

A HANDFUL OF HAIR

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By Erma Miller

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To my parents who instilled faith in God and to our children and grandchildren who have helped us so much.

FOREWORD

A couple of years ago, I sat down and wrote a short article about a simple prayer that brought giant results.

We published it in our bi-monthly magazine: VOICES FROM HIS EXCELLENT GLORY.

Much to my amazement, the article brought an avalanche of letters requesting extra copies of that particular magazine.

This story began really before I was married, when I hired into the Publication Department of the R.G. LeTourneau Corporation in Peoria, Illinois.

I was a graduate of Camp Point, Illinois High School in 1940 and went off to Minneapolis, Minnesota, North Central Bible and Business College.

My father was an Assembly of God Pastor in Illinois. I had already made up my mind that I didn't want to marry a preacher. I never really went away to College to meet a husband ... but one day I walked down the hall and ran right into Glen Miller. That started our romance. He was from Illinois, also, but I did not know him.

On June 20th, 1941, we were married in the Assembly of God Church in Springfield, Illinois. Glen was also working at LeTourneau's. We lived in one of the steel homes that Mr. LeTourneau built and floated down the Illinois river. Life Magazine featured these unique homes built for top management and/or ideal couples. Glen was twenty and I was eighteen.

The World was much different in the Spring of '41 than it is today. Jobs were hard to come by. The Great Depression was still heavy upon us. Glen made 17 cents per hour, and I made \$40.00 per month. That was six days a week. We were so thankful to even have work and a paycheck.

In December, 1941, World War II began.

Late in 1942, a baby girl arrived, and six weeks later Glen was shipped off to Panama with the Army Engineers.

A long eight months later, they shipped him back to Hunter's Point Ship Yard in the Bay area at San Francisco, California.

The baby and I went from Illinois by Santa Fe train to meet him. We set up housekeeping at Hunter's Point in Government housing.

There were no washing machines, refrigerators, nor new stoves being manufactured, and no second hands to buy. The assembly lines at the automobile factories had long been changed to war vehicles.

Sugar and shoes were bought on ration stamps, as well as gasoline and tires. Soap to wash clothes was very scarce, and so were butter and shortening. We had a kerosene cook stove and an ice chest furnished by the Government.

Some days, it seemed the United States was losing and our hopes would crumble, and then the tide would change.

We loved California, and soon both of our parents had moved West to be close to their children and grandchildren. By the time the war was over, we had moved to Southern California. We built our first bakery, then another and another until we had eleven.

Bakery work is all night for the next day, and on and on. The turbulence of those days of hard work I would prefer to escape and perish the thought.

One thing it taught us... not to pamper our bodies.

In 1951, we both started to work in Aircraft plants. Glen at Menasco, a manufacturer of landing gear and missile fuel tanks in Burbank, California. I hired in down the street at Lockheed in the Office Service Department, right back in Publication and the Printing section where I felt at home.

We both welcomed advancements in our work and all the overtime they would give us, as we were saving for a new home in the San Fernando Valley.

By then our son, Merrill and our daughter, Glenora, were in Junior High School. They escaped death by a miracle of God when a fighter jet and a 4-engine plane collided over the San Fernando Valley and the 4-engine plane crashed on the school yard.

Many events took place on this Pathway of Life to teach us and train us for the work of the Lord that He had planned for us.

Every experience has been a stepping stone of fulfillment to the work God had foreordained for us. We can say:

Our eyes rest on thee, Lord
Our eyes rest on thee!



GLEN MILLER 1960



ERMA MILLER 1960



ERMA MILLER 1986

HANDFUL OF HAIR - AN ANSWERED PRAYER

The Holy Spirit has prompted me to write a short testimony about praying.

Before we moved from California to Lake Hamilton Bible Camp, in Hot Springs, Arkansas, we owned a company called “Technical Publication Services” and “School of Technical Typing”, in North Hollywood and Buena Park, California.

During the middle and late 50’s, I was supervisor of the Typing and Reproduction Department at Lockheed Missile Division. God had blessed me to be chosen as one of the first 50 to join the new missile division from the aircraft plant. That was in the days when the word “missile” could not be spoken out loud because it was so secret.

After five years, Lockheed moved to Northern California, and we did not want to move. I went to work at RCA as a Department Head over Technical Typing, Proofreading, and Layout. It was from there, and after prayer, that Glen and I decided to open a School of Technical Typing to train typists to type for the scientists, as there were few with this qualification at that time. RCA already had me teaching in their training school as well as supervising. This entailed heavy equations, mathematical symbols and a lot of Greek, with understanding of the new words and phrases they coined for the missile space age.

From there, we expanded to a Secret Facility to type for the major companies in the Southern California Aerospace Industry. I would often train their typists for them and worked as many as 75 employees out in their facilities, but on our payroll. We worked three shifts in our plants most of the time.

Our Company had contracts from Autonetics, a division of North American on the Minuteman Missile, plus other contracts in Orange County. Also, we did work for Hughes Aircraft, Lockheed, Douglas, Bendix, Rocketdyne, Atomics International, Litton Systems, and Swift & Company and many others.

The business grew and God really blessed us. We would pray over every bid sheet, then God would show us how to bid it. Competition was very acute, and only God could help us. As I would look over my notes after going to look at the work, there might be hundreds of

pages of hand written, some typed double spaced, and other pages typed two column justified and reduced. It was my job to visualize how many pages the end-product would be to final type, then bid on the flash blue—line copies, the negatives, etc.

Once I had worked all day on a bid that would run over \$5,000.00 for one manual. I prayed for wisdom and God definitely answered.

The price that I was going to bid was reached. I wrote it down and then sat there looking at it, totally drained. Suddenly, I found myself marking through it and lowering it by \$4.35. Then I called it into Autonetics to the buyer to be followed with a cover letter.

In about a half hour, I get the phone call. Congratulations! You are the lowest bidder! You can come and pick up the work and bring your typed bid. Then the buyer went on to say, “Boy, Volt Technical is really frustrated. He only bid \$4.35 higher than you”. My only words were, “Really?” Praise God for answering prayer.

The Volt manager just happened to be in the parking lot getting some daily work, when I drove up. “How do you do it?”, he asked. “Prayers and tears”, I answered as I hurried into the office to pick up my work, praising the Lord with every step.

Later, I was at Autonetics to get some work on the Minuteman Project which was about to be phased out as far as the typing was concerned. The buyer said, “I suppose you are going over to Space and Information Center in Downey to get your share of the Apollo Moonshot program”. “What Moonshot?”, I asked. That was the first that I had heard about the new program, as it had not hit the papers yet.

He advised me that I should go and see a Mr ____ who was going to have a bidder’s conference for all the typing on that project, and that it was to be the largest contract ever issued by the Air Force. He gave me the directions and whom I was to see.

The day arrived. I dressed up in my new knit business suit, got in our Company station wagon, and started from North Hollywood to Downey. Soon I was on the Santa Ana Freeway with lots of excitement in my spirit. The wind was softly blowing, and I was watching the leaves from the ivy along the freeway blow out in front of me as cars whirled them all about.

