaye's name. After three people prayed the same prayer for her, each not knowing the other two, she recovered completely. The most recent medical need arose when she went to a neurologist a few months back. He discovered that she had a brain bleed which has no cure. Again, after a few weeks, she went back to the same doctor. He said that he had no explanation for what the current situation was. The brain bleed had completely disappeared. We know that it was God who had taken care of Fay.

Over the years, Fay has had many surgeries. They include: a hysterectomy, rectal repair, bladder repair (twice), feet repair, bi-lateral mastectomy & implants & replacements, radial keratotomy (both eyes), lens implant (both eyes), sinus and deviated septum repair, tmj correction (rt. side), photo keratotomy (both eyes, twice in left eye), cauterization of tear ducts (both eyes), gall bladder, yag laser (rt. eye), collagen implant in bladder, external fixator-rt. wrist, shape bone –rt. wrist; & macular puckering in left eye, bladder stimulation implant, and bi-lateral breast implants & augmentation which are currently needing to be removed requiring, yet, another surgery which is scheduled for the near future. She successfully wears contacts lenses which according to her eye doctor is amazing for a person of her age. She also has had treatments for hemifacial spasms. Without question, only God could have help Fay to go through all of these things and overcome them with good health. But, with God's healing power through the stripes of Jesus and the BREATH OF LIFE, Fay is more than a conqueror.

Like Fay, I, too, have had some serious medical conditions that have affected my health. Included in the list are hip bursitis, kidney disease (stage 3) and radiation for prostate cancer. Also, like Fay, I have had several surgeries. They include: tonsillectomy, oral surgery several times, polyps removed from colon, plate implant in my right arm, inf vena cav filter in chest to "catch" clots, bilateral knee replacement which made it necessary for me to learn to walk again. Blood transfusions were also required after this surgery, perc

placement ivc for hernia repair (left side), hernia repair (right side), esophagogastroduodenoscopy, cataract surgery both eyes, cardiac catheterization for stents twice, blood clots in both legs, and a large blood clot on my left knee. Until recently, this large clot was the most dangerous surgery that I have had. The doctor told Fay, as I was being taken from my hospital room to surgery, that the odds of my returning alive were very slim. But God came through. Obviously, I made it. The recent heart surgery was the most dangerous surgery that I have had. It was an open chest, open heart surgery. A valve in my heart was replaced with a cow valve, 2 bi-passes, veins removed from my legs to use for the bi-passes, treatment for A-Fib, and my heart shocked twice since surgery.

Here is how it all came about. A few years back at two different times, I went to my cardiologist because I was having trouble breathing. As a result, both times I had to have stents put in and then enroll in physical therapy at Skyline Hospital. The summer of 2022 was extremely hot, especially, in our garage where I felt it necessary to clear the garage of all the “junk” that was there. As I worked, I would get to the point of having great difficulty breathing. I would get inside the house just as I was about to black out. Fay, of course, would pray for me and wash my face with a wet bath cloth. After a while I would get my breath back to normal. Being me, I would go right back to the garage and the same thing would happen again.

On July 12, 2022, Fay and I went to our primary care physician for a routine visit. I mentioned the breathing problem and how I would almost black out. He listened to my lungs and to my heart. Then he reminded me that he had found two years earlier that my blood that was supposed to be pumped out of my heart into my body was actually flowing backward. He then added that from the sound of my heart, this back flow had increased. His recommendation was that I see my cardiologist immediately. When I got home, I called for an appointment with my cardiologist. The earliest that he could see me was August 26. An EKG was ordered for the morning of the 26th and I would meet with the cardiologist that afternoon. He told me that he could not tell from the EKG that the problem had increased, but that he felt in his gut that probably it had. His next statement was that he would contact a heart specialist, who according to him, was the best in the world. I was to return on September 9 to learn what the specialist had suggested.

It was not until October 12, that an appointment was set up for me to meet the specialist. Fay and I met with the specialist on that date. He explained that I definitely was in need of being checked out more to determine the severity of my situation. He explained that should a heart valve need replacing, there were two types of surgery that could be done. Going through the groin was one method. An artificial valve would be placed on top of the heart's original valve. Recovery would require only a few days. The second type of valve replacement would require the chest being opened, the old valve removed and a pig or cow valve would be inserted into the heart. Recovery would take from eight to twelve weeks. Based on the information that he had gotten from my cardiologist, the second method is what I most likely would need. He then ordered several types of tests that were to be done over the next few days. He also referred me to talk with the surgeon who would perform the surgery if the second method was what the tests showed I would need. Fay and I met with the surgeon that same day who also stated that most likely I would need the open chest method of surgery, but the tests would reveal more details.

