

# **THE ADVENTURES of Roberto Cuervo**

**By Bobby Crow**

*Unless otherwise indicated, all scripture quotations are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.*

*Scripture quotations marked (AMP) are taken from the Amplified Bible. And also the (NLT) New Living Translation.*

*The Adventures of Roberto Cuervo*

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## **DEDICATION**

I dedicate this book to my lovely wife Lynn  
and my family: Jeremy, Gaby, Steven, John David,  
Karina, Ismael, Debanhi, Carlos, Stephanie and John David Jr.  
They have brought much joy and love into my live.  
They are a continuing blessing and encouragement,  
and I thank the Lord for giving them to me.

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## CHAPTER 1

### **NO! EN EL NOMBRE DE JESUCRISTO!**

In July of 2015 I had one of the greatest miracles God has ever done for me take place on the highway from Matamoros, Tamps. Mexico to Cd. Victoria. There was a missionary woman that was living here in Cd. Victoria and she was moving out of the country and she needed a ride to the States. We have an airplane, so I thought: "Well, we'll take her in the plane to Brownsville, Texas". But she told me, "Well, I have a girl that's going to go with me." And I said: "Okay". Then she said: "I also have five big suitcases and a dog that weights almost 100 pounds." And I thought, "Dear God, there is no way in the world we could take her in the plane," so I said: "Okay, I'll drive you out." I had a Chevy four-door pickup and so the next day, I loaded her stuff into the pickup and we headed to Brownsville. When arriving in Brownsville, I got her in touch with people to help her get a vehicle, because she needed to buy one for her trip home. I left her at the dealership and started heading back to Cd. Victoria. As I'm driving down the highway, I'm listening to gospel music and then I began to pray and all of a sudden I felt an urge to just pray in tongues! So I just began to pray! I'm driving down the highway, praying in tongues, not knowing the danger that was waiting ahead.

I had been praying in the Spirit for about 30 minutes and as I topped a little hill I see a vehicle, a pickup over to the side and there were four young men (drug cartel guys) and they all had

rifles! They started waving at me telling me to stop. I'm an old Man! I don't take orders from young kids even though they had rifles, so instead of stopping, I sped up! And as I passed them, one of them shot the back tire of my truck and that tire began to come apart. They jumped into their truck and started to chase me. I had to slow down because my tire was coming apart, so they pulled up beside me as we're speeding down the highway. Do you want to know what I did next? I took my truck and I slammed it into the side of their truck! I was taking both vehicles across the highway to a ditch. As I'm doing this, I look to my side at the truck window and there were two AK-47's pointing at my head! At this time I thought: "Okay, I'll stop."

Now, let me tell you something, when this began to happen, I got my cell phone out and called Jeremy (our oldest son). He lives here in Cd. Victoria. I told him what was happening and I left my phone on in the truck so he could hear what was going on. When I stopped my truck, one guy came over with his rifle, and he hit my window hard with the butt of the rifle but it didn't break. When I put the truck in park, the doors unlocked and so one of the guys opened my door and grabbed me and pulled me out of the truck. They pulled me to the back of the truck and one guy was screaming and cussing in Spanish and telling me to get into their truck! He shot into the ground, still telling me to get into their truck. I just stood there, looking at him and something came over me! I looked at that boy, I pointed my finger at him and in Spanish I said: **"NO, EN EL NOMBRE DE JESUCRISTO!"** In other words, **"NO, IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST!"** And then he stopped talking. Then another guy came up behind me, grabbed me by the shirt, pulled my shirt so hard that the pen I always have in my pocket punched a hole in my shirt, but he couldn't move me. I believe those guys realized something was happening because they began to back away from me.

Three of the guys tried to get me in their truck by continuing



to yell at me telling me to get in. But I said; "I'm not going to get in! In the Name of Jesus!" They then got in their truck, went one way and the other guy took my truck and went another way and left me standing there on the highway. What I didn't know was that Jeremy heard the guy shoot and never heard anything else, so he thought they'd killed me! So I was standing there on the highway and cars and busses were going by, so I started waving and a car stopped. I asked: "Do you have a cell phone I could use?" And they loaned me their phone. I called Jeremy and told him where I was. So he and two other men from the church jumped in a vehicle, headed towards where I was and then Jeremy called some state policemen, that had been coming to our church and told them the serious situation.

They all met me at a military checkpoint and Jeremy said: "I know where the truck is." That's because my phone was still in it and Jeremy had put on all our family phones a tracking devise. So we got with the State Police and went back up into the back country, over an hour away in a real remote area and we finally found my truck! But the bad guys had already left! It was in terrible condition but I got my truck back and the State Police had it hauled back to Cd. Victoria, and it was in the body shop for over four months for repairs. But Praise God, I Got My Truck Back, and I'll tell you that someone later asked me: ***"DOES IT HELP TO PRAY IN TONGUES? YES, IT HELPED ME THAT DAY AND I'M STILL ALIVE!"***

The photo on the cover of this book is when the State Police were getting me ready to go look for my truck.



## CHAPTER 2

### THE ADVENTURE BEGINS...

Now let me take you back to the beginning! What an awesome life I have to share with you, all the glorious miracles of God that have been my answers to prayer and my path that God choose for me over 82 years ago!

*“Jesus said, marvel not that I say unto you,  
you must be born again.”*

**JOHN 3:7**

It wasn't open for discussion; if it was Sunday, we were in church. My parents, Jim and Agnes Crow, were committed to teaching each of their children to know and love God. I can't remember a time in my life when I did not know about God, about Jesus and about going to church. I feel blessed to have been brought up in such a home where Christ had a place of honor.

However, eventually I came to learn an important lesson; being brought up in a Christian home, knowing about God, knowing about Jesus, praying at meal times, being in Sunday School, listening to the pastor preach his sermon on Sunday mornings—none of this made me a Christian.

Then something happened when I was about ten years old. I remember riding with my brother Marvin in the back of a pick-up truck, out across a pasture (isn't it amazing, how certain details

stay in your mind?). Marvin, who had recently surrendered to the ministry, suddenly looked at me and said, “Bobby, have you ever received Jesus Christ into your heart?”

My first reaction was, “What is he talking about? He knows that I know Jesus, I go to church, I pray...why is he asking me that? He knows the answer!” However, as he went over the plan of salvation, he explained to me that being a Christian is more than going to church, praying or knowing about Jesus, He explained that every person needs to come to a point in life when he or she has to decide what to do about Jesus. To be truly a Christian, he explained, I needed to ask Jesus to come into my heart, forgive my sins and give me the gift of eternal life.

As he continued sharing the Scripture with me, I finally realized my need and I did call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, inviting Him to come into my heart and give me eternal life.

That decision was the starting point of the greatest adventure a person can embark on in life. I believe that, as a result of that decision when I was just ten years old, I have eternal life today. I believe that I received the gift of salvation and began living for eternity from the very moment I invited Jesus Christ to come into my heart. I know that I live in a physical body. One day this body, if Jesus tarries, will die, but the real me, my spirit, will continue to live forever. I'll just move out of this house of flesh and move into the very presence of the Lord. Such an assurance makes life exciting, worthwhile and meaningful. It makes life an adventure, regardless of where we live or what we do.

### **Where do You Stand?**

But I believe there are people who are like I was at the age of ten, people who think that just going to church makes them

Christians. I like to use an illustration with such people—an illustration that I've heard ministers over the years use many times: Going to church doesn't make you a Christian, just like going to a garage doesn't make you a car, or going to a barn doesn't make you a horse.

Salvation is a gift from God, received when we call upon the name of the Lord, as the Bible says;

*“For whosoever shall call upon the name  
of the Lord shall be saved.”*

**ROMANS 10:13**

I am so glad that one day I called upon the Lord Jesus Christ, inviting Him to come into my life and forgive me of my sins. I embarked on an adventure that day, and I have been enjoying the trip ever since!



## CHAPTER 3

### THE CALL

Telico Baptist Church, the little country church about a mile from my house, was having a revival, and I knew the Lord wanted me to go. I knew something else, too. Don't ask me how, but I knew that if I went to that revival meeting, I would surrender my life to the ministry. I knew I would walk down the aisle, take the pastor, Brother Joe Hixon, by the hand and tell him God was calling me into the ministry and that I wanted to dedicate my life to do that.

A couple of years before—I was about 16—I'd started to sense God has a special call for my life. I'd always had a desire to serve the Lord and work in the church, but I knew in my heart that this was something far greater.

I finally realized, deep down in my heart, that God was calling me into the ministry. But my brother Marvin was a minister, and I started to question myself: “Do I want to be a minister just because Marvin is a minister!” As time went on, I realized that the call I was hearing was from God and it was for me!

On one hand, it wasn't something I wanted to do. On the other hand, deep down inside, I really did. The desire was there, but the reluctance was there, too. Talk about a divided mind!

## **Kicking Against the Pricks**

Like the Apostle Paul, I was “kicking against the pricks” (Acts 9:5). I knew God was calling me, but I just didn't want to listen, So when that revival meeting came around, I made plans to drive into town instead. We lived in a little country community called Telico, about ten miles east of Ennis, Texas. As I was getting ready to go into town, I could sense God speaking to me about that meeting, and I kept saying “No! If I go, I'm going to surrender to preach, and I don't want to do that right now.”

So I got into the car and left. About halfway into town there was a hill and on the left side of the highway was a big pecan tree. I remember that, as I was approaching that tree, God said, “I want you to turn around and go to that meeting.”

Yet I resisted His prompting. Then, the moment I reached that tree, as I was saying, “I'm not going to that meeting,” I felt something was lifted off of me. I don't believe God took His grace off of me, I don't believe I was no longer saved; but at that moment God stopped speaking to my heart about the ministry.

For almost a year after that, I didn't hear God speak to me about it anymore. It should have been a relief, right? Well, it wasn't. I felt miserable inside. I knew that I have failed to respond to God's call, but I didn't know what to do about it.

## **His Ways are Higher**

I was a senior in Ennis High School, with big plans in my mind, but college wasn't one of them. One day my English teacher said; “Each student has to write an essay about what you're going to do with your life.” I thought: “What am I going to do with my life? I was raised on a farm! I know how to drive a tractor, I know how



to chop and pick cotton.” You know, growing up it was always a joke that people that were not from the farm would always look down on farmers and say; “Well, you are just an old cotton picker,” and they would say it in such a way that I thought, ‘That’s kind of terrible!’ But then later on in life, I checked and saw how much a machine that picks cotton cost and realized that it cost about a quarter of a million dollars and I thought; “They tell me I’m just an old cotton picker. Shoot! I guess I’m worth about a quarter of a million dollars!”

So I wrote the essay about studying computers in a technical school in Dallas, Texas. Yes, I decided I would be a computer technician. So just before the end of my senior year, in 1962, we were required to take an American College Testing assessment (ACT) for college entrance. In that test we had to mention three colleges we were interested in attending. I wasn’t planning on attending college at all, but I listed three local colleges, just to fill out the paper. One of them was Navarro Junior College in Corsicana, Texas.

I spent that last summer after high school on the farm where I was raised. One afternoon a van drove up to our farm, a man got out of the van, came up to the house and introduced himself as a representative of Navarro Junior College. He wanted to know why they hadn’t heard from me, since in my ACT test I had mentioned an interest in attending NJC.

I still don’t know why he had come out to call on me, because I was not a scholar by any means. So I was honest with him, and said, “I am not planning on going to college, I am going to a technical school in Dallas to study computers.”

“Isn’t that amazing!” he said. “This coming semester we are going to offer a course in computers. This will be the first time we’ve ever offered it. You could come to NJC and study

computers, and at the same time you could study all the other subjects. That way you wouldn't be limited to just one particular area of studies.”

Now let me stop for a minute to tell you, this was in 1962, during the Vietnam War, so schools were looking for students because the more students they had, the more money they could receive from the government. So they were looking for at least warm bodies to come to school. Talking to this recruiter made sense, so I decided to go to NJC. I'd get to study computers, and in addition would take all the other basic required subjects. So off to Navarro Junior College I went!

### **Eating Crow**

Close to the end of my freshman year in college, after about a year of spiritual misery, God gently began to speak to my heart again, saying, “Son, you know what I want you to do.” This time I wasn't so stubborn, but still, I argued with Him. “God, you know me. I'm not a person that likes to get up in front of people and to talk. I don't know that I could do that. I don't know that I really want to be a preacher.” I kept telling God. “I don't feel like I'm qualified.” And you know what God said? He said: “Do you remember that there's a story in the Bible of how one time I used a little worm? Do you remember another time I used a big fish?” I said, Yes, I remember that story.” He said: “Do You remember one time I used a rooster? Do you remember how that at one time I used a little donkey?” I said: “Yes, I remember that God.” And then He said: “Well look, if I could use a worm, if I could use a fish, if I could use a rooster and a donkey, don't you think I could use a CROW also?”

I know that sounds kind of funny but you know what? It was a powerful Word that I got from God and I said: “Yes God, I will do what you want me to do. I will preach.” And I remember that

the Sunday morning after that, I went to church and at the end of the service, after the pastor preached, they gave an invitation for people to receive Christ and then he asked if anybody wanted to rededicate their life or whatever they needed to come down. So, I went down, I took my pastor by the hand and said: "Pastor Nunn, God has called me to preach the gospel!" He said: "that's very good! I want you to preach Wednesday night."

I thought: "My God!" I thought maybe I could take two or three months to prepare and everything, but I had to preach that following Wednesday night. It scared the stuffins out of me but you know what, I think it was one of the best things that ever happened to me because it got me started immediately in preaching the gospel and now 63 years have passed and I have not stopped preaching. There have been a lot of things that's happened in my life but I believe God used my pastor to get me started in preaching.

Even though I had been raise in church, there was much of the Bible I didn't understand. I was like one minister I had heard about, who thought the epistles were the wives of the apostles. I knew I had to go to Bible College somewhere to study.

My pastor, Brother Nunn, suggested I attend Jacksonville Baptist College in Jacksonville, Texas. My parents were agreeable, but there was one little problem. I would have to live on campus and they couldn't pay for all the expenses involved. They agreed that I could go to JBC if I could get a job part time and work while going to school.

So Brother Nunn took me down to JBC. After I had made all the arrangements to attend the school, I told the dean, "Now, there is only one problem. My parents told me that I must get a job here."

The dean wasn't encouraging. "Well, son, it's almost hopeless to get a part time job in this town," he replied. Jacksonville at that time was a town with less than ten thousand people, and it had two junior colleges and a seminary. Part time jobs, I was told, were as scarce as hen's teeth.

Then someone suggested, "There's one company out at the edge of town, called Nichol's Industries. You could go out there and talk to them." So I drove out to this company and talked to the personnel director. He was even more discouraging. "We've got a long waiting list here, but go ahead, fill out an application."

One of the questions in the application asked for my job experience. Well, other than the farm work of picking cotton and feeding cows, chickens and horses, the only experience I could think of was that I had studied computers my freshman year in college. The person in charge looked over my application and came to the part about computers, he said, "You've studied computers? Follow me." He took me into a room in the accounting department, and in this room were the same make and models of computers I had just spent nine months learning how to operate! He asked, "Can you operate these machines? If so, you've got the job!"

