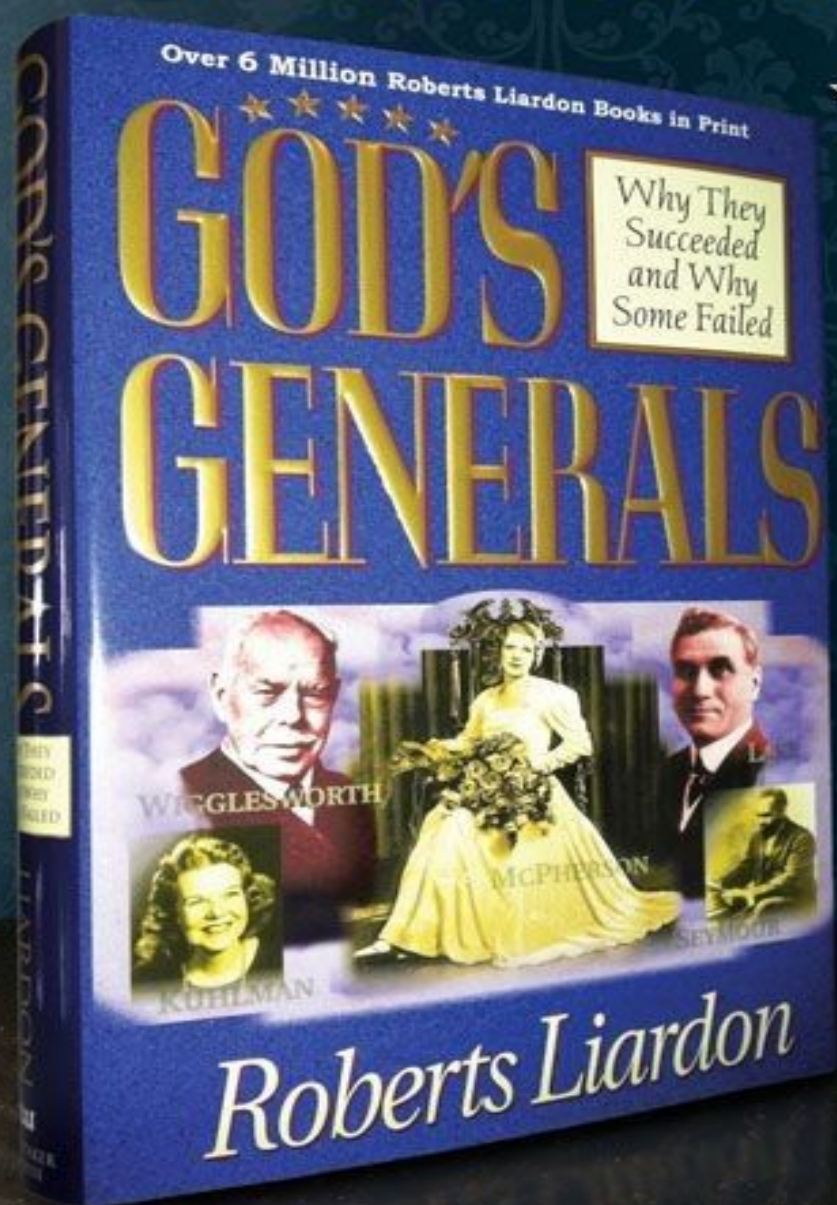


GOD'S GENERALS



A. A.
ALLEN

ROBERTS LIARDON

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WHITAKER
HOUSE

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God's Generals: A. A. Allen

Excerpted from God's Generals: Why They Succeeded and Why Some Failed

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Introduction

When I was almost twelve years old, the Lord appeared to me in a vision. In this vision, He told me to study the lives of the great preachers—to learn of their successes and their failures. From that day on, I gave a large portion of my life to the study of church history.

When prominent people in the secular world die, people begin to look at their natural accomplishments. But when leaders in the body of Christ die, I believe Jesus would have us look at not only what was accomplished in the natural world through their lives, but at what they also accomplished within the body of Christ. The purpose of their remembrance is not to praise or criticize the leaders, but to see him or her as an example for our own lives.

The “Generals” that are written of in this book were human. Their stories represent a collaboration of the way life is. I have not made anyone out to be superhuman or bionic. I have told of their tears, their laughter, their successes, and their failures. They were all persecuted, lied to, betrayed, slandered, as well as honored, adored, and supported.

But most importantly, I have attempted to reveal the secrets of the power in their individual calls to the ministry—how they operated, what they believed, and what motivated them to change each of their generations for God.

The failures that took place in the lives of these great men and women will attempt to take place again. But their successes also challenge us and are waiting to be grasped again. There is nothing new under the sun. If there is

something new to you, it is because you are new under the sun.

It takes more than a desire to fulfill the will of God. It takes spiritual strength. As you read these chapters, allow the Spirit of God to take you on a journey that points out the areas in your life which need to be focused or subdued. Then, determine that your life and ministry will be a spiritual success in this generation that will bless the nations of the earth to the glory of God.

—Roberts Liardon

A. A. Allen

“The Miracle Man”

Before we get into A. A. Allen’s story, I would like to make a few comments that I feel will help your perspective.

Everyone has a personal preference when it comes to ministry gifts. There are certain ministries that you enjoy more than others, but not every ministry gift is going to fit into your personal mold.

Some of us might be surprised to find that our idea of ministry, or how a ministry should operate, wasn’t Jesus’ idea at all. I like to describe “preference” as more of an idea in your mind than a revelation in your spirit.

Our personal preferences are just that—preferences. They are not rules. Therefore, we must be very careful not to judge the call or ministry gift of another according to our personal preferences. Surrounding yourself with ministries that satisfy your preferences only—could cause you to miss out on something important.

I have great compassion for A. A. Allen. Sure, he made mistakes. Every one of God’s Generals featured in this book made mistakes, as will every future General. Personally, I also feel there are things Allen did in the “flesh” that he mistakenly identified as being done in the “Spirit.”

But when you consider Allen’s disastrous background, you must take note of how he triumphed over it all to affect the world for Jesus. Few people, if any, have overcome what Allen did to successfully answer the call of God. His story should speak to every generation. Consider this as you read.

A LITTLE MILK, A LOT OF WHISKEY

Asa Alonzo Allen was born on a stormy Easter morning, March 27, 1911. His parents, Asa and Leona, decided to name him after his father and his father's uncle, a Presbyterian minister. His name was the only connection to God that his parents gave to him, and they certainly couldn't have expected he would end up a preacher. But Asa Alonzo would arise from out of their obscure region of Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, to become one of the most sensational revivalists of modern time.

It is true that A. A. Allen drew more controversy than any other of the Voice of Healing evangelists. He was severely criticized for his dramatics and sensationalism, and he was totally denounced for his personal habits. The media scorned him to the fullest, and denominational leaders banished him, while ordering others to distance themselves from him. Nevertheless, some consider him to have been one of the most important revivalists to emerge during the Voice of Healing revival.¹ It is also important to note that those who criticized Allen were far less productive in the ministry than he was.

Allen was born into a troubled home in which "turmoil" was a household word. At the time of his birth, Allen had two brothers and four sisters. When he was a young boy, his sisters brought him the only joy he knew; they loved him, played with him, and treated him like a little prince. But his parents were drunkards and raised the children in total poverty. Even Allen's first pair of shoes was purchased for him by a total stranger.

Allen's parents also made home brew liquor behind their shack. His mother drank heavily while she was pregnant with Allen, and, considering how poor they were, she and her husband were hardly joyful about a new baby.

