

## The Lord's Visit Walter Beuttler

[Comments: 1) All scriptures are from the KJV except where noted. 2) This message has been transcribed word for word (from Beuttler's own teachings) as accurately as possible (due to the quality of the recording). 3) Beuttler had his own dictionary of favorite words he used throughout his messages, and they have been transcribed and spelled out accordingly. 4) Spelling on certain proper names, airports, hotels, locations, etc. may not be exact. 5) Messages were spoken late 1960's, early 1970's. 6) Beuttler was a Bible teacher at NBI (a.k.a. EBI, Eastern Bible Institute) for 32 years traveling worldwide since early 1950's until a year before he went to be with the Lord in 1974.]

I'm delighted, and I know Mrs. Beuttler is, for the lovely spirit of worship and greetings in the Holy Ghost. Your meeting takes me at once to Auckland, New Zealand and Brisbane, Australia where just last February we had such lovely meetings with the very same Spirit. It must be the Holy Ghost is everywhere! It's exactly the same Spirit, and both of us are so delighted in that relaxed freedom in the Lord. The Lord bless you real good.

I was told there was a black brother here from the East African country of Tanzania who was sitting in one of my seminars there; that would have been at the Bible school. If he is here, I would very much love just to say, "Hi," and see him again. It's quite a few years now since I've been over there.

This morning I saw some girls that came up from the Island of Guam where they were while I was there, and I'm always thrilled to see them, and the folk that have been in my meetings here and there somewhere in the world.

Now I told you this morning that I would follow with you a series of lessons browsing in the Word of God. I'm not interested in preaching. I'm not trying to preach. I'm trying to share with you what God has shared with me. I'm not giving you a sermon. Who wants sermons? By the help of the Lord, I want to give you bread. The bread of the Word of God as He has shared it with me. This is a series we're following right through in every service. We'll not finish this subject, but at least we'll go as far as we can. I'll do my best to give you the very mostest as much as time and my personal resources physically will enable me to share with you.

Sometimes they say, "*It takes a week to get acquainted with Brother Beuttler's ministry.*" Well, that really varies, but I'll give you a few clues. First of all, I'm not trying to be scholarly. I'm trying to be very simple, right down on the level where all of us live.

I'm not trying to make truth as complex as I can, because God is simple; His Word is simple; and we're simple people; so we're going to talk on the level as simple as can be where everybody with an open heart and mind is able to follow.

You will also notice as we go along, I give you some experiences the Lord has given me. I was teaching one year in a Bible school in Lima, Peru. I gave them my notes on the Holy Spirit. They asked whether they could use them, and of course, they can.

They wrote back later and said, *“Brother Beuttler, we enjoyed your notes. They were a great help, but none of us teachers have had your experiences.”*

Well, God gives different people different experiences. He deals with us differently, and I want you to recognize that when I tell you some things (and I will tonight to begin with), that they are not mere stories, though they are true, but it's not merely telling what happened.

If you will watch, you will learn thereby how God works, how God works in me, how God works or wants to work in you. These experiences will become vehicles of truth. There are truths given in a form that most people are able to understand and to retain far better than if truth comes in an abstract form. So we're right down on your level, and if you will follow, when I'm done there ought to be in your hearts a deposit of truth that most of you have never known existed.

There will be a fresh hunger for God, a desire to know Him. There will be the beginning of a dimension of experience in your life; experience with God that you never thought even existed. That is not saying too much. I know whereof I speak. So we trust the Lord to share with us the things that we need in our hearts for this particular time.

Don't be surprised if sometimes I speak as though I knew what you were saying today, or doing today, or whatever there is. I get accused of that many times, *“Where did Brother Beuttler get that? Who told him about the trouble we're having? Oh I know! He's staying in the pastor's house, and he knows all about it.”* Well I rarely stay in a pastor's house and usually know absolutely nothing, but the Spirit does.

I was in a church years ago on Long Island. After the meeting a lady came up, and she was rather, shall I say, circumferential? She came right up the central aisle, and I knew I was in for it as she came like a missile off the pad and zeroed in on me.

*“Preacher, who told you all about me?”* she asked.