So God provided me with a job. What had happened? God knew I was going to need a job to go to Bible school: so He placed in my heart a desire to study computers, way back in my senior year in high school. He opened a door for me to study computers in college, where I learned to run certain types of computers. What was God doing? He was at work in me, energizing me and putting within me the abilities that I needed to get a job so that I could go to Bible school and prepare for the ministry.

## **Learning Jesus's Vocation**

That's only one of many examples of God's wonderful leading in my life. I remember a time around 1972 when I was not pastoring, and I needed a job. I had worked at various jobs—selling used cars, mobile homes and outdoor advertising signs, putting up wood fences for houses, and many other things—while helping my brother Marvin raise up International Christian Center Church in Garland, Texas.

One night after church I got together with a friend of mine, by the name of Robert Tilton. Bob (as I call him) at that time was superintendent of a building company in Garland, Texas. I told him I needed a job, and he said, “Well, I am looking for a finish carpenter.”

I didn't know a thing about carpentry, but I told him, “If you give me the job, I'll do the very best that I can.” He gave me the job and I went out and bought a hammer and a saw and a few other carpentry tools. When I showed up on the job, Bob took one look at me and said that all the carpenters there would know right way I didn't know what I was doing. So we went behind one of the buildings, took my brand-new tools and kicked them around in the dirt, scuffing them up and getting them dirty and scratched them up to at least make them look like they had been used a time or two. I remember one time, while trying to drive a nail into a board, that I missed the nail with my hammer and broke the crystal out of my watch. After that, no one would hold a nail for me.

I remember reading in the Bible that when it came time for Israel to build the tabernacle of the Lord, He placed within the hearts of certain men and women the abilities needed to do the work. To some He gave the ability to work with metal, to others

the ability to work with wood and so on. When I read that, I prayed, “God, if You could do it for others, You can do it for me, and I am trusting You.”

I trusted God to teach me how to be a good carpenter, and I also worked hard; I worked longer than anybody else, and I watched the others and tried to learn from them. I even took a course at night on how to be a carpenter and how to build houses. When I first started to work at that construction site, some of the guys who had been carpenters for years would laugh at the way I did things. However, in less than two years' time, I became their boss. Needless to say, that stopped all the laughing! Remember, **NEVER LAUGH AT THE BOSS!**

But there came a point when I started to think, “God, I thank You for this job, but this isn't really what You called me to do. I am a minister. I should be out preaching!”

I soon found out, however, that God could use my newly acquired skills in His work. My brother had bought an old post office building for the church that he was raising up in Garland, Texas. The building needed a lot of work to make it comfortable as a church. So in the evenings and on the weekends, I would go there and help put up walls inside that building and help build platforms and everything else. So I was able to use my skills as a carpenter to help my brother in his church building.

### **Bob the Builder**

Yet at the same time there was a stirring in me. I felt I was wasting time. Why did I need to learn all that carpentry stuff? Little did I know at that time that God was preparing me for something very special in the future? I had no earthly idea that one day He would send me to the country of Mexico, as a Missionary, and there He would use me to build a church, a Bible

School, a publishing plant, a hospital, and a school for Missionary children. As I look back now, I can see how He used the knowledge I acquired during those long days on the construction site to prepare me for the job He had for me in the mission field. God was taking me through a training period that I thought was wasted time. What was happening in my life? God was energizing and creating within me the ability, the skills that I was going to need when I got to the mission field.

If only you could see some of the things that we've built here in Cd. Victoria, Tamps. Mexico. Let me tell you about our first major building that we built. We had a Bible School but we rented buildings so we needed our own buildings and I thought: "We need a building for the church. We need a building for dormitories for guys, and dormitories for women, we need a kitchen and dining facilities." We needed all of these things and so I started planning out different types of buildings to construct and one night God woke me up and spoke to me. I went into my kitchen and He gave me a plan. I drew out the plans on a kitchen napkin on how to build one building that contained an auditorium that would seat about one thousand and five hundred people that had a dormitory for men, a dormitory for women, classrooms, a kitchen and dining facilities. From that God given plan, sketched on a napkin, I built this large building that housed everything under one roof! It even had an area for a hospital that we had for about four years all in one building! After the building was complete and it was in full use, the city came and asked to see the blueprints. All we had was the NAPKIN, so I had an Architect draw up blueprints and we handed those over to the city officials. Only God would take a NAPKIN and build a building!

Maybe someone who is reading this book has been thinking along these lines: "God, I want to be used by You, but I work a secular job. I'm just wasting time." Maybe you're a mechanic, or a carpenter, or a secretary; whatever it is, God can use that area

of skills in the ministry He has for you. I believe God is working within each of us, placing in us the abilities and skills and knowledge that He wants to use for His honor and glory. God may someday take the skills and abilities you have and use them in a way that you may not even imagine. So never look at your current experiences as wasted time; God has a place and a purpose for all those things that you know or are learning. They are not in vain. God is continually at work in you and will continue right up until the day that He calls you home, or up until the day that He returns back to this earth.

*“(Not in your own strength) for it is God, Who is all the while effectually at work in you, (energizing and creating in you the power and desire), both to will and to work for His good pleasure and satisfaction and delight.”*

**Phil. 2:13 (amp)**

So be encouraged! Whether you are working as a plumber, teacher or a secretary, whether you are a businessman, a doctor or a carpenter, become as skilled as possible in that area, do your best, and then rest in Him. He may choose to send you to a foreign mission field, or He may choose to use you where you are. The important thing is to know, beyond a doubt, that you are doing the best you can with what He gave you, glorifying Him by your attitude of love and service. That's all He asks—He promised to do the rest!



## CHAPTER 4

### FILLED TO OVERFLOWING!

The reports I kept hearing should have filled me with joy, yet they were frustrating and baffling to me. People were being saved by the hundreds and the thousands in Marvin's and other ministers' crusades. I know my ministry wasn't having even a sliver of the impact theirs were having.

At first I didn't even want to consider the possibility that this was due to the experience Marvin had tried to share with me. Yet I couldn't help wondering.

I remember when he first mentioned it: he had written home, telling Mother and Dad about having an experience with God that he called “the baptism of the Holy Ghost” and speaking in tongues. When my mother read this letter, she said, “Marvin must have lost his mind,” and began to cry. “He is talking about speaking in tongues.” It was something we Baptists didn't believe in and couldn't accept.

As I entered the ministry, Marvin tried to talk to me about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but I didn't want to listen. It was too new, I didn't understand it and didn't want a thing to do with it. So I stayed away from Marvin.

But observing his ministry, I had to admit something was happening—something strange, I thought. I had been in the ministry for a while, I loved God and wanted to serve Him, and

did the best I could. But deep down inside, I felt there was something lacking, something Marvin seemed to have.

So, while keeping my distance from him and his experiences, at the same time I began to pay attention to his ministry and what was going on at his church. Suddenly I saw him preaching to more people than he ever had before in his ministry. I saw him travel to other parts of the world, preaching in crusades and winning people to the Lord. I was hearing reports of people being saved by the hundreds and by the thousands in crusades led by him and other ministers of his church, while I was struggling to win one or two souls to the Lord. I couldn't help thinking, "There's something strange happening." So I started asking God, "What is it? I don't understand."

Finally, I got so hungry; I decided I had to know what was missing. If God had more for me, I wanted it, even if it meant the strange experience Marvin had shared about. My prayer became, "God, if You have something for me to help me win souls for You, I want it. I don't care who it joins me to, or who it separates me from."

At this time, I was a student at JBC. After talking to Alvin, one of my roommates, I discovered that someone had been witnessing to him also about the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Neither of us knew anything about it, so one weekend we decided to take a trip to Houston and talk with Marvin. We arrived at Marvin's home on Saturday afternoon. After visiting with him for a few minutes, we asked him to explain this experience to us. He started in the Old Testament and ended with the New Testament, sharing with us that the infilling of the Holy Spirit did not end with the Apostles, but that it was for every believer.

After sharing with us for a couple of hours, he needed to go downtown for a service his church had at a rescue mission and he invited us to go along. I remember he was driving a 1964 Oldsmobile, and Alvin was sitting in the front passenger's seat. I was sitting in the back seat behind Alvin. On the way; Marvin said that we should pray for the service. By this time Alvin and I were both hungry for the power of God. Instead of each taking a turn in praying, we all started at the same time. Alvin and I began to pray, not for the service, but for the infilling of the Holy Spirit. As we prayed the power of God fell on us. I remember Marvin driving the car, laying one hand on Alvin and his other hand on me. (Don't ask me to explain how he did this!) All of a sudden, Alvin began to speak in other tongues, I thought, "He's getting it and I'm not." I cried out, "God, fill me!" Suddenly, I too began to speak in tongues. I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit sitting in the back seat of a 64 Olds. In downtown Houston, right in front of the courthouse.

When we got to the building where the service was to be conducted, Alvin and I were so caught up in the Spirit and with speaking in tongues that Marvin could not get us out of the car. So he locked the doors of the car and went inside. I guess he locked the doors, not to keep us from getting out, but to keep someone from getting us and taking us to some mental hospital.

That experience changed my life. I knew this was something extra, other than salvation. I now had a greater love for God and His Word seemed to come alive as I would read it. Most of all I desired to tell everyone about Jesus.

Within a few days of returning to JBC, word was out about us. This experience was just not "Baptist" was what we were told. Alvin was called into the Dean's office and told that if the two of us did not stop talking about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we would be kicked out of school. So we stopped talking about it, unless

someone asked. When they asked, we let them have it. We really did not use any common sense when it came to witnessing about this experience. After a cooling off period, we noticed that none of the other student ministers wanted to have anything to do with us. I understood then what Jeremiah meant when he wrote:

*“This I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak nay more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.”*

**JEREMIAH 20:9**

I had to preach, but if the churches did not want me, then I would go elsewhere. I started preaching every Monday night at Rusk Country jail and every Thursday night at a rest home in Jacksonville, Texas. I was preaching more than any other student ministers on campus.

As the months went by, I began to cool down even more. Someone has said, “You will get slower as you get older, but the truth is you will get slower as you get colder.” Because I had very little fellowship with Spirit-filled people and because at this time there was little written about it, I began to get away from the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I never denied it; I just didn't do anything with it for a few years.

During those years I stayed with the Baptist denomination and pastored two of their churches, seeing few results in the ministry. My first church was west of Corsicana, Texas and I pastored it for two years and saw only one person saved. Next I moved to Livingston, Texas and started pastoring. It was there that the Holy Spirit began to stir within me again.

I longed to reach the world for Jesus, yet felt at times that I was barely holding on and surviving in the ministry. I knew that mission's starts at home, and the size of the church didn't mean—at least, it shouldn't mean—that we couldn't have an impact on the world. I decided, “We need to do something to reach the world with the Gospel.” As I began to look around, I noticed that we, our Baptist denomination, had fifteen churches within a ten-mile radius of a little town of about 6000 people, and almost all of these churches had been started by splits of other churches.

I remember in one of our district meetings we started talking about the fact that we needed to do something to serve God and to reach souls. Somebody came up with the idea, “Let's hire a missionary and start a new mission church.” I thought, “Yes, I believe we are on the right track.”

Now, I was the new guy in the neighborhood, so I just sat back and listened, while they elected a man from the group to become their missionary. All of a sudden it dawned on me, “Hey, this guy has been born and raised here in this city, he owns a farm at the edge of town, has a good job, his wife has a good job, his kids are all settled in school; this guy can't move out of town! He is too settled! “Where is he going to start this mission?”

I soon had my answer. He started a mission church five miles out of town! That was all we needed, one more church in that area, when we couldn't even fill up the ones we already had. But that was the height of their vision.

### **Of Squirrels, Cages and a Vision of God**

They were like the people of a church where Marvin preached one time. Before he was to speak, they had a business

meeting. Thirty men were present at that meeting, and they prided themselves in the fact that every month they had some type of project they worked on, something done for the community or the people in the church.

They needed to choose a project for the following month, and one man suggested, "There is a nursing home just down the road, and some people who live there told me they would love to have a little squirrel in a cage. They could take care of him and watch him play." They had \$67.35 for this project, so they started discussing where to get the squirrel, and who would build the cage. They spent more than one hour discussing this project for the month.

Finally they finished and turned the meeting over to Marvin, who was flabbergasted! He told me later, "I have a man in my church that would have donated all of the material, gone out and built the cage for them and probably still had time to catch a squirrel and put it in the cage, all in less time than it took for thirty grown men to discuss a project of a squirrel cage for a nursing home!"

It sounds humorous, but it's sad to think how many of us have "squirrel cage" visions for God. We spend all our time discussing things that have no impact on the kingdom of God, while people are dying and entering an eternity of torment away from Him! We need to look beyond squirrel cages, to see a world that needs Jesus Christ! I felt this same lack of vision at my church and in my denomination, and it discouraged me.

## **Mexico**

About this time Marvin invited me to go with three men from his church on a short mission trip to Mexico, to a city called Ciudad Victoria, about 200 miles from Brownsville, Texas. I liked the idea,

so I accepted the invitation. We spent a week in Ciudad Victoria working with two missionaries, Ollie Lovett and Madeline Scott, showing Christian movies and preaching the Gospel.

For the first time in my life I saw people who were truly hungry for the Gospel. I saw how they responded to the message of Jesus Christ. There was no bickering, no arguing, no church splitting, nothing like that. These people just wanted to hear about Jesus. They didn't care if we were Baptists, Methodist, Presbyterians or whatever—they just wanted to know about the Savior.

That week changed my life. Not long after that, I decided I had to be with people who were willing to believe God for great things and who had a true vision for reaching the world, so I resigned from my church and moved to Houston. (Since I had no money to make this move, I went to the bank and asked for a loan of \$200. The loan officer asked why I needed the money, and I told him I was leaving town. He laughed and said, “Preacher, I have loaned money for a lot of things, but never to help someone get out of town! He gave me the loan.”)

I still didn't understand much about the baptism of the Holy Spirit or the power of God, but I wanted to be with people who believed in that power, who believed that God still worked miracles.

I also began to study what God's Word had to say about the baptism of the Spirit, especially in the book of Acts. Studying the sermon of the Apostle Peter (Acts 2), I came to the point where the people interrupted his message saying, “Sir, what must we do to be saved?” And Peter answered, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” I'd never had people interrupt my sermon and ask me what they needed to do to get saved. I've had people wanting to interrupt my sermon to tell me it was time to go home, but never

had I had anybody saying, “We want to receive what you've got, we want to know more about Jesus Christ.”

Then I read in Acts 3 about Peter and John going up to the temple to pray and meeting a man there who had been crippled from birth. He asked them for money, and they stopped and said, “Silver and gold have I none.” I could relate to that. I was a poor preacher and knew what it was like not being able to help someone because I didn't have any money.

Peter didn't stop there; he continued, “But such as I have give I thee.” I thought, what did he have? He was as poor as I was. I kept reading. “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk,” and he reached down and took the man by the hand and lifted him up. The Bible says that immediately the man's feet and anklebones received strength and he stood up and entered the temple, walking and leaping and praising God.

Then I read in Acts 4 that, after the healing of this man, 5000 people got saved. I read further, of people being saved by the hundreds and by the thousands, of entire cities turning to God, and of miracles taking place—the whole book of Acts is filled with signs, miracles and wonders.

I said, “Oh, God, I wish I could have lived back in the Bible days, back in those days when You worked miracles.” When I said that, I heard God's voice in my spirit, saying, “Son, days never performed one miracle. I am the God of miracles. I am the One who worked the miracles, not the days. As you read My Word you'll find that I am the Lord God, I change not. I am the same yesterday, today and forever. The world has changed, but I have not changed. So if you'll trust in Me, you, too will see miracles. What I did back then, I'll do today.”

That changed my life. I walked away from my denomination.



I want to make one thing clear: I didn't (and don't) have anything against them. I praise God for them because they do preach salvation through Jesus Christ. But I wanted more, and I received it. For the next year, in that church in Houston, I saw the power of God as I had never seen it before. I saw people get saved, and healed, I saw miracles take place and lives change. But the life that changed the most, I believe, was my own. I knew it would only get better.



## CHAPTER 5

### ON A WING AND A LOT OF FEAR

I didn't care what the flight attendants thought. I didn't care what my fellow passengers thought. I was terrified, and I needed to hear from God. If that meant making a fool of myself, so be it!

The year was 1969, and I was living in Houston, Texas where Marvin was pastor of Lakewood Church and I was his associate pastor. He and John Osteen had made a trip to the country of India and held a crusade there. When they came back, they reported about hundreds of people getting saved and about a church they had started in a city called Trivandrum, in southern India. The church already had 500 members, and they had started daily services to teach them the Word of God.

When it was time to come back to the States, a missionary they had met there agreed to stay on and continue holding services at this new church every morning and every night. As I listened to their report of the great things God was doing in India, something rose up in my spirit, and I thought, "I'd love to go to a place like that. I'd love to minister in India."

Two or three weeks later, we got a letter from that missionary, saying he had to leave India in a couple of months and we needed to send someone who could continue the daily services at the church. When I read that letter, something in me said, "You need to go." I began to pray, saying, "God, do You

really want me to go?" I had a desire to go, but I didn't want to go unless it was the will of God. So I started going down to the church, late at night, when no one was around, and I would kneel at the altar and pray, "Oh, God, You know that in my heart I long to go to India to preach the Gospel, but I don't want to go if it's not your will. Lord, do You want me to go?"

This went on night after night. I'd go there and pray, "Do You want me to go to India?" I had talked with several ministers there at the church, and some felt I should go, and others were not so sure, and I was getting confused. Then, before the Sunday morning service a couple of weeks later, we had gathered around the altar and were praying for the service. As I was sitting there, I prayed again about going to India. I had my Bible open before me and I looked down, and I saw these words in Mark 16:15

*"And He said unto them Go ye into all the world,  
and preach the Gospel to every creature."*

I heard God speak to my heart, saying, "Son, what does My Word say? My Word says, "Go!" You are looking for a special call to go to the mission field or to a country to preach the Gospel. You don't need a special call to go, you've already got it. The call is there. The word to you is, "GO!"

Then I thought, "How in the world am I going to go to India? That's on the other side of the world, it takes a lot of money to go." I decided, however, to share with the church that morning what the Lord had told me. "God has spoken to me and told me that I am to go to India and preach and teach in that new church. Just pray for me, I asked."

When I sat down, Pastor Marvin stood and said, "I believe God is calling Bobby to go, and I believe we ought to help." In less than ten minutes, I had all the money I needed for my ticket and

all my expenses for the trip! God had supplied and I was ready to go.

Sometimes we think we've got to have a special call from God, and we won't do anything unless we hear from Him. We forget He has already told us what to do! This reminds me of a young man who was waiting upon God, trying to get direction from Him as to what he should do with his life. When someone invited him to go to Mexico to work with some missionaries for a week, showing Gospel movies and winning people to the Lord, he said, "Oh, I can't go, I'm waiting to hear from God." To which the person said, "Why don't you go ahead and come with us, and just tell God that you're going to Mexico to win souls for Him, and if He has anything special to tell you, He can reach you in Mexico."

I believe that's great advice. I believe we need to do what God puts in our heart, and tell Him, "God, this is what I'm going to do, and if You have something different, I'll be in Mexico (or wherever) preaching the Gospel. I'll be across the street talking to my neighbors; I'll be in school talking to the other students there; I'll be at my job, at break time, sharing the Lord Jesus with my co-workers. If you have something else for me, that's where You'll find me." I believe that's great advice, don't you?

Well, I began to make preparations to go to India. I had done very little traveling; I'd been out of the United States only one time, when I'd gone to Mexico for a week. Here I was getting ready to go to the other side of the world! I flew from Houston to Seattle, where I would change to another plane heading out across the ocean from Seattle to Tokyo; from there I was going to the Philippines and then to India, where I was going to minister for some time.

When my plane took off in Seattle, heading across the ocean towards Japan, I sat back in the seat and thought, “Well, here I am, leaving America and going to the other side of the World.” All of a sudden great fear and panic began to set into me. The fear was such that I got up out of my seat, got my Bible, laid it on the seat, turned around and knelt on the floor facing the seat where my Bible was, I opened the Bible and began to pray. I didn't care what anybody saw; I didn't care what anybody said; I didn't care about anybody else on that plane. I suddenly became so terrified about this trip; I had to hear from God.

Now I am not a person who believes in Bible roulette—just closing your eyes and opening the Bible and taking your finger and pointing at a page to see what God has to say out of that Scripture. I know that's not biblical, I don't do it, and I don't recommend that you do it. (I heard of one person who did this and his scripture was, “And Judas went and hung himself.” So he tried it again and it was, “Go and do they likewise.”)

But such fear was within me that, if I didn't hear from God, I knew that when the plane landed in Tokyo, I was going to get off and find the next plane heading back to the United States and I would be in it. I knew one thing; it's bad enough to be out of the will of God at home, but it's even worse to be out of the will of God when you're on the other side of the world. I had determined that either I was going to find out what God's will was in this situation, or else I was going back home.

So I took my Bible and began to pray, “Oh, God, I don't know what in the world has happened to me. I don't know why there is such a fear, but God, You've got to speak to my heart.”

As I was praying with my Bible open before me, God began to speak to my heart out of His Word. My Bible was open to the

Gospel of John and as I was praying, I said, “God, I have never done anything like this before. I’ve only been out of the United States on time, and here I am heading for the other side of the world. God, what can You tell me? My faith seems so weak; I need to hear from You.” God spoke to me this verse of Scripture in John 4:48

*“Then said Jesus unto him. Except you see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.”*

I knew God was saying the same thing to me. “Son, except you see signs and wonders, you’ll not believe. Well, you’re going to see lots of signs and wonders during this time of ministry, and you will believe.”

I knew I had heard from God, so I pressed on, asking, “Well, God, what am I to do? I know I am to go and preach but how?” God directed me to John 6:28 & 29:

*“Then said they unto him, what shall we do that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.”*

I believe God was saying, “Son, to do my works, to do my will, you’ve got to believe. Believe in Jesus. Put your faith and trust in Him, for He has everything under control.”

Then I said, “About going to other countries—some people keep telling me that missions begin at home. What about going into these other countries to preach the Gospel?” God spoke to me out of John 10:16

*“And other sheep I have, which are not of this field:  
Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice:  
And there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.”*

Jesus said, “Son, remember that in my ministry, I never forget the other sheep and the other towns. It's the same thing with you. Don't ever forget the other sheep and the other towns you too must go to.” I said, “Yes, Lord, I really believe that You are speaking to me.”

The fear left and I began to have a deep peace in that situation. I am sure the flight attendants and other passengers must have thought I was totally crazy, but I didn't care. When you get desperate enough, you'll do anything to hear from God. That's the way I was; I was so desperate, I didn't care what anyone else thought: I blocked out the world because I had to hear from God.

But I had another question about the people who felt I should wait and go at a different time. God directed me to John 4:35

*“Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.”*

The moment I read that, I knew God had spoken to my heart and that the time was right.

Then I said, “God, I don't mean to continue just pestering You, but could You just give me one more verse to confirm that I am the one who is to go to India and preach the Gospel?” God directed me to John 15:16



*“Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,  
and ordained You, that ye should go and  
bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should  
remain: and that whatsoever ye  
should ask the Father in my name,  
He may give it to you.”*

When I read that verse of Scripture, I believe that I could have continued on my trip to India even if the plane itself had dropped into the ocean. I had heard from God! I wanted to shout and cry. I knew I was in the center of the will of God. Believe me, nothing can bring encouragement or build your faith and remove doubt like the Word of God. If you need to hear from God, get in His Word, and He will speak to you in your time of need.



## CHAPTER 6

### STILL FOR TODAY

I believed in miracles; I had seen miracles happen as other people were ministering, but up to that point I had never experienced a miracle in my own ministry. I had prayed for people; I had believed God for miracles, but I could not actually say, “I’ve prayed for this person and he got a miracle.” Now, here I was, in the Philippines, and I was about to pray for a man on crutches.

I was (finally!) on my way to India. As I was making my plans for my trip, I had received a suggestion from John Osteen to stop off in the Philippines on my way, to hold some crusades there before continuing to India. That’s where I was now.

One afternoon the local leaders took me to a little fishing village. There on the beach, they placed two small tables together and told me that was my platform. I got up on top of those two tables and started preaching to about a hundred people who had gathered there on the beach.

As I told them about Jesus Christ Who is the same yesterday, today and forever, I could sense a deep hunger in their hearts—something, I had not seen much of in the States. After sharing the plan of salvation, I said, “If you want to receive Jesus Christ into your heart, lift your hand, and I will pray for you.” About 25 people raised their hands. I asked them to come

forward and I led them in prayer as they asked Jesus to come into their hearts and give them eternal life.

That's when it happened. I heard myself saying, "Now I want to pray for those of you who need a miracle in your life." As I was saying this, I was thinking, "God, You really need to work a miracle here for me, because I believe it but I've never seen it."

The first person to walk up and stand at the front of the line was an old man on crutches. I couldn't help but think, "God, couldn't you have started with something easier, not quite as visible, like a headache?" This may sound funny now, but at that time I wasn't laughing. Actually I was nervous, very nervous.

When that man walked up on his crutches, I laid my hands on him and said, "Father, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, reach down and touch him and work a miracle in his life."

When I finished praying, I looked at him and said, "Do you believe God has touched you?" He said, "Yes, I believe I am healed!" "You do?" Was my shocked response." "Yes, I believe," he repeated. "I believe I could walk without these crutches." To prove it, he handed me his crutches, took a step—and almost fell. Seeing that, I closed my eyes and prayed a quick prayer. "Oh, God, don't let him fall. I don't know what these people are liable to do to us if they think we are trying to pull something funny over on them. Please don't let him fall!"

No sooner had I whispered that prayer in my spirit, than God answered me; "Son, you are not the healer. I am the healer. I have never told you to heal people, I told you to lay hands on them, I told you to pray a prayer of faith over them I told you to speak My Word over them but when it comes to the actual healing, I am the healer. If you trust Me for the healing, you've done what I have asked you to do. Now you trust Me to do what I said I would do."

When I opened my eyes, that man was taking another step, and another, and then he made a big circle around everybody, and when he did, people began to laugh and shout, and there was great rejoicing over this man. I saw among the crowd a woman with tears running down her face, and I asked, "Why are you crying?" She said, "You don't understand. Everybody here knows that man. He hasn't walked without crutches for over forty years." I told one of the ministers with me to go take a picture of the man, and he had to run to catch him.

That man's healing caused such a stir in that village that we ended up with a much bigger crowd, and so I had to go back up on that makeshift platform and preach another sermon. More people got saved the second time than the first time. Why? Because they had seen evidence that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

### **Speak to the Rain**

Next I went to another village to preach. As soon as the singing was over and I had started to preach, it started to rain. As everyone prepared to leave, I heard these words come out of my mouth. "Wait just a minute, I came here to tell you about Jesus, and I am not going to let the devil stop this service. I am going to pray for the rain to stop." I prayed a short simple prayer, "Father, in the name of Jesus, I ask that you stop this rain so that we can have this service and the faith of these people will increase. In the Name of Jesus, amen."

Immediately the rain stopped, to the amazement of everyone there (including me!) We had a glorious service and many people called upon the Lord Jesus for salvation. Next I conducted a crusade in Butuan City. At the end of the first service, after praying for people to get saved, I began to pray for

the sick. The platform was very tall, and I was unable to lay my hands on the sick from up there, so I went down off the platform to pray for the sick that came forward. There were so many people wanting prayer that I did not remember praying for a small girl, about six years old. As I continued praying for people, I heard the crowd rejoicing. I turned to see this little girl and her mother going up the steps of the platform.

With tears streaming down her face, the mother explained that her daughter had been born with a defect in one of her legs. As a result, her right leg was smaller and her foot was turned out to the side. She had a terrible limp as she walked. The mother said, “Look at her now. Her foot is straight and she is walking normally. Praise God!” As the crowd watched this little girl walked back and forth across the platform, faith began to rise in their hearts. Many others received miracles before that service ended.

It was very difficult for me to leave the Philippines after witnessing such a mighty move of God, but I reminded myself that the main purpose for this trip was to go to India. On the plane to India I thanked God for the precious souls that had been saved and for the mighty miracles that God had performed. I then remembered what God had spoken to me on my way to the Philippines;

*“Then said Jesus unto him, except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.”*

**JOHN 4:48**

I began to cry and say, “God, I have never seen anything like this before. I believe that I received more from those miracles than the people themselves, I am now a believer in your miracle—working power.”

Little did I realize that my experiences in the Philippines were just preparing me for one of the greatest tests of my faith. When I landed in India, even before leaving the plane I started to feel a heavy oppression. I felt that God had prepared my faith so that it would be strong, because in just a few days it would be put to the test, as I ministered in India.

### **Set the Captives Free**

About the third night that I was preaching in the new church in Trivandrum India, a girl about sixteen years old fell over on the ground and began to scream and roll around. Several of the believers began to pray for her and rebuke that devil, but she only got worse. Finally some of the women picked her up and carried her into a house nearby to continue praying for her. I had never seen anything like this in my life! I had heard people say, “The devil made me do it,” or even talk about the devil’s power, but this was the first time I had ever seen anyone possessed.

I stumbled my way through my message, prayed a short prayer, and headed for the car. I wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. Before I could get into the car, however, one of the pastors called to me and said, “Oh, Brother, you cannot leave here yet. You must go and pray for that young girl as she has not gotten deliverance.” He did not have to tell me she had not been delivered—from where I was standing I could hear her screaming and the believers rebuking the devil. I had no other choice but to follow this minister into the house where she was. The room was packed with people, most of them wanting only to see what was going to happen. Most of them were like myself, not knowing what to do.

There in the middle of the room on the floor was this girl. Several women were trying to hold her down, some had her

arms, others had her legs, and one woman had her hair pinned to the floor. I was praying to be back in Houston, but here I was face to face with a demon—possessed girl. I prayed one of the shortest and most powerful prayers I could think of **“HELP!”** I'm so grateful that we have a merciful God, Who is always present to help in time of need.

I heard God tell me to have everyone leave the room except for a couple of other ministers and a couple of women. Looking back now, I understand why God wanted most of the people to leave. First, most were unbelievers concerning the power of God. I did not need any unbelief there. Second, all that was happening was just glorifying the devil, and we certainly did not want to do that. Many times people give too much attention to the devil.

