



Lovely Lord of the Lord's Day

2: X Rays Don't Lie

Tom Manor's fabulous new physical heart experience.

Tom Manor's story is one of the most thrilling of all physical-heart miracles we have ever heard. We met him, talked with him, double-checked on this story, and came to the conclusion that it is true. There are medical records 'a mile long' to substantiate the miracle.

And more than this, Tom is not an enthusiast. He is not given to exaggeration. He shies away from publicity, I asked him to tell his story in one of our public meetings. He wanted to do so, but his timidity, his self-effacement prevented him from doing so. There is nothing about him to indicate anything but genuineness and sincerity.

His is an account given to strengthen our faith, enliven our hope, and deepen our love for the "One altogether lovely."

We prayerfully share it with you, and while it is an outstanding miracle, it fits completely into the Bible philosophy of our wonderful Creator. He invites men and women everywhere to come to Him and receive new hearts, new attitudes, and a new lease on life.

Tom was born in a county hospital where he thinks no records were kept. He was put up for adoption and two weeks later was placed in a foster home. His foster parents were not merely poor financially but in every other way. Tom never knew his own parents and was never able to trace them. When he was six weeks old, his foster father left home. His foster mother was basically a fine woman, and a solid Christian up until her husband left, then she became a confirmed alcoholic.

Tom lived in the home of this alcoholic woman until she died when he was fifteen years old.

About the time that Tom was entering his teen years, an evangelistic team came to Denver, Colorado. They continued in the area for about a year, conducting most inspiring meetings, presenting the beauty of the Bible in a way that attracted large audiences. Because Tom lived near the large hall where the meetings were held, he went over one night. That night did something to his life! So he continued attending night after night for several weeks.

"These evangelists brought the first stability into my life, and it looked good to me," Tom told me. It was such a contrast to Tom's home life, The love, the hope, and the confidence in a better way and in a future life without the sorrows Tom had known, was so wonderful that his whole soul went out to this free salvation offered in Jesus Christ. Tom had to work hard and had gone only to the seventh grade. He had little in the line of clothing. He couldn't recall ever having sat down to a meal!

"I managed somehow to find little jobs to do to earn enough money to eat." Tom reflected. And speaking of those days, he said, "They were bad times. Still, if you sincerely wanted to work, you could find a job."

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And that is what Tom did for years. It was not a question of being old enough. Tom pointed out, "If you were big enough, or strong enough, you could land some kind of job."

"I went to work in the celery flats when I was thirteen years old. But I was fortunate in that I was big for my age. The law required one to be fifteen, but the farmers didn't care. I made ten cents an hour and worked ten hours a day.

"My mother said, 'That's fine. You're making six dollars a week, you can pay me five dollars.' So I kept the dollar that was left and stretched it every way a dollar can stretch.

This was just about the time the Depression hit the country. When I left the celery farms, a man with five children came to see me to ask if I could use my influence, to get him my job. I was leaving to work at a gas station. That might not seem like much of a job. But coming up as I had, it was a big jump ahead for an untrained kid. I had gone down at night and worked from six to ten o'clock to learn the job."

Finally they put Tom on the payroll. So he quit the hard work in the celery flats and took on the gas station for several years. While there Tom's salary increased to twenty cents an hour. He continued to pay his foster mother five dollars a week, which she used to buy alcohol. Poor Tom had had a succession of stepfathers. They were heavy drinkers that his mother met downtown. She would bring one home and in some cases marry him. In others she did not bother to go through the ceremony. The last one to be her husband was a large Polish man.

One day when Tom came home the stepfather said. "Your mother's upstairs in your bed and she's dead. Go up and take a look." Just like that. So Tom went upstairs, and there in his little room he found her as the stepfather had said. Then the man said, "OK, take whatever you can carry in one suitcase and get out!" At fifteen years of age Tom was completely on his own.

"I took my suitcase and started down the road, not knowing where to go. I thought of the YMCA. Something in the name caught my attention: Young Men's Christian Association. Surely, I thought this would be different from just a hotel. So I went there and talked to the manager. I told him I didn't have any money but would like a room until payday. He was very nice and gave me a room and said I could have it as long as I wanted it. I had clean sheets, a pillow, and a shower. I had never had these at home. My troubles were over."

