

PLACEBO

by
Howard Pittman



Open Wide . . .
Sleepy Church



WHAT IS THE CHURCH'S DOPE?

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PREFACE

On August 3, 1979, Howard Pittman, a Baptist minister, suffered physical death as the result of a massive internal hemorrhage. His spirit was lifted from his body by guardian angels who led him through the Second Heaven, where he was shown the secrets of Satan's dominion. He appeared before our Lord in the Third Heaven where he pleaded for an extension of his physical life. There God showed him what kind of life of worship and service he had really led, and Howard Pittman was graciously transformed from a Laodicean-type Christian to a Philadelphian-type Christian. ([See Revelation chapter 3](#)) He was miraculously healed and sent back to this world with a five-point message from Heaven – The Greatest News Since Pentecost!

“Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month.” [Joel 2:23](#)

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DEDICATION

To the Supreme Creator, Who out of a Heart of Love, gave me a second chance. It was He Who dealt with me, an unworthy sinner.

Also, as this book was taking shape there were two people who figured prominently in its formation; my wife Joyce, who labored alongside me and struggled patiently to decipher my grammatical mistakes, and my dear father, who is now enjoying Gloryland with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Once in a great while God permits such a man as my father, Ephraim Pittman, to walk through this life. As he walked, he brought me the first ray of sunshine. He taught me how to love and how to know that there really IS a God Who truly cares about the individual.

To all of these, I humbly dedicate this book.

FOREWORD

Webster's Dictionary defines "placebo" as "a medication prescribed more for the mental relief of a patient than for the actual effect on his disorder, or something tending to soothe." The doctors tell us that if we know we are being treated with a placebo, it does not work. In our minds we must think that it is a real medication and has the strength or power to heal. If the patient believes this, then the treatment has been known to work wonders in many cases that otherwise could not have been treated. Placebo treatment is, in fact, nothing of substance, but in the mind of the patient it is real. In order for this kind of treatment to work, the doctor must convince the patient of the work of the medication.

My friend, I declare unto you that this is the exact "treatment" that most "mouth-professing" Christians are using today. The doctor administering this "medication" is Satan himself. He gives the "patient" a sugar-coated religion, a shallow experience, and whispers half-truths into his ears. He then tells the "patient" that it is real and that it is all the "patient" needs. The "patient", having been taken in by Satan, believes this and goes on his merry way declaring to all that he has been born again, his salvation is real, and this experience is all that he needs.

Doctor Satan will allow his "patient" to continue to go to church and will allow him to take part in any church, that is, singing, leading in prayer, teaching Sunday School, and even preaching. He will allow the "patient" to do all and to make any

kind of statement in connection with his "mouth-professing" religion, even to the point of the saving power of Jesus. Yes, he will allow the "patient" to do all and say all with one exception. That exception is that the "patient" will not be allowed to live the life that he confesses with his mouth.

The "patient" does not see any need for any other type "treatment" since this one seems to be working so well. You see, the "patient" must believe the "medication" is good for him in order for it to work. He must have trust in two things for this "treatment" to work. He must trust the doctor and must trust the healing power of the medication. This explains why this type "medication" works. It works by the faith of the patient. It has been proven that the more the "patient" believes in the doctor's ability and the medication, the faster the healing. In other words, the greater the faith, the greater the job done by the placebo treatment.

Doctor Satan gains the confidence of the "patient" by misrepresenting himself. Oftentimes, he comes as an angel of light. Sometimes he will even come as God. There is one thing for certain. He will never come in his own name. The qualification he flashes before the eyes of the "patient" are always impressive and ALWAYS FALSE. Having beguiled the "patient" and taken him in, he now springs a trap by convincing him of the great healing effect of the sugar-coated religion that he is about to give him. He convinces the "patient" that he must always take only what is given by Doctor Satan and that he must not seek another opinion from any other physician. The "patient" must never listen when another tries to show him the weakness produced by this type of life.

The placebo treatment in the church today is a surface religion which contains all the elements of true Christian religion with the exception that these elements are superficial and intellectual. They are a mouth and word practicing religion and not a heart and deed practicing religion. The true and the false religion in our Christian denominations today contain nearly all of the same elements. The big difference is that the false religion is only taught; the true one must be lived.

Satan has taken control of our visible church today, and with the help of his demons, he now has the greatest part of all Christian denominations on the placebo treatment. They all know about God and they all know about the second birth. They all know about loving one another, but only a few really live these things. The overwhelming majority of so-called Christians in the world today are actually only "mouth-professing" and are many, many miles away from heart-possessing. As a result of this, they have no Power in their lives. They cannot live a life of true

witness because they do not have the Truth for their leader. Instead, they are being led by a lie.

The Bible describes this condition explicitly. If one serves the world, in no way can that one serve God. Know this and know it well. To be a disciple of Christ, we must be separated from this world, sanctified. We must live our religion, not just talk it. Evidence of this condition of the great majority of the "mouth-professing" Christians today is found in the Bible, the book of [Revelation Chapter 3, verses 14 through 22](#). This is the seventh or last letter.

It was revealed to me by God that this letter was written to this, the Laodicean Church Age. We are now living in the close of church history as recorded in [Revelation 3:14-22](#). I quote, "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art nether cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

We see from this letter that the "mouth-professing" Christians are not aware of their true condition since they know all the elements of true Christianity. They assume they have need of nothing else because Doctor Satan has convinced them of the healing strength of his "placebo treatment" Since they are not required to live their faith, they truly have nothing of substance. It is totally intellectual and a head-knowledge religion. With only an intellectual religion, man's spirit is stifled and this allows him to Practice immoral things in his life. He excuses himself by going to church and using Satan's lie that we all do it and just cannot help it. This intellectual religion allows a man to go to church on Sunday and sing "Oh, How I Love Jesus." Then, he goes into the world during the week foreclosing on a mortgage on some poor, less-fortunate brother. He excuses this action by saying that this is business and must be worked that way because you do not mix business

and religion. This intellectual religion allows for just about any type of immorality and it always has a ready excuse furnished by Doctor Satan which is always accepted by most of the peers down at the local church. This is the condition we find ourselves in today.

The heart-possessing Christian is the exception rather than the rule. He is looked upon by the "mouth-professing" Christians as a religious fanatic or freak and is hated and persecuted by the rest of the world. Although most cannot say why, they truly hate him. To the heart-possessing Christian I say, "Take heart. Be of good cheer. Our Savior was the first to be persecuted, hated, and scorned by the world even to the point of being put to death. Through it all, He remained true and He was the first Overcomer. The good news, my friend, is that you can also overcome.

INTRODUCTION

What I am about to tell you is the whole truth, I know because it happened to me. It is so amazing that some people find it difficult to believe. In no way am I going to try to convince you because that is not my job. My job is to tell you. If you are one for whom this message is intended, you will know of its authenticity by the testimony of the Holy Spirit to your spirit.

The only other statement that I would like to make in support of my claim that this message is from God to you through me is this fact: When God assigned me this task, He told me to go by faith and that He, God, would open all the doors. This command to go tell was received by me on May 7, 1980, and in just ten short months, by stepping out on faith, God used me to take this message into all fifty states and over twenty foreign nations. This, in itself, would not be so incredible if it were not for the fact that I had absolutely no means with which to finance this message. On May 7, 1980, when God said go, I left my employment and stepped out on faith with nothing but my unshakeable belief in God and that He was able to keep His Word. I started my long journey that would take me and this message into all nations in three years. In light of this fact, no matter what you think of the message or me, you must admit that in order for it to reach all the fifty states and twenty foreign nations in so short a period of time as ten months, God had to do it. I could not.

Before I tell you about the miracle, I must tell you about a small part of my personal history. I need to do this only because you will need to know this information to better understand the miracle. You will have to understand my

spiritual condition and physical condition to understand the great miracle that God performed in my life.

I was born November 24, 1928, the seventh living child of a family of eight children. I was raised in a Christian home. My father was a deacon in the church for over fifty years and at twelve years of age, I made a public profession of faith and joined the church. At age twenty-two I surrendered to preach and entered college in preparation for that ministry. After a two-year struggle I gave up college and made my way to the city of New Orleans where I entered the law-enforcement profession. Here I began a career that lasted over twenty-five years. During this career I practiced my Christian faith as I believed it. I was also able to continue my education even to the point of attending seminary. At one time, while serving full-time as a police officer and a seminary student, I pastored a church.

CHAPTER ONE OUTER LIMITS

It was about 9:30 p.m. on that Saturday night. I was on routine patrol duty in one of the out-lying districts of the city of New Orleans. It had been an awfully hot, August day. I was glad to see the drop in temperature that darkness afforded, even though it was only a few degrees.

I saw a car with the headlights turned off coming down the middle of the road. It was moving fast and headed straight towards me. My reflexes acting spontaneously, I jammed down on both brakes and pulled over to the curbside just as the car sped past. Slapping my machine into first, I spun around. The dragsters would have been proud of my burning rubber for two blocks.

The car was large and powerful having passed me at a fast clip. With a considerable lead on me, the car suddenly turned off the main street onto a shell-covered, dirt road and headed back into the boondocks. The driver knew that the moment I turned onto the road I would have to slow down because of the clouds of dust. When I made the dirt road, the dust was so heavy that I had to reduce my speed considerably. However, I knew that it would ultimately work to my benefit because wherever he went he would leave a dust trail.

Presently, I came to a dead-end noticing that the car I had been pursuing was parked behind a large tree. The car was empty and all of the buildings in the vicinity were dark. Across the street I spotted a barroom. I knew that the driver had

to be in that barroom. Unthinkingly, I jumped off my machine and charged into the bar making demands that the owner of the car step forward. When I discovered that I had walked into a trap, it was too late. It seemed my visit was anticipated since upon my entrance about thirty-five or forty people jumped me, pinning my arms to my side causing me to be unable to reach my weapon. With the bartender urging them on, one man left to get a rope. They discussed how they would dispose of my body and formulated a plan of hanging me on the large tree outside the bar. One man in the crowd tried to talk them out of it and I immediately agreed with him. My plan was to stall for time, time to let them think, hoping they would realize just what they were doing. The ploy did not work.

Meanwhile the bartender continued to prod them. Finally the man came back with the rope. As they were leading me from the barroom, we had to pass through the front door which was not very wide. Three people could pass through the door at the same time. When I entered the barroom, I left my motorcycle with my motor running parked next to the door. As we passed through the door, the crowd thinned and I was able to work my right hand free. Passing by the machine, I grabbed the microphone and called for help over the radio. Then, a most strange thing happened. An unknown force filled the mob's hearts with fear and they scattered in all different directions. I jumped on my motorcycle and took off just in time to hear the radio dispatcher come back to me with, "Unit calling.....Change your location.....I'm unable to read your signal."

This was just one of a score of such incidents in which I have been involved as a police officer during my career. So many times I stepped to the brink of total disaster only to have some invisible hand pull me back. Each time I would breathe a sigh of relief and say how "lucky" I had been. Now, as I look back over that long career, I can see with great clarity the hand of God as He moved upon my life to manipulate the circumstances so that I might be here today to deliver this message to you.

CHAPTER TWO EARLY DAYS

I was born during the depression on a small farm in a very poor section of the state of Mississippi. Being a carpenter, my father did "outside" work. The older children did the farming and provided most of the food we had to eat. My mother did housework and cooked three meals each day. All the clothes washing was done by hand on an old scrub board. Irons were heated before an open fire so that mother

could iron our clothes. She always said that being poor was not an excuse for being "tacky," so all of the children had to be clean and neat.

I suppose you could say that I was blessed more than most children of my day since I was raised in a Christian home. Father was a deacon in the local church and served in that position for fifty years. I never heard my father use any curse words. I don't say that he did not use them. I just say that I never heard him if he did. I never heard him raise his voice to my mother. However, I did hear her raise her voice to him many times. It was my father, though, who insisted that peace be maintained in the home.

