



Do You Know How Good Prophets Please Good Pastors?

My Prophetic Upbringing

By Phyllis Ramia

A Lady Prophetess Speaks Out From Hawaii

"KEEP IT SIMPLE, SWEETHEART"

I CAME NOT TO YOU WITH EXCELLENCY OF SPEECH

(Phyllis Paraphrased)

So, dear brothers and sisters, when I came to you to write this book, I came not with excellency of speech or wisdom declaring unto you the testimony of God for I am determined not to know anything except Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling (as to what to write) and my speech and my prophetic preaching and writings are not with enticing words of woman's wisdom, but in the demonstration of His Spirit and His power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men (or women) but in the power of God. I Corinthians 1:2-5

Let not the wise man or woman bask in their wisdom, nor the mighty man or woman bask in their might, nor the rich man or woman in their riches.

Let them boast in this alone that they know Me, and understand that I am the Lord of justice and righteousness Whose love is steadfast, and I love to be this way.

Jeremiah 9:23LB

I prefer not to be called a mighty woman of God; rather an ordinary woman of God who God's Spirit flows through her as it pleases Him- Christ seen in me, the hope of His glory.

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HOW GOOD PROPHETS PLEASE GOOD PASTORS

The Lord spoke directly to my heart one day saying, "Phyllis, do you know how good prophets please good pastors?" Then He gave me this prophetic parable on our prophetic place in the "church tapestry". It's an honor and privilege to be entrusted to speak prophetic words to a local church body. Every church is like a unique and beautiful tapestry woven together by the loving hands of our Chief Shepherd, Jesus Christ. All is done under the guidance and direction of the dear Holy Spirit and watchful eye of our Lord God Jehovah.

EVERY CHURCH TAPESTRY IS DIFFERENT

Every Church tapestry is different in weave, texture, color and age. Even the glorious borders (doctrines) that so fitly frame each tapestry are uniquely different.

A prophet is one who builds the church. God gives the prophet the skill and know-how of how to work within each church's border (doctrine). I've seen it happen time after time—as the prophet listens up for the Holy Spirit's leadings and prompting, the prophet will automatically and supernaturally pick up on the good pastor's favorite threads of Scripture, songs, sound doctrines, and prophecy. According to these, the prophet knows intuitively by the Holy Spirit's direction how to weave and blend in these threads to ease an anxious pastor's heart... especially if this is the pastor's first exposure to prophecy.

- **A PROPHET OF FAITH** knows in due season God's creative word will come to pass and prosper because the prophet just plain trusts the Lord to do this.

- **A GOD-FEARING PROPHET** will first examine the church tapestry's age and then discern by the Spirit and prayer how to handle this precious, prized, fragile cloth lest it fall apart in the process of restoration. The prophet learns how to see (with eyes of faith) the finished piece before it's complete.

THE ART OF INVISIBLE MENDING AND WEAVING

Sometimes prophets are unfamiliar with a church tapestry, or perhaps that church has never had a prophet come. The church has yet to learn how to trust in the prophet's weaving skills. Many times prophets have to learn the art of invisible mending and weaving. This is done by a complete dependence on the Holy Spirit's guidance. By faith, prophets are called to do a lot of invisible work behind the scenes with the pastor which is never seen, but shows up later in the back of the church tapestry. And to the prophet, all the crazy threads of confusion on the back are mind-boggling, but the Spirit gives him discernment to place each thread back perfectly.

More often, they have to work on the back side of the church's tapestry in private with only the person and pastor in attendance; but they know their God will faithfully vindicate His words of love and correction.

My Word which goes forth out of My mouth shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish all it was sent to do. Isaiah 55:11

- **A WISE PROPHET** has learned how to handle this church's prized old tapestry so carefully and gently so as not to cause any tears by ripping through good works already done. The prophet

knows how to pull the whole piece together sweetly and neatly with less stress.

BRINGING IN BRIGHT NEW REVELATION THREADS

A good prophet is given Holy Spirit guidance and a godly “know-how” to skillfully stitch aging tapestries with a gentle touch. They carefully hand pick and hand weave all the newest, bolder threads of revelation into this old church tapestry with such loving care that nothing unsightly stands out when they’re finished. New oracles and revelations are beautifully blended in.

- **A KIND-HEARTED PROPHET** gathers together God's hurting people who are like worn, torn, and shorn-out little lambs to tend and mend their baa-d hurts so they can leap up higher onto new trails, coming back with happy wagging tails and tongues, leaving all sad, woeful tales behind them.
- **A COMPASSIONATE PROPHET** will gather up all the loose ends left hanging out, those worn and torn damaged threads of people's everyday lives, to then gently restore beauty and strength by securing them back into the tapestry, tightening up the piece for years to come.
- **A SENSITIVE PROPHET** won't poke about in people's lives only to leave that person with broken threads hanging out. It's the prophet's main heart and purpose that every thread be placed back secure, strong and neat. After all, we are all one family in Christ, woven together for greater strength. Have we not all suffered, been left undone at times, hanging out with frayed ends at the end of our bare threads of hope?

- **A DISCERNING PROPHET** quickly spots troubled areas by the Holy Spirit's guidance. He uses the Holy Spirit like a great magnifying glass, helping him to detect weak spots in the church tapestry.

SPIRIT SHOWS A GAP

When the Spirit shows them, for example, a large gaping hole in the church tapestry left by someone leaving the church, they will seek to mend the gap by **spotting the strong threads in other ministries** and sewing them into that empty place. They also help heal a pastor's heart when a church tapestry is split or torn asunder. They will pick the dear pastor's torn and ripped threads, weaving them back together, healing his heart and his family and church family's heart.

IT'S TOUGH ON A PROPHET when strong words of exhortation and admonishment have to come out through them. It's tough to touch on people's sore spots. A prophet has an awesome and awful job of picking up loose ends of hurt feelings and then putting them back through the eye of God's needle.

