

# The Amazing Rescue Experience

I had a great time at a Salvation Army men's Camp at Woodlands, Manitoba, Canada, on the weekend of September 29 to October 1, 2000.

The reason why I was there was unusual. I was struggling along financially throughout the summer, as I only had a regular part time job of three days a week at a restaurant in Dauphin Manitoba, at only five hours to six and a half hours a day. Because of this problem, I figured I surely could not afford the \$70.00 camp fee plus the expense of getting there but a friend of mine in Winnipeg urged and urged me to go. He said that he would pay for my cost of the camp when he got there.

Well, something happened and he did not show up. I was quite disappointed but thought that perhaps God wanted me there for some reason and I will just have to make the best of things. Well, it turned out that while there, I met someone that was also coaxed to go, but he was much more fortunate than me, as someone paid his camp fee, praise God. This was a young man from Fort Frances, Ontario that witnessed a terrible beating on an unarmed man on 13 January 1990.

I had never seen this young man before in my life. He was a complete stranger but he seemed to be a real brother in Jesus Christ.

Well, on talking to him, I was quite surprised to find out that it was me that he had seen in a dream being beaten up.

The events of the beating that I went through went something like this: it was about 11:15 P.M. when I heard a knock at the outside downstairs door, when I was living in my upstairs suite in my triplex in the North End of Winnipeg. Not expecting anyone, being a little nervous, I prayed as I went to the top of the stairs. I asked who was there and a voice said that it was the police but I knew it was not. I asked again but still the same reply.

As the Bible says to fear no one, I went downstairs, praying as I went, and opened the door. There was Ken Lavallee, a big Metis fellow, about 6 ft. 2 inches, who used to climb brick walls. He was about thirty-five (35) years old but he was just a big kid.

At this time at my door, Ken was possibly high on solvents. He asked for \$5.00 in exchange for a pair of girl's shoes which he had probably stolen.

I told him that I did not have \$5.00 on me nor did I have that much in my suite either, as far as I can recall. He said that I was a liar and burst open the door. He then proceeded to smash at my face with his fists, as if it was a punching bag.

At one point he even bit my right cheek of my face and laughed. In the mean time I was saying just what many preachers have taught: "In Jesus' Name stop." "In Jesus' Name stop," etc. But it did not work.

It probably would have, if I had been fasting for twenty or thirty days and had a church congregation of a 150 people praying for me, but I did not.

To scare Ken I tried yelling, "Help Police!" and simply "Help!" since God did not seem to be helping me.

Yelling for the police or for others did not scare Ken at all. He simply laughed while punching me in the face.

Suddenly, I noticed that I had a set of my house keys in my right hand at the bridge of his nose. I then thought, well, all I have to do is poke Ken in his eyes. Surely that should stop him [He seemed to have been trying to kill me any ways.] but the thought occurred to me that this would hurt him while the Bible says that revenge is mine, saith the LORD.

Just as I dwelt for a moment on those thoughts, maybe just a split second, the words *BLOOD OF THE LAMB* flashed in my mind.

Because of what I had heard from my friend Bob Stonham about three months earlier, I knew exactly what to do (Bob was told by a saintly young mother of three or four children, a Georgie [?] Paradise, that because the name of Jesus had been so misused in swearing these days, it had lost its power against the demonic forces.). I therefore yelled *BLOOD OF THE LAMB!!*

A moment later, Ken was somehow lying on top of the extension ladder that had fallen over on the stairs while he was smashing my face in.

I was still standing at the bottom of the stairs. Ken had been standing one or two steps higher than me while pounding me, until I yelled *BLOOD OF THE LAMB!!*

Ken was now asking me to let him out of there. I opened the door slowly past his feet and the bottom of the extension ladder and my own feet and let Ken run out down the back lane to the front street. When he got there he looked both ways wondering where to go.

At this point, I believed I closed and locked the door. I then went up stairs and phoned the police.

When they came, they advised that I should go to the hospital. I then went to the hospital. I ended up staying two days there because my left eye was so swollen up and out, that I could not see out of it. It was a whole week before I could see out of it again.

I also had to wait two weeks before I could go back to my regular job at seeing the public on delivering pizza for Boston Pizza.

