



## **Walter Beuttler**

By Wade Taylor

Walter Beuttler was a teacher in the Bible School that Wade Taylor attended. He personally knew and walked with the Lord as few have.

Many saw the effect and the outworking of the very unusual personal relationship which he maintained with the Lord.

The Lord often visited the classroom as he taught, and revealed Himself and manifestly moved in the lives of the students who sat under his ministry. As a result, many lives were both challenged and changed.

He often exhorted his students to cultivate a personal, experiential knowledge of the Lord. He used his unique spiritual walk and experiences with the Lord as a means to provoke us to begin seeking the Lord in earnest.

Through his ministry, two aspects of my spiritual life became very important. The first was my newfound understanding of the immeasurable benefit of spending quality time “waiting

upon the Lord.” The second was my coming to know that it is possible to experience the “Manifest Presence” of the Lord. Through his ministry, these became a reality in my life.

A spiritual principle that Walter Beuttler imparted through his classroom teaching greatly affected my spiritual life, and became a foundational principle in my ministry. “*If we build God a house of devotion, He will build us a house of ministry.*” I can truly testify that this principle works.

Walter Beuttler traveled extensively in overseas ministry, teaching the principles of the “Manifest Presence of the Lord,” and “Divine Guidance,” until close to the time of his death in 1974.

**Here is a short story from a Pentecostal bible school in Pennsylvania that had this account of Walter’s visit to their school:**

*In memory of Walter Beuttler who went beyond seeking God for His blessings but sought God for Himself.*

*The student body of Western Pennsylvania Bible Institute was abuzz. Walter Beuttler was coming next week to speak to us. I had never heard Walter speak so I really didn’t know what to expect. I thought to myself though that he must be some speaker to have the older students so excited. There weren’t to many speakers they were excited about because they had heard so many.*

*The day finally arrived. The church was packed. Not only with students, but people had driven for miles to be at chapel that day. I thought to myself that this guy must be something to cause such excitement. What kind of preacher is he? Maybe he’s a jumping jack like one of my favorite preachers Jumping Jack Stewart? Perhaps his voice thunders like Jim Salvador when he gets excited in the Lord? Maybe he’s bouncy and funny like Mac McClure who I always loved to hear preach when I was a boy? Wonder if he plays the guitar and sings like Mike McCracken does? What’s special about this guy that’s causing such an excitement?*

*When Walter walked into the chapel with Hubert Bunney that day I thought to myself, “He’s an ordinary looking guy. Nice suit, shiny shoes, old. Wonder what the fuss is about?”*

*I looked toward the platform and noticed a desk and a swivel chair. I couldn't remember ever seeing a desk and a chair on a platform before especially in a Pentecostal service.*

*We sang a bit. It was good but it seemed that we were somewhat distracted that morning. I realized what it was. Everyone who knew him was anxious to hear from Walter. Finally Brother Bunney introduced him and he slowly walked to the platform and sat down in the swivel chair. I thought to myself, "This is interesting. Never saw this before. The chandeliers are safe."*

*He had us turn our Bibles to Acts 14:26-28 and began to tell us stories. Stories? I thought to myself. And the way he told them he wasn't even that great of a storyteller. He spoke slowly with not a whole lot of variation in his voice. I scanned the church to see the reaction of others. Were they as disappointed as I was becoming? They didn't seem to be. They listened very intently as if in anticipation. What were they expecting I thought? I decided to listen closer.*

*As I listened to him I began to hear something a little different than what I was used to. When he talked about Jesus he didn't just pump out information about Him. He talked about Jesus as though he were his friend. This got my attention and I started to listen more intently. I realized that the stories were a little more than stories. They were stories about adventures that he'd had with his friend Jesus.*

*He traveled the world teaching about his friend. He told us that he usually traveled alone, but not alone, because of the companionship of the presence of God. I listened as he told of the time he and Jesus were flying over the Atlantic together on their way to London. They were having a good time when Jesus said to him, "I'll meet you beside the pyramids Walter." And then it seemed like the Lord took off. When Walter landed in London he bought a ticket to Egypt, arrived there, went to the pyramids and sat down. When he sat down he sensed the presence of his friend. Shortly an Egyptian businessman came and sat down beside them. Walter knew that he was the reason the Lord wanted to come to Egypt. It wasn't long until Walter began talking to him about his friend and the Egyptian asked if the Lord would be his friend too. Walter told him that Jesus wanted to be his friend, introduced him to Jesus, then got back on a plane and resumed his trip. He and his friend.*

