

A JOURNEY SO AMAZING

By William (Bill) McMurray
with
Gladys Wiggins

Dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ and my family and friends.

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By Bill McMurray

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INTRODUCTION

By Gladys Wiggins

My first introduction to William Arthur (Bill) McMurray was in the year 1957. He and his wife, Marcella, had arrived in Elliot Lake looking for work in the mines. Bill and my husband, Keith, had known each other before coming to Elliot Lake. They ended up working in some of the same mines.

However, I did not get to really know Bill until the summer of 2021 when he arrived back in Elliot Lake for a visit. Bill was a very lonely man and it didn't take long to understand why.

As Bill shared his testimony and as I learned of some of his experiences over the years, the word, "Amazing" often summed up his stories. He was totally amazed at what God had done, and is doing, in his life.

Bill is a compassionate, humble, gentle man of God.

He believes the Word of God. He knows God's voice and when God speaks to Bill, he says he must obey. He is unwavering in His resolve to do what God wants him to do.

The miracles he has experienced in his own life have propelled him to share his testimony with many. He says, "the most important thing in life is for people to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour"

Everyday is an adventure for Bill. He seldom knows where God will lead him or with whom he will share his testimony. Sometimes he shares with only one person, and at other times he shares with 4 or 5 people in one day.

You will be intrigued and captivated by this account of a man who knows God.

Yes, Bill, it has been "A JOURNEY SO AMAZING"!

PREFACE

My life has been one of many struggles and yet, many victories. I have had happy times and sad days. It has been an exiting and amazing journey.

This book will encourage you to trust God for the big (and small) things in your life.

If God can do these things for me, He can do the same for you, if you believe.

It is God's thoughts that matter. His words can make the difference in your life and in others.

BILL

A JOURNEY SO AMAZING

by William Arthur (Bill) McMurray

My Journey Begins

I was born on April 10, 1935, the seventh of eighteen children born to Ila May (Gunter) McMurray and David Leroy McMurray. (One of my siblings died at birth, leaving my parents with seventeen children to raise.) Our family lived in the tiny village of Weslemkoon Lake, near Gilmour, Ontario. We lived in a small log farm house with no running water, no electricity and no central heating system. Times were difficult and our family was very poor.

Our garden yielded a few vegetables but the soil was sandy and the vegetables did not grow well. Our meagre supply of food included a few vegetables, bull frog legs, eggs, bear meat and other wild meat. (I will never forget the terrible odour that permeated our kitchen as my mother fried the bear meat on our wood stove!)

My father sometimes managed to shoot deer during the year, (in or out of hunting season). There never seemed to be enough food.

I have memories of attending my first year of school without having a lunch to eat. Three older students could see that I was a hungry little boy and, thankfully, often shared their lunches with me.

Winters were very cold in our log house and we struggled to keep warm. Although neighbours would sometimes deliver used clothing to our home, there never seemed to be enough warm clothing for all of us. We rarely had shoes to wear.

I remember a time when my father was very ill with a fever. We had no food but, as he was sleeping, my father dreamed he saw a deer caught in a fence. The dream was so vivid that he arose from his sick bed and, taking my brother with him, went to look for the deer. When they arrived at the area the Lord had shown him in the dream, they spotted the deer and, my father in his weakness, balanced the gun on my brother's shoulder and shot the deer. Our hungry family was very happy to have food again.

Mother was a woman of prayer and vowed that all her seventeen children would eventually make it to heaven. I often saw her on her knees praying. (As far as I know, each of us accepted Jesus Christ as our Saviour.)

As the daughter of a Free Methodist pastor, mother had learned to play the organ. We regularly had sing songs in our home while mother played the organ and my father attempted to play his violin. Songs such as "When the Roll is called up Yonder", "Jesus loves me", and "Will the Circle be Unbroken?" were just a few. These times are fond memories for me.

My father did not become a Christian until later in his life. He cared for our small farm and also worked as a fire ranger in a nearby fire lookout tower. This was seasonal work and the pay cheques were insufficient to keep a large family well fed.

Amazingly, we survived these difficult years. Looking back, I see how the Lord showed His goodness to our family.

CHAPTER TWO

Salvation and Healing

One day, as a nine year old boy, I was invited, along with my friends, to attend a Free Methodist tent meeting. Near the close of the tent service there was an invitation to, “give our lives to Jesus”. We each responded and knelt to pray at the back of the tent. (Kneeling at the back of the structure was the custom at that time.) I received Jesus Christ as my Saviour at that tender age and began to read a Bible. Within one year I had read it in its entirety.

Even as a young boy, I needed to help supplement the family income. Seventeen children and two adults needed to eat! My uncle gave me a job gardening and doing general year work. The pay was 50 cents a day. (I took my money home to my mother to add to the household income.) While working in the yard, I experienced the growth of seed warts on my arms. They were painful, unsightly, itchy, and sore, especially when scratched. I remembered reading in the Bible where Jesus healed people. I was intrigued and soon announced to my uncle and aunt at the dinner table that Jesus was going to take my warts away. The next day, all the warts had disappeared from my arms. When I showed my aunt and uncle my healed arms they wept. This would be the first of what would become several healings in my life. Amazing!

CHAPTER THREE

Hard Work and Little Pay

Our family always needed money to buy food and clothing. (As children, we often tried to contribute in our small way.)

My brother and I were hired to work for my uncle Arthur in the bush, gathering and cutting pulpwood. It was hard work for a nine year old child. Although the work was very demanding, I do cherish some happy memories from that time. Occasionally my uncle offered to take me fishing and I was required to cut brush during the day before going fishing at night. I received no pay for my work. Taking me fishing in the evening was the only pay I would receive.