One day the manager called Tom and asked if he had ever been to camp. Tom replied that he had not. Whereupon the manager said he would send him to camp, without charge. So Tom went to camp for two weeks. "That was heaven to me," Tom said. "I thought there could be nothing beyond this. I stayed at the YMCA for four years. It was at this time that I went to evangelistic meetings. These meetings were a revelation to me. I was captured.

"I had never known anything about love. If I opened my mouth at home, someone put his fist in. We didn't sit down and discuss things there. I have no doubt that these early years of sorrow and degradation without hope had a direct bearing on the health of my later life. Many times as a small child I was left alone for days at a time. Yet somehow I didn't enter a life of crime."

When the evangelistic meetings were finished, Tom was baptized. Sometime after Tom was married he became the manager of the surgical department at a well-known hospital in Colorado. He worked very closely with the doctors there and formed an excellent relationship with them. "If I had any medical problems," he said, "I could consult with any one of thirty doctors."

In 1965 Tom had gall bladder surgery. He was apparently recovering very well, but on the sixth day in the hospital, as he was sitting on the edge of the bed, a pain struck his heart.

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"I was terrified," Tom explained, "I didn't realize what it was. It had never happened to me before. It's different from any other pain. It was not like a stomach cramp. It paralyzed my left side immediately, including my arm and leg." (Tom is six feet two inches in height and weighs about 200 pounds.)

"Several strange things happened. I realized I was going to lose consciousness; and, since I couldn't move my left side, I fell back across the bed toward the control panel and hit the red button before I lost consciousness. Just before this, I learned later, the supervisor of nurses on that floor. Mrs. Waller, a Christian lady, had been in a meeting at the extreme end of this floor.

"An overwhelming feeling had come over her that she should leave that meeting and come down this hall. In all her years of nursing she had never done this before. But she excused herself and walked down the hall.

"Just as she got to my door, I fell across the bed. She rushed in, flipped me over, and gave me closed chest massage, which probably initially saved my life. She had never done this before and has never done it since.

"Surely God impressed her to leave that meeting and impressed her how to help me. Then the doctors arrived and worked on me for several hours.

"They called in a heart specialist, and about noon they decided to try to move me down to the intensive care unit. Several nurses moved the bed, IV equipment, and all down there to make final preparations for my death.

"A minister was called, and also my wife and my son from school. A room across the hall was set up for them."

During that day Tom successively went in and out of consciousness. That evening he asked the cardiologist if he was going to die. The physician replied that he thought so.

This man didn't know much about religion, but he believed that if a patient was going to die, he ought to know it, so that he could make whatever preparation he desired. "We all do it our own way." the doctor said. Tom appreciated his honesty.

"I was at peace." Tom said, "even though I could hear all the preparations that were being made. I felt that I was beyond this world and all that was going on, and it was wonderful. I was ready to meet my Lord. I made it through the night somehow. The cardiologist made this statement to me days later, 'I don't know who you know that I don't know. We had nothing to do with your surviving this thing. By all means you should have died.' He said that I had suffered extensive heart damage."

Tom was in the hospital six or eight weeks, slowly regaining his health. Still he continued to have heart pains when he exerted himself. This continued for five years. Tom said, "It wasn't bad enough to give up my work, but it was bad enough that I never forgot. I didn't have a day in five years free of chest pain.

Many times I would begin a day and the pain would start. I would just hope it would go away, and that's an awful way to live, expecting to die all the time. The doctors said there was nothing they could do. A couple times I was in the hospital for heart spasms that wouldn't let go."

Then in October of 1971 Tom came to his office in the housekeeping department of the hospital where he was currently employed. It was about six o'clock in the morning. He was sorting linens when suddenly he felt a terrific chest pain.

"I sat down at my desk," Tom said, "and felt that I was going to lose on this one. So I managed to call my wife and asked her to bring my heart pills down. She rushed in and I took a couple of them and told her not to call anyone, because I didn't want to get the whole hospital stirred up. Then I took a couple more pills.

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"But the pain was not relieved. So I decided to take a couple more and then told her to call someone. The pain lessened a bit, and the emergency crew came and took me for treatments. They put on a monitor and got some tapes. I was placed in intensive care for a week. Then I came home and went back to work without any further problems.