*“Nobody,”* I answered.

*“Are preachers telling lies too?”* she continued to ask.

I said, *“Well, I'm not lying.”*

She said, *“Listen preacher, you weren't only talking about me for a whole hour and a quarter, but when you said such and such a thing (and she told me), you even pointed your finger right at me.”*

I didn't know anything about her. I said, "*Sister, I don't even know the pastor. This is the first time I've been here and never talked to him.*"

She says, "*Preacher, somebody told you.*" And off she went taking her torso back with her, mad as could be. "*Somebody told on her,*" but nobody did. It so happens that the Holy Ghost knows.

So as we go along it might just be the Spirit is putting His finger on something. Don't pick up a brick and throw it at me. It won't hurt me if you do. I'm used to it, but better give credit to God.

Now then, I'm taking you into a subject, which is very, very dear to the heart of God. And as I told you, it is the subject of our personal knowledge of God. Now I'm not going to go by the watch.

I'll begin with you as the Lord began with me, quite some years ago now, and gradually take you along. If you will follow me, believe me, and not only open your mind, but also your heart. I'm speaking to your heart, to our innermost need with which God is so greatly concerned.

Some years ago, I was teaching at our school and was over at our cottage. We had a cottage at that time. Later the school built us a house. One afternoon I got something in here (pointing to stomach area) from the Spirit. It did not come in words, but a strong impression that the Lord wanted me to go alone, undisturbed, unobserved, undistracted. Well, where can you do that in a Bible school where they wake you up in the middle of the night and want you to interpret a dream? I interpret them right back to the dormitory.

There was no other place that I knew than to go to a hotel. I told Mrs. Beuttler, and I went to the Robert Morris Hotel in Philadelphia to shut myself up with God. This morning I had mentioned this tower to which Habakkuk went. Well, I went to a modern tower, the equivalent to their towers. Their towers were built of mud brick. Hotels, of course, today are different. I shut myself up. Now you just follow me.

I arrived there at 2:00 o'clock Friday afternoon for an indefinite period. At once I went before the Lord and started to seek the Lord. I knew in my heart that God, in some way, wanted to speak to me. I knew no more, except that I was to be alone, undisturbed and undistracted so that I could fully concentrate on Him.

I have no time to talk with you on the subject of "*Waiting For God,*" but I dropped on my knees and simply placed myself before the Lord in sheer faith. All right, I wasn't always on my knees. You get tired there. I would walk, sit, stand, even lie on the floor. It got to be past midnight. Now I'd been there from 2:00 p.m. on with the attitude of simply, "*Father, here I am.*"

I didn't storm the gates of heaven. God isn't that far away. You know how some people do. (Spits on both hands, getting ready for a big conflict.) "*Oh God! Um Ug Bla Blam!*"

*Come here, God.*” No, He’s right there. Take Matthew 6:6, I presented myself before the Lord. I did no praying, simply presented myself. His was the next move, not mine.

When I got too tired, after midnight, I lay across the bed, didn’t get undressed. Way before sunrise I was up.

“*Doing what?*” you ask.

Presenting myself before the Lord. Saturday, I was there all day long, nothing to eat, till way past midnight Saturday. Was very tired again and lay across the bed for a few hours. I was up before sunrise presenting myself before the Lord. I never heard anything of any kind, but God’s in the secret place. You know that from Matthew 6:6. I knew the Lord was observing. I waited.

I was there till 2:00 o’clock Sunday afternoon. At that time, I was sitting on the floor of the room. You have to change your position, you know, just to change around. I had one of these little Bible script with me and was reading it wondering if maybe I’d find something in the Book.

I noticed it was 2:00 o’clock. I had been there 48 hours. In all that time, I got absolutely nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, not even His presence. Everything was just empty and dead, and I said within my spirit, “*My, it takes God a long time to speak.*”

No sooner had I said that when the Lord spoke, right in here (pointing to stomach area). You see this is where your spirit is, and this is where the Holy Spirit is. He fills your spirit in here. That’s where you get things from God. In here (pointing to stomach again), there were words that I heard, but not with the ears, but I heard words in there, and the words were: “*To hurry God is to find fault with Him.*” You understand, here’s a letter for you. In other words, I was impatient. I was criticizing God.

