

1987

Feeding the Poor

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work: As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever. 2 Corinthians 9:8,9

The McKinney Mission. In March God directed me to start a mission in McKinney. We leased a concrete block building on the East Side. We gave away food once a week and we also taught and prayed for the sick. We would put together a week's worth of staples; bread, crackers, macaroni and cheese, peanut butter, canned soup, etc. People from Water of Life Ministries would make an "assembly line" with the different products and put them into a box to give away.

I saw God do miracles in that building. One night in particular a woman came up to me that had a withered left hand. Before I could even pray for her, God took her arm and it appeared to me that He rotated it in such a way that was not possible for an arm to move. It frankly alarmed me. But when she put her hand out, her hand had become normal. I said, "What happened to you?" She replied, "When I got a divorce I got bitter." I responded back to her, "God just had mercy on you and restored your arm. Don't be bitter anymore."

This building was located in an area that the McKinney police would not go over there except by twos. Water of Life people, including their children, walked the streets with no fear. I knew one of the police officers and he was amazed that we were not afraid. It was a testimony to him that we served God.

God Brought Lisa to Walk with Me. One morning in August God spoke to me by His Spirit with a strong anointing on the words. That anointing remained on me for one hour. God gave Lisa to me as my second wife. It was a time for the Lord to begin separating certain people from my ministry. She was a stumbling stone to those that were appointed. I Peter 2:7, 8 "*Unto you therefore which believe he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed.*" Lisa rebelled against the will of God and I do not even know where she is at today.

Coming a Great Deliverance. I was out jogging in Fairview one afternoon in September. I jogged by an automobile parked alongside the road that had a lady in it I knew. As I jogged by she said, "I want a hug!" I answered back as I continued jogging, "I don't have time to give hugs!" As soon as I said that the Lord said to me, "Yes, you do!" So, I just jogged in a circle and came up to her door which was open, sat down on the edge of the seat to give her a hug and the gift of prophecy came up in me. The Lord spoke, "As Joseph's brothers sold him into bondage so have your brothers and sisters put you into bondage but there is coming a great deliverance."

Note: When Kathie D and I were working on the year 1986 and writing about all the ministers of Word of Faith Satellite I began to sense and overcoming of the spirits they walked in. To put it plainly, things lifted off of me that they had spoken with their tongues during their teaching. This is part of the great deliverance. I'm still overcoming words that were spoken by teachers from their own spirit and a vision of their own heart. Ezekiel 13:3, *Thus saith the Lord GOD; Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing!*

Respecter of Persons. Here is a story that might help you. In 1987, my father was scheduled to undergo surgery in Missouri, where he lives. The doctors were going to use a balloon technique to clear some blockage in his coronary arteries.

Although I knew in my spirit that the operation was not serious, there was a tremendous pressure in the spirit for me to go to Missouri. My father was nearly 80 years old, and the doctors had told him that he might die during the procedure.

The spirits in the doctors and in my family tried to frighten me into going to Missouri. The Father of spirits, the One in heaven who directs my steps, said to stay in Texas. I told my family, "When God tells me to come, I'll be there."

While they were running tests on his heart, the doctors discovered a tumor in my father's kidney and said the kidney would have to be removed surgically. God said, "Go," and I went.

A close friend of mine, a man I consider a brother in the Lord--and I do not consider everyone who calls himself one a brother--volunteered to fly me to Missouri in his plane, and we decided that it was the will of God for him to do so.

We left McKinney, Texas, flying north, and about the time we crossed the Red River, we ran into a series of thunderstorms. I am not a pilot, but I have been in a lot of airplanes, and I had never seen anything like it.

Thunderstorms would form directly in front of us. We tried to go over them and around them, but every time we headed for an opening in the clouds, another storm would form in front of us.

After about 30 minutes, I began to pray. I knew that I had been resisting evil spirits and obeying God by not going to Missouri sooner, but I also knew that God had sent me when I finally went.

As I sat there, God said to me, "Have I ever sent you anywhere that you did not arrive? I said, "No, Lord," then I relaxed and watched my friend try to fly around those clouds.

A moment later, God said, "He'll have to go under those thunderstorms to get through." I sat quietly, because I was not flying the airplane, and I have enough sense to be quiet when someone is operating something I know nothing about.

After 15-20 minutes, my friend looked at me and said, "I believe I am going to have to go under these clouds." I said, "You have the mind of God, because that's what He told me about 15 minutes ago."

We went under the storms, found some clear flying, and headed north. In the process of avoiding the storms, we had drifted much farther east than either of us had realized. We arrived over a city and looked at it. I saw the interstate highway and a river, and I thought it was Tulsa.

