

A TYPHOON WHO FOUND RICHES IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

By Pastor Del Wray

For a long time now I've wanted to write more but that has been difficult when you practically live out of a suitcase. Now that age is catching up with me, my legs not wanting to move as fast, traveling the roads is becoming more tiresome, my doctor is telling me to slow down and a wife accusing me of having half timers, losing my memory, I guess it's time to start another fight in a war already won! I was asked to go visit this 17 year old girl who had been raised in a Christian family that had decided she was old enough to live on her own. She left home and got around the wrong crowd and wound up prostituting in a bad section of town. Her mother was horrified so I went to the address I was told she would be. Knocked on the door repeatedly and no answer, trying the door it was locked. I heard a noise above me and this girl opened a second floor window, and hollowed "what do you want?" I told her who I was and that her mother had sent me out to bring her home. She started cussing and told me to get lost. She slammed the window down. I was determined to at least try to get that girl to talk to me so I walked across the street and began to preach "Young girl your mother loves you..." I went on as loud as I could I would yell, then the windowed open again and she yelled "You fool, you're going to get killed around here!" She screamed and I yelled back "You don't scare me with heaven!" I continued to preach and the police showed up asking what I was doing. I told them who I was and that I had been sent out by this young girl's mother who was living upstairs in this house where some pimp was using her as a prostitute. He asked me how old the girl was and I told him 17. As we talked he finally gave me a firm hand shake and said come on let's go get her. We got her and took her home. That's it! That's the business this old Typhoon has been in now for over 50 years. Can I tell you something, can I speak truly from my heart, I owe you this!

I'm proud to have been a Typhoon from Newport News, VA, proud to have worn the colors; "blue" and "gold", proud to have walked among such great students, thrilled to have participated in athletics with many of my friends. Many of you I'll probably never forget but to those I don't remember, remember I'm just like you, only human, an old geezer. I'm grateful we had the opportunity to pass each other's way and to have known one another for four years, such a short span. Where has time gone? Forever, I'll be thankful that we had this time to spend together! Oh! If we could only bring back time! Some of you played a part in molding this undeserving boy's life, which I've been so overwhelmingly blessed to be enjoying and will for all eternity. I'm still the same boy that walked the corridors of Newport News High School when you did! No matter how much time has passed! The same guy you use to hit heads with on the athletic field. I'm the same jerk that always seemed to get in trouble in school when everyone else had a good time. No matter how hard I tried, Julie Conn, was always there to correct me when someone else was fighting! Two guys started fighting at half time of a basketball game and I stepped in to break it up, got a little blood on my collar and my date, Gayle, happen to notice it and she went home. Julie Conn just laughed! She was so embarrassed I guess because of the reputation I had made for myself. Talk about fighting, I fight more now than I ever have, except for a different cause! Tell Julie Conn to go stick that in his mouth

beside his cigar and suck on it. If he were here I would! Could someone tell me? For the life of me, tell me? Why is it so hard to convince people I'm still the same guy I use to be?

