

## Chapter 22

# Miracles in My Own House

Our little white church was erected almost overnight. Since it was a portable, pre-fabricated building, the task of raising it was a comparatively simple one. So it was that our neighbors returning home from work in the evening saw a church standing in the path through the field they had crossed that morning on their way to work.

As soon as the little building was ready, and the seats which God made it possible for us to have were installed, we moved from the Mission Building<sup>11</sup> across School Street to our new church, which would be called Bethesda Missionary Temple. The new church seated 250 people, and the blessing of the Lord was very much in evidence during the dedication service that first Sunday. From that day His presence never left us but only increased as the days went on.

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While God was answering my prayer regarding our new church building, things at home were getting worse. My husband's condition did not improve. The weather was cold. We were running out of fuel without the means to renew our supply. We lived in a frame house which was not too well constructed. Without proper heating, it seemed that the cold winds reached through to us freely and easily. I had prepared Harry for the day as he was still in a coma at this time. Then I readied myself for some visitation of other sick folks of the congregation. To the young lady who was staying with us, Ollie, I gave strict orders not to use the last chunk of coal which was in our coal bin while I was away. I instructed her to put on a sweater if the house got cold, for we needed to save that last bit of fuel for use during the night as we took care of my husband. She promised she would not touch the coal, and I went about my pastoral duties.

When I returned to the house a few hours later, to my surprise and disappointment smoke was pouring from the chimney and the house

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<sup>11</sup> Formally called Bethesda Tabernacle or Bethesda Missionary Tabernacle

suffused with warmth. My heart sank within me as I concluded that Ollie, in her girlish way, could not have understood the importance of my instructions. As I entered the house, she must have seen by my expression that I was very displeased by her disobedience. She hastened to reassure me that she had not forgotten my instructions but that God had performed a miracle. She led me downstairs to the basement and showed me a bin filled with coal. Then she told me the following story.

It seems that one of the members of the church had come to the door to inquire after Mr. Beall's condition. Upon being told that there was no change and casting about for some helpful service he could perform, he asked if there were not some ashes in the basement he could carry out for us. Ollie replied, thankfully, that there was a tub of ashes too heavy for us to manage. He went down into the basement. There before him was our empty coal bin - empty, that is, but for one lump of coal lying in the center of the floor reserved for the long chilly night ahead. At the sight, immediately there came to his remembrance a dream he had had the preceding night, wherein he had seemed to enter a basement and saw the coal bin open with one lump of coal upon the floor. In his dream he heard a voice telling him to fill that coal bin, and he had done so. Upon seeing our empty coal bin, he realized immediately the Lord had spoken to him in that dream. Consequently he went out and ordered coal to be sent to the house at once.

We have always found the Lord to be an ever present help in time of trouble. We have learned through Him and know that, for us at least, it is far easier to trust God than man. We have also proved that the invisible things are more truly real than the things that are visible - for the things that are seen are temporal, while the unseen things are eternal.

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As we learn to press our claims on the promises of God, finding that they are true and faithfully fulfilled, we also learn that God has claims that He can press upon us. When Mr. Beall was very low and unable to be moved to the hospital because of the condition of his heart, we had to buy tanks of oxygen for him. There was no income and what little money we had was fast running out. Finally the day came when another tank of oxygen was needed. We were completely without funds. I went before the Lord in prayer, beseeching again His mercy. The Lord spoke to me and said:

“I have given him free air for fifty years, and he has never even given Me the tithes that belong to Me.”

I pleaded with the Lord and told Him that it was through ignorance and unbelief, not having the proper training, that this omission was caused. I promised God that if He would again show mercy and supply our need, and if my husband lived, he would never again be found guilty of “robbing God.” My husband and I were taught a lesson that we pray we will never forget: one-tenth of all we possess belongs to God, and we are to bring that tithe and offerings into His “storehouse”<sup>12</sup> - the church where we receive spiritual food. And, God will also reward us for good or bad according to our faithfulness with the remaining nine-tenths.

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God had supplied coal and oxygen, but the pneumonia my husband had contracted had weakened his heart to the point that the doctor who had been treating Harry came to me and said,

“Mrs. Beall, your husband cannot live beyond another half hour, and if you have not gotten in touch with his relatives, I would advise that you do it now. Why don’t you go into the other room now and use the telephone to call your people and his?”

I realize now he wanted to spare me the heartache of seeing my husband pass on. I went into the room where the telephone was, not to do any telephoning but to face God. I stood there in the room for a moment after I had closed the door. Then I said,

“Well, Lord, now it’s just You and me. I read in the Word that ‘His salvation was for thee and thy house,’<sup>13</sup> and I have believed it with all my heart and soul, beyond the peradventure of a doubt. And because I so loved my husband and my children that I was willing to suffer anything in order to be obedient to the call of God on my life – knowing that no price was too great to pay for the salvation of those I dearly loved. I left my husband and children days and nights, in all kinds of weather to do Your work. Many times I have walked backward,

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<sup>12</sup> *Mal. 3:8-10*

<sup>13</sup> *Acts 16:31, Acts 11:14*

watching the lights of my home as far as I could see, weeping with intense longing to be with my family knowing that I had hurt my husband by leaving him. But I felt it was because of my love for him that I must keep close to You, because I was positive he would be saved. And, now, Lord, the doctor says he will be dead in a half hour, and he is not saved. If this promise of ‘salvation for thy house’ is a lie, then the whole Book is a lie, and I have been a fool to break up the happiness and fellowship in my home for something that isn’t true. If he dies without You, then I have been a fool.”

