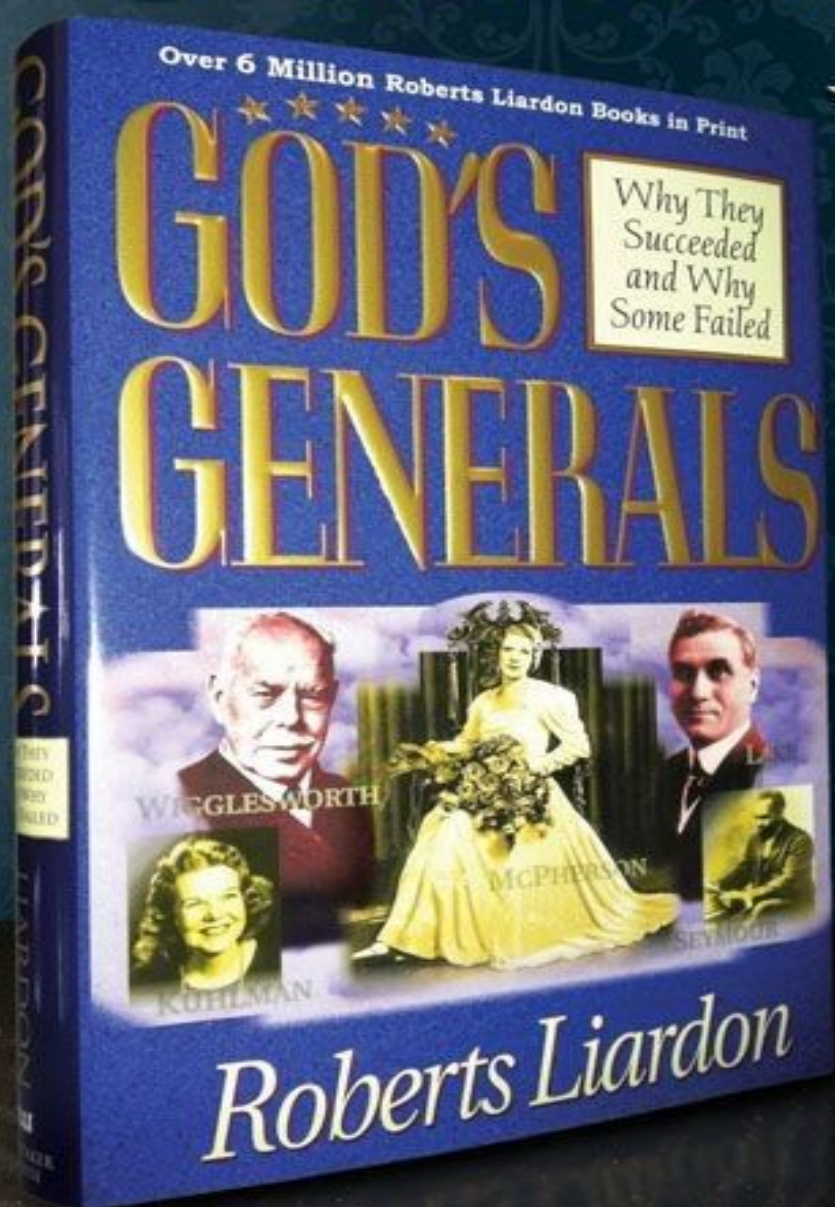


GOD'S GENERALS



JACK
COE

ROBERTS LIARDON

GOD'S GENERALS



JACK
COE

ROBERTS LIARDON


WHITAKER
HOUSE

All Scripture quotations are from the King James Version of the Holy Bible.

All possible efforts were made by Albury Publishing and Whitaker House to secure permission and to insure proper credit was given for every entry within this book.

God's Generals: Jack Coe

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

Roberts Liardon Ministries

P.O. Box 2989

Sarasota, Florida 34230

www.robertsliardon.org

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60374-590-1

Produced in the United States of America

© 1996, 2012 by Roberts Liardon

Whitaker House

1030 Hunt Valley Circle

New Kensington, PA 15068

www.whitakerhouse.com

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical—including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system—without permission in writing from the publisher. Please direct your inquiries to permissionseditor@whitakerhouse.com.

This book has been digitally produced in a standard specification in order to ensure its continuing availability.

This eBook has been excerpted from
God's Generals: Why They Succeeded and Why Some Failed

by Roberts Liardon

eBook ISBN: 978-1-60374-171-2

Hardcover ISBN: 978-0-88368-944-8

Available eBook excerpts from

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

God's Generals: John Alexander Dowie (ISBN: 978-1-60374-580-2)

God's Generals: Maria Woodworth-Etter (ISBN: 978-1-60374-581-9)

God's Generals: Evan Roberts (ISBN: 978-1-60374-582-6)

God's Generals: Charles F. Parham (ISBN: 978-1-60374-583-3)

God's Generals: William J. Seymour (ISBN: 978-0-88368-584-0)

God's Generals: John G. Lake (ISBN: 978-1-60374-585-7)

God's Generals: Smith Wigglesworth (ISBN: 978-1-60374-586-4)

God's Generals: Aimee Semple McPherson (ISBN: 978-1-60374-587-1)

God's Generals: Kathryn Kuhlman (ISBN: 978-1-60374-588-8)

God's Generals: William Branham (ISBN: 978-1-60374-589-5)

God's Generals: Jack Coe (ISBN: 978-1-60374-590-1)

God's Generals: A. A. Allen (ISBN: 978-1-60374-591-8)

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

Jack Coe

“The Man of Reckless Faith”

“I went before the judge and he asked me if I was guilty of disturbing the peace. I replied, ‘Whose peace?’

“‘Well,’ he replied, ‘...you folks clap your hands and shout, and other such things as that.’

“‘Judge, is it not true that people at the ball game make a lot of noise, and do I not hear them yell, shout, and clap their hands also?’

“He answered, ‘Well, their hand clapping doesn’t seem to bother anyone, but when you folks do it, people just can’t sleep.’

“I asked, ‘Judge, do you want to know what the difference is?’

“He answered, ‘Yes, I’d like to know.’

“‘The difference is that the Holy Ghost is in our shout, and it bothers the neighbors, keeping them awake...and it causes the beer joints to close their doors.’”¹

Jack Coe was a large, domineering man with a tactless sense of humor in the healing tent. And he was a loving, compassionate father figure to the orphans in his children’s home. As one of the main leaders in the Voice of Healing revival, Coe was either greatly loved or greatly despised. He was raised without the influence of a father, so he learned as an adult to make God his Father. As a result, he had no problem putting men—no matter how high their

denominational title—in their place if they tried to override the voice of God. The revivalist’s dynamic personality left little room for a lukewarm response!