A favorite pastime of his parents was to give Allen and his sisters some of their home brew liquor until they were drunk. Then they would sit back and laugh at their children's drunken antics until they would either fall down or pass out.² Allen's mother repeatedly filled his bottle with liquor to keep him from crying, and he would go to bed nightly with a baby bottle filled with the home brew.

Tobacco was also plentiful in the household. Being homegrown, it was very strong, and Allen learned to smoke before he was old enough to go to school. He always took a few puffs of his mother's cigarettes when he lit them for her.³

His father was a talented musician, and though he wasn't a Christian, the local church asked him to lead their choir and perform with them. He usually did so while drunk. Young Allen caught hold of those talents and sometimes stood on the street corner singing to the crowd. It must have been a sight, hearing that baby voice sing hymns he had learned from his drunken father. Young Allen would sing the church hymns over and over because the crowd tossed pennies, nickels, and dimes to him. He stepped into the entertainment world at an early age, and it seemed he was born for it.

A BUCKET OF BEER 'N' TROUBLE

Allen's parents were always fighting, throwing furniture, and threatening one another with weapons. Finally, when he was four years old, his mother left his father. She took the children with her to Carthage, Missouri.

Soon after his mother left, she married again, but the turmoil was the same. In drunken rages, his mother and stepfather would fight to such an extreme that the young children would run out of the home in terror. By the time

Allen was six years old, he was carrying tin buckets of beer home from the saloon to his stepfather.

Allen recalled:

“Every one of us grew up with a taste for liquor. I had only two brothers. One of them died when I was just a tiny lad. I hardly remember him at all. But my oldest brother died a drunkard. My father filled a drunkard’s grave. My mother quit drinking before I was grown, but my four sisters and I were well started on the road to a drunkard’s hell.”⁴

In addition to the drinking problem, his mother had fits of jealousy. She had married a younger man, and as Allen’s stepfather would go to work, she would watch him with binoculars to see if he stopped to talk with any women. They lived very close to his work, so she watched everything he did and made him give account for it on payday. If the paycheck seemed to be for a smaller amount than usual, she accused him of spending it on another woman. His stepfather finally had all he could take and decided to leave.

Following suit, Allen ran away from home at eleven years of age. He wanted to go back to Arkansas and find his father, but he wasn’t sure of the way. Soon after he left, the weather turned bad, so he returned home to his mother. Yet he carefully plotted his next attempt, determined not to fail.

When he was fourteen, and about as large as a grown man, Allen he ran away again. This time, he decided he would do whatever it took to make it, so he hitched rides in vehicles and empty freight cars and traveled over a large portion of the South. While traveling with several other

vagabond friends, he picked cotton, worked in gins, and dug ditches; and he still ended up in jail for stealing corn.

“RUN HIM OUT OR KILL HIM!”

Everywhere he went, Allen was known as the life of the party. He had a beautiful tenor voice and a great sense of rhythm. He was always singing, dancing, drinking, and smoking. Though his energy seemed boundless, Allen said later that he was miserable. Many times, he would leave the party and go into the woods to weep bitterly.

By the time he was twenty-one years old, Allen was a nervous wreck. When he lit a cigarette, he had to hold his wrist with the other hand because his hands shook so badly. It was said that he couldn't even hold a cup of coffee without spilling it. His chest burned, he was racked with a deep, hacking cough, and his memory was slipping. In short, by the early prime of his life, Asa Alonzo Allen was dying.

With nowhere else to turn, Allen went home to his mother. Thinking that farm life and regular meals would be good for him, he hoped for the return of his health.

But once back home, he returned to his old ways. In their rugged country setting, Allen and his mother built a bootleg still to make their own liquor. In addition to the still, they turned their place into a dance hall every Saturday night and soon attracted large groups of rowdy people who were eager for entertainment.

Just down the road, another man, named Brother Hunter, was opening his home for a different reason. Though unlearned, he was born again and filled with the Holy Spirit. So, he decided to form a church and become the pastor. But he was uneasy about the dance hall down the road.

Brother Hunter sought out the young people, but most of them were too mesmerized by the Allen "Dance Hall and Still" to be interested in church. The preacher realized that if the community was ever going to see revival, the dance hall would have to be shut down. A group gathered together and began praying. They cried out, "God, close up that Allen dance hall! Save him if You can. But if he won't yield to God, either run him out of the neighborhood or kill him. But close down that dance hall, one way or another!"⁵

Well, thank God, a portion of their request was granted!

THE LADY IN THE DRESS

In June 1934, things began changing when one of Allen's rough friends asked him to accompany him on an errand. As they traveled, they passed by a country Methodist church. The lights were blazing, and inside there was a celebration of loud singing, clapping, and dancing.

Allen was amazed that these people seemed to be enjoying themselves! He'd thought church was to be solemn and mournful, so he asked his friend to stop.

When he went inside to investigate, he found an even greater surprise. The preacher was a woman, dressed in white. As she talked, Allen thought she must be an angel. He didn't want this woman to notice him because she seemed so pure. So every time she came near to him, he would hide behind the stovepipe. For the first time in his life, conviction seized him. But before the altar call was made, he and his friend quietly slipped out.

All through that night and the next day, he struggled with God and his heart. He longed for the joy and peace he had seen on the faces of those people at the country church. Finally, he decided not to fight it any longer, and he went back the following night for the service.

As the meeting started, Allen listened carefully to every song and testimony. The sermon was about the blood of Jesus and how it washed away every sin, and as soon as the call for salvation was given, his hand shot straight up!

The lady evangelist knew of him and thought he was only there to cause trouble, so she asked those who were serious to stand. Without a second thought, he stood.

She became fearful because she felt he was there to cause a scene, but she decided to continue. She asked those standing to come down to the front if they were really serious, and Allen was the first one down the aisle. In fact, he was the only one who had stood to actually walk down to the front. Thinking he was still there for trouble, the lady asked him, "Do you really want to be saved?"

"Certainly, that's what I came down here for," Allen said.

To her great surprise, he fell to his knees and asked Jesus to be the Lord of his life. From that moment on, there was a new A. A. Allen. No more dances. No more bootlegging. His old friends laughed, but that didn't change Allen back to his old ways. He was a new creation.⁶

"THEY'RE OF THE DEVIL!"

In an old trunk in the attic, Allen found a Bible that his sister had won in a contest. It had never been read, so he took the little Bible and read it from cover to cover. He took it to the fields and read it, and would read it before every meal. According to Allen, it seemed he just couldn't read enough of the Bible.

In the meantime, there was great rejoicing in Brother Hunter's Pentecostal church down the road—"that Allen boy" was born again! Their prayers had been answered, and it even seemed that many of the young people who had

been regular attendees at Allen's Dance Hall were now stopping by the church because they were curious about the singing and worshipping. The biggest surprise of all was when Allen himself slipped into one of their services. After he left, the congregation prayed that God would fill him with the Spirit and use him to win souls.

The morning after he attended the Pentecostal meeting, he visited with a Methodist pastor who warned him to stay away from the Pentecostals, saying they were of the devil because they spoke in tongues.

"After that, I just couldn't wait to go back," Allen said. "I was curious to hear them talk in tongues!"⁷

A few services later, the gift of tongues and interpretation operated in one of the meetings, and as Allen sat and listened, he could tell that this was from God. Now he really wanted what these people had.

