

1986

## Paths of Judgment

*I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment:  
That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their  
treasures. Proverbs 8:20,21*

**H**alf of My Goods. For several years I had been giving about twenty percent of the money that came to Water of Life Ministries to other ministries, the poor, and some saints. In early August God spoke to me and said, “I want you to give one half of the ministry’s money away.” I shared this with Terry Mai and within thirty minutes he brought me some scripture, Luke 19:8;

*And Zacchaeus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor;*

I read it and I looked at him and said, “That’s easy for you to say!” He just smiled as he most certainly could, never said a word and just walked out of my office. Within a couple of days I settled in my heart that that was the will of God. It took me a few months more to believe that God wanted me to give one-half of my personal money away also. But He did, and I have, and more. And my heart has not changed since.

**Renovating the East Side.** The Spirit of God directed me to begin renovating the building. I had already replaced the pews with chairs and my desire was to begin renovating the sanctuary. I wanted to then refurbish the entire east side of the building, which included the Fellowship Hall, the halls, the offices, and the nursery, thirteen rooms in all.

I planned on redoing my office last. But God had a different direction. One afternoon I stepped out of my office and when I returned the ceiling had collapsed in on all the furniture. The Lord said, “Now start with your office.” And I did.

As I began the work a person came to me and promised me the revenue from the sale of some stock they owned. The value of the stock at that time was \$130,000. I began the preparation for the renovations and before the stock sold and the money was delivered to me the value of it dripped to just about \$120,000. It was a

real blessing to me because of what was the initial value of the stock before the sale and the revenue I received had dropped just more than \$10,000, yet the amount paid for all of the renovations. The Lord was continuing to convince me that He was Lord of all that He directed me to do as it states in Psalm 145:9, *The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.*

**Judging Word of Faith Satellite.** We had been receiving Word of Faith Satellite since 1983. I knew before it started it was in error, but God had me take it so I could overcome the spirits of it. I saw that all that participated in the programs taught confusion, had little power, and basically were not teaching by the Spirit of God. None of them had a revelation of the Gospel. The most glaring thing that I noticed was they had not done what the Apostle Paul did in I Corinthians 2: 1,2, when he said,

*And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

They were not walking in these words but they were teaching by their own spirit and preaching a vision of their own heart as in Ezekiel 13:3,

*Thus saith the Lord GOD; Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing!*

One bold woman came to me and said “Doyle, don’t you know these people are teaching error?” I replied, “Yes I do, just be quiet, God told me to do this.”

In March Word of Faith Satellite had an event that took place with Bob Tilton and Novel Hayes. People were saying it was another Azusa Street, making all kinds of proclamations and continuing every night. On the eighth day in the morning while shaving I said, “This is not God.” God immediately spoke, “Now that you have rightly judged, you are free from taking Word of Faith Satellite. I stopped it that day.

**Medicine is a Curious Art.** I was reading the book of Acts in April. As I read in chapter 19:

*Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.*

I believe God said to me, “Your medical books are curious arts.” I just could not believe that.

August 8, while working in the Fellowship Hall I lacerated my wrist on a 2’x2’ piece of aluminum ceiling light fixture. When I looked at the cut, it was a deep one, I could see the tendon was severed and the arteries and veins were lying there

exposed. I could also see the nerves. The first thing I questioned was how did the devil get to me? I was immediately reminded, "Through your medical books." This was a major change in my life. God told me that medicine was witchcraft several months before and I simply could not believe that.

The attending physicians told me that I had destroyed my wrist because of the tendons being lacerated. I immediately rejected that when they told me. I just told them "Suture it up and let me go!" (One interesting aspect of this event, with all the laboratory analysis that was done and interpreted by physicians, they said I was in perfect health. I responded that I knew that.) For two weeks they put a half cast on my forearm and hand and replaced it on the fourteenth day with a full cast. They directed me to leave this on for six weeks, but come in at three weeks and let them look at it. The evening that the cast was applied I was having dinner at a restaurant. I looked down and there was a piece of the plaster bandage that was not adhered to the rest of the cast. I knew God did that. As I sat there looking at that tag, God spoke to me, "You ought to obey God and not man." I replied, "Are you telling me to take this cast off?" God said again, "You ought to obey God and not man." This discourse was repeated three times. I excused myself and went to the men's room, grabbed that loose piece and started pulling that cast off. I removed about two-thirds of it but was unable to remove the rest. I returned home and grabbed a pair of tin snips and finished removing it. I never went back to see the physician.

That day God said to get rid of all my medical books. I dropped them into the dumpster one by one and as I did God began delivering me from medicine.

I continued to have pain in my left wrist for a year. Later as I was looking on my bookshelves there I saw my Dorland's Medical Dictionary. God said to throw it away. Because it had some Greek and Latin in it, I thought I might need it. But I obeyed God and through it into the dumpster. Within months all that pain left. I had to be delivered from the devil that was lodged in my wrist. Today I have no pain my left wrist; it is as strong as my right, praise to the Lord! I never lost any function or motion.

God spoke, "Because you have obeyed me, my mercy shall never depart from this house." Most certainly that word had been proven.