Coe was considered a radical evangelist because he, along with others, was doing much to combat racial prejudice in the church. At a time when society was calling for segregation, Coe strongly encouraged all races and cultures of the community to participate in his meetings.

A DESOLATE CHILDHOOD

Jack Coe was born on March 11, 1918, to Blanche and George Coe of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He was one of seven children. Blanche had been raised a Baptist, but at the time of Jack’s birth, it isn’t certain that she had been born again. It is believed that his father was born again at a Billy Sunday meeting, but George Coe never attended church afterwards.

Coe’s grandparents were Christians, so his father had been raised in a good home. Besides the positive atmosphere, his grandparents were also excellent providers; they left a considerable inheritance for Coe’s father. But their solid principles of stewardship never seemed to rub off on George. He had a bad habit of gambling and drinking. His mother tried to attend church for a while, but since George wouldn’t go with her, she stopped going. Coe always believed things would have gone differently for his family if his mother would have continued in church and sought to pray for his father.

When Coe was five years old, a moving van backed up to their home. When he saw it, he got excited, thinking something new was being delivered. He watched as the men approached his mother and spoke to her. Then he watched his mother turn pale and break out in tears. As he

watched the men, young Coe realized that nothing new was coming out from that truck. Instead, these men were removing from their home what furniture they had! George had gambled away every last possession and then run away, and now these men were here to collect.

As the van pulled away, his mother was left to face the future with her seven children, having no one to turn to. She knelt on the porch and began to pray—the first time Coe ever saw her do so.

Things got worse. The next day, a man came to see their house. Thinking he was there to buy it, Blanche informed him that it wasn't for sale. "I didn't come to buy the house," the man said; "it's already mine! I'm very sorry, but you'll have to move out." It was unbelievable. George had gambled away not only the contents of their home but the home itself.²

"NO DICE, MR. COE!"

Blanche Coe moved her children to Pennsylvania, where she tried to make a life for them. They lived in a basement. While Jack's older sister watched him and his siblings, Blanche busied herself doing laundry by day and attending nursing school by night. It was a terrible struggle for the entire family.

One day, Coe's father showed up at the door. He pleaded with Blanche to come back to him, and he promised to quit gambling. Feeling that life had been too difficult by herself, she reunited with him, and George took his family back to Oklahoma. When the gambling started all over again, Blanche Coe left him—for good. But she took only her daughter, leaving Jack and his brothers with their father.

NO ONE WANTED HIM

The young boys were often left alone as their father went to gamble. Many times, they had nothing to eat. It wasn't long before Blanche returned for the boys and took them away with her.

By the time Jack Coe was nine years old, his mother felt overwhelmed by the responsibility of caring for her children alone. So she took Coe and his brother to a large home. After talking to the people there and saying her good-byes, she turned and walked away, leaving young Jack and his brother standing on the steps of an orphanage.

Of this experience, Coe would later write:

"I thought to myself, Dad didn't want me, and now Mother...the only friend I've ever had...she's turned her back on me and left me. I thought my heart would break within me as I saw her going down that walk. For a long time I stood and cried."³

He didn't know that his mother also cried for days.

Coe's brother, who was three years older than he, would later run away from the orphanage. After hopping railroad cars and stealing a bicycle, he was hit by a car on the highway and was killed instantly. At the funeral, young Jack felt even more alone.

NO FRIEND IN THE BOTTLE

Coe remained at the orphanage for eight years. During this time, he knew very little about God. When he turned seventeen, he started to drink and carouse, and before long, he had become an alcoholic, just like his father.

There were times during his enslavement to alcohol when Coe sought to know God. But every person he knew at the church he attended on occasion lived an

uncommitted life. No one had the answers he was searching for. And so, he sank more deeply into sin.

Soon, Coe's health began to suffer. He had developed ulcers in his stomach due to excessive alcohol consumption, and his heart was beating twice as fast as the normal rate. He had nearly drunk himself to death, and the doctor cautioned him that the next drink could kill him.

Coe tried to make a new resolution to help himself. But, still not knowing God, he wondered who could help him keep this commitment. This led him to move to California. His mother lived there, and he figured if anyone could help him, she certainly could.

Upon his arrival, his sister invited him to a dance. But soon, Coe found himself at the bar while the others danced. He was brought home that night in a drunken stupor, without his mother knowing about it.

“GOD, GIVE ME UNTIL SUNDAY!”

The next evening, Coe thought he was dying. He was very weak and could hardly walk. He was picked up in an ambulance, taken to a hospital, and examined. He sat in the chair and raised his hands, pleading, “Oh God, don't let me die; please give me one more chance. I don't want to go to hell.”⁴ Then suddenly, Coe got better. His weakness left and so did his symptoms. He didn't know what happened to him at the time, but he was glad!

After this, Coe decided to leave California. He took his mother with him, and the two left for Fort Worth, Texas. There, Coe obtained a job as a manager for the Singer Sewing Machine Agency. He soon forgot about the promises he had made to God and came home one evening in another drunken stupor. But this time, when he fell into his bed, he couldn't sleep—he tossed to and fro under the

conviction of God. Finally, he got up and drank another pint of whiskey just so he could pass out. Then, a few days later, a unique experience changed his life forever.

He had just returned home from drinking. It was about 3:00 a.m., and he was trying to go to sleep. But he couldn't, and as he reached for another pint of whiskey, he heard someone in the room!

Startled, Coe noticed that his heart was bothering him. It would start, then stop. Start, then stop. Then he heard a voice. "This is your last chance," the voice said. "I've called you several times, and I'm calling you now for the last time."

At this, Coe jumped out of his bed and fell to his knees, crying, "Oh God, give me until Sunday. If You'll just give me until Sunday, I'll get right with You."

"HOT DOG, I'VE GOT IT!"

Sunday came, and Coe had no idea of where to go. As a youth, he had been baptized in several places, but nothing had ever changed his life or answered his questions. Because church started much later in the evening in those days, it wasn't until later in the afternoon that he began to seriously wonder about where to go. He simply had no idea. At 5:00 p.m., he finally went to his office to look at the telephone book. Coe had heard about people opening their Bible to whatever verse their thumb fell on, taking that to be a message from God. He thought he would try it with the phone book.

Coe picked up the big book and let it fall, and when he opened his eyes, he saw the name and address of a Nazarene church. He arrived in the parking lot two hours before the service began. When the doors finally opened, he jumped from the car and found a seat at the back. Then

after the sermon, when the preacher asked if there was anyone who wanted to go to heaven, saying, “We have a born-again experience for you,” Coe ran to the altar, shouting, “That’s what I want! That’s what I want!” A little gray-haired lady prayed with him. Then suddenly, Coe felt something he had never felt before. Not knowing the “Christian lingo,” he found himself running all over the church, shouting, “Hot dog, I’ve got it! Hot dog, I’ve got it!” Later, when Coe recalled the moment, he would say, “I didn’t know what ‘Glory, Hallelujah’ meant. I had to let something out—there was something within me!”