My thoughts turned to the Lord and how He attends every funeral for the sparrows, and how He sees the leaves falling, and counts the hairs of our head.

All at once, I reached up and pulled out a HANDFUL OF HAIR. "Lord, while you are looking down here counting these hairs, I need your attention. We need this contract to keep all of our employees busy, please help me get to see the buyer and get an invitation to the bidder's conference. Thank you for hearing me, Lord."

Lakewood Boulevard was busy, and hundreds of cars loomed ahead in parking lots around the plant - it looked like General Motors. I drove our new station wagon into the parking lot. It bore our trademark and "Technical Publication Services" on the side and back. Safely parked in a stall marked "Vendor Parking", I braced myself, tucked a folder bearing a brochure and a price list under my arm and walked into the waiting room marked "Purchasing".

Once inside, my eyes fell on hundreds of men with their brief cases, both old and new. Some salesmen were used to this sort of situation, but others carried new attaché cases, wore the latest Ivy League suits and bore all the marks of a good case of nerves.

The pretty little receptionist smiled at me when I said that I wanted to see the Graphic Arts Buyer. She gave me a badge and told me to wait to be called by his secretary.

One by one, many different secretaries came out to a loud speaker and called a name, then escorted them back to the particular buyer.

Nervously, I sat thumbing through the U.S. News and World Report, my mind was on what I was going to say, and my mind was upon the Lord to help me.

All at once, someone was standing over me, and when I looked up, he blurted out, "What do you want?" It was the Graphic Arts buyer himself, and I recognized him as a buyer whom I had gotten work from at another company. He was tall and loud and every eye was upon us.

I've come to ask to attend the bidder's conference that you are having next week for a typing contract on the Apollo", I said, thinking him to be a friend.

“We’re not having a bidder’s conference next week”, he answered gruffly.

“Aren’t you going to issue a contract on the Moonshot Program for typing?” I asked. I told him that Mr. M_____ at Autonetics told me that you were going to give out a lot of typing work, and that I should come over here and get my share of it.

Mr. M_____ had worked for the CIA during World War II and he liked our work very much. He could read right through me, and I always knew to level with him. Sometimes he would say, “Bad effort last night, Ern”. And I knew to admit to it without fudging because he’d know anyway. I never tried to make excuses to him about how bad the copy was.

He complimented us day after day when we had plowed through pages of nigh on, unreadable copy.

The Ph.D scientists and engineers write like medical doctors who write prescriptions. Their illegible writing looked like Greek to most laymen. By the way, it was Greek in the equations!

Manned with magnifying glass and all types of scientific dictionaries, we became experts in reading the copy and getting out a beautiful page of finished work.

“Oh, do you work for Mr. M_____?” he queried, with a shaky voice. I explained that I had been doing work for him for several years.

I continued to tell him that we had the largest job shop in Southern California ... all our girls were cleared for secret ... we owned twenty—three brand new Executive IBM typewriters all set up with Greek keys, etc., a Robertson Camera to make the negatives, a Xerox machine, a complete art department and print shop. Then I went on to tell him that we were told that we could handle the big jobs better than other vendors because we didn’t have to run out and rent machines when a big job comes in.

Then I told him that we had a facility in Buena Park also, closer to them than our main facility in North Hollywood, in order to meet deadlines in short turn-around time.

Nothing helped. His words were final. No, you can't come to the conference, and we have all the vendors already invited that we want. He then turned away and left me standing aghast as he disappeared behind closed doors. He did not even do me the courtesy of taking me into his office.

Can you imagine my chagrin and the total embarrassment of having all of this transpire in the middle of an audience with even my competitors listening in?

Tears began to flow from inside. All sorts of things went through my mind. Are they paying "Payola" to him? Why is he adverse to our work? Why would he prefer a Las Vegas Showgirl who owned another shop to ours? Questions flew through my mind. After all, beauty is one thing, but high quality work is something else. Especially when it comes to getting a man on the moon.

Finding my way to the parking lot, I drove out onto Lakewood Boulevard and started a sad trip back to North Hollywood, our main facility. Soon all I could do was groan, "Oh God, Oh God, please do something. Help us Lord."

Aimlessly, I drove along, half praying, half depending upon God, then anger would flood my mind. How dare that man to embarrass me out in front of all those salesmen in the lobby. Why didn't he tell me all that back behind closed doors, like every other buyer would.

But after all, he was a new buyer, and his job must have gone to his head, I reasoned. North American personnel never acted like that with me before.

Arriving at our office, I parked in back and waited for someone to unlock the door and let me into the main typing room. All the clicking typewriters came to a screeching halt. "What happened?", came from every desk, haunting my ears. "Oh, it was horrible!" I cried out. "He won't let me come to the bidder's conference."

I hurried up front to our secretary and my office. There she sat, smiling and cheering me on, even though I looked like I had just lost my best friend, but there is more to the story.

The work at hand caused all of us to forget about the trip and every-

thing got back to normal. I consoled myself with the fact that “we’ve more work now than we can do anyway”, but deep inside the realiza-
tion that many of the contracts with Bendix, Litton, and Lockheed were phasing out, and I knew we needed this “juicy” contract to stay in business.

About a week went by, and one morning a Special Delivery letter lay on the floor inside the door. Picking it up quickly, I recognized the size of it, and saw it was from the Space Center addressed to me.

Quickly I opened it, and it read, “You were inadvertently not invited to the bidder’s conference, but the Space and Information Center of North American Aviation and the Air Force requests that you make out this bid sheet and mail it back at once.” The bid sheet was exactly like the ones I had so often filled out at Rocketdyne, Autonetics, and Atomics International that we were already working for. All of them were divisions of North American Aviation.

The Lord, and only the Lord, had arranged that Special Delivery letter. Praying was the order of the day as I quickly filled in the prices we charged to type single, double space, and mathematical tables, equations, etc. God had intervened and taken care of us after all.

In due time, there was a Purchase Order with an open-end contract for \$25,000.00 worth of typing which was increased many times over as we used up the allotted amounts of money.

When the purchase order came, the typing shop went crazy ... laughing, jumping, and leaping for joy, as this was security for their jobs for several years to come. God takes care of His own, as we place our faith in Him.

That very evening the call came. All the day shift had gone home, and a few swing shifters were working on a project for Swift and Company. “This is Space and Information Center calling. We have a job for you to pick up immediately, and to be completed by 8:00 a.m. in the morning ... there are five hundred pages of draft. Can you handle it?” the buyer asked.

I answered with a firm, “Yes”.

“Wow,” I screamed, “they’re testing us!”, as I put the receiver down. I

got on the phone and called back in all the day shift. With team effort, we completed it about 4:00 a.m. and checked and double-checked it. Glen arrived before 8:00 a.m. with the job. They were shocked and really had to nit-pick to find two little things wrong that really weren't mistakes.