My parents were the kind who took their children to church and did not just send them. As for my father, I had a special relationship with him. To me, he was much more than just my father. He was my very best friend. When I had special problems and needed a close friend in which to confide, I could always go to him and he seemed to understand. When I had a need, it always seemed that he was there to fill it. No matter what my request, he tried his very best to grant it,

As a youngster, the big social event of the week was attending church on Sunday. At church we would get to visit and talk with other folks we had not seen all week. It was not the church service to which I was looking forward, but the chance to play with other children. When the service started, we all had to go inside and sit still while the preacher talked. More often, he was shouting instead of talking. Have you ever been forced to sit still on one of those slick-board, church benches for more than two hours at a time? If you have, you know what I am talking about and you know what I was going through. That old preacher we had, well it just seemed that there was no end to the wind that would gush forth from his lungs. I was sure of one thing, though. He positively could not tell time! He would take out his old, round, railroad watch and lay it on the pulpit. That would be the last we would see of the timepiece.

As I look back now, I can see the great and tender love in the heart of that preacher. He just did not want anyone to go to Hell. Oh how he longed for and pleaded to each soul, but so many did not hear. I believed all that the preacher said and all that my Sunday School teacher said. When they told me about Jesus, I believed them. When they told me about Moses, David, and Abraham and all the other characters in the Bible, I believed them. I believed that all those characters really did exist and I never doubted the authenticity of that teaching. While at school during the week, my school teacher would tell me all about Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and other great American heroes who were the

fathers of this country and who helped forge America out of the wilderness. She told how they helped make what we have today, the greatest nation on the face of this Earth. Never doubting the teacher, I believed in all of those people and believed that they were real. However, in my mind as a child, all of those people lived long ago. They had long been dead and I had a great deal of difficulty relating to people who had long been dead. I could not understand the connection nor the value of their long-ago life to my life today.

One Sunday an itinerant preacher came to our church and preached a sermon on Hell. This preacher preached about those flames and made them so real to me that I could almost feel the heat. I could almost smell the flesh as it was burning and, suddenly, something that a preacher was talking about related to me. He talked about punishment, burning for an eternity, and receiving everlasting condemnation. I could relate to that and, therefore, Hell became real to me. Paying attention to every word that the preacher said as he continued to preach about Hell, I became more and more convinced that whatever it was and wherever it was, one thing was for certain: I did not want any part of it! I was determined on that day, at that very moment, to never place myself in the position of ever having to go to Hell. Here was one little boy who really paid attention to a preacher who preached that day when he made something become very real to me. It was on that day that I decided to join that church and do whatever was necessary to escape the everlasting punishment of Hell.

CHAPTER THREE THE PLACEBO TIME

As a returning veteran in the Korean War at the age of twenty-two, I decided that God had called me to preach. I entered college in preparation for that ministry and after two years of struggle, I decided that this was about all of a sacrifice that I could possibly enjoy. I dropped out of school and made my way to the city of New Orleans where I entered the law-enforcement field starting a career that would last over twenty-five years. During those years in law enforcement, I was able to work all phases of this profession.

Starting as a uniform patrolman on the beat, I was able to work as a plain-clothes investigator, canine trainer, instructor in the academy, supervisor, unit commander, and member of the superintendent's staff. During those twenty-five years, I served five months full-time duty with the Louisiana State police and three months full-time duty on detached service with the Baltimore, Maryland Police Department. Over the years I was able to arrange it so that I could continue my education.

Criminology was included in my course of study, but theology continued to be my main interest. I was able to attend the seminary and at one point while I was in the seminary, I pastored a church for one full year.

During my career in law enforcement, I practiced my Christian faith as I believed it. On occasions, when I was off-duty with the department, I would stand on street corners and hand out tracts. I Preached to those in jails, visited those in the hospitals, and even traveled about to little towns in the surrounding area to preach in court squares. Doing all this and much more, I even tried to share what little material things I had with those less blessed.

While acting in my official capacity as a law enforcement officer, I practiced the "golden rule." Even while working as a uniformed officer in the motorcycle division and enforcing the traffic regulations, I tried my very best to abide by the "golden rule." Before getting off my machine and walking up to the vehicle of a stopped violator, I would say to myself, "Suppose the shoe were on the other foot? How would I want to be treated?" Then I tried my best to treat each one the way I would want to be treated.

I tried to love my neighbor and I really tried to do all the Bible says a Christian should do, and then one day I died. As I stood before God, He called my life an abomination. What I want to tell you about is why that life of service was called an abomination by Him.

In the year 1973, a great deal of my time was spent researching any new clues from scripture about the Antichrist. Because of the world conditions, I was sure that he was about to be revealed. In the early part of 1974, a message came to me in the form of five dreams which covered a seven-day span of time. They were different, but all had a connecting theme. The first dream came to me on the night of December 30, 1973, the second dream on the night of January 1, 1974, the third dream on the night of January 3, 1974, and the fourth and fifth dreams came on the night of January 5, 1974. I did not know what they meant, but I did know that God was talking to me. Because I had been engaged in so deep a research about the Antichrist, I thought these dreams were some kind of message about him. I found out later that the dreams related to the great miracle in which I was going to be involved seven years later.

CHAPTER FOUR THE PROPHECY

After an exhaustive study in the scriptures about the Antichrist on the evening of December 30, 1973, I retired for the evening at about 11:30 P.M. It was on this night that I had the first dream in which I saw myself sitting in a rocking chair, rocking to and fro, a cool breeze blowing over my face. I was so comfortable that it made me doze off to sleep and I felt as though I did not have a care or need in this world. On a bed next to me was my mother who was dying. Her plight did not concern me at all. I was not at all worried about her. Then, I felt a sharp pain in the tips of my fingers on my left hand. Looking down from the chair where I was sitting, I saw a giant, Great Dane dog biting my fingers. The dog appeared to very vicious, but I was not afraid of him. I slowly got up and enticed him to the front door. As he walked out, I slammed the door shut. I could hear him running around the house heading for the back door and as I ran through the house, I reached the door just as the big dog reached it. As he started to leap through the door, I slammed it shut and put my shoulder against it. I woke up and this was the end of dream number one.

Two nights later I had a second dream in which I saw myself standing on the door stoop of a strange, three-story house. The house was an old house, but it was new to me. Inside the house I could hear the awful wailing of a dog. Opening the door, I walked inside. With no people and no furniture, the house was empty. However, I could still hear the barking dog. Looking all around, I could not find anything. After walking upstairs, I found that part of the house was empty too. I could still hear the barking dog whose barking was both wailful and threatening. At the head of the stairs I saw a closet and I opened the door. Inside the closet were two dogs that seemed to be twins except for their coloring. One was white and the other was black. They were of a small breed similar to a wire-haired terrier or a Scottish terrier. The black dog was lying stretched out on his side as if he were dead, and the white dog was sitting on top of the black dog. The white dog was barking, looking at me with evil eyes. I knew immediately that he was extremely evil. He tried to hypnotize me and I knew by some supernatural means that the dog was determined to destroy me but that he had no power over me. Since I knew that I had supernatural protection, I was not afraid. Suddenly, the dog came out of the closet and went out to meet people on the street. He was so little and cute that people would stop to pet him. Then, he would hypnotize them and they would float up to a giant furnace and burn. The dog disappeared quickly. I turned to further investigate the building and heard a knock at the front door. When I opened the door, there stood my best friend. I was surprised to see him. "Come in, Larry," I

said . As he walked through the door, I suddenly knew it was not my friend, but was the white dog with the evil eyes disguised as my friend. He was making a deliberate attempt to destroy me, yet I was not afraid. When he tried to hypnotize me, I hypnotized him and he floated up to the furnace. The disguise burned up leaving the evil white dog laughing at me. This was the end of dream number two.

A night was skipped and then dream number three came in which I saw myself walking down a strange trail in an unfamiliar locale. Snowcapped mountains and tall trees were all around me. Carrying a sack of dog food on my shoulder, I came to a newly-built, ranch-style house which I had never seen before. As I approached, I could see through a large picture window of the house. A number of people were seated at a dining table and were eating. Some of the people were small children, but most of them were grown men. I realized that all the people there were from my family, but I did not recognize most of them. I recognized the one who came out and invited me inside to eat as being my sister-in-law. I declined with the excuse that it was absolutely necessary that I go into the back yard and feed the dog. Walking into the back yard, I laid the sack of dog food on a shelf and started to prepare it for a dog. At that very moment, a large, German Shepherd dog attempted to attack me. He charged, circled, and snapped at me continually, but he was unable to bite. I felt an invisible shield around me and I had no fear. I continued to prepare the food while the dog persisted in his attempt to attack. Suddenly, as if it came from a giant megaphone in the sky, there was a new announcement which informed me that my father had been assassinated in a political coup of some kind. The message was not entirely clear. This was the end of dream number three.

I now knew for sure that the dreams were bringing me a special message by supernatural means. I did not know what they meant or why I should be the recipient of the message. On the second night after the third dream which was the seventh day in the series, I received the fourth and fifth dreams. In dream number four, I saw myself walking down a cobblestone street with neat, white, small cottages on each side. There were other people walking in both directions on this street. Some of them were in groups laughing and talking. I could tell from their accent that they were English and I could tell from the terrain and architecture that I was not in America. Therefore, I concluded that I was in England. I came to a house which I knew to be mine and saw my family as I entered the home. I had never seen these people before but I knew them to be my family. Speaking with an English accent, they greeted me and then continued their discussion. I walked out into the back yard where I was greeted by my large, Collie dog. I started to play with him and my family came out to watch me play with the Collie. Just at that

moment, my father walked through the back gate into the yard and without warning, the dog attacked him. I went to his aid in an effort to get the dog off of him. While the attack was going on, my family was laughing and clapping their hands as if they were cheering for the dog. I woke up and this ended dream number four.

It was as if I was jarred awake by the impact and realization that God was talking to me through these dreams. It brought on at first a feeling of awe, then worry. The question "Why?" kept coming to my mind. I must have remained awake and kept going over and over the dream for more than an hour before I finally went back to sleep. Dream number five came after going back to sleep.

In this dream I saw myself walking down a street in my old hometown. I was en route to the City Hall where the newly-elected mayor was going to appoint me to some official position with the new city administration. I was not sure what this position was to be, neither was I sure what my title would be. When I reached City Hall, I walked into the lobby where several people were standing around talking in little groups. I joined one of these groups and as I was discussing the new mayor, in he walked. His last name was White and he was a physician. Doctor White immediately started to explain what my position was to be with the city government and what my title would be. I could not understand what he was saying and he seemed to become annoyed with my failure to understand. At this point, two police officers walked into the lobby. Both officers were black and both officers had two dogs on leashes beside them. The mayor announced to all in the lobby that these two officers had brought in two new police dogs the city had just acquired and that the city was very proud of the two dogs. At that instant, some inmates of the city jail escaped and ran right past where we were standing. The police officers unleashed the dogs and gave them the command to catch the criminals. As the dogs charged, they ran past the escaping criminals and attacked some innocent bystanders. Running after the dogs, I screamed a command for them to stop the attack. The dogs immediately obeyed my command and came back to me with their tails tucked between their legs showing fear of me. Doctor White came up to me and said, "We need you to retrain our dogs."

I replied to the mayor, "It's not your dogs that need retraining; it's your people." The mayor then started to explain to me again what my title would be with the city. Still unable to understand what he was saying, I was invited by Doctor White to go outside of the building with him where we could get into his car and further discuss his offer.

Once outside the building, we walked up to the mayor's automobile which was new to me. Ironically, though, the car was a blue and white, 1953 model Chevrolet. The mayor asked that I sit in the front seat and stated that he would sit in the back seat. When I got in the car, there was a third person sitting behind the wheel. This person's face was totally blank, however. I was not at all concerned about him even though I could not see any face on him. Putting my right arm on the back of the car seat, I turned my head so that I could face the mayor who, by this time, had gotten into the vehicle. I asked him again to explain in detail what my position would be and what title I would hold. As he started to tell me, the car suddenly began rolling backward down a grade and slammed into a tree. At this point I woke up.

By this time, I knew for a fact that God had been talking to me and that He had given me an important message. I could not understand what He was telling me, though. I knew that when God said something of this nature that it had to be mighty important, but whatever it was He was telling me, I did not know. This kind of experience was too important to be wasted. I knew that if God would let me experience this sort of thing that He would make provisions for me to know what it meant. After pondering these happenings for several days, I decided to put all of the dreams on tape, not willing to trust to memory anything so important as this. During the next seven years, I played these tapes before many different groups and recounted all of the dreams in hope that God had given an interpretation to someone that was listening. This never happened. The interpretation that I did receive did not come until after the miracle and then, only in part. Parts of these dreams still remain a mystery. The interpretations that I did receive will be dealt with in the latter part of this book.

CHAPTER FIVE PREPARATION

In the year 1978, I retired from the New Orleans Police Department and moved my family to a sixty-one acre farm in Mississippi. It was here on this farm that my wife and I started a new ministry by opening our home to less fortunate children who had been neglected, abused, and misused. In a Period of three years we had opened our home to thirty-two children. Realizing that most people considered themselves blessed raising small families, we considered ourselves to have been abundantly blessed to have had thirty-two children in these three years.

While conducting our new ministry after my retirement I was still involved in a phase of law enforcement work. This work included my training men and dogs for use in the off-shore oil industry to be used in the detection and prevention of the

use of illegal drugs in that industry. Since part of my duties included selling this program to the oil industry, I was required to spend a great deal of time traveling.

Early in the year 1979 I was still not satisfied with my life. Feeling emptiness, I knew that something was missing. All my time was occupied, but still I was hungry for something else, not knowing what that something else was. I had been convinced that when we opened our home to children, it would satisfy my spiritual needs. It did not. At this time, some friends of mine talked me into getting into politics. Because of all my years of experience in law enforcement, they thought I would make a good candidate for sheriff. I spent the entire spring and summer working my campaign with all my strength. Just a few days before the election scheduled for August 7, 1979, I was suddenly struck with a grave and disastrous illness. The night before the tragedy I went to bed as usual and carefully planned the following day in my mind.

On awakening that morning I was slightly nauseated and skipped breakfast. My wife asked me if I was not going to eat. I replied that I had to hurry to keep my appointment with some folks who I hoped would support my candidacy for sheriff with campaign contributions. I was unaware that God had also made an appointment for me that day, let me remind you that the Bible says that it is appointed once unto man to die and, without warning, my appointment came. Like a flash of lightning, the main trunk artery in my body cavity ruptured causing a devastating, sudden, blood loss.

I was admitted to the local hospital and immediately tests were run in an attempt to locate the area of the great blood loss. The local hospital was very small and did not have sufficient equipment to deal with the problem I had presented. Late in the afternoon of August 3, 1979, my physician came into my room and I could tell by the look on his face that he was concerned. He said to me, "Mr. Pittman, you are a very sick man. We do not have the expertise, personnel nor equipment here to take care of what you have. I am, therefore, recommending that you be transferred immediately to the regional medical center."

The medical center was forty-five miles away and I protested by telling my doctor that I was too tired to make the trip. Wanting to rest, I asked that the doctor allow me to stay where I was overnight and transfer me the following day. I pleaded for him to allow me to gain strength and then I said, "Perhaps I'll go tomorrow."

He replied, "You won't be here tomorrow." They prepared an ambulance, assigned a paramedic to attend me in the ambulance, and permitted my wife to ride as we started off on the trip. About half-way from the medical center, all my vital life signs suddenly failed. My veins collapsed, preventing my body from receiving the life-supporting blood and drip. The paramedic judged me dead and radioed ahead what had happened. He requested the hospital assign a physician to meet us on the ramp explaining that perhaps a physician could revive me and restore the vital life signs.

When we arrived, a waiting physician took me immediately to the emergency room where a desperate battle began that was to cover the next twenty-four hours. A six-man team of physicians desperately fought to preserve the spark of life in my body. Seven of those twenty-four hours were spent in the emergency room, seven in surgery, and the rest in recovery. Seven days were spent in the intensive care unit. Those first seven hours in the emergency room were when my vital life signs were restored. After approximately three hours of working, one of the doctors came out and told one of the family members to prepare the family for the worst. Later, the chief surgeon came out and told my wife that I had lost a tremendous amount of blood and that they were unable to stop the blood flow. He further stated that they were unable to locate the blow-out, but were doing all that was humanly possible. He added that the situation was, indeed, grim and that he could not give her any basis for much hope.

About midnight the same night, the doctor came out of the room and told my wife that they had finally found the blow-out and that the only way they could stop it was through surgery. The doctor said that it was impossible to do that surgery because I was too old, had lost too much blood, and could not withstand the operation physically. Because of these conditions, the doctors decided to put me in ICU to try to build me up with some special nutrients. They were hoping that I could hang on till Monday. Then, they speculated, I would have a chance of withstanding this surgery. So at midnight they carried me into ICU and at 6:00 a.m. the following morning, my vital life signs failed again. The chief physician came out of ICU and told my wife, "It is something else." They took me into surgery where they worked on me for an additional seven hours.

CHAPTER SIX THE GREAT MIRACLE

Somewhere in that period of time when the physicians were working on me, I came to myself and realized that I was dying. I knew that my life was leaving me and that I was living on sheer will-power alone. Every breath I breathed was a labor of pain so great that I knew the human body could not long survive such pain. With each breath it seemed as though my strength would fail and once that breath was inhaled, then it required the same amount of strength to exhale. Nothing was automatic. I knew that I was keeping my appointed time to die. It was as though I received a revelation: "This is it."

Knowing that only God could give me back my life and that only God could change my appointed time to die, I prayed a strange prayer. My prayer was that God would allow me to appear before His throne and plead for an extension of my physical life. In any other place and time this prayer would be unusual; however, all of this was planned by God to ultimately serve His purpose. The thought to pray such a prayer was instilled in my mind by the Holy Spirit.

At the time I concluded the prayer, I heard a voice. Oh, what a voice. There are not words in our language to describe to you what I heard. This voice was hypnotic and totally captivating. The tone was so sweet and beautiful that by its very tone it implied that the speaker was God. I thought, "It's God! He has heard my prayer! He is answering me!"

The voice continued to say to me, "Stop. Don't breathe. Quit. It will all be over. Rest and peace at last."

It continued to imply that if only I would obey, I would at last have all the things that I would ever need. At this point, I began to comply and started lessening my efforts to breathe. After all, this was the very first time in my life that I had ever heard an audible, supernatural voice, so you can understand my total captivation. It was such a beautiful voice, a voice that is beyond description with human words. The very tone of this voice was saying, "God is speaking." You can imagine my willingness to obey the command of that voice, so I began to lessen my efforts to breathe.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, "NO!" it came to me just like it states in the Book of James, "Resist the devil and he will flee." Yes, there in that valley beyond the vale of tears, in the very valley of the shadow of death, Satan met me and lied to me. Of

course, that ploy was nothing to him because he has been lying to me all of my life. He lied to me once again as I was dying. Nothing is sacred to Satan, the father of lies, for there he implied that he was God.

These are the tactics with which the people of this world are confronted in this closing age of the Church. Satan is, first of all, a liar. He lied to Eve and he has not stopped lying since. The sad part is that many people are buying that lie without even knowing it.

Notice that in my situation, Satan did not start with an outright lie. He said that if I would obey him, the physical pain would stop. He was truthful in that statement, but all of the rest of what he said was a lie. That is why he is so hard to trap. Generally speaking, he will always have a little truth mixed in with his BIG lie.

CHAPTER SEVEN THE GRAND TOUR

What happens next is so incredible that some people find it hard to believe. May I say at the outset that I know the difference between dreams, visions, and a real experience. May I also point out that if you do not believe in Satan and demons as being real, individual beings, then you do yourself and the Kingdom of God a great disservice. It stands to reason that you cannot understand or even withstand an enemy if you do not believe he is real.

At the moment I resisted Satan, he fled from me. The angels were there and they took my spirit from my body. These angels were present all the time that Satan tempted me although I did not know it because I was still in the flesh. The angels did not attempt to help me until I had resisted Satan with my own will. The only help I had was the supernatural revelation from the Holy Spirit that the voice I was hearing belonged to Satan and not to God. Whether or not to obey that voice was my choice.

When the angels lifted my spirit from my body, they carried me immediately to the Second Heaven. We did not have to leave that hospital room in order to enter the Second Heaven. We entered there in that same room where my body was, just by passing through a dimension wall. It is a wall which flesh cannot pass through, only spirit.

For you, the reader, to understand what was happening, you must understand the separation of the spirit from the flesh. To know how this works, we must know

how we, ourselves, are made. The Bible states that we, as human beings are made in the image of God. To understand this, we must know what God is. The Bible states three immutable things about God: Number one, God is Spirit; Number two, God is invisible; and Number three, God is immortal. If we are made in His image, then we are spirit, we are invisible, and we are immortal. Therefore, when we look into a mirror we do not see our real selves. We see only the body, or earthen vessel, in which we live. Since we are all made in the image of God, we would all be mirror images of one another without our earthly, physical bodies. Therefore, we were given a soul to separate us from one another to make us an individual.

The animals in this world also have a soul. The only difference between their souls and ours is that our soul belongs to the spirit. Their soul belongs to the body. When their body perishes, their soul perishes with it. When our body perishes, the soul remains with the spirit. When the spirit was lifted from my body, my soul came with it. I suppose the simplest way to identify the soul would be to say that it is one's personality. The entire time I was away from my body I remained an individual, that is, I retained my own personality. I retained all my faculties. In fact, they were greatly enhanced.

As we moved through that dimension wall into the Second Heaven, I found myself in an entirely different world, far different from anything I had ever imagined. This world was a place occupied by spirit beings as vast in number as the sands of the seashore. These beings were demons, or fallen angels, and were in thousands of different shapes and forms. Even those in similar shapes and forms were contrasted by diverse coloring. Many of the demons were in human shapes or forms and many were in forms similar to animals familiar to our present world. Others were in shapes and forms too hideous to imagine. Some of the forms were so morbid and revolting that I was almost to the point of nausea.

When I first arrived in the Second Heaven, I knew immediately in what direction I must go to reach the Third Heaven where God was. I don't know how I knew that, but I did. I also knew that if I was going to get my prayer answered, I was going to have to appear before God the Father in the Third Heaven. I was aware that I was traveling in that spirit world under the protection of the Holy Spirit, and that the angels who were escorting me were also moving about under the protection of the Holy Spirit. It might seem strange to you, the reader, that the angels needed the protection of the Holy Spirit, but remember where we were, the Second Heaven. The Second Heaven is the place where Satan presently has his throne located. Satan is not yet in Hell although Hell is to be his final destiny.

All the spirits in that world were aware of our presence and were aware of the Holy Spirit's protection over us. To give you an idea as to why that protection was necessary, let me give a Bible reference to the power of Satan as demonstrated in the Second Heaven. The tenth chapter of the book of Daniel tells about God sending one of His angels to deliver a message to Daniel. Because of the importance of that message, Satan did not want it delivered. In order for the angel sent from God in the Third Heaven to reach Daniel, he had to pass through the Second Heaven. Satan sent one of his princes, or one of his archangels, to stop the angel. The angel had to fight and could not get through alone so he had to call for reinforcements. God had to send one of His princes, or the archangel, to help the messenger and even this took twenty-one days. After the angel delivered the message, he reminded Daniel that he, the angel, would have to fight his way back through the Second Heaven.

As we moved about there in that world, I was greatly disappointed that my escort did not take me in the direction of the Third Heaven where God was. Instead, we moved in the opposite direction. As we moved from place to place in that world, I learned many things about demons.

I did things differently in the spirit realm than what we do here in the physical world. For instance, we did not communicate with our mouths and ears, but rather, we communicated with our minds. It was like projecting our words on thought waves and receiving the answer the same way. Although I could still think to myself without projecting, I discovered that this really did not benefit me because the angels could read my mind.

I could hear different sounds in that world, but I did not hear with my ears. I heard with my mind, but I was still able to "hear" those sounds. When we traveled, we traveled mostly at what I call the "speed of thought." When we traveled at the "speed of thought," there was no sensation of movement. The angel would say where we were going and we were there. There were other times when we did not travel in that manner, and I was very much aware of movement while traveling. One of those times when I was aware of movement was when they brought me back into the physical world and allowed me to see the demons working here. We moved about here somewhat like floating on a cloud. Still, I had the sensation of movement.

Make no mistake about demons for they are very real. The Bible makes more statements about demons than it does about angels and it points out in [Luke 10:18](#) that demons are evil. [Mark 5:8-9](#) indicates how numerous they are and [Matthew](#)

[10:1](#) shows that they are unclean. [Matthew 12:21-30](#) states that they are under the command of Satan and [Matthew 8:29](#) shows that they can possess humans.

In the demon world, there is a division of power much like a military structured chain command with rank and order. Certain demons carry the title of prince, which is always the demon in charge of a principality. A principality is a territory, an area, a place or a group that may range in size from as large as a nation to as small as a person. When Satan assigns a prince a task, the prince is given the authority to act in the name of Satan and use whatever means necessary or available to him to accomplish his task.

When we started the tour of the Second Heaven, the angels began by showing me the different types of demons. Each demon was revealed to me in a form that indicated his area of expertise, and I soon discovered that there is no such thing as a “general practitioner” in all the demon world. They have only one area of expertise which they do very well.

CHAPTER EIGHT DEMONS

As each type of demon was pointed out to me, I quickly discovered a social order, or rank, that existed among them. Those at the top of that order were revealed in forms similar to humans. As we moved down the order, or rank, I saw demons in shapes or forms that looked like half–animal and half–human. I saw demons in forms resembling animals we know in this present world and I saw demons in forms and shapes so revoltingly morbid that you cannot possibly imagine them.

At the very top of the order were the warring demons which were the “cream” of Satan’s “crop.” They moved about the Second Heaven and were always traveling in groups, never alone. Wherever they went, all other demons moved out of their way. These warring demons were revealed to me in human form. They looked like humans with the exception that they were giants. Appearing to be about eight feet tall, they were rugged and handsomely constructed, somewhat like giant athletes. All of the warring demons were colored bronze. They were giant, bronze soldiers. All of the other demons seemed to be subject to them.

The second most powerful type demon was also revealed to me in human form and these demons looked like ordinary people. All of those possessing this area of expertise seemed to group together at about the second place of command. Chief

among this group was the demon of greed and contained within this same group were demons of hate, lust, strife, and a few others.

The third most powerful type and group of demons were revealed to me in mixed shapes and forms. Some had human form while others had half-human and half-animal forms. Others resembled animals in their forms. These demons possessed skills in the dark arts area such as witchcraft and other related areas. Also among this group were demons of fear and the demons of self-destruction as well as those demons which are expert in mimicking departed human spirits and in manifesting themselves to the physical world as ghosts. Demons of this group are those who control the Satan worshippers of this world.

When we got down to the fourth group, or order, all the demons of this rank were revealed in forms other than human. Some had forms like known animals while others had unknown forms. In this group were the demons of murder, brutality, sadism, and others related to carnage.

As we moved even further down the order toward the end of the chain of command, all the demons were revealed in horrible and morbid forms. Some were so revolting that their appearance produced nausea. In this group were the demons responsible for sexual perversions. They are so despised by their own companions that they always seem to be lurking off to themselves while in the Second Heaven and even while in this physical world. They do not associate with the other demons except in the line of their duty.

There was another group of demons that I was able to see, but I do not recall much of their ability. It was purposely taken away from me as I was not permitted to learn or retain too much memory about them. I don't even know where they rank in order and their form was not revealed to me. I am not sure of their entire area of expertise. However, I am vaguely aware of their powerful hold on the flesh. It seems that this mysterious group of demons work differently from all other demons and are used in only special cases and special situations of which I do not clearly understand. As I stated, I was not permitted to retain too much in my memory about this particular group of demons. I was only permitted to retain that portion which I am now reporting to you and this, in itself, is very vague.

I'm also aware that these particular demons are harder to deal with than any of the rest. It seems their great strength rests in their ability to remain anonymous in their work in the human being. Among this group is the one that is able to manifest himself as a form of epilepsy in the human. I am not sure but I seem to recall that

some other demons in some of the other groups also have the ability to mimic epilepsy. I do not know if demons cause epilepsy, *per se*, but I do recall very vividly that they can mimic this condition in human beings.

At one time during this tour of the Second Heaven, I watched the demons within their own related group and I experienced an awful feeling. It was an overwhelming, oppressive, and morbid feeling. This feeling came to me shortly after I had entered the Second Heaven and I wondered what was causing it. It was at this time that I learned that the angel could read my mind because my guardian angel said to me, “That feeling you are wondering about is caused by the fact that there is no love in this world.” The angel was telling me that in this Second Heaven there is not one bit of love! Wow! Can you imagine all of those demons serving a master they don’t love and the master ruling over beings that he doesn’t love? Worse than that, these companions are working together for an eternity and they do not even love each other.

I started reflecting on what our physical world, called the First Heaven, would be like without love. If God had not introduced His love here in our world, then we would be living in a no-love atmosphere like the Second Heaven. By God giving us His love, we are able to return that love and then love one another. Can you imagine what it would be like in your own home or your community if it was totally void of love?

When I was made aware of the fact that no love existed among the demons, I wondered even more about their motivation and zeal. What makes them work so hard? What makes them carry out orders so rapidly? They don’t love one another, yet they carry out these orders so quickly and with such zeal that any military organization on Earth would be proud to have such loyal and obedient employees. I wonder if their motivation could have anything to do with the judgment and sentence that awaits them. It seems that since their first rebellion ages ago while in the Third Heaven, they have reached a place in their existence where they can no longer rebel. Whatever it is that motivates them seems to excel in their very being while they, in turn, are expressing their fury upon the flesh. It may just be that the only enjoyment of their entire existence is to create misery for the flesh.

Even though I was permitted to go among them and watch them while they worked, many things were not explained fully or made clear to me. Some of the things that I saw in entirety, I was not permitted to retain in my memory. I knew the high order of the demons resented my presence and would have withstood me had I not been under the protection of the Holy Spirit. One of the warring demons

came right up to me and leered into my face, but I did not flinch for I was not afraid. I knew it would not be me with whom he would have to contend but, instead, it would be He who brought me, the Holy Spirit. The demons in the middle order seemed to totally ignore me and went about their existence as if I were not there. Those of the lower order seemed to display slight fear of me or fear of the angel that was escorting me, however, the higher order of demons had no fear of me or the angel.

My escort informed me that he wanted me to see a demon in the process of actually possessing a human being. At this point in the trip, I was escorted back through the dimension wall separating the Second Heaven from the physical world. When we came back into this world, we were in the same hospital with my body but in a different room. The room appeared to be an employee's lounge. I saw tables, chairs, dishes with food, and in the room were a young man and a young lady facing each other while laughing and talking. It was obvious that they could not see the angels, yet I was so close to them I could almost reach out and touch them. I could hear and understand every word they said. They thought they were alone and as they laughed and talked, they were unaware of the horrible creature standing between them. This demon was so horrible in the appearance of his shape and form that I recognized him immediately to be from the lower group, the perverted group. The angels, the demons, and I were in the spirit in that room and were aware of everything that was happening. Those in the flesh were only aware of themselves for they could not see or hear us even though we were back in this physical world. Since we were in the spirit, we still communicated with our minds.

I was not really paying close attention to the words the two were speaking. My entire attention was focused upon the demon. He was a most horrible looking thing, reminding me of an over-grown, stuffed, slimy, green frog all out of shape and proportion. He moved slowly up into the face of the man then, suddenly, like a puff of smoke, he seemed to disappear into the face, just as if he went through the pores of his skin. When the demon had entered the man, the angels said, "Now it's done." The angel then proceeded to tell me how it was that this man was possessed. He stated, "The demon made himself desirable and attractive to the human." The angel then pointed out to me that mankind has a sovereign will, all his own, beyond which the demons cannot come. He also pointed out to me that the angels could not come beyond that sovereign will of man. God, Himself, will not violate that will. We are made in the image of God, therefore, we were given, like God, a sovereign will, the right to choose our destiny. I was not permitted to retain all that I learned along these lines.

I faintly recall that there is another process under certain given circumstances whereby demons may possess or be allowed to enter small children. It seems as though those demons from that mysterious group are the ones that are allowed to do this. From what I recall about this, it is only under the most unusual circumstances that this can happen. According to what the angels told me, over ninety percent of all cases of demon activity in human beings is restricted to those humans who are at or over the age of accountability.

During the course of this talk the angel was giving me, he pointed out that all of God's children have been given power over all demons and can cast them out. However, this power is based on the faith of the Christian. It will only work when the Christian knows without a doubt what he is doing. There are certain Christians who have received a special gift in this area. They are those who have been called specifically by the Holy Spirit to a deliverance ministry and in almost every case, those called to a deliverance ministry have also received the gift of discernment. When one is commanding demons, it is most important to know what spirit one is dealing with. In those rare cases where children are possessed, it takes a special effort and divine insight in each case to deliver them. Such a case was reported in the Bible in [Matthew 17:14-21](#). All Christians potentially have the ability to command demons.

My escort told me that they wanted me to see demon activity in the outside world. I was then escorted outside the hospital directly through the brick wall into the streets of that city. I was amazed as I watched all the activity of the humans in the physical world. Going about their daily pursuit, they were completely unaware that they were being stalked by beings from the spirit world. I was totally flabbergasted as I watched and horrified as I saw the demons in all shapes and forms as they moved at will among the humans.

While I learned about demons not being able to work in a person's life against their will, I also learned the angels cannot do it either. Each born again Christian has a guardian angel and before that Christian's life is over, it might take a whole host of angels to keep him. I learned that guardian angels fight for us, but they cannot fight in the area of our will. The fighting they do is sort of like protecting our "blind" side. They oppose the demons when the demons come against us outside the area of our will. They cannot oppose the demons when the demons come against us through our own will. Remember, we are made in the image of God, like God, we have a sovereign will.

I learned that the demons will fight the angels if they must, but they prefer not to do so. They find that it is easier and safer to destroy us through our own will where the angels are unable to interfere, rather than go outside our will where they would have to fight angels personally. Because of this, the demons have developed great skills in the area of deception. They move through our lives by deceit and trickery and keep us totally unaware of their activity.

I was made aware of the fact that not all demons are in the Second Heaven. There are some demons so awesome that they are reserved in chains in Hell, however, Satan and his army of demons are not in Hell, presently. Neither do they want to be there. I was not permitted to look into Hell, nor was I permitted to view the chained demons. I do know that these demons who are chained went beyond the limitations of their domain.