As I went over to the girl, I did not have to use the gift of discerning of spirits; I knew it was a demon. I knew that I did not have to talk to it. I was to cast it out. Some people get caught up in deliverance and want to talk to the devils and ask them all kinds of questions. Some even want the possessed person to spit the devils into a paper bag, I could go on and on about what has been done in the name of Jesus, some good and some not so good. All I know is that; Jesus told us to cast demons out, not to carry on a conversation with them.

As I knelt next to the girl and took her by the hands, she continued to struggle. I began to pray and rebuke this devil, but nothing happened. I then closed my eyes and prayed once more my famous prayer, **“HELP!”** Then I heard these words, “Plead the blood of Jesus over her.” In obedience, I said with a loud voice. “I plead the blood of Jesus over this girl right now.” The girl did not speak English and no one told her with I said. The important thing is that the devil heard and understood what was said,



because as soon as I said that she went limp. The first thought in my mind was that she had died. It's just like the devil not to give up so easily. But, praise God, in just a couple of moments the girl opened her eyes and then stood up. The first words out of her mouth in her native language were: "Praise God, I'm free, I'm free, I'm free."

After this experience, there were many other miracles while I was in India, but all of them seem so small compared to this. Many people were saved and the church continued to grow. When it was time for me to return to Houston, I was blessed to see many of the believers meet me at the airport to say goodbye. Many tears of joy were shed that day.

Since that time, India and the people there have had a special place in my heart. In 1971, after my marriage to Lynn Schreiber, I was able to return to India with Lynn and see many of my brothers and sisters in the Lord. It was a blessing to know they were still serving the Lord.

I would like to share another special experience about this second trip. I conducted several crusades there, but I will never forget this particular one. The first night of the crusade we had about 500 people sitting on the ground under the trees. I was preaching about the power of God, and when I came to the conclusion of my message, God impressed on my spirit to demonstrate His power to the people. So I told them, "I want to prove to you that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

You know, most people in India believe in thousands of different gods. If you tell them about a god, they say, "Hey, we'll just add him to our list of other gods." But when you tell them about the only real God, and that there's none other but Him, they are not so receptive. I told them boldly, "I am speaking to you of the only real God there is, Who provided salvation

through His Son, Jesus Christ. If you'll believe on Him, He will work a miracle for you. In fact, I am going to demonstrate that he is the true God, the living God."

So I told them, "Bring up here to the platform everybody that is deaf." They brought seven people and lined them up across the platform. I really didn't know what I was doing; I just followed the leading of God's Holy Spirit. I went to all seven people, laid my hands on them, rebuked the spirit of deafness and commanded their ears to be opened. When I finished praying for them I went back and tested each one of them in front of the crowd. Standing behind each of them, I'd say, "Jesus", and they'd say, "Jesus." I'd say "Praise God," and they'd say "Praise God." They heard and repeated everything I said. God worked a miracle of healing for every one of those seven people.

Then I said to the crowd, "I've proven to you that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Now, I am asking you to believe in Him for eternal life. If you want to receive Jesus Christ into your heart as your personal Savior, I want you to stand up." About 250 people got to their feet.

I had never seen this many people get saved at one time. I had been dealing with thirty or forty at one time, but never 250 people. I told my interpreter, "They don't understand what I am talking about. Have them all sit down; I am going to explain the plan of salvation again." So I did it again—and more people stood up the second time. Thinking they still didn't understand what I was saying, I did it all over again. When I asked them to stand up a third time, even more people go to their feet.

I looked at my interpreter and said, "They still don't understand what I am saying." My interpreter looked at me and said, "No, it's you who doesn't understand. They know why they are standing; you are the one who doesn't have faith. Lead them

in a sinner's prayer." As I did almost 400 of them got saved.

Two or three night later, as Lynn and I were getting ready to leave the service, we were walking out to the car when a man came to meet me. He had what looked like a sheet wrapped around his body and all I could see was his face and his hands. Someone told me he wanted me to pray for him. When I asked what his problem was, I was told he had leprosy. I had heard so many wild stories about people with leprosy—mostly, that you weren't supposed to touch them. Yet here was this man, in front of me. What could I do? I reached over and touched my finger to his forehead, saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ, be made whole." Lynn with her great faith (smile) laid her hands on my shoulder as I prayed for him. As he turned around to go, all I could think of was going somewhere and washing my hands!

The following night, as the minister directing the service asked if anyone had a testimony, a man at the back of the field stood up and said, "I do." As he approached the platform, he began to take off his shirt. Two or three ministers grabbed him, pulled him over to the side and began to question him as to why he was taking off his clothes. In a minute they came forward and said, "This man has to testify!"

So he walked up to the platform and said, "I want you to look at me. When I came here last night, I had leprosy all over my body. No one would have anything to do with me. I was an outcast because of the leprosy. But God reached out and touched me. I've taken off my shirt to let you see that I am healed by the power of God." That was the man for whom I had prayed for the night before.

In His last conversation with His disciples before ascending into Heaven, Jesus gave them—and us—a wonderful and challenging promise:

*“Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me.”*

**ACTS 1:8**

Another translation says, “You shall be witnesses with evidence, or that produce evidence.” In the Philippines and in India, I finally experienced some of what the Lord was talking about. We produced evidence to the people in those villages by praying for them and God healing them. That was the evidence proving that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. As a result, people got saved and revival was on. God worked a mighty miracle, and through it He taught me that He is the healer, and not man.

**But not Always**

Yes, He is the healer, but does He always heal? I didn't know then that this question would haunt me later, during one of the most trying times of my life: when my Dad got sick and was diagnosed with cancer. For the following year I watched him as his physical body slowly wasted away.

Over the years, I had seen incredible manifestations of the power of God. I had seen miracles take place in the lives of others and in my own life, and yet there was no miracle for my Dad.

On December 18, 1975, I remember standing beside his bed with my three brothers—Jim, Jr., J.D., and Marvin—and my sister, Mary, watching as he took his last breath and went into eternity. I felt so helpless. I had seen all kinds of sicknesses healed in the lives of people, and yet, I couldn't do anything but stand and watch my own father die of cancer. It was a very trying time in my life, and I really had a battle with it. On one hand, I knew that God

still heals today, on the other hand, He had not healed my father. Why?

I knew if that dilemma had an answer, it was to be found in God's Word. Going through the Bible, I came to see that, even in the life of Jesus, while there were many people who came to Him and were healed, at the same time there probably were hundreds of other sick people around Jesus at that very moment. They also needed a miracle of healing, yet in some instances we don't have any record of anyone else getting healed except one particular person.

For example, Jesus was walking down the road one day when a woman who had been ill for years approached Him. The Bible says that she had spent all her money on doctors and medicine trying to get better, yet only grew worse. When she heard that Jesus was coming, she said within herself, "If I can just touch the hem of His garment, I can be made whole." So when Jesus came by, she reached over and touched the hem of His garment, and the Bible tells us that she was healed.

Well, I believe there were other people in the crowd that needed a healing, yet for all we know she was the only one who received a miracle on that particular occasion.

Another time Jesus went up to Jerusalem and stopped by a place where there was a pool (John 5). The Bible says a multitude of sick people lay around that pool, waiting for the waters to be stirred, because an angel would come down from time to time to stir the waters, and whoever got into the pool first would be healed.

We read that people who needed a miracle surrounded the place, but Jesus approached only one particular man who had been sick for 38 years, and asked him if he wanted to be healed.

The man replied, “Well, I can't get healed, because by the time I can get someone to help me get into the water, somebody else has beat me to it.” Jesus told him, “Take up your bed, rise up and walk, and go home.” And that man was instantly healed.

How about all the others? The Bible does not mention anyone else among that multitude being healed. I don't fully understand why some people don't get a miracle. I don't understand why my Dad wasn't healed, BUT it doesn't cause my faith to waver. **GOD IS THE HEALER!** It's not up to me to question Him. He asks me to believe and to obey. So I will continue praying for people and believing God for miracles. What I don't understand, I leave in His hands.

The one thing I have found is the person needing a miracle must believe! Unbelief keeps people from receiving their miracle. The only time people received a miracle without believing was when they were demon possessed or dead. Jesus told a man, “If you can believe, all things are possible to him that believes.” Mark 9:23

## CHAPTER 7

### “WILL YOU MARRY ME?”

In my first printing of “The Adventures of Roberto Cuervo” I failed to include a chapter on how Lynn and I met and the story of how God put us together. But Lynn loves to tell this story, of course with many more details so I'm turning it over to her to share how God brought us together.

“Thank you Bobby for letting me write a chapter here in your awesome, faith encouraging book.” Back in May 1971, I was attending Dallas Baptist College and working part time. My Mom, Mabel Schreiber had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and was praying and encouraging us 3 kids to receive the Spirit also. For a Baptist mindset that was a little hard for me. So one day, Mom flew up to Dallas, believing that God was going to use her, to encourage me to receive the Holy Spirit.

As I was in my college classes and working my part time job, Mom was spending hours in my apartment praying! I had told her I would attend a Holy Ghost Conference with her in Waco, Texas over the weekend, so she was so excited about that. On Wednesday, we were out driving around in Irving, Texas and all of a sudden (I love those suddenlies!), Mom sees a church; Irving Full Gospel Baptist Church. (Pastors Paul and Nancy Mills) She told me that this had to be a Charismatic church and would I like to go that evening to visit? I thought, “that would be good, since I had never been to a Full Gospel Church before, so I said yes!” That evening we walked in to that church and it radiated with the

Love of God! Everyone was so friendly and welcoming the new visitors, (us) and it was just wonderful.

Then the service began. Great praise and worship, such joy and expressions of love to our heavenly Father was on their faces and they sang, clapped and lifted up their hands in worship to the Lord. I just loved it. Then Bobby steps up to the platform and is preaching his heart out. My first thought was; "Wow, this must be a revival, because of the FIRE in this man!" Then I realized he was just giving the announcements and encouraging everyone to press in to God. As I sat there watching this FIREY Preacher, I thought; "This is what I want in a husband. This is what I've been looking for! A man sold out to God, and on FIRE!" I did notice when he sat down next to a beautiful blond that he wasn't wearing a wedding ring! (smile)

I never said anything to Mom on the way out of the church that evening but Bobby was at the door shaking hands with everyone as they left and Mom shakes his hand and said; "This is my daughter Lynn and she doesn't have the Holy Spirit!" I nearly died! Couldn't believe that she would tell that to a complete stranger, the Co-Pastor of the church. (We still laugh over this). Bobby greets me and then Mom and I leave.

That weekend we attended the Holy Ghost Conference in Waco, and because of a hunger for more of God I went forward to receive the Holy Spirit and God blessed me BIG TIME with baptizing me in the Spirit, giving me my heavenly language! It was so awesome as I just spent so much time praying in the Spirit and basking in God's new expression of love flowing from my heart to Him in worship. I went from being a Christian to beginning to walk a life of Faith, and supernatural miracles because of the Spirit of God operating in me. There is no way to express the change in my life in words, once I yielded to the Spirit and learned to become obedient to God's Will!



Now back to Bobby! Because Irving Full Gospel Baptist Church was the only church that was Charismatic that I had ever visited I decided to leave my Baptist church and attend there to learn more of God's Word and about the Spirit of God. So I joined the church, attending every service and soaking up God's Word like a sponge.

I talked to Pastor Paul and shared that whatever the church needed I was there to serve. So he put me right away working with the youth; that meant I was working with Bobby because he was also the Youth Pastor. So we were planning youth activities, taking youth to evangelism outreaches in other cities and then I was helping Bobby in any way he needed help at the church. It was during these weeks that Pastor Paul was encouraging Bobby to look at me as a prospect girlfriend. (Paul and Nancy were impressed with me-smile!) Even though we were together in so many church activities, I wasn't sure how Bobby felt but I knew that he was the one for me! A handsome man of God, on fire for God and with a strong vision to reach the world with the gospel! That was what I had been looking for in my life.

God started working in both of us towards our future together and I remember one evening after the church service Bobby was going to drive me back to my apartment and sitting outside in the car, before we left the church, Bobby started sharing his feelings to me and also asking me how I felt in my heart about him. It was the perfect time to share what God had already put into my heart. Bobby told me of his dreams to reach the world with the gospel and his heart for missions. When I explained that God had called me at the age of 13 to be a Missionary and that my heart was also to share Jesus around the world, we knew that God had put us together.

From the first time in May 1971, when Mom and I visited Irving Full Gospel Baptist Church until our wedding on August 28, 1971 it was only three months! Yes, when you know it's God's plan, why wait! God took two servants, full of the Holy Spirit, with hearts hungry to reach the world with the gospel and God joined us together as ONE with a BIG VISION, and we haven't stopped going yet! In fact, in August 2021 we celebrated at Palabra de Vida Church, in Cd. Victoria, an awesome 50<sup>th</sup> wedding ceremony renewing our vows, and planning ahead what God has for us in the coming years! We are strong in His might, saying as Caleb did to Joshua, "Give Me This Mountain!" (Joshua 14:11-13) ***THE CROW'S DON'T QUIT!***

## CHAPTER 8

### VENTURING ACROSS THE BORDER

1976 was a year of transition for our family. Not only were we expecting our first child Jeremy, but also we sensed that God was directing us into more active ministry across the border. So we decided to move from Dallas, Texas to Brownsville, close to the Mexican border, where Lynn had been born and raised and where her family still lived.

For the next couple of years while I worked on secular jobs, we ministered wherever and whenever the Lord gave us an opportunity especially in Mexico. We worked with some of the churches and missionaries across the border, in Matamoros and the surrounding areas.

As our interest and involvement in missions to Mexico grew, Lynn and I felt we would be much more effective if we just moved into the country. If we were going to work in Mexico, we might as well live in Mexico.

As we began to pray and fast, God spoke to our hearts to go to Ciudad Victoria. As I mentioned in one of the earlier chapter, I had been in Ciudad Victoria before, on a short mission's trip. At that time, I had no earthly idea that one day God would direct me to move there with my family to serve Him as a missionary.

We traveled to Ciudad Victoria to look for a place to live. The local missionaries told us right away that it was difficult to find a

nice house at a reasonable rate. But we believed God wanted us there and we trusted Him to supply what we needed, so we returned to Brownsville and began to pray about it.

A couple of weeks later we got a phone call from a missionary who told us about another missionary couple who had been working in Cd. Victoria for a while, but who believed the Lord was directing them to move back to the States. "They lived in a real nice house", this person said, "and it will be available for rent when they move out. If you would like to rent it, you may have it." We felt that was God's answer, so we made arrangements to rent the house. We knew we were on our way to Mexico.

Now we faced a problem. We had our furniture and appliances, not a whole lot, but it was all in decent shape and paid for. As we made another trip into Mexico, we realized that it was very difficult to find good used furniture and appliances there, and new furniture and appliances were about twice the price of what they would cost in the United States.

The problem was that we had to enter Mexico as tourists because at that time the government didn't allow missionaries to work in the country. All missionaries that were working there had gone in as tourists. If you go into a country as a tourist, why would you need furniture, appliances and all the other things to make a house into a home? We were in a dilemma; if we sold all we had, we wouldn't have enough money to replace it once we got to Cd. Victoria. So we started to pray for guidance.

As I was praying, God gave me a plan. I found out that tourists could get into Mexico with a travel trailer or a motor home. So the plan was that I would get a school bus, take out all the seats, and fit it up like a motor home. I could place a bed in the back, and build a little partition that would serve as a closet,

and install hookups for a washer, a dryer and a stove, and there still would be room for our couch, table and chairs. With a little effort, I knew I could make it look very homey.

Going into Mexico, we would have to get a permit at the border. Fourteen miles down the road there was a checkpoint where they would verify what we were taking, and then 100 miles inside Mexico there was another checkpoint. But they didn't check people going out of the country. The plan then, was that I would take as much furniture and appliances as possible, unload it all in Cd. Victoria, then come out empty and do the same thing again the following week.

I bought a school bus from a church in Waxahachie, Texas. I should have been a little more cautious and checked it over, because they had it at a garage at the time, having some work done on it. The bus seemed right, so I bought it and drove it home. I started having problems with the engine even before getting to Brownsville. I'm not much of a mechanic, but I didn't have money to take it to a garage. So I pulled the motor out of the bus with the help of my father-in-law, Bob Schreiber and took it apart. Sure enough, we could see it had problems. I took the motor into a shop, had it fixed, and put it back in the bus.

Then I fixed it up inside, loaded all we could take at that time, and Lynn and Jeremy and I headed off to Cd. Victoria. The people on the border must have thought that motor home looked rather primitive, but they let us through and we got down there without any problems. We unloaded everything into the house we had rented and headed back.

By the time we got back to the border, the motor had started acting up again. I had to pull it out a second time, take it apart, take it into a shop and have it fixed. Then I put it back in the bus and we got going again. The following week I loaded up some

more furniture, and we went through the whole process again—including the engine problems.

By that time I was thinking; “God, this is terrible.” Many people think that if you are in the center of God's will, you shouldn't have any problems. But God reminded me of the time when Jesus told His disciples to get into their boat to cross to the other side of the lake (Mark 4:35). As they set sail, Jesus went to sleep. In the midst of this trip, a storm came up, and it was so bad that it threatened to sink their ship. They woke Jesus up and said, “Don't You know that we are about to drown?” The Bible tells us that Jesus stood up, rebuked the wind and the water, and stilled the storm.

Were those disciples in the will of God? Yes, they set out to cross the lake in obedience to Jesus' command. Yet, a storm came. So I learned that I could be doing exactly what God had told me to do and still face storms in my life.

With my faith renewed, I pulled that motor out a third time, had it worked on, put it back in and loaded the rest of our belongings in the bus. As we approached Cd. Victoria again, I knew God had turned those problems around to work a mighty miracle, and through it all had strengthened my faith. As I rejoiced in the victory He had given us, the words of a song I'd heard before came to my spirit: “We are more than conquerors, overcomers in this life, we have been made victorious through the blood of Jesus Christ.”

Whatever the circumstances may be, the blood of Jesus Christ has made us more than conquerors and has made it possible for us to endure and go on to victory. That was our experience during that move to Mexico. We moved into the house the Lord had provided, and we had our furniture and appliances, and the house soon became a home, and was our

home for over 15 years.

I took the next several weeks to arrange furniture and to do the various things that needed to be done in the house. Lynn's parents, Bob and Mabel came down and helped sew curtains for every window in the house. Some people asked, "Why aren't you out ministering more? That's what you came here for." Yes, it was, but I also felt it was important to get my family settled. We weren't going to be there temporarily, we had come to stay. Because Lynn and I took time to make that house a home, both of our boys felt that was their home.

So many people in the ministry have problems with their children because they feel the ministry has stolen their parents away from them. Sacrificing time with your children because you're in the ministry can have tragic results. You may win the world but lose your family. It's vital that we make time for our children and make a home for them, wherever we might be, so that they can feel secure.

God blessed our efforts and plans as we obeyed Him and moved to Mexico to preach the Gospel. In the process I learned that He is able to bless us and give us divine, inspired ideas when we are committed to obeying Him and doing what He wants us to do.

He will give us favor in the most critical or unusual circumstances, as we have experienced many times during our ministry as foreign missionaries in Mexico.

# *Celebrating 63*



1971



50 years later 2021



Making tent for crusades



Starting the new building



Ministering at Charis Bible College



Construction of house



Books and literature for Pastors



Ministering to Pastors



# *Years of Ministry*



57 Years ago preaching in the Philippines



Crusades truck

Youth Conference



Preaching in India

Praying for the sick



Palabra de Vida Church

Praying for Pastors



## CHAPTER 9

### ALIENS AND STRANGERS

Being a missionary in a foreign country can give you a unique perspective on the scriptures that describe Christians as “aliens and strangers” on this earth (Hebrews 11:13, I Peter 2:11).

Being in Mexico at first wasn't really easy. For starters, we weren't even supposed to be there, as far as the government was concerned. Working as missionaries while living there on a tourist visa placed us in some interesting situations. For example, as I already mentioned in the precious chapter, we were limited on what we could take into the country.

I know there are those who don't understand this. I've had people tell me, “I didn't think Christians were supposed to do that—take things they are not allowed, or remain in the country as tourists when they're working.” Well, all I know is, we believed God wanted us to preach the Gospel in Mexico, so we just trusted Him to take us there and to keep us there for as long as He wished. We also trusted Him to help us get into Mexico the things we needed for the ministry.

You see, things are so much more expensive in Mexico, and there were many things we couldn't get there. For example, many times people would give us things here in the States to help expand our ministry in Mexico, and the only way to get those things into Mexico was to “smuggle” them in, so to speak.

As an example, I'll share a little story that happened back in 1983. We had been traveling in the States were on our way back home (by then, Mexico was "home"). We were getting ready to start the production of a video Bible school in Spanish. During our trip, God had provided us with some television-quality video equipment, a computer, and a brand-new car. In addition, many people had given us clothes and other things to give away in the mission field.

Over the years, I had discovered that many Americans were going down to Mexico to fish in a famous lake called Lake Guerrero, near Ciudad Victoria. I found out that the customs officers at the border rarely looked inside a boat, especially if you had a cover over it. They would just glance over what you had and let you go.

On this occasion, I was pulling a boat with our brand-new car, and I had put part of the computer in the car. The trunk was loaded with our own personal things plus a lot of things we were taking in for the ministry, and I had put all the video equipment inside the boat.

That particular day we crossed the border at Reynosa, and I didn't have any problems getting a permit for the car, and the boat, and they even did not come out to look at anything we had in the car. As we headed off toward Ciudad Victoria, we were rejoicing, saying, "Thank You God, we've got it made," because at the next two check points they usually just waved us through.

When we drove up to the checkpoint 14 miles inside of Mexico, I noticed that a couple of the customs officers were standing at the side of a building, target practicing with their rifles. I didn't pay much attention to that, because I was concerned about getting home. As I pulled up for this customs

officer to wave us through, he looked inside the car and saw the box that contained part of the computer that had been given to us. Before I could say anything to him, he reached inside, unlocked the back door, opened it and said, "What is this?"

Then he said, "Open the trunk." I went out and opened the trunk, which was packed. He dug through our belongings, and then said, "Let me see inside the boat." I pulled the cover off the boat, which was packed all the way to the top. Then he told me to pull the car and boat over to the side, because they were going to check all our stuff. By then I knew I was in trouble!

Lynn and Jeremy stayed in the car while I got out, and they both began to pray, not knowing what that officer was going to do. Well, he just asked me, "What have you got?" I prayed, and God told me to tell them what I had, to be nice to them, and to believe for favor. I remembered the scripture that says:

*"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh  
even his enemies to be at peace with him."*

**PROVERBS 16:7**

I believed our ways pleased the Lord, because we were trying to do His will, so I claimed that promise and trusted that God was going to give us favor with these men.

They were nice to us as they checked us out, but I was fearful inside, thinking what would happen if they decided to confiscate my car or the boat or everything we had with us. Also, they could put us in jail for trying to take all those things into Mexico.

But I was honest, and told them what we had there. They said, "Well, let us see it." So I showed them what was in the boat, and said, "We are taking this down to help a church and some

ministers. It's not to resell: I am taking this down for a friend." All the time I was singing in my spirit, "What a Friend I have in Jesus!"

All of a sudden, this officer turns to me and says, "I've talked to my boss, and he said you can go with all of this stuff." I was shocked. Even though we are praying for this, I couldn't believe it! He turned around and walked away, and I began to put everything back into the car and the boat and put the cover back on the boat.

All this time, I was thinking how unusual that was; usually, they would give people a hard time and demand lots of money, or they would confiscate what they had or lock the people up. I could hardly believe what had happened, and started thinking, "Maybe he'll just let me go here, and he knows that there's another checkpoint about 100 miles down the highway, and they will probably catch me there, and take everything away there and lock me up."

After I got everything loaded and got the cover back on the boat, I was bent over tying the last knot on the cover, when I heard a gunshot. I could have jumped clear over that boat! I know that I jumped high up in the air and grabbed my chest, thinking, "They've shot me!"

By the time my feet hit the ground again, it dawned on me that the shot had come from the two guys who were target practicing next to the building. They had stopped for a while, and were starting back with their practice. I looked at them, shocked, and they were shocked at my reaction. Then I heard the Lord tell me, "Laugh about it, son, laugh about it." I began to laugh. "Wasn't that funny? You guys really just scared the stuffing out of me!" They began to laugh, too.

When I got back in the car, Lynn asked, "What happened?"

They told us we could go,” I said, and we began to rejoice and praise God together.

Then God spoke to me again, “Son,” He said, “if you'll always walk before Me and be obedient, I'll always give you favor with people, wherever you go and whatever you do. I'll make even your enemies to be at peace with you.” That day the Lord showed us, in a new way, how He can intervene and give favor when things look impossible. By the way, at the last checkpoint they just waved us through. Hallelujah!





## **CHAPTER 10**

### **A WEDDING, RAIN AND A TIRE WITH 7 PATCHES!**

When Moses had his mountaintop experience, he saw a burning bush. When Peter, James and John went up the mountain with Jesus, they had a vision of His glory.

My mountaintop experience left me with two flat tires and a new lesson about God's loving care in the midst of the most exacerbating circumstances.

We hadn't been in Mexico for long when Jim, another missionary, told me he was getting married. The wedding would take place up in the mountains, in a little village called Santa Marie. There was a church in the village, but it wasn't large enough for the wedding. He knew that I had a tent; could he use it for his wedding ceremony?

I was glad to let him use it, and told him so. Then Jim said, "There's a small problem. I only have a motorcycle. Could you carry the tent up to Santa Marie for me?" What could I say? "I guess so," I replied.

When I told the other missionaries about the wedding, they told me they were going also. But when I told them that I was going to take the tent up to the village for Jim to use, they looked at me knowingly and said, "You have never been there, have you?" I said, "No, why do you ask?" "Oh, no reason," was their

reply. I left, thinking, these are strange people.

I had a little homemade two-wheel trailer that I hitched to my brand-new Suburban truck, to carry the tent. I had special ordered this truck just before moving to the mission field, so that I would have good, reliable transportation. (Praise God, my brother Marvin's church blessed us by making the monthly payments.) When it came time to leave for the wedding, I put the tent, poles, stakes, and chairs in the trailer and the two main poles I placed on top of my truck. My new truck was now pretty well loaded down.

When I drove down to meet Jim, he asked if I would mind carrying a few other things for him. It turned out that these “few things” were crates of all kinds of vegetables and foods needed for the wedding feast. After loading my truck with all that food, he said, “I've got five other people that would like to ride with you.” I said, “Oh, mercy.”

My poor Suburban is now almost touching the ground, with five people and all the food inside, the tent poles on top and the loaded trailer behind. Then we started off, Jim riding his motorcycle ahead to show the way while I was following him. We drove for about an hour until we reached a little town called Gonzalez, where I was told we had to turn off the highway and take a little road up the mountain. “It's only 32 miles up this road,” my traveling companions said, “when the weather is good, it takes about three hours to there.” Panic began to set in!

I started up that road and hadn't gone very far when it started to rain. First the tires of the truck started to spin, then they cut through the mud and got down to the rocks. Suddenly I heard a noise. I stopped and got out, and saw that the rocks had cut a piece of tread out of one of my tires—all the way down to the core. Needless to say, I was not happy about that. I pulled

the piece of rubber out of the way, and saw that the tire was still holding air. Since it was still raining, I decided to drive on until the tire went flat.

As we headed off again, we were slipping and sliding all over the road. Then we went down a little gully and up a real steep incline. All of a sudden I heard the bad tire blow out. As I put the truck in reverse and tried to back down to level ground, the little trailer jackknifed. I got out of the truck and discovered that we were right on the edge of the mountain. As I stood there looking at the situation, I slipped off the side of the mountain. I managed to grab the trailer and pulled myself up, only to slip back down a second time.

When I dragged myself up a second time, I got the jack and began to jack up the truck—and the truck slipped off the jack. I started over again, and it slipped off a second time. I finally got the tire changed, got in the truck, put it in drive to go up the incline again, and the tires began to spin. Then I heard another noise. The tire that I had just put on went flat!

We had to unload the trailer in order to unhook it from the truck and get it out of the way so that I could back the truck down to level ground. As I unhooked it from the truck, the tongue of the trailer raised up and ripped some of the chrome off the side of the truck. Well, we finally got the trailer out of the way and got the truck down to level ground.

Then Jim told the ladies that were with me, “You girls just start walking towards the village and I'll catch up with you in a few minutes. It's only about an hour away.” They walked for about three hours until they got so tired and it got so dark that they could not see where they were going. So they stopped and held hands in the middle of the road and sang songs, and waited until Jim caught up with them. From there it still took them

another hour to reach the village.

Meanwhile, I had to stay with my truck on the side of that mountain all night, Ray, an older missionary, stayed with me. By this time, there was nothing spiritual about me—nothing whatsoever! I was not thinking how far it was to the nearest station as the crow flies; I was trying to figure out how far it was if the crow had to walk carrying two flat tires.

By this time I was really upset, thinking about my brand-new truck stuck on the side of a mountain; and then it dawned on me that I could not buy, anywhere in Mexico, the kind and size of tires that my truck used. At this time my truck had 16.5 size tires, and they could not be found in Mexico.

I tried to sleep, but sleeping was difficult. I let Ray sleep in the back seat and I tried to sleep in the front seat. The only problem was that the front had bucket seats, with a big console in the middle, and the seats did not recline. I didn't sleep well that night. I was in a terrible mood, and I knew that I was not getting enough fiber in my diet!

When I got up the next morning, I was really steamed. I felt like punching the living daylights out of Jim. Then I thought about Ray and what he must be thinking about me. I decided to walk up the road a little ways so that he could not hear what I was saying, because I was still mumbling and grumbling and saying all kinds of things to myself.

So I grabbed my Bible and walked up the road, thinking that when Ray saw me with my Bible, he would think that I was at least a little spiritual. At that time, I had a habit of reading at least five chapters in the book of Psalms every day, along with my other Bible reading. I had my Amplified Bible with me that day, and as I opened it to read in the book of Psalms, my first chapter

for the day was Psalm 91. Verse 10 of this Psalm says:

*“There shall no evil befall you, nor any plague or calamity  
come near your TENT!”*

I tell you, God has a sense of humor! I believe it was not an accident that I read Psalm 91 that day—it was divine direction. When I read that, I said, “God, It's getting real close.” But I knew that if God had enough sense of humor to put that verse in the Bible and have me read it on that particular day, then everything was going to be all right. That one verse was enough to release my faith and help me believe God had it all under control.