Coe returned to his home at 4:00 a.m. He had stayed at the church all that time, praying and praising God.

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

For the next six months, Jack Coe was a “hungry” man. He went to church every night and would stay there into the early morning hours. He devoured his Bible and often tried to imagine himself in the place of certain Bible characters. His mother watched his behavior, and was quite concerned about it. Finally, one night, she asked if he was going to church. Of course, he was. So his mother said, “We’re going with you tonight to find out what they’ve done to you.” At the end of the message, his mother made her way to the altar. She didn’t know how to pray, so she just said, “Oh God, give me what Jack’s got.” Then suddenly, she came up with tears rolling down her cheeks, saying, “Jack! I’ve got it! I’ve got it!” As they sat on the bench, Coe and his mother hugged each other, praising God.

On the way home, late that night they stopped at a grocery store to buy some food. Very few people were shopping and neither Coe nor his mother could contain the joy they were feeling. So they ran up and down the aisles, shouting, laughing, and praising God. The store butcher

said, "You must have just gotten saved." As they talked with the man, tears began to roll down his cheeks, and before long, he, too, was down on his knees, asking God to save him!⁵

"THEY'LL PUT A SPELL ON YOU!"

About a year and a half after he was saved, Coe heard about a "holy roller" meeting. Out of curiosity, he and his sister went to check it out. He actually felt the meeting was a lot like his Nazarene church, except these people spoke in other tongues. And when people went to the altar, they would fall down under the power. At first, he thought they were fainting.

Finally, the preacher spotted Coe. Pointing at him, he asked, "Are you a Christian?" After Coe answered positively, the preacher asked, "Have you received the baptism in the Holy Ghost? Did you speak in tongues?" Coe replied, "No sir, I haven't, and I don't want to, either."

Then the preacher asked Coe another question: "Will you go home and read everything there is on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, then get down on your knees and pray that if it's for you, you'll get it, if not, there's nothing to it?"

Coe answered, "Sure, I know there is nothing in the Bible about tongues."

As he walked away, the preacher said, "That's fine. Go home and read the Bible."

Every place Coe searched in Acts, he found the term "other tongues." So the next evening, he went to the house of his Nazarene pastor. As Coe showed him the passages about tongues in Acts, the pastor replied, "If God ever wants you to speak in tongues, He'll let you do it after He calls you to be a missionary, so that natives can understand

you.” It made sense to Coe. As he turned to leave, the pastor warned, “Stay away from those holy rollers, or they’ll put a spell on you.”

“IF I DON’T GET IT, I’M GOING TO DIE”

That night, Coe refused to go to the meeting with his sister. In fact, he told her the meetings were of the devil. To this, she responded, “Then, why do they quit their lying and stealing, and other wrong things?” She went without him.

Coe tossed and turned in bed that night, then finally jumped out of bed, got dressed, and went to the meeting. When he arrived, the preacher pointed to Coe again. And again, Coe told him that he didn’t want to speak in tongues. So the preacher said, “We’ll make you a special case. If God wants to fill you without speaking in tongues, it will be all right with us.”

“If that’s the case, I’ll come,” Coe replied. Then he went to the front, but the people that gathered around him sounded like they were contradicting each other as they cried out, “Turn loose!” “Hold on!” “Empty him!” “Fill him!” After a few minutes of this, Jack jumped up from the altar and ran for the door.

Outside, he breathed deeply and managed to regain his composure. He straightened the wrinkles from his pants and managed a tight smile as he said to himself, I sure proved there wasn’t anything to it. Then God immediately spoke to his heart, “You want it so bad you don’t know what to do. You know it’s for you; you know it’s real.” After that, Coe whined, “God...if I don’t get it, I’m going to die.” All the way home, he cried, “Praise God for the glory!”

The next night, Coe made a run for the service. When the altar call was given for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he jumped to the front. The same people surrounded him, but

this time he stayed. Suddenly, he saw a bright light. The brighter the light became, the more Coe seemed to fade away. The more he praised God, the brighter the light. Finally, a hand reached out and took hold of his hand. It was Jesus, and the two of them walked and talked together for quite some time.

When Coe came to, he was lying in sawdust. It was 4:00 a.m., and he found himself speaking in another tongue. In fact, all he could do for three days was speak in tongues! He had to write out in English on paper what he was trying to say. During those days, he lived in a heavenly atmosphere, and all of creation seemed to praise God.⁶

BIBLE SCHOOL, JUANITA, & THE ARMY

From 1939 to 1940, Coe attended Southwestern Bible Institute, an Assemblies of God Bible college. P. C. Nelson was college president at the time. While there, he met a girl named Juanita Scott. Their meeting would prove to be more than mere coincidence.

In 1941, after Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, Coe joined the army. At first, he was a little embarrassed to pray and act like a Christian around his fellow soldiers. But once he realized these crude men had no shame with their behavior, he decided to behave like a believer. And he suffered great persecution for it. But the persecution didn't stop him. In fact, Coe could be as rough as these men. The only difference was, he would listen to the voice of God. So he continued to preach at every opportunity.

While stationed at the 130th Bomb Squadron in Walterboro, South Carolina, Coe was able to receive a pass to go whenever he wanted. He was located "in the middle of nowhere," and the closest church was forty-five miles away. So every night he would walk five miles, then

hitchhike the rest of the way to attend church! He didn't care if it was raining. He never missed church. This went on for six months.

Then, one day, his sergeant told him to gather his belongings. He was being sent to the dispensary. From there, he was sent to the hospital. Coe protested the whole affair, especially after he realized he had been sent to the psychiatric ward! After the psychiatrist interviewed him, Coe told him that anyone who disobeys the Bible is the one who is crazy, not the other way around. So they locked him up.

LIFE IN THE "PSYCH" WARD

Coe wanted to fast and pray, but in doing so, he simply convinced them even more of his "craziness." After he had been confined for nine days, Coe began to cry out to God. He opened his Bible to the book of Acts and read about how God sent an angel to rock Paul and Silas' prison cell, opening their jail doors and enabling them to sing their way out of prison. Feeling ashamed of his weak attitude after reading this, Coe began to lift his voice in song.

Suddenly, he heard a knock at his door. The ward boy walked in with tears in his eyes blubbering, "Preacher, I've stood it as long as I can. I come out here every night, and have to listen to you pray and cry and seek God all night long. I'm going to lose my mind if I don't get what you've got. My daddy was a Pentecostal preacher, but I never did get saved. Will you pray for God to save me?"

Coe knelt down with the boy, cried with him, and prayed, and the boy was gloriously saved. After the prayer, they shouted so loudly that the other inmates woke up and started yelling, too!

Overcome with gratitude, the boy told Coe, “I don’t know what I can do for you, but I’ll try.” The next morning, Coe was released. The doctor begrudgingly told him that he was suffering from a serious condition (psychoneurosis, or religious fanaticism) but that he wasn’t dangerous.

Coe changed companies seven times while in the army. And each time, sooner or later, they put him in the psychiatric ward for a while, because they didn’t know how to handle him!⁷

BE A...WHAT?

After serving in the army for fifteen months, Coe’s heart burned to preach the gospel. He would lie in his bed at night and imagine preaching to the multitudes. During the day, he would preach to himself.

Finally, he decided to visit the Church of God pastor in town, hoping for an opportunity to preach. The pastor invited him to get involved with prayer at the altar and other altar work. This wasn’t what Coe wanted to hear, so he turned to walk away. But as he started to leave, the Lord spoke to Coe’s heart to tell the pastor he would do anything he was asked to do.

“Well, I’m glad to hear that,” the pastor said. “Our janitor recently left, and I would appreciate it if you could take over and clean the church.”

Coe felt insulted and informed the pastor that he was called to preach—not to be a janitor. Then he turned and walked out. But the Lord continued to deal with Coe, and after another sleepless night, he returned to the church to be the new janitor!

SPIRITUAL BOOT CAMP

Coe would later say that this pastor was the toughest inspector he had ever worked for. He would run his hands over the wood that had been polished, making sure it was clean. After a season of this, the pastor invited Coe to begin teaching Sunday school. Coe was elated that he would finally get to preach—that is, until he found out he would be teaching the “beginners” class. Coe was in shock. He resisted, at first, but then he reluctantly accepted. His students ranged in age from toddlers to three-year-olds.

After a while, Coe was promoted to song leader, then to youth minister, then to associate pastor. When the pastor was called to another church, the congregation asked Coe to fill in. Finally, he was ready to preach to someone!⁸

MARRIAGE AND A VISION

While Coe was at this church, he heard that Juanita Scott was traveling the country with a singing group. Coe and Juanita had corresponded with letters over the years, but their relationship had never swung toward the romantic. After the Church of God hired a new pastor, Coe decided to start a church of his own. He wrote to Juanita’s singing group, the Southern Carolers, asking them to come to town to help him raise the new work. But by the time the group came to town, Coe’s plans had fallen through. He had been restricted to his army post and could not carry on with regular meetings.

Coe located other revival work for Juanita’s singing group and would meet them after services. During these times, he and Juanita grew closer. Soon, they were married, and Coe secured government housing for them. Having no money, they slept on a concrete floor with army blankets and fasted for three days, until they could buy some food. But before long, the Coes had three rooms of furniture, a car, and a thousand dollars in the bank. Coe was good with

his hands, so he fixed a broken radio and sold it for \$60. He also tripled his investment on the sale of some hens. And he was blessed with a car for helping a friend.

Also during this time, Coe began to pray and seek for an understanding of divine healing. He had heard of people being healed but knew nothing about it. One day, while reading a book on healing by P. C. Nelson, Coe fell asleep. He dreamed that his sister was dying in a hospital room. Then suddenly, a bright light filled her room, and she jumped up and ran, shouting, "I'm healed! I'm healed!"

The next day, Coe found out that the dream was a reality. His sister had double pneumonia and was given up to die. He immediately got leave to see her.

As Coe entered her hospital room, he found the surroundings were identical to what he'd seen in his dream. He also learned that after a series of critical events that were against all odds, God healed and saved his sister—at the last possible moment. It was a total miracle that powerfully affected his life.⁹

READY TO DIE

When Juanita was expecting her first child, in 1944, Coe fell ill. He had contracted tropical malaria at the age of twenty-six, and his weight had now dropped from 230 to 135 pounds. He was literally skin and bones. Once his fever shot up to 106 degrees, then remained there for fifty-four hours, His spleen and liver swelled to twice their normal size, producing pain so great that Coe would bite his tongue until it bled.

Finally, when the fever broke enough for Coe to understand conversation, the doctors told him of his condition. They saw there was nothing they could do for him, so after a few days, he was discharged and sent home

to his family. “Now, God, what shall I do?” was his earnest prayer. The Lord’s answer was, “I’ve called you to preach the gospel. Go out and preach it!”

For a while, Coe would appear to be well, then another malaria attack would bring him down. Strong chills and a high fever brought the man to his knees. It was difficult for him to maintain a normal life. The intense pain in his spleen and liver was almost unbearable. Juanita would sit with him for hours, applying ice packs to comfort him.

Finally, Coe thought he could stand it no more. Feeling it was her husband’s time to die, Juanita left their trailer in tears. It was then that Coe began to repent as the Lord showed him different things. This went on for some time, and Coe began to feel inwardly free. “All right, Lord, I’m ready to go now,” were his words toward the end of this time. A voice spoke back to his heart, “You’re ready to go, but you don’t have to.” Then suddenly, Coe felt as if he were covered with warm oil from head to toe as the Lord spoke, “You are healed now.”

Coe jumped out of bed. He grabbed his wife, who, by this time, was asleep near him, and shouted, “Honey! Honey! I’m healed! I’m healed!”

The next night, despite harassing thoughts from the devil, Coe got dressed and preached on the street. Three people were saved. Later that same year, the Assemblies of God ordained him into the ministry.¹⁰ Coe never had another attack of malaria—God had truly healed him!

OH NO! A BLIND PERSON?

In 1945, Coe went to Longview, Texas, where he continually studied and prayed on the subject of divine healing. He asked God for a special manifestation of His power, then decided to announce a healing meeting. “God’s

going to open the eyes of the blind and cause the lame to walk and the deaf to hear. He's going to do it right here in this church tomorrow night," was his bold confession of faith.

The next night, the church was packed. After Coe preached, the people lined up. The ailments didn't seem too bad. There were a few stomachaches, headaches, and other minor ailments. But then, Coe looked up, and there she stood—a blind woman. "Oh Lord, what in the world am I going to do with her?" he asked, as he worried about what people would say if she didn't receive her sight.

When the blind woman stepped up for her turn to be prayed for, Coe sent her to the back of the line. He was hoping by the time she came to him again, he would have enough faith! And soon, she was nearing her turn again. Desperate, Coe prayed, "Lord, that woman is almost to me now. What am I going to do?" But the Lord quickly rebuked him, saying, "Son, whatever made you think that you could open the eyes of the blind, anyway? Do what you are supposed to do, and I will do what I am supposed to do."

Coe repented, then prayed and anointed the woman with oil. Her eyes were opened, and she could see something moving in the back of the church, but not clearly. Remembering that Jesus had prayed for someone twice, Coe prayed again. And this time, she began to cry out, "I can see! I can see!"¹¹

AWAY WE GO!