Later I worked for \$2.00 a day in my uncle Arthur's store, six days a week. (My uncle was not a generous person!)

It wasn't long before I began looking for a better paying job. At fourteen years old I got a job at Sprckett's saw mill and worked ten hours each day for 5 ½ days a week. The pay was \$5.00 per day.

In grade six I was hired as the school caretaker. This was not an easy job because I was a small boy. My duties included carrying water in a pail of ¼ of a mile to the school each day. (The water had to be carried uphill.) I was also required to sweep the school floors, clean blackboards, and, in the mornings, light the fire in the old box stove. Keeping the wood fire burning during the day was essential during the cold months.

From there, I went on to work in a lumber camp. I worked from early morning until nighttime, (from dark to dark). I earned \$4.00 a day, plus board. Meanwhile, my walk with the Lord had cooled and I began smoking and doing other things unbecoming to a Christian.

A TRUE CONVERSION

While working in the lumber camp, I was invited to attend a church service where I heard past Bill Mallory preaching about David slaying the giant, (1 Sam.17.) (David had cut the giant's head off and the pastor demonstrated by strutting across the platform, pretending to carry Goliath's head under his arm.) It was at this service that I truly committed my life to the Lord.

Later that day, when I returned to the bush camp, I decided to smoke a cigarette. When I put the cigarette to my mouth it tasted terrible! In fact, it tasted like horse dung! I immediately threw it and a carton of extra cigarettes in a box stove. (I have not smoked since.)

Soon afterward, as I sat at the kitchen table with my foreman and his wife, Perry and Eileen, I reached for my Bible which opened to John 3:16. I read this scripture aloud to them. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. "The Spirit of God was working on them and they both began to weep. They received the word of God that day.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Harvest Excursion

At 16 years of age, I joined the Harvest Excursion which traveled to western Canada. I purchased a train ticket for \$15.00 which took me to three provinces to work for various farmers, harvesting their crops. Again, the work was demanding. The fields were huge (640 acres or more), and the equipment was bigger than any I had used in the Gilmour area.

One the farm I stayed at had bed bugs and it wasn't long before I moved on to the next farm. Here, I learned that the farmer was abusive. His attitude toward me was unfriendly. He would not allow me to sit in the living room at the end of the day, even though I had washed and changed to clean clothing.

One night I heard one of the girls crying. She told me she was pregnant and didn't know what to do. She said the farmer had sometimes entered her bedroom and sexually abused her. When I learned this, I was disgusted, got up the next morning and made my decision to leave.

The next farm was owned by a Roman Catholic family who had three young children, probably about 6, 7 and 8 years of age. Here, I was able to teach the children Bible stories about Jesus. The children enjoyed this time. The money I earned at this farm was enough for me to purchase a suit.

As a sixteen years old boy, I became homesick after a few months and wanted to return home to Gilmour. (Fortunately, the train ticket I had purchased earlier covered my return ride home). However, I needed money. When I approached the store owner who had sold me the suit, he agreed to take it back and returned my money to me. I left for home on the train soon afterward. God had taken care of this young boy.

CHAPTER FIVE

Bible School

When I arrived home from Western Canada, I was eager to see my family and friends. It was not long before I learned that my friends were not there! They had gone to Peterborough, Ontario to attend Eastern Pentecostal Bible School. I decided to join them. However, there was one problem. I needed money to pay my tuition. I found a job working for Mr. Sprackett, who agreed to let me work in his bush, cutting railroad ties. He wanted 200 ties cut. After cutting 200 ties I left them in the bush and went to report to my boss. Mr. Sprackett paid me the money I was owed. (I had almost enough money to cover my tuition for two semesters.)

Soon, I began my journey to Bible College in Peterborough, Ontario. I had no car so I hitch hiked. It was late at night when people from Marmora, Ontario stopped and offered me a ride. When they learned what my plans were, they drove me directly to the Bible School, despite the lateness. I appreciated their kindness to me.

When I arrived at the Bible School, I knocked on the door, carrying my parent's tattered old suitcase. The dean opened the door and agreed to let me stay. He told me I could stay in room five. I was happy to learn that this was the room where my friends were staying. (That night there were some shenanigans that went on until the dean quieted us and firmly told us how we were to conduct ourselves.)

Sadly, before the end of the second semester, my money ran out. I left Bible School to look for more employment. I learned that a lumber camp in Weslemkoon Lake, Ontario was hiring so I returned home to work there. I was employed at the lumber camp for three years.

The lumber industry is hard work and often very dangerous. On more than one occasion I narrowly escaped being killed or seriously maimed when heavy equipment and logs fell.

Another Healing

I remember the day when I sustained a severe leg injury. An employee had swung his axe and it had accidentally hit and deeply cut my leg. It was very painful. Not wanting to lose my pay, I kept working. At the end of the day, I went to see a doctor. He examined the injury and immediately went to work to close the wound. Without giving me pain medication, he inserted some staples in my leg to close the gaping wound. The pain was excruciating but I went back to work the next day. The wound opened again.

Meanwhile, I had struck up a friendship with a beautiful young lady named Marcella. She worked as the cook at the lumber camp. Marcella helped me by daily bathing the wound with hot, salty water. After a few weeks my leg was healed. I kept working and God kept his hand on my early life.