The next day, he met with the Methodist pastor again. He shared his experience with him and showed him Scripture to prove that speaking in tongues was for today. The pastor declared, "You can't have it! No one is getting that kind of an experience today!"

"Well, I'm going to have it," answered Allen. "And, Pastor, that is just what you need."⁸

The pastor left in a rage, and Allen severed ties with the Methodist church.

Soon after this, one of Allen's sisters was born again. And not long after that, Allen would finally receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He spoke in tongues at a Pentecostal camp meeting in Oklahoma that he and his sister attended together.

Those days were like heaven on earth to him. The night he was filled with the Spirit, he wore his only change of clothes—a solid white shirt and solid white pants! He fell to the ground which was covered with saw dust, but he didn't care. All Allen wanted was God. Soon, he felt as though electricity was slowly inching its way down his fingertips, until it covered his entire body. Then it happened. Allen was aware of nothing but the presence of God. He stood up and shouted out in other tongues! His white suit had been ruined, but Allen had the desire of his heart!

COLORADO + LEXIE = LOVE

Drought hit Missouri hard in 1934, and there was no work anywhere. Then, one day, Allen received a letter from an old friend who invited him to Colorado to work on a ranch.

In September 1934, Allen found himself walking through the Colorado plains, tired and thirsty and feeling a little alienated from the lack of Pentecostal fellowship. Though he was going to a new place to work, he was concerned there would be no Christians who shared his new belief. As he walked along, the wind blew a sheet of paper into his pathway. Bending down, he picked it up. When he saw what it was, he smiled broadly. It was a page of the Foursquare publication, Bridal Call. He knew then that somewhere, someone on these plains believed in the power of God as he knew it.

As soon as he arrived at the ranch, he asked if anyone attended the Foursquare church. His friends told him that a girl who lived up the road possibly did. They said, "She even thinks she's called to preach."⁹

Soon afterwards, Allen introduced himself to Lexie Scriven, who was called to preach and had just returned

home from traveling with some evangelist friends. The two quickly became friends, studying the Bible together daily, searching Scripture, and seeking answers to questions. Lexie was refreshed as she listened to Allen, who regularly challenged the religious tradition that she held to. He hadn't been raised with religious tradition, so he felt he saw things more clearly than she did. She was soon persuaded to his way of seeing the Scriptures, and they began attending church together. They seemed inseparable, but it was nothing more than mutual friendship.

Soon, Allen returned to Missouri to help his mother move her belongings to her new home in Idaho. Lexie left to attend Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri, but every day, the letters came from Allen. They both began to realize they were in love with each other. So he wrote to her, proposed, and the couple married on September 19, 1936, in Colorado. Their marriage was later blessed with three sons and one daughter.

THE THANKSGIVING OPOSSUM

The Allens began their new life together with one hundred dollars, a few wedding gifts, and an old Model A Ford. They had no jobs and no promise of any, but they knew they were called of God to preach.

They saved what money they could to enroll at Central Bible Institute that September and then left Colorado, heading for Missouri, with plans to stop and visit Allen's mother. But they found her very sick, with no income and no one to care for her. Immediately, the couple bought her food and necessities, cared for her home, and paid the bills. Soon, they found their money was gone, as was their hope to enter Bible college.

When Allen's mother's health improved, the couple continued on their way, searching for jobs and a place to live. During this search, someone suggested they hold a church meeting in a local home. God provided Allen's first chance to preach, and before the meeting was over, they left that home with plans made for the first A. A. Allen revival meetings.

But there was one problem—no money and none expected to come in. So, the couple began chopping wood and selling it during the day. The money they made bought gasoline for their preaching trips. For two weeks, they chopped and hauled wood, stopping only to write down thoughts God would give them for preaching that evening.

Allen's heroes were Dwight L. Moody and Charles Finney. The first sermon he preached was based on the sermons of these men.

At their first Thanksgiving dinner, instead of turkey, they ate opossum, which they gladly accepted from the congregation. Lexie stuffed it and prepared it just as she would a turkey. The congregation took an offering at the end of two weeks, to surprise the preacher, and collected thirty-five cents.

BEANS AND BACKWOODS

When the last meeting ended, they were given an invitation to conduct another one, but that posed a problem—the location was too far from their home to drive to in one day, so they would have to find another place to stay near their new meeting location. The only place vacant was a two-room cabin being used as a granary, but the kind old man who owned the building agreed to remove the grain and allow them to stay. There were huge cracks in the floor, the windows were broken out, and the back door had

disappeared. However, they made the best of it by hanging a blanket in place of the door, draping cloth over the windows, and using cushions out of their car for a bed. Lexie used old orange crates covered with tea towels for chairs and a table, and for weeks, they lived on beans and cornbread, relying totally on the Lord to supply their needs. In their diary, they recorded special offerings with amounts like “five cents.”

During these meetings, the Allens learned the power of prayer. After one prayer session, everyone who attended the following revival meetings was born again with a total of thirty people saved in two weeks, many of them having walked six miles just to attend the meeting. After holding a baptismal service, they set out on the road again.

If there had been jobs at this time, Allen would have taken secular employment, but there was none to be had, so he worked at studying the Bible and praying. The rest of his time was spent visiting people and praying for their needs.

“LIKE A WHIRLWIND, I HEARD HIS VOICE”

In the late 1930s, just weeks after their first son was born, Allen accepted a pastorate with the Tower Memorial Assembly of God, in Holly, Colorado. While there, Allen was licensed by the Assemblies of God.

Determined to find the secret of God’s power, Allen began to fast and pray and seek the Lord. Fasting was new to him, and he encountered considerable trouble with the practice. Just as he would start to seek the Lord, he would smell the food his wife was cooking for her son and herself. Try as he might to remain committed, the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. He would finally give in, emerge from his prayer closet, and join the family meal.

Then one day, just as he had taken a bite of food, he was immediately convicted. Dropping his fork, he announced to his wife that he wasn't coming out of his prayer closet until he heard from the Lord, and he even instructed her to lock him in the closet. She laughed and told him that he would be pounding on the door, demanding to be let out, within an hour.

But hours passed, and he didn't knock to get out. Wrestling with his flesh, he found the victory inside of his prayer closet, and in his own words, he tells of his experience with the Lord:

“...I began to realize that the light that was filling my prayer closet was God's glory!...The presence of God was so real and powerful that I felt I would die right there on my knees.... Then, like a whirlwind, I heard His voice. It was God! He was speaking to me! This was the glorious answer that I had sought so diligently and for which I had waited since my conversion at the age of twenty-three.... It seemed faster than any human could possibly speak, faster than I could follow mentally, God was talking to me.... God was giving me a list of the things which stood between me and the power of God. After each new requirement was added to the list in my mind, there followed a brief explanation, or sermonette, explaining that requirement and its importance.... As God spoke to me, I wrote them down.”

THE PRICE TAG FOR MIRACLES

“...When the last requirement was written down on the list, God spoke once again, and said: “This is the answer. When you have placed on the altar of consecration and obedience the last thing on your list, you shall not only heal the sick, but in My Name

shall you cast out devils, you shall see mighty miracles as in My Name you preach the Word, for behold, I give you power over all the power of the enemy.'

"God revealed to me at the same time that the same time that the things that were hindrances to my ministry...were the very same things which were hindering so many thousands of others.

