

EAGLE'S VIEW



Issue 0044

THE EAGLE'S VIEW



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Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Christian greetings! I trust this issue will find you doing well, in the Lord. We would like to thank each person, who wrote for this issue of EV. May God richly bless you.

We are living in a very unstable time. There is not a day that goes by that we do not hear of someone losing their home, losing their job or a major catastrophe that has altered some individual's lifestyle. I recently heard that the local rescue mission is seeing more and more families needing shelter rather than individuals. Many of our lives have been touched in some way with the downturn of the economy. In the 1930s Depression era, there were several documented cases of men committing suicide, because they could not fathom life without their wealth. Sometimes, we can become so attached to the things of this world that God has to shake us to remind us we are only passing through. I pray as you read the testimonies in this issue of Eagle's

View that it will be confirmation to you that God is still in control of our lives. No matter what you are going through, if God is priority in your life, then He is in control.

We do not take the responsibility of publishing Eagle's View lightly. When I go into a church, car, or house and I see Eagle's View being displayed, I am reminded the responsibility that comes with sharing the Good News. Please keep us in your prayers that we will continue to seek His desire for this publication. If you have any articles or suggestions that you would like to share, please feel free to do so. May God be with you.

Your brother in Christ,
Michael Tidwell

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In the midst of a Thyroid Storm

Hello. My name is Lisa Bain and I am 41 years old. Over a year ago something happened to me that forever changed my life. On March 1, 2008, I was in Covington, GA for a banquet that my daughter was



Something happened to me that forever changed my life.

attending. During the day while they were doing activities, Sis. Vickie Tidwell and I had decided to go shopping. I was feeling a little off because I had been up all night with a toothache. After shopping awhile, we decided to eat lunch. We met two other sisters there and had some fellowship. They had to leave early so Sis. Vickie and I continued with our lunch. I was about half way through mine and talking steadily when I suddenly had a very strange feeling sweep over my entire body. I quit talking and looked at Sis. Vickie. She asked if I was okay and I told her no, I think I'm going to pass out. She told me I had lost all color. I was sweating really bad. I tried making it into the restroom to get some wet paper towels. That did not help. I came

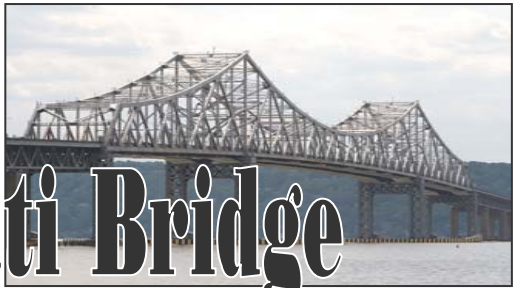
back to the table and told her I had to get outside. I went out and laid down on the sidewalk. I called my husband, Larry who was at home with our boys and told him to call everyone and tell them I needed urgent prayer. I was crying and I told him that I thought I was dying. I made it to the car. My brother and his wife, Bro. Tracy and Sis. Danette Tatum, were also in town. I asked Sis. Vickie to drive me to the home where they were staying. I knew my sister-in-law was a prayer warrior and I wanted her with me. She immediately got Bro. Wes Ardiel and his wife and others to lay hands on me and pray. I got to feeling a little better so she decided to drive my car and we left for home. I made it home and started

throwing up. We all assumed I had gotten food poisoning. The next morning I got up and started getting ready for church. I had to lie down and Larry decided to take me to an urgent care. There the doctor decided I had a stomach virus and prescribed cough syrup! Can you believe that? The next few days were horrible. I was so nauseated I could not eat, I was so weak I could not hardly walk, my heart would race. I went to my family doctor. I was put through test after test and had more blood drawn than I'd had done my entire life. In four weeks I had lost 23 pounds and no one could tell me what was wrong. I would get up with help from either my husband or daughter, I would lay on the couch all day getting up only to go to the bathroom and that was with help. I would have help getting into bed and some nights we'd sleep and some nights we would have to call our pastor, Bro. Dutch Scott, to come pray. He and his wife, April who is my sister, would sit with me until I could go back to sleep. April would hold my legs in her lap because I would have a type of seizure where my entire body would shake very hard. It was like I was freezing, but I wasn't. I just had no control over it. She would sit and pray while I would have these. No one knows the hours I spent begging God to let me live to raise my children. I know that a lot of people say that you should just let things happen. But I

believe God put me on earth for a purpose, and that was to be a wife to my husband and a mother to my children. I have never desired fame or fortune, just a life lived for Him that would show Him to others. I had many people tell me...just have faith...just rebuke that devil and go on. That is easy to tell others, I know, I have done it. But let me tell you brothers and sisters, it is different when you feel you do not have the strength to pray for yourself anymore. I think we fail so many times in lifting our brothers and sisters in need up before the Lord with sincerity. I think that God allowed me to see this during this time so that I would have more compassion for others. On April 26, 2008 I was sent at my request to an endocrinologist. We had prayed that God would let him find my problem. He walked into the room and was in there maybe 3 minutes until he asked if I knew I had a goiter on my thyroid gland. I said no. He showed it to us and immediately put me on medicine. I knew my mom's family all had fought this disease and my Mom was on medicine for her thyroid at the time. I got the medicine filled and was just very uneasy about the dosage. It was really high I felt to start off on without having blood work done. I told Larry and he said, "Lisa take the medicine." Well, I just couldn't do it, I felt no peace with it.