CHAPTER SIX

Life in a Lumber Camp

Being a young Christian in a lumber camp was difficult at times. I carried a New Testament in my shirt pocket and was ridiculed for that. When I knelt to pray beside my bed, dirty boots were hurled at me. (The Bible says we can, “rejoice when we are persecuted for righteousness’ sake”) (Math. 5:10)

There were times when the camps wer infested with bed bugs. There wer no showers. The odours were unpleasant snd the snoring kept me awake. (On one occasion we had to sleep two in a bed. I slept on the edge of the bed while my bed partner slept in his long johns.) I left the camp as quickly as I could.

One evening Marcella and I were invited to attend a prayer meeting. We made our way there in a driving rain storm. During the meeting, my cousin , Eldon Gunter and I did not take the prayer time as seriously as we should have and started “acting up”. God intervened in our lives, despite our foolishness. During the service, Marcella walked toward us and began to pray for us. Soon, words of wisdom and words of knowledge were spoken over us as we fell to the floor, under the power of the Holy Spirit. I staggered across the room and fell onto the hot stove, my face landing directly on the stove. As I laid there, the Lord gave me a vision of hell. In my vision I saw a horrific scene. I saw many, many people falling into the pit of hell. They wer falling in from all sides of the pit. I could hear tormented screams and pleadings for mercy as they fell into the fire.

It was a horrendous scene and something I will never forget. I spoke in tongues for over an hour, preaching to the people and trying to get them saved. I was told afterward by my friend, Stan Robbins, that he placed his wet finger on the hot stove. When he did so, he said, “it sizzled”. However, there was no evlidence of burn damage to my face.

Getting people saved has been a passion of mine since that time.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Marriage and a Move to Elliot Lake

While at the logging camp the Lord spoke to me during my lunch hour. He told me to ask Marcella to marry me. I immediately ran about two miles and asked her the question. She responded, "Yes", and we were married on Feb. 26, 1955, at 12 noon in the Open-Door Evangelistic Church in Gunter, Ontario. Our pastors were Rev. Bill and Violet Mallory. I was nineteen and Marcella was 18 years old. Our wedding was large with many friends and relatives present. Shortly after our marriage, Marcella and I moved into the lumber camp's cookery.

My employment at the lumber camp was finished in the spring of 1955. I needed to look for more work. I ended up working at a sawmill owned by H. McFarlane. (Marcella and I moved from the cookery to one of the cabins at Gunter Lake). My job at the sawmill was to move the logs from the lake into the mill. The work was often dangerous. The logs would become jammed and there were times when I had to use dynamite to separate the logs so they could be moved.

Eventually I worked at Sprackett's Sawmill for \$6.00 a day. (During these days we helped to build four churches in the area while working full time.) My income was insufficient to live on so I prayed, asking the Lord to give me a job where I could earn enough money to pay tithes and earn a decent wage.

God heard my prayer and before long, I began to work at Bancroft Uranium Mine in Bancroft, Ontario. The work was hard but the pay was good at \$20.00 per day. I then moved on to Faraday Mine, (now Madawaska Mine, Bancroft, Ontario).

The word was out that uranium mines were opening in Elliot Lake. After working at Bancroft for about 1 ½ months I decided to travel to Elliot Lake, Ontario.

It was 1956 and my first job in Elliot Lake was as a carpenter at the Spanish American mine. Later, I became a rigger. We assembled the buildings which would become part of the mine structure. Afterwards, I moved to Panel Mine for more work.

CHAPTER 8

More Miracles

In 1958 we were able to purchase a house trailer at Spragge, Ontario. Soon after, our first child, Debbie, was born in the Blind River hospital.

It was not long before another employment opportunity presented itself. I would be working as a mechanic's helper at Milliken Mine.

We moved our trailer from Spragge, Ontario to the trailer park at Milliken Mine, Elliot Lake, Ontario. (While working at the mine I took on additional work to do some logging with Weyerhaeuser.)

One day, a physical problem developed in my body. A sharp pain developed in the right side of my abdomen and even though several days had passed, the pain was not leaving. I will never forget the day I was working under a large Pachuca tank. The pain became much more intense. As I lay on the ground I told the Lord that I needed to keep working because I had bills to pay. (My car and house trailer were not paid off.) I asked the Lord to heal me. Immediately the pain left my side! Hallelujah! I could resume my activities and life returned to normal.

(In my spare time, I worked with Rev. Lorne Krause, in the newly developing Pentecostal Church in Elliot Lake. Pastor Krause was the founding pastor of the Elliot Lake Pentecostal Church, now known as New Life Pentecostal Assembly, Elliot Lake, Ontario. We build furniture for the Sunday School rooms in the basement of the church on Dieppe Avenue.)

In 1961 my youngest daughter, Sonya, was born in the St. Joseph's General Hospital in Elliot Lake, Ontario.

My employment continued until 1964 when the Milliken Mine closed.

It was time to move back to Gilmour, Ontario. I sold the trailer for \$2,500.00 and deposited the money in my bank.

Back in Gilmour, we needed a place to live but we could not afford to buy a house. Marcella and I wondered about buying a tent to live in. I would be something we could afford. The plan was to move it to Mount Zion Camp Ground at Gunter, Ontario. We went to look at tents at one of the local vendors. Standing in a tent, we prayed about the idea. Soon, we both felt that we should not purchase it.

Our pastor suggested that we build a cottage on the campgrounds, which we began to do with our skimpy finances.

CHAPTER 9

Revival

Pastor Mallory had advertised special meetings in a tabernacle. There was only one problem. There was no tabernacle! I agreed to help build one. However, it had to be built in six days, in time for the advertised meetings!