"At last, here was the price I must pay for the power of God in my life and ministry. THE PRICE TAG FOR THE MIRACLEWORKING POWER OF GOD!"¹⁰

Here are the thirteen things A. A. Allen said the Lord told him. He would see the miracle-working power of God if he understood and did these things:

1. He must realize he couldn't do greater quality miracles than Jesus.
2. He could walk as Jesus walked.
3. He must be blameless like God Himself.
4. He must measure himself to Jesus alone.
5. He must deny his fleshly desires with fasting.
6. After self-denial, he must follow Jesus seven days a week.
7. Without God, he could do nothing!
8. He must do away with sin in his body.
9. He must not continue in shallow, pointless discussions.
10. He must give his body wholly to God forever.

11. He must believe all of God's promises.

The remaining two guidelines were "pet sins" that God had pointed out by name. Allen never felt he could share them with anyone.¹¹

HEAVEN'S VISIT—THE FIRST MIRACLE

Finally, Allen began pounding on the closet door for his wife to let him out, and as soon as she saw his face, she said, "You've got the answer!"

"Yes...God has paid me a visit from heaven, and here is the answer."

Written on a piece of cardboard were the thirteen requirements from the Lord. The couple sat at their old kitchen table. They both wept as he told her the story and went over the list.

Shortly after that visitation from God, the Allens resigned from their church, feeling called to the evangelistic field and so, by invitation, set out for Missouri. It was there that the Allens saw their first miracle service.

An old coal miner who was totally blind as a result of a mine explosion years earlier began attending the services. Night after night, he sat and listened to the Word of God, and finally, in response to an altar call, he came forward for healing.

The Allens were shocked by his faith, and both admitted later that it would take more faith than they had for this man to receive his healing! They prayed for everyone who came forward and placed the blind man at the end of the line. People who had headaches, colds, and deaf ears were healed and went on their way rejoicing, but the blind man remained.

Suddenly, Allen called for everyone who had faith for the healing of this blind man to come up and pray with them. Then he said, "There is unbelief in this room. I can feel it!" And with that, a man got up and stomped out the door.

God answered their prayer. When the prayer was finished, the blind man could name the color of Allen's tie and point to objects around the room!¹²

WOMAN—THE COAT OF MANY COLORS

For the next four-and-a-half years, Allen traveled as an Assemblies of God revivalist. Though he held a prestigious position, his pay was very low, and financially, life remained hard during the first half of the 1940s, especially now that they had four children. Lexie stayed at home to care for the children. Allen was away sometimes for three consecutive months at a time.

Lexie had to cope with the frustrations of not seeing her husband regularly, while having to deal with her own call. Though she longed for the stability of a normal home life, she learned a valuable ministry lesson. She was called into the ministry, but her ministry also consisted of being a mother. She realized there was a timing to all things. Motherhood and a stable home were to never be sacrificed for the other half of her ministry call, because those days would come again for her, and then she would have fulfillment, owing that every facet of her call had been completed.

Years later, as the children grew older, Allen continued to evangelize alone. Lexie looked around her community and found a section without a Full Gospel church. So she started a church and became the pastor! When Allen was financially able to take her and the children on his trips,

she eventually resigned from the church and turned it over to another pastor!¹³

HEAVEN ON EARTH—TEXAS!

Then, in 1947, Lexie received a phone call from Allen, telling her to get ready to move to Corpus Christi, Texas. He had been asked to pastor one of the largest Assemblies of God churches in the area, and was very excited, thinking of the stability this would provide his family. He told Lexie that they would probably stay there until Jesus came again.

The Allen family loved Corpus Christi and the church there, but in a city of over one hundred thousand people, there were only a handful of Full Gospel churches.

The Allens came at the time of the church's building program, and where some would have been overwhelmed, Allen's spiritual appetite was only whetted. He threw himself into this new phase of work, dreaming of a church that would operate in the gifts of the Spirit, evangelize, and progressively move forward in the things of heaven. This church seemed to be his answer. The church members heard him preach for two weeks before asking him to be their pastor. He preached hard, holding nothing back from what he believed, and they still wanted him!

He gave every area of that ministry his utmost attention, with each worker being selected and given special training. The attendance grew, and they soon ran out of space.

A DEADLY BLOW

Now, the church was reaching a few hundred people, but Allen was considering how to reach the city through radio. So, he began to lay plans for an effective radio ministry and even attended a radio seminar in Springfield, Missouri.

He returned home, thrilled and filled with energy. He called a special board meeting and carefully explained his radio plans to reach the city, knowing the men of the board would catch his vision.

But one of the men proceeded to inform him that the board didn't approve of what he was doing, and that he was wearing them out! The board member went on to say that Allen had helped them build one of the finest churches in Texas, but they needed time to recover from that, and that they couldn't keep up the pace.

Then another stood and called attention to the tremendous cost and burden it would be on the church. The general opinion was that enough had been accomplished for the time being, and no further advances needed to be made for some time.¹⁴

Allen was absolutely crushed, and he quickly dismissed the meeting.

A point here: It was Allen's call that energized him to move forward. His call wasn't to the pastorate but to evangelize the nations. Allen was spiritually built for this kind of thrust; it came with his call. Laypeople are not automatically built that way, and there is nothing wrong with this. It is just a fact. God gave us the fivefold ministry gifts in order to step up the spiritual process so we can all keep the timing of heaven. We need laypeople, and we definitely need pastors. But we also need everyone to stand in the office of his calling and operate in the heavenly anointing.

Sadly, though, Allen innocently tried to disguise and confine his call to that of a pastor. Can you imagine how it must have felt to try to restrict the call of an evangelistic revivalist? When the board vetoed Allen's thrust, they

unknowingly killed a large portion of his being by bridling his life and snuffing out a portion of his destiny.

Allen had tried to compromise his heavenly call for earthly security, which is understandable, because he wanted to be a dad to his children. But soon, Allen would see that the price was too great. It would have been better, though possibly harder, to seek God and find another way of making it work.

BLACKNESS, TORMENT, HELL: THE BREAKDOWN

When Allen returned home, he didn't say anything to his wife and tried to act as if nothing had happened. He even discussed the idea of taking a vacation with her.

But during the night, she awoke to hear Allen sobbing in the next room. She thought he was interceding for someone until he came into the bedroom, still sobbing deeply.

Startled, she questioned him. It was then that he told her what happened at the board meeting, and she saw he was more than disappointed—he was devastated. There was no bitterness, no anger, no blame—just a broken heart.

Allen offered his resignation and felt he could never preach again. But the church really loved him, and they offered him several months of vacation with full salary. They even insisted that additional offerings be given to him to take care of any expense he incurred on the trip.

It was apparent Allen was suffering from an emotional breakdown. The church thought he was overworked, but his wife, aware of his strength and zeal, knew that wasn't possible. She knew the breakdown came from a broken heart. A portion of his being was held captive, and he thought he had lost it forever.

Lexie took him on an extended vacation, but he was so tormented, he could find only a partial rest as they traveled, and as his condition grew worse, it became impossible for either of them to rest. After only a week in the mountains with no relief, he wanted to go home, thinking he would never return to normal.

“COME OUT OF HIM!”

Lexie began to seek the Lord desperately. Suddenly, it came to her! They had not failed—God wasn’t through with them! The call and purpose of God for A. A. Allen was just as it had always been! When she finally realized that Satan had taken advantage of his deep hurt, she began to pray against the attack. Soon Allen also saw that he was being tormented by a demon that was taking advantage of his emotional hurt. He realized he was being attacked by a tormenting spirit.