News of the blind woman's healing saturated the town, and Coe's faith skyrocketed. A pastor from Oklahoma asked him to come and hold a three-day meeting. After the first night, they had to rent the high school gymnasium to hold

the people because deaf ears and blind eyes were opened, and people got up from stretchers and walked.

At that time, Coe thought he had to stay and pray for everyone who came up. He would often be found still ministering to the people at five o'clock the next morning. As he began traveling throughout Oklahoma, praying for the sick, he got very little sleep.

In different towns, he would stay in private homes. When he did, people would come to that home for prayer. If he was asleep, they would wait until he woke up. If there were very many of them, they would wake him up to pray for their needs. Sometimes, this would happen four or five times a day.

Soon, Coe's body began to break down. He was only sleeping an hour or so each night. But the needs of the people were so great and demanding that he would always pray for them whenever they came. In those days, healing campaigns were still new, and there were many practical ministry principles people didn't understand. Finally, God told Coe that he needed to use wisdom and get proper rest. So, he obeyed and was revitalized to pursue a stronger ministry to the sick.

SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE HOUSE

In 1946, Coe merged his editorial efforts with Gordon Lindsay's Voice of Healing publication and was named a co-editor. Then, in 1947, Coe and his wife made a dramatic decision that affected the rest of their lives. The couple had purchased a small home, and Juanita was very proud of it. She had furnished it nicely and worked on the lawn to keep it immaculate.

But after returning home from a church service one day, Juanita began to cry. She knew God was speaking to them

to sell all they had to enter into the ministry full-time, so they decided to sell. Before Coe awoke the next morning, someone was at his door to buy the house. A few days later, Coe purchased an old tent, a new truck, and a house trailer.

The Coes were ready to go, and the first place they would go to would be Chickasha, Oklahoma. The second night of this meeting, they experienced their first real ministry challenge. A storm blew in and tore the canvas off the top of the tent, leaving only its ropes. After the storm, their pastor challenged them to really know whether or not they were in the will of God. To this, Juanita responded, "If everything we have is gone, I still believe we are in the will of God." So as he turned to go, their pastor said, "If you've got that much faith in God, I've got enough faith to help you." Then he handed them \$100.¹²

By the time this first meeting had closed, the Coes had enough money to re-canvas their tent and to buy a larger truck to carry it.

TENT TALES

In 1948, Coe headed for Redding, California, for his next meeting, having been specifically directed to this city. Before hearing God's word of direction, he had never even heard of Redding. Once he arrived there, the devil went about his business of blocking the meetings. The fire marshal told Coe that his tent wasn't fireproof and that he wouldn't allow him to set it up. The cost of fireproofing it was \$1,700, and the tent had cost only \$400.

Coe bought the fireproofing solution himself, then dipped each part of the tent in it until the entire canvas was covered. But the makeshift solution failed the fire marshal's inspection. Utterly frustrated, Coe began to cry. And when he did, the fire marshal told him that if it meant that much

to him, he could go ahead and set up the tent and get on with his meetings.

The first few nights, crowds were small. But Coe was faithful to pray for the sick. One lady came wearing a brace and using crutches. She was totally healed. That night, for the first time in years, she knelt down to pray beside her bed. She prayed until the sun came up, then walked to the next meeting. Her testimony stirred the entire city. She shared that the doctors were preparing to amputate her leg.

Coe aired the testimony on radio, and the lady who managed the radio station was saved. A prominent Catholic lady arrived at his meeting that night in a Cadillac driven by a chauffeur. The lady was saved and immediately closed all the drinking establishments she owned. She would come into the meetings with her hands raised and leave the same way.

Up to this time, the offerings had been very small. Creditors had threatened to take his truck, so Coe stood up in front of the people and told them he needed \$740 badly. When he did, one lady walked up to him and wrote out a check for the entire amount. Two nights later, he said, "I sure would like to have a Hammond organ or some kind of music for this tent," and the same lady bought him an organ. Coe's revival team would stay in Redding for seven weeks and would receive enough money to fund the next crusade.¹³

After a much-needed vacation, the Coes continued ministering in California. In Fresno, Jack was arrested for disturbing the peace. Coe pleaded "not guilty," and the court case came to trial several months later. But it was thrown out due to lack of evidence and was never mentioned again.

THE MAN AND THE MINISTER

Coe was a very boisterous man who brilliantly played the crowds. He was said to be saucy, angry, flippant, humble, and always nervy. It was also said that he loved controversy and attracted lots of it. He appeared to enjoy a good fight. Of him, Gordon Lindsay wrote, "In growing up it was root hog or die. For that reason, he tangled."¹⁴

Coe's faith was "reckless and challenging," but no one seemed to mind when they walked away healed! He was often seen hitting people, slapping them, or jerking them. But, again, they all walked away healed. Some didn't even feel it when he hit them. He was also the first evangelist to attract, and welcome, large numbers of the black community into his services. He preached bluntly and called things as he saw them. He was a preacher with a sting. Once, a group of young people were standing on the chairs in the tent, and he shouted out at them, "Those are my chairs! I wouldn't do that at your house!"¹⁵

Another time, the highway patrol approached Coe to tell him that his crowd was blocking the highway and that he needed to get the people off of it. He responded by telling the highway patrol that he didn't have anything to do with the highway, and that it was up to them to arrest the people if they wanted them off. He then proceeded with his meeting, undisturbed by their demand.¹⁶

By 1950, Coe seemed to always be in competition with other preachers. He competed by ordering larger and larger tents. And still his team would have to turn away thousands every night.

In 1951, Coe visited an Oral Roberts meeting. He measured the length of Roberts' tent and ordered one

slightly larger. Then, in July of that year, he ran a notice in The Voice of Healing magazine that said:

“A letter from the Smith Manufacturing Company, Dalton, Ga., declares that according to his measurements the Coe tent is by a slight margin, the largest gospel tent in the world. Since Oral Roberts has a prayer tent 90’ x 130’, Brother Roberts has the largest amount of tent equipment. Both the Coe and Roberts tents are larger than the Ringling Brothers [circus] big top.”¹⁷

THE “FRECKLED FACE” VISION

One night, at a meeting in Lubbock, Texas, a little freckled-face boy approached the revivalist. Locking his arms around Coe’s legs, the boy said with a lisp, “Pleathe, mithter, let me go home with you.” Then a woman dragged him away, as Coe stood watching. But the impression stayed with Coe the entire night. The next day, he looked for the boy but couldn’t find him.

Coe had always felt he would someday provide a home for other homeless children, as he had once been a homeless child himself. But he also knew that if God was speaking to him that He would speak to Juanita, as well. He couldn’t escape the memory of this little boy’s freckled face.