(Marcella and I were able to stay at my brother's home while the construction was ongoing.) Our crew worked as quickly as we could and we managed to build the tabernacle within the six days. Using the bulldozer that my brothers and I purchased, I built a road through the bush to the tabernacle. Then we installed hydro lines on the site. It wasn't long before people began to arrive from all over the area. We had wonderful meetings and many people were saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. The building was filled with the people seeking God. A revival had come to our area!

There was still much to do at the campground. We had to build a cookery. Marcella managed the volunteers to work in the cookery and helped to train them.

CHAPTER TEN

Employment Challenger

Meanwhile, in the spring of 1965, I was offered a logging contract to work out of the Black Donald Graphite Mine area. My brother, Amos, and I were asked to remove logs so a dam could be built there. This work was extremely dangerous and crosses marked the locations along the Madawaska River where men had lost their lives over the years. The logs were sold to Fraser Lumber Company which paid us with a \$5,000.00 cheque.

Unfortunately, the cheque was not honoured at the bank. I made ten trips to the bank in Renfrew, Ontario and eventually got my money. (My plan had always been to provide employment for my family and friends. Financial obstacles were a very big concern. (We didn't make much money in those days.)

In the fall of 1965, I bought a new car. Then God told me to buy a timber license for \$5,000.00. Included with the license was an old saw mill north of Gilmour. (This would be the first saw mill I would own.)

In 1966, I was able to acquire another contract. I was to cut approximately 250,000 board feet of lumber. (The lumber would eventually be going to Japan.) I hired the workers I needed. (Interestingly, I was able to hire the children of the three students who had shared their lunch with me as a hungry young school boy so many years before.)

When the contract was fulfilled, I would receive a cheque for \$10,000.00 from Thompson Lumber Company in Alliston, Ontario.

My joy at having another contract was short lived. As I was working, a huge tree fell off my truck and onto my foot. I had purchased a new pair of boots and the tree severed the boot and badly damaged my foot. I did not seek the help of a doctor. As I laid in my bed the pain was excruciating and I asked the Lord to heal my foot so I could continue to provide for my family. Immediately, I could feel and hear the bones in my foot moving. The bones came together and I was instantly healed! When I told this to Leola Burkitt, in the cookery, she wept with joy as she prepared my breakfast. I immediately went back to work.

Soon, I had a huge disagreement. After we completed the lumber contract and I had received the promised payment, when I tried to cash the \$10,000.00 cheque there was not enough money in the bank to cover it! I had employees to pay and other bills to cover. I made several trips to the bank and prayed very often. Eventually I got the money I was owed.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Serious Confrontation

One day Marcella and I went for a truck ride up the bush road. After I parked the vehicle, Marcella decided to read a boot while I chose to go for a jog. I told her, when she was ready, she could pick me up down the road. As I began my jog, I kept my head down, watching for stones etc. which could trip me up. Suddenly, as I looked up, I saw a huge bear standing in my path, with his arm/paw reaching into the sky.

I stopped as he took about 12 steps toward me. His breath smelled terrible. Knowing that God had given man dominion over the animals, (Ge.1 26-28), I pointed my finger at him and calmly, but firmly, told him that God had given me dominion over him and that he was to “leave in the name of Jesus”. Without hesitation, he went down on all four paws and moved to the side of the road, and into the ditch, never to be seen by me again. Amazing!

In 1966 I was able to purchase our first house. I had previously belonged to our pastor. The house was considerably larger than our cottage and we were able to furnish it. Marcella was a fantastic cook and we entertained many people there over the years.

CHAPTER TWELVE

To Heaven and Back

During the years of 1957-1958 the Asiatic flu raged throughout the world, causing a global pandemic. Between one and four million people died. The flu originated in China and was first identified in Canada in Sept., 1957. The symptoms of this flu were fever, body aches, chills, coughs, weakness and loss of appetite. All of these symptoms appeared in my body in 1971. Consequently, I became very sick and ended up being bed-ridden for over a week before an extraordinary event occurred. During the night I became so ill that I literally died. My spirit left my body and hovered above my wife, Marcella. I could see her sleeping, unaware of my presence above her.

Suddenly, I was thrust through a dark tunnel only to arrive at a beautiful city with the most picturesque flowers I had ever seem! I was placed on a wall where I could overlook the city. The colours were indescribable and I struggle to describe their beauty to this day. The splendor of the city was too wonderful for words. It was spectacular. I wanted to stay there.

As I sat beholding this marvelous site, I heard a voice firmly say to me, "Bill, you have to go back". I knew it was the Lord's voice and I argued with Him. I did not want to return to the earth. He told me I had to go back and look after Marcella. (I would not understand that statement until several years later.) All I knew was that I wanted to stay in this wonderful peaceful place!

Suddenly, I found myself back in my icy cold body. (I do not know how long it takes for a body to grow that cold but I assume I was dead for several hours, not minutes.)

The next morning, when I awoke, I was completely healed! No more fever, no more weakness, no more soreness in my body, no more flu! After eating a hearty breakfast, I rallied a crew of men and together we left to work on my Timber License. Amazing!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A Shocking Vision

In 1978 I experienced an unusual vision that would shake me to my core.

After waking at 3:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning, I swung my feet over the side of the bed. Immediately, I saw a large television screen. On the screen I was shown our church service in progress. Pastor Mallory was preaching a sermon on the “Valley of the Dead Bones”, (Ezekiel 37:1-14). It was a wonderful sermon. However, as he completed his sermon, he sat down in a large chair on the platform. His head went back and he died.....”left for glory”. He died as he wanted to die, preaching in his church, “with his boots on”.