While driving back to Texas, Allen pulled the car to the side of the road and asked his wife to lay hands on him. According to Allen, the second Lexie said, “Come out of him, I command you to go,” the evil spirit left him, and they rejoiced together as he actually felt a physical release and lightness replace the heaviness he had felt. Then suddenly, he began to get sleepy, and before Lexie could pull onto the road, he was asleep, never remembering getting home or getting into his own bed. He slept like a baby for three days straight, and when he woke up, he was fully recovered.

“YOU FAILED TO PAY THE PRICE”

By the fall of 1949, the Allens began to hear stories about miraculous healing meetings that were taking place. The evangelists conducting the meetings weren’t necessarily outstanding preachers. In fact, many preachers were more eloquent in their sermon delivery than these

evangelists, but when these healing evangelists prayed for the sick, miracles happened so quickly, no one could count them. The Allens refused to believe half of the stories they were told, but their curiosity was aroused.

One day, a friend gave Allen a copy of the publication *The Voice of Healing*. After reading it, Allen said, "As I read its pages, I laughed in ridicule. Fanatics, I thought, as I closed the magazine and laid it away in my study."¹⁵ Some of his church members came from these tent meetings with glowing reports, but Allen discounted them and felt they were drifting into fanaticism.

Personally, I don't believe that was his true heart in the matter. He might have spoken those words, but I believe he was incredibly stirred inside, because he knew this was his own call being manifested before his very eyes.

However, it is possible to become so backslidden in one's calling that the things one once held as precious and attainable are now a distant memory.

Not long after this, some minister friends persuaded Allen to go to Dallas and attend an Oral Roberts tent revival. Along the way, he remembered the experience he had with God in his prayer closet many years ago, recalling the thirteen things that stood in his way of walking into the miraculous. Being out of his spiritual office and trying instead to be a pastor had caused him to shelve the vision God had given him.

As he approached Dallas, he became more and more aware that there he would witness the very thing God had called him to do. "But I had never paid the price for God's miracle-working power in my life," he added.¹⁶

He was captivated by the tent meeting and by the power of God being displayed through Roberts, feeling as though

he was living in the book of Acts. Miracle after miracle took place as he watched, but it wasn't fanaticism; it was God's miracle-working power.

As he sat watching the prayer line, he again heard the voice of God say, "My son, eleven years ago you sought My face.... Eleven years ago I called you into the same ministry.... But you failed to pay the price and to make the consecration. Therefore, you have failed to do this thing which I have called you to do." With tears streaming down his face, Allen lifted his hands and cried out, "Lord, I'll do it!"¹⁷

GOING, GOING, GONE!

Two Sundays later, he resigned from his pastorate. He would have left the first Sunday after his return, but his wife asked him to wait and make sure he was doing the right thing.

Immediately, pastors from all over the nation called for his services as an evangelist, and in less than a month, a new pastor occupied the pulpit. The Allens kept the Corpus Christi church as their home base and traveled out from there.

They moved all their possessions into a house trailer, and in less than three months after his "breakdown," A. A. Allen was on the revival trail.

Allen began studying the list of thirteen requirements the Lord had given him eleven years earlier. He couldn't believe all the time that had been lost. Eleven years! As he studied the list, he noticed that numbers twelve and thirteen had not been accomplished in his life, but that every other item had been marked through. Finally, with great determination, he was able to mark through the last

two. After that, noticeable miracles began to take place through his ministry.

In May of 1950, Allen sent his first report to *The Voice of Healing* magazine, the result of a great campaign in Oakland, California. Of the meeting, he wrote, “Many say this is the greatest revival in the history of Oakland.... Night after night, the waves of Divine Glory so sweep over the congregation that many testify of being healed while sitting in their seats.”¹⁸

In 1951, Allen made a great leap. He decided to purchase a tent and advertise himself as a “healing” revivalist. He heard of a tent for sale, equipped with lighting, seats, a platform, and a public address system, all for \$8,500!

But he had only \$1,500, so he called the minister and made the offer of \$1,500 as a down payment. The owner told him that another preacher had just called and offered the full price, but he would pray about the matter and call him the next day.

The next day, when Allen called the man, he wasn’t surprised to learn that the owner had decided to give the tent to him with a \$1,500 down payment. The rest was to be paid in \$100 payments, as Allen could afford, so the tent was his!

On July 4, 1951, the A. A. Allen Revival Tent went up for its first campaign, in Yakima, Washington.¹⁹

FINALLY—RADIO!

In November 1953, Allen finally saw his dream come true when he began the nationally known radio broadcast *Allen Revival Hour* on nine stations and two super-powered stations. By 1955, Allen was on seventeen Latin American

stations and eighteen American ones.²⁰ Soon, he had to set up a permanent office to take care of the flood of mail coming in. He began conducting yearly services in Cuba and Mexico. Many responded to the altar calls by denouncing witchcraft and destroying their idols on the platform. These revivals continued from 1955 until 1959, when Castro took power.

Allen seemed to thrive on persecution and pressure. Described as a short, “jowly” man, his face would contort into a scowl as he loudly roared one minute and whispered the next. He was an “old-time religion” preacher, complete with foot-stomping, shrieks, sobs, cries of “Glory to God!” loud tongues, and wild, dramatic dancing. He would sometimes hop up and down while pounding on a tambourine, and during his meetings you were likely to see someone turning cartwheels down the aisle, “jerking” across the front of the platform, and several people dancing ballet style throughout the crowd.

Allen was never influenced by the changing fads, but he felt it was his job to preach this way. He didn’t mince words when he preached, and he seemed to always turn adversity to his advantage. He said what he thought, and that is what the people came to hear.

HARD KNOCKS IN KNOXVILLE

In 1955, accusations began surfacing, each one more serious than the previous one, all of them greatly affecting Allen.

The charge that he abused alcohol always seemed to follow his ministry. Whether people believed the charges or not depended on whether people listened to his enemies or his friends.²¹ Some never believed that he was able to

overcome the excessive abuse of alcohol that had been so much a part of his youth.

But his greatest crisis came in the fall of 1955 while conducting a revival in Knoxville, Tennessee. Allen was arrested for drunk driving, but the case never came to trial because Allen failed to appear in court, so he forfeited his \$1,000 bail and left the state.²²

The entire incident is hazy. But Allen maintained that the Knoxville media was notorious in their slander of evangelists, and he stated that he was even shown a list of preachers who had paid certain newspapers to slander him. According to one close associate, Allen told his friends that he had been kidnapped and knocked unconscious. When Allen awoke, one friend said he was in a “smoke-filled room, and somebody was pouring liquor down his throat.” However, word had already spread that Allen had confessed the charge to prominent ministers of Knoxville.²³

WITHDRAW? NO WAY!

In 1956, upon hearing of the charges and the controversy, Ralph M. Riggs, superintendent of the General Council of the Assemblies of God, sent Allen a letter asking him to withdraw from public meetings until things cleared up. Allen felt this request was impossible and felt his organization had deserted him when he needed them the most, in order to save their reputation. He sent Riggs a searing letter reminding him how he had ministered with him for “eighteen years with no question being raised at any time concerning my integrity,” and then turned in his ministerial credentials to the Assemblies of God, stating that in doing so there was “no great loss.” He told Riggs that “a withdrawal from public ministry at this time would

ruin my ministry, for it would have the appearance of an admission of guilt.”²⁴

The accusation also ²⁵caused great problems in the Voice of Healing association. Though Lexie assured the leadership of the Voice of Healing association that the charges weren't true, Gordon Lindsay felt that those who belonged to the group must make a strong stand on ethics, so Allen resigned from that group, as well.