Yes! The same kid! The same boy that spent his high school days as a Typhoon, in them good old days, back in Newport News and Hampton Roads. As you probably know by now, don't faint! It's been 50 years in the military of another's army, the King above all kings, the Lord Jesus Christ! I'm his soldier and have been, still in fierce combat with those who oppose Him! I oppose anyone and anything that opposes Him! Is that so hard to understand? I still wear the same colors, "blue" and "gold," except this time the blue stands for the "heavens" and the gold for "God's presence." A doctor is at war with death and disease, the mechanic is warring against entropy, the third law of Thermodynamics, energy is always declining! (A process of degradation or running down or a trend to disorder) repairing the broken down. The farmer is at war against starvation! The teacher is at war against illiteracy and I'm at war against evil, we live in evil times! Evil! I mean evil! "...The powers of darkness!" The Powers That Be! "...men love darkness rather than light..." John 3:19. But I'm the same guy outside of the old age problem we all face. One of our church members some years back ask me to go visit her brother, who had never dawn the doors of a church before in his life, he did not like preachers and expressed that on many occasions, he was in his 40's and lived on the other side of town. Going to visit I observed him leaving his home at least that's where he lives, it had to be him. So I followed him down to this restaurant and watched him enter. I waited a few minutes and entered, seeing him at a table by himself I walk over and ask if I could join him? He reluctantly said "ok" and we enjoyed a meal together and discussed general things. I did not tell him I was a preacher! As he was to leave, I ask him if he came here often, "yes, and every day" he said, I ask if he would mind me coming and joining him again tomorrow? He said "no, he wouldn't" that began a new relationship and for over three weeks we met each day in that same restaurant. He asks me one day what I did. And I told him I go to church, he said, "What type of work, I mean?" again I said I work at the church. "O" he said "I don't go to church" I ask him why? And he began to lay out his reasons. Several days later, I ask if he would come with me Sunday to church. He said "no" and hesitated then said "maybe, I will." I picked him up Sunday morning and on the way he asked "what do you do at the church?" I told him I was the pastor and he said "O no! You can't be, no way, you can't be, you're just like everyone else." I watched that ole boy! The morning he walked the isle his sister was in tears when her brother accepted Christ as his Saviour. Had the privilege to baptize that dear brother and see him become a faithful member of God's work there in Georgia. I owe a lot, a lot to all of you! That's the business! That's the business I'm in! No greater business in the world!

Especially, I owe a debt of thanks to three individuals who had a part in making all of this possible. Thanks to them I now know where I came from! How I got here! My purpose for being here! Where I am going! And I am enjoying every minute as I travel! Sounds Wacky! If you believe I'm crazy, you just let me be crazy and we'll see who winds up in heaven or in an asylum! God bless their souls!

First the man I hold in high esteem, my coach, Jacob "Cowboy" Range, who one afternoon happened to be at the Woodrow Wilson school playground in 1955 where some of us boys were playing football. My brother and I were only about 12 years old then, as

he watched us play and from nowhere, he stopped the game walked over to us, I thought maybe we were in trouble, then he said, "I'm goanna make football players out of you two boys." We did not know him, we had never seen him before in our lives, and in fact it happened so fast, we were all dumb founded when he walked over. We never saw him again! Until one day a few years later after we had been promoted to high school as eighth graders. There I found myself in a place I didn't want to be, I felt lost and out of place. As I was walking down the hallway one day I looked up and there was this man that I had met years before on the Woodrow Wilson playground and he ask "do you remembered me?" I shook my head yes and he pulled me aside and told me to report to "F" period class out back in one of the rooms under the stadium steps. That meant a welcomed schedule change for me and Cowboy Range became my mentor that day pointing me to a great high school experience. I know he's not with us now but I will never forget him.

I can remember one afternoon playing baseball on the same field written about above as all of us boys were trying to see who could out hit the other. In left field was a tennis court approximately 100 yards out, right field there was a street and across that road was a row of houses approximately 150 yards away. My turn to bat came around and I stepped up and took several swings, the next pitch, I hit, was a long fly ball out into right field, it kept going and bounced from the road right into a picture window of one of those homes. Suddenly the front door of that home swung open and we heard a loud scream, cursing and a man came running from that home. Boy! Did we scatter, running in all directions as I looked back I saw that the field was empty except for that home owner standing there shaking his head not knowing which one of us to pursue. For several weeks none of us boys would go back to that field to play ball for fear of the home owner. Gradually the boys returned and started playing ball again except for me; I was scared, poor and had no money to fix that man's window. I would walk by and see my buddies playing ball and would be so envious because I couldn't play. I must confess, I cried a bit too! That home owner and his window had me with such a guilt complex that I was petrified to go near that field. A month passed and one Saturday morning I was standing in Buddies, the name of a small store near the ball field. As I was reading through a comic book I sensed someone behind me and suddenly he grabbed the back of my arm firmly. I pulled to get away but I couldn't, turning, I knew who it was. That home owner, I started crying and he still would not let go. After I had calmed down a bit, he said, "Why aren't you over there playing ball with the boys?" I froze where I stood. "Don't you want to play ball anymore?" Realizing I was the one that broke out his window. He said, "OH! Son! I've been trying to call you; I've been trying to get up with you, I was going to come by your home so I could tell you that I have already paid and had the window replaced. I wanted you to know that I've forgiven you!" You forgive me I said, "There's a new window in our house, you can go see for yourself, you can go back and play ball!" Boy, I thought I was going to explode with joy; tears again were flowing but this time tears of joy. Thank you! Thank you! I told him as I ran home for my glove. I'm forgiven! He forgave me! I don't have to pay for his window! I would say to myself over and over as I ran three blocks home. I've been running ever since, even in church, running the isles, running in prisons, running down the streets, with tears in my eyes, and no! I'm no Pentecostal! I'VE BEEN RUNNING now for over 50 years trying to tell people that God