As Marcella and I left for church services later in the morning, I told Marcella what was about to happen. She could not believe it. However, just as I had seen in the vision, Pastor Mallory died that morning. A few people tried to revive him but I knew he was gone.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

New Body Parts

A New Heart

A few years later, I was plagued with heart problems. The doctor in Peterborough, Ontario had me go through a CAT scan, only to discover that my heart was so enlarged that it filled my whole chest cavity. He told me, "Bill, you might as well go home. You are going to die, there is nothing we can do." This was a shock to me but I continued to trust the Lord.

A few days later, I went to church on a Sunday morning. My pastor, Violet Mallory, was seated on the platform. She pointed her finger into the congregation and stated, "Someone is here this morning who God wants to head". (I had not told her about my heart condition.) She called me to the front of the church, placed her hands on my head and asked the Lord to, "Heal this enlarged heart, in Jesus' Name". Immediately, it seemed as if hot oil was poured over my chest. I knew I was healed completely.

It was not long before I headed back to Peterborough for another CAT scan. I was on the Cat Scan table when the doctor asked, "Where did you get the new heart?", and besides that, the duodenal ulcer is gone. There are only a few scars left!" I pointed heavenward and said, "God still does miracles today". Praise God for another miracle!

New Lungs

Two or three years later I was not feeling well. My doctor had my lungs x-rayed. A doctor at Belleville General Hospital diagnosed my condition. He said I had a disease called, Sarcoidosis of the Lungs. He said there was no cure for the disease. The doctor gave me the x-rays and told me to take them to a Kingston, Ontario doctor where a biopsy would be taken of my lungs. Instead, I put them in a closet in my home. Meanwhile, Marcella fasted and prayed for three days.

Prayer meeting in our Mount Zion church occurred on Tuesday mornings. On Tuesday morning Marguerite Chisholm, from Gunter, Ontario arrived at the prayer meeting. When she saw Marcella, she told her that she had seen a vision of me and that she would tell Marcella about the vision after the prayer meeting. (Needless to say, Marcella was very curious.) Soon, Marguerite approached Marcella again, and told her that she had seen me, in a vision, and that gifts were falling all around me. She concluded with the question, "What do you 'spose that means?"

A few days later, I retrieved my lung x-rays from my closet shelf and took them to a doctor in Bancroft, Ontario. (The Bancroft doctor had previously ordered new x-rays.) When he compared the new x-rays with the x-rays from the Belleville General Hospital he said to me, "You should have been dead long ago. You have had a miracle!" (The gifts that were falling in the vision were obviously gifts of healing for me!"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Chapleau, Ontario and a Bear Encounter

In 1982 I shut down the sawmill in Gilmour and moved to Chapleau, Ontario. I had acquired a contract for wood chips that was worth ten million dollars. However, before I could deliver the first truck load of wood chips, another company bought out the original company. The new owner told me they did not want the first load of chips. I had just spent over \$200,000 on equipment and was devastated. I sent some chips to Tembec in Northern Quebec but we lost money. I prayed and asked the Lord to give us something else.

Soon, the manager of Mason Windows in Chapleau, Ontario called me, offering me a contract to cut and deliver logs to their sawmill. After meeting with Bob Mason, the owner of Mason Windows, I agreed to stay and work for him for eight years. This would provide work for several men. The next day, as Marcella and I were traveling back to Gilmour to look after some financial matters, we had an unusual encounter.

I had decided to drive on the other (opposite) lane of the road because the lumber road was very rough. Marcella was upset and nervously told me to get to the other side of the road. Just as we neared a corner, I asked her, "Why, do you think I am going to run into a bear going 40 miles per hour?" (Be careful which words you speak!) Just as the words come out of my mouth, a huge bear came running down the road at 40 miles an hour, on our side of the road. He ran right past us. (I had previously clocked another bear and knew they can travel that fast.) I immediately pulled the car over and we had a good laugh.

Back in Gilmour, a knock came to our door. A business man whom I knew had heard that the finance company was arriving on Monday morning to take back the skidding machines which were owned by one of my men, Les McMurray. This man offered me work. The problem was, accepting this offer would take work away from a friend of mine. I told him, "No, I cannot do that to my friend". I sought the Lord who told me what to do. I was to have the skidders moved to Chapleau, Ontario.

I arranged for them to be moved to Chapleau, Ontario early Monday morning. Then, I hired the men needed to work there. Soon 41 people (including men, women and children), traveled the 500 miles trip from Gilmour to Chapleau. It was an enormous operation.

As agreed, we stayed in Chapleau for a total of eight years, working for Mason Windows with logging operation contracts. Thank God for his provision.

Things did not always go smoothly. Some employees tried to sabotage the operation by cutting belts, and damaging equipment, etc. Sadly I had to fire five men. But God looked after us.

When I first went to Chapleau I owed the Toronto Dominion Bank \$300,000.00. I received a government loan for \$100,000.00. The bank sold some of my equipment for \$25,000.00 and I ended up owing \$85,000.00 to the government. I was required to go to court to attempt to settle the dispute.

The government lawyer told me I was going to lose everything, including my house. I prayed and again asked the Lord what I should do. He said I was to pay \$5000.00 to the government in March and again in September, with no interest. It would be seven years until the debt was paid. When I told

the lawyer what the plan was his response was, "They'll never go for it". Needless to say, God's plan worked and the debt was paid off in seven years. Amazing.