Allen's daughter felt that the Voice of Healing was really an Assemblies of God organization of evangelists, stating that they were trying “real hard to work within the framework of the Assemblies.” If the rules weren't obeyed within the general denomination, a minister could possibly have trouble with the Voice of Healing network.

R. W. SCHAMBACH SPEAKS

One of the greatest evangelistic ministries in our generation is that of R. W. Schambach from Tyler, Texas. When Schambach was just starting out in ministry, he joined Allen's revival team and soon became his right-hand man. Being a man of character and integrity, he knew what it meant to pay the price for revival.

Recently, Schambach and I were in the same town, attending the same meeting, when I shared my views with him concerning the importance of preserving history for the generations to come.

He agreed to tell me his side of the A. A. Allen story, and he shared with me some very interesting things. Schambach told me how he joined the A. A. Allen revival team the night before the Knoxville incident. Then, he made a startling statement, contrary to every other written account of A. A. Allen.

Schambach said that Allen wasn't drunk. "I know," he stated, "because I was with him in the car!" He said the entire incident was a conspiracy to ruin Allen's ministry, and after the Knoxville trouble, he saw the extreme persecution that Allen suffered. It was here that Schambach began to learn how to pay the price for revival. No matter what kind of accusation was hurled at Allen, Schambach knew the man's innocence, because he was with him all the time. So, Schambach remained faithful to serve Allen in his ministry. For the six years that Schambach was his associate, he went on every crusade with the evangelist.

"He was a man of God," Schambach remembered. "I was with him all the time like a hand in [a] glove. When we had to travel together, I even slept in the same room with him! He never did one thing contrary to the Word. He was a man of prayer and a man of miracles. That's how I knew him."

Schambach also described Allen as a "very touchable" man, accessible to the people at all times. There was not a jealous bone in his body," Schambach smiled. "If I would get started on a point, he'd yell out, 'Go ahead, Schambach, you've got it!' Then he would sit back and let me preach, no matter where we were." Schambach humorously compared Allen's clothes and personality to a "cross between James Cagney and Spike Jones."

As Schambach and I walked outside of the hotel to continue our discussion, we noticed a fire truck in the parking lot.

"Oh, that reminds me of another story, Roberts."

Schambach said that the story about the fire on top of the tent during the Los Angeles meeting really happened! It seemed that the fire trucks went rushing up and down

the streets searching for the fire, but the firefighters could never find it. They knew that a fire was coming from somewhere because they could see the smoke. Finally, the fire trucks went in the direction of the tent, but once they arrived, no fire was to be found.

“God wanted everyone to know that we were in town,” he said with a smile. “So He put His holy fire on the top of that tent just to let the folks know we were there.”

What about the “miracle oil” that appeared in the palms of people’s hands?

“That was real, too. I even had an element of it on my own hands,” Schambach answered.

In Los Angeles, at one of the Allen meetings, “Everyone got the oil on their hands but Allen,” Schambach recalled. “I believe God allowed that just to prove that it was true and not a hoax.”²⁶

Schambach left A. A. Allen to begin his own ministry in 1961. But Schambach stood faithfully by Allen for the rest of his life. If there is anyone who operates similar to the ministry of A. A. Allen, it is the great evangelist R. W. Schambach.

FORWARD! (FOR A WHILE)

Allen had turned in his license with the Assemblies of God and broken his ties with the Voice of Healing association and became an independent evangelist. Many said it suited him well, and history books note the same.

Most evangelists do work well independently, as long as they stay “hooked up” with those who understand their call and can scripturally speak into their lives. They can call a church their “home church,” but that local church must

give them the freedom to pursue their individual call. It is sometimes difficult for their methods to meet with the approval of an organized establishment because the two are so different. Evangelistic revivalists are fast, wild, and dramatic; they have the strength of an ox. If a pastor understands the call of an evangelist, the two can work well together, but if the pastor tries to control an evangelist to fit within needs of the local church, there will be trouble.

The year 1956 seemed to be a time when ministries were changing. But Allen found a way to thrust forward when many were pulling back. He had a great ability to raise money and, at this time, was still attempting to stay within his call.

Allen progressed forward by starting his own publication, *Miracle Magazine*. It consisted of his messages on healing and deliverance and featured many healing testimonies. By the end of 1956, its paid subscribers numbered more than two thousand.

By the fall, Allen had started the Miracle Revival Fellowship, an independent organization to license ministers and to support missions. He firmly denied any charges that it was “denominationally minded.” Allen reported five hundred ministers in its first ordination.²⁷

SENSATIONALISM, CONTROVERSY, & MIRACLES

After the Knoxville incident, Allen became an extremely controversial figure, and the media followed him everywhere hoping for a story. Wild and sensational occurrences were reported to have happened at the Allen revivals, but many of these reports were aimed at discrediting his ministry. Lexie said that during this time, Allen’s enemies did all they could to destroy him. It did seem that whenever persecution would attack him, he

would retaliate with some unusual miracle or occurrence, going to the extreme in an attempt to prove the legitimacy of his call.

In Los Angeles, it was reported that a cross appeared on Allen's forehead, and a flaming fire appeared over his tent, as R. W. Schambach mentioned earlier in the chapter. According to Allen, this was a sign. As proof, he cited Ezekiel 9:4, which says that an angel was sent from heaven to place a mark on the foreheads of all the people who cry out for the Lord because of evil in the earth. The sighting on Allen's forehead and the flame over the tent were reported by the media.

Allen's cameraman, R. E. Kemery, took a picture of a man who had nail scars appear in his hands. At another meeting, "miracle oil" reportedly began to flow from the heads and hands of those attending the Allen revivals. Allen answered those who questioned this occurrence by referring to Hebrews 1:9, which says that the reward for hating evil and loving righteousness is to be anointed with the oil of gladness.

He was also criticized for selling a recording that captured the sounds of a demon-possessed woman, as well as a booklet that contained eighteen sketches of demons, drawn by a demon-possessed, insane person.

Some of the healings were sensational, and in one meeting near Los Angeles, a five-hundred-pound woman lost two hundred pounds instantly when Allen laid hands on her. People testified to seeing her body shrink.

A Full Gospel pastor who had "alligator scales" on his arms for nearly fifty years was healed as he sat on stage behind Allen. The scales dried up and fell off, new skin

appeared, and the pastor was able to wear short-sleeved shirts for the first time.

Another man was driving down the highway while listening to the Allen Radio Hour when he was moved in his heart. He pulled the car over to the side of the road, laid his hands on the radio, and prayed with Allen, asking God to “put all the parts back.” He had had his right lung, three ribs, and a chest bone surgically removed, and he had been missing the second toe on his left foot because of disease. That night, the man’s toe grew back, complete with the toenail, and his physician was amazed when X-rays showed that what he had removed had returned in its proper place.

When Allen submitted an advertisement to the Akron Journal in 1957, it was rejected. Instead, the paper published a front-page “slander account” of his ministry, warning the city of his revival. Allen responded by saying that he had received \$25,000 worth of front-page advertising, absolutely free.²⁸

In the mid-1950s, he unleashed an all-out attack on denominationalism and “man-formed religion.” While many things he said and wrote concerning denominationalism were true, it was apparent he was speaking out of hurt and frustration. When he tried to open lines of communication again with the Assemblies of God headquarters, according to Allen, they banished him and urged others to ignore him, as well. While the General Council denied his charge, they did state that his ministry “threw a shadow.”²⁹ In other words, if someone associated with Allen, that person’s own character would be in question.