- **A VERY PICKY, CAREFUL PROPHET** knows how to correct and pick up the lost stitches with the least amount of pain. Sadly, prophets are more often misunderstood, but they know they're held accountable to the great Prophet, Jesus, for every word spoken through their mouths by the Holy Spirit. Good prophets know it's wise to have other prophets about them to judge and confirm their words.

- **GOOD, STEADY, CAREFUL, EXPERIENCED PROPHETS** learn how to poke quickly with a few moments of pain, then pull those strong threads of deliverance through to tighten up the tapestry cloth's loose ends.
- **A SEASONED PROPHET IS TRAINED HOW TO GIVE SHARP CORRECTION GENTLY...** Sticking God's needle of correction to people and then having to hear and see their pain at the sharp point of God's needle is a hard task, a task I've never liked, but this corrective work must be done; and more often, prophets may get stuck with the job of delivering hard words from God's chastening Spirit. Be sure the pastor is there to confirm all corrections. It is wise to tape also.

AHH, LOOK NOW AT OUR CHURCH'S GLORIOUS TAPESTRY

After all is said and done and the work is completed, everyone looks with eyes of wonder at the newly repaired and restored tapestry. Why, it looks so good. It almost looks like it did when it was first new. There was an unveiling; and lo and behold, as the prophet and the pastor step back with the elders, deacons, and church body, they see a more glorious tapestry. Why, it's a picture of our glorious, radiant Lord and Shepherd, Jesus Christ, holding His little lambs close to His breast. Jesus in the head of His beautiful Church and we are the little lambs in His arms. All is in order and in good shape. **Thank God, the prophet can breathe again.**

The church smiles and says their thanks that God has sent them a true and faithful servant—a true prophet, craftsman who worked skillfully with the help of God's own dear hand. **This is how a good prophet pleases a good pastor, my dears.**

So it might be wise for all the five-fold body ministries (apostles, prophets, evangelists, teachers, and pastors) to be, oh, so careful and prayerful when working on another man's foundation or personal church tapestry.

I grew up having respect for pastors and their responsibilities and respect for all their hard work. I know it is tough to be a pastor. I have watched pastors labor hard without any apparent rewards except the ones they receive from the Lord. They know there is not much fame or money in a pastor's call. They are not looking for that. Some have had to labor hard and work outside jobs just to get by.

However, as of late, I have seen quite a few new, young pastors here in Hawaii who already had good businesses before being ordained. Their success in business has helped them to run their churches and keep things going a bit easier until their churches got on their feet.

HOOKED ON PROPHECY

You may ask how I started prophesying. I started speaking out prophetically in our own small home meetings at my parent's house. I was about sixteen. At age 28, my parents rented a storefront or had prayer meetings in a public library- and there I began to speak not only prophecy to the general group, but more personal prophetic words. I still recall the very first personal prophecy the Holy Spirit gave me to give to a dear little lady. She was so thrilled and thankful. I felt

happy- she was blessed. From then on, I was hooked on prophecy for sure, seeing how it truly comforted people.

In 1968 in a small prayer group in Sacramento, California, with my Bible and autoharp to sing with, I ministered both general and personal prophetic words. I flowed out in prophecy with great joy. I was simply following closely in my father Samuel's prophetic footsteps as he had ministered to this same group a year or so before.

I came to Hawaii at the age of 33 and went about prophesying in Assemble of God churches and other groups. Here I found two strong women pastors who advised me. They were Pastor-Sister Bloom, a powerful woman of God in Aiea and Pastor-Sister Bernice Proctor who also started many Glad Tidings churches in the Islands.

My dear 72-year old Pastor-Sister Bernice Proctor would say as we ministered together in the welfare projects. "Phyllis, you have the zeal and enthusiasm, but I have the wisdom on how to keep you from making zealous mistakes prophetically." I had a wonderful time with Sister Bernice. I saw a real saintly woman of God in action- in words and deeds. We should all be so graciously mentioned.

And now, I've been prophesying for over 50 years and still love to see the way God blesses with the prophetic word. Beloved, it's awesome-this ministry. I am so thankful to have the great privilege to be a prophetess.

MY PROPHETIC UPBRINGING

Mom, Dad, Grandmother, and I were in church morning, noon, and night. It was like our hobby. I was saved at the age of 10, baptized in water and the Holy Spirit, and speaking in tongues at 13.



DEAR OLE 9TH ST. RESCUE MISSION

My Mom and Dad raised me in dear Brother and Sister Morris' 9th Street Rescue Mission, a shelter in downtown Oakland, California for people living on the streets. At the tender age of 3, sporting my Grandma Reeve's best handmade Shirley Temple curls, I watched the ever-changing scenes of spiritual miracles- lives touched and changed by a loving God and His caring people. I stood tippy-toed, looking with big, wide-opened, green eyes over the back of the old green wooden church bench. I saw true godly repentance, godly salvation, godly deliverances and healings. Here I learned what Pentecost was all about. I discovered my Pentecostal roots, good spiritual manners and so much more.

Being so close to the baby shoreline, the bitter cold winters drove many street people into the Mission where they found warm people with warm hearts. There they got the whole Pentecostal Peter package, as I call it: saved, healed, delivered, and baptized in water and in the Holy Spirit- lives completely and wonderfully transformed.

The Holy Spirit-filled preacher preached the good old-fashioned hell, fire and brimstone. The evangelist gave a strong salvation message. People got what they came to God's altar for- and more.

I saw the Holy Spirit in action at the altar. People went up there not only to cry out, but to die out. I saw godly sorrow and godly repentance that produced real godly tears. Women would hover over a lost girl for hours, staying and praying and casting out the devil with gusto until she "got through" to touch God or to touch His throne room.

