

## **A Little Boys Faith**

When our son was three, he and our daughter were across the street from our house playing in the playground. Our boy had climbed up the slide and fell off. The daughter came running home crying and told us our son is hurt. We rushed over to the playground and it looked like his leg was broken, so we took him to emergency and sure enough he came out with a cast on and a little pair of crutches. In a few days he thought this was pretty neat because of all the attention he was getting and using the crutches became second nature to him. He had the cast on for six weeks and when they took the cast off, he was good as new, but lacked the attention.

Two & 1/2 years later, we were going to church. It was the beginning of winter and our back landing was strewn with winter boots. Now there were three steps from the kitchen down to the landing which led to the outside. We were running late and I was on the landing putting on my boots and our son was by the kitchen door nattering as to how he wanted to put his boots on too. I was a little irritated and impatient so I picked him up and set him down on the landing, but being irritated I didn't set him down gently. He let out a scream and started crying and what had happened was when I plunked him down, the leg he had broken before landed on one of the boots laying there, and being off balance he slipped off it and broke his leg again. Well needless to say I felt like a real heel a guilty one at that, because it was my fault. It didn't help when the wife got on my case about how mean I was etc. I did what any macho man would do when he was embarrassed, guilty and hurt, I hid behind anger and got mad at everybody.

His mother took him to emergency and they put a cast on again. After he cried and complained about his leg still hurting, we took him back to our family doctor and after re-x-raying and resetting the doctor said it was just like a skiing break, it was a twisted break and when he was about eight or nine, they would have to re-break and reset it. After the cast was off, his foot turned outward more and more as time went on and he could not run. He would sort of hop and skip plus he would cry during the night because of pain.

We were just babes in Christ at the time and I spent many hours asking God to forgive me and heal him. I also ask my son to forgive me and told him how sorry I was. I don't know how much he understood, but he still seemed to love his dad.

About six months later we had an evangelist in at the Edmonton Revival Centre for special meetings, by the name of Joe Poppell. He said his gift from God was praying for back and leg problems. He would set people in a chair and then measure their leg length. All that had back pain had one leg shorter than the other, anywhere from 1/2 to 1 & 1/2 inches. He would then proceed to pray and ask God to put the back in proper alignment and right before your eyes you would see the shorter leg move out to the same length as the other one. The person would stand and bend and maintain the pain was gone. (Any Chiropractor will tell you that if your back is out of alignment you will have one leg shorter than the other)

I was ushering and we had about six hundred people every night, and about the third night our boy came to the back and ask me if he could go up for prayer. Being the intelligent man I was, I thought he was too young to understand, so I said no. About 20 minutes later I heard Bro. Poppell ask, "does anybody know who's boy this is". I looked up and there was our my son pulling on his pant leg. I went up front and my son was telling him, "Jesus is going to heal my leg". Bro. Poppell ask me about the details, so I explained the situation. He then turned to my son and ask him if he believed he would be healed if he was prayed for. Now this is the answer of a five year old. "You can't heal me, but if you pray, Jesus will heal me". Bro. Poppell then sat him in a chair and measured his legs and the injured leg was one & a half inches shorter and was also turned out at about a 35° angle. He said thank you Lord, and that's as far as he got when my boy's leg firstly straightened up and then shot out to the same length as the other one. (This all happened within about 5 seconds)

Now he started saying, "it grewed-it grewed" and he jumped off the chair and then jumped off the stage and run up and down the isles. Now nobody ask him to run, nor could he run before let alone jump !

We took him back to our doctor and asked him to x-ray his leg again. The doctor ask why, so we told him. Well man did he come unglued, he told us in so many words that he didn't believe in that nonsense and not to waste his time. Until then, we were a little skeptic ourselves, but his reaction and our son being able to sleep without pain and run and jump like he was doing, removed all doubt of God's love and ability to do exactly what he says he'll do for those that believe him. But, the bible

does say that without faith it is impossible to please him. ( Heb 11:6 )

Now When our son was old enough he joined the Air Force and in the medical they found nothing wrong with his leg, let alone that it had been broke twice.

**Mat 18:3 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.**

**Mat 18:4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.**

A child has no problem trying to conjure up faith, it's just a way of life. A so called adult has to reason, now reasoning is good as long as it doesn't throw faith out the window.

Next is about our Mobil home.

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken