

Faith to Raise the Dead - David Hogan

I must tell you about my failures first. My deepest successes have come out of my deepest failures. Nobody likes that kind of preaching (laughter). Monsoons came. I was fresh in Mexico. I didn't have any work at all. I had a lot of time off. When you don't have any work you have lots of free time. I'm not the kind of person who likes that much free time. I like to be busy, busy, busy. I had a small group of street people, probably 25 of them. They didn't have daddies. I was just preaching Jesus to them. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. I was taking them to the river for fishing and messing around with them, just doing stuff. Monsoons came. I didn't understand monsoons then, but I understand them now.

There was a tap at my gate and one of the fellows from the group came and said you need to get your flippers on because one of the guys from the group fell in the river. Monsoon rivers swell up really fast and they are real treacherous and are very bad. He was in there. He'd been in there an hour. The young man asked if I would please help. I grabbed my flippers and ran down to the river. I stripped down, put my flippers on, and dove right in.

The water was muddy murky and there was a whirlpool. There were four of us in the water. They were sure that the boy was down in there somewhere. Every time I came up for air there was over a thousand people on the bank. They were screaming orders at us. I've learned lots of lessons in this stuff over the years. Don't tell me where to go unless you get in the water with me! If you get in the water with me, and you're going to suffer, and you're going to let it beat on you then I'll listen to you. If you're going to stay on the bank and

we don't know but a little but we're willing to try and you're not... shut up.

When I was in the water I was caught up in a willow. You know what they are with long skinny limbs. When you're in water they're like tentacles and you by and they wrap you up and they won't let you go and it's scary. Well it caught me up and thank you Jesus I was able to break all those limbs and get away. It marked me up a little bit, but that's okay. When I was reaching out trying to get away I touched a body, broke him loose and brought him up. We put him up in the boat and we were trying to decide what to do. All these people on the bank were trying to tell us all these things. We got him out and laid him on the thing. Right in the middle of all that mass confusion... the mother was screaming, the dad was wailing, and the family... it was rough, it was rough. I don't like being around it but you have to sometimes. We laid him down. Right in the middle of all of that Jesus spoke to me to pray for him. "I will raise him from the dead."

You're right. It was an awesome moment but I disobeyed. I was standing in the midst of all this confusion and pain. Do you understand what I am at that moment. I am a doorway of power, but because of what was before me in the faces of men fear gripped me at the same time as faith did, doubt and unbelief. My King was asking for fruit. Let me tell you I was bent over like this. I walked off. Oooh, that's a bad feeling. I wouldn't suggest that you do that either. It doesn't go very well with you in a few minutes. I can still feel the hurt and the emotions of the moment because I disobeyed God Almighty. Listen to this. I live with this every day. I

condemned that 14 year-old boy to eternal damnation. He was not born again.

By the time I made it home the demon riding my back had made his job pretty complete. I was useless. I began to blubber and go into confusion and doubt and condemnation was huge and all sorts of other demons and deceptions had settled in. There was a cloud I could not see through and could not sort out the emotions of had gotten a hold of my spirit because I had submitted to it because of one thing – the fear of man. You can take your intimidation and go back to the hell you came out of with it. Not any more for me. No sir. No sir. I won't eat that any more. It's a bad and sour pill. It's not for me. That's why I seem aggressive to you. That's why I can seem overpowering and intimidating. I won't allow certain things that have eaten my lunch in the past to even get at the table. They're not even allowed to sit up with me. They can go to hell. Right now is fine. (woohoo)

I went through a month of the most miserable days of my life. And finally thanks be to God for a good woman. My wife is really tiny but she's really feisty. She's a good lady. She comes marching in there. She grabbed me by the collar and she said "now then listen to me". I didn't want to because I was rolling in the mire of it. I didn't want to hear her. I didn't want to hear anybody. She said "this is what you're going to do." I didn't have a choice. I wasn't the king anymore. She said "you will either go out there and win souls like Jesus told you to do and you will let the devil fall off of you and you will forgive yourself and you're will let God forgive you or let's go home." That was God talking to me. She was the only one strong enough to tell me. I looked at her and said "okay". So I got up and got a few tracks and I went

out fired up that big ol' four wheel drive and I went out and felt a little bit better. Then the next day she helped me get in the truck again and I was a little bit better. Finally after awhile, probably another month, I was running at full speed again. But now I have the most valuable lesson of all. I am failure without obedience to the name of Jesus. Yahoo. That makes me powerful because I know what the bowels of failure and hell are all about – total destruction for the human body and soul. Total annihilation of what little ministry there is. You must realize that Jesus is your source. Jesus is your mainstay. Without Him you are nothing but with Him you can do anything.

A couple of months later I was in a small village in Mexico. A little Indian fellow ran up to me and tapped me on the shoulder and said "Brother David, my son is about to die." I said I have to go first to preach the gospel and after I preach I will go and lay hands on the sick. Does your Bible say something like this in Psalms 107 it says "God sent His word to heal" - around verse 19 or 20. The Word has to go first, that's just my opinion. It isn't always that way but this time that's the way it was. I went to church and cranked up my little Coleman lantern. You've got to get this – grass roof, dirt floor, a brand new fledgling church. See this – you're winning. You've got a few converts here in an area that for who knows how many millenniums that the demons have controlled it. There's a gospel light there with an ability to take over everything that it touches. Yes there's oppression and the pressures are very real and it doesn't feel good, but it doesn't matter. It doesn't stop the power of God. You get it?

Church was good. It was wonderful. After I was putting up my little light. I'd done my thing. I'd preached the

gospel. It was what I was supposed to do. The man sat on the bench. When I got up to preach he listened. Now he says to me “Brother David, you’ve got to come and pray for my son.” I got my backpack. The scene is awesome. There aren’t any Americans within several hundred miles. There isn’t any way of telling. I’m in this jungle scene. The trees are humungous. The smells of the jungle. Houses here and there. The only way you can tell there’s a village is that every once in a while a dog will bark. That’s the only way you can tell that it’s there. Everything is black – it’s like being under a canopy with all the trees. My little lamp isn’t throwing much light. I’m thinking “God this is awesome”. Darkness is all around us and we have this little light. This is God. The Gospel is power. It helps people to see how to walk down the trail. It’s wonderful.

I’m walking with these guys and I’m going by different houses and I heard this lady over there wailing. Ooooo Ooooo. I thought “I wonder what that is man?” The closer we get the louder it gets. We’re headed to the noise. I get a little closer and the Indian brother walks up into the house. It’s his house. He walks back out. Now responsibility hits you. Are you ready? Because he got right up in my face, little bitty Indian fellow. He said “my son is dead and you are going to do something about it.” Woops. How many of you have read the latest book on how to raise the dead? There isn’t one.

Responsibility, severity, scripture verses are running through my mind. Fear is gripping me again. Doubt, unbelief. Guess what I don’t have this time? What I don’t have is the direct commandment from Jesus to me “raise the dead.” I didn’t hear it this time.

Things are going to get more complicated and I’m going to go after some your pet religious clichés. I go in this

hut. The hut is small. They don’t waste things there. I walked in to go into the door. When I walked in their house is made up of sticks wrapped up with vines out of the jungle. I get inside and there are two or three candles burning. The first thing I see is a woman in the middle of the floor, rocking back and forth and just screaming. There’s a little body stretched out – her son, nine years old. He’d been dead for four hours. I look to her right and there are two black magic warlocks standing there. Standing beside them are two spiritist healers. You have two elders from the town that are anti-Christ. They are against Jesus. You’ve got the warlocks and the spiritists - plenty of demons there. The sister was born again. When she looked up and saw me... I don’t have to tell you how concerned I looked. You have this dead boy there, you have these warlocks, you have these anti-Christ, you’ve got the spiritist healers there. It’s time to be serious. So what do you do? Pray, believe, receive “all things whatsoever”. Is this true? Are you starting to see how I think there because it’s in the Bible that’s why. The scriptures in the both the Old and New Testaments began to go through my mind about how people had been raised from the dead. I didn’t know what to do. There was no other book than the Bible. I’ve come to find out that’s the only book. I literally did not know how to go about what I was doing. I did not have a direct word from God come into my spirit. I did not have an angelic visitation or manifestation. I did not have a finger on the wall. I didn’t even have a bird peeping....

I had two spiritist healers, two black magic warlocks, and two anti-Christ and all of them were chanting evil spells on me. Now if I was an American I would think “well the spiritual airways aren’t clean so I can’t pray – praise the Lord.”

For us to wait on the spiritual airways to be clean I would never pray. I'm working what's called pioneer work. There has never been anyone praying there before so all the airways are contaminated by the demon forces. What do you think we have the Holy Ghost for? Let me say something that's really remarkable. There isn't a devil big enough to stop Jesus. That's really the truth. Your emotions don't have anything to say about what is going on. Don't you listen to your emotions, you'll always be in trouble.