People received wonderful mercy and forgiveness for lifelong sins. They died out to their assorted sinful addictions. Often a glory cloud of God's Spirit, so thick you could cut it with a knife, came to cover the altar to consume and burn out all fleshly appetites for sins and addictions. Powerful conversions took place daily and new ministries of evangelism were birthed at the sacred altar. By the time one left that holy altar, one knew deep inside that they had been "touched and changed" by the hand of God. I only wish altar calls were more in style in our churches today because here is where the real heart of God is in action. Perhaps if we hit the altars on our knees for a time of prayer and repentance, we'd take less of the pastor's time for counseling.

I saw many sweet but sad little girl prostitutes and many older faded flower ladies of the night come back from their time with God at the altar with faces all smeared with mascara running down their faces from the streams of repentant tears and their lipsticks gone from so much confessing. They came away radiant and beaming, for now they were truly new creations in Christ Jesus- and all their past sins washed away in the blood of Jesus.

Dear 'Ole Brother Morris' 9th Street Mission took people in to feed, clothe and lodge. My own Aunt Mona came when she had no place in the world to go during the Depression- and there, gave birth to her baby in 1920.

Grandma Reeve had such a love for church meetings- she'd take in three meetings a day. Grandma Reeve was very heavy. Her legs were full of large, pulsing, painful varicose veins, each the size of your little finger. Doctors said they could break at any time and she could die- plus, she had a weak bladder, but that didn't stop her. Grandma never slowed down. She walked the most dark and dangerous streets at night to get home to her welfare housing in East Oakland, which frightened my folks. She traveled up and down the California coast so as not to miss any exciting revival meetings during the 1948 "Latter Rain Revival."

Grandma Reeve always took that "catnap" during service. I'd say, "Grandma, did you like the service tonight?" She'd reply, "Yes, yes, it was wonderful darling. Just wonderful." I laughed to myself because I knew she'd been catnapping during most of the preaching. I know that catnaps are good for you to capture new energy at any age. My Grandma lived to the age of 91. She never smoked or drank anything more than grape juice, never drank coffee or at "disgusting pig meat" (pork). Those were her own words.

I remember Grandma Reeve getting her share of being moved on by the Holy Spirit. I watched her from below (as a child seated, adults, standing). Grandma's eyes were closed and she'd let out a "shrill trill" on one note. This went on for many moments. This was the highest point of my Grandma's anointing. This is where she met God in

her supernatural appointment- or shall I say, anointment! I wasn't embarrassed, just intrigued. Brother Morris spoke of Grandma Reeve: She looked like a handsome angel with her busy yellow hair pinned up in a large bun- some hairs frizzed out, framing her face like a bright halo.

Sitting in the aisle seat, I remember watching with my eyes and mouth wide open as the Holy Spirit fell on some anointed saints. I remember how He guided them as they danced under His heavy anointing. With their eyes shut, the Holy Spirit literally guided them- twirling around chairs, never hitting the other people in the room, not even stepping on another dancer's toe or hitting the altar. I could imagine the Holy Spirit's invisible hand leading them in this spiritual dance.

I saw and heard the Spirit move these people in awesome, glorious, magnificent ways. Two strangers from opposite ends of the room suddenly broke out in song- a duet, a cappella sung by only the accompaniment of the Holy Spirit, creating new melodies on the spot.

Young men with guitars sang lovely spiritual poetry and songs they had never sung before. It was the sweetest, purest poetry of the Holy Spirit. I loved it!

On more than one occasion, I remember peeking into the prayer room during an intensive meeting when people were quietly praying. Then like a strong wind entering the room, the atmosphere suddenly and completely changed. Faces smiled and countenance glowed with the presence of the Lord. People sang and prayed out loud, praising God in tongues and praying in the spirit of intercession. Like a Holy Ghost jubilee, they prayed out loud, claiming all that God and Jesus had to offer and praising Him for it before they even had it.

The people at the Mission wanted nothing more in their meetings but the real move of God—and oh, how we loved that sweet, pure, unbridled move of God's Holy Spirit. He moved through us like fresh ocean breezes that move through the trees. We became more alive as the Spirit blew upon us, igniting and fanning the coals of God's fire within us.

Brighter and brighter, from glory to glory, we surrendered to God's Spirit as a group. The Mission Street jumped and lit up bright with God's light and joyful presence. Our mission did a lot of foot washing and crying. This kept us all very humble and at each other's feet.

When we let go and let God have His own particular way- with no set agendas of our own, miracles happened: people were saved, sick ones healed, and tormented souls delivered from the devil's clutches.

We were amazed when a street person got healed first and saved second. I learned at a very young age never to be surprised when the Holy Spirit works opposite to what we thought. I learned to expect God to do the unusual—all the time. During this time of the 1948 Latter Rain Revival, I became totally spoiled by witnessing the undeniable, spontaneous moving of the Holy Spirit. When people later began trying to pull down or strum up God's presence in an effort to repeat the good times or to imitate in the flesh God's spontaneous moves in the Spirit, I knew it wasn't right.

They loved the experience so much that they would try to do it all over again. But even we kids could see it was nothing but the flesh, which really stinks when you have seen the real thing.

At age 13, I had such an aversion to seeing those phony acts. I sat there and groaned when a preacher got up to preach about himself with little or no anointing. I couldn't stand people working in the flesh, having their own agenda and trying to strum up the Holy Spirit. Such folly, folks. They seemed to not know that God moves spontaneously, in His timing, in His perfect will. If we'll just step aside from our fleshly ways and let Him move. He'll do marvelous new things to glorify Himself and bless us out of our skulls.

