

## Testimony given by Ray Williams

(This speech has been edited for clarity.)

**Lanny Townsend:** Ray Williams gave this speech at a banquet in 2012. He is a brilliant engineer who resides in Toronto, Canada. A close friend said of Ray that Ray is the person in Toronto who is called when a machine has broken down and nobody else can fix it.

**Ray Williams:** You know, this is my first trip to British Columbia. In my forty-four years in this country, I was just so busy. I found myself taking a holiday approximately every ten or eleven years, and I never found the time to come out here. Even after meeting with Arne and Kathie and other Prayer Canada people, for some reason, I couldn't come this way.

The bulk of my family is in South Africa, so the moment I'm free, I'm off to South Africa. As a matter of fact, I just left for South Africa around the 12<sup>th</sup> of September. Sadly, when I was in Johannesburg on my way there, about to catch the last aircraft to my hometown of Port Elizabeth, over a call from Botswana, my youngest brother said, "Mum just passed away."

That was a sad and traumatic experience because my father was killed at the age of 43 in a car accident, though he was an extremely good driver. We were virtually a racing family. I started to steer the car, sitting on his lap, after World War II. I've been safe on the road all my life, but not my Dad.

I have had to practice my faith many, many times. Here I was, in this bedroom, with my dear mother lying on the bed; her right eye was slightly open, and she was gone Home. In my pocket, I had a vial of oil. I thought, "Just this once, who knows?" I put some oil on my finger and placed it on her cold forehead, praying for her to come back to life. I fully believed that she might come back to life. And after I prayed, the Lord said, "Let her go. She's in a safe place."

I told my wife, "My girl, if you're going to die, die in my presence, because I will pray you back to life." Now, I'm not a man of great faith, but, at least, I have faith for that, for my wife, but I didn't stand up for my mother. I let her go.

Nevertheless, I'm sure that you're keen to know how I met my dear friend and brother, over there (pointing at Arne Bryan), in the Lord. It all happened, let me see, third Friday, 1982. I was a very busy man; I have an engineering business. I was down at the stock exchange in the new building, up on the tenth floor or so, looking over the city of Toronto.

There were snow showers all over the place, and a minister of the church had asked me if I would fly him to Ottawa, to a Full Gospel meeting where he was supposed to share his testimony. Now, if you know me, I love flying so much, or I should say, I like flying; I love God. I didn't want to turn down this opportunity. I didn't have my own aircraft at the time; I was given the use of a small, single engine, two-seater plane, and I decided to call the weather office. While I was on the phone, I heard the distinct word of the Lord saying, "Stay." And so I did.

That evening when I got home, my wife said, "Raymond, there two men from Vancouver; Paul Horne gave me their names. They are down at a hotel on Jarvis Street, and they're from Prayer Canada." I said, "Prayer Canada? Hey, wait a minute; we're having a breakfast meeting

tomorrow morning. I'll invite them." Chuck Giesbrecht was the name of one of them and our dear brother, Arne, was the other.

A strange thing happened at the breakfast meeting. As we entered the doorway, I introduced the men to the president. The president, without hesitating, said to Arne, "Would you pray?" (and pointing at another man) "Would you share?" Len Stevens was the speaker; I remember very well. He spoke for only fifteen or twenty minutes. Arne took the podium and the first thing he did was to start to cry. I had a feeling that this man was at the right place, at the right time, speaking to the right crowd of people. Inwardly, I felt, in fact, I know, God spoke to me and said, "Drop everything. Be with these men." Being a very busy man, it wasn't easy, but for the following week, I followed them all over the place.

Chuck left ahead of Arne, who stayed on until the Friday night. Now, what I am going to tell you next, is very interesting, because my life took a turn for the better that particular day. Oh boy; I can see it so clearly. I was hugging Arne, saying good-bye to him, and he took a few paces, carrying his case, and put it down. That was at Terminal Number Two, where there were probably about 175 or 200 people moving around. He just left his case there, came over to me, raised both hands in the air, and he said in a loud voice, "Lord, put Your mantle upon Ray now in the Name of Jesus!"

I felt power go all the way through me into the ground. Now, I'm familiar with electricity. I've designed machines and industrial controls - all that sort of thing. This was (shaking his head, lost for words) - my life turned around that day. What happened next proved that this was real, that this experience was from God.