*Walter told us of several adventures that he'd had with his friend that day. I'll never forget this one he told. When he arrived in Bangkok he discovered that his baggage had been lost. He decided to go to the motel and wait until he received a call saying that his baggage had arrived. No such call came so he decided to go back to the airport and go to the conveyor*

*belt to check. Nothing. He'd pretty much reconciled himself to the fact that his baggage was lost and figured on buying replacements. As he turned to leave the conveyor belt suddenly he felt the presence of the Lord. It seemed to him that the Lord didn't want to leave the conveyor belt. Walter thought to himself that if the Lord wanted to stay at the conveyor belt he should too. Walter began to appreciate the presence of his friend and began to worship him. He got caught up in worship when suddenly his luggage appeared on the belt. It had gotten mixed up with the luggage of another flight.*

*When Walter finished telling us stories about his friend that day he did an interesting thing. He slowly turned his back to the congregation. And just waited. I thought, I haven't seen this before. No one moved. A holy hush took over. There was total silence for several moments when suddenly a woman stood crying. She began to confess sins to the whole church. I couldn't believe it. Walter? He just continued to wait with his back to the congregation until she was finished. No sooner had she finished and someone else stood and began to confess their sins to the church. Person after person stood.*

*Eventually I stood as well. The presence of God was electrifying. It was serious. Compassionate. Loving. All that! When finally things quieted down again Walter Beuttler turned back to the congregation and thanked us for loving his friend and walked off the platform."*

## Walter Beuttler- "A Man who knew How to Press into God"

Written by Steve Porter

**12 Then you will call on me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you.**

**13 You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart.**

Jeremiah 29:12-13

Today I'm remembering a very special man by the name of Walter Buettler. He had a powerful influence in the life of my spiritual father, Wade Taylor. Walter was born in Germany in 1904. He immigrated to the U.S. in 1925. In 1931 he graduated from Central Bible Institute. He served on the faculty at Eastern Bible Institute from 1939- 1972. During a campus revival in 1951, God called Beuttler to "go teach all nations," and for 22 years he travelled around the world ministering the Word of God. He retired in Shaverton, PA with his wife Elizabeth. There he continued his ministry until he went to be with the Lord at the age of 70.

The Lord often visited the classroom as he taught, and revealed Himself and clearly moved in the lives of the students who sat under his ministry. At the end of each visitation of the Lord's special presence in the classroom, brother Beuttler would smile at his students and say, "Isn't He nice?" He often exhorted his students to cultivate a personal, experiential knowledge of the Lord. He used his unique spiritual walk and experiences with the Lord as a means to encourage others to begin seeking the Lord in earnest. Walter Beuttler went beyond seeking God for His blessings but sought God for Himself. He traveled the world many times over teaching about his friend—Jesus. The presence of God was electrifying in his meetings because he personally knew and walked with the Lord as few have.

One student who sat under his ministry explains in his own words: *"We often experienced firsthand exactly what he was teaching us when the Holy Spirit would suddenly fall over the classroom with his wondrous sense of presence. "Student's close your books, he is here." Quietly we would close our books and slip our notes inside our Bibles. Then we would start waiting and breathing in the presence of the Holy Spirit. A message in another language would be heard and a word of interpretation would follow giving the class direction or admonishing us. The rest of the class period was given to praying and several others could be heard weeping as the Holy Spirit was doing His work secretly in the heart of each student." -- Bill Burkett*

Walter Beuttler's ministry has deeply affected my life in ways I find it hard to express. He passed away in 1974, yet his ministry still lives on through his sermons and articles. I have spent hours reading and studying his life, and each time I receive a greater hunger for the manifest presence of God.

Brother Beuttler once told the story of how he'd been watching another pastor's church for a week, and the Lord told him to fast and pray, saying, "Don't eat anything." So that night he went into the church and began to fast and pray. He prayed all night and into the next day and still nothing happened. That night he went to sleep, still fasting, and when he woke he returned to the church and continued to pray. But halfway through his fast,

he grew despondent because the Spirit of God wasn't moving, so he decided to give up the fast.