On October 31, I was scheduled for an MRI which would be the most reliable of all of the tests regarding the surgery. It showed that 40% of the blood that the heart pumped out into my body was actually flowing back into my heart, causing stress on my heart and causing it to be misshaped. Now there was no question about which type of surgery, I would have to have. This would be the only hope by which my life could be extended, and that without any guarantees.

To help the surgeon know the best way to approach the situation, an out-patient heart catheterization was scheduled for Tuesday, November 15. On that date, we arrived at the hospital at 5:30 A.M. After getting checked in, I was taken to a preparation area where an IV was started, along with other preparations. Then a move was made by gurney from the prep room to the operation room. I think I was still very much awake when I saw the operating table which appeared to be over 20 feet long. I commented to the nurses that they must operate on very tall people there. They replied that they had to set a lot of supplies on the table with the patient so everything could be instantly ready to hand to the doctor. They told me this as they covered me with very warm blankets and as they tied down my right arm. I recall someone saying, "Here comes the doctor." I remember nothing else after that until I woke up in a hospital room. It was there that I learned an incision had been made

slightly above my right wrist and a camera had been inserted for the doctor to see the inside of one side of my heart. A second incision had been made on my right arm just below my shoulder. With a camera inserted here the doctor was able to see inside the other side of my heart. (For more information on this procedure, check out November 15th in the INDEX). I was then told why I was in a hospital room rather than on my way home. I had been admitted to the hospital to get me ready for open-chest, open-heart surgery on Thursday, November 17. Fay later shared with me that the doctor found my heart to be in a very serious condition to the degree that I probably would not make it home alive if I left the hospital. Even with immediate surgery, there would be no guarantee that my life would be extended.

That Tuesday evening and night, plus all day on Wednesday my mind raced through what it may be like to have such a surgery. Would it really add more years to my life? What if it didn't? What would Fay and Eddie do? Then I would remember that God had already given me the message for Christmas and a little of the message for 2023. If I was not going to live through the surgery, God would not have given me these messages in October. How do I pray about this? I remember saying, "Lord, the outcome is strictly in Your hands. I am totally helpless in this situation. I, also, am very lonely here in this room. Will I be able to sleep tonight?"

It was not too long before a nurse told me that I would have no supper and I would have to shower with a special soap at 10 P.M. and she would have to put clean sheets on my bed. There was to be no way for anything unclean to touch me before I went into the operating room on Thursday morning. So, when it came time to shower, I got ready for it, just to find that there was not hot water. The water was ice cold. I got redressed and pressed the button for the nurse to come. I explained that I could not shower in cold water. She left to check on the showers in other rooms. Unfortunately, there were no vacant rooms. Maintenance would have to come and fix my shower. This took place about 2 A.M. I then had to get up and shower at 4 A.M. I stayed awake after that and prayed most of the time. As you guessed, there definitely was nothing for breakfast since the surgery was to be early.

Fay, LeNaye and Eddie got to the hospital early on Thursday morning. I think Patty may have also been there. Only one person was allowed to be with me as I was taken to a little room to meet with the anesthesiologist. Most of

that time Fay was there praying and assuring me that everything was going to be fine. God was going to see to that.

The last thing I remember was the entrance of the anesthesiologist into the small room and a few instructions that he gave his staff. I later learned that an IV had been placed in my neck in order to get faster results from the medication. (For information on the procedure for the surgery, see November 17th in the INDEX). My next remembrance was someone, the doctor I think, saying, “Your surgery is over.” I remember jumping really big because his loud voice was right in my ear. Remember the surgery was on Thursday, but I do not remember anything else until Saturday morning. I woke up in what I determined to be a storage room. It was filled with various kinds of equipment all around me. (I later realized that it was equipment that I might need to keep me alive. Thank the Lord, none of it had to be used on me.) I was moved to a chair where I think I sat for most of that day. I think I was aware of all the different people who came often to check on me—not positive. I found out that I was in intensive care and stayed there, I think, for three days, after which I was moved to critical care. Again, I’m not certain about any of what I telling you. I think I was really aware of what was happening at any given moment and then soon forgetting what had taken place.

It was during this time that my heart got out of rhythm, and it had to be shocked back into rhythm. Also, I found it very difficult to eat and sleep. My emotions ran high causing anxiety and depression. I dreaded to know that nighttime was approaching. On Tuesday night, November 22, I was having a very difficult time with depression. It was too late to call Fay for prayer. I prayed. I felt if someone could just sit and talk with me for a while, I would be able to get control of myself. Unfortunately for me, all of the staff members were extremely busy this particular night and could not sit down for a minute. Sleep was nowhere to be found. Then I ceased to exist, at least in my consciousness. To me, the best way that I can explain what happened is that I must have become like Adam before he received the BREATH OF LIFE—just a clump of clay. Too many days had passed for me to still be under the influence of the anesthesia and I did not die. If that had happened, I would have gone to heaven. I definitely would have been aware of that. Apparently, I was just lying in my room and totally unaware of anything.