Did you ever criticize Him? “*Well, I don’t know why God doesn’t answer my prayer?*” Most likely, first He wants you to get rid of the impatience. I understood at once I was criticizing God for being slow, and I apologized and said, “*Lord, forgive me. I’m sorry I got so impatient.*” All right now, I can take forgiveness by faith easily. That was settled.

Folkses, as I apologized to the Lord and asked for forgiveness, having been there now 48 hours without anything to eat, the Lord walked through that door into the room. As He walked in, His presence followed after Him in the shape of the robe of a sovereign. (Some of these things are hard to explain.)

Have you ever seen Queen Elizabeth on TV perchance, or another sovereign with a royal, a regal robe following them dragging on the floor as they walk up to a throne or some place? That’s how the presence of the Lord came in. It followed Him like the robe of a sovereign. And the Lord came over and stood to my left, just a few inches beyond the length of my arm. I was still sitting on the floor. As He stood there, His presence (that robe) spread out, and the robe shape disappeared. His presence went through the entire

room. I'm very precise with my words now, very careful to be exact. You see, He's listening too, and I don't want to have to come around again and apologize to you for having overstated things. Oh no! I'm scared of that.

And His presence filled the room. I remember saying within my heart, "*Now His presence fills every cubic inch of this room.*" And so it was. I believe that I had Isaiah's experience when he said, "*And his train (His presence) filled the temple.*" I think I had the same, but I only think. I offer no proof, just my statement.

As His presence filled the room, the Lord began to speak, not audible, but speak. He gave me a scripture from the Word. I was not striving; I was just awestruck in the sense, and yet perfectly composed. A scripture came, it just came. It was from John 17:3, "*That they might know thee,*" or I can enlarge on it, "*This is life eternal, that they might know thee.*"

I looked it up, found it, read it and began to see something. I began to see that Jesus was talking, not about knowledge about God primarily, although that's involved, but about a personal knowledge of God.

You see, this is one fault that I must find with our theological schools, and that is so many students graduate with so much theology in their heads, and techniques for the ministry, yet greatly lacking in a personal, inward knowledge of a personal God. I hope you understand.

Now we know who President Nixon is. Who doesn't? We know a lot of things about him, or think we do, but we do not know him. At least I don't. I think I could recognize him in a crowd, but I have no personal knowledge of the man; there is no personal relationship there.

The Lord had so strongly impressed me with the need of a personal relationship to God: that God becomes to us as real, or even realer (a Beuttlerism), than another person.

From then on, the Lord kept standing there for four solid hours, from 2:00 to 6:00 o'clock, while He opened up the scriptures to me. I can rightfully claim that I received personal teaching from Jesus Christ for four solid hours: Him standing there, me sitting here, on the subject of "*Knowing God,*" a subject that I have spread into I don't know how many countries the world over.

I'd get a scripture; I'd look it up; Oh, it would just open up and I'd see things I've never seen before. I'll share some of them with you, if you'll stay with me. You know how scripture sometimes open, their beauty?

I think it was last year while I was in Bangkok, Thailand walking to one of the hotels in terrific heat. It's a hot place, you know. And to my great delight, I found a lotus flower. Don't ask me how that fell on the sidewalk, but there it was. I wanted to examine it because they had intrigued me once on the Island of Ceylon. Oh the beauty in that lotus!

Many of us get scriptures and the scriptures are closed like in a bud, but the Lord comes along by His Spirit and opens up the bud for us. Oh! What beauty.

I made notations. I still have them at home. That done, I'd get another scripture, and another, and another, and another for four solid hours on knowing God, being a friend of God. Not every Christian is a friend of God. Saved? Yes, but not a friend, not necessarily. He opened up the scriptures showing how to be an intimate of God, intimate communion, an intimate relationship, intimate fellowship in which the Lord will share secrets, secrets with some of His people that He does not share with the rank and file of Christians.