I looked around for the elevator when I was able to settle down a bit, because my head was beginning to spin a little. I went up to the second parking level to my station wagon. The parking lot was always deserted, and I was about to start the engine when I pulled the key out and put it back in my pocket. I didn't have an overcoat on, so I was a little chilly. I went to the viewing wall and looked down, thinking that I would pray for the particular plane that Arne was taking.

I looked down at the plane and started praying, but then I had a feeling that someone was standing close by. I turned, and there was this woman, probably 48, 52 years old, or so. I thought, "What is she doing here? This is a deserted parking lot; it can be dangerous." But the moment I looked at her, thoughts went through my mind. "German. She has two children aboard the aircraft; she loves to manipulate her husband. This is a Christian believer, but not Spirit-filled." I could read this woman like a book. And sure enough, she opened her mouth and said (in a German accent), "Please, sir, is that aeroplane going to Vancouver?"

I answered, "Yes, my dear." I thought, "German!" I said, "What is your name, dear?" She replied, "Elizabeth Sch\_\_\_\_\_." I thought, "Sch\_\_\_\_\_! German!" Then she said, "My two children are on board that . . ." I said, "Look! Leave those children alone! Leave them to the Lord, and by the way, if your husband wants to watch television, leave him alone! Stop trying to manipulate him!" She looked at me like that (mouth dropped open). I'd never done anything like this before. Blame him for it (pointing at Arne and laughing).

Anyway, the Lord spoke to me so clearly. He said, "Pray for her." I wanted to hold her hand. "No! Put your hand on her shoulder." I began to pray for her; her shoulders began to heave up

and down. "Hallelujah. Hallelujah." (She said while crying.) This was my first experience operating like that; it turned my life around. I started the prayer meeting and wonderful things began to happen. Miracles, upon miracles, upon miracles.

I want to encourage you. About four years ago, I was at a funeral and a man looked at me, I had never seen him before, his name was Henri, a French Canadian, and he was shaking like a leaf. He said, "You're sensitive to the Spirit. You're a pilot. You have an airplane. Two engines. Blue and white. God's going to use you on mission fields. He will give you the desires of your heart." I stood there and stared at this man, not knowing what to do. He said, "You are an encourager." That's where I could agree with him, because I have a natural desire to encourage people, especially in the faith.

Perhaps I should share my personal testimony in an anecdotal fashion to give you an idea of answered prayer. One thing that really stands out in my mind is, about a year after my encounter with Prayer Canada and that wonderful man over there, I designed a machine. A German fellow who owned a company looked at one of them, and he liked the looks of it. He asked me if I could build more; he would advertise and sell them. I believe that I needed at least \$25,000.00 to start. This was in 1983.

So, I got the order and went to the bank. I will never forget it. In the old days, the bank managers used to smoke in the office. This one was this woman, a bank manageress, with a ring on each finger. She puffed away on her cigarette, looking at my proposal, and then she said, "I'm sorry; we won't be able to help you." I asked, "Why not? I've got this order. We're a good company."

Well, I bought as much steel as I possibly could. Now, this may be hard for you to believe, but I wouldn't waste your time with something that I wasn't certain about. I had 2 by 2 by 1/8<sup>th</sup> wall thickness, 2 by 3 by 1/8<sup>th</sup> wall thickness steel, 2 3/4, inch and 3/4, square tubing, a few lengths of them in overhead storage in the rafters. I thought I had enough steel to make about two or three frames, which had to be finished off with all kinds of other stuff. I thought to, at least, build the frames and get them to the paint shop. By the time they came back, I might have the funds to buy the other bits of equipment; then we would go on.

I couldn't afford to hire more employees, so with one fellow from our church, we started. We worked and worked and worked, this fellow Richard, and myself, who was studying to be a pastor. We were able to make, I think, it was two of the machines. Afterwards, we were dog-tired. Then I looked up and I thought, "I have to try to raise some money to get more steel. I'd like to make at least five and send them to the paint shop." But when I looked up at the rafters, I thought, "No, it can't be. Something is wrong here." I climbed up on a ladder and I looked at the steel, counted the tubing, and there was enough to make another machine. So, I pulled down the steel, cut the hollow tubes up, welded them, and ground them, and so forth. Though I had studied engineering, Dad wanted me to be able to use my hands, and I'm happy about that.