Oh, my God!

Cincinnati Bridge



The Cincinnati Enquirer newspaper states the Cincinnati Bridge (the Brent Spence's Bridge) travel lanes are too narrow, and the merge lanes are too short. The signs are too hard to see, and the on and off ramps are too close together. There is no room at all to stop in emergencies. Speeds vary wildly according to the merging vehicles. And traffic? Daily use by cars and trucks has long ago surpassed maximum design limits, making this bridge **one of the most hazardous bridges in our nation**. This bridge is one of only 15 major interstate bridges in the country labeled by the federal government as "functionally obsolete" for failure to meet safety or traffic flow standards. It ranks No. 7 among those bridges for highest crash rate.

These facts do not come as a surprise to us (Tidwell Family) and many others who have traveled in and out of Ohio/Kentucky interstate I-71 / I-75. However, around midnight June 28, 2009 there was a surprise. While traveling south bound on this bridge hundreds of feet

above the Ohio river suddenly Michael, who was driving hit the brakes hard and cried, "Oh, My God." I knew without looking ...*it was bad news*. I thought our time had come. Right in front of us, in the middle of the bridge, a collision had occurred and a car was spinning out of control. The car's head lights were going around and around. We cut into the left lane to miss the out of control car.

We came to a stop on top of the bridge. Around 75 feet in front of the accident. Instantly, there was a mass confusion on the bridge. Some cars and trucks were trying to leave for fear of getting hit and other cars and trucks were still traveling fast in the left two lanes not knowing what was going on in the dark.

I jumped out and went back to check on the condition of the people involved. A young girl in one of the wrecked cars was shaking like an earthquake. I laid hands on her and prayed for God to calm her down

(the driver of that car, thanked me for that prayer later). Almost instantly, calmness swept around her.

Another man stopped to help and we got the people out of the car, to stand next to the bridge's guard rail, for their safety. We were afraid their car was going to get hit again. Everybody was wanting off the bridge. We did too, but we waited. Finally the police came and we left. It appeared that no one was hurt real bad. What could have been a major tragedy for many turned out to be just a demolished car. The other car involved left the scene, maybe they were waiting off the bridge for safety reasons.

In giving God the praise for His protecting love, we would like to point out two things. One is, lives were spared by split-second timing, showing that God is always in control. He is deciding when and how each of us will depart this life. And the other fact is similar to the first, when you heard these words "O, My God" like I did, you know, your life is tilting in the balance of His will.

James Tidwell

The 3 H's

Humor -to overlook the impossible.

Honor -to rise above the impossible.

Humility -to change the impossible.

Lost Retainer

Several weeks ago, I had lost the retainer for my teeth and could not find it after my wife and I searched for two days. I was dreading having to pay \$250 for a replacement, and the temporary one I was wearing was quite painful. I had asked my pastor to pray with me that God would lead me to it, and while I thought I had lost it in our home, we could not find it anywhere. On Wednesday night, we got home from church and I was walking back inside after feeding our dogs. My wife commented to me that she had just finished searching the kitchen wastebasket and did not find the retainer. As I stepped into the living room, I spoke and said "Somehow, some way by God's grace, we're going to find it". Just as I finished saying that, I looked down and there was the retainer lying in plain site on our living room rug just inches before my feet! Needless to say, I began to praise and glorify God for what I deemed to be a miracle! I do not know how we overlooked it or if God somehow placed it there, but all the glory belongs to God, and for His honor and glory I share this with others!

In Christ,
Timothy Cross

**Every saint has a PAST...
Every sinner has a FUTURE!**



good

A testimony of a young man facing uncertainties.

cancer but he was going to go ahead with a biopsy. He explained how the procedure would work. They removed the mole and told us that it would take about two weeks to get the results back. They told us if you do not hear from us it means it is not cancer or anything to worry about.

NEWS

When my son, Stephen Dyer was a toddler, he had a mole come up on the left side of his head. It was not very big at first, but over the past 12 years it grew. The shape and color changed also. One day in June of 2009, we took him to the pediatrician for his allergies. Stephen and I had talked about asking the doctor to look at the mole while we were there. His doctor looked at it and said he did not think there was anything to it. He told us to put all of our minds at ease that we should go ahead and see a dermatologist. An appointment was made in early July, 2009. The day of his appointment, the doctor came in and looked at it. He told us that it wasn't the color or shape of skin

The last day of the second week period, we received a voicemail on the home phone. Since it was on a Friday, I had to wait until Monday to call the doctors office. I went ahead and let Stephen know about them calling. That Sunday at church Stephen and I went up to the altar after church and explained it to Brother James Tidwell what was going on and that no one else knew about it except for my Mother. We did not want anyone to know about it until we found out for sure what was going on. Brother James laid his hands on Stephen and we all prayed that it would be ok and it would not be cancer. The Lord works miracles because when I called the doctors office on Monday, they told me that

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the mole had abnormal pigment cells and could be cancer. We had to go back after six weeks of having the biopsy to get the area checked. They told me over the phone if the color came back then they would have to do something else. I called Stephen to let him know and told him to pray every day that it does not come back. I called my Mom and told her and we all prayed every day. On the next appointment (six weeks later) we went back to the doctor. The doctor looked at his head and said it was *good news*. It has not returned and we should just keep a look out for any changes. We have to have a yearly checkup, but as of today (December 2009) you cannot even tell where it was.