"Dr. Jones talked to me about negotiating with the medical center in Colorado Springs for an arterial transplant. I didn't understand the import of this, but I didn't mind if he negotiated. I felt that it would be unlikely that I could fit into this. For one thing, it's very expensive—prohibitive for me. Then there were many candidates ahead of me. There are few that the medical profession would be able to serve. But I agreed to apply. About a week later my physician called me and said there were thirty-two people on the transplant waiting list, but that he would keep trying. Then two more weeks went by and the Colorado Springs medical center called one Friday evening and said, 'Dr. Hoskins wants you down here at nine o'clock on Sunday.'

"I told them that I couldn't leave my responsibilities here where I am employed any more than they could leave theirs at the medical center. They explained that they would have to take my name off the list in that case. I said, 'So be it.'

"They made it clear that they wouldn't be able to call back. But I felt that my obligations were important where I was, and I could not walk off on such short notice. But the following Monday they called me back. They said they had made arrangements, and if I would get my house in order, they would give me six weeks to do it. I agreed, and six weeks later I went down to the center.

"Mr. Fly, our administrator, said he would send down his former secretary, Miss Johnson, to help in the office while I was gone. I appreciated this. She came down and said, 'I talked to my brother-in-law about you.'

"I said, 'That's nice. Who is your brother-in-law?'

"She said, 'The minister who baptized you years ago.' She told me that he and his brother were coming to see me. I hadn't seen them for twenty-two years, and I was overjoyed.

"That very night they and their wives came to see me. They said, 'We heard you were in trouble. Why didn't you call us?' They wanted to pray for me. They said they had three 'propositions' to put before the Lord. I had misgivings, because I wouldn't do this myself. They said they were going to ask for a miracle, but only if I would agree to it. First, they would ask for a miracle of healing without surgery. Then if we couldn't have that, they would ask that an angel would be in the operating room, taking charge of everything that was done. Then if that wasn't the way it should be, we would accept my dying quietly with dignity and no regrets, never feeling that the Lord had shortchanged me. They asked if I could agree to this, and I did. This concept is in harmony with Isaiah 42:16. So we all knelt down and prayed.

"One of them picked up the Bible and opened it to the text he wanted. I'd been praying for many years and have had a good life, but for the first time I felt that I could accept God's will as mine. So when I went to the center, I had no fear at all. However, I also put the miracle thought out of my mind completely. I knew God is able, but I didn't count on it for me.

"I went through three days of tests. Then came the last test. It was the one I went down for in the first place. Into the groin of the right leg the doctors insert a catheter and a probe which goes up directly into the heart. At my request, they allowed me to watch all this on the TV screen. I had to sign a paper, but I thought I'd never have a chance like this again. I had a local anesthetic and didn't really suffer any pain, but just a fear of the unknown. The next step was to be open-heart surgery. A team, under Dr. Ham, from another hospital was coming over to do it. There are thirty in the team. The cost was \$25,000 just for the basics. Mine turned out to be complicated.

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"After three days of testing, they had a conference. Dr. Johnson and two other physicians came to talk to me. They explained to me about the probe (angiogram) planned for the following day. They said there were some things that they felt I should know. The procedure might trigger a massive heart attack. Or I might bleed to death, since the physicians must split a vein and sometimes mishaps occur.

"Anyway, I agreed to go ahead. Then they wanted me to sign a surgical permit. They said I needed immediate surgery. Ordinarily they make the probe and then send you home for a week to a month while things are getting ready. Then you come back. 'But we have decided,' the doctors said, 'that you have lost one artery. Also you have lost 80 percent of the second artery. There are only three. If the third artery becomes affected in any way, nobody can save you. So we want you to sign the permit so we can do the probe, just to confirm what we know we will find. Then we will go right into the heart surgery room and go ahead.' They asked me to call my family and have them fly down that night. I did, and they came immediately.

"I wasn't too happy with all of this. So I asked the doctors what they based their decision on. They said all the various tests that had been done there, The tapes that had been done elsewhere at the time of my heart spasm, and the original records also from the third hospital, all together had forced their conclusion.

"So I agreed to sign the permit. The next morning a team of ten doctors went through this procedure with the probe. When the doctor got this little tube right up alongside the heart, he told me to watch it, while he tried to turn it over and slip it into the heart. Then he pulled it back, and by means of a little hook on the end of the probe, the surgeon hooked it inside the heart.