We flew above the interstate for a few minutes, but I did not recognize any of the towns below us. That was strange to me, because I knew that highway like the palm of my hand.

My friend looked at the map and said, "These towns are not on the right side of the interstate." I said, "This is not the right interstate." As it turned out, instead of Tulsa, the city we had flown over was Fort Smith, Arkansas.

After we realized that, the plane ran out of fuel. In the process of avoiding the thunderstorms, my friend had forgotten to switch the fuel tanks. We were flying along smoothly, and suddenly the plane coughed once, then died. That was the first time I had ever been in an airplane that began sinking, but that one did.

My friend handed me the microphone and said, "Take this." I did not know what he was preparing to do, but I knew that I was going to look for a field to help him direct the plane down, because I knew God had told me that I was going to arrive where He sent me.

I was not afraid. I had no fear at all, whether anyone believes that or not. I thought that, at the worst, we might be detained a short time in one of the fields below us, because the engine was not running, and I knew that plane was not going to stay in the air very much longer.

Whatever my friend did, the engine started after two or three attempts. The engine would start, and the plane would lift up a little, then the engine would die--start, lift up, and die.

On about the third try, the engine began to run. Once we were settled, I asked him, "What happened?" He said that he had forgotten to switch the fuel tanks. Then we landed and found out where we were.

We flew on to Missouri without any more problems, but I could not understand all the confusion we had been through. I attended my father's surgery, which went fine, and the day after the surgery, my friend and another pilot returned for me.

They flew up from McKinney, and they were going to pick me up at a small airstrip near my sister's house, where I grew up. It would have been very convenient. The weather stopped them, however, and they had to land about 60-70 miles away.

They rented a car and came to pick me up. We drove to the airport, boarded the plane, and started back to McKinney.

The flight back was totally by instruments. Much of the time, we could not see anything but clouds.

I sat in the plane praying, and the pilot radioed for instructions about landing in McKinney. The air traffic controller told him that the cloud cover was too heavy for us to land in McKinney, and that we would have to land in Addison, Texas.

I kept praying as we continued toward Addison. We had to fly over McKinney on the way to Addison, and as we passed over McKinney, the clouds suddenly broke open, and we could see the sun shine through.

The pilot said, "I'm going in right here," and we landed in McKinney. Actually, we needed to land in McKinney, because I had to be at church for a service.

I was puzzled why the trip had gone the way it had--why there had been so much confusion, even though each time I had needed something to happen, it had happened. I began to pray, but I could not hear any answer from God. In fact, I did not hear His answer for a day or two.

The entire trip was set up by Him, however, and He finally showed me why. The next day or so, I was talking with my friend. We were talking about the trip, and he said, "I consider you important cargo."

Immediately, James 2:9 came to me, and I said, "And that is sin." To consider someone "important cargo" is to be a respecter of persons, and that is sin.

The body of Christ is full of people who are respecters of persons. No person is important to God, unless he or she is obeying Him. There are no important people. There is no one higher than another. If we obey God, we are important to Him. If we do not obey God, we commit sin.

God taught me a valuable lesson on that trip. James 2:9 says that a respecter of persons transgresses the law. The penalty for transgressing the law is death. That is frightening, whether you know it or not.

You say, "Doyle, we are not under the law." I agree, but if we are respecters of persons, we put ourselves under the law. The Holy Spirit will not lead us to be respecters of persons.

The problem with the church is that religious people cannot read. They do not want to read. They want to glorify someone in the flesh and not glorify the Father in heaven.

You might as well know now that if you are going to walk with God, you will have to lay your flesh aside. You are not going with God in the flesh, because He will not go with you.

You do not want to be a respecter of persons. The day you become a respecter of persons is the day you commit sin. And that is the day you become separated from God. You are open prey for the devil.

The church does not know that being a respecter of persons is sin. The church thinks that drinking is sin, that dancing is sin, and that smoking is sin. The church does not know that it is sin to give a man in a \$1000 suit a front row seat, and to give someone with long hair, dirty blue jeans, and sandals a seat in the back. They do not know that is sin.

Sin is sin. It does not matter what sin it is, sin separates you from God. Never think that I or anyone else is important to God. I am a servant of God, and that is the only importance I have.

If, when I humble myself and obey God and let the Spirit of God flow through me, that is important, fine. But do not ever think that you are so important that God could not do without you. He did without an entire generation of Jews.

This has become a lesson about humility, but the church needs to hear this. Religious people think they are important to God. They will tell you they are.

I am telling you that you are only important to God if you believe Him and obey Him and serve Him. If you will do that, He will honor you. But if you disobey

Him, you are not any more important to God than any other sinner. You will simply be cut off from Him.

