

In the struggle for my life..... "signs of my future appeared". Out of that came www.rlbm.org
In my unbearable grief the Lord gave me this following tone poem, like he was quoting it...at 4 a.m. one morning. I typed as fast as I could. At that time, I had finally given up and knew Patricia was going on to heaven... I carried her nightly to my revival in the Memphis area. Sunday night, I carried her home, and put her to bed. At about 2:00 a.m. Monday morning.. she left this world with a band of angels singing a glory song they made up just for her.

This vision came to me like pictures in the sky, while grieving and finally accepting that my darling daughter Patricia would die of cancer. Our best efforts had failed. But out of that sorrow came a new beginning. Patricia would be so happy to know how we loved her and miss her and anticipate meeting her very soon again, in heaven. It really won't be long now.

Also to:

"irene nyachomba" <nyacho2005@gmail.com> Sect. of 'fishers of men' Church-Nanyuki, Kenya.

Once there was an oyster in a shallow ocean bay. Suddenly its worst enemy wrapped all five arms around it and began to squeeze.

The oyster held it's shell shut tightly as the two rolled on the ocean floor. The Starfish increased its pressure forcing the oyster's shell open just a crack. In the struggle, one grain of sand fell inside and settled on the oyster's tender flesh.

Finally, with one great heave the oyster shut its shell tightly against its worst enemy. The Starfish gave up and turned loose.

Now that oyster had no way of picking up that grain of sand and throwing it out. That sand irritated and cut into the oyster's tender flesh. Then that oyster began to secrete a silvery fluid and coat those cutting edges. It kept building a silvery coating on the sharp edges of the irritant until all the rough edges were smoothed out and rounded.

ALAS! That oyster had turned its wound into a wonder.

Then all its friends came around and said, "My what a beautiful gem you have there. It's such a lovely pearl with the glow of the moon."
Then they asked, "Where did you ever get such a beautiful pearl?"

And the oyster answered, "I got it from my enemy, in the struggle for my life."

I can truly say: In the struggle for my life, my future came into view....

(Written April 26,1987, (two days before my beloved daughter Patricia died of cancer)

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As a memorial to my darling daughter Patricia Jean Bufkin. I would also like to add a post script from a lady friend of Patricia's.

Her name was Sister Scott. One day she called me and seemed so excited about a dream she had. She said that she saw Patricia in heaven in a beautiful silvery robe. She said Patricia was smiling and happy as could be. Sister Scott said, "I asked her, Patricia, have you seen Jesus yet?" And Patricia answered, "I've not only seen him, I have eaten with him."

Patricia was a true Pentecostal lady who believed in her Daddy 100%. She was persecuted unmercifully for that love and faith but she refused to hate in return. I miss her every day of my life.

At Western Sizzlin Restaurant on Hwy #74 in Monroe, NC, in 2006, I ministered to a Rev. David Duncan's wife, who had liver cancer and a large tumor hanging out of her body just above her belt line.

I gave her the Word of the Lord's instructions, then laid hands on her and commanded the devil of cancer to come out in Jesus Name. She screamed and stood, kicking her chair back, grabbing her right side saying, "That thing is gone." Then she began to speak in unknown tongues and dance around. The large unsightly tumor had disappeared instantly. The whole restaurant echoed with her rejoicing. Her liver cancer was also gone instantly.

That was three years ago. I saw her recently and she still looks 20 years younger and is in the picture of health. Thousands around the world, from Russia, Africa, Canada, Mexico the USA and 8 other countries have been healed through this Gift of Healing, of cancer AIDS and many other ailments and baptized in the Holy Ghost as evidenced by their speaking in unknown tongues.

One day soon, Patricia will get to meet them all, and her Daddy too. GLORY! It was Patricia's struggle against cancer and persecution by wicked hating people, that inspired me to fast on and on until the Lord Jesus appeared to me at the foot of my bunk and vested me with this wonderful Gift of Healing. Jesus had turned my wound, into a wonder; during the struggle for my life.

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