Now, I know you don't know Walter Beuttler, so you have no reason to trust him, but I trust this man and his word because I have listened to all his sermons, and read all his writings, and I know he is a credible source whose stories are true. That day he went home and sat down to eat. As soon as he put the first spoonful of food in his mouth, the devil appeared in front of him and began to laugh. As a result, he instantly dropped the spoon and returned to the church. He resumed praying and began to contend, by then simply waiting on the Lord for direction. He continued his fast for the rest of the week, fasting for seven days. By then his heart was desperately hungry for the Lord to move in his midst. But it seemed the Lord was taking an awfully long time. At that point he encouraged himself, saying, "He is worth pursuing." It was the last night of his fast when he was alone at the altar that he felt chilly, so he covered himself with newspapers and continued to lie on his face on the floor, saturating himself in the presence of God. In that instant, he literally saw Jesus enter the room. Jesus spoke to him, telling him things that he would not reveal to anyone else, because they were too special and personal. But the revelation he received profoundly changed him and his ministry from that day on.

His example is a great testimony to me. Most of us would give up the fast, the pressing in, by the third day, believing Jesus would've spoken by that time if He intended to do it. However, I believe the truth is far different than we imagine. Jesus is quite anxious to speak to us, but the question is: How bad do we want to hear what He has to say? Do you really want Him to come and change your life? Only you can decide what it's worth to press in for everything God has for you. Only you can fast and pray for breakthroughs and direction, for the deep things that are only acquired by pressing in.

God will have a remnant in the body of Christ who knows what it means to press in— who knows what it means to contend—who knows what it means to constrain the Lord, refusing to take "no" for an answer. Have you ever heard someone say, "We'll have to have you over for supper some time soon."? If so, you probably didn't take the invitation seriously, because it was too vague, and you probably wondered if the invitation was serious. But if that person said, "I want you to come to dinner—how about Thursday night at six?"—you'd know it was a serious invitation, and you'd probably rearrange your schedule to accommodate it, because the host means business. The same situation occurs with the Lord. He wants to know we're serious about spending time pressing in, to seek and pursue His face. If we're flippant when we say, "I want more of you, God," He's well aware of the lack of sincerity behind it. On the other hand, He's eager to respond to those who cry from a deep heart need, "Come, Jesus. I'm desperate for more of you. I can't live without you, so I'm pressing in, expecting you to give me more of you."

This message is vital for those who want to be lovers of God in these last days. In fact, I hope this message wakes you in the night—that you can't get it out of your mind. That it makes you hungry and thirsty for more of God, unwilling to take no for an answer, because those are the kind of people in whom God invests His time, reveals His deep secrets, and perfumes you with His presence. Don't settle for less than His best! The beautiful face of Jesus is looking your way; His arms outstretched tenderly desiring to pull you ever so close. Press in!

**A story told in Walters own words:  
“The King of Glory Enters”**

Several years ago, the Lord asked me to shut myself in with Him. I found a place where I could be totally alone with the Lord in fasting and prayer.

Sunday afternoon, I realized that I had spent 48 hours in prayer, fasting, and seeking the Lord, with no results. I had neither felt nor received anything, nor was I aware of His presence. I knew the Lord wanted to speak, but He did not do so.

Then I said within my heart, “*It takes God a long time to speak.*” No sooner had I said this, than the Lord spoke to me in a voice that was as clear as a bell, and as sharp as a razor. This was a voice which was not audible, but a voice that I heard. He said, “*To hurry God is to find fault with Him.*”

The Lord said I was criticizing Him because I thought He was too slow. I apologized and asked Him to forgive me. As soon as I did this, the Lord walked through the door into the room where I had been waiting upon Him. I did not see or hear Him, but it was so real that sight could not have made it any more real. The Lord walked in, and His presence followed behind Him, which was as a Royal Dignitary walking to His Throne with a long robe following, which spread throughout the entire room.

The Lord came and stood to my left, approximately an arm's length away, and He stayed there for four hours. During this time, He taught me from His Word on the subject of “*Knowing God.*” I was given a Scripture, which I found and read. Then it would marvelously unfold so I could see its beauty, depth, and purpose.

The next summer, I was in Bangkok, Thailand. As I walked along the street, I saw a lotus bud lying on the side of the road. I picked it up, pulled the petals back and delighted myself at the beautiful arrangement of the lotus within. This was as the Lord did, as He marvelously unfolded His Word in all its beauty and fullness. Our knowing Him is very near to the heart of God. This is a “*knowing*” that includes the knowledge and personal experience of the “*manifest presence of God.*”

At six o'clock, the Lord turned, faced the door, and said, “*And the Lord left him to try him.*” With that, His presence collected from all over the room, and followed Him as He left.

These four hours of “*personal teaching*” from a “*personal Christ*” on the “*true knowledge of God*” were beyond anything I could have anticipated. I did not know that later He would send me into more than one hundred countries to share what I had learned during that time.