It was time to close the operations in Chapleau.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Deer Lake Christian Camp

I was invited by pastor Bud Williams and his wife, Joan, pastors of Evangel Temple in Toronto, to begin working at a camp near South River, Ontario. The camp had belonged to a Seventh Day Adventist group. It was in dire need of repair and needed to be rebuilt.

Meanwhile, I had already been awarded a timber license east of Sundridge, Ontario, and had begun working on that project. Nevertheless, I proceeded with the enormous task of rebuilding the camp at South River, Ontario. We build a six-unit motel on the shores of Deer Lake as well as several other buildings on the camp property. Using my loader, we built roads and installed hydro lines. Eventually Deer Lake Christian camp was born. I was appointed to be the general manager of the camp.

It was not long before we held a children's camp with over 100 children attending. A Brampton, Ontario lady pastor became the children's ministry pastor and did a wonderful job.

(As in many endeavours in life, not everything went as we had hoped. We had to return two young people to their homes because of drug issues.)

It was a rustic setting and there would be no Tabernacle to worship in until two years later. Each summer we had to erect a large tent where the worship would occur.

Over the years, numerous prominent speakers were invited to speak at the services. Many people were saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. A revival had come to our Deer Lake Christian Camp!

Afterward, the kind folk at Evangel Temple arranged to have a home built for Marcella and me on the campgrounds.

We worked at Deer Lake Christian Camp at South River for five years. During the four winter months we logged at Sundridge, Ontario.

After leaving Deer Lake Christian Camp we rented a large house in Sundridge so that we could operate our timber license efficiently. Employment continued for three more years.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Tragedy in our Family

During the summer, Debbie's son, Jonathan (our grandson), came from Calgary to visit us. He was 22 years old. Before coming to visit he had suffered a concussion in Calgary and consequently experienced concussion symptoms.

After his arrival, I talked to Jonathan about his salvation. We took him to Mount Zion Campground where he re-dedicated his life to the Lord. We were assured that he was born again. It was a memorable moment as he wept and laid his head on my shoulder.

At Mount Zion Camp the Sunday before, Evangelist Bill Prankard told Marcella that he had seen, "Big waves coming over you". We had no understanding what that meant. It was not long before we would understand, however.

Jonathan wanted to go boating and swimming with his uncle Dan. When we reached the area in the lake near a huge rock, Jonathan stated that he wanted to climb the rock. It was 52 feet high. Dan knew it, he heard a loud splash and looked to see Jonathan lying on his back in the water. His body descended quickly into the 52' deep water. Dan, who was a professional firefighter, tried unsuccessfully but could not get down to that depth to retrieve Jonathan.

Jonathan died and met his Saviour that day. The coroner told us that the impact on the water, along with the lingering concussion symptoms, probably caused his death. It was a very sad time for us all.

(As a comforting note, Marcella had previously seen a vision of Jonathan at 2 years old. She said he looked like an angel.) It was comforting to all who heard her share her story. However, we were mostly assured by the knowledge that Jonathan had dedicated his life to the Lord at our church camp just a few days prior to his death.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Eight Years that would Forever Change my Life

In 2011, my dear wife, Marcella began a journey of horrific illness.

The first indication of health problems occurred when Marcella was sitting at the table, addressing Christmas Card envelopes. She could not continue because her arm had seized. (It had been 40 years since the Lord told me that I could not stay in heaven because I would have to look after my wife.) Would this be the time the Lord spoke of so many years before?

After several visits to doctors, Marcella was seen by the best neurological doctors in Canada. The neurologist in Kingston, Ontario diagnosed her as having “dystonia”. Dystonia is a neurological disorder that causes excessive, involuntary muscle contractions. There is no cure for this disease which would ravage her body for eight years, the last four being the worst time of suffering.

I soon shut down my logging operations and quit my work to look after her, 24 hours a day. Muscle seizures and debilitation pain wreaked havoc on her frail body. Eventually she could not talk or swallow properly and her food consisted of soups, pudding and nutritional supplements. Each mealtime took two hours. Sores appeared on her body and I had to turn her often to stop the sores from developing. Then, bladder problems developed. I was thankful that we had a PSW to help for at least 19 hours a week. Nurses dropped in for very short visits. Thankfully, Pat Clarke, Marcella’s sister, came to read the Psalms and other books to Marcella. Marcella really enjoyed this.

I prayed for Marcella’s healing. I called others to pray. I believed she would be healed. In the meantime, I did all I could to make her life livable and I learned to suffer with her. I took her to many different practitioners for treatment. There was no money coming in and the savings were gradually depleted. It was a very sad time.

On November 16, 2019 at 11:35 a.m., as Marcella laid in my arms, she took two short breaths and died. After eight years of intense suffering, she was finally free from the pain and her distorted body. She had gone to meet her Saviour. I was devastated and wept loudly. Many hours were spent in prayer and much sadness.

The days and nights afterward were very lonely for me. I longed for friends to call or drop by, but few did. (I suppose they did not know what to say to comfort me.) Nevertheless, I suffered with loneliness and despair.

“And He said to them all, if any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.” Luke 9:23

CHAPTER NINETEEN

A Decision to be Made

WHAT AM I TO DO NOW? It had been eight years of dealing with sickness and death. I could not stay in mourning for the rest of my life. I had no work and very little money. I prayed and sought the Lord and asked, “lord, what do you have for me to do now? He gave me a boldness to share my testimony with those I was to visit.

“For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth;...” (Romans 1:16)

Soon, the following encouraging verse came to me: “Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees: And make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way: but let it rather be healed. (Hebrews 12:12 & 13). I was to continue with my journey.