The next thing of which I was aware was that just as fast I had gone into oblivion, my eyes opened to a room filled with a brightness that I had never experienced. Yes, the sun shined through my window, but the brightness in my room was many times brighter than the sun. I believe it to be the glory of God. I believe that I had received a fresh anointing of the BREATH OF LIFE. As in Adam's case, he was instantly made alive spirit, soul and body for the first time. My experience was different. As you know, I had been alive many years prior to this special anointing, but this was a renewal of what God had already done previously. God's attributes were given to Adam for the first time. For me, I believe God was adding power and authority to what I already had received from Him. Adam was given a mind that could be continuously developed as he experienced life. God emphasized to me that I have many things yet to learn about Him and as I study His Word, more and more would be revealed to me. He gave Adam the ability to determine truth and truthfulness. God knew that in time Adam would need to know the truth and to have the ability to personally speak the truth. With the many false religions in the world today, God wants me to personally know more of the truth of His Word and to teach it to a lost world. Adam was given faith to believe in God and to dedicate his life to God. For me, God's Word tells me the importance of faith and how to build up more faith. Adam was made to be good as God is good. I, too, am to always show forth the greater goodness of God in my contact with the people around me. Closely associated with goodness is love. God does not just show love, He is the personification of love. Adam was given the ability to love God and to love other people as they began to populate the earth. This love was first to be exhibited to Eve, his wife. God's Word has taught me to love everybody—spouse, family, and even those who would do me wrong. My responsibility is to make certain that I do not allow any prejudices to enter my heart and mind which could keep me from being an effective witness to an unsaved person. The ability to show grace and mercy was given to Adam. God had shown grace and mercy to me from the time that I accepted Jesus as my Savior. His new anointing on me is to extend grace and mercy whenever I am dealing with others. Just as God is longsuffering, He gave Adam the ability to be patient with others. God expects me to demonstrate patience in every situation, including and probably more so with Him. Rather than wanting my prayers answered yesterday, I am to patiently wait on His timing. Self-control is another attribute that God gave to Adam. Self-control in dealing with others is definitely required of me.

God's plan for Adam and all mankind was to experience eternal life in the presence of God. Through Jesus Christ, I have been granted eternal life and I am commanded to share it with others, more than I ever have before. To be holy as God is holy was an attribute given to Adam. God's holiness is a part of my life and I am to let others know that without holiness, no one will see God.

My life is to demonstrate that it is possible to live above sin. Everything that I have shared about Adam was given to him before there was any sin in the world. God's Plan of Salvation was ordained before Adam was formed. Jesus, was and is, the sacrificial Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. That is why God and Adam could fellowship daily. All of this had come about by that ONE BREATH—THE BREATH OF LIFE which the Holy Spirit had breathed into him. Adam was a perfect individual until sin entered the picture. That is not the case for me. Sin surrounds every one of us and we all have been sinners. What I am saying to you is that BREATH OF LIFE came anew to me, anointing me and refilling me with the Holy Spirit. Now I am to apply all of the work of Jesus with this new ONE BREATH OF LIFE within me to all of the world.

Am I saying that with this new experience that God has placed me in a Garden of Eden and the God will walk with me in the cool of the evening? The answer is: No. I am not perfect. I am still in the world today and I still experience trials and tribulations. This fact will be brought out clearly as I continue my story.

When different doctors made their daily morning visits, I found they were from different departments of the hospital. They all assured me that the kind of surgery that I had affected every aspect of my being—not just physically. They said the anxiety and depression were to be expected and would continue for some time in the future. Sure enough, I continued to have a loss of appetite and experienced sleeplessness. To attempt to go to sleep, I would watch TV, sometimes all night long, watching programs that I did not even like. It was only through the prayers that were being prayed for me that I was able to hold on.

Finally, after a few days, my leaving the hospital was mentioned. The surgeon wanted me to go to a rehab center for a month. I wanted to go home to be with my family for Thanksgiving. So, I was dismissed on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. Joe Haney transported me home.

It was great being with family, but I still had some tough times, especially at mealtime and nighttime. It seemed that I would be having an “alright” kind of day and then all of a sudden anxiety would hit me. I prayed. Fay prayed. I played Christian music. This would bring a temporary peace, but then it would start all over. LeNaye taught me how to breathe slowly and deeply which also helped some. She, also, would massage my arms which, according to her, helped her preschool students when they got upset. To some degree, it helped me. I would sleep for a couple of hours, but then I would be awake the remainder of the night. I tried watching ministers on TV. This kept up until Sunday night, November 27. About 7 PM, I knew something had to be done. My heart rate was going wild, 100 beats per minutes down to 16 beats per minutes. I grew extremely weak and according to family, I turned very pale. I requested that 911 be called. It was not long until I was on my way by ambulance back to Centennial Hospital where the surgery had occurred. I spent the night in the emergency room. I was given some kind of medicine which gave me the best night’s sleep that I had recently experienced. On Monday morning, I was transferred to a hospital room on the same floor that I had previously been on. Soon, I was on my way to having my heart shocked back into rhythm for the second time since surgery.