By Sister Angela
(mother)

END

Rachel's Wedding *cakes and catering*

"Rachel's Wedding Cakes" is a believer owned and operated business that has specialized in making that special time in your life a never to forget experience. They have baked cakes on site in Ohio, Kentucky, and many places in Tennessee. Over the years, their references have included many satisfied message believers. To view cakes visit their web site. (www.rachelsweddingcake.theeaglesview.org)

SPONSOR A YOUTH PROGRAM

Every year there are youth that cannot go to youth camps because they are unable to afford the cost. If you would like to donate to pay a deserving youth's camp fees feel free to do so. You can do so in honor of someone, in memory of someone, in your name, the church's name or keep it a secret. Please specify the youth you would like to help and which camp you would like to help them attend. If you do not specify a youth by name; I will call the pastors and see where the need is. All donations will go toward edifying the body of Christ in our young people. For additional information please call 830-966-2244.

Please send funds to: Texas Youth Round-Up, C/O Jonathan Goff, Box 554, Utopia, Texas 78884
treasureintheword@yahoo.com

Capstone Productions has announced the publishing of their second children's book; SHAMGAR and the OX GOAD. A very imaginative retelling of the little known story of Shamgar, who was only mentioned twice in the Bible, yet greatly used of God. Taken from one verse in the book of Judges and the descriptive stories told by Bro. Branham, this is a story of one man and how he delivered Israel from the hand of the Philistines. A powerful tale of Godly virtue and strong faith! You may order by calling 800-565-2041 or online at www.Capstone-Productions.com.



CONCERNING PROPHECY

“The Bitterness of Wormwood”

Have you ever considered that as believers in an end time message, we may have an insight into world events, which may leave others wondering where we get our information? This may be the case in the latest weather patterns which we have seen develop over the past few years. According to Luke the 21st chapter, the sea, weather patterns, and other naturally occurring phenomenon will be a very strong indicator that end time events have arrived. In order for them to be signs of the end, wouldn't they need to be more than just the regular patterns of weather? Such could be the news on tsunamis, typhoons, hurricanes, etc.

At times I have asked myself what is a tsunami, and how does it happen. According to the dictionary, a tsunami is a large destructive wave which may be caused by an underwater earthquake. The wave, and the

earthquake may both be considered prophetic events. In a recent Bible study, which we conducted as a result of being asked about the seven last plagues mentioned in Revelation chapters 15 and 16, we learned about Wormwood, the star also mentioned in Revelation chapter 8 with the seven trumpets. In Revelation chapter 8, we also find the seas being troubled, along with the rivers, and fountains of water, etc. A study of the Bible concerning prophecies of the seas, rivers, and fountains of waters, will show events which trouble earths population with these instruments.

For instance, the mention of the sea becoming as the blood of a dead man may be paralleled with the massive floating garbage dumps in the Earths oceans. Another area of concern is the amount of hospital waste which has been found in the seas. News magazines have reported that vials of AIDS tainted blood have been found floating in the seas, etc. What effect would

these floating garbage dumps, and hospital waste have on sea life? In these Biblical prophecies in Revelation we find the mention of Wormwood. Wormwood is associated with a bitterness. Perhaps this bitterness is in relation to life's experience, and not only in taste. This bitterness of life may be caused by a condition in the seas, rives, and fountains of water.

According to Bro. Branham, Wormwood is associated with the antediluvian destruction in the times of Noah. We quote Bro. Branham in a sermon entitled BELIEVEST THOU THIS 51-0506A *"I hear Wormwood say, "Back in the antediluvian destruction, You give me the authority and I broke up all the fountains." You know Wormwood in--up there has control of the waters."*

Indeed, the waters of the flood were a bitter experience for those who had rejected the Word of God given by Moses. Wormwood was the angel who delivered the bitterness of the waters in the great flood.

The Bible and God's prophet tells us of things concerning Wormwood, the seas, rivers, and fountains of water, during the Great Tribulation. It may be remembered that these Seven Trumpets, and Seven Last Plagues are judgments for the Tribulation. This brings to mind our reason for the Concerning Prophecy

articles. If we are beginning to see the plagues reserved for the Tribulation period, how far distant can the Rapture of the Bride be?

These are thoughts to think on, thoughts which are concerning prophecy.



EAGLE LIGHTHOUSE TABERNACLE

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the MILLER SISTERS

Hello. We are a family trio of sisters. We completed our first project in October 1993 called "Making Melody". Many friends and family have asked us about making another CD since that time. We were able to complete a second CD in January of 2009 called "Home". We hope that you will be blessed and encouraged by this new CD. God Bless.