I saw people as broken and discouraged and without hope. I needed to try to help them. I had learned in the past, that when God spoke, I was to obey quickly. Visiting people to share my testimony, became a passion of mine. I tried to obey the Lord daily and spoke with many people.

I have hundreds of testimonies of God’s miracle power. Only a few are included on the following pages.

“Search the scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me”. (John 5:39)

“Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely you have received freely give.” (Matt. 10:8)

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

A BANKER MEETS THE LORD

One morning I felt the Lord telling me to visit with our Assistant Bank Manager in Madoc, Ontario. He had developed Chron's disease and could not continue to work. He was a very sick man.

As I was driving to Belleville, Ontario for business, I drove past the banker's home. The Lord spoke to me and said; "Bill, is my business not more important than yours? Immediately, I stopped the car, turned around and went back to Steve Moore's house. I told him I had come to pray for him.

He told me that two nights before, two angels had visited and ministered to him. He said, "I am now ready for Heaven." Steve was taken to Belleville General Hospital shortly afterward. Two weeks later I stopped in to see him in the hospital. His family did not want me to enter his hospital room but, without going in the room, I opened the door and said, "Goodbye" to Steve. He died about one hour later.

A MIRACLE AT THE PET FOOD STORE

I stopped at a particular Pet Food Store to purchase supplies for my dog. When I stopped, I asked a lady if she would like to hear my testimony. (When I asked this question, most people say, "Yes".) After I shared my story with her, the lady began to cry uncontrollably then asked, "Can I hug you?" She told me her husband was dying and that he had a 5% chance to live. She told me there were several tumours on his brain, (As I listen to people tell their story, I become filled with such compassion.) I asked her to hold my hands as I prayed. I told her that the Lord said to me, "Your husband is coming home". She said, "He's not coming home". I pointed my finger at her and repeated, "He is coming home."

I saw her 1 ½ weeks later and she was a very happy lady! The doctors could not find one tumour in her husband's brain and he had been discharged from the hospital. When miracles happen like this, people receive such hope and joy!

BELLEVILLE MIRACLE

One day I drove to Belleville, Ontario where I stopped at my usual places to purchase vegetables. A lady was at the vegetable stand. She looked about 40 years old. I asked if she would like to hear my testimony. She responded, "Yes". Then, I asked if she was a Christian and she said, "Yes". I then asked if she spoke in tongues, she responded, "Yes". She told me she had a son and a daughter with whom she prayed and read the Bible every night. Her eleven years old daughter had recently told her that she no longer wanted her mother to read the Bible and she did not want to hear anything more about God. The lady was very sad and heartbroken.

Suddenly, the Spirit of God came upon me. Pointing my finger at her I said, "God has shown me that your daughter is being abused." The lady said, "Yes my husband is abusing her".

I told her that her husband has to go. She said that she could not leave her husband because he paid the rent and there was no place they could go. I prayed that God would dispatch two angels – one to look after the daughter and another to deal with her husband.

Two weeks later I returned to the vegetable stand and saw the lady was very happy. She explained that her daughter was completely changed. In fact, she had asked her mother to again read the Bible and pray with her!

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also. And greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever you ask in My name, that will I do that the Father might be glorified in the Son. If you shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it. If you love me, keep my commandments.” (John 14:12-15)

EASTER SUNDAY APPOINTMENT

On Easter Sunday morning the Lord told me I should go to the gravesites of my former pastor and his wife. The Stockdale graveyard is large and it took me some time to find their graves. The Lord told me I would meet some people at 11:00 a.m. There were no other people in the graveyard at that time. As I stood at the gravesites, a car arrived with a lady and three children inside. (The girl looked to be about 14 and the boys were about 8 and 15 years old.) They moved to a grave with a yellow ribbon on it. I gave them a few minutes then I went to speak to them. I said, “I am here to tell you something. This is God’s appointed time.” I shared my testimony with them while the lady cried. She cried hard and told the children, “Listen to this man.” I told them how to get saved and that God would never leave them. The lady hugged me about three times before they left.

GROUP OF SEVEN” PAINTING SALE

In July of 2021 a woman arrived at our house to purchase some paintings from my daughter, Debbie and I. I asked her if she would like to hear my testimony. She responded, “Yes” and I began to pray with her. I stopped suddenly because the Lord had shown me the word, “Forgiveness”. I told her what the Lord had shown me and as she responded, she cried, and said, “My husband left me about six years ago. I have never forgiven him for that.”

The Bible says, “For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses”. (Matthew 6:14, 15) I prayed for her after that and I believe forgiveness came to her at that time.

TOE NAILS AND A “WHOLE LOT OF SHAKING GOING ON”

It was a few years ago when a lady arrived at our home from Bancroft, Ontario. She had come to give Marcello a pedicure. I asked her if she would like to hear my testimony. As I began to share, suddenly, she began to shake violently. She kept asking, “What is this!?”. Then she began to cry. I prayed with her. God’s Spirit was moving in her life.

AN ENQUIRING MIND AND AN INTERRUPTED DINNER

In the late summer of 2021, a friend and I were eating at an outside patio in North Bay. It was in the cool of the evening. Just as our dinners arrived, a young woman came to our table. (She looked as

though she might be a university student.) She spoke to us as she sat down, asking if she could speak with us.

Of course, we responded, “Yes”. She began by asking us about general things and I took the opportunity to share my testimony with her. She was captivated by my testimony and seemed to be interested in all I had to say. (Meanwhile, my dinner was growing cold.) I asked her if she loved her father, she offered that her father was, “too religious”. (Her mother and father were seated at the table no too far from us.) After I shared my testimony, I told her that, when she went home, she could pray to God and ask Him to forgive her for the sins she had committed and ask Jesus into her heart.

