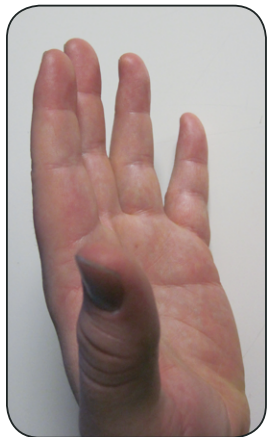


“The Lord is far from the wicked: **but He heareth the prayer of the righteous**”

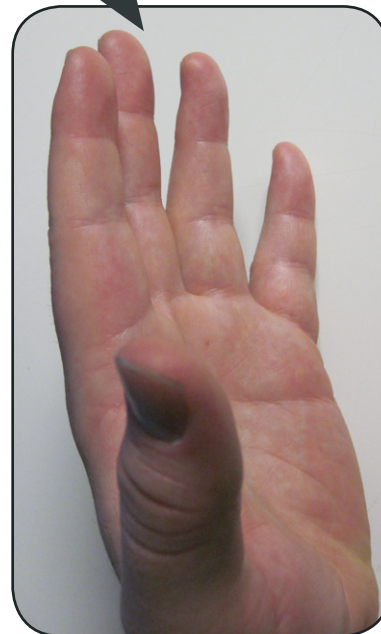


To find out more...

“The Lord is far from the wicked: but He heareth the prayer of the righteous” (Proverbs 15:29). Before anyone can be termed “righteous,” the deep, complete cleansing of the blood of Jesus Christ is necessary. **“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”** 1 John 1:7.

Within minutes, everyone who had duties concerning Armado came to that room as if drawn by a magnet! His need was met, and the Christian doctor rejoiced at this little sign from the gracious Lord.

“Doctor,
Don't
Let Me
Die!”



The resident doctor bowed his head in silent prayer to God for help in this newest case brought into the burn ward. The twenty-year-old patient had been burned over 95% of his body. He was the victim of a fiery truck accident. At the bedside was his frightened young wife. The medical people knew that, aside from a miracle, the longest the patient could live would be two or possibly three weeks. As the doctor opened his eyes after his prayer, they met the intense gaze of the patient, a penetrating look of fear and wild determination.

“Doctor, don't let me die! *I won't die.* I won't!”

He gladly told her that he knew Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. The wife came to know

Jesus as her Saviour, and together they prayed for the dying husband.

The doctor's own tears often made it difficult for him to put into words the tenderness, the greatness of the love of God in sending His own beloved Son to take his place in judgment at Calvary, but at last Armado said the words they longed to hear. Yes, he would take

Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Soon after this, he was no longer able to speak. Was it real with him? The doctor longed for more assurance that the Lord had indeed won the victory over Satan. One day when Armado was in obvious distress over a physical need which he tried without success to express, an idea flashed into Perry's mind.

"Armado, don't struggle to tell me. Just tell the Lord Jesus. He will help you if you belong to Him."



"God!" He almost spat the word. **"Satan is my god!"** On his arm was tattooed a supposed picture of Satan.

"I will do all within my power for you," the doctor answered gently, "but power over death is

God's alone."

"God!" He almost spat the word. "Satan is my god!"

On his arm was tattooed a supposed picture of Satan.

Horror filled Dr. Jim

Perry's soul. He looked at

the young wife. "And you? Are you a Satan worshiper?"

She was not. Again turn-

ing to Armado, the patient,

he said firmly: "Your greatest need is to change masters.

Satan is a hard master. You need Jesus Christ."

A negative movement from the patient closed

the subject. Dr. Perry had been warned not to

become emotionally involved with the patients,

but the battle for the young man's life could not

be, to him, separated from the struggle for his

soul. He didn't dare ignore the terrible need of

this young man.

So great was the Christian doctor's dedi-

cation to the case that the wife exclaimed one

day, "Doctor, I don't understand you! Don't you

ever leave to eat or sleep? Whatever it is you have,

I want it too."