As I came out of the room, my children had just arrived home from school. I took them to the basement where I laid out newspapers on the basement floor next to the furnace, and we knelt down to pray. Being deeply ashamed of having approached God with such a spirit of complaint, I asked for His forgiveness, for His mercy, and for a miracle of healing. As we wept before the Lord, God who is always a loving Father, spoke to my heart:

This sickness is not unto death, but that the Son of God should be glorified.” (*John 11:4*)

With great relief and thankfulness, I answered, “Thank you, Lord, that is all I wanted to know.” I turned to my children and declared, “You dad is not going to die.”<sup>14</sup>

As I returned to my husband’s bedroom, I was asked, “Did you contact his relatives?”

“No. I did not call any of them.”

“You had better do it right away. Your husband has only a few more moments.”

I replied, “No, doctor, he is not going to die.”

The doctor looked at me carefully and in silence for a moment. Then he

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<sup>14</sup> As Patricia Beall Gruits and her brothers were praying with their mother for their dad to be healed, she distinctly remembers how when the word of the Lord came to her mother, there was visible change in her countenance. “Whenever she said she heard from God, we knew she had and it would come to pass.”

said I had better go and lie down for a while. He then asked the nurse to take me into my room to rest. I know he must have thought I was beside myself.

But I said, “No, doctor, I know what you are thinking, but I have just heard from God, and my husband is not going to die.”

He shook his head and said, “I’m sorry, but he is all but dead already.” Then, curiously, he went on, “What did the Lord say?”

After I told him, he again shook his head and again insisted, “I wish it were so, but your husband is finished.”

But again I declared, “No, he is not.

Seeing it was useless to try to persuade me, the doctor said no more but simply stayed on waiting in silence for some time after that. Yet my husband did not die. Not understanding what it was all about the doctor finally left, advising me to telephone him when my husband had passed.

When morning came, Harry was still alive. So the doctor decided that he would take the chance of moving him to the hospital – a step he had feared to take before because he was afraid the moving would cause the patient’s heart to stop. The doctor went out to make the arrangements through factory hospitalization.

While the doctor was gone, a friend of mine and I were in the room just outside my husband’s bedroom. Suddenly I heard him call my name. This was the first time he had spoken in all those days. I rushed into his room and found him looking so pitiful and emaciated from the terrible fever, but he was awake and rational.

He said to me, “If you could pray for me, the Lord would heal me.” I was astounded, for prior to this time because of his resentment of my activities in the Gospel, he had refused prayer completely.

I said to him, “Are you willing to confess yourself a lost sinner and to ask for forgiveness?”

“Yes, I am.” And so complete was his surrender to God that he said, “I am even willing to be what they call a ‘Holy Roller’ if necessary!”

We immediately began to pray for him, my friend and I, and God performed a miracle. He raised my husband up to his knees on the bed – an impossible thing for a person to do naturally who had not been able to lift even his head for weeks. Harry said that Jesus came to the foot of his bed and offered him His hand, and it was Jesus who raised him up. Then from the kneeling position, he was raised to his feet – feet that looked like spindles. Not only did he stand upright in the bed,

but he began to jump up and down like a child, dancing on the bed, praising God while he bounced up and down on the springs!

My friend and I were so stunned, yet so filled with rejoicing that we scarcely knew what to do. Then Harry asked for his slippers and robe. He walked into the living room and was sitting in the chair when the doctor returned. When the doctor saw him, looking like a skeleton sitting in the corner of the chair, he cried, "What in the world is going on here?"

Harry replied, "I'm healed!"

If you can imagine a skeleton speaking and declaring he was healed, you can conceive of the doctor's reaction. He took out his stethoscope, testing Harry's heart and back, and then said, "By George, the air is going through the lungs!"

This doctor was our old family physician, a man dearly beloved by all who knew him. He was of another faith, but he loved God. He went out and called the neighbors to come in and see a modern-day miracle. He told them, "It is nothing I have done or could do to help this man. This is surely God."

We know that "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." God was leaving a testimony in our neighborhood and to all of us that He is still a miracle working God. He is a God who keeps His promises.

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After my husband's miraculous healing, he gained strength daily, and the determination and consecration of his heart was fortified as well. True to his promise, when at death's door he had asked me to pray for him as a confessed sinner, he proposed through his healing that he, too, would give his life to the work of the Lord. Although at that time, he did not know in what capacity he would be called.

Yet this knowledge was not long in coming. We remember that when Solomon was called by the Lord to erect the Temple, in His omniscience God gave each worker wisdom for his part in the construction: wisdom to the carpenters, wisdom to the hewers of stone, and so to each artificer for his share in the task. And, so it was with my husband. God gave to him knowledge and wisdom in building and in the arts of maintenance required to keep all things in good running order for the comfort and facility of the parishioners and children in the church and Sunday School. May I add here that without his labor of

building, maintenance, and care we could never have been enabled to do what God called us to do. We thank God for my husband's ministry of love for he is as one of God's hidden ones.

So many times we are wont to think of the ministry in terms of a leader speaking from a platform, being seen and heard, and receiving the reverence and applause of the congregation, but there are many workers in the Lord who render services of equal value out of everyone's sight but God's. Yet these are indispensable nevertheless. Of such are the builders and architects of God's Temple and is true in the case of Mr. Beall's ministry. He is unseen, but it is because of his willingness not to be seen and yet to labor that we have the comforts in the Temple and all of its adjoining buildings.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> At the time of this writing, Easter Sunday 1954, Myrtle Beall notes that there were four large buildings to accommodate the growing work of the Temple. Sunday School attendance was just over 2,000.