On Tuesday, November 29, I had a Barium Test done because I had a history of my esophagus shrinking, causing me to get choked often. However, this had not happened while I was in the hospital. Instead, I had some difficulty swallowing. This was the reason for the horrible test. An appointment was set up for me to return to Centennial Medical Center for more tests after I had recovered from the heart surgery.

On November 30, I returned home. This time was so much better than before. Sure, there were sometimes that I had some difficulties, especially as night approached, but most of the time I found myself able to do most of the things that I had done prior to the surgery. In fact, every day I am getting stronger. To show you how God has been active in my recovery, I went back to the surgeon on December 14 for a routine check. With only two weeks from the time that I left the hospital, the surgeon dismissed me. He said that my regular cardiologist could keep a check on me if needed. I made an appointment with my cardiologist for a few days later. His comment was, “You look like a million dollars, and it probably cost that much. I am not to

return to the cardiologist for three months. It is to God be the praise and glory for my quick recovery.

CONCLUSION

As I stated in the Introduction, it is my prayer that you will take the time to write your story of how God has been active in your life, both at times you were aware of it and also the times you were unaware of it while it was happening. For me, I have had God working in my life, all of my life. His ONE BREATH has been breathed on me throughout my life. It was during this last time that He breathed on me that I realized His presence more than ever before. I now have a sense of a greater spiritual empowerment due to this hospital experience. I believe that I am in the process of becoming physically stronger than most men my age. Emotionally, I have learned and am continuing to learn to call upon the Lord when I begin to feel any kind of anxiety or depression attempting to come upon me. The most important result of this event is how it affected me spiritually. Even though I have been saved most of my life and filled with the Holy Spirit since being a teenager, I now have a much stronger and deeper knowledge of the importance of being filled and refilled with the power of the Holy Ghost. I realize He is with me to accompany me through both the good times and also the bad times. By praying in the Spirit, more than I did before this experience, I get answers to my prayers much quicker. In fact, my ministry has become much more powerful than before. I sense in my spirit that I will be operating in the gifts of the Holy Spirit to a greater degree than previously. There will be an increase in the number of people that Fay and I reach. We are living in the last days and the Holy Spirit and His ONE BREATH is about to be breathed upon all flesh. It is my responsibility to allow His breath to flow through me.

God wants to breathe His ONE BREATH upon you right now. That way, you will be able to trust our Lord and Savior to deliver you the next time that you are facing an unpleasant situation, whether big or small. If He did it for me, He will do it for you, as well. All it takes is THE BREATH OF LIFE--just that ONE BREATH.

INDEX

(Procedures listed here are Recorded in Medical Terms which I do not completely know their meanings.)

NOVEMBER 15, 2022

**MEASURE CARDIAC SAMPL & PRESSURE, BILATERAL, PERC
FLUOROSCOPY OF MULT COR A GRAFT USING L OSM CONTRAST
FLUOSCOPY OF MULT COR ART USING L OSM CONTRAST
FLOUOROSCOPY OF RIGHT AND LEFT HEART USING L OSM
CONTRAST**

NOVEMBER 17, 2022

**INSERTION OF INFUSION DEV INTO R RADIAL ART, PERC
APPROACH
OCCLUSION OF LAA WITH EXTRALUM DEV. OPEN APPROACH
REPLACEMENT OF AORTIC VALVE WITH ZOOPLASTIC, OPEN
APPROACH
ULTRASONOGRAPHY OF RIGHT JUGULAR VEINS, GUIDANCE
ULTRASONOGRAPHY OF HEART WITH AORTA,
TRANSESOPHAGEAL
DESTRUCTION OF CONDUCTION MECHANISM, OPEN APPROACH
BIPASS 1COR ART FROM L INT MAMMARY, OPEN APPROACH
INSERT INFUSION DEV IN R INT JUGULAR VEIN, PERC
RESPIRATORY VENTILATION, LESS THAN 24 CONSECUTIVE HOURS
INSERTION OF ENDOTRACHEAL AIRWAY INTO TRACHEA, ENDO**

**BYPASS 1 COR ART FROM AORTA WITH AUTOL VN. OPEN
APPROACH**

EXCISION OF RIGHT SAPHENOUS VEIN, PERC ENDO APPROACH

PERFORMANCE OF CARDIAC OUTPUT, CONTINUOUS

RESTORATION OF CARDIAC RHYTHM, SINGLE

RESTORATION OF CARDIAC RHYTHM, SINGLE

RESTORATION OF CARDIAC RHYTHM, SINGLE