In sharing the experience that followed this visitation from the Lord, I am very carefully choosing each word. This is the absolute unembroidered truth, recounted as accurately as I know how.

The Lord had said that He “*left him to try him.*” In school, we teach, and then give a test. I thought that since the Lord had been teaching me, He would test me on what I had learned. I waited, but nothing happened, so I thought I would go to bed. It was only eight o’clock, but I had slept very little since Friday.

Then Satan walked through the door into the room, as if the door had not been there. I was standing by the bed and recognized him at once. He entered precisely as the Lord had entered, and stood where the Lord had stood. Behind him followed a satanic presence, like a regal robe of some sovereign, which spread throughout the entire room exactly as the Lord’s presence had done. I was not aware that I had any fear as Satan spoke. His voice was not audible, yet it was a clear distinct voice that I heard.

He said, “*The Lord did not visit you.*” I answered out loud, “*Yes, He did.*” Next, he said, “*The Bible is not the Word of God.*” I responded, “*Yes it is.*” Then he said, “*The Lord did not teach you,*” and I replied, “*Yes He did.*” Following this exchange, he said, “*Why don’t you deny God?*” I said, “*Why should I?*” He responded, “*Because God is not a real God,*” and I said, “*I know He is real.*” Then he said, “*You are not saved,*” and I said, “*I know that I am saved.*”

After this, he said, “*You are praying too much,*” and I said, “*No, I am not.*” Then even stronger, he said, “*You will lose your mind because you are praying too much,*” and I answered, “*I am not praying too much, and I will not lose my mind.*”

This went on for some time while I stood by the bed. Then it seemed as if the room began to turn, and I was in the center of a merry-go-round that went faster and faster. Then he said, “*See, you are losing your mind.*” I said, “*No, this is only an illusion, nothing is moving. You are trying to deceive me and make me think the room is moving when it is not.*”

This was a very serious matter, as I began to see triangles, circles, squares, trees, rocks, and mountains, as everything moved around in the room. Then he again said, “*Are you ready to deny God,*” and I said, “*No, I will never be ready.*”

I firmly held my ground as he attempted to cause me to deny all that the Lord had taught me. Then he turned and went out through the door. As he did, the whole satanic presence collected, and followed him like a regal robe out of the room, and I was again with the Lord.



I noticed that it was now ten o'clock, and thought I would now go to bed. Then Satan walked in the second time and stood where he had been, and again his presence followed him and filled the room. This time, everything seemed to be much stronger. We went through the whole thing again with one difference; there was a tremendous power that came from him. When he spoke, "*Are you ready to give up?*" It came with an authority that was frightening.

I noticed that I was weakening. I could tell that my answers were no longer as resolute as they had been. He kept hammering away to cause me to give in, and I resisted until I had no more will to resist. Finally, I said within myself, "*I can resist no longer,*" and threw myself on the bed, seemingly in defeat.

Just as I struck the bed, I felt something stir within me. I knew it was the presence of the Holy Spirit. I now concentrated on this presence that was inside of me. Satan was still there, but I ignored him and concentrated on this presence of the Lord. As I did this, the presence began to slowly expand and sing. It was not me that sang, but the Holy Spirit within me. I clearly heard Him sing the chorus, "*Isn't He wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, isn't Jesus my Lord wonderful.*"

As the Holy Spirit continued to sing, His presence became larger and stronger. I listened, and presumably the devil listened also, but said nothing. I was occupied with what was going on inside of me. Finally, His presence reached my throat and I joined in and sang with Him. Satan still had nothing to say, as I sang out loud while the Holy Spirit sang within me.

Then the Holy Spirit stopped, and I waited. He (*the Holy Spirit*) spoke and said, "*When the enemy shall come in like a flood, then the Spirit shall raise an arm in defense against him*" (Isaiah 59:18). With that, Satan turned and quickly left, and the glory of the Lord filled the entire room. The Holy Spirit came to my defense at the very moment I had become too weak to resist. Now it was midnight. The next day, I returned home.

You may wonder, why did this happen? For four hours, the Lord had been teaching me things about the knowledge of God, and about His personalized manifest presence. The enemy sought to destroy the very thing the Lord had given me. The one thing the devil hates is for us to personally know God. He does not want the Lord's people to experience the "*personal manifest presence of God*" in their lives.