Even today I know the difference and I know that I want only words drenched and dripping with the Lord's sweet anointing. If they do not drip with that anointing, I pray neither you nor I speak them. I know I've said this before, but it bears repeating.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER LOVE

We've all known of special characters in the religious movements we've been acquainted with and can't forget, and don't wish to. I wish to remember dear, dear Little Sister Love (who was the embodiment of her last name). Sister Love is another real character out of my past. A longtime widow, she was truly an embodiment of God's care and love. She'd always pat me on the head and say, "You dear sweet little thing. Why, you'd go straight to Heaven if you died. You're so innocent." I'd look up at her and think, You don't know me very well, Sister Love.

I had my childhood sins like stealing a small charm—a wooden "whiskey jug" from the Woolworth's dime store to give to Grandma Reeve for her birthday—(as if my saintly ole Pentecostal grandma would appreciate a little whiskey jug charm)! Mama made me take it back, jug in hand, and confession in mouth. I was so humiliated, but I

learned not to steal anything. I often did this with my own kids later on, and it always worked.

SISTER LOVE'S STORY

I've heard this story from Sister Love's own mouth a thousand times. I relate this story because she told it so often to anyone, and everyone who listened was enraptured. One night, she was walking home very late at night from our 9th Street Rescue Mission. I'm sure she was praying and interceding being that she was one of those old-time warring saints... when all of a sudden out of a doorway, a man came up from behind and threw a gunny sack over this frail little-bodied woman (with such a loving soul inside), pinning her hands and arms down.

He was after her purse. She was snared, caught, trapped like a helpless little bird! Well, you'd never guess what happened next? Sister Love immediately put herself in God's care and surrendered herself to the gunny sack and cried out loud, "Jesus, help me!" The man jumped back as though lightning had struck him and released her from the sack. Then he said, "Little Mother, what are you doing down here? Don't you know you could get hurt?"

She replied, "Son (with that sweet look of Jesus on her face), you couldn't hurt me. The Lord takes care of me—and don't you have a mother at home praying for you?" That really got him. He put his head down and cried, "Yes, I do, and may I escort you home, Little Mother?" (As he handed back her purse)

Oh Beloved, could we, too, submit ourselves totally to Christ's perfect care in times of danger—especially when we get bagged and thrown into darkness and are in danger of losing our life and goods?

THAT HOLY LOOK

Pentecostal people always had that look—that look to be more holy than what we were. All real sainted Christian ladies had hair that was usually long and stringy-looking unless one had natural curly hair—then you were blessed. These were the days before the perms. Usually one could easily spot a very holy lady. She had long hair parted down the middle with two black hairpins holding it back out of her face—ugh! Then came the foot-high, teased-up beehive hairstyle days.

You'd laugh today to see one; and of course, we'd nearly break our necks to walk in 3 to 4 inch heels. This was the 40's and 50's Christian fashion. No short haircuts or short-sleeved dresses—and Heaven, help us, if we wore pants!" "They were too much like men's clothing, and a real abomination unto God," so the preachers said.

I could easily spot a Christian lady at any bus stop. Just pick the most colorless one trying to look very plain and holy. Funny, I never saw them smiling. Oh yes, we ladies had a clean glow on the outside, but sadly, our insides sometimes looked like a mess to God. The Christian girl glowed from the cold cream shine on her face, but boys weren't into girls who glowed.

BLACK SHEEP

Ladies who wore lipstick were called, "Jezebels." I was the 13 year-old black sheep of the Pentecostal family because I wore that forbidden stuff—lipstick - that awful gooey, red, smearable stuff of the 1940's allowed only to the "ladies of the street". Lipstick was my downfall, my besetting sin.

Boy! Did I get preached to by every visiting hell-fire preaching Evangelist. They wore out their long pointy fingers pointing at me, but I wasn't going to be a hypocrite. I wore my lipstick out to school, so I'd wear it in church, too! Today, I think back on how my red-painted, pouting-out lips must have really stuck out. Yes, I am the original makeup junkie. I never could kick the habit! I am totally addicted to looking my best for my husband and kids and the world at age 74. My husband has seen my plain face without makeup and demands nicely that I wear it—and you know, I don't want to frighten any small children or animals walking out with my bare face in public. I have a little poem I adopted for myself:

There was a little girl with bleach blond curl
In the middle of her forehead,
And when she wore makeup, she looked really good;
But when she wore none, she looked horrid! That's me!

In those days, so many preachers poo-pooed women's makeup; but finally, there came to our Pentecostal town a preacher who said, "Well, the old barns always did look better after they were painted up with a fresh new coat of paint!" So, ladies, the old barns (we ladies) can now have a new paint job. Isn't that special? Yes, I'm being sarcastic! So I paint my barn daily before stepping out. And you'll notice on my TV shows I'm still very bright-faced and colorful. God, help me!

I can't go without giving you the whole picture of the ole-time Pentecost. I recall when men could only wear black, dark blue or brown preacher suits and shoes, and black, blue, or brown preacher ties.

Their suits' knees always shined from so much kneeling, but watch out for my daddy, Samuel, the happy prophet! He didn't go in for those black, brown and "blue blahs" looks. My daddy, Sam, decided to wear the most colorful, brightly flowered tie one morning at the Rescue Mission - and worst of all, he decided to display this taboo tie by using it in a sermonette at the altar. Mom and I watched the proper holy people's faces flinch and gasp as my daddy, Sam, flagrantly pulled out his tie to show it off. His sermonette was short and sweet on how God wanted His people to be colorful and cheerful people, just like his tie.

That's flaunting it, Dad! By their looks of disapproval, one might have thought his fly was open instead of his tie. And yes, I'm a lot like my brave daddy- cheerful, full of color. Here in Hawaii, I love to wear my bright rainbow-colored muumuus and pink lipstick and nails to match. Oh, oh, if my Pentecostal holiness ancestors could see me now!

