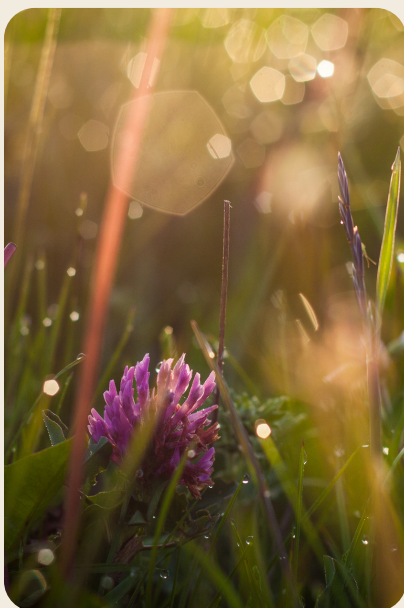
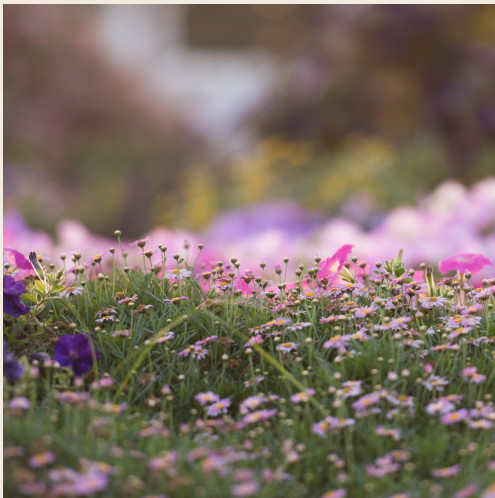
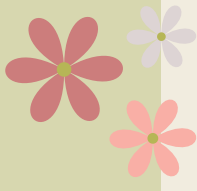


MODERN DAY MIRACLES


BY LARRY SIEKAWITCH



Are miracles real? In the movie Breakthrough we hear of the report of 14-year-old John Smith of Saint Louis who fell through the ice. Two miracles are reported: first, the first responders were searching for the boy using long hooks to catch the body. They start from one end of the hole in the ice and work their way to the other end. One of the responders hears his chief telling him to go back. This was unusual procedure, but he does it and finds the boy. This responder was an atheist before this event. When he got out of the ice, he discovered that his chief never said anything. It would appear that something supernatural took place with a voice that no one else heard except the atheist. The boy had no pulse or breath and was taken to the local hospital. He was pronounced dead and Joyce, his mother, was allowed to go in the room to say goodbye. She prayed for the Holy Spirit to come and save her son, and a pulse was immediately registered. The timing of the prayer and the voice beforehand, both argue strongly that a miracle took place. This miracle was very public and can be verified. I don't know these people, but I believe their story. You can talk to John, Joyce and Tommy (the first responder who got saved after this event) and see for yourself. There are many other stories like this that demand an explanation. If it is a miracle, then a supernatural realm exists. I have also seen many miracles that defy natural law. I want to share the account of the miracles I have seen.