My whole attitude changed. When I finished reading and praying, I walked back down the road full of faith. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I knew that God had a miracle waiting for me. When you are full of faith, it is easier to hear God's voice. As I walked over to my truck, God said, “Son, that tire on the truck that is flat is OK. It just needs air. Take it off the truck.”

By the time I got the tire off the truck, two men stopped to help. They were driving an old, beat up truck, and they had some tire tools and a hand pump. Now you probably know that you cannot fill a tubeless tire with a hand pump. As I thought what I could do, I heard the Lord again, saying, “If you put an inner tube inside that tire, you can pump it up with that hand pump.”

I looked at that old trailer that I used to carry my tent, and on the front of that trailer was a spare tire, which had an inner tube. I took the inner tube out of that tire and it had seven patches on it. Besides, it was size 15, and I needed to put it on a size 16.5 tire. But I remember that rubber stretches. I put the inner tube in the truck tire, aired it up and it worked!

So I drove the truck up the mountain into Santa Marie for the wedding. After the wedding, I went back down all the way to Ciudad Victoria and from there to Brownsville, Texas, and from Brownsville to Rome, Georgia, and then back to Dallas—all the time using that miracle tire and inner tube. In a church in Dallas, some people heard about what had happened and two women each bought me a new tire!

I thought about having that inner tube bronzed, because it was still holding air when I took it off the truck! In fact, I kept it for two or three years after that, just as a reminder of how God can supply our needs.

I may not have seen a burning bush in my mountaintop experience, but I will never forget it! I learned there, on the side of that mountain in Mexico, that God truly cares about us. If He could provide my need out in the middle of nowhere, then He can supply my needs and your needs any time, if we will just have faith in His ability.

## CHAPTER 11

### GOT A GOOD CAR STORY?

Pray for a Mercedes Benz 300 Turbo Diesel? That was crazy! God shouldn't be bothered by such things, should He? I was about to find out.

My work on the mission field always involves an extensive amount of traveling, and one of the things I always asked God for was reliable transportation. Frankly, I have a whole lot more faith believing God to make payments on a new vehicle, than to believe God to keep an old vehicle repaired and running.

Safe transportation became even more important on the mission field, where road conditions are so bad. I usually had to trade my vehicle ever three years or so.

At this particular time in my ministry, I was traveling even more than usual, so I began to pray, "God, I really would like to have a vehicle that wouldn't be so rough riding and one that would last a long time." Then the thought came that I would really like to have a Mercedes Benz. I had talked to people who had them, and everyone mentioned how long a Mercedes would last. On the other hand, they also mentioned how expensive it was.

I have a little prayer card that I keep with me at all times, and on this prayer card I list the things for which I pray every day. I decided to add to this card a request for a Mercedes Benz, and I

specified “a turbo diesel.” It was item number 12 on that card. Every day, as I was praying for the items on my prayer list, when I came down to item number 12, I'd say, “Thank You God, that You are giving me a Mercedes Benz 300 turbo diesel.”

This went on for about two years. I took advantage of every opportunity I had to check out a Mercedes. I would go to a dealership and look at their cars, I'd see ads in the paper about used Mercedes and I'd go look at them. Then one day, while I was in Brownsville, I went into a key shop to have some keys made and I saw a rack of key chains. Among them I saw one with a leather tab on it with a Mercedes Benz emblem, and I thought, “I'm going to buy that.” I bought that key chain and put my keys on it. From then on, every time I'd get in my truck, I'd pull out my keys, look at that key chain and say, “Thank You, God, I'm getting my Mercedes Benz one of these days.”

Six months later I was in Chicago with Robb and Linda Thompson, who pastor Family Harvest Church. It was January 1987, and I found myself riding around with Robb in his white 1987 Mercedes Benz 300 turbo diesel—the very same kind of car I was believing God for.

At the end of the day, when it was time for me to leave and head back south, Robb said, “You know, God spoke to me and told me to give you this car.” I almost said, “Are you sure?” but I didn't. I remembered the time my mother-in-law, Mabel, and I were talking, and she was telling me about a need she had. I felt the Lord impress on me that I should give her \$100, so I handed her the money. When she said, “Are you sure?” I just took it out of her hands and said, “Well, no not really.” You should have seen the look of surprise on her face! Of course I gave it back to her, but from then on, if I gave her something, she never again said, “Are you sure?”



This was something I had learned years before, when someone else had done something similar to that to me one time. That's why, when Robb told me he wanted to give me his car, I just said, "Thank You, Jesus and Robb!"

So in January 1987, I received a 1987 Mercedes Benz 300 turbo diesel as a gift, and it only had 6000 miles on it. Robb even apologized to me for putting the 6000 miles on it! He told me that when he bought that car, he was buying it for me anyway.

I couldn't take the car with me at that time because I had to fly out to another destination, and it was about three weeks before I could get back to Chicago to pick it up. Robb picked me up at the airport, then stopped at a gas station and filled the tank. Then we drove to a dealership, and he said, "You drop me off here, and that highway right out there in front will take you south."

We said goodbye and I headed off, leaving Chicago in my new Mercedes Benz 300 turbo diesel. I was making a run for the border. All the way I felt like pinching myself to make sure I was awake. I had prayed for that car for two and a half years, but I guess I'd never thought God would give me a new one. "Why are You blessing me like this, Lord?" I prayed.

All of a sudden God spoke to me and said, "Son, I know you don't remember, but about four years ago you had a new little Isuzu diesel car, and I told you to give it to a missionary. You still owed money on that car, but you obeyed Me and gave the missionary that car, while you continued making payments on it for the next two years and paying insurance for it in the States and in Mexico, until you got it paid off and could give him a clear title. Do you remember doing that?" He continued, "Well, you are reaping what you sowed. You were obedient in your giving, you did what I asked you to do, you gave him that car, and now

I've given you a car."

I learned that God knows how to give, as we learn to give to Him. His Word says,

*"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure,  
pressed down, and shaken together, and running  
over shall men give into your bosom.."*

**LUKE 6:38**

I believe God blesses us when we are obedient in giving to Him. It's not a matter of how much we have. His concern is that things and money do not have us. God, I believe, wants to give us as much as we will believe Him for, as long as we won't let those things come between us and Him. I believe you can have whatever, as long as that thing doesn't have you.

That was just one of the many lessons I learned on God's principles of economics.

## CHAPTER 12

### ECONOMICS 101

At first it wasn't easy to get the message across, Give to receive? Come on! But those were Jesus' words—His own view on economics. That was the principle we were trying to impress on the people at the church.

We had been living in Mexico for 17 years. During this time God has used us to raise up a church that had between 700 and 800 members. God had blessed our church and our people in Ciudad Victoria, but they had to learn how to be blessed—simply by obeying what it says in Luke 6:38

*“Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom.”*

When we first started this church, for over two years, every time we had a service, every time we received the offering, I would read this verse of scripture or I would have someone in the congregation read it. I wanted them to understand that these are the words of Jesus.

I had told them, from the very beginning, “This is what Jesus said. He tells us that if we give, that it shall be given unto us. I believe God wants to bless and to prosper us and supply our needs.”

I would add, “There are three reasons why we teach you to give. Number one, because God says so. God tells us, in Malachi 3, to bring our tithes and offerings into the storehouse, and then to prove Him, and see if He won't open the windows of heaven and pour out to us such a blessing that we will not be able to contain it all. That's the promise of God. God has promised that if you give, you shall receive. God will bless you. If you don't give, you are robbing from God and you're not going to be blessed. So you give, first of all, because God says so.

“Number two,” I would continue, “you should give to God because it takes money to carry on the Gospel. It takes money for people to preach, it takes money to print literature, it takes money to pay electricity bills, it takes money to build churches and minister to the needs of people and carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.”

“Number three, the reason we teach you to give is because if you learn to give to God, I know I won't have to worry about you having a place to live, food to eat and clothes to wear. I know God has promised in His Word that he will always—not sometimes, but always—supply all of your needs.”

At first, in my ministry and my walk with the Lord, I would give my tithes because God has commanded it. I really didn't know about the joys of giving to God and the blessings that God would have for us. And so I remember that when it came time to receive the offering, I'd make out a check of my tithe, right down to the very penny. I never gave extra; I didn't know I was supposed to.

Over the years I have learned that there is a great joy in giving beyond what we are supposed to give, giving offerings in addition to the tithe.

Having been raised on a farm, I've learned the importance of sowing seed. A farmer, who needs a great harvest, needs to sow his best seed. If he thought, "I have only this small amount of seeds, I had better not sow them because I need them, that's all the seeds that I've got," he would be foolish indeed., Likewise, your harvest is going to depend upon your sowing. The Bible says,

*"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."*

## **II CORINTHIANS 9:6**

We have too many people today who want to reap without ever sowing a thing.

At first this principle may seem almost ridiculous; if you have needs, wouldn't you be worse off if you gave of the little you have? Not in God's book. His principle is, "Give, and you shall receive." It's a type of spiritual sowing; as you sow, you're going to reap a harvest.

I have proven this in my life, time after time, as I've learned not to give just tithes but also offerings. I'm not giving to live anymore. I am living to give. I want to be able to give more and more to the Lord. God has done some wonderful things in my life in the area of giving.

We have a Bible school in Ciudad Victoria, where we train Mexican people for the ministry. The principle Lynn and I have always applied concerning the ministry is, the money that comes to us first goes to pay the bills of the ministry, (of course after giving our tithes) and then we use what's left toward our own personal needs. We've always put the ministry needs ahead of our own.

We had produced a video Bible school in Spanish and had been selling them to different ministers and missionaries, trying to recoup- part of the expense we had incurred in producing the videos. (As a matter of fact, we probably gave away far more than we ever sold.) As I was praying about our financial situation, I remembered that I had three complete video Bible schools in Spanish at our office in Brownsville, and I told Lynn, "I'm going to Brownsville, and I will try to sell those three video Bible schools. With the money from the sales we should have enough money to pay the bills."

I drove up to Brownsville, and when I got to my office there I got on the phone and called several people who had previously expressed an interest in getting one of our video Bible schools in Spanish. My phone calls had three different kinds of responses. One was, "Yes, we want the Bible school but we don't have any money." The other was, "Yes, we want it eventually, but not right now." And the third response was, "No, we don't want it." I couldn't sell the schools to anybody.

As I was trying to figure out what to do, and asking what had gone wrong, all of a sudden I heard God say, "Son, this is the devil. He is binding your finances, trying to keep you from being blessed." I thought, "Is that right? Well, I'll show him." I said, "Devil, I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't sell these Bible schools, I will give them away."

I went back to my office, got on the phone, called up three of the ministries that really wanted the Bible school but didn't have the money to buy it, and told them I was giving them the video Bible school as a gift.

Then I boxed each set of videos and books, went to the Post Office and asked them what was the fastest way of getting the

packages to those places. The postal clerk said, "It's express mail, but it's kind of expensive." I said, "It doesn't matter, I want to send these packages express mail. "It cost me my last \$75 to ship those three sets of video Bible schools.

Someone once asked me, "Why didn't you just send them third or fourth class?" I replied, "I sent them through express mail because I needed a miracle rushed to me right away."

When I walked back to my car, I felt a tremendous release in my spirit. I knew I had done the right thing and that the powers of the devil were broken off our finances. I drove immediately back to my office, and when I walked in, my mother-in-law, Mabel Schreiber, said, "Your brother just called. He wants you to call him back."

So I called Marvin back and he said, "Bobby, I want to come down and spend the week with you and Lynn, but I can't get there until tomorrow afternoon. Could you stay over one more night and pick me up at the airport?" I said, "Sure, be glad to do it."

I didn't have the heart to tell him that I couldn't go back to Ciudad Victoria because I didn't have any money for gas. I was completely broke, I spent the night there, and the next day, which was a Sunday, I drove up to Harlingen in the afternoon and picked Marvin up at the airport. As we were driving away from the airport, I was thinking, "I sure hope he can at least pay for the gasoline to get us back to Ciudad Victoria."

Just as I was thinking that, he looked at me and said, "I told my congregation that I was coming down to spend the week with you, and if they would like to send an offering to you, to give it at the service and we would count it and give you a check for the whole amount of the offering. Here it is." He handed me a check

for \$4,250.00. It was a miracle!

Once more, God had worked a miracle. And I knew that miracle had come because I had learned how to hear from God, believe in Him, and break the powers of the devil.

Several years ago, we were in Brownsville between Christmas and New Year's Day. On a Friday night we went out to eat with Lynn's mother and brother, Bobby, and his wife, Kathy Schreiber.

While we were eating, Bobby, who had an effective counseling ministry in Brownsville, mentioned some needs they were facing. As he shared about their vehicle that was broken down and the bills that needed to be paid, I felt I needed to help him in some way, but I really didn't know how to do it because I didn't have any money either. Besides, we had needs of our own, during this Christmas season.

As I was listening to him, God spoke to me, "You need to do something." So I prayed silently, asking the Lord what I could do. In response, God reminded me that someone had given me a Rolex watch, and He said, "Give him that watch. Tell him to sell it and use that money to pay his bills." My first thought was, why don't I sell the watch and give him a love offering from the sell and use the money myself? However, I did obey God.

After we finished eating, I asked Bobby to come over to my office, and there I gave him the Rolex watch and told him to sell it and use the money for their needs.

The next morning, Lynn, Jeremy, John David and I drove back to Ciudad Victoria. Now we had been renting our home in Ciudad Victoria for almost 15 years. Every December the owner of the house would send one of his daughters to tell us that,



starting in January, the rent of the house would increase so many pesos.

About one hour after we arrived home, we heard a knock on the front door and I went to answer it. Before me was a young lady, and I immediately thought, “Oh, this is one of the daughters of the owner, and she is going to tell me that the rent is going up.” But then I realized they had already told us about the increase. The next thought I had was that they wanted the house back.

Isn't this just like the devil? All these thoughts went through my mind before this lady ever had the chance to say one single word. Then she asked, “Are you 'Baby' Crow? My husband and I want to give you this.” Saying this, she handed me a brown paper sack and then walked out to the street and got into the car with her husband and they drove away.

Suddenly I realized the woman wasn't one of the owner's daughters. I didn't even know who she was, and still don't know, to this day. As I walked back into the house, Lynn asked, “Who was it?” I said, “I don't know.” “What did she want?” I didn't know that either. “She just left this paper sack and walked away.”

“Well, what's in it?” Lynn asked. We opened the sack and discovered it was full of pesos. We pulled out twenty million pesos, which at that time was equal to a little over \$6,500. This was one more example of God's provision in response to our obedience. We had given to someone who had a need—Lynn's brother—even though we ourselves had some serious needs at that time. The very next day God had caused someone to come to us and give us over \$6,500, which was enough to meet every need we had, and more.

I want to say it once again—what God has done for us, He wants to do for you. If you are going through financial problems,

*Bobby Crow*

believe God and give out of your need; and then just wait to see what He does!

## CHAPTER 13

### BEATING THE TAR OUT OF THE DEVIL

Trying to communicate across cultural and linguistic lines can be a challenge—especially when you try to use an idiomatic expression or figure of speech. Such expressions can lose some of their “color” in the translation.

I recall one particular instance when I was preaching through an interpreter at a tent meeting for Ollie Lovett. I had been teaching a series on the power and authority that we, as believers in Jesus Christ, have over the devil.