Finally, while driving home after a meeting, Coe asked his wife, “Honey, what would you say if I told you that God had been speaking to me about starting a children’s home?” It looked financially impossible. But Juanita said, “I always thought that I should work in a children’s home, so maybe this is it. You go ahead and obey God!”¹⁸

PIECE BY PEACE

In obedience, the Coes put a small down payment on a lot in Dallas and continued on with their healing crusades. In every meeting, Coe let the people know of his plans for a children's home, and soon, people began to donate lumber and supplies. The Coes put their own home up for sale. It sold the same week, and they used the proceeds to help pay the workers. Then they moved into a portion of the children's home still under construction and lived there until it was finished.

There was no running water, and the heater couldn't sufficiently heat the room. As a result, their baby fell ill with pneumonia. They put the child's health in God's hands and left for their next meeting. After they had traveled about fifty miles, the baby's fever broke, and the baby was playing in the car—instantly healed!

Little by little, God made the finances available for the children's home. People began to donate draperies, blankets, and clothing, and before long, the Coes were able to hold their "Open House." The home was ready, and children were received.

One day, as Coe sat watching the children play, a little boy walked up to him and said, "You'll be my daddy now." Then several others locked their arms around him, wanting his love. Of this, Coe said, "It seemed that my dream had, at last, been fulfilled."¹⁹

GOD SAID NO

Bob Davidson was a young boy in the children's home. His own father had been crippled and could not take care of his family. Although Coe was a national evangelist, Davidson said he was like a "compassionate father" when he was at the home. Coe was remembered by some as always being happy. He was a fun-loving man who enjoyed

playing jokes on people. Even so, Coe heard from God concerning the children, and he knew when to draw the line.

Once, after being at the home for several years, Davidson wanted to go to a State Fair with some of his friends. When he went to ask Coe for money to go, Coe told him that if he finished his chores, he could go.

Davidson worked hard to complete his duties in time to go. Running to meet Coe, he shouted that he had finished all his work. About that time, the boys with whom he was going to the fair pulled in front of the home in a brand-new Plymouth Fury. They waved to Davidson, telling him to hurry and get in the car so they could go.

Watching the scene, Coe gave Davidson money for his chores but changed his mind about the boy going to the Fair. Coe told him, "God said not to let you go."

Of course, Davidson didn't understand. He cried and yelled at Coe, "You lied! You lied!" Then he ran to another part of the home.

After a while, Coe found Davidson and said, "If you really want to go to the fair, I'll take you myself. But God said you could not go with those boys. I didn't feel right about letting you leave."²⁰

Davidson dried his face and left for the fair with Coe. As they traveled down the road, an ambulance and a sheriff's car passed them at high speed.

On the road up ahead, nothing could match the horror of what they saw. There in a ditch was the brand-new Plymouth Fury, crushed and mangled. Beside it, scattered along the ground, were the broken bodies of Davidson's

friends, all of them dead. Coe and Davidson stood by the road, holding one another and crying.

DRESSED LIKE ROYALTY

Davidson has never forgotten how Coe cared enough to hear God for him. He feels that he owes his life to the strict compassion of Jack Coe.

Sometimes, seventeen children would be in the home. Davidson remembers it reaching one hundred children at one point. Some of the children were so dirty when they arrived that their hair would have to be washed four or five times just to reveal their scalp. Most of the children had been left alone, some starving. Neighbors of the abandoned children would report the condition to authorities. Then the children's home would take what it could hold.

Coe always told the donors, "Don't send me worn-out clothes for the kids in my home. My kids are going to be dressed as good as yours." It was said that after Coe took the kids, that even the governor of the state would have been proud to claim them. They were all taught to pray, led to Christ, and taken to church regularly. Most all of them spoke in other tongues.

Eventually, Coe was able to purchase two hundred acres outside of Dallas for the home. This was enough room for a self-sustaining farm and four large dormitories. Coe targeted two hundred children as his goal. God honored his efforts, and abundantly supplied the needs of the children's home.

THE BIG TOP

By now, Coe had purchased and sold several tents, working his way toward owning the largest tent in the nation. Finally, he succeeded. He now bragged that his new

tent was “bigger than the big top.” Storms had destroyed others, but Coe was believing for this one to be supernaturally sustained by the hand of God.

Coe didn't just have small, confined tent meetings. His meetings were huge! One of his largest meetings was held in Little Rock, Arkansas, where the governor estimated over twenty thousand people were in attendance! Deaf ears were unstopped, blind eyes were opened, and crippled persons walked as God miraculously healed them. Thousands were also born again.

Finally, another dreaded storm swirled around Coe's gospel tent. On this night, the wind blew so hard, the revivalist himself could hardly stand outside. There were thirty-five hundred people still inside the tent when the worst of the storm passed through, and when lightning struck the electrical system, all the lights went out. When this happened, Coe ran into his trailer and began to pray. As he did, the wind suddenly subsided and the storm calmed.

Coe went back inside to see how the people were, and a woman was lying on the ground with an apparent heart attack. He could hear the rattle of death in her throat. Someone suggested they call an ambulance, but Coe said, “We'll pray and believe God. God will heal her.” Within a few minutes, she was back to normal, praising the Lord with the rest of the people!

A PRESENT-DAY FLOOD STORY

Coe was also present when the greatest flood in U.S. history struck Kansas City. Before he had arrived in the city, he dreamed of a great flood closing in on every side. But it didn't keep him from coming. He had raised his big top on the Kansas side. And God was speaking judgment in

the meetings through the gift of prophecy. But most of the people ignored the warnings. Some of them, laughing and jeering, even left the meetings. It rained every night, soaking the ground, as thousands answered the altar calls. But Coe remained troubled in his spirit. For two nights, he was unable to sleep.

The next day, he turned to his wife and said, "Would you think I were crazy if I took that tent down? Something tells me to take the tent down." As he began putting action to his words, he walked out to find that his trucks were stuck in the mud, and that the dampness had affected the batteries—they wouldn't start. After working on them feverishly, the crew was finally able to start the trucks late that afternoon.

As Coe moved to strike the big tent, people began to question his motives. "What are you doing?" "You're not having service tonight?" "I don't think you have anything to worry about." "The most the water would do if the river flooded, would run under your chairs." "There's no danger of the water coming over the dikes." "Don't let the devil defeat you." Nevertheless, God had spoken clearly to Coe: "Get the tent out of here."

But by seven thirty that night, the crew had made no progress. So he organized them, urging them to hurry. They were just getting ready to lower the top when another minister approached Coe and said, "Don't take the tent down. God can take care of this tent." To this, Coe responded, "I know God can take care of this tent, and that's the reason I'm moving. God told me to move it, and I'm going to move it."

