

O God, Where Are You When I Need You? my eldest sister, Mrs. Beverly Gott, came to visit us in Tyler. She brought me a photostatic copy of a letter she had just received from a friend, who is the daughter of my mother's best friend from her high school days in Des Moines, Iowa.

I was *fascinated*. Here, in my mother's own handwriting, was the story as she wrote it to her high school chum *who was not especially religious*. It was *exactly* as my father had related it from the pulpit, and in his autobiography! It had really *happened!*

I excerpted some of it, putting it into the manuscript, for which I was paid an advance fee of \$2,000. But the publishing company folded, and it was over a year before I could legally obtain author's rights to my manuscript. After I did so, I decided to *self-publish* the book under a different name, and offer it to our television audiences and mailing list *free of charge*. It is called *The Answer to Unanswered Prayer*, and has been a source of great *faith*, comfort, and assurance, to many thousands.

In it is the gist of the story of my mother's healing in her own words.

But now, I am in possession of the *original letter*. Beverly left her personal letters and pictures to her sister when she died. Dottie brought the letter, and gave it to me. Now, I want our readers to *see* this letter, which proved catalytic to my father's conversion, his acceptance of the Sabbath day, and his first studies in the Bible. All this eventually led to his ordination by the Oregon Conference of the Church of God (7th Day), whose credentials he carried for many, many years.

1831 Klickitat St.
Portland Ore.



Mrs. Glen Alkire.
Highland Park Sta.
Des Moines
Iowa.

Portland Ore.,
Nov. 21 1927.

Dear Sadie:

I'll try to get a letter written before the children come home from school.

I am sewing for Dorothy Jane and have to wait to fit her. I have oodles to do before Thanksgiving. We are going down to Salem to Gilberts, all my folks will be there. We are going to stay with Mother and Dad Armstrong over the week end. All Herbs folks will be there too.

We are going to Walt's Christmas -
They want my girls and
Billy Gene to have their tree
together. Billy Gene is almost a
year old now. Will be Feb. 15.
He is the sweetest little scot.
Looks so much like Walt. Papa
almost worships him -

They, Walt, are still at Hubbard
but probably won't be after this
year. Walt will get his degree from
the University of Oregon, next
Summer.

Papa is still at Donald and
still homesick for Iowa. I feel
awfully sorry for him but he
wouldn't be happy if he went
back. He thinks we all ought to
go back and none of us want
to go. Gilbert would have gone
before he was married but I
doubt if he ever does now. His
wife's people live in Salem
and she is an only daughter.
He all like Gilbert's wife fine

in some ways I like her
better than Bertha.

Bertha is in Jefferson
again this year. She was
here two weeks ago. She
comes often - and stays
with us Summer vacations.

Mary, Herb's sister, was married
and lives here in Portland
we see each other every
few days.

Herb and the girls and I
had a nice trip two months
ago. I hated to have the girls
miss school but we surely
enjoyed it. We drove over
the Columbia River Highway
to Pendleton Ore then across

to Walla Walla Washington, up
thru the Yakima Valley. Thru
the National Forests and
back across the Cascade
Mountains over the Snowqualine
Pass to Seattle and down
home. We were gone two
weeks. He took bedding
and cooking utensils with
us and half the time we
stayed at cabins in ⁱⁿ
the camp grounds. The
other half at Hotels. He
came thru a foot of snow
coming back across the
Cascades. It was wonderful
scenery tho. The mts are

covered with Pine + Fir and
Sungac. at this time of year
the Sungac is a brilliant red
and the snow ^{green} + trees in contrast
were beautiful. I think the trip
did me lots of good and folks
say I look better. Had I told you
I had blood poison and a few
dozen other ailments this last
Summer and almost passed out?
First I was bitten in the arm
by an Air dale dog. He took quite a
chunk out. The Dr burned the
wound out good and it healed
then I ran a thing rose thorn in
the first finger of my right hand
The next day I had chills and
fever. Dr said I had blood poison
I was in bed a week and all
the time Dr. said he couldn't
be sure I could get well or that
I would live twelve hours longer
He lanced and cut at my finger
for seven weeks then I came
down with tonsilitis I was
terribly run down and it

turned into quinsy - my
finger got worse and Dr
said he would have to open
it and scrape the bone
but the abscesses in my
throat became so bad I
suffered terribly I could
neither sleep nor eat
my jaw locked and they
couldn't pry my mouth
open. Two Drs examined
me and said they could
do nothing for me. One
day I was just delirious
with pain when a
neighbor woman came
over and asked Bert