We may qualify, but not everybody does, not everybody responds, not everybody pays the price, but the possibility, the potentiality is there. So when He got done, I noticed it was 6:00 o'clock. He spoke again, right in here (pointing to stomach). Now the scriptures and their opening up came from Him, but now there were those words again in here (stomach), and the words were, "*And the Lord left him to try him,*" and with those words, the Lord turned around, and walked out the way He came. His presence collected from all over the room and changed back into the form of the robe of a sovereign and followed Him out of the room like dragging on the floor. Out He went with that regal robe behind Him, and He was gone.

I'd had a personal visit from a personal Christ for four hours of private teaching. At the time I did not know the Lord was getting me ready for overseas work. I had no idea of it at that time. He was gone.

There I sat. "*And the Lord left him to try him.*" I thought, "*I think something is going to happen. I'm going to have a test. Now comes examination.*" Then I thought of school how we teach and then give an examination. I thought, "*I'm going to be in for something,*" but had no idea what, not an idea.

I was in the room till about 8:00 o'clock wondering what kind of a test I was going to get. I didn't have the faintest notion. I began to think, "*I don't suppose that really means anything. Sometimes some things perhaps will happen, but I'm going to go to bed. After all I haven't slept much.*"

I was starting to go to bed when somebody else walked into that room right through the door without even opening it. I knew the identity of the visitor at once. His identity is described in the Bible as Satan. I was standing by the bed. It was a four-posted bed, and I stood by one of the posts. I was going to hang something on there and go to bed. He walked in.

I kept standing where I was, no, I wasn't scared. No, not at all, but I thought, "*Something's up.*"

Now as he walked in, behind him there followed the satanic presence in the form of the robe of a sovereign, an exact duplicate of the Lord's robe, but the presence was Satanic.

He stood in exactly the same place as the Lord stood. As he stood, his robe also spread and diffused losing its shape as a robe and went throughout the entire room, same as the Lord's presence. I remember saying in my heart also, "*Now the Satanic presence is filling every cubic inch of this room.*" And so it was.

He opened the conversation, if that's the right term for it. You can judge for yourself. He spoke. I heard him. Didn't he speak to Jesus in the temptation? Well, isn't he the same devil? Why should this be incredible? Anyhow, it happened. I was there, were you? He opened the conversation. Conversation is not really the word; it's more like a debate.

He said, "*The Lord did not visit you.*"

I said out loud as I say to you with a little bit of defiance in it, "*Yes, He did.*"

Back came the answer, "*No, He didn't.*"

Back went my retort, "*Yes, He did.*"

Now the sequence of some of those things I cannot guarantee anymore, and in some instances, I cannot guarantee the precise wording, but I can guarantee the accuracy of the substance - that I guarantee. In the beginning, I had things just as they were, but gradually they will fade into, more or less, my own words, but carrying the very same essence.

To the best of my recollection came, "*This Bible is not the Word of God.*"

I said, "*Yes, it is.*"

He said, "*No, it isn't.*"

"*Yes, it is.*"

"*Why don't you deny this Bible?*" he asked.

"*Why should I deny it? It's the Word of God,*" I said; and so on it went. Among other things, I don't recall it all.

This lasted for quite awhile, but I had no measurement of time. I'm afraid to even guess. It was quite awhile, but I can't give you the time; I haven't got it. I wasn't thinking of time.

At one point he said, "*You are praying too much.*"

"*No, I'm not,*" I answered.

*“You are going to lose your mind because of your religion.”* (That statement is accurate.)

*“No, I’m not.”*

*“You are going to finish your life in an insane asylum.”* (That is an exact quote.)

*“No, I’m not.”*

*“You are losing your mind already.”* Now there were other things in between that I do not recall.

*“You are losing your mind already - see?”* And with that the entire room began to turn like a merry-go-round. It started slowly. I wasn’t upset or lose my balance. I knew right away what was happening. Everything turned. Whew! The bed went around, the dresser, the doors, the pictures, the whole room as it was started to revolve with me at the center. It started slowly, went faster and faster. I can’t be exact about the speed. Let’s say it went something like this after awhile (described speed by wave of his hand).