When I was 21, I heard God speak to me in a vision. I was wide awake. I had just recently surrendered to Jesus as my Lord, quit drugs, sex, etc. and began to really follow Jesus after an amazing encounter with the Holy Spirit where I experienced euphoria that I cannot even describe and received the gift of tongues. About six months after my surrender, I heard God say that I was supposed to take my stepdad, Rick, to Montgomery Alabama and pray for his healing, go to Fort Worth Texas and rescue my friend, Ken Faupel, from a cult, and then move to Arizona to go to Bible college to get prepared to go into the ministry. My call into ministry was unusual and very specific. I asked my stepdad, and he said he would go. We drove down to Alabama, took out a phone book and blindly pointed our finger in the yellow pages under churches and called the church my finger landed on. They said they pray for healing, so we went to the church. The pastor and I placed our hands on Rick's head, and the pastor prayed a simple prayer. He looked up to me in shock and asked, "Did you feel that?" I said, "I sure did." I felt electricity go from my hands into Rick's head. The pastor asked Rick if he felt it, and he said he didn't. The pastor gave him the advice that he shouldn't stop taking his pills until God verified to him that he was healed. Rick had grand mal seizures and was on Dilantin. When Rick got home, his dog Puggie began to have seizures, giving Rick an indication that God had taken his seizures off of him and placed them on the dog. Rick stopped taking his pills and has never had a seizure since; that was 38 years ago. Rick took me to Fort Worth Texas, where he dropped me off and went back home to Minnesota. I called Ken, who I hadn't talked to in over a year and had no idea that he was in a cult or even going church. He took me in and said that he was going to a church, but he didn't think it was a cult. I asked him about it and found out that a group from New Mexico had moved to Fort Worth at the command of the pastor. It was very legalistic, demanding all members to wear long sleeves and pants, even in the summer. I told him to call the pastor and invite him over. The pastor came over and I asked him questions on salvation. He clearly believed in works righteousness. As we were talking, Ken said, "Larry, you are right. This is a cult." The pastor angrily left, and I helped Ken find a better church. He met his wife at that new church. I hitchhiked to Arizona and went to Grand Canyon College (now University) to study to be a pastor. My stepdad was miraculously healed, my friend was rescued from a cult from a word of knowledge that I couldn't have ordinarily known, and I began to be trained to be a pastor, all from a vision from God; that was my first miraculous encounter with God.



When I was in my first year of seminary at New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary, I experienced another miracle. I rode with Becky to church from the seminary in New Orleans to church in Kenner, LA about 30-45 minutes away, depending on traffic. One day it was raining and then the sun came out, blinding us. We both reached for our sunglasses, and then looking up saw a car stopped in the middle of the highway. We were traveling around 55mph. I won't tell you my first reaction, but Becky immediately called out to God, saying, "God help us!" She then jerked the steering wheel to the right without being able to even check to see if it was clear. The next part was the miracle. We both saw her left front bumper pass through the right rear bumper of the stalled car without hitting it. If it was only me, I could have chalked this up as a flashback from my drug days, but Becky, who was raised a Christian and never did drugs, saw the same thing. We both yelled in unison, "Did you see that?" We got to church and told our college and career group the story of the miracle. Everyone was amazed. We saw a miracle.



When Elizabeth and I were first married, I took her back with me to New Orleans from Orlando, to finish my last year of seminary. She had just found a job, but we had no money for rent. We went to church on a Sunday and the pastor had a word that someone was struggling financially and should come up for prayer. No one did. As we were driving home, Elizabeth asked me, "Don't you think that word was for us?" I said, "Yes." She asked, "Then why didn't you go up?" I said, "Because of my pride." I agreed to go early for Sunday evening service and confess to the pastor. I told the pastor and then he prayed a simple prayer and asked me to let him know when the prayer was answered. We needed exactly 200 dollars for rent by the next day. Immediately after the prayer, a lady in our church came up to us and said, "Larry, I felt God tell me to give you this. I was going to give it to you this morning, but I got sidetracked." It was a check for 100 dollars. I'm sure she got sidetracked because of my disobedience. I told the pastor we got half of it. The next morning in the mail I received a check for 100 dollars from a fellow student at seminary who said he felt led by God to give this to me. Neither the lady nor the student could have known our need. We saw a miracle of provision for the exact amount we needed on the day it was needed. Some could call this coincidence, and I would say, "I'll take those kinds of