Contact info:

*Sherry Stewart
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15.00 plus s/h*



SERGEANT ALVIN YORK

*A true story of what
prayer can do.*

Alvin York is one of the most famous American war heroes ever. He was born in Pall Mall, Tennessee, a town in the mountainous county of the northeastern part of middle Tennessee. He was drafted into the U. S. Army in 1917 (World War I).

When York registered for the draft he wrote simply on the form, "I don't want to fight." He attempted to be exempted by reason that his church forbade its members to kill. But his exemption was denied on the grounds that his church did not expressly prohibit killing during war. York feeling that killing was not Christ-like *spent two whole days and one night in prayer upon a local mountainside.* He stated, "I received my assurance that it was

all right, that I should go, and that I would come back without a scratch. I received this assurance direct from God. And I have always been led to believe that He always keeps his promise. I told my little old mother not to worry; that it was all right, and that I was coming back; and I told Pastor Pile, and I prayed with him; and I told everybody else I discussed it with."

The next year, in the Battle of the Argonne Forest, the Meuse-Argonne offensive -- the last great push of the war. The battle began on Oct. 2, 1918. The dawn of Oct. 8 found Corporal York's company on Hill 223 near Chatel Chehery, France, with the assignment of advancing on a railway two miles in front.

As the company moved across a valley and a stream towards the objective it was met by withering machine gun fire. Most of the first wave was killed or injured, and 17 men in the second wave who were still fit for battle made a detour along the valley to get behind the German guns.

The commander was Sgt. Bernard J.

"Dedicated to message ministers who have gone on before."

The

HONOR ROLL

Pastor Jeff Clark



born in Alta, Iowa and living most of his life in other states, he found his roots in the Oklahoma soil.

On September 1, 2009, Brother Jeff Clark passed from this dimension. It is with a mixture of sadness for our loss and joy for his gain; for we know that he has entered into the joy of the Lord. I have been asked to share Brother Jeff's testimony with you and it is my honor to attempt to do that.

Jeff's parents are James and Mary Jo Clark, both from Oklahoma. His father is a veterinarian and goes by the nickname of Doc. He had just finished his degree at Oklahoma State University and one of his first jobs was for USDA in Iowa. It was there in Alta, Iowa, that Jeff was born, November 10, 1957. A second brother, Jonathan, was born in Dubuque, Iowa on December 24, 1958, before the family returned to Oklahoma City. Doc set up a vet practice in Sayre. His third brother Joel was born August 25, 1960 in Sayre. The years in Oklahoma were precious ones to Jeff, and he loved to tell stories that happened during that time. Despite being

In 1961, Doc and Mary Jo moved with their three boys to South Coffeyville, Oklahoma and then soon after to a farm just outside of Coffeyville, Kansas where Doc had a private practice for many years. Jeff spent all of his elementary and high school years there on the farm in Coffeyville. When Jeff was fourteen, his parents divorced, and the sadness of the breakup, working together with the confusion of the teen years, brought about almost five years of anger and rebellion. He was a good scholar but during his senior year, he quit school and took his GED. He enrolled in some classes at the Coffeyville Junior College but really did not have a serious focus. It was during this period of his life that things took a dramatic turnaround.

Many times I have heard him tell the story, and it is as real to me as if I had been there. Working in a full-

service gas station, pumping gas one day, Jeff began to see spots in front of his eyes and a feeling that he was going to pass out. Thinking that he was having a heart attack, Jeff thought that he was going to die right there. His life began to flash before him, and although he had made a teenage confession of faith earlier, Jeff knew that he was not living right, and that he was not ready to face God. The spell passed and he was able to complete the sale and get back in the station. Not knowing what was wrong, but also knowing that something was seriously wrong, Jeff called his younger brother, Joel, and asked him to come and sit with him, to watch the station and the money, just in case. Jeff never failed to stop at this moment and say how thankful that he was for his brothers. He would then go on to say that he was also grateful that he had found “a friend that sticketh even closer than a brother”.

After the incident at the filling station, Jeff made an appointment with a doctor. He described his symptoms and told the doctor that he thought something was wrong with his heart. The doctor examined him from head-to-toe but could not find anything wrong with him. The doctor, knowing that many young persons his age struggle with drugs and alcohol, asked if he had been experimenting with them. Jeff told him that yes, he

had been experimenting some with drugs and a lot with alcohol. The doctor told him to stop and come back in a month to see if that did not solve the problem. Jeff went home and did as the doctor had asked. Jeff returned in a month, to report that he felt better but that something was still wrong, he was still having spells, and that he was sure that there was something wrong with his heart. At this time, Brother Jeff would often insert that there was something wrong with his heart alright, but that it was not anything that the doctor could fix.

The doctor was still not able to find anything physically wrong and prescribed an anti-depressant for thirty days. When Jeff reported back at the end of thirty days that he felt better, the doctor wanted him to continue the treatment for eight or nine months but Jeff did not want to do that. He thanked the doctor for identifying the problem as depression, but realized that his answer would not be in medication but in God somewhere and began to search for Him.