"There I was talking to a man who was pushing on a tube in my leg that I could see dropping into my heart!

"So the surgeon got the hook fastened to the heart. The doctors had a consultation right there. One of the doctors came over to me and said, 'We're in lots of trouble.'

"I said, 'Well, I know I am. What's the problem?' Here I was right in the middle of this thing, and he scared me with this statement. 'Well, he said, 'everything we told you last night, forget about it. It just isn't there!'

"I didn't know what he was talking about. But they went ahead to check it through. It took a couple of hours. They said I would be taken back to my room, and I was not to move until they talked to me.

"Two days went by. The third morning, my wife received word that she was to come to the hospital in the afternoon. They took me down to a little room on a stretcher. The walls of the room were just like an X-ray viewer. There were rows of pictures there. Dr. Johnson, chief of the X-ray department was there. My wife and I sat there wondering what kind of news they had for us.

"Another heart doctor started to enter the room. Then he started to leave. But Dr. Johnson called out to him to stay and look at something for him.

"So he showed him the tapes that Dr. Jones had taken at the other hospital previously. He asked the heart doctor what he thought of them. The other doctor replied, 'I think whoever owns these tapes is in a lot of trouble.' Then Dr. Johnson showed him some heart pictures and particularly pointed out one line there. He asked the doctor what he thought about that.

" 'Well,' the other doctor said, 'I think whoever owns this is pretty fortunate.'

"Then Dr. Johnson told him that the same man who owned the pictures owned also the tapes. But the other doctor said there was no way that tape could have come from that heart. So while sitting there

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hearing this conversation, I began to piece things together. This doctor put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'If that's the picture of your arterial system, you are a very lucky fellow.'

"Dr. Johnson said, 'I don't know about your heart attack and the problems you had before. I don't know anything about this.' Then he pointed out the rows of pictures around the walls of that room. He showed me mine. 'You can live for a hundred years with your heart,' he said. 'You can go home today, and I don't care what you eat or drink. With the years you have left there is no way you can do anything to hurt that heart, because it's brand new!!'"

"He showed me that the inside grows old just as the outside does, with wrinkles and similar things. He showed me other pictures of heart muscles. They grow soft with age. But my three arteries stood up there like new grape vines. He said, 'I'd give almost anything in the world if that were a picture of me.' He said my heart muscle was strong and straight and perfect. He said, 'I don't know what happened from the time you left the fourth floor to go to the second floor, but you have a new heart. Believe it or not. this heart has never had one blemish or spot or damage.'

"So I said, 'Would you call this a miracle?'"

"'No, I wouldn't,' he answered, 'because we don't want people coming over from hill and dale to this center looking for miracles.'

"He said I was a fortunate person; an old man with a young man's heart. So he told me to go back up to my room again until he personally told me to move. He wanted to go over it all and study it conclusively again.

"The next afternoon he came up to my room and said, 'Put on your pants and go back to work. There isn't a thing to restrict you, you can do anything you want to do. There isn't a thing wrong with you!'"

"The pain in my heart had been continuous until I went in to have the probe. It had hurt as much during that night from the sheer anxiety of it all as it ever had. Those doctors had no doubt that what they saw on the screen would be evident when they performed the surgery. But to their amazement they found a healthy heart. I had experienced this chest pain for five years without a day of freedom until this time. I felt like jumping up and down, singing and dancing. Unless you've gone through all this, you wouldn't understand.

"Just a couple weeks ago I went skiing without any pain at all. My wife and son and I knelt down and thanked the Lord with tears for what He had done. He had given me a new heart as the Bible says He can do. When I was sent back to my room, I was still afraid to move. I feared the doctor would come across something that he had failed to see before. He acted so confused about it all that I thought this could easily happen. But when he came up to my room and told me to go home. I knew it was over. He had X rays, slides, movies of the surgical procedures. What more did we need?'"