He said to me after awhile, *“You see what is happening? You’re losing your mind.”*

I said, *“I’m not losing my mind. This is only your deception, and I just don’t believe it. Nothing’s moving.”* I knew nothing was moving. (Applause from audience).

Remember when he came to Jesus. He showed Him all the kingdoms of this world, and I knew it was just a deception, and I wouldn’t be deceived.

Then he really put the heat on. I began to see things: trees in the room (YES!), mountains, rocks, squares, circles, triangles, men, women, nude scenes, all kinds of a confusing array of things. *“See, you’re losing your mind. You’ve lost it already.”*

*“No, I’ve not lost it. My mind is all right. My God is real and this is His Book.”* And so it went on.

I do not recall how the first one ended, but I took a stand all the way through, an affirmative stand. Once I said, *“No, the Lord is only trying to test me to see whether I stand. He taught me four hours and now He’s only letting you test me to see whether I stand, and I am standing. My God is real; the Lord was present; He hears you speak.”* And I held my ground.

While I do not remember the precise moment we terminated, suddenly at some point, he turned; his presence collected from all over the room; changed into a regal robe; and out he went with the robe following behind sliding, so to speak, on the floor exactly the precise duplicate of the Lord - and he was gone.

I thought, *“Whew! That was something!”* And it was. I was never scared, but it was a real debate and case of holding to the Word and to the truth and not be broken.



I had the strangest feeling that he was coming back. I just had that feeling he wasn't finished. Some time went by; I can't give you the time; and I thought, "*Well, maybe that was all. I think I'll go to bed.*"

Just as I was trying to go to bed, in walks his majesty, Satan, with the same robe behind him, walking in form steps like, stood in the same place, his presence went throughout the room. There we were in the same thing all over again, the second visit. To the best of my knowledge, it was a precise carbon copy of the first.

As far as I remember, everything he said at first was now repeated with one difference. This time (I do not know for what reason), his words came with tremendous power. I cannot account for it, I do not know. I cannot tell you what I do not know. Oh was there power in those words! Did they ever come, and I stood my ground the same as before, but I noticed one thing: I was slowly wearing down. What worried me was, not so much that physically I was getting exhausted from the sheer combat of the thing, but what really worried me was that I noticed my will of resistance began to weaken.

Now on the first visit, my will was adamant. Oh, I stood my ground! I did again, but not in the same firmness. All I can tell you is my will was weakening. He seemed to attack my will. While I used the same or similar words, and all the confusion, all the merry-go-round, everything was there again, but with greater power. I cannot describe it. Oh the power that flowed from that being!

Inside I was weakening, and I remember thinking, "*If he does not stop soon, this time he's going to win.*" He did not stop. That being bore down on me without mercy, "*Now are you ready to give up?*"

"*No, I'm not,*" I said. But in my words there was no longer that firm (if you know what I mean), that firm something. I knew it lacked the same quality of firmness, the decisiveness. I knew he was smart enough to discover it. He did and took advantage of it. He hammered at me, "*Are you ready to deny this Word?*"

"*No, I'm not,*" I'd answer.

"*Are you ready to deny the Lord visited you?*"

"*No, I'm not,*" I said, but I was weakening.

Folkses, I could not help myself. My answers remained correct, but I no longer meant them with the same something. I remember thinking, "*I cannot hold out much longer.*" Whether he knew it or not, I do not know if he could tell.

Here I was with the room going around and him saying, "*Now do you see yourself inside an insane asylum?*"

*“No, I’m not seeing it at all because I’m not going to.”* But there was a difference.

I got to the point where I was finished. After all, he’s supernatural. He’s got power. I threw myself across the bed seemingly defeated. I do not recall whether I said it to him audible or whether I said it to myself inwardly, but I do know I said within myself at least, *“I cannot resist any longer.”* With these words, I threw myself on the bed apparently defeated.