A chain of events led him to the United Pentecostal Church in Coffeyville. It was there that he found God to be real and personal. Baptized in the name of Jesus, July 12, 1977, he received the baptism of



HONOR ROLL

the Holy Ghost two days later. Thus began a relationship with God that would direct the rest of Jeff's life. It was just over a year later, September 30, 1978, that we were married. Jeff spent the next twelve years ministering in the United Pentecostal Church. He wore many hats during those years, church bus driver and mechanic, maintenance man, Sunday School teacher, Evangelist and Pastor, and he never lost the desire to share his testimony with others, always desiring to share the hope that he had found in a real and living Savior.

It was in 1989, while pastoring a United Pentecostal Church in Pittsburg, Kansas, that he first came in contact with believers, Jim and Joyce Goad. They shared some books and tapes, but Jeff did not really give them serious consideration. He was busy with his own activities and did not really have a lot of time to be giving them a lot of attention. Through a series of unfortunate events, that fact changed and suddenly he began to have a lot of time. He frequently referred to those events as 'The tender hand of Jehovah' leading him to a place of 'Desperation'. The Goads were planning to attend the 1989 Murfreesboro, Tennessee

special meetings, and offered to cover his cost, if he would just get in the van and go with them. He would have been way too busy earlier but, since the Lord had freed up some of his time, he got in the van and headed for Murfreesboro.

At the meeting, Jeff was very impressed with the believers and especially impressed with the speaker, Brother Ed Byskal. Although many things happened in that meeting, the moment that stands out the most came during a song performed by Louie Blevins and the Younce Brothers, called *The Voice*. Jeff always loved music and perhaps it should not be a surprise that God might have chosen that avenue to call Jeff to a life-changing decision. It is a beautiful song but, the insert with Brother Branham calling out, called Jeff out. He had been preaching and pressing to be free of denominationalism but he was hearing the Voice of God speaking to him personally and calling him to a whole new level of separation. He began at that moment to separate himself from the Pentecostal organization and spent the rest of his life learning and seeking to 'Come out of Her' and 'Get into Him'!

Brother Ed offered to fly us to Canada to visit and learn more about the message, and Jeff accepted the offer. In 1990, Jeff and I flew to British Columbia and Brother Ed baptized Jeff in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our family was complete when later that year, July 12, 1990, our son, Joseph Luke was born. Joseph's name means 'God shall add' and Luke means 'Light'. That is exactly what Joseph did, add light to our home and Jeff was a very proud and happy father. In the nineteen years since the Murfreesboro meetings, our little family has gone many places and done many things. The last twelve years have been spent in Noel, Missouri, with Jeff as pastor of a small flock of believers.

Jeff is loved and held close by many. The suddenness of his passing is something that I am still trying to sort through. It is still unfathomable how much he will be missed. It is my confession that the steps of this righteous man were ordered by the Lord. He had really been longing to step into that other dimension. I believe that God gave him the desire of his heart and that what we call death was truly what Jeff often referred to as a 'Cadillac ride to the other side'.

His obituary is available for viewing at this time at www.ozarkfuneralhome.com and a short video

of photos can be viewed there. A web site is also being created where you can view work-in-process at www.Journeywithjeff.webs.com Here I hope to have some of Jeff's singing and preaching available soon. Please feel free to contact me at clarkhome3@gmail.com; it would be wonderful to hear from you.

By Jeff's wife,
Jo (Terherst) Clark

END

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to read of other message ministers
that has gone on before us.***

Information for those who would like to receive EV at home. EV is sent to churches for free.

> Yearly subscription rate is \$10.00 (us). > A bill will be included with the first issue of EV each year (this publication is the fall 2009 issue). The bill will be for the previous year subscription. > You can send funds anytime during the year to avoid receiving a bill. > To keep records simple, any additional funds received above the yearly fee will be considered a love offering for that year. > All subscribers will receive a bill for the amount of \$10.00 regardless of what time during the previous year they became a subscriber. They also will receive previous EV issues for that billing period. > Up-to-date mailed to your home single copy subscription is encouraged and offered to everyone.

SERGEANT ALVIN YORK

From page 11

Early, of New Haven, Conn. Corporal York was the next-ranking man left. The detail picked its way through heavy underbrush and came up on the side of the machine gun battalion.

"One of our men shot at them, and he sure started something," the coporal recalled later. "They fired on us from every direction." The burst killed or wounded 10 of the 17 men, including Sergeant Early.

Six of the remaining seven men took cover. Corporal York stayed put. "I sat right where I was, and it seemed to be that every machine gun the Germans had was shooting at me," he said. "All this time, though, I was using my rifle, and they was beginning to feel the effect of it, because I was shootin' pretty good."

The corporal picked off 18 Germans with 18 shots. "Every time one of them raised his head, I jes' teched him off," was the way he put it. Seven more members of the German battalion, realizing they faced only one man, charged with bayonets. The corporal shot them with his pistol.

At this point, the commander of the German troops surrendered.

Corporal York collected his own men and marched the column back to his own lines. Along the way, several more groups surrendered. By the time he reached American territory the corporal had 132 prisoners in tow, including three officers. He had killed 25 -- some said even more -- and silenced 35 machine guns single handed.

