

New Heart

This is a real life story

In 1979 we moved on to a farm just seven miles west of the city my parents lived in and right across the road from the farm my wife was born and raised at.

It was a bare quarter, so we had to build fences, buildings, drill a water well and my dad who was 70 drove out the seven miles to help me, as often as he could.

My dad never professed Christianity till the summer of 1971, when he drove up to Edmonton, where we lived at the time. And told us that the night before, he went out to his garage and knelt down by his table saw and ask Jesus to forgive him and live within his heart. He said he felt so clean and so new, that he had to drive up and tell us personally, instead of just phoning.

Well, you talk about rejoicing, my wife and I were ecstatic.

My mom was always the bible teacher in our house and though dad was raised a Lutheran, he did not know Jesus personally till 1971, he had lots of head knowledge but no heart knowledge. He used to tell me all the time that the bible said God would give us three score and ten years, in other words we would live to see Seventy years. Well, Dad turned 70 on Dec 1/79, and in the late spring of 1980 we got a phone call in the early evening, that dad had had a massive heart attack and was in the hospital and they didn't expect him to make the night. It didn't take us long to drive the seven miles and when we walked into the emergency department, all I seen was an unconscious dad all wired up to machines. I loved my dad very much, and all I could think of was claim a new heart. (Now back then I hadn't heard yet of God replacing body parts nor was that my idea) They just said his heart was wore out and he wouldn't live till morning, so I grabbed his hand and said out loud, in Jesus name, I claim this old wore out heart becomes knew and functions like God has ordained and that all body functions will work normal. I felt so assured and peaceful that I told the nurses and everybody there that he was OK and just needed a good nights rest. So we went home; in the morning all his vital signs were perfectly normal. He was up talking and joking and the medical profession was beside themselves. He kept saying, "There is nothing wrong with me, so let me go home". They kept him there till noon and they finally said, "There ain't nothing wrong with you, so you may as well go home".

Dad smoked all his life, so he then come down with emphysema, and Satan had a field day with me. He said to me, see if you wouldn't of been thinking of yourself, he would have died and would be at peace now instead of suffering. Like a dummy, I bought into that lie for a few years. But Satan always overplays his hand, the clincher to that was that dad ended up having lung cancer and died in 1985. We were called into the auxiliary hospital where he was, they said he had but a short time so my mom, my wife and I went in and sang choruses to him. He wasn't a singer but loved to listen, he wasn't coherent but rested very peaceably as we sang praises unto the Lord. The nurse came in different times and would say in his ear, "Herman just let go,"

then she would say to us, "His heart is so strong, it just won't quite."

Satan said see you claimed a new heart and now it won't quit. To this I finally clued in and said Satan you're a liar so get out, the testimony alone to the medical world was worth it and the years and the times we had together was well worth it.

For five years I wouldn't pray for a miracle because of listening to Satan, but praise God after I clued in to his lies, I have seen several heart attack victims, baffle the medical world and the unbelievers that there is a living God.

Bro. Ken