God in His wisdom has allowed Satan and his demons certain bounds or limitations within which they may work. They may not go beyond those limitations established by the Lord, however, those demons who are chained in Hell did just that. Because they went beyond the restrictions established by the Lord, they are now chained in Hell.

The Bible points out this fact in many places, especially in the book of Jude. Any time Satan goes beyond those bounds, he must receive permission from God. In the case of Job, he was granted the permission, but in Peter's case he was not granted permission. The demons who work in children under the age of accountability are allowed to do so only after obtaining this special permission. It was not made plain to me what sort of circumstances must be present for God to grant permission, although it was made clear that in certain circumstances permission is granted. However, permission to work in children under the age of accountability is rarely granted. The majority of the time Satan is denied this special permission, but in these last days we can expect a substantial increase in demonic activity, not only in adults but in children as well. This increase in demonic activity is what the Lord warned us about in [Mark 13:22](#) when He spoke of the incredible miracles that false prophets would perform in the last days. It is difficult to understand why the Lord would allow demons to work through children, but since everyone is born in sin, there is always that potential for evil to be exploited.

The demons that are reserved in chains did not obtain permission for their activity which violated the restrictions established by our Lord. Their illegal deeds are recorded in [Genesis 6:2-5](#). Because they did not obtain permission, they received

immediate punishment. **Specific** punishment for the devil and his demons is scheduled for the end-time and is recorded in [Revelation 20:1-3](#). As you well know, the lake of fire was created for the devil and his demons as their eternal fate.

In this age we must be on guard for Satan's fiery darts of deception and temptation that are allowed within the limitations of the Lord's permissive will. There is a time limit set by the Lord in which demons may work, but that time period has not yet been fulfilled. As Christians we are able to have them "bound" under the authority of Jesus, however, this is NOT permanent. We can NOT cast them into Hell for only God can do this. That is why it is very important for someone who has just been delivered to be properly instructed to remain in the Lord's will, lest they become afflicted again. A Christian CAN cast out demons from a lost person, but unless that person gets saved and abides in the Lord's will, there will be the possibility of the demons returning. [See [Matthew 12:43-45](#)].

Demons are real, individual, spirit beings and they are the ones manipulating all the evil in the world today. This was shown to me while I was in the spirit world traveling through the street of a city and watching in horror as the demons went about their task of corrupting humans.

Although humans are spirit beings, we are confined to physical bodies. The great spiritual warfare that rages today is between the "spirit of man" and the "spiritual forces" of evil directed by Satan which are contending for control and manipulation of our fleshly, physical bodies. Our spirits fight by faith and through our sovereign will; while the devil and his angels fight through deceit, cunning, trickery, and temptation. You must make no mistake about this war or the weapons involved because the scriptures are plain. I actually saw these demons contend for control of that human body.

It may seem to you that mankind is vastly overpowered by these spirits because these spirits are able to see and hear everything we think, say, and do; while we are totally unable to perceive any of their activities. It is very difficult to fight an enemy you cannot see, hear, and feel, but as long as you trust the Lord, you have nothing to fear. At times, even the strongest Christian may doubt their existence and activities, thus making it easier for them. However, man was not left defenseless. Being made in the image of God, man, like God, has a sovereign will and no spirit can violate that will without the permission of the person himself. Because of this, these demons have developed great skills in deception. The basic principle of their operations is to make something evil as desirable, beautiful, and non-threatening as possible so that the person being tempted will lower his guard

and accept whatever it is that is being used to cause SIN. Once someone is deceived, it becomes easier for the deception to remain. In the case of possession, it becomes easier for the demon to maintain his control.

Another great defense man has is the guardian angel. The guardian angel is not assigned to all mankind, but only to those who are “saved and belong to God.” Remember, just like the demons the guardian angel cannot violate the will of any man which is why most of his activity is reserved to protecting that individual outside his sovereign will. Man’s greatest weapon, however, is the Word of God. In his description of the weapons used in our spiritual warfare, Paul insists the Word of God [[Ephesians 6:11-18](#)] as the only offensive weapon mankind has. Although vastly outnumbered by these beings (thousands to one individual), man is adequately prepared for battle. Because of a sovereign will, guardian angels, and the Word of God, man has superior defense and is much more potent in the battle for his soul than the demons.

Therefore, I say to everyone — if you are serious in your commitment to fight this war and win, fear not! Your commander-in-chief, teacher, healer and sustainer — the Holy Spirit — will NEVER leave you NOR forsake you.

CHAPTER NINE THE WAY HOME

When the angels decided that I had seen enough of the demons at work in this physical world, I was taken back into the Second Heaven just by passing through the dividing, dimension wall. Once back inside the Second Heaven, my escort guided me in the direction of the Third Heaven and I was happy at last. After all, this was where I had wanted to go all the time. Even at this stage, my physical life was still my primary concern.

Suddenly we came to a most beautiful place. I know that I’ve already reported how terrible that the Second Heaven was, so you can imagine how surprising it was to find anything beautiful over there. God would not allow me to retain the memory of why this place was so beautiful. I do remember that it was the most beautiful place I’d ever seen. This place looked like a tunnel, a roadway, a valley or some sort of highway. It had a most brilliant light all its own and was completely surrounded with an invisible shield. I knew that the invisible shield was the protection of the Holy Spirit.

Walking in this tunnel, or along that roadway, or valley, or whatever, was what appeared to be human beings. I asked my escort who they were. He told me, "They are saints going home." These were the departed spirits of Christians who had died on Earth and they were going home. Each of these saints was accompanied by at least one guardian angel and some had a whole host of angels with them. I wondered why some saints were accompanied by only one angel and others had many. I was watching as the saints passed through the way that all saints must take to go home. Here it was, the passageway from Earth to the Third Heaven. I found that only "authorized" spirits were allowed in that tunnel. No demon was permitted there.

When my escort had finished explaining to me about the homeward trip of the saints, I started into the tunnel. The angel stopped me and told me that we had to travel alongside the tunnel and not inside of it. I traveled, therefore parallel with but outside the tunnel where the saints were. While we were traveling alongside the tunnel, we did not move at the "speed of thought." Instead, we traveled as if floating on a cloud. In other words, there was no cloud but the mode of traveling felt as if I were floating on a cloud.

I could see the saints at all times moving along inside the tunnel. They were in the form and shape of humans, yet I could not detect any race, age, or sex. They were all clothed alike with the garments appearing to be made up of two pieces. There was a blouse or shirt and a pair of slacks. The color of the garments was a pastel, baby blue with one of the garment pieces being a shade lighter than the other piece. The blue was so light that it was almost white. I realize that these saints I was viewing had not yet received their glorified body because that must wait until the first resurrection.

At first I was disappointed that I was not permitted to travel in the tunnel with the saints, but the disappointment was eased when I was told that we were going to the same place they were going. After all, I knew that if my physical life was going to be extended, I would have to appear before God. Even now, my physical life was still the uppermost thing to me.

As we traveled along, I noticed all around me that the demons were beginning to drop behind. The Gates came into view and the closer we got to those Gates, the farther behind fell the demons. When we arrived before the Gates there were no demons in view. Although the Gates of the Third Heaven opened out into the Second Heaven, no demon could come close.

Instead of allowing me to enter, the angel stationed me before the Gates, slightly to one side. He instructed me to stay there and watch as the saints were permitted to enter into Heaven. As the saints were allowed into Heaven, I noticed a strange thing. They were permitted to enter only one at a time. No two were permitted to enter those Gates at the same time. I wondered about this but it was never explained to me. I've studied about this often since I have returned and now I think I know why. I believe this is a tribute or a salute to the individual. After all, that individual made the choice with his own sovereign will. Remember, it had been pointed out to me specifically that we, as images of the Living God, possess a sovereign will through which we have the right to choose our own destiny.

As the saints were being admitted, I was wondering why I was not being allowed to do what I came to do. I was so impatient to get my request before God that I missed the whole point of what I saw. This point was so important that the Holy Spirit told me Himself. I watched the fifty saints enter Heaven, but the point I missed was the time frame involved. It was explained to me that at the same time those fifty saints died on Earth, 1,950 other humans also died; or only 50 out of 2000 made it into Heaven. That other 1,950 were not there. Where were they? That was only 2 ½ percent going to Heaven! Ninety seven point five percent did not make it! Is that representative of the entire world today? If so, 97 ½ percent of the population of this world today is not ready to meet God. The sad part, my friend, is that it is exactly representative of this Laodicean Church Age in which we live today. We are now in the time when the great majority of church goers are only "mouth-professors" and not "heart-possessors."

At the outset, I stated that I would not try to convince anyone of anything I said. However, I would like to offer as evidence the parable of the sower as told by Jesus in the thirteenth chapter of the book of Matthew. If you read this chapter closely, you will notice that three out of every four people who heard the gospel preached, turned it down. That is seventy-five percent anyway you look at it. I am talking about three out of every four people who bothered to hear the gospel, turned it down! The sad part about this is the overwhelming majority of the people that did turn the gospel down, do not know that they have turned it down! They have bought a lie of Satan and have been deceived. They have been led to believe something that is not the truth and they been fooled by Satan into rejecting the gospel! Place the seventy-five percent who turned down the gospel with those in the world who made no pretense of hearing the truth and you have the overwhelming ninety seven and one-half percent of the population today!

As I contemplate this fact. I now understand the Lord's disgust with the Laodicean-type Church. I also clearly understand the verses of scripture in [Matthew 7:22-23](#) that describes how many people will stand before the Throne at the Judgment pleading. "*Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy Name? And in thy Name cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works?*" only to have the Lord say to them, "*I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity...*"

We find in scripture that at times when our Lord was about to reveal a great truth, He would say, "To him that has an ear, let him hear." When you come across that phrase in your studies of God's Holy Word, I admonish you to be very careful how you interpret what follows because a deep mystery of God is being revealed. At this point it is easy to be deceived. These great truths are preceded by that exhortation simply because the importance of the verse requires a special effort on the part of the reader to be careful how he receives what is being said. These particular passages offer an important insight into what the Lord is saying and one might liken it to a teacher raising his voice above normal while lecturing a class of students.

I would like to emphasize the significance of what I am saying in my message and if you have the spiritual ears to hear, then please, do so! **Hear** what I have to say about the condition of our churches because the Lord Himself has stated that their condition is identical to the church at Laodicea. (Revelation 3:14-22) they think they are healthy and in need of nothing when, actually, they are wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked! **Hear** what I was told! Many individuals who think they are doing just fine are, in fact, on the very threshold of eternal damnation! So many profess with their mouths to know the Lord when, in reality, they are absolutely BLIND! The devil has deceived them so completely that they might as well be atheists! This "lip-service" may fool others, but it certainly doesn't fool the Lord. As long as their hearts remain in the world, they will be in danger of everlasting punishment. From the scriptures we clearly understand that, where a man's heart is, there his treasure is also; and that anyone whose heart is in the world will not even have his own soul to treasure. I cry to you as a voice beyond the grave, "Oh man who hath an ear, please **hear!**"

CHAPTER TEN THE RUDE AWAKENING

When the last of the fifty saints had entered into the Third Heaven, I started to enter but my escort stopped me. He told me that if I entered I could not come out and that I would have to stay there until the Father brought me back. The angels told me that all who enter the Third Heaven must remain there until brought back to this physical world by Christ Himself. This is glorious news, my friend. I always believed the Bible and what it stated about the Lord coming back and bringing His saints with Him. This fact was testified to by the angels themselves as we stood before the gates of the great Heaven. Dear reader, this should bring great joy to you. There should never be any doubt now. He IS coming back!

When the angel said I could not enter unless I stayed, I protested. “but if I can’t come out then my body will die! That will defeat my whole purpose!” was my emphatic rebuttal. Still my physical life, even at this point in time, was more important than anything else. My escort told me to stand to one side of the Gates and present my case. He assured me that God would hear and answer my request.