MIRACLES FROM THE VALLEY

Even with all the controversy, Allen’s ministry continued to grow, and he began the International Miracle Revival

Training Camp for ministers. Here, he taught ministers the principles of prosperity, healing, casting out demons, and various other topics.

In January 1958, while he was holding a revival in Phoenix, Arizona, God impressed upon him the desire to build a Bible school there. That very morning, twelve hundred fifty acres of land a few miles from Tombstone, Arizona, were given to him. He called the land “Miracle Valley” and began building his headquarters and training center. He doubled the acreage, and many Native American tribe members were born again as a result of his ministry. Christians in the area were fervently revived, and the area became a thriving city by the 1960s.

The year 1958 became a time of crisis for the Voice of Healing revival, but it didn't seem so for Allen. That year, he announced a five-pronged program for his ministry in Miracle Valley—tent revivals, the Allen Revival Hour radio program, overseas mission programs, the Miracle Valley Training Center, and a publications department.³⁰ It was during this time that he began teaching prosperity according to the Bible. In fact, most everything he taught connected in some way with financial prosperity.

People from every social stratum attended his meetings. He preached the same message with the same fervency to each audience and never changed the text to fit the class of people. Everything from mink coats and pearls to bare feet and overalls could be seen at his meetings. When people walked through the parking lot, they would see everything from polished Cadillacs to car hoods tied down with rusted wire.

But in 1960, during the heat of racial tension, the Ku Klux Klan threatened to disrupt an Allen meeting where white and black people were present. They succeeded in

blowing up a nearby bridge with dynamite in hopes of scaring Allen and his group, but both the worship service and the baptismal service continued without a hint of fear.

It was also in 1960 that Allen built a church in Miracle Valley that seated four thousand people. He had great plans for this city and wanted to build private homes, recreational facilities, and media centers.

A TRAGIC ENDING

Something happened during the last few years of Allen's life and ministry. Though the details are sketchy, Allen was sued for \$300,000 in back taxes. And in 1967, Allen and his wife, Lexie, separated. Details about this incident are unclear, but close friends of the family state the couple never divorced.

The few details available report that before their separation, both were totally engrossed in serving the Lord until their deaths, with Lexie, a journalist, spending her time at home, and Allen traveling extensively, rarely at home. Some believe that if Allen had not died a short time after the separation, he and Lexie would have reunited. Upon their deaths, they were buried side by side, sharing the same gravestone, on the grounds of Miracle Valley.

In 1969, Allen was a sick man suffering from a severe arthritic condition in his knee. He spent much time recalling his humble beginnings. According to him, that year the Miracle Magazine had a circulation of 340,000, with mail received from ninety nations.

But the arthritic condition soon worsened, so Allen submitted to surgery on his left knee. He suffered from so much pain that Don Stewart, a young man full of zeal, began to fill in during the crusades.

On June 11, 1970, Allen traveled to San Francisco and checked into the Jack Tar Hotel (now named the Cathedral Hills Quality Hotel). He checked in at 12:56 p.m. and was scheduled to have a doctor's appointment the next day at 9:00 a.m. at the University of California Medical Center. He was to discuss with the surgeons whether a second surgery needed to be performed on his knees.

Sometime before nine o'clock that evening, Allen made a phone call to Bernard Schwartz, a close friend. The details of their conversation is unknown, but Schwartz was alarmed and proceeded to the hotel. When Schwartz arrived at Allen's room, the door was locked, and he didn't answer. Schwartz told the assistant manager of the problem and Allen's door was opened with a pass key.

At 9:15 p.m., Allen was found dead by Schwartz and the assistant manager. The coroner's report states that Allen was sitting in a chair in front of his television. He was officially pronounced dead at 11:23 p.m. on June 11, 1970. A. A. Allen was fifty-nine years old.

WHAT HAPPENED? THE CORONER'S REPORT

There are some details about A. A. Allen and his death that are very important. Though it is not widely known, he was suffering from a severe arthritic condition. In fact, it is documented that his personal physician, Dr. Seymour Farber, prescribed Percodan, Seconal, and Valium to ease the pain and for insomnia brought on by the severity of the pain.

Here are the facts: the coroner's report, Case #1151, for Asa Alonzo Allen recorded the blood alcohol concentration in Allen's body measured .036 percent—a very high and concentrated level of alcohol in the blood system. The

cause of death on the coroner's report was stated as "acute alcoholism and fatty infiltration of the liver."

At first, it would seem that Allen died a chronic alcoholic, but upon further investigation, I believe the opposite. Here is what I believe happened.

HOLD ON! LET'S INVESTIGATE

First of all, Allen's personal physician knew him very well. Though chronic alcoholics can deceive a novice, they cannot deceive their personal physician, especially if their personal physician sees them as many times as Dr. Farber saw Allen and tested him. Dr. Farber wouldn't have prescribed such highly addictive drugs as Percodan, Seconal, and Valium to a chronic alcoholic. It would have been a death sentence, because the mixture of alcohol and prescription barbiturates and narcotics could lead to death. When Allen's blood scan was performed and reported by a laboratory toxicology department, there was no trace of drugs found in his system, though there were plenty of prescribed pills at the death scene.

His closest personal friends say that Allen detested—even hated—prescription medications. He repeatedly insisted that he would not take medication and preach, as the drug effects lingered with him and hampered his ability to think clearly.

Understanding how Allen was raised, I believe we are dealing with a position of attitude. Allen was in severe arthritic pain—in fact, so much pain he could barely move.

Medical personnel who work with arthritic patients say it isn't unusual for the patients to use alcohol in a medicinal sense. Many turn to it instead of developing an addiction to prescribed drugs. I am not offering an excuse, but I am presenting a reality.

It should be recognized that the coroner's report stated Allen died of "acute" alcoholism, not "chronic" alcoholism. There is a distinct difference in the medical verbiage.

"Acute" means rapid onset or sudden, but "chronic" means ongoing—indicative of an alcoholic. The coroner's report said Allen died of excessive consumption at a given time, not of a chronic condition such as alcoholism.

Here is another fact: According to the autopsy report, fatty tissue found within the liver is consistent with alcoholic binge drinking.

We must also understand that there is a medical difference between chronic drinkers and habitual drinkers. Chronic drinkers have drunk for a long period of time and even stay drunk most of the time, whether it's noticeable or not. In discussing this autopsy diagnosis with several prominent physicians and specialists throughout the country, I learned that this liver condition was not cirrhosis. Cirrhosis of the liver comes from chronic alcoholism and is a death of the liver tissue that spreads gradually over a period of time. If the fatty tissue throughout the liver remains intact from habitual/social drinking, it could lead to cirrhosis.

Habitual drinking of alcohol produces fatty tissue. After several days, if no further alcohol is ingested, the tissue dissolves and returns to normal. Allen had the liver of someone who, for a period of weeks or months, had been binge drinking, which means simply he was drinking to the point of drunkenness.

Throughout the coroner's report, the majority of the discussion centers on Allen's arthritic condition, not his blood alcohol level. In fact, there is no evidence whatsoever that Allen was an alcoholic, as the condition of his liver

proved. Instead, there is much more evidence that the alcohol was taken medicinally.

That is what I believe as well. Allen wasn't an alcoholic, but I think he periodically binged on alcohol for medicinal relief, and to be honest, I really don't believe Allen saw much of a difference between alcohol and prescribed drugs. He hated prescribed drugs and their lingering effects. Alcohol can dissipate quickly, and the effects were probably less severe with him. He might not have always chosen the alcohol over the drugs, but we know that, at least for a few weeks, he did.