Elizabeth and I drove out west after I graduated in a small Isuzu Imark. We were being blown all over the road because of the wind. We stopped at a rest area where Elizabeth used the bathroom. I was waiting outside, and I sensed God tell me to go over and talk to a biker about Jesus. I went over to a guy who looked very dangerous; I usually joke saying he looked like he just killed his mother. I talked to him about his motorcycle. I grew up owning motorcycles. I asked how he was doing in the wind, because our car was being blown all over the road. He said it was very difficult, but he had to make it to L.A. in time. I told him that I believed Jesus told me to talk to him, so I asked him if he knew what would happen to him if he died that day. He said, "Yes, I would be incarnated." I thought, "Oh." I asked if I could pray for him, and he said yes. I am not sure what came over me, well, I do know it was the Holy Spirit, and I began to pray: "Dear Lord, please help my friend today. Give him a nice ride the rest of his trip and cause the wind to die down in such a miraculous way that he knows it is from you and that reincarnation is a lie and that Jesus is the only way to heaven." I expected to get wacked upside the head, but when I looked up, he said, "Thank you." My wife came out of the bathroom and was wondering what I was doing talking to a biker. We got in the car and within a minute the wind died down completely for the entire rest of the trip. I expect to see my friend in heaven.

When I was pastoring in Orlando, we met a couple who were previously living on the street, Randy and Lee Saturland. They both got saved, but Randy had a difficult time stopping alcohol. He ended up in the hospital and diagnosed with liver cirrhosis. He had experienced septic shock and went into renal failure. The doctor said it had gone too far and there was nothing further they could do. He said he would die within a day or two. We prayed at the hospital. While praying he came awake and said he felt fine. He was released the next day with no complications at all. Some could say that it was misdiagnosed, but the timing of the recovery with prayer rules out a natural explanation. We saw a miracle.

While in Orlando, I had a vision at church of a needle. Sharon Zidek said she thought it meant that God wanted to heal someone. Sharon volunteered to receive prayer. She was scheduled for surgery the next day on Monday for her thumb. I believe it was a torn ligament. She couldn't move her thumb. When she was prayed for, she felt something and then began to move her thumb. She was completely healed with no pain and full use of her thumb. She said, "Look, I can move my thumb" and proceeded to move it all around. Monday morning, she went to work, where she was the manager of the Kentucky Fried Chicken. Her employees asked her why she came to work when she was supposed to have surgery. They didn't like the fact that they were going to have to work more while she recovered. She said, "Look, I got healed in church" and showed them her thumb. They all came to church the next Sunday and got saved. They are still living for Jesus to this day. We all saw a miracle.

Nancy was from Scotland, married to Tony Losey. In our Life Group, she sensed that God wanted to heal her husband so he wouldn't have to have surgery. He was scheduled for an angioplasty procedure because of his heart. We prayed, even though he wasn't there. The doctors checked him and found his arteries were fine and canceled the angioplasty. Tony was healed.



One time in Life Group at Orlando, we had a visitor. A lady from Boston had called previously and wanted to visit a Life Group (we called them Kinship Groups back then) while she was in town. She came to ours. God gave me a vision of a giant dinosaur egg. Nancy said she thought it meant that the lady was going to have a baby. The lady began to cry and confessed that she and her husband were trying to get pregnant but couldn't. We prayed. About two months later, she called the church office and told me that she was pregnant. I have seen a few other people who couldn't get pregnant get pregnant after prayer. Coincident or miracle? The timing would lean toward the truth that we saw a miracle. I am not sure why it was a dinosaur egg.



We moved to Colorado to pastor at the Colorado Springs Vineyard. A man named Ross, that was his last name, but that was what he liked to be called, came to our church. He had diabetes and prostate cancer that he was taking chemotherapy for. One Sunday, I felt that God wanted a group to gather around Ross and pray for him. I was not involved in the prayer. A month later he came to the office. He said that he felt something that day, but he wanted to make sure he was healed. He stopped taking insulin and his PSA levels had gone down to normal, indicating that his treatment worked. He was healed of cancer and diabetes. Some could say that the treatment healed him of the cancer, and they could be right, though the timing was pretty good. But Ross had type one diabetes, which is incurable. He was cured by prayer. Another man in our church in Colorado named Fred was also healed of type one diabetes. We also had an elder at church, Dan, who had diabetes, but he wasn't healed. Dan was the most dedicated to God out of the three, but he wasn't healed. Why God heals some and not others is a mystery, but it was clear that we saw a miracle in both Ross and Fred.