What the devil says, whether it's in your mind or your spirit, whether it's what you're seeing, feeling, tasting, touching, has nothing to do with what the Word of God says. What those warlocks are saying has nothing to do with power of God. They cannot... CANNOT... stop heaven. In remembered what Jesus did. I'm a simple fellow. I'm sitting there and scriptures are running through my brain. I figured Jesus probably did it right.

I'll show you. Ready? This hand was on the little boys head. Then I decided to see if he's only half-dead. Maybe I can find a faint heartbeat. That surely would be easier. I looked all over the little boy for a heartbeat or a faint pulse. It wasn't there. So I said "Oh well, he's all the way dead" So I started praying.

Now people always have questions about this raising the dead. What did you pray? How did you pray? How long did you pray? What does it matter? The name of Jesus is what matters. The particular method I used was probably wrong, but there's this thing called grace and mercy. It comes from heaven. You throw yourself on that all the time so as to give Him all the glory and everything will work out usually. So I started praying for him. I prayed in English and that didn't

work. I prayed in Spanish and that didn't work. So I prayed in Indian, that didn't work. I prayed in tongues, that didn't work. I was fresh out of languages. So what could I do? I told you I could not attribute it to anything but the name of Jesus. As I was sitting there I was frantically going from one language to another, a few syllables in one end then the other. In every language the name of Jesus was prevalent and that's what matters. How long... I don't have any idea. I know I began to sweat pretty hard, but it was a hot night – about 100 degrees there at 10 or 11 o'clock at night. I was praying and sweating, and holding onto the little boy's arm.

He'd gone stiff on me and lost all his color. All of a sudden, now listen to this it's pretty fun. I'm praying and the little boy had on a little t-shirt and the dad and I saw that it bounced. It went to-to. I looked up and the daddy's eyes were as big as mine because he saw it too. Now the devils are still chanting and they're still cursing God and me and everybody else. For some reason it didn't bother the Holy Ghost, what do you think about that? That Mighty Holy Ghost came in there and thumped that heart on that little boy and kicked it all off again. In just a few minutes the little arm got limber. And the color came back. He got warm again. Wow! Today is the same day of salvation as it was then. Today is the day of power and resurrection. Today is the day of Glory. Today is the day of visitation.

You see I don't know why God would let me touch that little boy. I don't feel like the right person. I feel under-qualified. I feel lots of things. I feel under-studied. I feel lots of things, but it doesn't seem to bother the Holy Ghost how I feel. As long as I call out to Jesus in faith. As long as you believe "whatsoever you ask in prayer believing" you shall

receive. That's what I believe – okay? That's what the bible says.

Listen I didn't know what to do next. His little eyes opened and looked at me. Almost all the little children are afraid of me because I'm big to them and I'm little itty bitty. This little boy had such peace. I reached down and got him. I picked up this boy who had been dead for over 4 ½ hours. You remember what the bible says that Jesus did with the children. He always brought them to their mother. Most of the time he said to them “give them something to eat”. I was able to take that child over to his mother. I laid it in the mother's arms. She was as astounded as I was. Jesus came there because of His compassion for that lady (and he helped me too).

I was so astounded that it worked. It really, really works. It's wonderful. Here's what I told that lady. “Ma'am here's your son back from the dead by the power and the Glory and the Blood through the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.” In my opinion as a man who has been around the world several times, been in some of the greatest services that there will ever be. I have personally been where 21 people have been raised from the dead. That's awesome but it pales compared to your ability to be in His presence. He ordained His disciples first to be with Him. You've been called and your obedient, but the most important thing you can ever do is spend time with Jesus. I may be the most simple man you've ever met but you've never met any man in our generation that have touched as many dead man and had them get up as I have. You might not like the way I dress or talk but spending time with Jesus is number one. Don't ever forget that. After people spent time with Jesus then He sent his disciples forth. Don't go unless Jesus sends you. Get with Him and he'll send you to preach.

After that they healed the sick and cast out devils. The most valuable thing you have is to seek Jesus. It's not how well you speak. It's not how well you pray. It's not how well you heal the sick. It's not the number of demons you can cause to flee when you walk in. It's how well you can speak “I love you Jesus. I need you Jesus. Absorb me Jesus. Possess me Jesus.”

Excerpt from “Faith to Raise the Dead”. To hear the entire sermon go to the following web site:

<http://www.fathersglory.com/insp/hogan2.htm>