For three days, the same time, same amount, same station. Then they paid us a compliment on how good the work was coming back to them. "The engineers are all requesting your company to do their work", they explained. The Lord helped us to become "First Vendor". In other words, we got all the typing every day that we wanted, and twice what we needed from then on. The contract paid us hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Lord knew what He was doing all the way. It was this contract that made us the money, and brought about the sale of the facility so that we could buy the Campground. Think back ... the HANDFUL OF HAIR, the disappointment, then the miracle causing the buyer to give us a contract when he didn't want to do it.

The Lord is Faithful, and He does hear and answer prayer. It was GOD ALL THE WAY!

Words can never explain the work connected with that Purchase Order. Literally hundreds of pages were thrown at us every evening between the hours of 5:00 and 8:00 p.m. to be completed by 8:00 a.m. the next morning.

The frenzy in which these scientists and engineers worked cannot be described. It was always straight forward, "We WILL put a man on the moon." There was never, "maybe we can", but always, "we will". The teamwork and the unity of all being of one mind was foremost.

I have seen other vendors like ourselves fail to deliver by eight in the morning, only to find their contracts cancelled. There were no excuses to be made, not even freeway "tie ups". The work must be there at 8:00 a.m.

When President Kennedy was killed the following year, they sped ahead in more frenzy. They were afraid the new President would cancel the contract. The Moonshot was pretty far out for the early sixties, and many taxpayers thought it was money being wasted.

Volumes were typed regarding everything from the astronauts' food to their waste. Troubleshooting charts, parts lists, and the most difficult mathematical equations had to be completed perfectly. Sometimes five hundred pages of solid, hand-written equations that were nigh-on impossible to read were given us. (See example).

Smoothing: Calculate $\overline{D [\Theta_r(t_j)]}$ and use it as the input to the L.S. portion of the program. As a matter of interest, calculate the standard deviation about $\overline{D [\Theta_r(t_j)]}$.

The equations are:

$$\overline{D [\Theta_r(t_j)]} = \frac{1}{P_3} \sum_{s=-P_2}^{s=P_2} w_s D [\Theta_r(t_{j+s})] \quad r = 1, 2$$

$$\text{sig } \overline{D [\Theta_r(t_j)]} = \sqrt{\frac{1}{2P_2} \sum_{s=-P_2}^{s=P_2} \left(w_s D [\Theta_r(t_{j+s})] - \overline{D [\Theta_r(t_j)]} \right)^2}$$

It is convenient to have the option to use or not to use the smoothing portion of block 2. Therefore the following convention is established. R-S option 1 (for Rejection - Smoothing) will describe the use of the rejection criterion only. R-S option 2 will describe the use of smoothing and rejection.

Block 3 (Least Square Fit and Statistics of Fit)

The equation to be least square fitted to the data is the following:

$$\Delta_X + \Delta_Y + \Delta_Z = (Z-Y) e_X + (Z-X) e_Y + (Y-X) e_Z$$

where

$$\Delta_X = X^1 - X$$

$$\Delta_Y = Y^1 - Y$$

$$\Delta_Z = Z^1 - Z$$

and

$$\left. \begin{aligned} X &= \cos \Theta_{1K}(A) \cos \Theta_{2K}(A) \\ Y &= \sin \Theta_{1K}(A) \cos \Theta_{2K}(A) \\ Z &= \sin \Theta_{2K}(A) \end{aligned} \right\} \quad K = 2, 4, 5$$

Not only the problems of getting to the moon, but the problems of coming back to earth were normal daily work for us. We must have typed them to the moon hundreds of times over and over until everything was working perfectly. The work was exciting, and we fell right in with the “team-spirit”, which the Body of Christ needs today. It was an entirely different world, and going to the moon became our normal, every-day task.

We were constantly in suspense and were told often, “If you put a hyphen in the wrong place in those equations, you could cause the space craft or missile to destruct.”

The pressure was heavy upon all the typists, supervisors, and of course Glen and I. Tension would build up in us, with the long hours, the tedious work, and the hours spent on the freeways making the pick-ups and deliveries. This all took a toll on our bodies. Many days, Glen would drive as much as five hundred miles and never leave the Los Angeles area.

Our friends asked us why we didn’t hire a delivery boy. The companies demanded that either Glen or I, or a supervisor had to make the pick-ups to get verbal instructions. We understood their lingo when they would tell us what they wanted. If we didn’t understand we would question them more to get the right directions. Since Glen didn’t type, most of the time he went.

A pile up on the freeway could cause us to miss a deadline. Often, Glen would deliver work that was due at 8:00 a.m. in the middle of the night, to miss the morning rush hour traffic. It seemed every phone call would emanate another “Rush”. Of course, we had to work for other companies in case the Government would decide to cancel the MOONSHOT project, and we would not have anything.

We seldom knew what it was to sleep a full night. I often took short naps in the photo dark room or on the floor in the secretary’s office. It was great if I got in bed by 3:00 a.m. and usually I was back to work by 8:00 a.m. Glen would take the delivery, and get home about day-break, and it was rare if they released work before 10 00 a m Their habit was to release it from 4:00 p.m. on.

One day Glen had a heart attack. At the hospital, the doctor told me that we both had better get out of the business before it killed us. I had

become accustomed to long hours, having supervised two shifts at Lockheed Missiles, and RCA, in the same type of operation. My body seemed to be adjusted to it.

For the first time, my world of success fell out from under me. Nothing seemed to matter but Glen's health. Profits, prestige, honors meant nothing then to us. Doctors said, "Get out or you both are going to kill yourselves from overwork."

But how do you go about selling a Secret Facility? Who could I go to? What next? Only God was our answer and Him alone. We prayed!

There was, however, one elderly man who worked for a blueprint company that I felt could advise me. But when I asked him how to go about selling a Secret Facility, he only discouraged me. His stark answer was that the entire business was built around us, and no one could run it with the same success or expertise. We had grown up with it, but anyone taking over with all these contracts coming out their ears would only faint.

My answer was, "We'll pray." This we did, believing that the Lord would answer.

From the beginning, we never turned work down. We had the reputation of doing good work, and always meeting deadlines. IBM came from New York with a writer from McGraw-Hill and wrote an article about the uniqueness of our Company and published it in "Today's Secretary". That gave us a very big boost. (See the article on next page).

TODAY'S SECRETARY



IN THE JET AGE: *TECHNICAL TYPING*

As Vanguards and Atlases soar into space, as the electronics and missiles industries become increasingly important, the demand for specially trained technicians has skyrocketed.