The Authority of an Apostle and Prophet to Deal with a Man's Life. In the mid-80's a man that was attending Water of Life Church came to me and said that the Plano Police were investigating him about child molestation. I answered, "Well, are you guilty?" He responded, "No". "Well, if you're not guilty, you have nothing to worry about," was my response. He came three or four times with the same information and each time I asked the same question and I got the same response. My answer was always the same, "If you're not guilty, you have nothing to worry about."

Before the trial began there was a meeting with this man, his attorney, and me. The District Attorney worked an agreement and offered this man in my presence ten years probation if he would confess his sins. The man said, "I'm not guilty." I said in the presence of both of them, "If you are not guilty, then God will deliver you."

Then I heard that he had been indicted. They had a trial and it ended in a hung jury. I knew the district attorney well and I asked him if he were going to re-try this and he responded, "Yes." I still didn't believe the person was guilty. In 1987 they had the second trial and I was called as a witness. When I arrived at the courthouse no one instructed me where to sit or not sit, so I sat down in the back of the courtroom and listened to the other witnesses. I saw later that God had a purpose for all of this. It came my turn to testify so they put me on the witness stand, and swore me in. An attorney asked me some questions, but every time I would try to answer the district attorney would object and objection would be sustained. After some time the Spirit of God in me had heard enough, and the Lord said out of my mouth to the judge, "Your honor, I would like to discuss this in your chambers." He said, "Now?" I answered, "Yes sir." And he replied, "Let's go." So we went to his chambers. I remember part of the conversation in that I told the judge they were not allowing me to answer questions that other witnesses were allowed to answer. Understand when God wants to confuse people he will confuse everyone, but I was not at all confused. The judge started saying to me how he knew our system was not perfect but it's the best we have. I answered with what God was saying, that there was only one system that was just and that was the Lord's, the judge of the whole earth. After a few minutes more of dialogue the judge said he was going to suspend me as a witness and I could sit in the back of the courtroom to watch and I could testify in the sentencing.

He was found guilty and during the sentencing phase this man's attorney asked me if this man got out of prison, would he be welcome back into my church? My response was "What kind of a question is that? People attend my ministry that have sinned, been forgiven, and now they have a right relationship with God." And I went on to say that that's what I was trying to tell every one yesterday and I was not allowed to testify. The judge stopped me and stated, "If I let you

continue, you are going to chastise this jury!” I responded, “That is not true, that is not my job.” My testimony was finished.

The man received a sentence of 99 years.

I was not satisfied with the results. I could not understand how a human being could be offered probation and refuse it, when in fact he was guilty and he knew it. God was showing me the wickedness of the human heart. I set myself to pray and understand what in the world was going on. I know how to pray and James writes, *The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* And I wanted to know the truth.

At 3:00 on a Saturday afternoon after much prayer, God spoke to me with these words; “He would not acknowledge his sin to you because he would not even acknowledge it to me.” That settled it with me, the Word of God is all I need.

A few days later I received a phone call from the jail in McKinney saying the judge had set a \$25,000 bond pending appeal and would I bail him out? I thought they were kidding because I had been told that 20-99 years was not bondable, but I established that it was true, a bond had been set. I borrowed some stock from a friend, a \$50,000 certificate for collateral and they let him go.

I picked him up and brought him to the church. I told him on the way, “God has given you an opportunity to repent.” He replied, “I’m not guilty.” I warned him again, to not play with God. He said again, “I am not guilty.” I brought him to a prayer meeting that was going on at the church, but he never would change, so I let him go. The next morning I received a phone call from the authorities in McKinney. They said there had been a mistake, this man has to be brought back to jail. I called the man and said, “Come on, lets go, you have to go back to jail.” You see I don’t need handcuffs or guns, I have authority. He came to church; I picked him up and took him to the McKinney jail. When they saw us coming in they encompassed us with officers, handcuffed him, and returned him to jail. What was interesting was a friend of mine and I were blamed by the judge for causing him to make the mistake. He was very angry, but it was God that confounded him and caused him to make the mistake.

A few years back this man was scheduled for early release. It came into my spirit, “No, you will not let him go!” and his early release was cancelled.

This man’s name is Victor Hornel and this is a link to his information:

<http://www.texastribune.org/library/data/texas-prisons/inmates/victor-edward-hornel/769518/>

Jack Turquette was involved with the bonding.

Sometime after this man was incarcerated, Jack Turquette, who had connections in the court house and jail system, called me and told me that the judge in charge of this sentencing had another case before his court and during the trial someone ran from the courtroom and jumped over the railing, fell three or four floors, and was killed.

With God's provision, we carpeted the Fellowship Hall, hallways, offices, and nursery.

Steve and Terre Brown took over the Denton Church.