When we were finished talking, she went to her parents table and soon they all left together. (As they left, her father gently punched my shoulder and her mother looked back and gave us an admiring glance as they left the patio in the dark.)

Only God knows what happened after that. I have learned that when God gives me opportunities, I cannot pass them up. We had forgotten that another couple were seated at a nearby table that evening. As they left, they gave me a \$20.00 gift certificate for the restaurant. God was blessing us.

BREAKFAST AT BELLEVILLE

In the fall of 2021, I went to a restaurant in Belleville, Ontario. The COVID rules were in effect. I was about to eat outside when the owner invited me inside to eat my breakfast. He sat with me as I ate and told me his mother had taken him to Sunday School many years before. I said, “You have heard about God several times, then. Have you ever asked Him to come into your life?” He responded, “I am not a very good person. I doubt that God can ever forgive me”

This gentleman wept as I prayed for him. He was in tears as he left the table.

I returned a few weeks later to check on him. He was totally changed and God had met the need of his heart. He told me he loved me and I reminded him that God loved him very much and I loved him also. I am pretty sure he got saved.

TUMORS AND SURGERY

At Starbucks in Belleville, a woman of about 30 years of age approached me to ask if she could sit with me. She told me that she had come to Starbucks to ask me to pray with her. She was frightened. She was told she needed to undergo another surgery. She had undergone eight surgeries on tumors in her head and was afraid the ninth surgery would damage her brain. As I prayed with her the Spirit of God fell. I know she was healed at that time. I haven't seen her since.

THE BELLEVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL VISITS

The Lord often tells me to visit people in the hospital. My plan was to visit my niece, Leona, a patient there. As I arrived at the Belleville hospital, I saw a mother and her daughter sitting outside. I sensed something was wrong. When I told them this, the lady spoke and said, “My son has just died.” Hearing such news makes me sad and I grieved with them. The Holy Spirit gave me words to comfort them.

My niece, Leona, was in the Therapy room when I saw her. The nurse asked if I would help with Leona's therapy. Which I did.

Leona asked me to tell her husband, Andre, that she loved him . (They had separated previously.) I made my way to Andre in room six and conveyed the message to him and prayed for him. He went to sleep immediately afterwrdr.

Another lady said to me, "My husband is dying." I stopped and prayed ffor him to be o.k. When I left, she had hope, which she didn't have before.

BANCROFT HOSPITAL VISIT

My sister, Keitha, was in the Bancroft Hospital with a broken pelvis. The break had occurred when she had somehow fallen backwards. I prayed for and ministered to her then gave my testimony to the nurses. I did as God told me to do.

(I NEED TO RE-EMPHASIZE HERE THAT GOD DOES THE WORK. MY JOB IS TO BE OBEDIENT TO WHAT HE SAYS.)

WORD OF LIFE OUTREACH MEETING – GOD APPOINTED TIMES

One Sunday morning, the lord told me to go to Lake St. Peter, Ontario. I visited the Word of Life Outreach church there. While there, I gave my testimony to at least three different individuals. Afterward, I drove to Wilno, Ontario. (Wilno is where the first Polish settlement in Ontario was established.) My plan was to buy a meal there.

I sat next to a man who had been riding a motorcycle. He said to me, "I don't know why I am here today". He told me he had two sons, Joshua and Sam. He said that Joshua had called him and wanted to come home. (Joshua was in the armed forces.) I prayed for Joshua and the man cried.

I have good memories of having been in the Word of Life Outreach church several years before. At the time, I was experiencing terrible back pain. I had heard that The Word of Life Outreach church was advertising a guest speaker from Africa.

I asked Marcella to take me to the meeting. I wanted to be prayed for. Marcella helped me get dressed and we made our way to the church service. She chose a yellow shirt for me to wear.

As the speaker was preaching , he stopped, pointed his finger at me and said, "The man in the yellow shirt, please come here". He told me to sit on a chair on the main floor near the platform. He laid his hands on my headd and asked for healing for my lower back injury. Suddenly, it felt like hot oild running over my body. I was completely healed of back pain at that time! I have not had a pain in my back since then.

It is God, Who, in Hs mercy, does the healing. My only part is to go where He tells me to go and to obediently do what He tells me to do and to say what He tells me to say!

IT HAS BEEN AN AMAZING JOURNEY INDEED!

WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?

1.

We first must acknowledge that we are sinners and that we deserve punishment and death.

“For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.” (Romans 3:23)

“The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.” (Romans 6:23)

2.

We must believe that Christ died for us, taking our punishment – “But God demonstrates His own love for us in this: While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Romans 5:8)

3.

We must trust Jesus Christ and turn from our sins, then receive Him by inviting Him into our lives.” ...if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved.” (Romans 10:9)

A PRAYER TO PRAY:

“DEAR Lord JESUS, I KNOW I A SINNER AND NEED FORGIVENESS. I BELIEVE YOU DIED FOR MY SINS AND I WANT TO TURN AWAY FROM MY SINS. I INVITE YOU TO COME INTO MY HEART. I WANT YOU TO BE MY LORD AND SAVIOUR.
IN JESUS NAME, AMEN.”

If you prayed this prayer, you have a new life and a new relationship in “Christ.

YOU SHOULD:

- * Read your Bible every day to get to know Christ better.
- * Talk to God in prayer every day.
- *Fellowship with other Chistians.
- *Find and attend a church where the message of Christ is preached.
- *Please read Acts 2:38 & 39