and Herb if they believed
in Divine healing. They
told her they did and she
said she had friends
who often prayed for the
sick - who had great faith
and were good religious
people. She wanted them
to come pray for me.
They came that eve. I could
not have lived over two
or three days longer.
They knelt down beside
my bed lay their hands
on me and prayed
just quoting promises

of healing in the Bible and the man anointed my head with oil. They had so much faith they thanked the Lord for my healing before they left their knees. All pain left me and I almost felt asleep while they were praying. I'd been without sleep so long. After talking a few minutes they left. I felt so much better I could talk. The pain was gone and I could swallow. (my throat had been almost closed with abscesses.) I got up put a coat over my nightie put shoes on and with Herbs help walked out doors. I came back to bed and slept all night and until about noon the next day then got up and dressed and ate at the table with the folks. I never had another pain my abscesses simply disappeared they did not break were not ready to

my jaw unlocked and my neck had been swollen on the outside even with my jaw bone. It was all gone too. (the swelling I mean not my jaw bone.) My folks were worried to death so they came up to see me the next day. I walked out to the car to meet them and they acted as if they had seen a ghost. Dr said he just couldn't understand it. In less than a week I went to the sea shore and stayed over a week just eating and sleeping

I lay around in the sand and sun on the beach every day. Bertha and the girls were with me. I gained several pounds while there. I only weighed 83 or 84. I had been so bony it hurt my back bone to lean back in a wooden chair. I weigh a hundred pounds now, and Oh yes. my finger was healed too. I took the bandages off then and have never had any trouble since. I had been so troubled

with chronic constipation before that, that I had taken enemas every day for a year. That was healed too. So you see I am a mighty thankful person.

Certainly was a wonderful experience and had had a mighty good effect on several relatives and friends who were rather modernistic in their beliefs and who believed in evolution rather than the Bible. They all saw it was a miracle that only God could have done it, even the Dr admitted it.

Well I really didn't intend writing such a long letter my arm is so tired I can't help but scribble.

I must see now. Write and tell me all about your self. How is Connie? Haven't heard from her for ages.

Wish I could see Billy. & You too I have a couple of Kodaks

pictures taken this summer.
 Herb says not to send mine
 I do look as if I were
 afflicted with insanity
 but I was just talking to
 Herb and the sun caused
 me to squint. This was
 taken just before I was sick.
 Dorothy James hair is
 bobbed now. She looks
 cuter. My hair has grown
 out and I don't believe I
 ever have it cut again is
 yours still bobbed?
 How is your mother tell her
 hello. I'd like to see her.
 love Lorna.

You can imagine how *encouraging* it was to me to read my mother's letter written three years before I was born, and find that my father and mother had told the story *exactly as it happened!* No further doubts ever remained! My mother had been supernaturally *healed!*

In my father's autobiography, he mentioned that my mother had been healed, not only of the complications stemming from lockjaw and blood poisoning, but of some "internal problems" as well.

He had wanted a son. However, following my sister Dorothy's birth, my mother was told she would be unable to bear another child. Unbeknownst to my father and mother, he was RH positive blood type, and my mother was RH negative. Both my sisters were born RH negative.

Not long after her complete recovery, my mother found she was expecting. This time, it was a son. My father wrote how ecstatic he was, how his family was now complete. They did not intend having any more children.

Later, he was to write that I was a "surprise" to both of them, how I was born as a result of another miraculous healing.

Preacher's Son

I grew up in Eugene, Oregon, where the family moved in the early 1930's. By 1934, my father was doing a once weekly thirty-minute radio program over a small Lane County, Oregon, radio station, KORE, in Eugene. He had launched the "PLAIN TRUTH," a "magazine" produced by typewriter, stencils, hand-done headlines by stylist, and a mimeograph machine.

My recollections of how I felt as a boy of four, or five, are a little vague, but I have quite vivid memories of how I felt as a small boy in school. As the son of "that preacher who keeps Saturday for Sunday," living in a small, poorly-built, two-story house outside the city limits, a house which my father poorly maintained, and which badly needed its peeling paint restored, I developed a sizable inferiority complex resulting from our poverty, and my father's "different" religion.

How well I remember walking the one mile distance to school with holes in my shoes, cut out pieces of cardboard inside to protect my socks, and an extra couple of pieces in my hip pocket. Especially vivid is the time I walked to school during a light rain, having to take extra cardboard along, and still arriving at school with wet feet. My father had preached a particularly strong sermon on the impending Great Tribulation. The "dust bowl" of the '30's was still very much an economic factor; the "grapes of wrath" country of California's central valley was filling up with "Okies,"