We cut up the material, then we finished and were tired, but I looked up again at the rafters. "Richard," I said, pointing to the rafters, "My eyes are playing tricks on me; there's more steel!" I mean, I can believe for things that are softer, but steel! (Laughs) I took it out, cut it up, welded it, and we finished. I thought, "Boy! That's a real miracle! Gracious me!" Anyway, I looked

again at the rafters, pointed, and said, "Richard, am I crazy?" I climbed up the ladder, got the steel, and we cut it; we made all five machines. That's when it started.

Now, that fellow began to sell the machines, but meanwhile, the competition came up with something known as the "fast drawdown." So, he said, "Ray, can you go and have a look at the competition's machine? You know, just make a few, little changes and make your own?" I said, "Oh, no, I can't do that. I'm a believer. I can't steal anybody's idea. I'm going to pray and ask the Lord, and He will give me the idea."

And I tell you, the Lord never let me down, because what happened turned out so marvelously that DuPont, that multi-billion dollar company, recommended my machines. They flew two engineers down to Toronto to test them. But this is how it happened. It was a Friday night, and this company had sent out thousands of flyers telling about this wonderful invention of mine, this addition to these machines that I'd built, and I hadn't even invented it yet. Oh, my goodness! What pressure they put me under. I took my wife home and said, "Mary, you better start praying, because I'm supposed to deliver the machine tomorrow before 4 o'clock at the big, international show in the Toronto International Airport."

Well, I was in trouble. At least, I thought I was. I took my wife home, told her to pray, and I came back to the shop. I stood in front of the machine. I had to invent a quick drawdown device to add to the machine. I laid my hands on the machine, and prayed and prayed and prayed. After a while, I audibly heard this voice saying, "Go to sleep; go to sleep." I said, "Lord, I'm willing to work all night!" "Go to sleep!" Well, after a while, I was so tired; I hadn't washed myself for about three or four days, except for shaving. I was staying at the office; I was so desperate to get this thing done. No matter what I tried, I couldn't get this device to work; this thing that I was supposed to invent.

So, I went to sleep. I opened down the folding cot and the next morning, I went to McDonald's for breakfast, thinking, "Now I'm going to be anointed!" I went back and looked it at the machine. Oh, my brain was so foggy that I couldn't do a thing. Finally, I was sitting in the office with my third cup of coffee. Having studied psychology many years ago, I realized my body language was that of a man who might want to commit suicide. Ach; I just gave up.

I started talking to God. I said, "Lord, I'm so tired that I can't think straight." I said, "I've let You down and I've let the company down. Please, Lord, I don't know what to do anymore." Then I heard His voice speaking to me so clearly, saying, "Didn't I tell you through Mary two days ago, that all you have to do is ask me and I will give you the answer?" Just like that.

I jumped up wide-awake. I heard His voice saying, "You believe that's from me? Go and do it now." I walked out to the passageway to the front of the shop and pulled out this little, Ilford box. It was Ilford film that I got from the stock exchange years ago. I pulled it out and there was a plastic piece I wanted from it. I took it into the machine room and machined it. None of my employees were there; I had to do it all myself. As I worked, I thought, "Three, six, thirty-two, hold, a hundred and twenty degrees. No, no, no! Don't do that. You have to use silicone!"

My hands started moving, and this machine was there. I opened the top, and there was a stepladder with the paint step down. I thought, "Who put this here? No one else is in the place; just me!" But I just flowed, and I did this stuff, that stuff, and the other, and, finally, I put in the screen, closed the top, and pushed the button, and what I saw was absolutely amazing. I

started laughing out of my belly, because nobody had this! None of the competition, and they are multi-million dollar companies!

I switched it off, lifted the top, closed it, and put on the vacuum again, and it worked and worked, and, suddenly, I realized, "Oh, my goodness; this is a miracle!" I went to the telephone and called my foreman. I said, "Robbie, get here quick! I've had a miracle! Get hold of Brian Kirby!" Pretty soon, the boys came rushing in. They got the truck. I went under this machine and there were cables and pipes and everything hanging. I used duct tape and stuck them up under the machine. I said it looked fairly decent for the show; at least, it was working, you see. I had done it in an hour and a half.

They took it to the show. Four o'clock, they rolled down the carpet at the show; no machines were allowed into the place after that. I finally went into the washroom and washed myself, changed my shirt, and took a leisurely drive to the exhibition centre. There were the boys, all excited, erecting this big thing.

The next day, I went to church. After church, I didn't want to have anything to do with business; I just went to the exhibition centre to observe. An engineer from Dupont came up to me and asked, "Are you the inventor of that machine?" I said, "Not exactly; I prayed and asked God, and He showed me." Well, he couldn't call me an idiot because there was the proof. We were way ahead of the competition. And one good thing happened after another good thing, and so it went pretty well.