One afternoon, as I was trying to explain how we could defeat the devil, I used an old East Texas country boy expression to get the point across. I said, “You know, we can just beat the tar out of the devil!” I found out there is no such expression in Spanish. Ollie did the best she could, but all she really could do was translate the words. The word for “tar” in Spanish is “chapapote” and when the sentence was translated, it came out something like this: “We can just beat the devil until the “chapapote” (that is, the tar) flows out of him.”

I noticed that the people all had a blank look on their faces, like they were thinking, “What in the world is he talking about?” I went ahead with my sermon, until a little later I noticed that the people had stopped paying attention to what I am saying. They were looking at something that was going on behind me. It finally

got so distracting that I stopped to see what was happening. To my amazement, there were two men behind me chasing a snake that had appeared (remember, we were meeting in a tent). It wasn't a very big snake, but it was a Coral Snake, which is extremely poisonous.

One of the men had a stick and the other had a shovel, and they were trying to use them to kill this snake. I stopped preaching and began to watch the man with the shovel. He would get close to the snake but I noticed that he was really afraid of it because when he would swing the shovel to hit it, in the midst of his swinging he would jump back. His swing of the shovel was beautiful, but the jumping back would throw off his aim, and he kept missing the snake.

He did that many times, and chased that snake all over the place until it got under my PA system, out of sight. The man stood there looking and thinking, "What am I going to do now?" I was thinking the same thing, and so was the whole congregation.

We stood there looking at each other for a few minutes, until I reached down and moved the PA set out of the way. The man with the shovel swung it again at the snake, and like he had done before, jumped back in the middle of the swing, missed the snake and almost beat the 'chapapote' out of my PA set. By this time I was upset, because all that commotion had interrupted my message and this guy almost tore up my PA set, and the snake was still very much alive.

Finally I grabbed the shovel from his hand, walked over to where the snake was and pounded that sucker into the ground. I just beat the stuffing out of that snake! Then I took the shovel, scooped the snake up and threw it away. When I turned around and looked at the congregation, I got a standing ovation!

When I got back up to the platform, I said, "I just want you to

know that I just beat that snake until the 'chapapote' ran out of him." They finally understood! I continued, "I took the shovel and I beat the snake until the tar ran out of it, and then I scooped it up and threw it away. That's also another illustration of the passage that says, "You shall take up serpents." The best way I know to take up a serpent is to take up a shovel, beat the tar out of it, then take the same shovel, scoop it up and throw it away."

Then I explained. "That's exactly what you and I ought to do to the devil. We ought to take the shovel of the Word of God, of what it says about who we are and what we can do and the power and authority we have over the devil. When the devil comes in against us, trying to discourage us and destroy us, trying to bring sickness, disease, poverty or anything else into our lives, we can take the shovel of the Word of God and use it against the devil. We ought to beat him with the Word of God until the 'chapapote' runs out of him"

You see, that's exactly what Jesus did when the devil came to tempt Him in the desert. Jesus had been fasting and praying, when Satan began to assault Him with his temptations. What did Jesus do? He took the Word of God and said, "It is written." He responded to every temptation of the devil with the Word of God. I believe every time He quoted the Word of God, He was beating the devil over the head—beating the 'chapapote' out of him.

You and I can do the same thing because we have received power and authority through the blood of Jesus. Jesus said, in Luke 10:19

*"Behold, I give unto you power...over all the  
power of the enemy."*

One translation says that He gives us power and authority over all the power of the enemy.

I have heard people say, "The devil made me do this." The truth is, the devil can't make you do anything, if you're standing firm on the authority that is yours as a child of God. The Bible says we are more than conquerors (Romans 8:37). I believe God wants us to walk in victory, and that the devil is to be under our feet, not on top of our heads.

When the devil comes against us, we can take the word of God and beat him with God's promises, until the 'chapapote' runs out of him, until he leaves us alone.

But sometimes we are like that man who was trying to kill the snake; we are afraid. We walk up to where the devil is and quote the Word of God and claim God's promises, but at the same time we jump back because we are afraid. At such times I believe you and I need to throw our shoulders back, look the devil in the eye and say, "devil, in the name of Jesus, the Word of God says that we have power and authority over you. The Word of God says that God has given us the victory. The Word of God says that Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil. Your works are destroyed! Devil, in the name of Jesus, we break your power and we rebuke you. In the name of Jesus we take authority over all your plans and works. In the name of Jesus, we are set free!"

If we will not only believe that we have authority over the enemy through Jesus Christ but also act like it, we will come out of our discouragement and our problems and walk in the victory God has promised. I believe that God designed and destined you and me to be more than conquerors, walking with our heads held up, knowing that we have victory over the devil.

Because the truth is, the devil is afraid of us. He knows we can beat the tar out of him if we just believe God's promises and stand upon the authority He has given us in His Word.

## CHAPTER 14

### ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH...

Teaching His disciples on the importance of faith, Jesus said on one occasion,

*"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove."*

**MATTHEW 17:20**

He also said in another passage that we could say to a mountain, "Go cast yourself in the sea," and it would be done, and whatever we asked in prayer, believing, we would receive (Matthew 21:21).

In my case, it wasn't a mountain but a stone—a kidney stone. This happened several years ago, in our home in Mexico. I had a kidney stone attack, and the pain was terrible. One of the missionaries picked me up in his truck and took me downtown to a doctor. They laid me on a couch in the doctor's office and gave me a shot for pain, and then they started giving me glucose in my arm. I found out later that the doctor's assistant who was checking on me actually was a veterinarian student. I wondered what kind of medical attention I was getting! Then I thought, "Well, I guess he heard that I was a crow, so he figured that a veterinarian student would be all right to work on me."

By the end of that day the pain finally eased up enough so that I could go home, although I hadn't passed the kidney stone. I knew it was just a matter of time before the pain would return.

One night a few days later, we were sitting in our living room watching a live broadcast of a service from Dallas, Texas, that we picked up on our satellite dish. The service was from Word of Faith Family Church and Bob Tilton was up preaching on the subject of mountain—moving faith.

As I was listening to him, I was thinking, “I've got this mountain in my physical body that needs to be removed.” When Bob got through preaching, he began to minister to the needs of people in the congregation. All of a sudden he stopped, looked into the television camera, pointed his finger and said, “There is somebody watching by television, and you have a mountain in your life. **I COMMAND IN THE NAME OF JESUS FOR THAT MOUNTAIN TO BE CRUSHED!**”

When I heard those words come forth, I believed they were the words of God and that they were meant for me, and I said, “That's it.” When I said that, I felt that kidney stone move. I got up immediately, went to the bathroom, passed that kidney stone, and it came out **CRUSHED!**

The Bible says that unto each one of us is given a measure of faith. Jesus once told a man,

*“If thou canst believe, all things are possible  
to him that believeth.”*

**MARK 9:23**

But how can we believe? The Bible says that faith comes by hearing and hearing by the Word of God. I believe the Word of God produces faith, strong faith, faith that can cause the



impossible to become possible.

I believe that miracles are within our reach, if we just believe. As I studied the subject of faith, I came to realize all that it can bring into being. Our problem is that we don't use our faith.

Sometimes I hear people say, "Oh, God, give me more faith" or "God, increase my faith," but they are not using the faith they already have! I know faith can be increased. I also know there are some people who have more faith than others. But I am firmly convinced that if you and I would just use the measure of faith that we already have in us, it is enough to bring about a miracle in our lives.

The problem is that we are not releasing this faith. So God put a message into my heart on how to help people release their faith: by standing on God's Word and claiming His promises. I shared with you in a previous chapter about my mountaintop experience, how God used His Word to cause my faith to become strong. I was facing a problem, and faith for a miracle rose up in my heart when I read a promise in God's Word.

The Word of God is powerful! But it is important that we don't limit God, saying, "This is the only way God can speak." If you are open to hear from Him, God can speak to you through the Bible or through one of His servants, giving you a word that will cause your faith to rise up and your faith will cause you to get your miracle---if you just believe God!

In my adventures, I have learned many precious lessons that have helped me grow in the knowledge of the Lord, but the greatest lessons always lead me back to the basic premise of our walk with the Lord:

*"The just shall live by faith".*  
**HABAKKUK 2:4; ROMANS 1:17**

The prophet Habakkuk stood on this truth, and so did the Apostle Paul. I am in good company in my adventures! If you haven't yet done so, it is my prayer that you, too, will embark on this exciting journey, and join the great company of saints who through the ages have found this walk of faith to be the greatest adventure of all!

## CHAPTER 15

### TRYING TO EXPLAIN MATH TO GOD

As missionaries every month, we send out a newsletter to the people that we know and are our supporters, letting them know what we are doing and at times asking them if they could help us financially. But at the same time, as missionaries we get newsletters from other missionaries. I remember one day I went to the post office in Brownsville, Tx. and I got a letter from a couple that we had met and in fact they had been with us for about six weeks in a special internship that we had and after they finished with us they moved to Monterrey and started a ministry there.

Well, they sent us their newsletter and in their newsletter it talked about a need that they had and as I'm reading it, here it is a letter from another missionary that needs money and here I am, a missionary that also needs money! As I'm reading the letter God spoke to me and said; "Give them a hundred dollars." I said; "But God, I really could use the hundred dollars myself." And God said; "No, give them a hundred dollars." So I got out my checkbook and I'm writing it out and I write their name on it. I'm about to fill in the amount and I said "fifty dollars," so I wrote out the check for fifty dollars. I put it in their envelope and I mailed it to them. When I mailed it, the Spirit of God spoke to me and said; "That is not what I told you to do. I told you to give them a hundred dollars." I said; "But God, I need the money myself!" God said; "I told you to obey Me." And I said; "Okay God," so I got

out my checkbook, I wrote out their name on the check and I'm fixing to write fifty dollars and God said; "No, a hundred dollars. I told you a hundred dollars." I said; "Now God, let me explain something to you. Fifty dollars and fifty dollars is one hundred dollars." And God said; "No, you just obey Me." I said; "Okay," so I wrote out a check for a hundred dollars and I mailed it to them the same day that I had mailed them the fifty dollars, and God spoke to me again saying; "Son, I'm trying to teach you a lesson. If you just obey Me, I will not only meet your needs but also provide you with extra!"

So I learned a very valuable lesson that day, and it's that when God speaks we don't just do part of it when we obey Him. I can't remember exactly how it all came in but after I mailed that check for a hundred dollars in obedience to God, He brought money to Lynn and I far more than we ever thought we would receive! And it was simply because we obeyed God in our giving; it cost me an extra \$50 because I wasn't obedient the first time. But Praise God, He taught me a wonderful lesson that I have never forgotten and have lived by this ever since!

## CHAPTER 16

### MARTITA

A young girl by the name of Martha came to be with us when she was about 13 years of age and was living here at the church with one of her sisters and a cousin. She was helping in the church and serving in many different areas. A number of years later she got married and I had an apartment here at the church that they were living in. In time they had three precious girls and the whole family was doing well but all of a sudden Martha started to feel bad in her health. Over months she got worse and worse and as the doctors ran tests after tests, they concluded that Martha had tuberculosis. They said; "It looks like she's going to die." This girl wasn't very big or tall in the first place but I'm telling you, we were all praying here at Palabra de Vida Church, and we were believing God for a miracle and we did all kind of things for her; doctors, medicine and lots of prayer. I tell you, she got to the point where she couldn't walk without somebody helping her. She had gotten so skinny you could just see the bones in her body! She was nothing but just skin and bones. I looked at her and I thought; "Dear God, We have prayed and prayed, and if she doesn't get a miracle soon she's going to die." It was heartbreaking!

I remember I had to make a trip to Dallas, Texas and a Sunday morning, while I was up in the Dallas area, Lynn called me and she said; "They took Martha to the hospital. It looks like one of her lungs has busted and the doctor told her husband to call the rest of the family together. She's going to die probably within a couple of hours. Or she has got to have a miracle soon!" So her husband

said: "Well, we are believing for a miracle." The doctor said; "Okay, if she doesn't get a miracle, she'll be dead in about two hours!"

Lynn called to tell me, so I began to pray and that day Lynn and several of the women at the church went to the hospital and into her room (because they put her in a private room since they were expecting her to die at any time), they gathered around her bed and began to pray! They prayed for quite some time and then they put on a tape player that was playing gospel music, worship music. They left the hospital and her family was all there. That was on a Sunday, by Monday I was not able to go see Martha, to see if she's still alive. So first thing Tuesday morning I went to the hospital and into her room and Martha was sitting up on the side of her bed and eating! I looked at her and I thought; "They told me this girl had her lung ruptured!" In fact, she was coughing and spitting up blood and portions of her lung, I thought: "This is not possible!"

I looked at her eating and I said; "Martita (that's how I called her), how are you doing?" And she signaled to me that she was fine and she kept on eating. I said; "Martita, I'm glad you are eating." She just wouldn't even talk to me. She just kept eating and eating and eating and finally I thought; "Rats! I'm hungry too! I'm going to just go because I can't even talk with her." So I left and the next day the doctors were checking her and they said; "we don't understand this but we've got to do some more x-rays because she should have been dead two days ago!" They x-rayed her, came back and said; "Here's the x-ray of a busted lung and here's the x-ray for today. Your lungs are complete! You are totally healed!" This was about 20 years ago. God is a miracle working God! Even when the doctors and all the circumstances say there's no hope, God is the one that brings hope! Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!

## CHAPTER 17

### BECOMING ESTABLISHED AND SUCCESSFUL

We've been here in Ciudad Victoria for over 48 years preaching the gospel and God has worked in Lynn's and my life in miraculous ways. Let me share just a couple of more things with you. Many years ago, in my daily time of prayer, there are a couple of scriptures that God spoke to me very powerfully and I want to share these with you. The first one I want to share is Proverbs 16:3 in the Amplified Bible. It says: "Roll your works upon the Lord (commit and trust them wholly to Him; He will cause your thoughts to become agreeable to His will, and) so shall your plans be established and succeed."

Now another scripture that I want to share is Isaiah 26:3 "You will guard him and keep him in perfect and constant peace whose mind (both it's inclination and it's character) is stayed on You, because he commits himself to You, leans on You, and hopes confidently in You." I read those two scriptures many years ago, and because of what they say, when I pray every day, part of my prayer is based on those two scriptures.

And then it says that He'll guard us and keep us in perfect and constant peace when our mind; our thoughts are upon Him. So in my prayer I say; "Father, I commit my works to you this day. The things that I do, I believe you're going to guard over me, to keep me in perfect and constant peace, you're going to cause even my thoughts to become agreeable to Your will and that all of my plans and my work shall be established and shall succeed."

I pray that every day, and I believe that God causes my thoughts to become agreeable to His will. Everything that I go and do is in agreement with Him and His will, and the why that I know it, if anybody ever asked me about any type of confirmation about the will of God to me it is peace. If I have peace in my heart about any decision that I go to make, I believe it is God. He gives me peace.

If it's something like direction, a work or whatever and I don't have peace about it, I wait until I get direction from God. The further out of the will of God, the more disturbed I get but when I'm in the perfect will of God, I know that there's peace.

You'd be amazed if I tell you everything I've gone through in my life because of those scriptures. It has caused me to be continually in the perfect will of God because I commit my life and the works that I do every day to Him, and I believe He's going to guide me and cause my thoughts to become agreeable to His will.