When he came home from the war, parades were held in Alvin York's honor all over the country. Because he was so famous, York was constantly offered large amounts of money to make speeches or to endorse products. However he refused to accept money for speaking about the war or writing about it, because he thought it was wrong to profit from what he had done. "This uniform ain't for sale," he once told someone.

York was a corporal during the action. His promotion to sergeant was part of the honor for his valor. Of his deeds, York said to his division commander, General George B. Duncan, in 1919: "A higher power than man power guided and watched over me and told me what to do."

*O God, in hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future broadening way,
In peace that only Thou can give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.*

(words from York's diary, March 29, 1918,
on his way to France)

My Testimony

Bro. Hugh Beam

On December 13, 2008 my wife and I were going over to Bro. Lee Garland's house for our annual Christmas dinner. Bro. Lee has been our pastor for the past four years and has been very gracious in this respect. It was about 2:00 on a Saturday afternoon-sunny ideal.

We topped the hill on 382 at about 40 mph as we had done many times before and came down the other side. When I got about one third the way down the other side, I was doing about 52 mph and I hit the brakes, only there was not any brakes. I pumped with no results while I was building speed. We came to a "tee" and I swung wide and turned to the right and tried to turn/slide.

Rather than go straight off an embankment, I went off at an angle and I took the greater blow. We were airlifted to Erlanger Trauma Center in Chattanooga, TN. My wife suffered a broken back (cracked), but I suffered a broken back, broken neck, broken sternum, eleven broken ribs, bruised heart, two punctured lungs, broken facial bones, broken nose, four broken vertebra, and optic nerve damage.

My heart was beating at 180 beats per minute (normal is 70). I had to be

shocked back to life at least four times. They had literally given up on me and said there was no hope, that I was gone and could not live. My family had been called in and some were prepared for this.

HOWEVER, around 40 people from churches all around did not believe this. To you who came to the hospital and prayed for me that night, there are no words that can express my thanks. Not only that, but prayer requests went out to church after church, not just for one prayer, but for prayer after prayer. This has reached denominations, overseas, wherever people can pray. Thank you!!! Faith took over where medical science stopped. I had believers in my corner who prayed for me (someone touched God) and suddenly what was a fact (death) became fiction.

The battle has been long and hard. While my wife was discharged after four days, she stayed with me for the two months I was there in ICU, then at the Kindred for respiratory rehab (MRSA pneumonia). I was told I could never eat normally and would have to eat through a feeding tube in my stomach (overcome). Finally I was at Siskins for physical rehab. I was discharged from Siskens on Feb. 13, exactly 2 months to the day.

Of course, I do not pretend to know

Continuing on page 20

Thyroid Storm



So, I quartered the pills and took them for a couple of days. I called my primary doctor and asked would they recommend me to another endocrinologist, who I knew had treated a young girl here with thyroid cancer. So they got me an appointment but it was for like a month or more away. I called the office myself and told that doctor's nurse that I did not think I would live that long. I was crying and she said honey let me see what I can do. She called me back and said that the doctor would come in and see me on her day off. I said Praise God! I went to see her and she talked to me for a while. Then she told me she would do bloodwork but she felt like I had something called Hashimoto Thyroiditis and that I was having a thyroid storm. She also told me that if I had taken that medicine the other doctor had given me, it could of caused me to have had a fatal heart attack! Thank God for that still small

Voice! She tested me and that was what it was. But there is nothing they can do for you while it is going on. Your body attacks your thyroid gland and kills it. But because it is spiking then dropping during this, you cannot take medication. I did not find out until afterwards that a thyroid storm can actually be fatal. I went to church during all of this time. I do not recall missing over one service. I play the piano and I would actually have to have help sometimes to get to it. On the days I could not play, Bro. Wes would play and lead singing. I could not hardly walk many times but I would have Larry take me into the nursery and I would lie on the floor. The sisters would always keep a check on me. I wanted to be in church where I knew that one day I would hear the right Word that would give me that faith I needed. On Father's Day 2008 I went to church. I felt horrible. I went up for prayer at the end of service and I knew that God had healed me. Now I did not get a miracle. I got healed. And we know that Bro. Branham said if you got your healing you would get worse before you got better. The kids wanted to take Larry out to eat. I did not feel like going but was determined to. I managed to get into the restaurant and sit before I had to go to the car. We were at a steakhouse across from the hospital. The devil came talking while I was lying in the car. He was telling me I'd better let them

take me over there before I died. I rebuked him and told him I was healed. By faith, I started claiming my healing. I began to get better. The symptoms were not as bad as they had been but at times they were still there. They found out it had thrown my entire body out and put me into early menopause. At my lowest point they threatened to hospitalize me if I did not quit losing weight. You just wear heavier clothes next visit! I went for my check up a few days ago and they told me my thyroid looked like it finally had started to quit working, which is what they told me would eventually happen after the storm passed. They gave me medicine and I came home and it started then. I got worse. Then I realized that, Hey I'm healed! Why would I take this medicine now? So, I completely came off my medicine! And praise God I'm going on. He doesn't half way heal us when He heals us. It's a finished work! I had gained back 10 pounds of the 23 I had lost, so they were glad about that. I know regardless of what they say and what I have to do that my God healed me. I cannot explain the things that went through my mind during that year, but I can tell you, it gave me a closer walk to Him. And for that alone, it was worth it. He is my all in all. I am so thankful for parents, Bro. Ed and Sis. Stella Tatum, who raised me in a message church, but I am so much more thankful for a God that could make

