

The God of Miracles

As I sit down to share my life with you, I want to ask you a question: are you happy with your life, or is there something that you would like to change? Maybe you would like to make some changes – maybe things aren't going quite like you had planned, or maybe you, like me, really didn't have a plan for your life at all. I'm going to share my story with you with the hope that there may be something in it that will be a help to you, and I pray that this will result in a real blessing in your life.

I was born a “miracle baby” to Christian parents right after the “Great Depression” in the 1930s in a large city in the western part of the United States. While my mom was expecting my arrival, Dad had a hard time finding a job. Mom had a positive RH factor and at that time doctors didn't know how to treat that blood condition. She had already lost 3 children through miscarriages and the doctor said that this time neither she nor the baby would live. Being the people of faith that they were, they prayed, and God miraculously answered their prayers and I was born, and both mother and baby were in fine health.

Being an only child has its benefits, as any of you who are only children know, but it also has its drawbacks. The main drawback for me was a social lack that I had. It is hard to interact with others when you are the only one. World War II was in progress when I was young, and several neighbor kids that I played with developed hate attitudes, and that began limiting my friendships. This was a good building time in my life, as I learned “character building,” and having Christian parents, they gave me good guidance. As I grew up, we moved to a farm in the Midwest and Dad began farming. At 7 years old, I began working with him and many of the farm chores became my responsibility. Our farm was a homestead of my mother's family, and so I had a few cousins that lived within a 100 mile radius that I occasionally spent time with. My dad did some farm work with my aunt and uncle who lived 15 miles away, and they had 3 kids that were around my age, who became a big influence in my life. Their dad later became a real spiritual father to me along with my dad who was also rock solid spiritually. At this point, however, I had no concern regarding my spiritual welfare, as mom and dad were both Christians and there was no need for me to get excited about it at all.

In the summer of 1946, things began to change in my life. Word came to me that my cousin who lived about 90 miles away, had accepted Jesus as his Savior, and that he was praying for me and that also two of my other cousins were close to making the same commitment. We saw each other at church every Sunday (the church was small and most of us were family) and so we were able to maintain a close relationship. Three or four weeks passed by and my two other cousins also accepted Jesus as Savior and told me that they too were praying for me. Then something happened in my life that made me make a decision that was the best decision one can make in life. It all happened this way:

One Saturday morning, in the late fall of 1946, I woke up, the sun was shining in the window, and I knew that it was much later than I was allowed to sleep. As I lay there in bed, there was not a sound in the house. I hollered for mom and dad and there was no answer. I got up, went downstairs, and looked throughout the house and they were nowhere to be found. I ran outside to look around the barnyard and they were not around. I began to panic: I knew enough of my Bible to know that those who know Jesus as Savior would be taken up in the “Rapture” and those who don't know Him would be left behind (maybe some of you have read or seen Tim LaHaye's “Left Behind”). I thought for sure that Jesus had come and that I would never see my parents again, as well as my

cousins who had just accepted Jesus. In fear and panic, I went back into the house and sat down on the couch to think what my next move would be as I was all alone and would have to carry on my life alone without cousins, mom and dad, and above all, no chance to accept Jesus anymore. It was all I could stand, and I broke into tears. As I sat there in bewilderment, I heard the door slam, and in walked my mom. You talk about being surprised and relieved, and as the tears kept coming, I told her what had gone through my mind, and then she started to cry as she told me that she and Dad had gone to help the neighbors get their cattle back in the farmstead after they had broken down the fence and gotten out into the corn field.

As I have often reflected on this, I can't understand why I didn't fall on my knees and accept Jesus right then and there. The Spirit of God had begun the work, though, and the Bible says "He that hath begun a work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Philippians 1:6) God had begun the work and before Christmas that year I had come to the full realization that I was a guilty sinner worthy of eternal punishment in Hell because the Bible says "all have sinned and come short of the Glory of God" (Romans 3:23). So I took my place as a sinner before God and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Savior and got the peace I was looking for as I knew that my sins were forgiven. One of my favorite verses in the Bible is John 3:16, which says, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son (that's Jesus) that whosoever believes in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life." I kept repeating that verse and the word "whosoever" and it dawned on me to put my name in place of the "whosoever" and so I did. Then I realized that it was a promise of God that I would NEVER perish (would never go to Hell) and since HE had promised it, I could, and have since, rested on that promise. I immediately called mom into my room and we got on our knees and thanked the Lord Jesus for His patience with me and for forgiving me of my sins – all of them, past, present, and future, because Jesus died ONCE for all of our sins. In the Bible, in the book of Hebrews chapter 10 verse 10, we read that "we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, ONCE, for all." I want each reader to know that you can put your name in place of "whosoever"; take your place as a sinner before God and receive the same forgiveness and assurance as I have. This is the greatest decision I have ever made in my life as all the rest of my life has been based on that decision.

I finished school, and in 1956 was stricken with polio and because of the many prayers that were made on my behalf, God worked another miracle in my life and I escaped that dreaded disease with NO paralysis, and still 50 years later I am thankfully in good health. After I recovered, I married a Christian girl; we had a daughter, who as a child accepted Jesus as Savior, who married a Christian husband and who now has two daughters of her own who both also now know Jesus as their Savior! About 12 years ago, my dear wife suffered a brain aneurysm. The doctor said that she would not likely live through the surgery. God is still the "God of Miracles" and one month later she walked out of the hospital on her own and went back to work two weeks later.

As I finish my story, it is my earnest prayer that if you don't know Jesus as your Savior and you are living a life that has no purpose or direction and knowing that a life without Jesus will land you into eternal punishment for your sins, that you will STOP and CONSIDER your way of life and turn to Jesus right now! God is waiting to work miracles in your life, too!

- Ron Brand
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