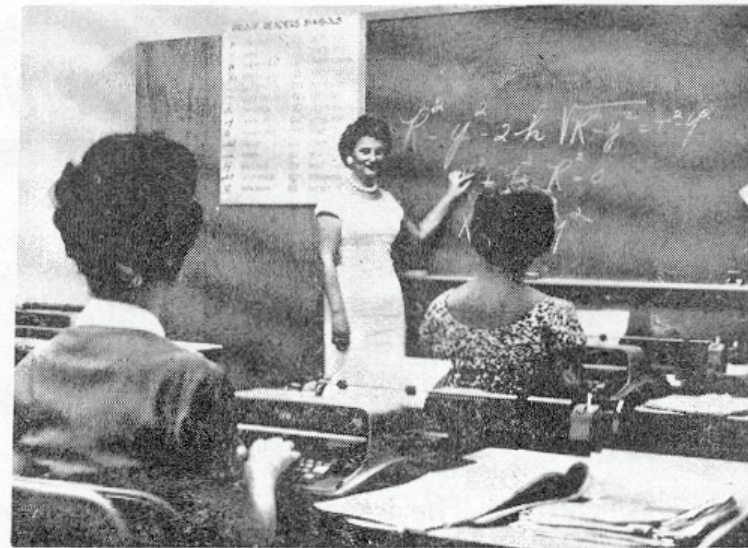
Similarly, the clerical personnel who work in these vital fields also have to be specially trained.

The reason is simple. The paperwork in the electronics and missiles fields, the mass blueprints, specifications sheets, and technical manuals all have to be typed to conform to special government regulations. Much of the material is intended for reproduction and must conform to limitations created by such processes.

The production of technical material for reproduction, in fact, has become a business in itself. An eight or twelve page manual may carry a \$10,000 price tag. The fact that she's a good typist does not qualify a girl to work on these complicated projects. She has to be trained for it.

Since there are relatively few girls now available for this work, salaries are high, ranging up to \$6,500 a year. Those who have the necessary skills are snapped up eagerly by waiting employers.

The training of girls for technical—reproduction typing positions opens a new area in business education. And several people have been wise enough to realize it. One result: the Institute of Technical Typing and Reproduction Services. It's located in North Hollywood, California, an area close to major missile contractors and electronics concerns. The school specializes in just one thing — training girls for government reproduction typing work.



ERMA MILLER IN THE CLASSROOM

The school is under the direction of Mrs. Erma Miller, herself a former supervisor over Research and Development Typing and Reproduction for the Lockheed Missile Systems Division.

In addition, Mrs. Miller has been Supervisor over Composition and Typing on the Atlas Missile Project in RCA's service organization. In the latter position, she trained many typists for reproduction typist jobs. Recognizing the acute need for these specialists, Mrs. Miller and her husband, Glen, organized their own technical typing school early

in 1960. Mr. Miller serves as the business manager; Mrs. Miller does all the teaching.

The courses are condensed but practical. They are designed for girls who already know how to type. Mrs. Miller has a curriculum under which she is able to take an ordinary typist and polish and develop her skills to the point where she will be ready to work on technical missile projects just two weeks after she begins the course.

All the typewriters used at the school are IBM Electric Executive typewriters with proportional spacing. These are exactly the same machines that are used on government missile work. Copy prepared by these machines looks like set type. The Millers have supplied their school with models carrying varying type faces so that pupils can get experience with all the different styles and sizes they are likely to encounter on the job. Type faces on the machines include Modern, Bold Face One 12 Point, and Bold Face Two 10 Point.

During the two weeks' course, Mrs. Miller's pupils instructions on all phases of technical typing, with layout experience and information on the kinds of mechanical reproduction techniques likely to encounter.

Also included are such items as the typing of mathematical formulae, the typing of camera-ready copy, and specialized instruction on the use of proportional spacing machines. Another lesson deals with the preparation of copy with justified right—hand margins, that is, margins that are evenly lined on the right-hand side of the column in addition to being lined on the left-hand side of the column, exactly as on a printed page. This kind of typing is commonly employed in reproduction work.

Pupils learn the quick way to center a sheet of paper, together with the quick way to center heads and subheads. Because of the dozens of tables that appear in government work, they are taught how to do tabular work, with the margin spacing and column centering. Typing in galleys for reproduction purposes is another important phase of the work.

In the same two weeks' course, the Technical Typing School also offers instruction on typing on the various kinds of paper utilized in government work: Ditto masters, vellum with orange back carbon, and direct plates (offset plates which can be put right into an offset

press), everything that a girl is likely to be using in preparing job manuals or operating manuals.

In addition, the girls learn how to do layouts and paste-ups for production work, receive briefings on cutting, stripping, and inking. These are all techniques used in photo—offset work, where erasures are not allowed. Corrections must be retyped and glued in over the original copy.

The final seminar in the course is a lecture by Mrs. Miller on how to get a job and how to hold it.

For graduates from her course in advanced technical typing, Mrs. Miller offers a free placement service. This is really no trick at all, for the demand for graduates from this unique school far exceeds the supply. In addition, with good jobs opening up with engineers and scientists everywhere, smart secretaries are learning that, even if they are not planning to enter the field immediately, technical typing makes a good third skill to have. Judging by the response, the business of educating secretaries for technical— reproduction typing may be just getting off the ground. (Reprinted from *Today's Secretary*, February, 1962).

I was fortunate to work very closely with a German Missile Scientist. He patiently showed me how to type equations with Greek and the mathematical symbols. Many times we would not be able to find a word that he used in his copy in our dictionaries. When I would question him if a word was good, he would laugh and tell me it was half English and half German –that he made it up and we used it. Today these words are common in the Space Industry.

He always spurred me onward by telling me how good we had it in America. He had been brought from Germany by the Americans and was the last word on missiles. A sixteen hour day to him was nothing. He could make this thing fly to the moon, but was totally amazed over a Xerox machine. He would stand and watch us make a flash Xerox copy and utter, "Incredible! Incredible!"

After he trained me, I would then teach other secretaries. Our company started out as a School of Technical Typing and branched into typing for the large companies. We always had more work than we

could do, and would have girls in training almost every day.

Besides the Apollo work, we were working on a job for the Navy, to guide a submarine under the great North Pole ice cap. It was 3,500 pages of mathematical equations for the computer. Two Navy scientists stayed right with the girls to help them read the equations. Best of all, it was not a rush job.

Also, we were working for an optical company that had a lens that would take pictures from space of small details. It was capable of reading a newspaper or a license plate on the ground. That was in the early sixties.

Swift and Company had given us all their Garden-Product Division advertising. One minute we were typing “to the moon”, the next minute, we were setting type for Vigoro plant food sacks and labels for the “bug—killers” with the skull and cross—bones, or typing resumes and printing them for some engineer trying to get a better job.

The success the Lord had given us in five years was phenomenal, and the last thing we wanted was for our competitors to know that we were selling out. Neither did we want the Air Force to know, for they might have pulled our Secret Clearance if they thought we were going out of business.

How in the world to list it was a source of much thought and prayer. After all, we had two Air Force Secret Facilities cleared to handle government papers which we did almost every day. This was complicated in itself. I knew we couldn’t let any of the Aerospace Companies know we were trying to sell, or they would have pulled their work. The only other big account was with the Garden Products Division of Swift and Co. We set the type for their complete product line, but that would never keep us in business.

The poor Real Estate man did not know how to word the ad, because I was so hyper, so he wrote some evasive, clever words down and put it in the paper along with a Hardware Store and Letter Shop under Business Opportunities.