Here is a little interval that I cannot give an account because I just do not remember. He was still there. Finally on the bed, I noticed in here (stomach), the presence of the Spirit of God. It was of a size of an orange like, a relatively small orange. I felt a ball-like of the presence of God in here (stomach). As far as I remember, I paid no further attention to Satan, though I knew he was there. My attention was now focused on what was happening in here (stomach, spirit area). I felt the presence, and to my surprise or delight (I hardly know what word to use), that presence in here was singing. I realized the Spirit of God was singing in here. That attracted my attention. Well, why wouldn’t it? And the song was, *“Isn’t He wonderful, wonderful, wonderful? Isn’t Jesus, my Lord wonderful?”*

As the Spirit sang, that ball-like presence expanded and slowly rose up on the inside as it expanded. I paid no more attention to Satan, don’t know what he was doing as I was busy with this song. I was lying on the bed. That presence came up strong, expanded, and reached the area of my throat, and for no reason that I could give you, I joined the Spirit singing. He sang somewhere in here (stomach area), and sang on the way up. When He reached my throat, I joined Him, and we sang a duet for the benefit of his majesty, who was still in the room. (Tremendous applause from the audience.) It was something I could not have done apart from the Spirit.

As we were singing and got to the part of, *“Isn’t He wonder----,* the Spirit interrupted and spoke a quotation from Isaiah 59:19, but a little different than it reads in our Bible, *“When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord (and this is how I got it) shall raise an armed defense against him.”*

Satan was trying to throw me, which I think it would have obliged God not to send me overseas. I would have failed the test. Satan was so afraid. (I don’t know if that is the correct word - I’ll try to change it.) Satan was so eager that this truth of the personal knowledge of God not be inseminated throughout the whole world that he came with his personal presence to stop me before I ever got started. The Spirit came to my assistance and dispatched him. That is how God began to meet me in this area of truth.

Now let me ask you a little favor before I get started. I haven’t started yet. We’ve only gotten through the door, which the Lord led me here. Let’s stand and have the pastor lead you in singing, *“How Great Thou Art.”* For those who don’t believe this, your disbelief doesn’t change it one iota.

Now I'm going to take you into the truth itself; the truth in which God is so interested; the truth, which Satan so hates. He doesn't care how much theology we know---na. He doesn't care whether we can recite the entire Encyclopedia Britannica. He does care about our personal relationship to God, and that is what God cares for also.

Now I am going to take you to Exodus 33:12-15. We have here some of the areas of truth the Lord shared with me. They are very simple, but I had never seen them. Let's see what we can get.

**“And Moses said unto the Lord, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people; and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight. Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight; and consider that this nation is thy people. And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.”** Exodus 33:12-15

Now here is a prayer by a man who was obviously experiencing a sense of need. He had a great task to perform to lead these people into the Promised Land. With all the dangers and all the problems, this man knew his need and so he prayed, *“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”* This is the very heart of what we are talking about. *“Show me now THY way,”* the way God does things, how He works, why He works the way He works. We learn to know God by observing His ways. Have you ever learned by observing the ways of the Lord? You will learn something about Him.

We had a lady evangelist in the A/G by the name of Hattie Hammond. Some of you might know her. She and I had a convention together in Washington. The church put us up in the same hotel, the Ambassador. In the evening after the service, we'd go down to the coffee shop, have some coffee, English muffin or something and have a good time talking. We'd talk and talk and share and share. One night she shared something that I've never forgotten.

She said, *“Brother Beuttler, before we retire, I must tell you something,”* and she told this story:

*“In Springfield, Missouri, we had a huge young people's rally in the thousands.”* She was sitting on the platform because she's a very well known speaker, and a young fellow did the preaching. *“It was a Christ Ambassador's rally, and you shouldn't be older than 35 years.”*

*“That strikes me strange every time I think of it. You're not a Christ Ambassador if you're over 35 years. Well, I'm 69, but I travel all over the world, and no longer considered an Ambassador because I'm past 35. That's cookoo!”*

*Anyhow, this young fellow preached. She told me that you never heard such a miserable harangue as that young fellow preached that afternoon. All he did was tear the*

*Assemblies of God to shreds with criticism. This was no good; that was no good. It was all he did. What surprised her was at the end, the presence of God fell on these several thousand young people, hands went up worshipping the Lord, praise full of God's presence."*

And she talked to the Lord, *"Lord, I can't understand this. How can you bless such a harangue as we had to listen to tonight?"* I remember her leaning over the table and saying, *"Brother Beuttler, what do you think the Lord said?"*

She said the Lord said, *"I am not blessing one word of all he said. I'm pouring out a Spirit of rejoicing upon My people to help them forget everything he did say."*

*"Show me now thy way that I may know thee."* What we can learn as we observe the way God works, so differently from the working of man. I've prayed what Moses prayed many times, *"Show me now thy way."* Oh the way of the Lord is so different!