Finally, three hours later, as they were pulling out the last stake, the puller locked and refused to give another inch. At that very moment, every whistle and siren in town

began to blast and shrill. “The dikes are breaking!” came the call.

Coe was ready to go, but he couldn't get all the canvas in the trucks, and the men were running off. So he stood on a large box and pleaded with them, “Men, don't leave me now. The tent is rolled up—don't leave me!” By this time, the bridge leading out of their area was snarled as panic-stricken people fought one another to cross. The men would look at the congestion, then look at Coe. Finally, one said, “We ought to be men enough to stay here and help him. If he isn't afraid of drowning, I'm surely not.” With that, forty men came alongside of Coe to help him load the canvas. Once it was loaded, they headed out of town.

As Coe's trucks left Kansas City, some of the people who refused to leave sat on their porches and jeered at him. “Well, the ‘holy rollers’ are going. What's the matter? Where's your faith in God?” So Coe yelled back, “That's just the reason we're leaving. We've got faith in God, and God told us to go!” Others stood on their porches and laughed, too. They never thought the flood would destroy everything they had, but for many it did.

On his way out of town, Coe stopped to help Pastor Barnett move his furniture and belongings to the church. (This was the father of Tommy Barnett, who pastors one of America's largest churches, located in Phoenix, Arizona.) But their moving party proved to be too little, too late, as Barnett watched with Coe from the truck as the flood waters crashed through the windows of the church. Losing everything he had, Barnett made a fresh commitment to stay in Kansas City.

Barnett and Coe attempted to save many people from the disaster. But in the process, they witnessed the drowning of many. After they had done everything possible, they started

out over the bridge to safety, and as Coe looked behind them, he saw that the water level where the tent had stood was now standing at around twenty feet. The tent would have been completely destroyed, and only a small part of Barnett's church building still showed.²¹

The two men turned their backs, thanking God in their hearts for His absolute provision and deliverance.

EMBARRASSED? WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

In 1952, Coe went throughout the South holding massive healing crusades. Two years earlier, he had started publishing *The Herald of Healing*, and by 1951, its circulation had reached 35,000. The masthead boasted that it was one of the nation's fastest-growing magazines, with a renewal rate of 100 percent each year. By 1956, the circulation had reached 250,000.²²

In August 1952, Coe went on the radio with the gospel. His broadcasts eventually grew to one hundred different stations a week. Thousands were saved and healed as a result of his program. It was around that time that creative miracles—the miraculous appearance of missing body parts—also began taking place in his meetings.

When Coe finally held a meeting in Springfield, Missouri, the Assemblies of God began to oppose him. They weren't comfortable with divine healing and deliverance ministries. But Coe had a volcanic personality, especially when it came to someone trying to dictate or control his call. He tried to cooperate with their suggestions and criticisms, and even sponsored the *Pentecostal Evangel* (the official Assemblies of God publication) at one of his meetings, receiving one hundred twenty new subscriptions for it. He also took up a large offering for their missions program.

But Coe wasn't a denominational man. As much as he tried, he couldn't stand for all the restraints and regulations placed upon him. He felt the Assemblies of God leaders no longer believed in the miraculous. So he wrote a bold letter, suggesting they replace their present leadership with men who believed in the miraculous power of God. The General Council found his letter offensive.

Finally, in 1953, Coe was expelled from the Assemblies of God. They had become frustrated by his "extreme independence" and embarrassed by some of his methods. A bitter feud followed. It has been said that Coe even thought of establishing a split-off group called the Fundamental Assemblies of God, but decided to pursue his own call, instead.²³

NEW CHURCH, NEW HOME, NEW UNDERSTANDING

Soon, Coe began grasping the vision for his own independent church. It would be a revival center where evangelists could come and hold continuous campaigns. It would provide accommodations large enough to hold the people their ministries drew. And it would eventually be duplicated around the nation in every major city. Coe realized he would be highly criticized for this move, but he decided to pursue the dream regardless of persecution, and in 1953 he started the first one, the Dallas Revival Center.

In the spring, Coe began to ask God why people weren't healed. Though he had seen thousands healed, he had also seen thousands walk away without their healing. After a season of prayer, God revealed to Coe that many didn't understand how to receive healing and that they needed instruction from His Word concerning His will and His power. This was a tremendous revelation in that day! Up until then, most of the Voice of Healing evangelists depended upon the anointing of their healing gift, and

many knew little about what the Word of God had to say on the subject.

In an effort to strengthen the faith and dispel the doubts of those who were seeking healing, Coe built a faith home, where the sick would be allowed to remain until they received their healing. Prayer and classes on healing would be offered daily. Finally, after months of struggling through the city's resistance to his building plans, Jack Coe's Faith Home opened next door to his Herald of Healing Children's Home in the summer of 1954. In September, Coe's Faith Home received its first full-time patient. From there, the numbers grew. No medicine was ever offered or permitted in the building, and patients were taken nightly to the Dallas Revival Center.

In July of that year, Coe experienced the greatest tent revival in the history of his ministry. He had taken the big top to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where it is estimated that thirty thousand people were born again. One night was devoted to "stretcher cases" only. More than 75 percent of those on stretchers got up and walked. A local television station broadcast the revival meetings, drawing even bigger crowds. Though great winds ripped the big top while he was in Pittsburgh, this monthlong meeting was a high point in Coe's life.

Throughout 1953, his church, the Dallas Revival Center, continued to grow. Meetings were held in a large rented theater, which he and another pastor had renovated for nightly attendance. Coe's love for children moved him to develop a Christian school at the Dallas Revival Center, where children were taught and nurtured by Spirit-filled teachers.

The church balcony and lower floor were packed every night, and by the fall of that year, the congregation had

grown to the point where they were able to construct their own building.

In January 1954, Coe opened the new Dallas Revival Center Church. It was beautifully and simply built, with a huge white cross gleaming across its front. The center provided a place to attend church every night of the week. Bus service picked up those who had no way to get there, and an ambulance provided free service to anyone who wished to come from the hospital, or home, for prayer.

SEVERAL TRIALS—MINISTRY & LIFE

Coe continued to evangelize around the nation, trying to raise money for a television program. But in 1956, he was arrested in Miami, Florida, for practicing medicine without a license.

Let me make a point here. At this time, the City of Miami was known for its persecution of ministers, especially those who preached on divine healing. When the persecutions broke out, most evangelists would usually just pack up and leave town. But not Coe! He stayed to fight. Remember, Coe loved a good fight. As a result, the Miami police arrested him and threw him in jail. He was later released on a \$5,000 bond.

Because of his incarceration, Coe began admonishing other healing evangelists to come to Miami and stand up for what they believed. And when his case came to trial, it was evident that his words had been heard. Many prominent healing evangelists came to testify on his behalf. In fact, it is recorded that these evangelists had healing miracles manifest while they were on the stand! God turned the situation around for his good, and in the end the judge dismissed the case.