Handling government secret papers never made me nervous, but this ad was the subject of apprehension. We were well known throughout the industry, and many people combed the Los Angeles Times want-

ads looking for better jobs and so forth. They might have accidentally spotted the ad if it were too obvious.

Glen lay in the hospital going through the tests.

This ad brought a prospect immediately. Much to my amazement, the salesman called and said, "I'm bringing a man over to see your business. Is 2:00 p.m. OK?" I faltered and said, "Yes, come on over."

About two minutes before he arrived, we received a call from Lockheed that we had been awarded the contract to type the S.S.T. Plane Proposal. It was estimated to be 25,000 pages long, to be typed three times, first from handwritten, second from edited draft and last on final repro.

The whole office was in the midst of a celebration when the prospective buyer arrived.

The moment he walked in, the Holy Spirit told me he would buy the place. However, he had answered the ad for the hardware store near us, because he was a regional sales manager for hardware store items. Right in the middle of our tour through the Art Department, I received an important call from North American. They wanted me to come immediately and see them about a million dollar contract for both typing and printing for all their facilities using one Purchase Order. Needless to say, the call came at the right moment. This was "New Contract" day for sure. Praise the Lord!

The Supervisor finished the tour with him, and I raced back down the Santa Ana Freeway to discuss the contract.

By this time we had proven ourselves with the Aerospace Industry and were considered the best. They used to say, "Give it to the Millers and they'll get it out."

That evening the same gentleman came back and brought his wife to see the place. They were discussing how they could change the front lobby drapes and improve the place. We were in a new building, and there was little time for us to think about decorating with our busy schedule.

My visit to the hospital that evening was one of excitement. Glen

prayed with me for the Lord to have His way. This was Thursday evening.

On Friday morning, another agent brought a couple from Kansas City who wanted the business badly to start a newspaper. Then, yet another agent, came with an engineer who understood the business and already was cleared for secret work. We did work for the company where he was employed. That almost made me paranoid. The grape vine is very active, and I did not want anyone to know we might sell.

On Saturday, all three buyers came in with offers. The first man brought an offer with all cash with no strings attached. The second couple came in with an offer for one—half cash and requested that I stay with them one year.

The third man came with little cash and wanted to trade property.

Needless to say, we accepted the offer of all cash with no strings attached for us to stay with him. He was the man the Holy Spirit had said was the one anyway.

Talk about consternation! Of course, we would take the all cash, but what if he backed out before Tuesday when the escrow offices would reopen? This was a long Labor Day week-end for us.

We praised and we thanked and waited. Tuesday morning the deal went through.

It was just like the buyer dropped right down from Heaven. His father-in-law was a Vice-President of a savings and loan company. All the money was placed in escrow and in a few days, we walked out free and clear.

The owner could not even go into the typing section of his own business because he did not have a secret clearance. He had to stay in the front office whenever they had secret material in—house. When I suggested getting his clearance started, he was not the least bit interested. For reasons I'll never understand, he wanted to phase out the government typing and printing contracts and only print forms for hardware stores.

The man took over in October and we left him with contracts from

every major defense plant in the Los Angeles and Orange County area. By February, he was out of business.

It was difficult to see the hand of the Lord in all of this, but really He was preparing us for this place, and a whole new kind of ministry.

I called Demos Shakarian and asked him to pray for Glen at the Full Gospel Business Men's Saturday morning breakfast at Clifton's Cafeteria that week. Bro. Shakarian prayed for him, and when they ran the second tests, there was no trace of any heart problem or damage. The Lord Jesus had totally healed him, and there has never been a recurrence of it. The Doctor told us that he just had a tired heart. Praise the Lord!

Rest came quickly. We took a trip to NASA in Houston and visited the place for which we had done so much work. By the first of the year, we found ourselves back working for one of our former competitors as a Consultant team. It was the same familiar rat race but with less pressure. When we told our new boss we would take the job, we told him we would need to take time off to go to Full Gospel Conventions. "Fine, anytime," was the answer.

FOR YOU SEE, GOD HAD SOMETHING IN MIND THAT WE
KNEW NOTHING ABOUT.

In April, 1965 we attended the Regional Convention of the Full Gospel in Los Angeles. Glen was Vice-President of the San Fernando Valley Chapter and was sitting at the head table. Bro. Demos asked Glen who was taping the testimonies for the Voice magazine. Glen said that he did not know. "Don't you have a recorder you used in your business?" Demos asked. "Yes, but I've never recorded," was Glen's reply.

Demos gave a direct command, "Go get it. You are enough of an engineer to figure it out." Glen became an obedient servant, got the recorder and did the testimonies for the next issue of Voice Magazine. Thus began another phase of our lives ... the call to the Ministry of Helps, all in preparation for our labors here at Lake Hamilton Bible Camp.

It was early 1965 that Glen began to tape all of the Full Gospel Business Men's conventions, supplying all of our own travel and hotel expenses, for the testimonies that were used in the Voice Magazine. He would make a few reel copies after we got home for those who asked him. By July of 1966, many women were getting reel tape recorders, and he would help them set up along side of him. We were in St. Louis that year, and I was asked by the chapter coordinator to put up a book table and sell the five small booklets published then by the Full Gospel Businessmen on the Holy Spirit, and the Shakarian Story, also, copies of the meetings on 7" reels.

It is hard to remember when cassettes were not even invented, and the Christian books were limited to a very few.

By 1967, it was very common to see people carrying large recorders into the meetings, and the gospel began to be spread on tape. Praise God for the inventor of recorders. I remember the World Convention at the Hilton Hotel in Chicago when Glen supplied hook-ups for over a hundred recorders. That took up the complete length of one wall of the huge ball room.

Prayer group leaders bought the entire set of the convention to take home with them if they didn't record it themselves. In fact, I had a little sign that read, "TAKE THE CONVENTION HOME WITH YOU ON TAPE". Glen would make tapes all night, so no one would be disappointed. Then I would pack their orders for them for pick-up just before they left the convention.

Soon charismatic writers were bringing me their new books to sell. Run, Baby, Run by Nicky Cruz, They Speak With Other Tongues by John Sherrill, The Foundation Series by Derek Prince, were some of the first. Then Nine O'Clock in the Morning by Dennis Bennett and soon one table was replaced by two. Soon there were seventeen tables at the World Conventions and many wonderful helpers. Also, from this was born our publication, "VOICES FROM HIS EXCELLENT GLORY." **II PETER 1:17**

We took our family along to help and one day Frank and Lorraine Swanson of Lodi, California, came up and offered to help. What a blessing they were to us and to the people that we served. This launched the Swansons into their own tape and book ministry. They

still help with the conventions and tapes in Central California and the Bay area to this day.

From 7:00 a.m. until midnight, we stayed behind the tables serving the happy people. Hundreds of people were receiving the Holy Spirit. It was a good thing that we had our bodies already conditioned to work long hours.

