

Like a Mighty Wind

by

Mel Tari

as told to Cliff Dudley

CHAPTER 5: God's Children

The Lord moves not only among adults, but among young people, too—and children. When our teams began to go out from Soe we had eight groups of children. There were from eight to ten in each group. And the children ranged in age from six to ten. We called them our children's teams.

These children went to school from the first to the fourth grade. Every morning they left for school at about 7. School lasted from 7:15 to 1:15, when the children went home to eat lunch.

From about 4 to 6 every afternoon, Monday through Friday, these children, instead of playing like most little kids, would get together in prayer meetings. They would kneel, and put their hands together and pray—not only for others right around them, but for the whole world. And they would be so concerned that they would weep. Then the Lord would give them perhaps a word of prophecy, or instructions, or reveal something special to them.

Up a Tree

On Saturdays, school lasted only until 12 noon. About 2 o'clock one Saturday afternoon a team of children started to walk to a nearby village. Nearby could mean anywhere from 5 to 15 miles through the jungle. This was a weekly thing. And no adult ever went with them. I asked them once if they weren't afraid.

“Why should we be afraid, brother Mel?” they asked. “There is always an angel going ahead of us, and one on the right side of us, and one on the left side of us, and one in back. We just follow them through the trails, and they keep us safe.”

But this one day I started to tell you about, the children saw some guava trees. Now, guava is a special kind of fruit, and the children love it. When they came to the trees, they all looked up at the fruit and, of course, wanted some. Just as they were about to take some, one of the angels spoke.

“Don’t stop and take this fruit,” the angel said. “You will have fruit as soon as you get to the village, and you still have a long way to go to get there.”

But like all children, these were sometimes rebellious, and the sight of the fruit was just too much for them. They pushed aside the words of the angel, took off their clothes and began to climb the trees. It was great fun. They laughed and played around the trees and ate the guava—and forgot all about the fact they were supposed to go to another town and tell the people there about Jesus.

When they finally came down from the trees—you can’t guess what had happened.

Their clothes had disappeared.

They looked around and around and around, but there were no clothes.

Then something prompted them to look up. And when they did, they saw their clothes on the top of a big tree. A tall tree. Maybe 75 feet tall. And 3 feet in diameter.

At first the children laughed, it looked so funny. They thought perhaps a big wind had blown them up there. But when they realized there was no way to get their clothes down out of the tree, they began to cry.

“You had to learn your lesson,” the Lord told them. “I told you before through the angel that you were not to eat the fruit; that you would have

fruit as soon as you got to the town. But you did not obey, so you must pay the price of your disobedience.”

When the children heard this, they cried even harder. Then the Lord said, “But if you really repent and confess your sin, I will help you get your clothes back.”

So the little children dropped to their knees, and repented, and confessed their sin.

“Now one of you climb the tree,” the Lord said.

“But we cannot climb the tree,” they replied. “It is too big. We cannot reach around it. And it is too tall.”

“I will make your feet to stick like the feet of a lizard,” the Lord replied, indicating which one of the boys was to go up. And when the boy put his hand on the tree, it stuck there until he pulled it off and put it down again at a higher place. His feet, too, stuck to the bark. He reached the top, carefully gathered all the clothes and brought them down.

It was a repentant but happy group of children that went on to the town. On Sunday they spoke, gave their testimony and an altar call. And many of the people turned to Jesus.

God’s Tape Recorder

God seemed to give our children’s teams a special ministry. People would say, “God really anoints them.” Or, “They are so sincere in what they say.” And when they prayed and placed their little hands on the heads of big people, it was too sweet for words. Many people were healed under their ministry.

One time they went to Kefamenanu for two weeks of meetings. Although a lot of children in that place accepted the Lord, many adults refused to repent. Then the Lord gave the children a word of knowledge so that they knew the secret sins of people’s hearts. But when they told the people these things—

especially when they told all these secret things right out in church—some of the people got mad and persecuted the children.

After one especially hard day for the children, the Lord said to them as they were praying, “I am going to give you a surprise today.”

“What is that?” they asked.

“If you sing beautifully, I will play back your voices for you so you all can hear exactly how it sounded.”

Now, of course, the children did not have a tape recorder. Some may have heard one. I don’t know. But none of these children had one. So they began to sing. And they sang beautifully, as unto the Lord. When they were all through, the Lord said, “Now, if you will be quiet, I will play back your voices for you.” So they all were quiet, and suddenly music filled the air. The children were amazed. And very happy.

“Oh, there is my voice,” one said. Then another exclaimed, and another, as they picked out their voices. It was a real thrill for them as the music came right out of the air.

Whenever I think of this, I am reminded that someday, when the Lord comes back, all the words we have spoken will be played for us to hear on God’s tape recorder. Only the bad words that we have confessed and God has erased will not be there for us to hear.