A couple of years ago, if I err not, I was in western Australia. I had been speaking there a number of times at the Foursquare Church of the Pentecostal movement. There was an A/G church in the city, but it was the Foursquare who had asked me. I was at the A/G church last year, and the pastor said to me, *"Brother Beuttler, I must tell you what one of my deacons said. I told him Brother Beuttler is going to visit us the next time he comes to Australia, and he said, 'Well, it's about time.'"*

The pastor is a *Beuttlerite* and said to the deacon, *"Well, when he visited the Foursquare, did you ever invite him?"*

*"Well no, we never invited him,"* said the deacon.

The pastor said, *"Well, what are you grumbling about then?"*

You know there is such a thing as following the providential arrangement of the Lord. Somebody in the Philippines complained, *"Brother Beuttler does not follow regular channels."*

But there are channels of divine providence that operate different than the way man operates. Do you know how I got to come here? I was up in Elim for a week with the students there and your pastor was there. He said, *"Brother Beuttler, I'd like you to come down to the Rock Church."* As far as I'm concerned, it was the providential arrangement of the Lord, never mind regular channels.

*"Show me now thy way, that I may know thee."* God answered this man and said, *"My presence shall go with thee."* Why did God say that? Moses had said to God, *"Lord, You tell me this and that, and I should do thus and so, but You have not told me whom You will send with me."* And the Lord said, *"My presence shall go with thee."*

Now look here folkses. Has it ever occurred to you that the presence of God is a companion? *“My presence shall go with thee.”* Those of you who are widows, widowers, wall flowers (is that what they call some people?), those of you who for one reason or another, or for no reason that you know of, are alone. There is a companionship of the presence of God that is realer (That is a Beuttlerism-I have to say that or you’ll think that fellow should go back to school and study his English, but you leave me alone.), that is realer than the companionship of a human being.

The Lord gave me this for traveling because I am a solo traveler, although Mrs. Beuttler has been with me a few times. I don’t intend to go overseas alone anymore, because I have physical problems and shouldn’t do it. Most of my journeyings have been alone. I remember a man down in New Zealand saying, *“You mean you are always traveling alone?”*

Yet not alone, there is a companion. Folks, this companionship of the presence of God is one of the most deliciousmous experiences in the Christian life. I don’t know what I would do without it.

Look here! I was going to France one year and had a little extra time. I was going down 5th Avenue in New York and was walking down to take the bus out to JFK Airport. I was walking down that Sunday afternoon and remember saying, *“Father, don’t let me go unless you go with me.”* Who wants to go to France, or anywhere else for that matter, without the Lord? I didn’t. You know, the Lord spoke right in here (pointing to stomach area), *“When you arrive, I will be waiting for you.”* Isn’t that deliciousmous?

Well, I arrived the next day and what weather! It seemed like the sky was dropping down. Everything came down. How do you say it? Cats and dogs, pitchforks, sauerkraut, lima beans, everything came down. All right, I always have a raincoat with me and the Japanese rain hat. I was all tucked in. Always be prepared when you’re traveling. That’s one of the rules of traveling. I stepped off the Constellation plane onto the concrete, a lake of concrete, but when I stepped down on that concrete, I was surrounded by the presence, a strong presence of the Lord.

*“When you arrive, I will be waiting for you.”* He couldn’t wait inside the airport lounge. He had to come out in rain and all and walk in with me. I had such a thrill. Now folkses, this is not a figment of the imagination; this thing is real, a real joyful, peaceful sense of His presence. And we walked in together. *“My presence shall go with thee.”* These are realities, a personal experience with a great variety of applications.