In between conventions, we took consulting jobs on proposals for the Aerospace Industry. Soon we were getting calls to come and tape other conventions. In 1969, we were invited by the late Gordon Lindsay to come and tape the convention at Christ for the Nations. We did theirs for two years, then helped them get set up to make their own tapes.

We also helped Kenneth Copeland, Bob Mumford and many others to get their taping equipment. At one time we were the main supplier of blank tapes to the Charismatic tape ministry. Often, we helped Derek Prince in meetings handling his books and tapes for him

We had purchased a new home in the beautiful Los Angeles suburb city of Northridge, California, set in the orange groves of the San Fernando Valley. It was something of a show place ... four bedrooms with four baths, maid's quarters, a sunken living room, Lee's all wool carpeting in burgundy, with white furniture, and even rose colored, chiffon drapes in the kitchen.

With a blue Lincoln sitting in the garage, a station wagon parked in the driveway, and a Winnebago motor home parked along side, we were left with "not a care in the world". We would work a few weeks in the Aerospace field, then take off for a convention London, Stockholm, Hawaii, plus all over the United States. We met and dearly loved the people who came to the conventions. It was exciting to see them come in so uptight, and leave laughing and Praising God, filled with the Spirit.

Sometimes we would get back home after weeks of conventions, and just lock ourselves up in our home and fast. We would pray and wait upon the Lord. Many times we invited special speakers to our home for meetings. Seventy people could be seated with

ease. Our one problem was trying to keep them quiet when they left around midnight. Most of our neighbors were doctors and professional people that weren't interested that the Holy Spirit was being poured out on the church and all the excitement that went with these people.

Then in 1967, Glen had a vision. He saw a place with mountains all around and people that he knew praising and worshipping God. The place had a stream of clear water with a waterfall running through it. It was a particular shade of green ... just like Oregon, he said.

The vision never seemed to ever leave his mind. Day in and day out, he would talk about it. He would weep and tell me that these people were coming to us for help and for prayer. I would say that we could help them right here in our home in California. Ignore it, as I tried, it just would not go away. He would always remind me that it wasn't in California. That was the last thing that I wanted to hear.

The San Fernando Valley had been our home for thirty-two years. Our roots were deep.

For thirty years, I had worked. We had bought and sold houses, owned two machine shops, a chain of eleven bakeries, supervised in the Aerospace industry, and always worked hard looking forward to retiring when we were fifty.

For once, I was truly happy ... with a perfect house, working only when we wanted to, and meeting hundreds of new people at every convention. This brought me much joy.

I had lots of time to spend with my four grandchildren, taking them to Disneyland and making cookies for them.

Soon he began to look in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho every time there was a convention in these areas, but to no avail.

Years went by, but the vision never dimmed.

It was 1970, coming across from Nashville, Tennessee through Arkansas on our way home to California that Glen blurted out. "You know this country is the same color green as my vision, with the same type of rolling land."

Without even looking out the Winnebago window, I retorted, "Don't tell me you're moving me to Arkansas!"

Men seem to know when they've said enough. Silence fell an inch thick as I dug deeper into some book I was reading.

Later, we attended the Jackson, Mississippi convention, and I started to set up the book table. Several lookers came by, and they were asked to wait until all was unpacked before they could make a purchase.

But ... one lady with a badge from Hot Springs, Arkansas lingered, and with a glance at that word "Arkansas", I heard myself say, "Oh, my husband says we might move to Arkansas someday." I went on telling her, "He's had a vision and won't settle for anything but the right place."

"Well", she said, "My sister is a Real Estate broker, and she's upstairs. Would you like to talk to her?"

"Oh no, I wouldn't, but my husband probably would about his vision."

I turned to unpack another case of books, and she trailed off ... "Oh, move to Hot Springs, it's the most beautiful place in the world."

Not ever having heard of Hot Springs, Arkansas, I wasn't the least bit excited.

Soon Inez Barron came with her sister, Iva Harris, bubbling as usual. A large group had received the Holy Spirit in Hot Springs, and she was excited. I motioned her toward Glen with an uncertain type of feeling down inside ... and I heard those words echo again, "This is the same color green as my vision."

Then came the invitation to come back through Hot Springs on our way home to California. Glen was keen for that. Somehow, there was a "knowing" deep within my spirit that this could develop into something, and it did.

Trips back and forth to Hot Springs were made for two years. Sometimes I would come with him, but most of the time he would fly in

and rent a car and look.

Over the years there were many prophecies place through Dick Mills, Chuck Flynn, Wilburn Duncan, Kenneth Copeland and others. Bro. Copeland prophesied that Glen and I would become the hub of a work that would reach across the nation, and to other parts of the world.

Ken and Gloria Copeland once took their plane and flew Glen all over Arkansas looking for the place that the Lord had shown to him in the vision.

In August of 1972, after umpt-teen trips, and lots of money wasted on airplane tickets and gasoline, we were at Eatonton, Georgia at a Camps Farthest Out camp.

Glen decided we should leave early and come back through Hot Springs. He suggested we fast and pray and wait upon God for direction. We found ourselves praying, "Lord, this is the last time we are going to Hot Springs to look for the vision property. Either you show it to us this time, or we will never come back."

After years of looking for the right place, we arrived in Hot Springs for one last time. Glen stopped on Grand Avenue at a pay phone to call Mrs. Barron, the Real Estate lady.

We had fasted and prayed from Atlanta. Things were pretty quiet in the Winnebago as we rode along.

Soon I saw Glen laughing and all smiles. She had told him that their prayer group had been praying for us that week, and the Lord spoke through the gifts of the Spirit that He had the place, and was going to show it to us soon.

That was on Thursday, and now this is Sunday ... That brought no big elation to me, but Glen bounded into the Winnebago to go to her house. She was bubbling with excitement, because they had no idea that we would be in Hot Springs this soon, as we had been there two weeks previous.

After greetings were over, Glen wanted to get an airplane and fly around looking for the stream and the waterfall. He arranged the plane at the airport and off he ran.

Mrs. Barron and I talked about all the glorious meetings that we had been to, and about the vision, etc. Soon her husband, Lee, who was sitting across the room spoke up. "I know the place for the Millers, the exact place Glen is describing in his vision."

"Where?" she asked.

"It's the Sherlin Hillard place on the lake on Highway 7 South", he quietly answered. "Why, Lee, that is not for sale, but I'm going to call him anyway," she said, as she dialed his number.

That business voice came across, "Mr. Hillard, would you sell your place for a Bible Conference Ground?" she asked. She continued, "I have some friends here that are looking for a place around Hot Springs. He is at the airport, but we would like to drive out and look when he gets back."

Mr. Hillard answered, "Well, it isn't for sale but I believe I would."

When Glen walked in, we told him that we had found the place. He was pale from fasting and flying around in that little plane, and felt nothing like being ridiculed.

We convinced him to get in the car and off we went to look. To say the least, I almost went into shock. My mind raced and my eyes were wide open. There were the mountains, there was the clear river running through the property. There was the waterfall, and the evergreen trees, and the leaves turning golden. After five years, could this really be true? Could this really be God? The men got in a truck and forded the river to go see the 110 acres.