Then there came a time when God told me to plan my business in a certain way. I was flying my aeroplane, speaking at Full Gospel Business meetings here and there and the other, and going on business trips and so forth, and had enough money. I gave to the poor, thinking that I was doing the right thing. But I will tell you one thing; if God speaks to you, just drop everything and be obedient right away. You see, God didn't give me a specific plan because I didn't start planning. I should have made some attempt and trusted Him to lead me further.

If you're involved in high finances, you'll kick me for what I'm going to tell you next. I was in the Toronto Stock Exchange in 1987 when one of the managers over there, a man I always dealt with, said, "Ray, you heard about the Big Bang?" I said, "Big Bang? What's that?" He looked around furtively and said, "October." (thumb pointing downwards.) I was warned of the October crash. Now some of you might know that you can make an enormous amount of money when the market crashes. You can make money faster when it crashes than when it goes up, if you know how. Not that I wanted to gain by somebody else's loss, but I was warned ahead of time and did nothing about it.

Well, the market crashed in October. I figured that in five or six months, I would be back on my feet again, but I had to let my employees go one by one. I held on to the last one, who I had trained from scratch. He came to us as a sweeper, but he was an educated sweeper. Finally, I let him go, as well, but I was determined that I was not going to give up.

It got so bad that, one Friday afternoon, my wife told me, "Raymond, we're going to need \$30,000.00 Monday morning." At one time, sixty thousand was no problem. Now thirty thousand was an enormous problem. Where were we going to get it? We had extended ourselves; we had borrowed up to the limit in order to keep the employees, and paid the creditors, and so forth. We were about \$300,000.00 in debt and saw no way out.

So, I took my wife home and said, "Mary, you better start praying." I came back to the office and I didn't know what to do. As President of the Full Gospel Scarborough chapter, I was supposed to stand in front of people, clap my hands and sing Hallelujah. I thought, "How can I be a hypocrite and pretend to be happy? Why, I'm in deep, deep trouble."

So, after putting the various paraphernalia in the trunk of the car, getting ready for the meeting the next morning, I complained to God, going back and forth, "Oh, get me out of this meeting! I can't run that meeting!" Until finally, when I was walking into the office, I looked up at the ceiling, and I remembered what the ceiling had looked like when the steel was multiplied. I said, "Oh, Lord, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry. I'm going to do Your work tomorrow, Lord. Please, will You take care of my problem?" I can't say that I heard His voice answer me, but I felt a bit of a peace.

Anyway, I went home to bed. When I woke up, I didn't seem to worry a thing about the money we owed. I went to the meeting. Now, please, what I am going to tell you next sounds like a fairy tale. May the Lord punish me, if I don't give you an accurate account of what happened, because it's absolutely true and it happened to this man.

Gord Williams from 100 Huntley Street was our Speaker. The meeting came to an end and he was praying for the people. I was standing beside the head table when a heavy-set woman, with her eyes fixed on me, nearly popping out of her head, came dragging her feet, looking at me. She said, "Sir, sir, sir, am I crazy, am I crazy?" I said, "What for, my dear?" She said, "I'm driving on the 401, the 401, sir, and God told me to come to this hotel. I walked down the passageway and I saw you and God said, "Give that man \$30,000,00! Sir, am I crazy? Am I crazy?" That's exactly what she said.

I stood there, wanting to answer her, but it seemed I had about three or four golf balls in my throat. With tears running down my cheeks, I said, pointing to my chest and folding my hands together, "I'm the man who prayed." She replied, "You're the man? Hallelujah!" To cut a long story short, I gave her my business card. She turned up in our office, but didn't give me the cheque; she gave it to my wife. I didn't tell her that I was married. Now, there's a twist to the story, and this is where it becomes like a fairy tale.

About two or three years prior to that, when things were not too bad, I looked at my wife and had such feelings of love for her, that I said, "Oh, my girl, I'm going to buy you a beautiful mink coat one day." She said, "Oh, Raymond, I don't need the coat, but if you don't mind, you can bring my sisters over from South Africa to visit; I'll be quite happy." Within my heart, I heard a voice say, "This girl deserves to have both the mink coat and to have her sisters come over." I didn't pay much attention to that. We found out what it cost for airfare for the three sisters, all born again. One paid for herself; we paid for the other two, and they came over. We flew them around in my aeroplane and had a nice time.