## The Connection With the Young Man From Ontario

At about the time that I first prayed, I believe that it was here that God started to answer my prayer for help, for the above mentioned man started to get a dream of the above described incident. It appears that he started to pray for me in his dream and expressed the wish, or longed to help me. God would not let him help me in a personal physical way though, until I said BLOOD OF THE LAMB!! It was at this point that the Holy Spirit, who was overseeing this event, said to Lawrence M. "GO!!!"

[ Lawrence said that it was like seeing a movie (or "One scene at a time." he said). This young believer was about thirty (30) years old at the time.]

Lawrence then zoomed out of his earthly body, which was somewhere in Ontario, Canada, and traveled in his spiritual body to help me in Winnipeg, Manitoba, hundreds of miles away.

When he got to the place of the beating, he gave Ken a big push and knocked him on top of the ladder which had fallen on the stairs.

Shortly after this, apparently, when it was obvious that I was out of danger, Lawrence had to go back to bed to carry on his sleep in Ontario.

Now, I do not know whether Lawrence even knew my name, or who I was at the camp, until I related my part of the story to four guys at the Men's Camp during an Emmaus Walk. I guess it was at this point he recognized me.

Later that evening, he shared with me privately his part in the above incident.

During this time, because of something he said, I thought that I should show him an old photograph that I happened to have with me. It was of two women, a moment later he pointed out the one who I had pleasure dating about thirty-four (34) years ago, in 1966 to 1967 in Winnipeg. As he had apparently seen her in a dream or vision, he said that she has gray hair now and is a sincere hard working person.

Later, in a letter I received from this young man on 2 January 2001, he related that he had seen the other young lady in a dream, a week before we met and that it came back to him the day we met like a day dream. This was why it was easy for him to pick out my former lady friend.

He said that God had told him that the other young lady was the one that was compatible to him in disposition, in point of view, or in sensitivity like no one else.

When he started to talk to me about the other lady, my ex-girl friend, P. A., I wondered who in the world is this guy? Is this an angel I am talking to? He did not use her name though.

Lawrence related that this was not the first time that he left his earthly body for some heavenly trip or assignment. On one trip, he saw heaven as it is described in the *Bible*.

Who knows how many more miracles are brought about in similar fashion, by other dedicated men and women who are presently on the earth or who get sent down from heaven to meet the needs of us earthlings (consider John in *Revelation* 19:10 and 22:8, when he fell down at the feet of "angels" who said they were just of his brethren, of the Israelites).

On later thinking on these things, I was reminded of Philip and his special trip to reach a eunuch of Ethiopia and then later zooming off somewhere else (*Acts* 8:39). There is also the ship of the disciples and Jesus, suddenly being at their desired destination (*John* 6:21); Baruch, the scribe and Jeremiah hidden by God (*Jeremiah* 36:26); and Ezekiel, who got carried to Jerusalem by a lock of his hair to see the blasphemous things going on in the temple by the priests (*Ezekiel* 8)[see also *Ezekiel* 3:14 and 11.24]. There is also: Jesus "passing through the midst of them" (*Luke* 4:30).

I also recalled that I had been wondering how God had helped me that awful terrifying night, so marvelously. I thought God had used an angel. Well praise God, I was able to meet my *angel* friend.

My! What exciting times we are living in and what in the world lies ahead? Hopefully a mighty end time revival, perhaps started upon people seeing the two witnesses rise from the dead (*Rev.* 11).

I want to be used of God like that young man or in whatever manner God sees fit, to further Christ's Reign or Kingdom on this earth (see *Matthew* 16:24,64; *John* 18:36). What about you?

Do you know God as a friend and saviour too? Do you also have the assurance that you would be going to heaven upon dying, if it happened at any moment, even this hour? If not, repent now of all the unkind to evil things that you say and do? Then worship God; love his only begotten son, Jesus (Yashua) the Messiah; read, study, and meditate on the *Holy Bible* (Authorized Version is best for now); do good, and worship at a church strong on the *Holy Bible*, one that teaches, preaches, and practices the teachings of Jesus and the first Apostles (see *Jude* 3ff). If any questions, write or phone Truth and Light.

May God bless you and keep you as you seek to be right with God and to serve Him.

One further thing: please photocopy and share this article with others.

With love in Christ Jesus,

Cliff Besson

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