Since it was Sunday, we didn't want to negotiate anything, but Mr. Hillard said that he would let us know by 10:00 a.m. the next morning how much he wanted for the land.

Talk about excitement, talk about joy! Glen was the epitome of all that. He kept saying, "There surely is a lot of lake frontage, it may be priced way over our heads."

Rex Humbard's mother came into Inez's house about 9:30 a.m. the next morning. After we were introduced to her, she began to pray for us and prophesy what the Lord was going to do through us. To make a long story short, by 2:00 p.m. the next day, we had purchased the

property at a fair price, and were on our way to Denver, Colorado for another Full Gospel Businessmen's convention.

Toward evening, just out of Tulsa, I began to cry. "Yesterday, we didn't owe any money and now today, we are in debt, and we'll have to draw all our money out of the bank that we've saved, to pay for this land", I wailed.

My tears flowed, and soon Glen was down in the dumps too. He kept telling me that God will take care of us. I had enough of the Fear of God in me to quiet down, and allow Him to minister to me.

Little did I know that God would require us to give up houses and lands, family and friends, the bank account and everything we held dear, in order to establish this GARRISON for God.

I recalled that someone had prophesied to me on a plane going to Sweden, years before, that we would be establishing an end—time garrison and many people would flow in and out for help. They would also be like the troops coming for R & R. They would receive encouragement and prayer to go forth into battle against the enemy receiving new spiritual ammunition for warfare against the forces that entwine people's lives.

This has been and is being fulfilled as the captives are being set free at Lake Hamilton Bible Camp.

The story has never ended. It took us two years to get up enough nerve to sell everything and move from California. My parents moved to the grounds and took care of the place until we could move.

In late March of 1974, I walked out of our beautiful home at midnight to catch a plane to Hot Springs, never to return. Within the walls stood all of our furniture, our clothes and all of our belongings. The four bedrooms, four baths and all things held dear to us were quiet at that time of night. I left without a tear and boarded the plane for Hot Springs, while Glen and Kevin King, a young man that had come to live with us, loaded the Winnebago for the next couple of days and drove to Arkansas. Jesus had opened every door, and I could no longer struggle with the vision.

We knew little about persecution that was just ahead of us. Satan does not bother much unless you start advancing toward God. At our age,

we thought we were ready to retire, and the Spring of '74 began work that was harder than any we had ever known.

That first summer, we lived in our 24-foot Winnebago, awaiting delivery of our mobile home. By Fall, our house sold, and Glen and Kevin went back to California to move us to Arkansas. It was an exciting time and trials were not a few.

Glen had to be operated on for bladder stones that first summer. He was in the hospital two times. The LORD brought him through.

Then we began to build and have meetings in the Fall. Twelve years have passed. We built a chapel first, then a two-story A frame. Several years later we built a two-story steel building over the first chapel. We now have a dining room, auditorium, motel rooms and dorms with facilities to sleep 250 people.

The LORD has been with us every step of the way, and without the Wisdom of the LORD, and His Mercy and Grace, this deliverance center would have never been possible.

Without long time friends that were made during the years that we ran the book tables at the Full Gospel conventions and made tapes for the Voice Magazine, this place would have never been what it is today. Hundreds of people pass through the camp every year, learning that the captives can be set free from demonic powers. Most of them come for help. Most are born again Christians who want to be Overcomers. We are glad to pray for everyone who comes and asks for help. Many young people who were coming off of drugs have come for further deliverance.

This is a calling that we never ever dreamed would happen to us, but we are happy to be counted worthy to be in the Ministry of Helps, as God prepares us for the Kingdom.

Does it pay to pray?

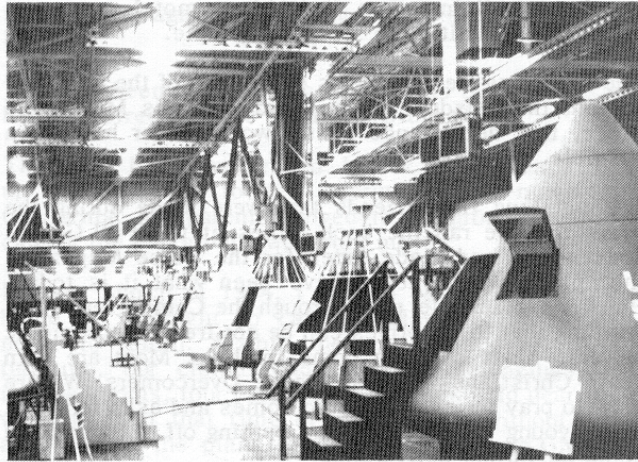
We say, it certainly does. Everyday we ask the LORD for wisdom.

We ask Him to help us spend the money that He provides wisely and efficiently.

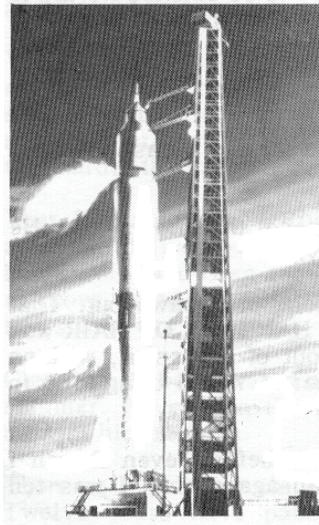
Prayers do not have to be long and drawn out. That prayer that I

prayed about the HANDFUL OF HAIR was very short. It just came up out of my spirit, with no thought or premonition of what it would bring forth to change thousands of lives.

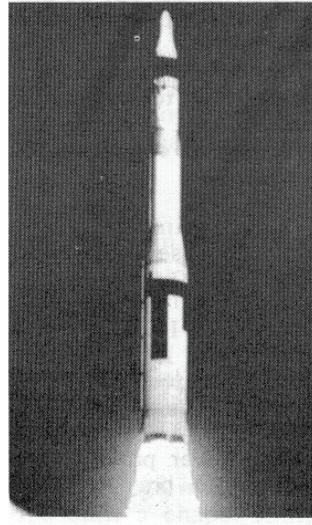
I had never prayed that prayer before, even though I learned to pray and was born-again when I was ten years old. I must confess I've never prayed that prayer since.



TEEPEE VILLAGE - APOLLO SPACECRAFT UNDER CONSTRUCTION



APOLLO SATURN COUNTDOWN



MINUTEMAN MISSILE

PRAYER

Prayer is an offering up, of our desires to God for things lawful and needful with a humble confidence to obtain them through Christ Jesus.

Prayers can be mental or vocal, either private or public, for ourselves or others, for the procuring of good things, or the removing or preventing of evil things, according to God's Word.