I CRY WHEN I THINK OF MY DAD'S PROPHETIC WORDS

I cry when I stop to think I will never prophesy as sweetly as my daddy did. His prophetic words were rich and meaty with wisdom. Dad's words were unique because they came through his sweet, good-natured spirit. He had no guile or meanness. His words were given with a spirit of gentleness, kindness, tenderness, and strength. Comfort oozed out of Daddy whenever the Spirit broke through him.

Just before my Dad would prophesy, floods of tears usually proceeded. They'd flow down his chubby little "Santa Claus" cheeks (eyes closed tight) - dripping down off his chin. Dad would be so lost in the spirit singing a Psalm or quoting a scripture. His voice was so full of "deep calling unto deep"; one could feel the very heartbeat of God.

Daddy was a man of God, chuck full of loving compassion and mercy towards all people. I've always said, "It's easy to prophesy. Just have lots of love and compassion for people. Prophecy is born in you out of God's love towards people."

DADDY WAS SIMPLE AND SWEET

My daddy was so sweet and simple in his ministry. He was unique in his loving, guileless, childlike character that when he heard God speak, he simply obeyed the leading of God's Spirit, always moving in right timing with other men of God. It all worked out. For years, I watched God move through my daddy by the sweet Holy Spirit, as He was always there not to correct or admonish, but to uplift sweetly, exhort, and edify. Dad comforted hurting, wounded people by the pure stream of God's love that saturated and soaked their spirits as he prophesied. The pastors said, "Sam, you have such a compassionate heart like that of a pastor, but you're a true prophet."

Daddy was a "hearer and doer" of God's Word, not just a reader and a talker. He'd pray every Sunday morning, "Lord, where shall I go to church this morning?" (Which church needs an encouraging word or demonstration of the Holy Spirit's power from the Lord today?) Then off he'd go! He had heard from the Lord! The pastors loved to see Dad coming. He always brought joy and lifted people's hearts and spirits.

CLEDA'S STORY ABOUT HER HUSBAND - PROPHET SAM

(Living Waters Newsletter" - 1986

During Samuel's early prophetic years, I always knew when a message was building up in him. The witness of the Spirit would build

up in me, too, but he was the mouthpiece. I would look at him, he would look around quickly. If no one else was about to speak, he would go ahead. He never seemed to care one way or another- if another spoke, he would turn his bright blue eyes to mine and say under his breath, "That was it, Clede," confirming the very essence of the message that Samuel had in his spirit to give. He would be so happy about it.

Twenty years before the Charismatic Revival broke in 1948, Samuel was a full-fledged prophet. He didn't look like one, seem like one, but what God did through him was the working out of a prophet's ministry. He had all the experiences of others who see beyond the natural and prophesy beyond the natural. It was 43 years of sharing things

I know prophets are just people vessels, temples, earthly containers of the Spirit of the Lord with a calling chosen for them before the foundation of the world. I have watched them for nearly 50 years and know that not one is like the other. Each is unique as led by the Spirit of God. Samuel saw every person by faith- not as sinners, but as potential candidates for the Kingdom of God. He loved everyone and wanted to be a real blessing to them.

DADDY PERCOLATED IN THE SPIRIT

Joy and happiness walked hand-in-hand with my daddy. He kinda percolated as he walked. He bounced along positively with enthusiasm. He bubbled up with good cheer until it flooded all over you, perking up your spirit! After you get to Heaven and see Jesus and all your loved ones (and I know you'll get to Heaven because the Lord is in your heart), well then, you'll meet my daddy, Sam. He'll greet you with open

arms. You'll love my daddy, Sam, and he'll love you because he loved all people while he was here on earth.

JOLLY "SANTA" SAM - IN HIS 50s

Besides loving the Lord, "talking" was Dad's next favorite pastime. Most prophets are big talkers. I speak as his daughter from my own "big mouth" talking experiences. Some would say my dad looked like "Santa Claus" when you looked at him. My daddy was such a jolly fellow with a cute little round belly and rosy pink cheeks, pearly white teeth, and a halo of fluffy, white hair with overgrown white, bushy eyebrows.

Yes, you'd swear he was Santa Claus. Dad's bright blue eyes sparkled and twinkled as he threw back his head and merrily laughed with you. He connected with "talk and touch" so beautifully. You'd feel warmed and happily satisfied after leaving his company. Dad loved people with such vim and vigor. He was interested in everybody personally. He had time for the little old lady on the street, the one who painted her face funny with makeup. Dad thought nothing of a person's station in life, only of loving and giving to them. His time and attention is what you got while he'd listen so intently with one hand on your shoulder while gazing deep into your eyes.

INTENSED DESIRE TO PLEASE THE LORD

As a young girl, I had an intense desire to please the Lord. I had so much zeal to do God's will at 18 that I would cry to my mother about the missionary call on my life. I drove her crazy. She would say, "Honey, you must try to wait. Be a normal person. Live your life, get married, have children; then after you have lived through it all and

have matured well, you can follow that enormous zeal." So that's what I did.

"I'M CALLING YOU ON YOUR VOWS"

In the 1990s at age 55, God reminded me of that time when I was 13 years old and the men of God laid hands on me and spoke to me about my calling and gifts. "I'm calling you now," he said in 1994. "I've let you do all these things: get married, have children, a home, cars, cats, nice things; now I'm calling you on your vows you made to Me at the age 13. You said, "I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be, I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord," so I'm calling you now to keep those vows you made to Me when you were a tender young girl. You poured out your face in tears before Me, pleading with Me to work in your life. I heard your cry out of that darkened prayer room and I heard your cries as you crawled down, praying under the pastor's desk, travailing there all alone, lying flat on your face, tears and stuff pouring out on the rug (asking to do My will). It's time now, daughter. I'm calling you on your vows to go out into the world and allow Me to speak through you."