These are things that I apply to my life and I pray that maybe it'll speak something to you.



## CHAPTER 18

### THE ANOINTING TO WIN SOULS

Back in 1987, I was invited to go to Brazil with Bob Tilton and another Pastor, Rex Humbard. Now, you may not know who Rex was; he's gone on to be with the Lord but he was pastoring a church in Akron, Ohio. He had a huge church and was well known. He was one of the very first ministers that ever had television, gospel programs and Bro. Rex and his family traveled all over the world preaching the gospel and pastoring the church there in Ohio. So I was on this trip to Brazil with these two ministers and I'm listening to them talk and especially to Bro. Rex because he had been in the ministry for so many years and had such tremendous experiences!

As I'm listening to him, one day he said: "You know, I look at different ministries today and everyone has kind of a different anointing." And I thought: "I thought the anointing was all the same," and he said: "I look at some and they have a very special anointing for healing for people," and I thought: "Yeah, I've known some of these ministers and that's kind of their area of ministry." He kept saying: "Another has an anointing for finances and another has this anointing and that anointing and as I'm listening to him I thought: "I see that in a lot of different ministries: each one has a specific area that they have a greater anointing in a certain area than others do." I mean, it's not they're not anointed in all areas but in some areas the anointing has increased stronger in their lives.

I listened to Rex as he said: "I prayed and I asked the Lord what is that special anointing in my life?" And he said that God told him that his special anointing was to win souls. When I heard Bro Rex say that, I thought: Mercy! I need that man to lay hands on me!" And I remember two days later we were going somewhere, so I went out of the hotel and we had a mini bus that we were traveling in, so I got in the bus and I looked and nobody was there but Bro. Rex. I went back and I sat down across the aisle from him and I looked at him and said: Brother Humbard, you don't know who I am. I'm a missionary in the country of Mexico; I'm here on this trip because I'm a very good friend with Bob Tilton. "I heard what you said about the anointing of the Holy Spirit on your life to win souls, would you lay your hands on me and pray for me?" He just reached over and laid his hand on me. He prayed a real simple prayer and almost began to cry asking God to help me win souls for Him.

I got back home and one day Bob Tilton called me and asked me if I would print a little gospel booklet for young people in Spanish? (I had a print shop at our church in Mexico). He wanted me to print them and ship them to a missionary in Nicaragua. This missionary had permission from the government to go to every school, public and private, and he had the authority to have a meeting with all of the students and all of the teachers to tell them about Jesus and give them a gospel book and Bob wanted me to print.

So I began to print these little books and we shipped them to Nicaragua and the missionary there would take them to these special meetings he had at the different schools around, over the country. He would talk to them about life, and the problems in life and then, he'd tell them about Jesus Christ and gave them an opportunity to receive Christ, he then would give them one of these books. One time this missionary contacted me and told me that the first 11 months during this special ministry project,

he recorded 272,000 thousand salvations in Nicaragua! We worked with him giving him the literature to give to these students and Lynn and I even took a team for 10 days, from our church, here in Mexico, to help him evangelize these students in Nicaragua. Before the evangelism project was finished, our ministry Palabra de Vida printed and shipped over 600,000 gospel booklets to Nicaragua. We heard later that every book that was given out was read at least by 3 people, first the students and teachers and then family members. So only eternity will give the final account of how many people in Nicaragua received Jesus because of this outreach.

About a year or so later I was in Dallas at a meeting, and Rex Humbard was there, so I went over to him and I said: "Brother Humbard, I don't know if you remember me, but you laid hands on me and you prayed and asked God to anoint me to win soul. Let me tell you about a project that I was involved in; we printed gospel literature and sent the booklets to Nicaragua. In 11 months they recorded 272,000 salvations!" He looked at me and he began to cry! He put his arms around me and he cried and thanked God for the anointing that was passed on to me to win souls.

Let me tell you, I'm a very strong believer in the laying on of hands and I'm always ready for someone, that I know that has a special anointing of the Holy Spirit on them to win souls, to lay hands on me.



## CHAPTER 19

### I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU LAY HANDS ON ME!

As I said, I'm a strong believer in the laying on of hands, but I'm also particular. I don't let just anybody lay hands on me because I really don't know where those hands have been. I remember I had gotten connected with T.L. Osborn's ministry in Tulsa, Oklahoma and I had never met him, but I had received tracks, books, movies of his crusades and all kinds of things from him for our work here in Mexico and I always wanted to meet him. Every time, if I was ever traveling in the United States and I was going through Tulsa, I would always go by his office or at least I'd call and his secretary would answer. I'd call so many times that his secretary and I became very good friends, but he was never there when I was there.

So I remember I was here in Cd. Victoria and I got a notice that Pastor Robb Thompson was going to have a "Week of Faith" (that's what he called it), and he listed the ministers that were going to be there, and the very first minister that was going to be at this conference was T.L. Osborn! When I saw that, I picked up the phone, made reservations for a flight to go from Brownsville, to Chicago, and I called up Robb Thompson and said: "Robb, I'm coming up there for your faith conference." Robb said: "Well, if you want to, I'll pick you up at the airport and you'll stay at our house while you are here at the conference." I said to myself: "Thank God! I was believing that he'd invite me to stay at his house."

So I flew up to Chicago, Pastor Robb picks me up and we went to his home. It's a Saturday evening, we're sitting at the table and Robb said: "Well, I have to go to the airport right now and pick up T.L. Osborn, would you like to go?" I thought: "Boy! Would I ever?" So I get with Robb and we drove to the airport there in Chicago. I'm sitting in the car, in just a few minutes here came T.L. Osborn out; he and another guy, they got in the car and as Robb was driving away, I looked at Bro. Osborn and I said: "Brother, I'm a missionary in Mexico but I came here for one reason! For you to lay hands on me and pray for me for the anointing that's on your life! I want that anointing! But don't do it right now, I want you to wait until tomorrow, Sunday morning. You are going to be preaching, so after you've preached, I want you to lay hands on me and pray for me."

So the next morning in the service T.L. Osborn got up and he preached a very powerful message; people got saved, people got healed, so when he finished he left, he walked off the platform, he headed to the pastor's office and I got up out of my seat, I followed him. I went right in behind him into the pastor's office. I got Bro. Osborn over in the corner and I said: "Bro. Osborn, I love you, I appreciate you, I thank God for your life and your ministry, but you're not getting out of this corner until you lay hands on me and pray for me!"

He laid his hands on me and he prayed for the anointing to be upon my life. That night R.W. Schambach was preaching, and when he finished, he went into the pastor's office. I went in there, got him in a corner and said: "Bro. Schambach, I love you, I appreciate your ministry but you're not getting out of this corner until you lay hands on me." So he laid hands on me and prayed for me. The next day was Charles Capps and the same thing happened: "Bro. Charles, you're not getting out of this corner until you lay hands on me and pray for me!" Then there was Jerry

Seville and then there was John Avanzini and finally before the end of the week I had to come back to Mexico but everybody that was there preaching laid hands on me and prayed a prayer of faith over me. That's probably one of the reasons I don't have much hair on my head today. But I tell you; I'm a firm believer in the anointing of God and of people laying hands on me that are very anointed of God. I want everything that I can get from God. I said many years ago: "God, I want everything you have! Anything that will help me win souls, I want it! This is what I want because I want to be able to be used by You!"





## CHAPTER 20

### THE WORLD IS AFRAID OF THE WORD

I could probably go on and tell you so many other stories but I want to kind of bring this to an end. One of the things I just want to mention is that I am a very strong believer in the Bible, in God's word. I believe we ought to read it and study it every day! I believe everybody ought to have their own Bible and read it, get a pencil and mark all the scriptures that have blessed you and keep those scriptures before you.

I see in the news people saying: "We're going to take Bibles out of the schools! We're going to take Bibles out of the government and out of government offices! We're going to take Bibles out of here or there!" And I'm thinking: "Why?" They say: "Well, we just think that the Bible is nothing but just a book of stories and it's no use and it's no good." And I got to thinking: "If you really believe that, why are you so afraid of it?" Think about that, people that want to take Bibles out of the school or out of the government or wherever because they say it's no good. Why is it? Because they're afraid of it! They're afraid of the Bible because they know it is the word of God, and the word of God will change the world forever! We're going to read it and then we're going to act upon what the word of God says! Because the word of God tells us we're going to go into the entire world and preach the gospel to every creature and that signs, miracles and wonders are going to follow us, that God is going to work with us. The Spirit of God is going to work with us! He's going to confirm the Word with signs following!

Let me tell you something, all of the promises of God are not just for preachers, ministers or missionaries; the word of God is for all believers! Are you a believer? Then God's word is for you! Just as He said: "Go into all the World!" You and I have to do everything we can to evangelize the world for Christ and when we go and when we preach, when we talk about the miracles, when we talk about the power of God, the Holy Spirit will work with us and He'll confirm the word with signs following in Jesus' name.

You are a person that has the signs of God following You! There's nothing you can't do for God! When God is inside of you, you're more than a conqueror! Amen! I love you, I pray for you and I believe God's working in your life. You're more than a conqueror in Jesus' name!

## CHAPTER 21

### MY DAILY CONFESSION

I've share some stories with you about my life; there are a lot of other things that I could tell you, but I've shared these events not to bring honor and glory to me but just to let you know the things God has done for me and my family, so that you will believe for Him to do even greater things for you!

If we just learn to believe God, believe His word, believe in the power of the name of Jesus and believe in the power and the anointing of the Holy Spirit. God will bless us and we will come out victorious over all things!

Let me end this with one thing. This is something that the Lord put on my heart back in January 2019. I am sharing this confession with you to encourage you to add this to your life everyday. It's a confession that I make every day; I place my hand on top of my head and I make this confession.

- I believe that the blessings of the Lord are upon my life!
- I believe that prosperity is coming to me.
- I believe I have divine health in my body.
- I believe I have peace in my heart.
- I believe I have favor with God and man.
- I believe I have the fire of the Holy Spirit inside of me.
- I believe I have the victory over all the works of the devil.
- I believe I am more than a conqueror in Jesus' name!

From the time that God placed this on my heart to confess daily, I have seen great miracles take place in my life. I have taught our church members to also confess these promises of God over their lives and they are seeing results. I encourage you to make this confession over your life and the life of your children every day. I hope and pray that this blesses you in Jesus' name!

## CHAPTER 22

### MY LAST CHAPTER

Of all of the different adventures in my life, I believe that the greatest of all is my family. There is nothing in all of my life except Jesus Christ that is more important to me than my family. God has so richly blessed me with my lovely, faithful, and kind wife. Lynn has stood with me in good times and bad times, when we had nothing and when we had everything. We have traveled the world together preaching, teaching, and ministering to people in many countries of the World.

A few months after we were married, we left home and traveled around the world. I only allowed her one suitcase that would fit under the seat on the plane and we were traveling for almost two months. She did it. It was a miracle. We have had the cartel chase us three different times and each time I told her that if they came back again for her to get in the back seat and lay on the floor in case that they shoot at us and because I was going to try to run them off the road.

I don't know of anyone that would have put up with me the way she has done in all of the past 54 years of marriage. She is a great minister and teacher. She has written two books (My Mom, A Woman of Faith and Let It Go) and did so much to make this book possible. I can never express how much I love and appreciate her. There is no one else like her. (Lynn, I love you, will you marry me?)

I also want to express how much I love and appreciate our oldest son, Jeremy. He and his wife Gaby and their son Steven are a great blessing to me. Jeremy was going to school in Brownsville when I told him about me starting a television studio in Cd. Victoria. After praying about it he felt lead to come back and help me. Now he is also the administer here at our church and our ministry of World Missions Outreach. Back years ago, he also traveled with me to the Philippines to minister there. He and Gaby also traveled with Lynn and I to Italy and Hungary to minister. Gaby also traveled with Lynn as she ministered in Europe. Our grandson, Steven, is living in Brownsville and going to the University of Texas at Brownsville. He is in his third year of studies. Thank God, for these three people that are a great blessing to me.

Our youngest son, John David, is working in the oil field here in Texas. He traveled with me to the Philippines about 20 years ago. While we were there, he ministered to the youth in some of the churches that we visited. For several years he was our pilot helping us travel back and forth from Cd. Victoria to Brownsville. Several years ago he went through a difficult time in his life but came out stronger. Now he works in the oil field here in Texas, he started at the bottom but within a very short time, became the top supervisor. I don't know how he does it, but many times he and his men work well over 30 hours at a time without stopping. In the middle of all of this he is starting his own business of renting construction equipment. I thank God for John David. He is a great blessing to me.

Don't tell him, but I know that God has a special calling on his life.

In May 2021 John David married Karina. They have John David Jr, also she has four kids. Ismael, Debanhi, Carlos and Stephanie. They are really great kids and we love them and are

glad that they are now part of our family. Our family grew from six to twelve. Now Lynn and I have six grand children and we are so happy and blessed.

I think that one of the greatest things that touches my life is that every time Jeremy, Gaby, Steven, John David, Karina, and their kids see me, the first thing that they all do is come over to me and give me a hug and a kiss and tell me that they love me. And they do the same thing whenever they leave. THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN A HUG, A KISS, AND WORDS OF LOVE FROM YOUR FAMILY.

**THANK GOD FOR MY WIFE AND FAMILY AND THEIR LOVE FOR AN OLD MAN LIKE ME.**





## A NEW YOU!

For Christians who have Jesus Christ living in their hearts, leaving this earth is never **THE END** but just the beginning of spending eternity with our Heavenly Father and our savior Jesus Christ. As you read, I made this decision to receive Jesus as my Savior in the back of a pickup truck when I was a young boy. It was the best decision I have ever made in my life, because it was an eternal decision. Jesus came and willingly gave up his own life to die on the cross for you and for me.

“That if thou shall confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Romans 10:9-10, 13

If you have never asked Jesus to come into your heart to be your Savior, this is your opportunity. Right now, you can pray and ask God to forgive you by simply believing that Jesus is the Son of God and receiving God's mercy, grace and His forgiveness. This prayer and decision will bring you into the family of God.

Let me lead you in prayer. Please pray out loud with me, “I ask you Father, to forgive me of my sins, and I invite Jesus to come into my life as my personal savior. I commit my life into your hands, Jesus. I believe that You died on the cross for me and that God raised You from the dead. By faith in Your Word, I receive salvation now. ***Thank You for saving me!***”

Because you prayed this prayer, the Lord God has heard you and Jesus Christ has come into your heart and life and you are a brand new You! Rejoice and share with others what Jesus just did for you. Also, get into a Bible based church where you can grow in your new walk with your heavenly Father. Let me know that you just received Jesus so that we can rejoice together.



First row: Bobby & Lynn.

Second row: Stephanie, Debanhi, Karina, JD, Jr., John David, Ismael, Carlos, Jeremy, Gaby and Steven.

World Missions Outreach, whose founders and directors are Bobby and Lynn Crow, is non-profit religious organization dedicated to world evangelism. The outreach of this ministry includes not only the country of Mexico, but also Central and South American Philippines, China, Spain, India, the United States and other countries as the Lord directs. This ministry is sponsored solely by donations from friends and partners of this ministry. If you would like to have more information about this ministry, or if you would like to become a partner financially, please write to:

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