As I stood before the Gates, the sense of joy, happiness, and contentment radiated out from Heaven. I could feel the warmth it produced and as I stood there to plead my case. I could feel the awesome power of God. No being could possibly appear before Him, even separated by a gate as I was, without experiencing this awesome power, might and majesty. At first I had a sense of fear, sort of guilty feeling that is always produced in me when I believe I have imposed on others. In my mind’s eye I could just visualize a busy God who was annoyed with me for taking Him away from important things. Then, just as suddenly as this feeling came, it passed. I then found strength or boldness in my belief that I had served my God faithfully for many years. To me, I was convinced that this request of mine would be a snap!

Boldly I came before the throne and started out by reminding God what a great life of love, worship, and sacrifice I had lived for Him. I told Him of all the works I had done, reminding Him that I was now in trouble and only He could help by granting me an extension on my physical life. God was totally silent while I spoke. When I had completed my request, I heard the real, audible voice of God as He answered me.

The voice I heard was not like the sweet voice that Satan had used to trick me before in the valley. You could put together the noise of all the storms, volcanoes, tornadoes, and hurricanes and they could in no way imitate what I heard. The

sound of His voice was in no way like the sweet voice I talked about earlier. The sound of His voice came down on me from over the Gates even before the words hit me. The tone of His anger knocked me on my face as God proceeded to tell me just what kind of life I had really lived. He told me what He really thought of me and even other people who lived as I did. He pointed out that my faith was dead, that my works were not acceptable, and that I had labored in vain. He told me that it was an abomination for me to live such a life and then dare call it a life of worship. Furthermore, He said to those who do it, they are in danger of experiencing His everlasting wrath. As God dealt with me, He displayed His wrath to me. Notice, it was not His everlasting wrath. He did say there are some who will experience His everlasting wrath.

I could not believe He was talking to me in this manner! I had served Him for years! I thought I had lived a life pleasing to Him! As He was enumerating my wrongs, I was sure He had me confused with someone else. There was no strength left in me to even move, let alone protest, yet I was panicking within myself. No way He could be talking about me! All of these years I thought I was doing those works for God! Now He was telling me that what I did, I did for myself. Even as I preached and testified about the saving grace of Jesus Christ, I was doing that only for myself in order that my conscience might be soothed. In essence, my first love and first works were for myself. After MY needs and wants were met or satisfied, in order to soothe my conscience I would set out to do the Lord's work. This made my priorities out of order and unacceptable. Actually, **I had become my own false God.**

He makes it plain in His teachings that He is a jealous God and will have no other gods before Him; flesh, stone, blood, or whatever. He will have no other gods before Him. God told me that He would not accept this kind of worship in the day of the Pharisees and He certainly was not about to accept it now in this the Laodicean Church Age. He put it to me as plain as words and actions could make it. In order for our works to be acceptable, we must work according to His command in [Matthew 6:33](#) which empathically states, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these other things shall be added to you." As God told me about my true motives, the verse of scripture in [Matthew 16:24-26](#) and [Luke 14:26-33](#) became so clear to me. In Matthew 16 it states, "Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me, for whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." In Luke 14 beginning with verse 26 it is stated, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and HIS OWN life

also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?" In verse 23 of this same chapter Jesus makes the following statement which is the cornerstone of the two portions of scripture previously stated: "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

Only now as I was here before Him being chastised did those two portions of scripture become crystal clear to me as to their true meaning. As God told me about my true motives, I could see plainly for the first time how my works were dead. Because God was displaying His wrath toward me, I could not stand nor could I speak. No strength was left within me as I was nothing more than a wet rag lying there writhing in agony. It indeed, was fortunate for me that this was not God's everlasting wrath, only temporary wrath. However, at this time I did not know this was only temporary.

It needs to be stated that at no time while God was chastising me did He say I was not saved nor did He say that my name was not in the Lamb's Book of Life. He never mentioned salvation to me at all but only spoke about the works produced through my life. He told me the type of life I lived was an unacceptable life for a true Christian. As He spoke to me of my dead works, he indicated that there are some people who are not saved but think they are. These people will experience His everlasting wrath. He also made it plain to me that there are others of His children who will find themselves in my present condition on Judgment Day. This revealed to me the true meaning of [1 Corinthians 3:15](#) which states, "*If any man's works shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.*"

The first time I started to enter the Third Heaven, the angel stopped me. At that time he did not tell me I could not enter. He only said that if I went in I could not come out again and that I would have to remain there until God brought me back with Him. Notice that I made the choice not to enter Heaven but to have my physical life restored. I was unaware that I had made that choice at that particular time. I thought I had been living in the Lord's will and was not thinking in terms of unfinished work. My choice was based entirely on selfish motives.

There are no words that can describe the pain I endured as God's wrath was upon me for this life of so-called service. The agony was beyond the scope of the imagination and the remorse that I felt produced a very heavy burden similar to a

physical weight pinning me down or an enormous stone crushing me. Growing weaker and weaker, my mind was frantically racing in an effort to grasp what the Lord was telling me while recalling each actual incident. God leaves no room for error and that includes whatever is in our minds.

The surprise was so overwhelming in its magnitude that it rendered me senseless. My strength left me immediately, just as though I had been hit by a bolt of lightning. Even if God would have ceased and allowed me to speak on word of protest, I would not have been able to do so. I had absolutely no strength whatsoever to utter anything. In my mind I was constantly denying the wrong in my life while acknowledging the fact that I had committed them. My conscience was asleep but my mind was not.

Slowly, it all began to be absorbed by me. Remember how the Bible tells us to have no other gods before us? I had thought that the Most High God was the only God of my life, but I was not fulfilling that part of scripture which tells us that if we allow anything to come between us and the Lord, (whatever it may be) it becomes our “God.” I realized that each day of my life was devoted only to MYSELF! My whole life I was preoccupied with MY needs FIRST and THEN I was concerned with what the Lord wanted. The money to help the church, the poor, or anything else was secondary because I was my own “god.” Naturally, the devil was contented with allowing me to remain in that condition because as long as I was in that condition, I was of no use to the Lord and His kingdom.

I allowed this to occur because I was really indifferent to the things of the Lord. It was too uncomfortable to change and I was convinced I could remain as I was without having to really DO anything (such as following the Lord’s commandment about denying myself and picking up my cross daily to follow him.) For this reason, my life was wasted and amounted to absolutely nothing in the Lord’s eyes.

I hope that you understand what it is that I am saying because it is the whole point of this chapter. The fact is we must prove we are really Christians by first examining our motives behind each deed in our lives, and then repenting and recommitting ourselves to follow the Lord daily. When we decide to serve Him FIRST, this decision must be followed by action or it will be as useless as if we did not decide to do so in the first place.

CHAPTER ELEVEN MY REAL FATHER

When God was through with me the interview was over as suddenly as one would turn off a faucet. I was not allowed to linger or even reflect on what God said. The angels immediately carried me away as if I were as wet rag having no strength in myself. Totally annihilated, I could not even gather my thoughts.

The angels carried me back through the Second Heaven, through the dimension wall, and into the hospital room where my body was lying. It was not until I reached the bed upon which my body lay did I regain my composure. As I regained my composure, I vehemently protested, “No! No!” I told the angels, “God did not answer me! He did not say yes or no to my request! Please, oh please, take me back!” I pleaded with the angels.

God is a God of order and He never does anything haphazardly. Since all of this entire experience had been planned by God, the angels complied with my request to take me back. God was dealing with me gently and tenderly through His great Love knowing what was necessary for me to experience in order for me to have the scales fall off my eyes.

During the time God was displaying His wrath toward me, I thought this wrath was terrible and painful. I found out later that it was nothing compared to the pain the lost will experience when they receive His everlasting wrath.

While en route back to the Third Heaven, I was beside myself trying to come up with a logical reason or legitimate basis on which to plead my case. God had already told me that my life had been a failure. Therefore, I could not offer my past life as evidence of my intentions to serve Him. Somehow or another, the thought of Hezekiah came to my mind. When God sent word for him to put his house in order, he cried and prayed and God heard him. God extended his life for fifteen years. I remembered from my studies about him that Hezekiah was the “good-old-boy” type, similar to me. I remembered how he had good intentions in his heart but how he had trouble translating out those intentions into everyday living. Since this seemed to be the same kind of trouble I had in my life, I concluded that God dealt with Hezekiah based on the intentions of his heart. Because of this assumption, I concluded this reasoning would be the basis of my plea.

Upon my arrival back before the Gates of the Third Heaven, I was brought to the same place from which I had previously pleaded my case. Not nearly so bold this

time, I remembered how God's wrath had floored me beforehand. Nevertheless, I had asked God for a favor and God had not answered. Wanting his answer no matter what it was, I timidly started pleading my case again.

This time God did not knock me down but let me talk. God did not talk to me in anger but started out answering me in a tone of pity. Before it was all over, God was speaking in sorrow.

Opening my plea by quoting scriptures to God, I began by telling him all about Hezekiah. I told God that I figured out that Hezekiah was the "good-old-boy" type, that the intentions of his heart were pure, but he seemed to be unable to translate out those intentions into everyday living. Here I was, an insignificant nothing and the smallest creature in all His universe, bartering words with this great and awesome God who had created it all. The wonder of it all! He left it all for a moment, just to deal with me. He could have snuffed me out in the blink of an eye or he could have left me to be dealt with by an underling. There was an unnumbered host of things He could have done whereby He would not have had to deal with me Himself. He did not choose to do any of these things. Instead, He chose to deal with me Himself. Can you imagine it? The wonder of it all! He patiently dealt with me through His tender love and concern and patiently heard every proposal I made. While displaying His concern, he showed me how this same thing had been tried before and had failed.

In patient, loving care, He listened while I would make another proposal. It was like a long-suffering, loving parent dealing with a wide-eyed, anxious child, similar to a child asking to play in the street while an enduring, loving parent tries to explain why that would not be possible. It was as if His only concern was my problem and helping me. I was now desperately searching for some word that would justify His giving me another chance, but my life had failed. No works had preceded me into Heaven and I had nothing on which to stand, no basis from which to plead. It did not take Him long to point out that intentions, no matter how good, do not count. It has rightly been said, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." Satan often uses our intentions to justify our actions to ourselves.

Surely somewhere in all my vocabulary there must be some word or at least one word that I could offer as justification for Him to extend my life. After all the words had been said and having come down to the very end, there was only one thing left. Reaching the bottom of the bag, all that I had left was the one thing that had worked for me many times before, my promises. I said, "Father, if You will grant this request, I promise you I will do better the next time."

The Lord answered me thus: "Howard Pittman, you have promised before." God did not have to say another word. There they were, all the promises I had made to a holy God in my past entire life. Not one of them remained whole. Somehow, someway, I had managed to break them all. With nothing left to say, no words in all my vocabulary, nowhere to go, I fell on my knees before him. All I could say was "Amen" to my own condemnation. I knew that if at that moment God would banish me into the pits of hell, it would be just to say "amen" to my own condemnation.

Oh praise His Holy Name! I shall never cease to thank Him! At that moment God did not demand justice but showed me mercy. The scales fell from my eyes and my soul was suddenly filled with light. That powerful, awesome, all-consuming God was now not evident. There on that throne dealing with me was my REAL Father. He was no longer a distant God, but a real, genuine Father. The realization of his being my true Father and my best friend came to me for the first time in my life. The wonderful relationship I had enjoyed with my physical father and the wonderful love we shared for each other was suddenly brought to mind yet magnified a thousand fold. For now I was with my real Father, the one who loved me so much that God left all of his creation to deal with me, the prodigal son.