VERY DOWN-TO-EARTH SOUL-WINNING COURSE

I was 18 in 1953 when Mama sent me down to Los Angeles to attend Fred Jordan's American Soul Clinic for a course in soul-winning. My 62-year-old Grandmother Schaumburg had gone and completed the course and recommended me to go. Some dear Christian family paid the fees. God gave Reverend Fred Jordan a great vision for street ministry, especially down in the depths of Los Angeles, the heart of the L.A. ghetto in 1953.

We were encouraged to go out on the streets two-by-two, to minister- one-on-one. We'd start in a group, marching down the sidewalks singing our hearts out joyfully; looking into all the tall street building windows where people looked out to see what parade was passing by. We hit the bus depots and any business, trying not to be a nuisance. On our lapels, we wore a button with a question mark to stir people to ask what that meant. We said, "Do you know if you're going to Heaven?" That led to an opening for the Gospel of Salvation to be discussed.

I looked very innocent with my long blond hair as I walked with my partner on those streets. Its amazing how I felt like I was in the very center of God's will and was protected as I handed out free tracts on the streets. Prostitutes kissed my hand when I said the tract was free. We walked those stinky streets lined with drunks and prostitutes and all manners of people dealing drugs. But God gave me such peace. I walked the street to fill our day's quota of souls - to bring new converts to the Soul Clinic for a free dinner and a bed as long as they'd stay to hear the Gospel.

One grateful mother came to thank us for bringing her son, a lost drunk on the street, back to God. We had to bring in at least 25 converts from the street, plus, read the whole New Testament in 3 months. I believe I made my quota, though I wasn't good at fasting. I felt dizzy and faint, so I couldn't fulfill that requirement.

MAMA WAS SHOCKED

One week before graduation, Mama came down to the clinic and stayed and looked out my 5th story dorm window all night. As she saw all the awful, ungodly downtown scenes happening on the street, she was stunned to think her girl was witnessing in stinky bars, people passing drugs- and worst of all, the windows of the apartments across - wide-open scenes of men and women disrobing.

Such were the loud, noisy street sounds that came from the corner bars. Men on the streets were yelling and playing football in the wee early morning hours. At first, the loud, confusing noise prevented me from studying God's Word. After praying, however, God shut my ears and eyes so I could study and not hear, and sleep too. It got so I heard nothing.

ONE SCARY NIGHT

One night when I went up to the warehouse rooftop to watch the street below and get a breath of fresh air, what I saw made an indelible imprint on my young mind. As I watched the city street, I saw a real scrawny little woman come out from a dark doorway, go over, and plunge a knife directly into a rather heavy lady's back as we was seated on the curb of the street. Then just as quickly as the deed was done, she scurried back into another dark-holed doorway, leaving the large

woman wounded under the dim street light screaming, "I'm stabbed, I'm stabbed!" But no one came. No one cared to rescue her. I couldn't watch anymore, but I went to bed with my eyes wide open that night.

Sleep came very slowly. I was witnessing Satan's domain and kingdom of doom and gloom firsthand. My heart was confused and broken after witnessing "intent to murder" and no one cared enough to help.

"CHURCH IN THE HOME" TV

Fred Jordan also had a TV show called "Church in the Home" which I was on and sang in their Church choir. Mom and Dad could see my face up close singing every Sunday at home. They got a little peek visit by TV of their daughter in Los Angeles.

One day after the program, after everyone had left to return back to our dorm and I had been left behind accidentally. Pastor Fred kindly gave me a lift home. As I was waiting on the steps of the building where we had filmed the show, some TV cameramen came over and inquired about me being in the show. They asked, "What are you gonna do with your life, kid?" Well, with the bravo of a young, innocent 18-year-old girl, I said, "Someday, I'm gonna have a TV show of my own." They all laughed. I'll never know why I said that; perhaps, I was beginning to step out into the prophetic gift. Well, at age 54, I did have my own "Heartlight" TV show. God kept His word, even if it took 36 years.

In 1970, another young man with Teen Challenge said, "Sister Phyllis, as I was praying, God showed me a vision of large RKO antenna, and your voice was beaming out all over." Somehow, I knew these days

would come. I started radio 14 years later in 1989 and was on my "Heartlight" radio program for 6 years and on "Tender Moments" Channel 52 for 3 years. Remember, God is faithful to fulfill His words. I'm still hooked on TV in 2009.

"OUT OF YOUR BELLY"

I'd like to share my personal story of how I prophesied for the first time in public. You know, my parents never said, "Dear, you're a budding prophetess." The reality that I was truly a called prophet only came to me a year after my daddy, Samuel, went home to Heaven. I realized my dad had passed his prophetic mantle down to me 2 weeks before his death as he prayed for each of us.

It's been over 50 years since I was 18 and gave my very first "public" prophecy. My schooling in the prophetic walk came as I held onto my mother's and father's hand. As a spiritually sensitive young girl, I could feel God beginning to initiate His prophetic gifting through me in public. You see, I was used to giving general prophecies and personal prophecies in small, warm, intimate home group meetings - with my parents there. But this was entirely different for me to be prompted by the Holy Spirit as I sat in the large 1000-seat "Wings of Healing," which was Brother Wyatt's church in Portland, Oregon in 1953.

For me, to have to get up in front of a thousand strangers to speak these words was scary- plus, these words, "out of your belly shall flow rivers of living water." Why I hesitated about that particular sentence was because Mama had always told me to use proper language.

She, being a very proper Victorian lady, said, "Dear, you never use the word 'belly', but 'stomach', and you never say 'sweat' but 'perspiration', and after dinner, never say 'I'm full,' it's 'I'm sufficient.'" I wanted so much to be God's "true lady" in every sense of the word. I still do.

All of a sudden, there in that large auditorium of Wings of Healing, I felt the Holy Spirit rise up inside my chest. I knew the Spirit's prompting immediately, but I sat stuck to my seat. The prophetic word was in my head, going over and over- only, I hesitated. I just couldn't say "belly", especially in front of my friends (the few young friends I had made).