I believe the reason the devil tried so hard to defeat me is due to the vital importance of this message concerning our "*personally knowing the Lord,*" and the "*reality of His manifest presence.*"

## **Another story by Walter Beuttler**

### **“The Lord Enters my Cottage”**

*Walter tells the story when He went through persecution at the bible school he taught because of the move of the spirit in his own words:*

That night I was unable to sleep for I felt very discouraged. My superiors were telling me to stop the moving of the Holy Spirit in the classes, and I was being criticized for having a move of the Holy Spirit in the camp meeting. I thought, “*I will quit.*”

The next night, I quickly fell asleep. At that time, we lived in a cottage, which had three wooden steps leading to the front door. I was awakened out of a deep sleep by heavy footsteps walking up these three steps. Somehow, I instinctively knew that this was the Lord. I heard Him take hold of the knob of the door. This knob usually rattled, and I heard it rattle. I heard Him turn the knob and pull the door open, step through the door, take hold of the inside knob and close the door.

I heard Him walk through the dinette. He stopped at the door to my bedroom and then He spoke in a rich, deep, masculine voice. He had come to reassure me that He was with me and that He would protect me against all my enemies. I clearly heard this audible voice with my physical ear.

After that, He turned and walked through the dinette, turned the knob and opened the front door and then closed it after He left. I heard Him go down the three steps. This was a personal visit from a personal Christ, in a time of deep distress, when I was about to turn my back on the movings of the Holy Spirit. This visit gave me the strength and will to continue, and to pay the price for His presence.

## **Another true story by Walter in his own words**

### **The Tears of His Appreciation**

Some years back, the Lord had put something in my heart, a hunger for God, a fresh hunger. I wanted something fresh from God, and I didn't know what to do about it, just didn't know. Yet, I was so hungering. So, during the nights, I would get up very often 2:00, 3:00 o'clock. I would get up in the middle of the night for no other reason than to cultivate fellowship with the Lord in sheer faith.

I'd get up, sleep or no sleep, and I'd sit on a chair. I'd just sit there and keep my mind on the Lord. I used to say, “Lord, you must be awfully lonesome at night with so many of Your people asleep. I'm going to get up and try to keep you company for a little while.” I said it just like that. And I'd sit there and just keep my mind on Him to keep Him company.

It got to the place that I put a second chair and said, “Now Lord, You sit here, and I sit here, so we’ll sit together.” It was all sheer, naked faith. And I’d sit there, felt nothing, got nothing, absolutely nothing, but I figured He’d recognize it. And I’d sit there half an hour, 45 minutes, an hour, then go back to bed. I did that night after night after night.

One night I sat there and all of a sudden I was aware, without any doubt that the Lord was walking up toward me from behind. That was the first manifestation of His presence I had during those nights. I have had others, and I’ll give you some of them, I think.

I perceived (that’s a better word) the Lord walking toward me from behind. I didn’t turn around. The thing was so real, if I had turned around and even seen Him, which I don’t think I could have, it would not have made it any realer. I perceived Him bending over my head like this. He was standing. I was sitting. He was bending over my head, as real as could be. I literally felt (literally—let’s forget that word, it could be misleading). I had the distinct sensation of drops falling on my head. If you can picture yourself having drops of water fall on your head right now. If you can imagine how that would be, it was just as real as though literal drops of water were falling on my head. I had the sensation of drops falling on my head. I knew He was bending over, and I knew instinctively that what I felt was a manifestation of His appreciation. I felt the tears of His appreciation falling on my head in appreciation that someone would get up in the middle of the night for no other reason but to keep Him company.

I cannot prove this nor adequately explain it, though in our night study, we can throw some light on these things, because we’ll get into the manifestation of His presence. All I can say is to declare with absolute assurance, and let it go at that. The Lord walked up from behind, bent over me, and let me feel tears. I’m not saying they were literal tears, that’s why I use the term sensation. He let me experience a sensation of tears falling on my head and caused me to know instinctively that they were the tears of His appreciation that someone would get up in the middle of the night, not to beg— gimmy, gimmy, gimmy—but simply to keep Him company.

While we’re at it, that marked the beginning of an entirely new change of direction in my life. From that night on, I didn’t get up to keep Him company. From then on, He awakened me when it was time to keep company. And He has done that so often I couldn’t tell you how often.

I’d be in bed. Mostly it was 2:30 a.m. There were times when I felt a hand on my shoulder. Wife was on the other side sleeping. There would be a touch of a hand on the shoulder; a touch of a hand on the side; more often a rising of the Spirit’s presence of worship in here (stomach area) that would break my sleep. And I’d wake up with a presence.

