

for His kind of healing—so I told the doctors I wasn't going in for surgery.

The day of the meeting finally came, and as we drove there, I felt every bump in the road. To be honest, I didn't care for the speaker at all. He was too loud, and I didn't like anything he had to say. You see, I still had a critical, selfish spirit the Lord had to deal with.

At the altar call, the speaker said, "Anyone here who needs a healing in their body, come forward, and let me pray for you, and God will heal you."

The couple ahead of me in line got prayed for, and the next thing I knew, they were falling on the floor. I almost backed out right then and there, but my wife kept prodding me.

"Do you want to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?" the man asked.

"No," I shot back, a little disgruntled. I didn't want any of that stuff. "I've got a bad back, and you said you'd pray for me."

He put two fingers on my forehead, and immediately, it was as if a 300-watt light bulb lit up inside of me. I think I literally began to glow. The back pain was totally gone! I had come in limping and bent over, and now I was standing straight. There were about 250 people in that Holiday Inn banquet room, and a lot of them knew me. One lady came up and said, "You're glowing like a Christmas tree. God must have really done something!"

Well, I knew He had. When you've lived with pain for 23 years, you know when you're healed. To this day, I have had no more back trouble.

I thought, (remember, I still had that selfish spirit) "I've got what I came for. Now I can go."

But the speaker was pointing at me and saying, "That man just got a back healing, and now this lady needs one. Sir, will you come here and pray for her?"

Suddenly, I saw that the Lord had done something for me and now, it was my turn to pass it on. So even though I hardly knew how to pray, I laid my hand on that lady's shoulder and said, "In the name of Jesus, be healed." Lo and behold, she lit up just like I had! She'd been healed, too.

At first, I was afraid to tell people what God did for me. When they would ask what happened to my back, I'd just say, "It's better." But I started to take people to those FGBMFI meetings, a carload at a time. Gradually my boldness increased. One night I was sharing my testimony at a FGBMFI meeting, and I saw that little old lady who'd been healed the same night I was. She jumped up and testified how God had used me, and from that point on, it seemed as though the Lord began pushing me into ministry, letting me see Him do miracle after miracle.

I've seen cancers healed, deaf ears opened, people literally brought back from the brink of death by the power of God. My own mother was due to die in 72 hours from cancer, according to the doctors, but I went into her room and began to read the Scriptures aloud about healing. At age 75, the doctors knew Mom was a living, breathing miracle.

Yes, the God of miracles is living today, and whatever miracle you need in your life—salvation, healing, the infilling of the Holy Spirit—He's ready and waiting to give it to you

... right now.

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"You remember me, don't you?" the lanky, long-haired young man asked as he plunked himself down in my barber's chair.

"Sure, I do," I replied.

About six months earlier, he'd come into my shop, complaining that his back hurt so bad he was about to have surgery. Sensing he needed spiritual surgery even worse, I had shared Jesus with him.

Before long, though, he began to get angry. Finally he stamped out of my shop, still unshorn and unsaved.

Now he was back again. I prayed silently, "Lord, help me be Your loving witness to this young man."

"I want you to know something," the man said. "I tried to go to every other barbershop in this town, and I couldn't. I couldn't go anywhere else but here." I could tell he'd been pulling on the bottle a bit.

"I want my hair cut real short," he said suddenly.

I surveyed his shoulder-length locks. "You sure?" I asked.

"That's what I ordered," he retorted. I began to pray silently in the Spirit, clipping his hair at the same time.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm gonna get my hair cut, go get my booze and pills, take 'em all at once and do away with myself."

Immediately, I began to take authority over this spirit of suicide, as I continued praying in the Spirit. He talked and I snipped, and when he was all done talking, I shared with him the love of Jesus once again, telling him how Jesus had paid the price for his sins at the Cross. I could see little droplets of moisture glistening under his eyes.

"Wouldn't you really like to go the way of salvation, and be sure your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life?" I asked.

"What do I have to do?"

I led him through a sinner's prayer, and then I asked what he'd like God to do for him.

"I'd like Him to take away this need for booze and cigarettes," he said. We prayed for that, and then I reminded him of the back surgery he was facing.

"We've taken care of your spiritual condition," I said. "Now let's get the physical taken care of." I put my hand on his back, and as I prayed and moved my hand down his spine, I felt a tremendous heat. It was so hot, I could hardly hold my hand there. The Holy Spirit began to minister to that young man, and he wept openly. I knew his back had been healed supernaturally by the power of God. The anointing of the Lord was so strong on him that he couldn't stand up.

It was a changed young man who left my shop 15 minutes later. Instead of taking his own life, he'd received new life in Jesus Christ ... plus a Holy Ghost "bonus" of healing and deliverance.

That's just one of dozens of situations the Lord sends my way each year. When people come in for a haircut, I try to send them out with more than they paid for.

My life wasn't always like that. Up till a few years ago, all I cared about was fishing, gambling and making money, and I did plenty of all three. On Sundays, I'd sit and watch football games on TV, while my wife and daughter were at Church. But one day, something happened that changed all that.

Johnny Unitas was in the middle of leading the Colts to another victory, when my daughter Charlene walked into the living room and turned off the set. Can you imagine a man's own flesh and blood doing such a thing?

"Dad," she said seriously, while I squirmed in my easy chair, "I want to talk to you." Rose, my wife, was standing there backing her up. "Mother and I are saved, and we're on our way to heaven. You are lost, but we want you to go with us, Dad."

My stomach did eight or nine flip-flops. I didn't sleep very well that night. But a couple of Sundays later, I was in Church. When the altar call came, I said, "Next Sunday, Lord." I did the same thing the following week. Finally, on the third Sunday, just as I was saying, "Next Sunday, Lord," the Holy Spirit jerked me out of my seat, and I found myself walking down that aisle to the altar! That night, I was baptized in water, confessing my newfound faith in Jesus.

But that's where I let things stop. I never read my Bible; just went to Church three times a week, and let myself be satisfied with that.

One day, though, I woke up to the realization that I was hungry for more of God. My wife and I started going to every meeting where they talked about the Holy Spirit. For a solid year, we were in all kinds of services just about every night, and we drank in some wonderful teaching. But I felt I still lacked power in my life.

About that time, my back began giving me severe problems. I'd been in one degree of pain or another for some 23 years, as a result of an injury I suffered, working in the oil fields. All those years I went to chiropractors. When it would get real bad, they'd come to me. Finally, I had this attack that put me in bed for six weeks. My back was like jello. I lay on a heating pad and took pain pills constantly. There were so many drugs in me that when I looked at people who came by to visit, they seemed to float off the floor.

My wife brought me copies of *I Believe in Miracles* by Kathryn Kuhlman and *Prison to Praise* by Merlin Carothers. Those books changed my life. I began to say, "Okay, Lord. I'm ready to go for whatever You want." I guess that's what He was waiting to hear.

That very weekend my wife and another lady went to a meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Bakersfield. Afterwards, she told me there had been a man there praying for people with bad backs. I said, "Well, if he's there next month, I'm going." I didn't know it then, but that was a direct answer to a prayer of agreement my wife had prayed with that man. He was indeed planning to speak there the next month. Before the month was out, my doctors told me I was going to have to go in for surgery. My right leg was deteriorating, getting smaller above and below the knee. But the Lord was preparing me