

My Crucial Encounters with Christ

by Anthony N. Wade

The year was 1973. I was searching for meaning in life and desperately wanted change, but didn't know how. To my surprise things began to occur for me in a class in high school. This was my senior year. I did not want to approach my future not knowing my *destiny* in life or Who He was. When Christ enters your existence, He brings people around you to introduce Himself to you.

It was in my speech class. He chose VR, and DDC to acquaint me with Him. These two individuals were committed to Christ, and they showed it in their character and conduct. It was evident in the speeches they presented to the class. They would often testify to the pupils about their life in Him. Although I did not show it, they were feeding me exactly what I was searching for. I wanted something that had substance to it. VR, and DDC showed substance in their lifestyles. I was so hungry for change. I was raised in a denomination that didn't challenge where you were, or how you lived. The best way to put it is they had a form of godliness, but denied the power (**2Timothy 3:5**). To tell you the truth, I was headed for eternal damnation.

In August of that year I was invited to a local church for a Sunday evening service. Little did I know that this was the church that VR attended. It seemed like a coincidence that I happened to go to this assembly. I was hooked from the very first experience; it was the place for me. From August until December of that year I was being drawn by 'The Holy Ghost' I never will forget the day. After the message I knew I was supposed to respond. I know this wasn't the case, but that morning it was as if I floated down the aisle to receive Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. That was December 9th 1973. I grew by leaps and bounds, and was so hungry for spiritual truth. One year later I was introduced to the 'Baptism of the Holy Ghost' with the evidence of speaking with other 'tongues.' What an experience it is having the ability to pray in a language that I was never taught to speak. It was my opportunity to connect with Him in a 'Supernatural Way.' Praying in other 'tongues' is the *hotline* to Heaven.

After six years at this church I was instructed by 'The Holy Ghost,' to go to K.H.'s Bible School. I had been listening to his fifteen minute radio broadcast, and studying some of his printed material. I didn't know if Mr. H. had a Bible School, so I made some serious inquiries. Sure enough, Mr. H. had a Bible Training Center in Broken Arrow, OK., a suburb of Tulsa. In August 1979, I quit my job, packed up my material possessions; my wife, and children and headed to Oklahoma. In May of 1981, I graduated from Minister H.'s Bible School. It has been an adventure of faith from then until now, following 'The Holy Ghost.'

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