

**"Now God ...WHAT are WE  
...going to do about it?"**

# **THE OIL**

**HOW FAITH  
WORKETH BY LOVE**

**John Pryor**

I've decided to share an experience that happened about 25 years ago.

It is a testament to the realness of God and the power of faith and love. For me it was a learning and a growing experience.

# The Oil

Another incident wherein I clearly heard the voice of God. It occurred immediately after a heated argument with my older sister.

I want you to understand that this occurred shortly after I was healed of acute bronchial asthma, shortly after God had directly delivered me a profound and life-changing message about **‘Agape love - the key to spiritual power’** and taught me the importance of listening, waiting for, hearing his voice and heeding the direction of the Holy Spirit.

God had recently taught me ...directly... straight from God himself with no fleshly mediator ...how to operate in the Gifts of the Spirit through love.

Although I had been spirit filled for several years now it was an experience which Linda had experienced only months earlier. She was still a babe in the spiritual things of God and I was not a veteran myself although I had already had tremendous experiences.

This occurred while I was staying in her apartment in Inglewood, California. It started with her asking me about some towels in the bathroom.. She was trying to determine who had used them and said that her two daughters, my nieces, had already stated that they hadn't used them.

After telling her that I did not know anything about the towels she then continued to press the issue as if to get a confession out of me. She did this in the callous accusatory and condescending and argumentative tone that I just was not going to put up with.

It turned into an argument and got very heated and personal. We both were equally vindictive at this point. After several minutes of this I retorted

saying: *“Linda, I am not going to be a part of your madness, this has nothing to do with those stupid towels. You just need an excuse to blow off some of that pent up steam that is eating away inside of you.”*

*“The problem, the real problem has nothing to do with those towels, the real problem is that you’ve got a demon that has invaded and is tormenting you ...and I can tell you the exact day that it took root, it was Wednesday of last week!”*

*“It got in you last week and ever since then you’ve been irritable, fussing at your kids over the slightest thing and just a festering ball of confusion because it’s having it’s way with you and bringing you torment, that’s why I’ve been trying to stay out of your way! But I’ll be damned if I’m going to let your little pet demon give me any grief at all today! It’s your problem and I’m not going to let you make it become a problem for me!”*

Now I am not going to try to portray this as if I said any of this with anything other than a lot of anger and bitterness. I knew that it was all true but there was not an ounce of love or compassion in my voice ...or in my heart. Just defensive anger. I wasn't about to let her take out her inner frustrations on me; I just wasn't having it. I had my own issues to deal with and I wasn't about to back down or be intimidated just because I was living in her house.

But after I said all of this, she reacted in a way that was truly out of character.

I would have expected that ordinarily after such a lengthy monologue detailing the true nature and source of her 'problem' as being demonic, that she would turn around and lash out at me with her own accusatory insults and it would just go back and forth like that until one of us conceded.

That's usually how it was when we had sibling disputes; it had been that way since childhood. I was not in a mood for concession that day so no

doubt, even though I didn't 'want' to 'go there' at all, no doubt it just would have continued back and forth if she verbally attacked me again in any way.

I am trying to convey to you, the reader, that I did not have my spiritual hat on at this time, I was fully in the flesh and very far from being 'in the spirit' or 'under the anointing'. I was as much in a carnal mind state as ever.

But at this point something unusual and interesting happened. After I had lashed out at her like this, rather than deny it or throw back a counter insult or accuse 'me' of being the one being influenced by demons she just conceded that I was right. ...and it really *really* caught me off guard in a profound way that changed everything.

She got right up in my face and with many tears now flowing from her eyes she pleaded with me saying; "*Well... if you ...know that. ...If you know that... then why ...**WHY** haven't you done something about it!?*"

She shook her head in anguish then continued  
“Do – you – think – I wanna be – like –  
*THIS!*? ...Do you – think -I – *WANT* - to be –  
like *THIS!*?” she sobbed.

She then shook her head in disgust, anguish and  
utter frustration saying... “*You know... I’m  
trying ...I’m really really trying. ...And I ask  
God ...all the time. I say “Lord... now you’ve  
got John ...right here in this house ...with ...  
all ...that ...POWER ...and ...he ...won’t ...  
do ...ANYTHING! ..WHY!? ...WHY NOT?”*  
she sobbed.

After that she stuttered, started to say something  
more, but just shook her head in frustration,  
grabbed her purse and hastily left the house in  
tears and anguish.

After that...I was ...stunned. Literally stunned. I  
remained in the same spot standing there with  
my mouth open.

I had seldom seen her be so ...candid and  
genuine with her emotions in front of me, and



never in the heat of an argument. I had never seen her display helplessness and make a genuine plea for help like that as well as an admission of need. It touched me to the core of my being and I was moved with compassion.

I reflected upon her words “...*all that POWER!*” I thought about this “...WHAT power? True, God had used me a few times in my life ...and I was never reticent to share the experiences or tell people about it. But I never claimed to be anything special. I didn't have control over it and I never took the credit for those times God had used me. Now ...What was I supposed to do about *her* problem?

All that I could do now was utter a simple prayer. And these are the exact words that I prayed, verbatim: “...*Now Father... you ...you SAW that ...and you ...you HEARD that (I paused for a moment as I sincerely looked up towards heaven in that little apartment) ... now what are WE ...going to do about this?*”