

To my surprise when I looked at it I found their P.O.B number the very same I had seen in the dream. I showed it to my wife, and we walked over there, about a half mile, and called on these people. They wanted to know our address. We told them we did not have any for we had to move at once and could not find a place to go. The brother said: "A lady told us a few days ago she had a good big place to rent", and he offered to take us over there, and that is where we live now, and have our publishing house. The lady that owned it had been born and raised here, and her father and mother had passed away here. She said: "You folks remind me of my father and mother," and she just took us right in, and would not take any rent for six months. Latter we bought the whole property.

During the terrible bombing of Jerusalem, bombs fell all around us in the lightning war of 1967 but not one struck this property or our church near the border.

We thank and praise our loving Heavenly Father for this wonderful protection and many more similar miraculous leadings of His Spirit since coming here.

Yours in His Service,
EFFIE and A. N. DUGGER,

P.O.Box 568

Jerusalem — Israel

WHAT STARTED

US

TO ISRAEL

By the Editor of
"THE MOUNT ZION REPORTER"
(Sent free on application)

WHAT STARTED



Elder A. N. Dugger and wife Effie,
Editor of "The Mount Zion Reporter",
a 20-page monthly magazine
P.O.B. 568, Jerusalem — Israel

It was a dark rainy night in September, 22 - years ago when, with my two girls, Naomi and Mary, ages 22 and 18, we went on top of the big hill above the hospital in Portland Oregon, U.S.A. intending to pray all night for their mother, my wife Effie that the death warrant would be cancelled. She was to die sure that Friday night.

I had just returned to Oregon, U.S.A. where we had our home at that time after an extended trip in Nigeria, Africa, where with five native ministers and Elder A. C. Olson of Wisconsin, U.S.A., we rode bicycles through the jungles visiting groups of converts from the heathens. Soon after reaching home I suddenly became ill, and we thought it was just an ordinary sickness they call flu. No doctor was called because we had not been accustomed to doing this in time of sickness, but prayers had always been amply sufficient, and wonderfully effective during the years we were raising our family.

My wife, however, owing to the severity of my sickness, fearing I might have contracted some contagious disease while in Africa, called a physician for the safety of others calling on us. The doctor mistakenly pronounced it just the flu, while it was the typhoid fever. At the time of my partial recovery, Effie took sick, and after she had lingered in a serious condition for several weeks with much internal bleeding, I examined an old doctor book and found that her symptoms corresponded to those with the typhoid. In the meantime our children had all taken it and had recovered.

Effie was in a very serious condition and had not responded us usual to anointing and prayer. We had a

blood test taken which proved it was typhoid fever so she was rushed immediately to the Contagious Isolation Hospital in Portland, Oregon, where she was given blood transfusions. Members of our local church offered blood, and considerable was given by Brother Yancy McGill, as it was of the same type, but the bleeding continued for nearly two weeks and instead of getting better, only grew worse and worse. They had to get blood daily from the blood bank in Portland.

My two girls, Naomi and Mary, stayed with me in Portland, and we fasted three periods of three days each and prayed for her recovery, but it was not effective, and she grew worse and worse. She was losing blood so fast they had to put a needle into each arm, and had put in eighteen pints of blood.

Finally, on Friday afternoon the head doctor told me they had just taken a test and she was now losing blood faster than it was running in her at both arms. He said they could operate and remove the intestines that were bleeding, but she was too weak to stand an operation, and would never survive. He said there was nothing that could save her, and she would pass away sometime during that night.

It was a dark moon-less, rainy night, but with the girls we went on top of the big hill back of the hospital among the tall trees intending to stay there all night and pray. The rain was dropping down through the trees on us. We had our Bibles and a flashlight. Naomi would let the Bible fall open, then with the aid of the flashlight, read awhile. Then we would all kneel down and pray. This was repeated a number of times. Finally Naomi

said: "Daddy I just know Mama is going to get well". I said: "I know she is too".

That assurance came suddenly over both of us at the same time. I had that night repeated my vow that if the Heavenly Father would restore Effie back to health again, I would sell all of our belongings, and go to Jerusalem.

I had many times definitely felt the urge to go to Jerusalem and publish a paper there, but had made excuses. At night it would come to my mind. In the morning it would come again. It constantly plagued me, and I could not throw it off. It was on my mind that night.

I felt like I was a Jonah, and promised I would leave my children and grandchildren and go to Jerusalem if He would save my wife. See Jonah chapter one.

As we walked down the hill at a late hour through the weeds and brush in this pasture, we saw above the hospital a plainly visible glow of light like a small cloud the size of a door over the hospital building. We climbed over the big pasture gate, and walked around to the hospital entrance, went up the broad steps and walked inside. It was so timed that night at that moment the head nurse of the hospital with the nurse taking care of my wife were walking down the wide central hall.

I stepped out in front of them and said: "How is my wife now?"

They replied: "There is no change yet".

I said: "Well there is going to be a change tonight".

"Why what do you mean?", was their answer.

I said: "We have been on the hill praying and we

got an answer. She is going to get well".

The head nurse with an expression of disdain straightened back, lifted her head a little higher and without a word pranced down the hall. My wife's nurse, Mrs. Osborn, patted me on the shoulder and said: "Good for you".

At the desk they told me to leave them my telephone number so they could call me. I knew what it was all about, and would not give them the phone number, for it would show a lack of faith. We went to our rooms, and the next morning I got into my car, and drove to the girl's room, picked them up and we went to the hospital without any fear whatever.

We walked in and I asked: "How is my wife this morning?" They answered "She stopped bleeding last night."

That was sufficient. We went into the room and talked with her. She was brighter than ever. It was only a few days until she was home with the family.

As we talked to her that morning, she suddenly said, "Did you hear that voice"? We said, "No we did not hear anything". She said, "I heard a voice, and it said tell your husband to be sure to keep his promise." All of this was very miraculous for she knew nothing about the promise I had made on the hill that we would sell off everything and go to Jerusalem.

We began making definite arrangements to go to Jerusalem. We sold our little place, paid off the mortgage, and got rid of the other little belongings. We left our four children, two in school and two married and all of the grandchildren, and in a little less than

a year were on our way here to Jerusalem, where we are publishing our magazine, and have been in the Father's work ever since. We have witnessed His intervening hand many times, leading the way and providing the necessary means to keep the good work moving on and expanding. We print four regular publications.

When we arrived, owing to several thousand Jews coming daily, the whole country was crowded to overflowing. It was very hard to find a place to live. We first went to the Y.M.C.A., then to a hotel, but it was very expensive with our limited means. Finally, we got two rooms through an agent as the owners were leaving for six months vacation, and when the six months were expired we could not find any place to go. We prayed much about it, and at the very extremity of time, when we were going to have to move in a few days, I was given a very brief dream in the middle of the night. I saw a signboard hanging down from the ceiling of the room with a post office box number with four figures. It was in black English letters: P.O.B. . . . I awoke and my sleep broke from me. It was so strange, and seemingly meaningless, but I decided it must mean something good, so I mailed one of my magazines: "The Mt. Zion Reporter" to this box number the following day.

In about a week, one of our friends, an elderly man, a Jewish believer, came to our room telling me he had found a group of believers having meetings in the south part of Jerusalem.

I said: "Well that is fine, I would like to have their address." He said, "Here is their card", pulling a small card from his pocket.