One night a song came up. I was in a deep sleep. I was awakened by the chorus, “Up from the grave He arose,” and I knew it was time to get up. I’d get up and just sit there in His presence.

Folkses, if your interested, these are areas that I seek to introduce you to, or lead you on into. It has an aspect of sitting up with Him, sitting in His presence, waiting for Him, as

expressed in my notes that some of you have showing the steps. Waiting objectively in His presence is a very important component in the school of the knowledge of God.

I could not tell you how often He had awakened me in that manner. That went on for a long time, months, years it developed into. He still does it at times, not as often. I think He knows I just couldn't take it physically.

You know what? I asked the Lord once, "Lord, tell me something. Why is it almost always at 2:30 on the dot? Surely there is no sacred time, special time that's better than any other time. That couldn't be it." For months I got no answer, but I can be a pest. Time and again I would say, "Lord, by the way, don't forget, I'm still interested in why at 2:30."

Sometimes the Lord keeps us waiting for answers to see just how much we really do want things. After some months, I got the answer. I'll give it to you. It didn't come in words, but it came with a sudden flash of revelation, and I have to put it in my own words, but correctly. "It is 2:30 because by 2:30, you have had enough rest so you can stay up with me awhile without falling asleep. When I'm finished, there will be enough time left so you can go back to sleep so you get more rest for the work of the day."

That sounded so reasonable to me. So all right, He knew I needed more rest than that, but at that time, I could take it. Incidentally, here is where the discipline begins. This thing of the knowledge of God involves tremendous self-discipline.

After church, or any time, no staying up half the night with "I Love Lucy," or something. "O here comes the late show, let's see what the late, late show is like." O no! This thing requires terrific self-discipline. When you're in this life, you go to bed on time, 9:30, 10:00.

"Nine thirty!" you exclaim.

"Well, make it 10:00, make it 10:30."

But I had to learn that, "Beuttler, if you are going to be able to follow this, you've got to get to bed."

After a service, people say, "Let's go out. Sister Hallamasnuskie wants us to come over for some hoagies and coagies and fellowship after the service."

"O yes. Well, when will we get home?" "O midnight or so."

"O no, after the service, I'm not coming to your house. I'm going over to the Ramada Inn, maybe have a quick snack downstairs with toast, cup of tea at the most."

"What for?" you ask.

"Well, to be ready for when He calls." Folks, there is discipline in this thing. You've got to watch the way you do things. O how people waste their time.

**Walter Beuttler**  
**“The Song of the Lord”**

I'll have to close. I just wonder how much I should give you here. Are you in a hurry to get going? Do I have a few minutes left? I'll close with this.

We had a great revival in our school, a terrific move of God. I was in charge of the meetings and the meetings were simply phenomenal. It shook the school for ten days.

Every morning at 2:30, the Lord awakened me on the dot— every morning. That meant I had to stay up with Him for the rest of the night, no more sleep. It was something special. In fact, I got so tired, one night I stood against the wall because I'd fall asleep on Him sitting. As I stood against the wall, I fell asleep standing up, and fell forward and just caught myself before I lost my balance enough to hit the floor.

During those hours, the Lord would show me what He was going to do in the service. Every service I announced at the beginning of the service what kind of a meeting we were going to have. Students who were in school in 1951 will remember that. I'd say, “Students, today we're going to have wash day.” And the Spirit so moved, we had confessions all day long. And so it went.

\*One night the Lord awakened me. Now this happened only once. I don't want you to think this is a daily thing. The Lord awakened me by singing for me in an audible voice. That was the only time He did that. I was awakened by the sound of a man's voice singing, and as it awakened me, I saw the Lord stand by the window, full size, dressed in white garments (that's not the only time I've seen Him), looking my way. His garments were right down to the floor. He kept on singing.

I sat up. Wife never knew what was happening. It wasn't for her, it was for me. It had to do with the revival. I sat up, bolt upright, and He kept on singing two stanzas of a song I never heard before or since. The first stanza had to do with sin and forgiveness; the second stanza had to do with grace and glory. When He got done with the second stanza, suddenly He stopped and He wasn't there. I was by myself. The room was filled with His presence.

I looked at my watch and it said 2:30. I knew it was time to get up. I went out to the room and sat in my chair that was always waiting for me. I was there sitting in His presence for say some two hours or so. O what presence! Just enjoying and musing in that presence and mulling over the experience of the Lord coming and singing for me in an audible voice. It was audible. I heard it. That's not the only time, but one of the very few times. O, I was thrilled. Wouldn't you be?

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