As I sat in Tom Manor's office, his face was deeply sincere. Others testified to the truthfulness of his story. Concluding, Tom said. "My courage is good. If the Lord can take me, a nobody, and perform a miracle like this for me, who had hardly asked for it—well, it really humbles me. The night I prayed with the ministers I wrote it off. Not as a lack of faith, but I felt I couldn't ask for such a thing from the Lord. And again, when the doctors were at my bedside, asking me to sign the surgery permit, I thought, 'Well. there goes the miracle; here comes the surgery.' As I look back to the beginning of this story, of the time when the supervisor of nurses massaged my heart and kept me alive to this day, I am overwhelmed at the goodness of the Lord to me."

As great as was the miracle of healing our Lord performed on Tom Manor, it in no way exceeds the new spiritual heart He gives to all who ask the Great Physician. It is all based on the creative power of our wonderful Lord. Both forgiveness of sin and physical restoration have the same divine source.

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"Whether is it easier," Jesus said, "to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God. saying, We never saw it on this fashion." Mark 2:12.

"Hearken unto me . . . ; I am the first, I also am the last. Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens: when I call unto them, they stand up together." Isaiah 48:13. "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isaiah 48:18.

The same Book that describes God's power, both in creating the earth, the new spiritual heart, and the new physical heart, tells of Satan's oppressive power. In fact, it sets off Christ's love as manifested against Satan's afflictions of men.

Of Jesus, the apostle Peter, who witnessed His mighty miracles nearly two thousand years ago, stated: "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him." Acts 10:38.

Let this settle it forever in the minds of everyone. The leper was oppressed of the devil. The paralytic was oppressed of the devil. Peter, the fisherman who confessed his sinfulness, was oppressed by the devil. And Levi Matthew, the despised publican, collaborator with the enemies of his own nation, carried on his evil business because his heart and soul, his being, were oppressed of the devil. The man with the atrophied hand, the blind man, and the demoniac were all oppressed of the devil.

Then Jesus came "saying, I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee." "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Hebrew 2:15.

In this connection let us not forget that in the closing days miracles also will be used by Satan. The Holy Word declares: "He doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles." Revelation 13:13

Fire coming down from heaven, in the days of Elijah, was the sign of the true God. But God's Word declares that it will not be the sign in the closing events of human history. To be able to distinguish between the true miracles and the false, one must have already fallen in love with the truth. Only a firm reliance on the Word of God will protect men in the closing days when "that Wicked shall be revealed . . . even him. whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion. that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." 2 Thessalonians 2:8-11

To be safe, both now and then, let us claim His wonderful promise: "A new heart also will I give you. and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." Ezekiel 36:26, 27.

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The divine philosophy of the Lord's holy day is that the Lord of the Lord's day makes both new physical hearts and new spiritual hearts. It is one thing to believe He has made the world; it is another to believe that He actually here and now makes in me, an unworthy slave of sin, a new creature in Christ Jesus. To truly accept the Scriptural philosophy of our Lord's day is to ask, believe, and claim that new heart today—right now.

It is not necessary for us to know how our Creator and Redeemer accomplishes the work of the new creation. Ours is but to believe with the simple faith of a little child. for "he that believeth not God hath made him a liar." 1 John 5:10. So let us only believe. Believe in Him with all our hearts. Let us call upon Him in simple, childlike faith.

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!" "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psalm 8:4.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Isaiah 40:6, 7.

Reflections: For your prayer circle, or personal meditations, we suggest that as you review the seven great Bible facts you actually open the Bible and read the scriptures cited. Then reconstruct the story of this chapter.

CREATION

The Christ is man's Creator.
Than He there is none greater;
He is my Lord.
He is my new heart Maker;
He'll never prove a traitor;
He keeps His word.
To publish His salvation.
To share this revelation.
Is joy divine.
Not worthy our receiving,
But simply by believing.
His pow'r is mine.

Seven Great Bible Facts:

1. Our Lord promises, "A new heart also will I give you" Ezekiel 36:26.
2. We have proof of His ability to do this, for "the world was made by him" John 1:10.
3. His creative power was demonstrated in the resurrection of Lazarus when "he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus. come forth. And he that was dead came forth" John 11:43, 44.
4. Our Lord's creative power will one day be manifested when "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth" John 5:28, 29.
5. Since God "made the world and all things therein." "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things" Acts 17:24, 25.
6. The basis of our "redemption through his blood" is that "by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth" Colossians 1:14, 16.
7. He can change our vile bodies "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" 1 Corinthians 15:52.

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