One day I was making another trip. I go every year, sometimes twice. I had my itinerary laid out. I had a map there of the world, my prayer map. I said, *“Father, I’m sure of my route from Los Angeles, over to Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore.”* Beyond Singapore I could not figure out which way the Lord would have me go. Oh, I could go, but you want to be in the Lord’s will. I knew I could go south to Australia. All I need to do is tell them I’m coming. Come from there up through the South Pacific or head

westward, particularly France. I said, “*Lord, I just don’t know which way to go after Singapore.*”

I was sitting there on the floor with my map on the bed quietly looking to the Lord, not praying, just saying, “*Father, which way would You like me to go?*” As I sat there I got the words right in here (stomach), “*I will meet you at the Pyramids.*” I knew what He meant. It meant, go westward to Cairo.

The reason He gave that to me is that Cairo used to be my rest stop place, one of them, on the way from the Far East. Out by the Pyramids there is a hotel, the Meina House, 5 minutes walk from the Pyramids, \$3.00/night, no luxury but clean, air-conditioned. I like to sit there. Across the Sphinx there is a rest house where you can buy sandwiches, Coke, coffee and just sit there. Nobody there to bother you with, “*Where did Cain get his wife?*” You’ve got to get away from people, you know, because they’ll kill you. So that was a place for me to rest.

So the Lord let me know by that, “*You go westward. I will meet you at the Pyramids.*”

Eventually I was on an Air-India flight to Cairo, and we were coming into Cairo. In the distance, I saw the lights of Cairo coming up, and I thought within myself, “*I wonder how He’s going to meet me.*” I figured He would meet me at the Meina House. By the time I get to the hotel it will be daylight, and I’ll get my stuff in order, get something to eat maybe, and walk out to the rest house, and while I sit there, He’s going to come with His presence. But He didn’t.

I was watching the lights of Cairo come up when all of a sudden; here was the presence, a strong personal presence. He couldn’t wait till we landed, if you catch my thought. He couldn’t wait until I sat at the rest house looking at the Sphinx. He had to come out before we ever landed and meet me while we were yet in flight. “*I will meet you at the Pyramids.*” Folks, this thing is wonderful to cultivate the presence of the Lord in a personal relationship.

Moses prayed, “*Show me now thy way.*” And oh, make this your prayer while I’m here, “*that I may know thee.*” I’m going to give you three thoughts. Look at this Moses. Look who said this prayer.

**“And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses whom the Lord knew face to face.”** Deuteronomy 34:10

Now here is a man who knew the Lord face to face, that is to say, intimately, personally. Moses had a personal acquaintance with God, yet the man prayed, “*Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.*”

**“And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto a friend.”**  
Exodus 33:11

What you have here in the first instance that I gave you is an intimate relationship. In the second instance we have intimate communion. How would you like the Lord to speak with you, share with you in intimacy, like a friend with a friend, sharing with a friend what He will not share with anyone else?

If I feel free in my spirit while I'm here, I would like to tell you how the Lord shared with me one night the loneliness of His heart that brought tears to the eyes of the Lord. There is such a thing as the Lord sharing things in His heart with some, things which He does not share with everyone.

I may have to go back to some scriptures and add some things to it, but this will give you something to think about.

**“With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold.”** Numbers 2:8

Now here you have an intimate privilege. Think of it! Moses was privileged as a friend of God to behold the shape of the Lord, of God. You have different translations that read: *“The shape of the Lord shall he behold;”* or, *“the form of the Lord shall he behold;”* *“the likeness of the Lord shall he behold.”* God permitted Moses to see the very form of God. It could be that we shall get that far - to the form.

Suffice to say, when Moses prayed, *“Show me thy way, that I may know thee,”* this man Moses already had an intimate relationship with God, intimate communion with God and enjoyed an intimate privilege with God; and such a man still prayed, *“Show me now thy way, that I may know thee.”*

These meetings we're having can lead us into an intimate relationship, an intimate communion and an intimate experience and privileges with God many, many Christians never know anything about.

*“This is life eternal,”* Jesus said, *“that they might know thee.”*