has forgiven them and all they need do is believe and trust Jesus Christ as their sin payment!

Mrs. Jeanette Wright, my high school English teacher is the second person I want to be thankful for as she was such an example having a vital role in pointing and guiding this poor boy in the right direction. I had sophomore English under her and the very first day in her class I tried to hide in the very back row as far back as I could get. She came in called the roll and walked right back to where I was and took me by the arm and said "you're coming with me" escorted me to the front row right next to her desk and said "set here" Guess what I did? I set right where she told me to! And decided right then I was going to haft to learn English. She was a real blessing in my life and I told her so on many occasions. As I travelled around the country as an evangelist for independent Baptist churches, whenever I was anywhere near Newport News I would go to her home on Cherry Avenue there in Hampton, VA and tell her so. What little English I know in this old boy's life you can credit to Mrs. Jeanette Wright. I've told it many times from the pulpit that: "I spent the best three years of my life as a sophomore in high school because of English." My English is poor I know, one Sunday after services one of the senior ladies in our church stopped at the door while we were shaking hands and said to me "you need to work on your English, you're killing the Kings English"! I smiled at her and said, "So you can tell," then I said, "I killed the Kings English a long time ago are you trying to revive him?" Then I said "thank you!" Years ago I had an English teacher in college who knew I was lacking in the subject and he set out from day one to put me on the spot in class, at times he would even embarrass me. One day he was embolden, walked into the room and looked at a girl setting next to me and said "Barbara, did you know Del was a sex maniac". Boy, I turned every color of red you could imagine as the class around me almost died in laughter. That year he did everything he could to make fun of my faith. And because of that every article, essay and paper I turned in was written in defense of the gospel and it would always end with "you're going to hell if you don't get saved!" As expected he graded me poorly but it was passing. Years went by and one afternoon I was on a street corner preaching in Burlington, NC, when a crowd had gathered around me and up walked my old English teacher, who was surprised and captivated at finding one of his students on a street corner preaching. Dumb founded he just gazed looking men in the face, a few moments passed and a tear rolled down his cheek and he said, "I've been saved!" He grabbed, hugging me in front of that crowd and then turned to that crowd of people standing around and said "You better listen to him, I once was in derision against this preacher and now I won't you to know he's telling you the truth." He told them the whole story of our class room experiences. Those people stood around listening in silence as he testified to how he had come to Jesus Christ. The day my English teacher preached on the street corner. Thank you! Mrs. Jeanette Wright.

The third and last is my home room teacher, Miss. Frances Raine, a lady who was not only beautiful outwardly but inwardly, as much so inwardly as outwardly. I could have sat in her class room and gawked at her all day, every day. I told you I was human! While others seemed to always be having fun I was always getting into trouble and Miss. Raine always used the right words to lift me up. I could tell others in our home room were envious because that dear teacher was always defending poor ole Del. She had something about her that was different and I would hang on every word that came from her month.