It is good to pray for others, as well as ourselves for James 5:16 says: *"...pray one for another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."*

Psalms 17:1 reads: *"Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips."*

Psalms 50:15 reads: *"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."*

Colossians 4:2 *"Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving."*

Romans 8:26 *"... the Spirit maketh intercessions for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."*

Romans 8:27 *"He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."*

We must keep our hearts clean and honest before the LORD. In Psalm 66:18 it reads: *"if I regard iniquity (committing sins when I know better) in my heart, the LORD will not hear me."*

Isaiah 1:15 *"... I will hide mine eyes from you, when you make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood."*

Proverbs 15:8 *"...the prayer of the upright is his delight."*

Proverbs 15:29 *"...he heareth the prayer of the righteous."*

Psalms 55:17 *"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my voice."*

Matthew 5:44 “...pray for them which despite fully use you, and persecute you.”

Mark 11:24 “...what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

Mark 11:25 “...and when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.”

Luke 18:1 “... men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”

I Thessalonians 5:17 “Pray without ceasing.”

1 Timothy 2:1,2 “I exhort therefore, that, first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; For kings (President), and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.”

Philippians 4:6 “Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your request be made known Unto God.”

Matthew 10:29 “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.”

Matthew 10:30 “But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

There are many kinds of prayer.

God hungers for fellowship with his people.

He inhabits our adoration and praise. “Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to us”.

We can express our gratitude to God because of his grace, mercy and loving kindness.

We can confess our sins and acknowledge our guilt for disobedience.

There are prayers of intercession for others.

Prayer is also submission, as we abandon our own desires, and surrender our will to God's will.

If we are in harmony with God and our attitudes are right, we can pray in any posture, any language, any place or anytime. None of these trifles matter. "Jesus help me", is probably the best prayer you can pray.

In the Bible, people pray kneeling, standing, sitting, lying prostrate. Their hands may be lifted. They may pray silently, or very loud ... even cry.

One may desire to pray alone and tell God all the secrets deep within.

Other times, one may choose to have a prayer partner on the telephone or meet together.

Pray anytime, especially on the highway when danger lurks.

We can pray on our beds or in the field or woods, by the lake, or on the battlefield spontaneously.

Pray about small or large things, and especially when a purchase or major decision is to be made of consequence. Pray about your business.

Prayer is also energized by the Spirit of God. When we don't know how to pray, the Holy Spirit will pray through us, and it may be intercession for someone we do not even know. He always prays perfectly.

Some of our requests are denied; fervent pleas sometimes do go unanswered.

Maybe, we haven't met the conditions.

Prayers avail only if they are made in faith, and in the Name of Jesus.

We might be ignorant of God's will, and this ignorance must be dispelled.

Unforgiveness is a fatal hindrance to answered prayer.

Some prayers can't be answered without fasting.

Every Thursday, we fast breakfast and lunch. The prayer group meets at noon to pray over requests called in by telephone, or from letters. Some answers are immediate. Others may take awhile. We give thanks to God for answering the prayers of the Saints, and for the privilege of praying one for another.

I wish to give you an example of answered prayer.

About a year and a half ago, I fell coming into the kitchen at the Camp. One knee hit the cement step-up on the edge.

This knee would swell up and pain. Everyone prayed for it. It was almost impossible to go up and down stairs. Our offices are on the second floor, and every day it took me a long time making it up and down.

A year went by, and the pain persisted. It is my habit to wake up about 5:00 a.m. and lay in bed and pray.

One day, I just said to the LORD, "Why don't you heal my knee?" The answer came right back. This is what He said. "If you will get up and go into the living room and get on your knees, I will heal you."

Up I got out of the warm bed, got a pillow and with much pain and agony kneeled down on my knees.

After a time when I finished the prayer, I got up and went back to bed.

Nothing had changed!

The next day He woke me up again, and I managed to kneel with somewhat less pain.

The third morning, all pain had ceased. Praise the LORD! My limp had disappeared, and I was on the way to full recovery.

The Lord is after obedience. This may seem like a small thing to some, but He kept His Word.

The LORD has dealt with me for many years about praying early in the morning.

Since my school days, if I had something important to memorize or my spelling; it would be easy early in the morning.

Reading the Word early will open new avenues of truths.

The Bible is full of men of God rising early from Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David, Gideon and etc.

In Mark 1:35, Jesus rose up before daybreak and went to a solitary place to pray.

There are countless other examples of Jesus rising early to pray.

WARFARE PRAYERS

There is another type of prayer that needs to be addressed.

That is warfare prayers against an unseen enemy.

Satan is alive and well and is making havoc in families in America.

Many Christians do not know anything about this enemy, and do not even know or believe that we are in war with the devil. They are in complete consternation about what to do.

Some know and just don't show up for the battle.

Jesus said that He gives us authority over all the powers of the enemy. Have you taken that authority?

Paul tells us that we wrestle against principalities, powers, rulers of darkness of this world ... wicked spirits.

Wrestling is an active verb. It takes work and prayer in faith in the name of Jesus to cast out an evil spirit.

God's Word is true. Whoever calls on the Name of the Lord shall be delivered.

The Word of God says: "Submit to God, resist the devil and he will have to flee."

If the Word of God is hid in your heart, the Holy Spirit will flash it up. He says He will bring all things to your remembrance.

In the case of the HANDFUL OF HAIR prayer, the Holy Spirit was prompting me to think about God knowing when leaves and sparrows fall to the ground and He counts the hairs of our head.

In the case of the Graphic Arts buyer lying to me, the principle was “Lie not one to another” or “Speak the truth with love”. “A kind word will turn away wrath”, etc.

Upon leaving, while in the car; I was crying out to God, and the Holy Spirit was groaning within me making intercession in behalf of our business.

I called upon the Lord for help in filling out every bid, and He heard me out of His holy hill.

He heard my short prayer because I was in tune with Him.

We gave thanks anyway and believed that we would receive help from God.

One thing that I had to do, was forgive that buyer for embarrassing me in front of my competitors.

You know, I never saw him again. He was replaced by another buyer without us saying a word. God puts up and He puts down. God fights for His own.

Obedience to the voice of the Lord brought healing to my knee.

Experimental prayer is interesting. Working with engineers and the scientists taught me something.

They tried and tested all possibilities before they reached perfection, and were ready to go on blast off day.

The Lord is requiring that we become without spot or wrinkle at this final hour.

CONCLUSION

Prayer changes things. Faith will arise within us as we pray. If we can believe, all things are possible. It always pays to pray!

You may listen to many of Glen & Erma Miller's teaching and deliverance messages for free at LHBOnline.com



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(6191 Central Avenue)

COME—BE A PART OF AN OLD-FASHIONED
HOLY GHOST FAMILY CAMP MEETING

LADIES CONFERENCE: Third Weekend in February –
Friday Evening thru Sunday Morning
SPRING (Easter): Thursday Evening – Sunday Morning
MEMORIAL Weekend: Thursday Evening – Sunday Morning
FOURTH OF JULY weekend: (Call for dates)
LABOR DAY Weekend: Thursday Evening – Sunday Morning
THANKSGIVING Weekend: Thursday Evening - Sunday
Morning
WINTER CAMP: (Call for dates)

LAKE HAMILTON BIBLE CAMP
P. O. Box 21516
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PHONE: (501) 525-8204
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