But here that morning, that woman came in; her name is ... I don't want to tell you, Greek people, but her husband died. When her husband died, he saw the heavens opened and Jesus and the apostles. This woman and her husband were really, quite wealthy people. She gave my wife the cheque and then calmed down a bit. After a moment, she said, "Oh," (raising her finger, as if having just thought of something), and went to her car. She came back with a big parcel covered with a white sheet. Remember now, I didn't tell her that I'm married. She

put on my wife a five and a half thousand-dollar mink coat. That is the absolute truth. She laughed her head off, slapped her stomach, and said, "You see, God kept me fat all these years and I couldn't wear this coat. It's for you, my dear." We tried to give that coat back so many times; she wouldn't touch it for anything. And that is what happened to me. I give You the praise, Abba! And the glory.

Now, there's another thing. The leading of the Holy Spirit is so marvelous, really. There's a couple here who haven't ever seen me before, but I'm telling you, Ron and Janet (Gray of RoadKill Radio), your pictures are before me every morning, at my prayer desk. Yesterday, the Lord led me to pray for you. I had some literature on you that is about two or three years old, and, one night, while reading the literature, I put you on my prayer list, which is just over one inch thick. This is what happened as a result of that man (Arne) coming into my life. I thought that intercessory prayer was for little, old ladies, because my Irish grandmother, being born again, prayed, and I think that she prayed me through to salvation. I honour people who intercede, and it's an honour to pray for you two.

I want to encourage you, those who are struggling in business, that God is not asleep. What I've gathered over the years, is that a new dispensation is coming. It is coming; the wealth of the wicked is going to be transferred to the righteous.

I feel that there are at least three people here tonight, who are wondering if what I said here tonight is absolutely true, and that you're sitting on the fence, and that God wants you to accept His Son this night. Don't be in a rush; consider very carefully. He's giving you the opportunity to accept His Son Jesus as your Lord and Savior, because what you've heard just now is absolutely true. The love that He has for you is absolutely tremendous and He has brought you here for a particular purpose. Now you pay heed; as much as He drew me unto Himself, He's drawing you unto Himself. You don't have to respond right now, but please, relax, and trust Him, and don't be afraid.

I feel to share the following with you. I've been sharing it now for the past two days that I've been here: the need for forgiveness. I estimate roughly that maybe 75 % of people sitting here tonight need to forgive, and you have been suffering physically as a result of this. "Yeah, but you don't understand, brother. He did this to me, and she did this to me, and she said that, and he did this, and so forth." Are you able to forgive? Will you call on the Source who can empower you to forgive? Will you do that?

As I told somebody the other day, if I was a doctor dealing with sick people, that's the first question I'd ask, knowing what I know now. I've seen so many people who, when they've forgiven, not only took on peace, and some got saved, but were healed, as well. I want to be sure this is the Holy Spirit, because I've had people pray for me that I'd be in the right place, at the right time, saying the words of God. This, to me, is a bit of a strange twist to this meeting, but I feel I must say it, so you consider this, and by the end of the meeting, come up to me and have me pray for you. I will be most willing to do so.

Coming out here has been quite an experience, I must tell you. One of the first things I was mindful of was how comfortable I felt in Arne and Kathie's home. I mean, it was like being in my own home. As a little boy, I was always concerned about toilets, and this, and that, and the other, but in their place, I must say, I was absolutely at home and at ease.

And also the love of you people is so great. How can I possibly say that? Well, I just sense this, and I want to thank you for listening to me tonight, and, please, don't hesitate to come up for me pray for you, and expect a miracle. There's so much that I can share with you about what God has done in my life. May all praise, honour, and glory be to His Name.

Some people believe in praying in Hebrew. I've discovered that there is something most significant about that language. Shem was, perhaps, one of those who overthrew Nimrod at Babylon, and his language continued and ended up in its present form today as Hebrew. A Swiss scientist built a machine called a tonoscope, and when people spoke into it, strange shapes formed on the screen. He tried Hebrew, and when people spoke in Hebrew, not only were the shapes nice and symmetrical, but also Hebrew letters appeared. So, close your eyes, if you don't mind:

Barukh ata Adonai Eloheinu melekh ha-olam, bo'rei p'ri hagafen, sha'asah li kol tsorki.  
Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, King of the Universe, who has provided for all our needs.  
Amen.