She would tell us about how she became a teacher. She had the knack that touched this poor kid! I wanted that! I wanted to be able to touch people! I had no skills, no money and I certainly did not know how to achieve such a goal. Still she shared it with all of us and would always get her point across. Miss. Raine, I won't you to know I made it! And I got in! God bless her! That reminds me of this black man who "couldn't get in." A pastor friend of mine shared this with me: While visiting the hospital for his church he told how he stepped into the room where an old black man was dying from acute alcoholism and all that black man could say was "I can't get in!" "I can't get in!" The pastor curious to what he meant, he asked the black man why he kept saying, "I can't get in?" That old Negro told how "he was dying from being a drunkard all his life." He said, "My grandfather died a drunkard and my father died an old drunkard, I guess I'll die an old drunkard too." Why do you keep saying I can't get in? He asks again, that old black drunkard said "Isis was taught when Isis was little that black people can't get saved." The pastor showed him in the Bible where that wasn't so and pressed that old black man to turn to Jesus and get saved. The drunkard fell off to sleep, so the pastor excused himself. The next day he hurriedly went back to the hospital to visit that old black man and when he entered his room, his bed was empty and had been made. He then went out to the nurses' station and asked about the old black man in that room. One of the attendants said "Oh! He died early this morning" then she said "Did you say you were the preacher that was up here last night" he said yes, I was just trying to lead that poor old black man to Jesus. That attendant said, "He told us to tell you something if you came back, he told us to tell you, "HE GOT IN!" "I GOT IN!" That's the business! That's the business I'm in! I'll be forever grateful to all the teachers and the entire staff at Newport News High School who helped and encouraged me along the way! And a great big thanks! To those who worked in the Cafeteria and fixed brown bag suppers for me every school day from what was left over from lunch that day, mostly cakes and pies. I'll never forget what you did for me, this poor old Virginia boy (Typhoon) who struck it rich with Jesus Christ!

You can strike it rich too! But before I show you how let me again tell you what an unworthy man I am, I should have remained in poverty. I'm a sinner, we all are! Born wrong! Innate in all of us is sin; some are able to suppress it more than others! Some refuse to admit it! And there are those who are just plain super spiritual or another word self righteous! I've got their number! God does too! Why do we have minds so full of junk, bad thoughts? Why is there so much filth rolling from our lips? Trashy mouths right out of the sewer! How is it that there is so much bitterness, envy and hatred? Man's not evil? Thank not! Let's do away with all the laws in society, remove all law enforcement agents, close down the prisons, mental hospital and I could go on. What kind of society do you think you'd have? We're not evil? You're sick, insane, lost your mind and your elevator doesn't reach the top floor either. Schizophrenic! Let's face it! We're all sinful! We're all evil! Only a mindless creature refuses to admit he's sinful! You don't need to sue your brain for support, you need to take a gun stick it to your brain and act like you're sane! You wouldn't do that would you? I know you wouldn't, you couldn't! You don't have a brain! Right here every one of my teachers failed me! Did you hear what I said? They failed me! Yes, they gave us the academic training we needed but they missed the mark! They missed the boat! Right here! You say that wasn't their job. Well, whose job was it? If you miss heaven you've missed it all! Excuses, excuses that don't make it! Academic's without Christ is mental and spiritual suicide!