For the first time in my life, I saw in my mind's eye who God really is. For the first time I met Him as He truly is, my real Father, my very best friend. As the realization of who God is flooded my soul, great and painful sorrow also came. Sorrow came when I realized that through disobedience I had hurt my Father. This realization and sorrow produced actual pain which was not just a guilt feeling but actual pain similar to what one would experience in the flesh when one sustains a physical injury. At this point in time, God started dealing with me in sorrow and no longer did the tone of his voice express pity. Instead, the sound was of genuine sorrow. I suddenly realized that He was hurting too. God was hurting because I was hurting. Being a true and just God as He is, He had to allow me to suffer the pain and He could not lift it from me. Although He had to allow me to suffer the pain, He would not allow me to suffer it alone. God the most High, the most Supreme, the Creator of all, the Father of all would not let me suffer alone.

Can you imagine what was happening? The Alpha and Omega, the Cause of all the universe's existence was hurting because a mere Earth child was hurting. Oh, what Love! What Understanding! It was so far beyond anything a mere Earthling can understand. Oh how precious just one, little, insignificant Earth child is to that Great God.

By this time I suddenly realized that my physical life was not so important after all. What I was really concerned about now was what my Father wanted. His will had suddenly become the first thing of my life and my physical life was no longer important. This is when He gave me back my physical life. Only when I reached a place that my life did not mean anything to me, did He give it back to me. Now that the prodigal son had returned, the Father could talk at last. He could tell me what my trip to heaven was all about and that He had a message He wanted me to tell people on Earth.

“Oh Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound that Saved a Wretch Like Me. I Once Was Lost But Now Am Found. Was Blind But Now I See.” When the scales had fallen from my eyes and I saw my Father for what He really is, He hurt because I hurt. What great Love I experienced that day! There is no way that I can convey to you how precious you really are to Him; how much He loves every single, solitary individual on this planet Earth; and how very precious you are to our Lord.

If the world could only know of the worth of the individual. My discovery that day was that if YOU had been the only one, Jesus would have died for you. You have heard it said that Jesus died to save the world, and He certainly did. However, beyond that unimaginable sacrifice, of which we are absolutely unworthy, Jesus died to save YOU!! Salvation is a **personal** relationship with Jesus, and YOU, the individual, are the most precious thing on this Earth to Him.

If you don't know Him as your real Father, your very best Friend, the turn to Him now by praying the simple but earnest prayer for the Lord to take over your life in every way and to forgive you for all your sins. If you seek Jesus sincerely, you **WILL** find the **True source** of all happiness and peace.

CHAPTER TWELVE WAKE UP!

The message God gave me has long been in the Bible. He never told me one thing that is a secret to the world for the Bible testifies to each of the five points of the message that God gave me for the world today. Just the tenth chapter of the book of Matthew alone testifies to almost the entire message.

I now repeat for you point by point the entire five point message that God gave me to deliver to this world today.

Point Number 1: For those who call themselves Christians, this is the Laodicean Church Age in which we live. A high majority of so-called Christians are, in fact, living a deceived life. They talk Jesus and play church, but do not live it. They claim to be Christians and then live like the devil. They have bought the great lie from Satan who tells them that they are alright. He tells them that it is alright to go to church on Sunday and attend mid-week services but as far as the rest of the time is concerned, they are to get all they can out of life. As far as their Christian life is concerned, they believe they are comfortable and have need of nothing and as a result, they are only lukewarm Christians if Christians at all. Because of this our Lord said He would spew them out of His mouth. The Bible describes this type of Christian in [Revelation 3:14-22](#)

Point Number 2: Satan is a PERSONAL devil. Did you know that Satan is a god? Did you know that Satan deals on a PERSONAL basis with each individual? Just as Jesus deals with each individual on a personal basis, so does Satan. The soul of each human being is actively sought out by both God and Satan, however, the numbers game has long been won by Satan. He is winning this great numbers game because of his great skill in deception, deceit, trickery and outright lies. He also has a vast array of demons who have the same skills and abilities to assist him in this battle. One of the biggest weapons Satan and his demons have is a large portion of so-called Christianity. These Christians do not even believe that Satan is real and that his demons are real, let alone a threat. We all know that no one can resist an enemy if that one does not even believe that enemy exists. To him that hath an ear, let him hear. Learn from the Word of God how to resist the onslaught of Satan.

Point Number 3: To the whole world, this is Noah's second day. As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the son of man. Humans took no thought of what Noah was saying nor did humans believe that anything was about to change. Humanity could see the storm clouds over the horizon, but yet did not believe the rain was imminent. Notice the close parallel today. Humanity can see all the signs of the last days, yet humanity does not believe that anything will change. He does not believe in the impending coming of our Lord and he does not prepare to meet God. Instead, he plans, builds, trades and gathers unto himself earthly treasures. Even as the stormclouds of tribulation gather on the horizon, he will not hear nor will he believe. He still refuses to believe.

Point Number 4: For those who claim to be Christians, they are supposed to be ambassadors for Christ here on earth. One cannot have any true witness or power in his life unless that one lives his Christian faith at all times, twenty-four hours a

day, seven days a week. To be a true Christian one must live it, not just talk it. To honor God with your lips and not your heart is not acceptable, and those who worship Him in words only, God will spew out of His mouth. He does not want words only, but deeds from those who claim Him as their Savior. Those who publicly proclaim to know Him had BETTER know Him. For their own sakes, those who take a position of leadership in the Christian movement truly had better be called to that position by Him. Those who accept the responsibility of teaching, preaching, or any leadership role have much for which to answer. All of what has been said comes down to this point which is directly related to His commandment as recorded in [Matthew 6:33](#), “But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Point Number 5: This is the greatest news since the Day of Pentecost! God is now in the process of recruiting an army with which He will shake this old world one more time. By working through his soldiers, God will produce great miracles that will shake the established hierarchy of the so-called organized religion that is in this world today. These soldiers that God is now recruiting will demonstrate the power of God to a greater extent than did the disciples in the Pentecostal age. Some will even be greater demonstrations than those of Elijah. This is fantastic! This is the greatest news of all time! God’s recruitment for this army has been going on for some time. Some of these soldiers have been brought up to a certain level of faith and placed in a “holding” position where they shall remain until He has brought all the new ones up to that level. Remember, the Bible says that He is the Author and Finisher of our faith. It is going to be through the faith of the soldiers that God will demonstrate His great power. As was stated earlier, for a long time He has been recruiting a few. Now the recruitment has begun in earnest because God is about to perform the great miracles through his army that God promised us God would do in the Bible. John the Baptist brought the spirit of Elijah into this world and he did not even know he had it. John denied it, but Jesus confessed that it was so. The purpose of that spirit was to make straight the paths of the coming of the Lord.

I declare unto you that you the soldiers who are being recruited now to join with those who have been recruited in the past, will bring to this world the spirit of Elijah. Again the purpose is to make straight the paths of the coming of the Lord, for He is about to come again! You that sleep, now is the time to awaken! You who have been in that “holding” pattern for years, look up! You’re about to be put to work! To the new recruit, I would say study the Bible diligently and seek the Lord’s will in every aspect of your life. Time is short for your spiritual training,

but you will be used in ways you never thought possible if you seek the Lord FIRST in your life.

You who are to be chosen are to be the soldiers of the latter rain as referred to in scripture. This recruitment is for the end of the great revival spoken of by the prophet Joel and begun on the day of Pentecost. The end-time of that great revival is the beginning of the latter rain, so you must prepare for the battle with the discipline of a professional soldier.

Know this also. There shall be a time or process of "culling" those who are not qualified to be a member of this "Gideon's" army. Just as Gideon's army in the Bible, only a select few will be fit for service in the army of Christian soldiers the Lord will use in the battle of the latter rain.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN FAITH

After all was over and His message had been made plain to me, God gave me the command to repeat to the world my experience and this entire message. The Holy Spirit revealed that my ministry for repeating this message was limited to three years. I was not told what would happen after the three years or even if I would have the entire, full three years. The counting period for my ministry of three years began May 7, 1980.

After I had been instructed on what to do, God then placed restrictions on me that made it impossible for me to do what He said I must do. He told me not to recruit associates or followers. God said He would supply my needs and direct to me any help that I may need. God then gave me back my life and He told me that I was healed. He called my name and said to me, "Howard Pittman, be it unto you according to your faith."

When he had thus spoken, the interview was over. The angels placed their hands on me and I remembered nothing until I opened my eyes back inside my body in the hospital room. The first person I remember seeing was my doctor who was standing at the foot of my bed. As my eyes opened, I saw a faint smile on his face. I saw him turn toward the nurse and say to her, "Come see the miracle man!" I tried to talk to him about my trip into Heaven, but he would not listen. Even though he refused to discuss with me anything about my experience, he had confessed from his own mouth that a miracle had happened!

As I look back at the great revelation session that I had with God, I wonder about some of the things they would not allow me to remember, but I see clearly why it had to be that way. Even though I stood before God in counsel and even though I received from Him this message, it was still necessary that I walk by faith. Almost daily my faith has been tried.

One of the first trials was the healing God gave me. Not only did he heal me of my ruptured artery, but he also healed me of another semi-rare, incurable ailment. This ailment had nothing to do with the ruptured artery or the miracle, but was something I had to deal with for twenty years. It was a condition the doctors called sleep apnea. Sleep apnea is an ailment that somehow causes the automatic respiratory functioning to fail when one is sleeping. When I would have one of these attacks I would be awakened with a start, unable to breathe. When I sat up and touched something, I would start back to breathing. It was a frightening experience, but it bothered me only when I was sleeping. Having received treatment for this ailment over the past twenty years from four different physicians, I was told that the cause was unknown and that they knew of no cure. In fact, the only treatment they gave was advice about diet and sleeping habits. On different occasions, physicians would try experiments, but it all amounted to the same thing, basically. There was no improvement and no cure.

The last attack I had was approximately one week prior to the great miracle. It came about midnight and I was awakened with a start, unable to breathe. Sitting up in bed, I grabbed my wife's hand and still could not breathe. Jumping out of bed, I made it into the bathroom. By the time I could get a glass of water, I was on my knees. When the water touched my lips, my breathing started back. Needless to say, I did not go back to bed that night and as soon as the doctor's office was opened that morning, I was there. The doctor seemed frustrated with me because he did not seem to think I was taking his advice seriously. He told me, "Mr. Pittman, you do not seem to be aware of the seriousness of this ailment." I assured him that I did appreciate his advice and that I did realize how serious this problem was. He advised my wife to take training in how to start my breathing if it failed again. She was to learn how to start it through artificial respiration.

When I asked God for healing, I was asking only for healing of my ruptured artery, however, when God told me that I was healed, it was for both conditions. God healed both conditions, but both were healed in different ways. He healed me of sleep apnea instantly. This type of instantaneous healing is what is known as miracle healing. He healed me of the ruptured artery by divine healing which occurs through a process or over a period of time. He told me I was healed but for

a period of three months or more after I returned from the hospital, my body did not feel healed. Sometimes the pain was so great that it seemed I could not stand it. During these times, my wife pleaded with me to return to the hospital for help, but I could not do that. God told me I was healed and I had to believe Him. If God had not told me I was healed, then I would have returned to the hospital for help. However, I had to trust God no matter how much I hurt. After a few months, my body finally found out that it had been healed. God had healed me of two serious ailments and had done it in two different ways. Each way for each ailment was His choice, however, my faith was involved in both healings.