It is easy to think clearly if your body is free from pain, but attitudes are sometimes different in someone who is experiencing constant and excruciating pain.

It is my opinion that on the night of his death, Allen was in excruciating pain. This seems especially clear because he had flown to San Francisco for a doctor's appointment the next day.

From the facts that I have researched, it is my opinion that on June 11, 1970, in a desperate attempt to stop the pain, Allen literally drank himself to death.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS

Though some of the ministerial details at the end of his life are vague, his former banking department head, Mrs. Helen McMaines, has a great love and respect for Allen, saying he was "one of a kind." According to Mrs. McMaines, he was up-front and honest with all the financial gain his ministry received, and she remembered how he would bring the love offerings to her and plop the heavy bags down on the counter. "Put it all back into the ministry, Helen," she remembers Allen saying. "This all belongs to

God.” McMaines said that he worked day and night for the people, never seeming to tire.

“Nothing was put in his name; not the house or anything in Miracle Valley,” Mrs. McMaines stated. “According to him, when he died, all of the property should go to God.” Mrs. McMaines sadly reiterated that she believed there has never been another minister like A. A. Allen. “He was not afraid to fight the devil,” she proclaimed, “and when you are not afraid to fight the devil, all kinds of persecution will rise up against you.” The McMaines are a charming couple, and they still maintain a close relationship with Allen’s son James. According to them, James Allen highly respects the ministry of his father and mother.³¹

In spite of Allen’s fervency, it does seem that his charismatic personality and ministry direction did change in the later years, by publishing violent renunciations of certain churches and focusing heavily on vows and financial prosperity. Did the extreme hurts, betrayals, and denominational conspiracies against him push him into this type of ministry? Did God remove Allen’s focus on the miracle ministry of divine healing? Whatever the reasons, I feel that the ministry of A. A. Allen ended sadly, much like the ministry of John Alexander Dowie.

Just like Dowie’s Zion City, there is no longer a spiritual purpose for Allen’s Miracle Valley.

Today, Miracle Valley is just twelve hundred fifty acres of land. Recently, I was informed that a farmer had purchased the acreage with plans to cultivate it. The buildings have all been torn down or rented.

I sponsored a group to go to Miracle Valley and search for memorabilia on Allen. What they found was shocking.

In a huge pile outside of a building, the group found hundreds of testimony letters, personal notebooks, letters, financial diaries, ministry photos, original text of the Miracle Magazine, film footage, undeveloped negatives, and a priceless notebook of healing testimonies with photos. The testimonies consisted of hundreds of healings from deafness, allergies, migraines, lung disease, ulcers, cancer, arthritis, bone deficiencies, and blindness. It was all there, and whoever threw these things in the dumpster had obviously made one final attempt to destroy all traces of A. A. Allen's ministry.

But God had other plans.

Today, these items are registered in the historical museum of the Reformers and Revivalists Library, in Irvine, California. They will be safely preserved for this generation and the generations to follow. Here, not only can you study spiritual history, but you can see it and witness it, as well.

LET'S GO FURTHER

I know Allen made mistakes. I have no problem with that. But in spite of the mistakes, he made an attempt to show how to pay the price for spiritual power. In fact, R. W. Schambach learned how to pay the price by observing him.

Allen overcame a horrendous background to pursue the call of God, and that is a great credit to him and his ministry, because he almost succeeded. But he didn't go far enough. We must go further than Allen did to succeed.

What does it take? It seems like a broken record, but I will say it again: Stay in your call. Don't venture out to satisfy a suggestion of someone else or the personal desire of your own, and don't allow persecution and criticism to push you into a corner.

What else does it take? Begin to build immunity to the things that affect you negatively. How? Guard your heart; let God lead you with His Word until there is no trace of withdrawal or self-propulsion within you, and soon, the persecution in that area of your life will not even affect you. Then, if you begin to feel another “hit,” or if something begins to bother you, start building the immunity in that particular area, as well. Find Scriptures that pertain to that area, according to your call. Then, speak them over your heart until it saturates your being and becomes a part of you; that’s how you develop immunity. Then, when that thing tries to capture you, you will walk right through it, and the Word will guard your heart. You will have built a spiritual strength in that area.

Be daily filled with the ministry of the Holy Spirit. Allow Him to impart the oil of joy and gladness into your life. His joy is what gives you the strength to succeed.

Don’t try to stand alone, but keep yourself surrounded with people who know your call and are filled with the strength of the Word and the Spirit. If you don’t have this operating in your life and ministry, then ask God to bring you those divine connections and relationships. These aren’t “yes” men who pamper and encourage you in every decision you make, right or wrong, but are divine relationships with people who know how to stand strong in the Spirit because of their personal experience. If they keep themselves clean, they will be equipped to speak into your life and help you when a crisis comes your way.

Don’t search the Scriptures to find retaliation against your accusers. If you do that, you will have a harsh and embittered ministry. At times, it is tempting, but God is the One who vindicates His own! So let God do His thing, and you do yours. Search the Scriptures for yourself first. And when God’s Word heals you, you build immunity through

the Word, and are daily filled with the Holy Spirit, then you can take on the next level of ministry. But if you stop to point fingers, you will remain there. If you remain in one level too long, you will grow stagnant and search for other avenues of ministry. Or, you may search for other “highlights” within your current ministry. Some have remained in a position of stagnation for so long, they can’t find their way back.

There is nothing new under the sun. What happened to these great men and women of the past could happen again, so, learn from their lives and build strength in your inner man. It takes spiritual strength to fulfill the will of God. Determine that your life and ministry will be a spiritual success in heaven and in the earth, to the glory of God!

1 David Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1975), 66.

2 Lexie E. Allen, *God’s Man of Faith and Power* (Hereford, AZ: A. A. Allen Publications, 1954), 55.

3 Ibid.

4 Ibid., 56.

5 Allen, *God’s Man of Faith and Power*, 17.

6 Allen, *God’s Man of Faith and Power*, 18-20.

7 Ibid., 22.

8 Ibid., 25.

9 Allen, *God’s Man of Faith and Power*, 29.

- 10 Allen, *God's Man of Faith and Power*, 98-104.
- 11 A. A. Allen, *Price of God's Miracle-Working Power* (Miracle Valley, AZ: A. A. Allen Revivals, Inc., 1950).
- 12 Allen, *God's Man of Faith and Power*, 106-108.
- 13 *Ibid.*, 167-169.
- 14 L. Allen, *God's Man of Faith and Power*, 143-144.
- 15 L. Allen, *God's Man of Faith and Power*, 155.
- 16 *Ibid.*, 159.
- 17 *Ibid.*, 161-162.
- 18 *Ibid.*, 165.
- 19 L. Allen, *God's Man of Faith and Power*, 173-175.
- 20 Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible*, 68.
- 21 *Ibid.*, 70.
- 22 Allen Spragget, *Kathryn Kuhlman: A Woman Who Believed in Miracles*, segment on Allen according to Knox County Criminal Court (New York: Signet Classics, published by the New American Library, Inc., 1970), 32-33.
- 23 Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible*, 70.
- 24 *Ibid.*, 71.
- 25 *Ibid.*, 70-71.
- 26 Personal interview with R. W. Schambach, March 22, 1996, El Paso, Texas.
- 27 Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible*, 74.
- 28 Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible*, 72.

29 Ibid., 71.

30 Ibid., 74.

31 Personal interview with Helen McMaines, April 29, 1996.