MAN'S PROBLEM IS INWARD SIN

As far as I'm concerned my education was a flop, every one of my teachers was flops and they were terrible failures. How? Why do you say that? "Education without God is damnation!" Yes, they let me down! You don't have to agree with me, but that's my opinion! You can have your own opinion and think whatever way you want and one day you'll find you were wrong! When the light of Holy Scripture floods on the heart of every one of us! When His piercing eyes of purity sees right into the depths of the heart of man! Then you will know! It will be too late, then! God said it in His Word and that settles it! All education is successful at doing today is destroying people's faith in God! I'm not against education! I have five personal friends right now who once were educators, principals in high schools who now are Baptist pastors. The public schools or let me change that "the government schools" are damning your children! My education failed me! Most of my teachers are in Hell, now, unless they were bathed in the blood of Jesus Christ before they died; only two showed any sign of spiritual life around me and not one of my teachers ever spoke to me about my greatest need! You're too judgmental! Go ahead, thumb your nose in the air at what I'm saying then stick your thumb in your mouth and suck as hard as you can then you'll see how stupid you are! I can only wonder what it is like today in public schools. For a poor dumb white boy I've had the privilege of starting 5 high schools, Christian high schools as arms of local churches, God has allowed me to serve. Probably at least 8 grade schools and have been supervising Home School education for over 40 years now. We are registered with the state of Maryland and have our own school, Victory Baptist Academy, two doctor's of Education and two certified teachers as well as several volunteers in the church who are well qualified to teach here. And each reports to our biblical standards the Bible! And me! "Yes, I said me" Our 3 children were educated in the Academy and at home, never once putting a foot in a government school. You send your children to public schools you turn them over to the devil. I've got a challenge for you, I don't have much education and I don't consider myself a smart man but I've got more wisdom and common sense than those in the public school system. I will debate any doctor of education in the public school system anywhere, anytime, let's get it on! I don't care how many doctorate degrees they have or what they add to the front of their name! I've already won several, on college campuses across this country, making each look like jack... I mean jacklegs! And I like a good challenge too! Why are you so upset at me? "...because I tell you the truth!" Your pastor doesn't believe in offending anyone, does he? "Yeller belly snake" He needs his wife to turn him over her knee and beat the tar out of him! Someone give that lady a bat! A friend of mine who was an evangelist had to go to court representing a pastor and his church, when they called him to testify, the judge a black woman knew the evangelist and called him by name, Dr. Bill Kelly, knowing he had been given and honorary doctorate degree, she ask him if he had earned his degree? He replied "No" and told the judge it was bestowed upon him as honorary by Bob Jones University. The judge right in court then said, "People ought to haft to earn their doctorate degree." Billy Kelly hesitated for a minute and said "How do you think Martin Luther King, Jr. got his?" then Billy said, "It was honorary." That judge slid back in her chair and started turning white, then she dismissed the case against that pastor. ALL EDUCATION IS SUCCESSFUL AT DOING TODAY IS DESTROYING PEOPLE'S FAITH IN GOD!

Is your faith grounded upon the Word of God? Are you judging the Book or is that Book judging you? Most scholars in our Bible schools today make themselves the authority over the book when that book is really the authority over them! Most preachers in our pulpits across this country have never been called by God much less making that Book their final authority. Who determines whether we get to heaven or not? Is it God or your imagination? You better not trust your mind! And you certainly better not trust anyone else! Let me be emphatic! God loves His Son and there is only one thing He loves more than His Son and that's His Word! "...Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name." Psalms 138:2, your salvation better be founded upon the Word of God the, King James Bible, and settled right there and nowhere else! Let me finish with this: After preaching one Sunday morning this naval officer walked the aisle during invitation, he grabbed my hand and thanked me for the message, I ask "is that why you came?" He squeezed my hand harder and said "no, I'm not sure if I'm saved!" After dismissing the services I led him to one of the back class rooms. There I saw this guy's lapel pin he was a navy chaplain, so as I deal with all people I approached him as if he were lost and opened up the Word of God to him. For over 2 hours I had him read verse after verse and then I had him read Acts 2:21, "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved!" He prayed that prayer and still it didn't sink in. I then told him I guess he'll just have to go to hell. He ask "Why?" I told him that he didn't believe God, he didn't believe the Bible! He set silent, then I told him there were two exits leading from this class room one went to hell the other to heaven, take your pick! He went out the door that led to hell. I was petrified; surprised he chose the door to hell. Sunday evening, I had just started to preach when he got up and walked down the aisle. I stopped and addressed him, he began to speak and then he started crying as he told over 400 people that he went home after speaking to me after church this morning and he was so afraid of dying and going to hell that he got on his knees by the sofa, he said, "When I got on my knees, I realized what was wrong, I wasn't believing God." He told the church that he had trusted his training, his education and his 20 years experience as a navy chaplain and he had never trusted God. He said there on his knees he put his faith and trust in Jesus Christ alone! Got it settled! And he wanted the church to know that. Guess what happened? That very night we filled the baptismal pool and baptized our new brother. He went back to his navy station and told those at his Chapel, what had happened. Had me in to preach, that was against navy regulation, and revival broke out. That's it! That's all God requires to save you! That's the business I'm in!

WILL YOU DO AS THAT NAVY CHAPLAIN?