Jack Frank was another elder at our church in Colorado. He and his wife were members of the seven-footer club; they were very tall. Jack was diagnosed with Familial Adenomatous Polyposis Syndrome, where he had hundreds of polyps in his colon. The doctor recommended that he have his colon removed, because the polyps would eventually become cancerous even if initially removed. It was a hard pill to swallow. Jack got a second opinion that gave the same diagnosis and treatment. Neither doctor removed the polyps, because they were going to remove the colon. Jack wanted to get a third opinion from the best at the Mayo Clinic. He told the other elders about it. I suggested that we pray and that I could go with him, because my family lived in Rochester. Jack, his wife Ginger and I drove to Rochester. When he got there, the doctor examined him and said there were no polyps in his colon, just a couple nubs he said. Jack said, "You saw the reports from the other two doctors; that they didn't remove the polyps. I am a Christian and I received prayer before I got here. I believe I was healed." The doctor said, "I am also a Christian. I guess we know where the polyps went." Jack did not have to lose his colon. We saw a miracle.



In Colorado, a group of us gathered to pray and seek God. Matt Dragon's brother Zach came with his foot wrapped up, because he had hurt it; he thought he might have broken it. We prayed for him, and then he felt something in his ankle. He leaped up and began dancing, shouting that he had been healed. He was not a believer until that day.

We moved to New York to teach at Elim Bible Institute. We never saw any miracles in New York, but we were led to New York in part by a dream from my son Isaac. We went to Colorado prior to that in part by a dream from my son Daniel. I believe God can lead by dreams and visions, which are miraculous. After five years in New York, we moved to Minnesota.

I have now pastored in Minnesota for eleven years. I have not personally seen as many miracles as in the past, but our church has experienced some healings. My son Daniel was in a coma for two weeks and the doctors told us to prepare for the worst. We prayed and he woke up the same hour I came to see him (Elizabeth was there for the whole two weeks praying). His first words were, "Am I in Minnesota?" He was in California as a Marine but saw us and was wearing a Vikings shirt. The nurses were all amazed at his recovery. He still suffers from cognitive fatigue and migraines, but he is alive and well, living for Jesus. Kathy Mayhew's mother was recently healed of diabetes; she is in her 90's. Marian Lahr received prayer in church after a word of knowledge and she immediately felt healed in both of her knees. She said that before the healing she was seriously considering retiring but now doesn't have to. Jim Rau received prayer in the prayer room at church and his bone spurs disappeared. Leon Raiter was pronounced basically a vegetable after a heart attack. The doctor said he had little to no brain function and would probably not recover. The family was talking about taking him off life support. A group of us went to pray for him, but his sister tried to keep us out of the room. I boldly said, "God led us to come here and pray for Leon. The Bible says to lay hands on him, so we are going to do that." We prayed and he started to have brain function. Shortly after that, I think the next day, he woke up. He is not completely healed, but he is alive, walking and talking. He is a miracle. God is sovereign in healing. He knows the big picture far better than we do. John Wimber once said that God made a deal with him. If John didn't take the credit for when God healed someone, he didn't have to take the blame for when God didn't heal. Too many miracles that would force the unwilling to yield without love, would be counterproductive. God knows exactly when and how to do miracles for His glory and our good. This world is not our home. We will suffer in many ways. We live in a broken world that won't get fixed until Jesus comes back. Pain and difficulties can be used by God to strengthen us. But God does still heal. Miracles are evidence that God exists, and He cares. Most people don't get dramatically healed when we pray, but the more we pray, the more we will experience God's miracles.

If you have not personally experienced a miracle, personal testimonies can be used as evidence to lead you or someone you want saved to Christ. Personal eyewitness testimony from credible witnesses is used regularly in the court of law to prove innocence or guilt. Eyewitness testimony is a valid source of knowledge. Many Christians have experienced miracles. Ask Christians and share your own testimony. Modern miracles do occur, revealing that God is alive and well.