

RAISED FROM THE DEAD

By E. E. Byrum

The following remarkable incident occurred several years ago, of which afterwards there was given a written report corroborated by witnesses who were present at the time.

TESTIMONY OF NANCY KING TAYLOR

In January 1899, I went to visit my niece, Sister Fannie (Hooley) Martin, at Moundsville, W.Va. This was near the Gospel Trumpet Home, which was then located in that city. While there I was taken very sick with typhoid fever and rapidly grew worse. Many prayers were offered in my behalf. One evening while my niece and Sister Josie Hulbert were in the room, I realized that the end of my life had come and requested them to sing. Soon afterwards I suddenly heard heavenly music. The sweetest strains of angelic singing came down from glory. Such singing I had never heard. My soul was enraptured, and the scenes of earth began to fade away.

At this point two bright angels appeared and carried me gently upward. Many other angels soon appeared, and the way to heaven was one bright stream of golden glory, amidst the beautiful singing of myriads of angels. What I saw there no mortal tongue could express. Oh, the beautiful grandeur and glory of that heavenly land! Such singing and music no mortal ear has ever heard.

After a time two angels carried me in their arms and brought me back to earth. There lay my body, cold, and stiff. After my spirit entered the body again, I was enabled to open my eyes and speak. I said, "Oh, must I come back to this cold, sinful world again? I did not wish to live here after seeing the glory of that heavenly land."

When my spirit reentered my body, which the Lord touched by his mighty power, enabling me to sit up, it was a late hour at night, and the room was full of people. I had been dead for sometime. Judging from the lateness of the hour I think it must have been several hours. Among those in the room whom I recognized when I was restored to life were Brother E. E. Byrum; Gideon Detweiler and his wife, now of Bellefontaine, Ohio; my niece; and a number of others with whom I was acquainted. There were also a number of strangers present.

I was informed that during the time my cold form lay there constant prayers were offered that I might be brought back to life. My restoration to life was in answer to their earnest prayers. Then they anointed me and prayed, and I was instantly healed; but I was weak until the next morning, when I arose and dressed and went downstairs. This ended my sickness.

After a short time I came home to Ohio, a distance of about two hundred miles, praising God

all the way. I praise God for what he has done for me and for the hope I have in my soul of that home in heaven, which is prepared not only for me but for all God's people. Since this experience I have witnessed some wonderful manifestations of healing power, one of which I will here mention. A man named Ellis Ziegler was taken to the hospital at Columbus, Ohio, for an operation. When the surgeons made an incision they discovered that he was full of cancers and that there was no hope of his recovery. Without doing anything further, they sewed up the opening and sent him home. He heard of my having been raised from the dead and sent for my husband and me. We went and at his request anointed him. God instantly healed the man. The cut, which the surgeons made, was about eight inches in length. This occurred several years ago, and he is a strong man today. The doctors afterward said to him, "We were not particular in sewing you up, as we only intended to make a respectable corpse."

To God be all the praise, and he shall have the glory of my life.

Nancy (King) Taylor R.D. 1, West Liberty, Ohio

TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR

Soon after returning home from my office one evening in January 1899, I received a message to come at once and pray for Sister Nancy King, who was then staying on Walnut Avenue, in Moundsville, W.Va. I went immediately. She had

been sick for sometime, but had now become much worse. As I entered the house a strange feeling came over me, which I could express in no other way than that it seemed as if I had been ushered into the presence of death. Sister Fannie Hooley, who afterwards married Brother J. B. Martin, met me at the stairway and said, "I believe Sister King is dying."

After entering the room where she was lying, I examined her and replied, "Yes, this is death." I saw she had but a few minutes to live. Her tongue was stiff, but she seemed to be trying to tell us something. Turning to Sister Hooley, I said, "She desires to tell us something. Let us ask the Lord to loose her tongue that she may be able to do so." As we prayed, her tongue was instantly loosed so that she could speak.

"How is it with your soul, Sister King, are you ready to go?" I asked.

"My soul is all right," she replied. "I am ready to go, but there is one thing that bothers me; I have not arranged my property in the way the Lord desires me to arrange it."

Instantly her tongue became stiff as before, and she could say no more. I learned that sometime before this the Lord had impressed her very clearly and definitely how to arrange her property so that it might be properly used after her death, but she had neglected thus to arrange it. After writing a note to my wife, I also sent one to Brother W. G. Schell, who lived a few blocks away, told him that Sister King was dying, and requested him to come. In a few minutes she breathed her

last, and her spirit departed for that heavenly realm. The death messenger had come and gone. By this time Brother G. J. Detweiler and his wife had arrived, and other friends came until the room was well filled.

While in meditation over the matter I could not understand why the Lord would answer prayer as he did in loosing her tongue and permitting her to tell what she did tell and then let her die without having an opportunity of performing his will in regard to the arrangement of her property. The longer I considered the matter the more I became convinced that the Lord had a design in permitting her to die thus - that he willed to glorify his name in raising her from the dead. She was not merely in a trance or swoon but was dead and as lifeless as anyone ever can be when laid in the grave.

We continued in prayer for some time. There were others who felt she would be raised up in answer to prayer. Finally, while on my knees halfway across the room from where she was lying, I asked the Lord for a sign. I was not in the habit of asking for a sign in order to be convinced that he would do whatsoever we asked, but as this was something more than the ordinary I implored him to cause some part of her body to move as a witness that he would raise her up. Though my prayer was silent communion with God, yet he heard and answered. I was looking directly at her lifeless form, my eyes resting especially upon her left hand, which I was expecting to see move. Soon I saw it slip off her other hand. As it happened,

however, the movement was in answer to prayer; the hand was moved by the power of God. When my eyes beheld this, I was filled with faith for her to be raised from the dead. I began praying aloud, and everyone in the room was earnestly praying with one accord.

After continuing in prayer for sometime, some of us went forward and laid our hands upon her in the name of Jesus, rebuked the power of death, and asked the Lord to restore her to life again. While we yet had our hands upon her head, God sent his mighty power, and she raised her hands and brushed her hair back, immediately raised herself to a sitting posture, and among the things she said, was: "Must I come back to this cold, sinful world again? Oh, why did you call me back? I would have been in glory."

There was much praising God in our midst as she told us of the wondrous beauties she had been permitted to behold. At that time she was a widow about sixty years of age. About two years later she was married to Brother Isaac Taylor, with whom she lived a saved and happy life until August 1910, when she died, eleven years after her former experience as related.