Then it felt like a very large ball of fire was burning in my chest, nearly exploding my chest cavity (the Holy Spirit was trying to get me to speak). I got up quickly (so I wouldn't burst), heart beating fast, and I yelled, "Out of your belly shall flow rivers of living waters", and sat down. I wanted to hide in my seat, but that broke the ice for me to speak out loud in a large audience.

P.S. I always get prophetic butterflies as I await God's prompting as to just the right time and right opening to speak in the service.

The Holy Spirit has never failed to give me the word and boldness to speak in his right time. I thank God for this, though I have failed the Lord many times by not opening my mouth to let Him speak when He would prompt me.

LOVE AND CARE FOR PEOPLE FIRST

Because both my parents were hard-of-hearing, I learned how to "speak up," to throw my voice out so when I had to prophesy in the service, I could speak out. People said I had a good, strong voice- like an actress in a drama. I could be heard clearly. I thank God for the early training with my parents- but they taught me more than how to speak out prophecy- they showed me how to love and care for people first, then prophesy.

TEN-FOOT ANGEL

My dad had related an awesome story to me about how this tall angel came to visit his bedside one night. Yes, my dad was a seer- he had open visions and had many dreams, too, that came to pass. Dad would always receive dreams about relatives passing- he'd see them in their casket. (However, he and my mother, Cleda, never said anything to the families.)

Daddy said, "Honey Girl, one night as I lay sleeping, I felt a presence at the foot of my bed. I awoke to find a very large, ten-foot angel looming up over my bed. I was struck dumb with a holy awe at his larger-than-life presence. He called my name, 'Samuel', and began to sternly warn me to acknowledge the Lord and live up to my prophetic call, to not neglect the things of God." My daddy knew God was dealing seriously by sending this angel to warn him. Then the angel left as quickly as he came.

"DADDY, LET GO OF THE BLACKBIRD", BUT HE NEVER DID

I was 18, a young engaged woman just planning to marry my Joe; and one day, the Lord dropped down into my heart a word for my dear dad. As I talked to Dad in the driveway of his home in Concord, California, I told him about seeing a very clear and vivid prophetic picture in the spirit. I said, "Dad, I see a little blackbird and you've got it captured tightly in your hands. Daddy, I can see! It's pecking wildly to get out, but you won't let it go. Dad, the Lord shows me that the blackbird is politics and you're to let it go." I am sorry to say that Daddy never did let that blackbird of politics go. He held onto it for many more years.

VALUE YOUR GIFTINGS

Dad simply adored politics and the devil kept that carrot of politics in front of his nose for years. The Lord gave me, his daughter, a direct word of warning because the devil can sidetrack the very best of people, and you can lose out! Sad to say, but true; politics choked out a lot of spiritual life in my daddy.

Oh, how I wished he had valued his beautiful prophetic mantle because people up and down the coast of California (church groups) loved him for his prophetic giftings and his beautiful loving spirit. Well, Dad prophesied for many years, but I watched his precious mantle slip away, as it seemed he yearned for other "things." He wore it less and less. Years later, I saw he lost out by his failure to value his beautiful prophetic mantle. I hate talking about this as in my earlier stories; I tell you how very much I loved my father's gifts and calling and how beautifully he allowed God's Spirit to flow through him to

comfort people. Now I cry to think of the loss of my dad's prophetic ministry and how he didn't value the mantle- but packed it away.

DADDY PASSED DOWN THE PROPHETIC MANTLE

I was saddened by my daddy's choice later on in life and I prayed, "Oh, God, keep me close and don't let me wander from beneath Your protective wings... to go after worthless things in life." What we spend most of our time with is what we become," some wise person said.

God sent an angel to Dad's bed to warn him to listen and obey God; then the Lord gave me a word that Dad should let go of that blackbird of politics that he held onto so tightly. Folks, take God's calling seriously to your heart. God means business with us and we all need to dearly value our call and mantle and vows.

I am sorry for repeating myself and I wish I did not have to talk about the negative part of my precious father's ministry, but I do so because his ministry was and is a great part of my life. His ministry began to decrease after coming to Hawaii and he prophesied less and less. He had diabetes and didn't take proper care of a cut on his bruised big toe the way he should have. He could have taken advantage of our healing, salty sea waters to cut the infection, but Mom and I saw it all too late.

Sadly, he lost both legs through gangrenous toes. In the hospital, it was so sad to see him try to get up and walk from his hospital bed. His brain sent wrong signals to his body telling him to walk even though he had not legs or feet. Somehow, he thought he could still feel his feet there. I went to his hospital room and played old gospel songs on my autoharp. Daddy sang all the words with me.

Being confined in the hospital bed, the patients would moan and groan in the night and he'd mistake those sounds for prayers and say, "Honey Girl, we had a good prayer service tonight." He was in and out- he had lost touch with reality. In bed, I believe God allowed Dad to "kind of travel" in the spirit realm and he talked about how he had preached in Russia. I don't know just what happened, but someday in Heaven, I'm sure I'll understand it all. God is so good and merciful.

Dad's will to live was strong in spite of his decaying body. A time came when Dad recovered his mind well enough to call us to his bedside. As our family came, he said his goodbyes, addressing and praying for us one at a time- even as his own dear Father, Pastor Sylvester Thomas Reeve, had done before his passing on.

In the last moments, he called me and did something very odd- placed the flat side of his lovely big hands on my upper neck and chest above my breastbone. Then he prayed a prayer of blessing on me. I asked Mom, "Why did Daddy do that only to me?" She simply didn't know. It wasn't until a year later that the Holy Spirit opened it to my heart that Daddy had passed his prophetic mantle on to me. I prayed "God, help me to value it all my remaining life."

