Subject: PTL everyone
Posted by PORSCHEDADDY911 on Fri, 18 Apr 2008 04:24:02 GMT
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H, Im Keith Taylor, I started with borrowed tapes then, attended at New Whiteland for a few years until a building was built in Acton i ministered on occasions at Acton and a Zion Lake. My wife and I had nine children with one dieing at birth and another that was born dead but raised after nearly an hour, she is our youngest and is still with us. I now attend a Vineyard in Indy and am very, very mixed on what we went through, for those over 15 years. But God had blessed me before I placed myself under FA and He still does in spite of my weakness (not false humility). I had a great advantage over most we sat with at FA, that being that we had received the gift of the Holy Spirit before Bro. Freeman knew there was such a gift. So I always knew that most all that was given should be taken with a grain of salt(the non-exclusive exclusiveness). But.... well PTL anyway. Love Keith

Subject: Re: PTL everyone
Posted by william on Fri, 18 Apr 2008 04:38:52 GMT
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Glad you joined us Keith!

I knew you weren't pure FA, by your handle... now if you had called yourself CaddyDaddy we would have known right away your background! Okay, okay, it was a lame joke... I'll do better tomorrow.

Blessings,
William

Subject: Re: PTL everyone
Posted by NBF56 on Sat, 19 Apr 2008 18:01:37 GMT
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Hey it could as easily have been LINCOLNDADDYMKIV as well! Bruce had a Mark IV Lincoln back in the day. Nice one, too!

I have a funny story to relate. My wife at the time admired Bruce's Lincoln, and wanted one. I talked with her about it, and we decided to pray about it. I had told her that if she really wanted one, I'd buy her a Mark V Lincoln. We prayed, claimed it by faith, and then forgot about it, as far

as actively seeking its manifestation. Some years later, long after we had moved back to Ohio, she called me one day to say she had found a really nice '79 Lincoln in the paper, and wanted to go look at it. It was a southern car, which we knew meant it wouldn't have rust, like Ohio cars. I told her, I couldn't at the time, but she should go and look, and if she liked it, buy it (the price was good, and she worked at a bank, so getting the money was not a problem). When I came home, here is this white '79 Mark V sitting in the driveway, red leather interior, turbo wheels, and white vinyl half roof, with the sunroof, and all the bells and whistles. I looked at it, and began to laugh. She said, "what's so funny?" I said, "remember when we claimed one of these back in Indiana? God just manifested our car!" Her mouth dropped open, and she just stood and looked at it, shaking her head.

We kept it for a few years, in storage, because it had low miles, so we only drove it occasionally, on nice days. I wound up with the car when we divorced, and later sold it to pay off some bills. I drove it around for a while, just because I liked it, but it was a gas hog, and with gas going up, I didn't want to have to pay that much to fill it all the time. That's why I sold the Caddy we had when we lived in Indiana. I wish the gas prices now were what they were then!