***No one knows the hours I spent
begging God to let me live to
raise my children.***

that message come alive and live in me. He is so good to me. I cannot thank the Bride of Christ enough for the prayers that were sent up for me. My family went through so much because of this, but we are closer than ever. I thank God for a husband who could stand by me and live on sandwiches or take out without getting upset. And for kids Rachel, Isaac, and Adam that took care of all they could. I am blessed beyond compare. I have a best friend, Sis. Donna Harris, who became my babysitter and my taxi driver. She went above and beyond. For a church family (The Revealed Word Tabernacle) who prayed for me and stuck it out with me. I ask God's blessings on each and everyone. If you know someone in need, please pray for them with sincerity and compassion because they may be at the point that they cannot pray for themselves. May God bless you all. I know He can and He will because He done it for me. And you may go through something you do not understand, but then later on you will be in a situation where someone needs you to pray or talk to them and then you know.....*it was for such a time as this that you went through it.*

**God bless,
Sister Lisa Bain**

why this happened to me. I have seen the hand of God in salvation, in miracles, and healings many times in the 44 years I have served Him. I do not question His wisdom, I only ask Him to let me be ready to give the correct answer to anyone who should ask me about this incident.

However, to date, as I write this, I have not had an operation even though this is about to change (cataract surgery). If you see me, I look the same, but I am decidedly shorter of breath and cannot do as much. I need to sit more, rest more, etc, but I am getting better every day. If I do not seem to have the endurance that I once had (long meetings), I probably do not.

Why did this happen? I do not know, and it does not really matter. I do know that Bro. Branham said that I could not go before my time, and God has proved Himself numerous times with healings.

I know my limits and I will take care of them. Do not baby me. Just treat me the way you always did. We will get along fine. If you change your approach to me, that is a problem. I am a man. I am the head of my house. I try to run things according to Bible teachings

An anecdote: I have absolutely no knowledge of this-I was completely

"out" for about ten days in ICU. This happened about seven hours after the wreck. My brother Don and I are both amateur (ham) radio operators. He had come down from North Carolina and was holding my hand and was trying to reassure me. He felt a rhythmic squeeze on his hand. He recognized it as Morse code. I had heard the doctors talking about giving me insulin! I told Don to stop them from that, because I was not a diabetic!! Evidently my body chemistry was giving some rather unusual signs/results due to the wreck, and the doctors had decided that I was a diabetic, and therefore needed insulin. Since I was able to get the facts to my brother, he was able to stop the medication before it was started.

One night during this ordeal the doctors explained that I only had a one per-cent chance of living through the night. However, God had other plans. And that was to perform miracle after miracle on my life as a glorious witness of His healing power.

By: Brother Hugh Beam

NOTE: Brother Beam had a complete recovery and returned to fellowship at the Apostolic Tabernacle. Brother Beam sent us this testimony shortly before he went to be with the Lord on September 11, 2009.

Missions Report Czech Republic

Brother Timothy Cross

I appreciate the opportunity to share this testimony for the Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. In July of 2009, my wife Faith and I traveled to the country of Czech Republic to be part of an annual 4-day camp for young people from Poland, Czech Republic, and other European countries. We traveled with Pastor Junior Woosley and his wife Sister Carol, Brother Morris Shirley, and we were joined by Brother Jackie Benton who had been in Germany for about a month. As the services progressed, we witnessed a tremendous work of the Holy Spirit taking place and I will share a few of the highlights. On Saturday afternoon, 13 children were baptized in Christian water baptism and we assembled afterwards for a testimony service. Believers testified of how they heard God speaking to their hearts directing them to repentance and to accept Christ as their personal Savior. There are 3 boys from Poland who were triplets and two had accepted Christ at last year's camp. They brought the third brother this year and God also drew him to accept Christ and to be baptized. There were many testimonies of healing. One brother who had a pinched



nerve and could not place full weight on his leg testified that he was miraculously healed just as he stepped into the aisle to go and be prayed for! After the Word went forth in the Saturday night service there came an outpouring of the Holy Ghost like the Book of Acts records. I cannot begin to describe the precious things that were taking place, but it was like an overwhelming tide as wave after wave swept over. Even after 1:00 in the morning most of the congregation remained in the sanctuary worshipping, praying, and rejoicing. As this continued, Bro. Benton asked me to join him in praying with a young man who was bound. We prayed and shared testimonies of God's deliverance with him and he testified in the Sunday morning service that God freed him from cigarettes.