I don't wish to dwell on negative things concerning my dad, but I have to tell it like it really was so you can understand the message I want to convey. Value your call and gifting. Don't neglect that "miracle mantle" that's given to you before birth as God told my barren grandma before Dad was conceived that He would give her a son and to call him "Samuel" and that he would be a prophet to the people. Don't neglect so great a call.

Every call is great- be it a pastor, teacher, apostle, evangelist, prophet, even an administrator (God's money steward). Watch over it closely and value whatever call God places on you. Watch carefully to see which gift is your call or mantle to inherit. Receive the call or mantle God chooses to give you, and we're all called to do something for His Kingdom. The Bible says, "Many are called but only a few are chosen." Why? Because some choose to follow the call; but sad to say, some just don't choose to follow their call.

Dear ones, I'm being honest in telling you of this heartbreak so that you will please value the gifting and mantle God has chosen to give you- even before you were born!

Dad's in Heaven now, but I often think maybe I hear him saying (while I'm ministering prophetically), "Go to it, Honey Girl," and a stream of God's love poured through my daddy, flows over me once more. So today, I say to others, "Go to it, Dear ones, rise up and be all God has called you to be!"

I hope I learned a little from my deceased daddy of what not to do as a prophetic person and how to avoid making mistakes; but most of all, dear ones, I hope I've learned how to value that prophetic mantle God passed on down to me from my daddy's deathbed some weeks before he died.

Today, I could well be exercising the "pastoral call" of my grandfathers or the "scribe calling" of my mother to write. Perhaps, I have received a bit more than just Dad's prophetic mantle. Dad was also known as the "Friendly Poet" on the radio, and I have also written poetry and "talked" short stories on the radio for 6 years here in Hawaii. I've also hosted my own TV show for 9 years.

I also believe I have received a light touch of the "Golden Candlesticks" group, Francis Metcalfe's mantle (a lady who was caught up and visited Heaven quite often). When I was a young 16-year-old, the dear ladies put a lovely scarf over my head and shoulders and blessed me to play and write and sing heavenly songs which I did for many years. I sang her songs and composed my own. Since that time, I now sing poetic prophecies in the Spirit more than ever before. I really have to be heavenly anointed before the Lord to sing prophetically- not so much for the benefit of men and women, but for the Lord's glory.

In 1999, God's Holy Spirit gave me my own TV theme song, "Tender Moments." I thought I was such a great songwriter, then I tried to write another and couldn't! Again, I am so sure "I'm just a messenger girl for the Holy Spirit." Funny, how we humans want to take all the credit for what He does through us. It's all the Holy Spirit's work through us, you know!

You, too beloved, may have started traveling on a similar prophetic pathway as God called me over seventy years ago while yet in my mother's womb. *Jeremiah 1:5 says: Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou came forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.*

In this day, I know God is warning me and all of us to guard our gifts. I feel led by the Lord to warn all who have a call and have tasted of heavenly things to value that holy vocation and to continue to nourish their call before God.

Folks, I plead with you, prize highly your gifting and calling! Do not neglect the beautiful gifting God's given you. He thought enough of you to give it to you to bless all of humanity; and most of all, that He might be seen and glorified through your daily life by manifestation of the gifts He has given you.

Dear Reader, again I plead, take heed: value your gifting and calling. Don't neglect to nurture them and obey the Spirit's leading at all times. I pray, let Jesus be seen in all that you do and say. In Webster's Dictionary, a "mantle" means anything that cloaks, covers, envelopes. Please let God's mantle fall upon you and be your cloak and cover. Let Him envelope you for every good work to be done through you now and forever to glorify our Lord and Savior!

I love you,

Phyllis

GOD'S PURE WATERING HOLES

One could picture us all to be like God's watering hoses that need to be connected up to His Holy Spirit spigot. As we ask, God will turn on His Living Waters that wash out our hoses. This pleases Him as His desire is for us to be pure, clean water to all who come to our hose for a drink.

His pure Living Waters help to wash out all debris and sometimes dead vermin (bad spirits) that crawled up into our unused hose as it lay in a pile on the ground too long. As the water gushes, it flushes, and all the junk must flow out, especially any bad taste of "big shot" feelings of one's self-importance or "small squirt" feelings of low self-esteem or self-pity, and all that "yucky" taste of rubber that collects in a dry hose on a hot day. That's the taste of self-doubt that God can't use us.

The Lord desires to send out His Heavenly Waters through us more and more. Today, He is, by His own hand, connecting up the holy hoses of His saints so the Living Waters of His Holy Spirit can flow through all His people. The Apostle's hose is connected to the Prophet's hose that is connected to the Teacher's hose that connects to the Pastor's hose that is connected to the Evangelist's hose that is connected to the layman's hose- that there might be a more powerful flowing of His LIVING WATERS to flow out daily into a dry and parched, thirsty land.

Surely, Beloved One, we are connected up to Him and to each other. Let Him flow out daily as it pleases Him. Today, He's linking us up worldwide and He's turning on the greatest Holy Spirit flow ever known.

When September 11 came (the Twin Towers in New York were destroyed), my heart was heavy. I wished I had trained up more prophets as they are such compassionate people filled with the Holy Spirit waters that flow out to comfort, edify and heal the hurting people of this world.

I know God is still in control of every minute thing in our lives. As we battle daily wars in our own private lives and win the victory, we come to know and have greater faith that God is entirely in control of the larger battles of world wars that are happening now.

Believe me, God's taking me through the agony and ecstasy of impossible situations, and as I claim victory every day, hour by hour, I know- He's got the whole world completely in His hands. Though we've heard that song over and over, it's really true. I'm totally sure He is in absolute control. After all, **He is God**. I have a favorite saying lately.

After praising Him for His care, I take a deep breath and say, "Oh, You're so-o-o God! And He really is too much!

Yehl Phyllis

P.S. It pays to always keep your "hose" clean.

NOTES