Coe's Miami incident had proven to be a great victory. But a turning point was soon to come in his ministry. In December, while preaching in Hot Springs, Arkansas, the healing evangelist became critically ill.

It was a known fact that Coe had neglected his health. Coe maintained an extremely rigorous schedule, holding three meetings a day, for four to six weeks at a time. The overwork, the stress, and a lack of proper rest soon took its toll. Because of the tremendous wear and tear on his body, it was said that Coe inwardly possessed the body of a ninety-year-old man.

Today, the Coe family says the Lord told him of his death one year beforehand and that Coe accepted that he was soon to die. They also say he believed the coming of the Lord would follow shortly after his death. Because of these two things, Coe worked relentlessly to spread the gospel—even to the extreme.

Besides Coe's brutal schedule, his eating habits were irregular and unhealthy. Many times after a crusade, Coe would eat a heavy meal—at three in the morning. As a result, he was extremely overweight.

Ironically, it seems that the Voice of Healing generation didn't understand the stewardship of the physical body as we do today. We must understand that the physical body is the only thing holding our spirit on the earth. We must practice a healthy maintenance of our eating habits, mental attitudes, and general well-being. Otherwise, our physical "house"—our bodies—will break down and die. Then our spirits will leave the earth and go to heaven.

I like to compare our physical bodies to a space suit. If you go to the moon, the only thing that will hold your body to the surface of the moon is your space suit. Such a suit

contains an oxygen supply and a body shield, and is heavy enough to walk upright in the weightlessness of space. But if you were to harm that space suit, your oxygen supply would be cut off, your shield would be broken, and your body would float away from the surface of the moon. Why? Because you need such a space suit to remain on the moon.

The same is true with our physical bodies. If we fail to be good stewards over our flesh, our bodies die early and our spirits have to leave. Therefore, if you don't take care of your physical body, your life and your ministry will come to an end.

AN UNTIMELY DEATH

At first, Coe thought he was suffering from exhaustion, but soon he was diagnosed with polio. His wife wanted him admitted to the hospital, so Coe consented for her peace of mind.

In the hospital, Coe remained unconscious most of the time. There were a few times when he would regain his ability to speak and make his desires known. According to his wife, the Lord spoke to Coe and told him that He was going to take him home.²⁴ Then, early in 1957, Jack Coe went home to be with the Lord.

Juanita Coe was scolded by many evangelists for not allowing them to pray for her husband. But Gordon Lindsay said his death must have been the will of God, or "providence would have allowed someone to pray for him. His ministry had simply been fulfilled."

There is a story that says Coe had been warned of his impending death, due to some health habits, personal habits, and his rigorous schedule. The story says that the Lord had spoken several times to one minister in particular. This prophetic man of the time is said to have heard the

warning of the Lord for Jack Coe. And it is said that he obeyed God and went to Coe.

As the story goes, Coe was told to judge himself in three areas: (1) his love of the brethren; (2) his weight problem; and (3) his love of money. The prophet reportedly told Coe that if he would not judge himself in these areas, he would die early. And Coe did die early. He was only thirty-eight years old when he died.

It is important to note that the Coe family strongly refutes that this particular prophet ever spoke to Coe. The family maintains that a member of the Coe family approached the prophet to confront him about this widespread report. According to the Coe family, this prophet said that he never spoke to Coe directly, although he was told by God to do so.

THE MINISTRY CONTINUES

After Coe died, Juanita Coe announced that she and the department heads would continue her husband's ministry. She served as assistant pastor of the Dallas Revival Center and, for a time, continued to conduct healing campaigns. There were many that felt she could have gone on to have her own major revival ministry, but she chose to let that phase of the ministry end. More and more Juanita Coe directed her energies toward foreign missions and the Herald of Healing Children's Home. Even after Coe's death, the Herald of Healing had a circulation of 300,000 readers. It was only when Juanita decided to taper off that phase of ministry that her husband's popularity dwindled.

Today, both of Coe's sons, Jack Jr. and Steve, are in the ministry, pastoring their own churches, and Mrs. Coe is still active in the church. The Coes continue to preach and

teach Jesus Christ to this generation and to the next, carrying on the plan of God for their individual lives.

LIVE PAST YOUR PAST

One of the great things about Jack Coe is that he never allowed his past to hold him back. His past might have influenced his attitude, but it never stopped him or caused him to withdraw.

As a child, he was terribly hurt by his home life, but it never caused him to sit in a corner and feel sorry for himself. Instead of pushing him under, those hard times built an awareness in him of a need for deliverance. He knew that he couldn't depend on others to find it for him. He was a fighter. And it is true that he sometimes fought in the flesh. But he was determined to do something with the hunger in his heart! He was determined to take control of his horribly disadvantaged life instead of allowing it to continue controlling him.

As a result, Coe was hurled headfirst into his place as one of the leaders in the Voice of Healing revival. He had the kind of "independence" that it takes to keep you on the cutting edge. It is when we base our lives and faith on the words of men, or on the horrors of our past, that we are defeated. But when we pursue and run after the cry of our hearts, God will meet us every time and manifest His glory.

Another important lesson to be drawn upon from Coe's life is this: Understand that you don't have to exaggerate the facts or compete with someone else to show your worth. This is the only place where I can see that the ministry of Jack Coe bears reproach. Sometimes, if insecurity prevails in a ministry, the person will either withdraw or go overboard to prove his worth. When we go

the way of the flesh, we have to rely on our own strength, and we wear out before our time.

Your past will never determine your future—that is, unless you give it the power to do so. There is a whole new future in faith. It is clean, untouched, waiting for you to pioneer with it by the dream in your heart. Keep God as your number one passion, and the desire of your heart will surely follow.

1 Jack Coe, *The Story of Jack Coe* (Dallas, TX: Herald of Healing, Inc., 1955), 78-79.

2 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 5-6.

3 *Ibid.*, 12.

4 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 15.

5 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 16-20.

6 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 21-26.

7 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 29-34.

8 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 42-44.

9 *Ibid.*, 48-54.

10 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 55-59.

11 *Ibid.*, 60-62.

12 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 68-69.

13 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 72-75.

14 David Harrell Jr., *All Things Are Possible* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1975), 58-59.

15 Interview with Pastor Gary Ladd, who attended Coe's meetings in Tyler, Texas, in 1949.

16 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 79-80.

17 Harrell, *All Things Are Possible*, 59-60.

18 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 86.

19 *Ibid.*, 90.

20 Interview with Bob Davidson, July 25, 1995.

21 Coe, *Story of Jack Coe*, 99-106.

22 Harrell, *All Things Are Possible*, 60.

23 Harrell, *All Things Are Possible*, 61.

24 Personal comments from the Coe family, April 1996.