The trial of my faith was necessary because I had to learn from actual experience that there is more than one kind of faith. The Bible speaks of four different kinds of faith: a temporary kind, a dead kind, an intellectual kind, and last but not least, a saving and real kind. It was necessary that I know what real faith is because my entire walk with God in bringing this message to the world was going to be by faith. Of course it would have been disastrous if I had tried to walk with Him in the wrong kind of faith. In order for one to know the difference, let me take examples of all four from the Bible. Let's take as our first example, temporary faith. [Luke 8:13](#) states that "They on the rock are they, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away." Notice how it says "for a while" they believe and then "fall away", having only temporary faith. Had my faith been only temporary, I would never have received my healing that God told me I had. Additionally, my healing for sleep apnea would have only been temporary.

Example number two is intellectual faith. [James 2:19](#) states, I "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble." Just saying with your mouth that there is a God is not enough, for the devils acknowledge Him. I could have said all day that I was healed and still have gone on to the doctor just to have it checked out, but this would have been a demonstration of intellectual faith. I would have been acknowledging with my mouth but not believing with my heart.

Example number three is dead faith. [James 2:17](#) states, "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." When God told me that I was healed, I believed Him. I, therefore, went about my business in spite of the accompanying pain. I could have stayed in bed and said, "I'll wait for my healing to come." Had I done this my healing would still have not arrived. I had to put my belief into deeds, or action, in order for it to be alive. Without actions or deeds, it would have been dead. God

said I was healed and I WAS healed! Although all the evidence was contradictory, I went about every day just as if that contradictory evidence did not exist.

Example number four is the saving or real faith. [Romans 10:9-10](#) states, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." When the Bible speaks of the heart, it is not talking about that physical organ that pumps the blood throughout your body. Instead, it is talking about your innermost being, your spirit. So, it was with my heart, my spirit, my innermost being that I believed God and I acted on that belief. What God told me came to pass because I believed. I practiced that faith every day and it stood the test on a daily basis. The test did not come one day and was over. The test did not come two days and was over, nor did it I come three days and was over. The testing came day after day after day, week after week after week, and month after month after month. I had to face every day believing in what God said and going about my business as if my body believed it too.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN INTERPRETATION

Earlier in the book I told about the series of dreams that I had had seven years prior to the great miracle. By the time the dreams had concluded, I knew God was giving me a message but I did not know what it was He was saying in the message. I told every person or group that would listen about the dreams in hope that God would send me an interpretation through some listener. This did not happen until after the miracle which occurred seven years after the dreams. Even after the miracle, I had to wait nine months for the interpretations.

When God gave me the command on May 7, 1980, to go tell the world about my experience, He sent me the interpretation of part of my dreams through my good friend, Larry Boone, who was in one of the dreams. Larry also was used of God in organizing the New Philadelphian Nondenominational Church which had come into being for the purpose of authorizing me to go as a messenger to the world by the authority of the church. On May 7, 1980, seven of us signed the charter of the New Philadelphian Church. God used seven people brought together specifically for this purpose. He assembled these seven people from diverse sections of the nation and directed them to me without my asking them. Some of us were separated by as much as 1200 miles. On the day we signed the charter, my command to go tell the message came into existence. Larry Boone came to my home at this time and

announced that God had given him a partial interpretation to my dreams. I brought my original tape recording of my dreams from their storage and as I played each tape, Larry gave the following interpretations.

Dream number one: My sleep in the rocking chair symbolized my attitude toward the real church and my work in it. I thought I was comfortable and in need of nothing. My dying mother represented the real church for which I had no concern. The dog represented Satan whose biting of my hand showed that it was going to take a physical occurrence to awaken me. The invisible shield around me was the protection of the Holy Spirit. The fact that I got Satan out of the front door symbolized my victory over Satan and the act of his trying to return via the back door indicated that Satan will not stop in his efforts to destroy me. Receiving such a jolt when the dog's body hit the door indicates the severity of Satan's attack,

Dream number two: When I saw myself standing on the door stoop of an old, empty, three-story building, I was looking at Christ's true church. The building was old, yet it was new to me. The three stories represented my three year ministry in His church. The inside of the building had no furniture or people indicating the lack of true soldiers and material possessions of His true church today. The white dog in the closet represented Satan while the black dog represented the true congregation. Today Satan is holding down the true congregation which, as far as the world is concerned, is visibly dead. In the eyes of the world, the white dog appeared to be good while the black dog seemed to be bad. However, the exact opposite is true. The fact that I was able to withstand the hypnotic eyes of the white dog indicated that God had given me the victory once again over Satan. For a while Satan fled from the true church, but when he returned he was disguised as my best friend. Once again I received supernatural help in order to recognize him and I was able to expose him for what he truly is. This will not stop him, however, for he will be back. Being disguised as my friend indicated one of the methods that Satan is going to use to try to destroy me and this message. He will come at me I through those considered to be my friends.

Dream number three: In this dream I was on a missionary journey. The bag of dog food that I had on my shoulder was the message God had given me to take to the world. The people in the house represented God's children to whom I had been sent. The dog's effort to attack me represented Satan's unending assault against the message God was delivering through me. The announcement from the sky predicted a great supernatural event of some nature that would occur while I was on one of the missionary journeys.

When Larry concluded with the interpretations of these three dreams, he stated that that was all that God had given him. He had no further interpretations for dream number four and five. While Larry was giving the interpretations, the Holy Spirit quickened his words to me and I knew that they were true. I knew God had truly given him the correct interpretations of these three dreams.

While alone in my room at night approximately two months later, the Holy Spirit gave me the interpretation for the fourth dream. He simply stated that this dream was indicative of my being sent to foreign mission fields to carry this message and while in England, another great supernatural event would occur. The interpretation then ceased. At the present time, I have not received the interpretation for the fifth and last dream.

I now know that all of these dreams had to do with the great miracle that God worked in my life, the message that He gave me to deliver to the world, and the events that are going to occur in these three years of my ministry.

It all boils down to the message that I am giving to the people today. To the Christians who are true children of God, time is very precious. It is so valuable because time as we know it is about to change. I say to you at the conclusion of this chapter, "Look up, my friend, for your redemption draweth night!"

CHAPTER 15 INCOMPLETE

Since God gave me the command to go tell on May 7, 1980, He has made available to me several million dollars worth of radio and I television time through the courtesy of The Christian Broadcasting Network, The Trinity Broadcasting Network and the Christian Communications Network. This message has been spread by means of the electronic media to many millions of people around I the world. He has also given me a tape ministry that has now reached into over half the nations on Earth. Through this tape ministry, many people that were unable to hear or see me on I television were able to receive this message.

What I am saying to you is simply this. God has remained true to what He said He would do. He instructed me to go by faith where He opened the doors. As a result, I have appeared in many different denominations throughout the United States. Doors of many different church buildings have been opened for me without my asking because God instructed me that they would ask me. This has happened just as He said it would. He gave me the opportunity to go in person and deliver this

message. I have I remained true to this from the very beginning as He said I should and He has remained true to His commitment.

I use all of this to try to encourage you, the reader, this very day. If you do not know for certain that you are a member of this army that God is recruiting, if you do not know for certain that your name is found in the Lamb's Book of Life, if you do not know that you are a born again believer and are saved, I plead with you: Do not go any further with what you are doing until you get on your knees and make yourself right with God. Be born again. I testify to you that everything God told me that He would do, He has done without exception. He has already done what He said He was going to do in my ministry, so how could anyone say that this was a hallucination, or a dream, or a bad trip? It all has come to pass. What I am trying to say to you, my friend, is this: From the very beginning I have tried to say it and now I'll try to put it in simpler terms. We have come down to the end of time as we know it and time is about to be drastically altered any day now. Time is very precious for you and for me. Speaking as one who experienced death, I went into Heaven and was given a second chance. Now I plead for you. It may well be that when you keep your appointment with death that you may not have the second chance. This very day God has done and is continuing to do all that He told me He would do. He has accomplished His Word. If He has done this, then how much more so is His Word true which tells us that time is about to end?

May, 1983: All of you who are familiar with my ministry know that God gave me three years for this ministry. This was all that I knew, without even knowing a starting date or any explanation. I always assumed the starting date to be May 7, 1980, since that was the date the "Authority" of the Church was given to me.

Seven years before God worked the great miracle in my life, He gave me a series of dreams. At the time I had the dreams, I did not know what they meant. I knew they were important, but I did not understand them. I reported on these dreams in Chapter 4 of this book and gave all the understanding I had about them.

When God sent me the interpretation of the third dream, He did not give me a clear interpretation of the last part of that dream, other than to say the "announcement in the sky" was related to a supernatural event. I have now received the full interpretation of the total dream, and that dream, in part has to do with my "three year limitation of my ministry" which is in itself related to a super-natural event.

On January 18, 1983, I was en route to the Seattle, Washington area in response to an invitation I had received from Ted and Angie Schiermeyer of Langley,

Washington, to minister to some Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowships and to some local Church bodies in that area. While crossing a mountain, I suddenly saw the opening scene of my third dream. The scene of my dream depicted me walking down a trail in unfamiliar country. On one side of me were snow-capped mountains, on the other were tall evergreen trees. As I crossed the mountain, the scene was repeated on the down side of the mountain. I immediately told my wife and asked her to read the total dream from my book *Placebo*.

As we continued to travel toward our destination I begin to feel a deep excitement and moving of the spirit within me, as if I was in the middle of some great event. When we arrived at Ted and Angie's house, the second scene of my third dream came into view. There it was, as big as life, the ranch style house filled with people, just as it had been in my dream. Before this trip, neither my wife nor I had been in the state of Washington, nor had we met Ted and Angie, yet, ten years before, I had seen this very house filled with people, just as it was this day. I had seen all of this in my dream! All I lacked now was the last scene, or the announcement in the sky and the third dream would be complete.

We stayed in Washington for another ten days, nothing more concerning my dream happened. I thought, what is happening? What is going on? Why were the first two scenes from the dream shown me? I still did not have the answer. I knew something important was up, but what?

On March 12, 1983 I was in Lafayette, Indiana for the purpose of speaking to a Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship and was staying in a local motel there. At about 3 AM that morning I was awakened suddenly with a message in mind. The message was a full explanation of my third dream concerning the announcement in the sky. I pondered the explanation for some time before returning to sleep, knowing full well that I must test the "Spirit" to determine the authenticity of the explanation.

On the evening of the 12th, 1983, just before I was to speak, one of the vice presidents of the Chapter approached me and placed into my hand a folded slip of paper. He stated that a lady in the crowd had given him the paper to pass on to me. The lady had received, in a dream the night before, what she thought was an interpretation of my fifth dream. What the lady had written was a message that God used to confirm the message He had given me that same morning. This was His way of confirming the authenticity of the explanation.

This is the message I had received in my mind that morning. "My three year limitation was a ministry of prophecy of an earth-shaking event that would occur at the end of my three years. The event itself would be supernatural."

The announcement from the sky was thus explained. The announcement itself represented the world wide event that would start immediately.

Said event was predicted by Jesus Himself and is recorded in the book of Revelation, chapter three, verse 16. It is in fact, a worldwide **regurgitation** as our Lord sets about "spewing out of His mouth" those so called "lukewarm" Christians.

My father in the dream, depicted God. The political coup depicted the subtle way Satan worked through the so-called church leaders to take firm control of the "world system of religion." Satan is now in firm control of the so-called Church. Now, because of this, those who truly belong to God and His true Church, must take a more visible stand and be the "peculiar" people He called them to be, or they won't be His at all!

Now that the spewing out is taking place, how much time He will allow for this is not known. What next after this? Look very carefully at the 18th verse of the third chapter of Revelation. This verse tells us what is coming next. What does He mean by "gold tried in the fire"? What about "white raiment" and "eyesalve"? God has always been man's treasure, raiment, his covering or clothes, eyesalves to help him see. The treasure of fire (zeal), white raiment (righteousness), and the eyesalve (faith to see the spiritual); all of these are given only to God's true people....Those who obey Him!...Think on these things!!!!