

Testing of a New Faith in Christ

*This painting is of Iris & Clifford Scott,
by their eldest daughter, Ilene (Scott) Smith,
wife of Rev. Kenneth Smith, the Canadian
Director of Christian Friends of Israel*



“Is anyone sick? He should call for the elders of the church and they should pray over him and pour a little oil upon him, calling on the Lord to heal him. And their prayer, if offered in faith, will heal him, for the Lord will make him well;”

James 5:14 & 15 Living Bible

In October 1950, our family was young in years and very new in our Christian walk. After ten, long years of searching for God, my parents found salvation. The Bible and the truth of salvation were alive to them.

On a cold, October Saturday, we were living in the Thumb area of Michigan (the lower peninsula looks like a mitten), on a small, forty acre farm. Dad and one of my younger sisters had gone out to the barn to do a chore, but they got sidetracked and went up into the haymow, to play on our rope swings.

Suddenly, Rosemary came banging into the house screaming, “Daddy has killed himself!” She was only five years old, and she was heartbroken.

Mom told the rest of us to stay in the house and she went to see what had happened. We didn’t stay, but she wouldn’t let us go into the loft.

Dad had been showing Rosemary how to do a forward roll out of the swing, and he should have landed on his feet, but he had neglected to remove his heavy farm boots first. His feet were too heavy to make a clean sweep over his head and he fell on the back of his neck.

When Mom got to him, his face was already turning grey and he was hardly breathing. Immediately, the thought went through her mind, “Call the elders of the church and the pastor.” She did and they arrived in record time. Never in his years of preaching had the minister had anything like this to deal with, and concerning brand new Christians, as well.

We lived five miles from town, the roads were poor, and we were too far away from any large hospitals. There was no ambulance service; there was no one to call.

The pastor and elders prayed, but nothing seemed to happen. They prayed again, probably more desperate, and after the third time, Dad was able to roll over and sit up. By holding his head up with one hand, he was able to kind of slide down the ladder.

I had been praying up a storm near the bottom of the ladder. My altar was a dirty bale of straw where a chicken had left its mark. I will never forget watching as Dad came down that ladder. He walked slowly toward the house, holding his head up, with the pastors and elders on each side. The men all looked like they were on the edge of heart attacks, or something, themselves.

Mom and us girls were so in the Lord and so sure that God would answer that I even went to a special service at church that night. But the people upset me. I could not understand why they treated me like I was a poor, little child without a father.

I came home, checked to make sure that Daddy was still breathing, and went to bed, happy in the knowledge that God was healing him.

Dad stayed on the day bed in the living room for most of the next ten days. He was very stiff and had to drink with a special bent straw, but he was getting better.

On the tenth day, when we came home from school, we saw a big, important, black and white police car parked in our driveway. As we got to the back door, the policeman was leaving. Mom calmly returned to the kitchen to finish rolling some bread dough. Of course, we wanted to know what was going on!

Some of Dad's good, boyhood friends had heard that Dad had broken his neck. They called the police and the police had come to investigate. Actually, the policeman demanded to see Dad, and when Mom said he couldn't come to the door, he jumped to the conclusion that Dad must have died and these crazy, religious nuts had probably buried him out behind the barn. Mom would have been held for murder, and us girls sent off to foster homes, etc., etc.

That wasn't what happened, however. Dad had gone back to work that morning and just had not gotten home, yet, at the time of the visit. The policeman would be back, but there was no reason for any charges.

Dad was a truck driver for General Motors, so when he went back to work, it was to drive his big 18-wheeler. Those old trucks in 1950 were not like our modern ones. A driver needed a man to handle his rig, and he needed to back up, as well as go forward. His boss had heard about his accident and offered him a desk job, which Dad turned down because he wasn't a desk worker. What could he do behind a desk, anyway? The first few weeks, he was very stiff; he could back up only by using mirrors. He continued to drive for GM until he retired at the age of 65.

My parents had been called crazy before this happened, but now they were even more on fire for the Lord, and managed to be looked down on as really crazy. Most of my cousins were told by their parents to stay away from us. We didn't really care, because we knew that God had heard our prayer. We still had a father, and we knew that we knew that God was in control.

About a year later, Dad caught his finger on the truck while he was hooking up the trailer. His finger was really crushed. He went to the shop clinic at work, where it was x-rayed, and the clinic doctor decided to x-ray Dad's neck to prove, once and for all, that Dad was a nut case.

Ha! The x-rays showed the old break plain and clear; it had several cracks and there was one place where there was a dislocation. Dad saw the x-rays. Strangely enough, those x-rays just disappeared. Dad lived to the age of 87 and never had any problems with his neck or back.

Oh, the crushed finger? Yes, it had been crushed, and the cast got in the way, so the next day, he took the cast off. The finger was just fine, also healed. Praise the Lord!



Why Do Bad Things Happen to Good People?

In most cases, when there is an accident, it is because of something we did to cause it. Christians do not grow in strength and understanding until they have seen and felt what others are going through. A young doctor, who has always been healthy, and never felt pain, has no idea what his patients feel like. It is not enough to tell a suffering person, "Oh, I know how you feel," if we have not felt like that ourselves.

Our muscles do not grow strong if all we do is sit in a chair. Each thing that comes our way happens for a reason, and whatever comes to a born-again believer will bring with it understanding and strength.

Our Father will never leave us. He is with us at all times. No matter what, He has promised that He will prepare a place for us in Heaven. Remember – no matter what, WE ARE ON THE WINNING SIDE!



Kenneth & Ilene Smith
CFI - Canada
Phone: 604-598-9113
www.cfi-canada.org
revken.smith@telus.net