

## M-19 My Testimony

### Filled in the womb

In 1938 my mother had given birth to two girls by then and at the last birth the doctor told her not to try again as she would never carry it and would lose her life as well.

We lived way out in the country and Mom was a Christian who read the bible and prayed daily. She believed the word of God to be true, so she prayed for a son with a healthy and normal pregnancy and birth.

She said to the Lord: "If you will give me what I ask, I will give him back to you and dedicate him as a minister."

Well in April 1941 she became pregnant, the Doctor wanted to abort me, but mom said no, that God was with her. She had a fairly rough time for the first five months and it looked like maybe the Dr. was right, but she stormed heaven and said: "Lord I know you are true to your word and I will trust you."

She had been reading in Luke where the baby was filled with the Holy Ghost in the womb.

**Luke 1:15 and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.**

And she felt assured this was meant for her, but her health was deteriorating fast. So at five and a half months she again traveled into town to see the Dr. This was 26 miles on a winding dirt road.

The Dr. said see I told you, we have to do an abortion now. Mom said wait till morning, well during the night she was praying and thanking God, when (as she put it) the baby did a flip inside of her and she felt great. Come morning the Dr. came in and mom told him that the baby was filled with the Holy Ghost and everything was healed. Needless to say he thought she was imagining things, but agreed to monitor her for a week and if everything was OK, then she could go back to the farm. Her mom lived in town so she stayed there.

Her health improved so much and the baby had no stress, so the Dr. shook his head and said you may as well go home.

From then on she had no problems at all and when she delivered me on January 9/1942, she had an easy deliverance and I weighed in at 10 pounds 11 ounces.

Now as I said, we lived way out in the boonies and had no church except an odd preacher would come to the local hall. Now mom new about salvation but didn't understand the filling of the Holy Spirit. She would read to us kids the bible stories and we always had family devotion. Dad would sometimes listen but never partook .

We always took turns asking the blessing on the food and when it come my turn the earliest memory I have of saying grace was something like "Shatodema."

Now in our family devotions I remember saying the usual things like: God bless mommy and daddy, Connie and Shirley and the animals etc., but I always ended with "shatodema sucielema ".

We lived in a community of people who could speak German and when a group got together they usually did. But mom didn't speak nor understand it, so needless to say neither did us kids. I can remember asking my sister to play with me and to pretend we were speaking German. I didn't know why, but I always felt good and clean when I spoke my pretend language (as I called it)

One day before I started school, I remember mom telling me: " it's about time you stopped that baby talk when you are praying." I can still feel how devastated I felt, but I never used it in prayer again, so instead, I would go out by the barn and (dad raised sheep) stand on a fence or manure pile and preach to the sheep. When I couldn't think of anything more to say, I would break into my pretend language. It always made me feel good, and the sheep used to really pay attention. So until the summer of 1948, when my folks moved into town, that was a common occurrence between the sheep and myself.

In my teen years I didn't always live the way I wanted to, but I would talk to God in my natural language and understanding upon occasion. My mother received the infilling of the HOLY spirit with speaking in tongues in the late 1950's. She tried to explain to me, but I didn't understand plus I was to busy enjoying life.

**James 5:16 Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.**

There were times in those years I should of been crippled or killed, but I always come out without a scratch. I always chalked this up to my mothers prayers protecting me. Now this is true, but I didn't realize at that time the call of God on my life

It wasn't until November/11 1970 that we went to a revival meeting and my wife accepted the Lord and I rededicated myself. They had meetings five nights a week and three times on Sunday. We were so hungry for the power and word of God that we never missed a meeting for over 8 months. My wife received the infilling of the Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues at home, reading a book on how to receive the baptism written by a Lutheran minister.

**Luke 11:13 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?**

As she was raised Lutheran, she figured it had to be right on. Basically he said ask God for The holy Spirit, then open your mouth and say something gibberish to God. So she did and as soon as she said something gibberish to her understanding, she started speaking in tongues. She said she felt good and after a while she realized she was still speaking, so she started to thumb through the book, trying to find a chapter on how to quit speaking.

Every time we went to service, I had about six guy's surround me and pray for me to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I had ask God and nothing happened, I was expecting something like my wife received. I was starting to get frustrated and would try to dodge these guy's that continually laid hands on me to receive the baptism.

They scheduled a water baptism for new years eve and both the wife and I felt we should be baptized because neither one of us had ever been submerged for baptism.

So I determined in my heart and mind that when I came up out of the water I would speak in tongues. Well, I came up out of the water saying "shatodema sucielema and that was all, but it made me feel good. When I went down to the change room, I said to the Lord that I was expecting more. He brought to my remembrance this was the same language I had as a child and the testimony of my mom, that I was filled with the Holy Ghost in her womb.

THEN I KNEW why nothing happened when the brethren pounced on me to receive the Holy Ghost.

**I HAD RECEIVED HIM OVER 29 YEARS BEFORE.**

The bible says that without faith it is impossible to please him. Some receive like my wife did others their head gets in the way.

My 2nd vision is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

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