Since leaving, it is reported that

over 50 children have testified that God gave them the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The churches where the children returned have been set afire. There were brothers who received their call into ministry. I'm sure there is too much to list in this report, but I want to assure each and every person who reads this that God is the same "yesterday, today, and forever." If you have experienced the reality of the New Birth, you can understand and rejoice in what happened at this meeting. If you desire and have not yet received It, be certain that you can and that God will do the work when you believe Him and take Him at His Word. If there's one thing I learned on this trip, I believe it is this: *Do not make up your mind on how God is going to move and work. Just yield your thoughts and your heart in prayer and ask God to do the work as He desires,* and to help you recognize what He does as it takes place. I knew that the Holy Spirit still operates in every manner and measure as on the Day of Pentecost and in the Book of Acts, but when it did, it came in such a Divine way that it found me in amazement. I know God will do the same for you according to His Promise in Acts 2.

I have had a burden on my heart to travel back to Czech Republic for the second time this year. A few months ago, a pastor there extended an invitation and gave me a window of dates that were good to come. I had

used all of my allotted vacation time from work and there seemed to be no way. One Friday morning something prompted me to check on a ticket to fly to Czech on the week prior to Thanksgiving. I was amazed to see a deal offered that cost only \$120 when combined with my "Sky-miles". I felt to ask my boss if there was any way possible for me to take 6 days of unpaid vacation so I could take advantage of the offer. He just frowned, rubbed his chin, and said he would try to have an answer on Monday. When I asked him again, he said he would really prefer me to take less than a week off if it was possible. Well, when I checked on tickets again Monday night, the offer I had seen on Friday was gone. I called a ticket agent and she checked an assortment of flights and dates but could not find even a comparable offer. After ending my conversation with her, I just couldn't let it go. I continued checking online and found some other flights using "Sky-miles", but every time I clicked on the offers, an error message popped up and referred me to the same phone number I had already called. Well, hoping I wouldn't get the same lady to answer, I called the number once more. This time a man answered and I once again explained my situation and I told him the problem I was having with the website. He started checking and then I heard him say, "Ah, I see the

problem.” When that conversation ended, I had a round trip ticket for \$75 (\$20 of that was the phone booking fee). Also, it was about 1.5 days shorter schedule, and it involved direct flights from NY to Czech eliminating one connection in Amsterdam each way! My boss agreed to that flight schedule. I was so thankful and I could see how God even held me from making a reservation on Friday, which led to finding a much better offer! What seemed to be an obstacle, turned out to be a blessing!

Be encouraged and pray for the Bride of Christ around the world! If you are interested in joining future missions to India, Eastern Europe, and South America, please contact us and pray for us as this work progresses.

In Christ,
Brother Timothy Cross
timandfaith@msn.com

END

Watch your thoughts; they become
words.

Watch your words; they become
actions.

Watch your actions; they become
habits.

Watch your habits; they become
character;

Watch your character; it becomes
your destiny.

The New Tidwells

Coming spring of 2010

We recorded our last CD “Moving On” with three different styles of music. However, to duplicate the same in live performances outside a recording studio has been nearly impossible. We believe adding new singers, musicians, and new singing material will help us to achieve these goals. Some of these changes will include other family members: Dawson filling in as a drum player, Noah assisting with the bass guitar, James helping out with the keyboard, and David joining as a new lead singer. Dawson, Noah, John David, Gracie, and Drew will also be featured singers, part time musicians, and will participate in some youth skits. Songwriting changes will include obtaining more material from a variety of writers. We feel that believers not only want to worship with music they know well, but also desire a diversity of music. We also have other musical plans relating to video, vocal, and sound tracts. Our desire is that every individual song will be different. We believe the new changes will be a greater blessing to the Body of Christ by capturing more worship, honor and praise for ***the Glory of God.***

To read past issue of the Eagle's View visit www.theeaglesview.org. The password is “readev”.

2010 Youth EVENTS

FEBRUARY

Covington, GEORGIA
Aaron Gilreath 678.283.3983

MARCH

Fort Smith, ARKANSAS
Frank Prater 479.474.0465

APRIL

Dry Creek, LOUISIANA
Tim Pruitt 318.927.5211

JUNE

West Milton, OHIO
Mike Severt 937.672.9465

JULY

Honea Path, SOUTH CAROLINA
Burley Williams 893.640.3195

SEPTEMBER

Elkton, KENTUCKY
John Laster 270.265.7477

Rutherfordton, NORTH CAROLINA
Joe Greene 828.286.9639

OCTOBER

Gibson, MISSOURI
Bill Ivy 573.792.3787

Monticello, KENTUCKY
Luther Dishman 606.348.4790

NOVEMBER

Russellville, KENTUCKY
Brad Powell 270.604.2020

DECEMBER

Toledo, OHIO
Paul LaFontaine 517.902.8835

Utopia, TEXAS
Jonathan Goff 830.966.2244

Leesburg, FLORIDA
Stacy Goodbread 321.332.8675

Please call for additional information and confirmation. These youth events may not transpire in 2010, for they are compiled from past youth events. For additional information (if available) visit www.theeaglesview.org

We are living in the astronaut age, going into the heavenlies. People can't understand it. When you talk about a shock coming, just wait till that church starts moving up, when that great eagle called the Church of God, redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ, spreads forth Her wings, and the power of the Holy Ghost begins to lift Her up off the earth. It's going to be a wonderful time.

The Countdown 62-1125