

## Testimony of Glenn Dunlap

This testimony is one of my experiences I had while in the Navy in the fall of 1972, which shows the example of how a mother's love of God and of her children and of prayer can result in a miracle.

If I were to include all the details of what happened, this would be twice as long.

In the fall of 1972, I was stationed aboard the USS Bradley (DE 1041). At that time, we were going through training for a deployment overseas, which would include time off Vietnam in gunfire support and carrier escort duties.

At the time, I was assigned to work in the boiler room as the "messenger of the watch." My station was next to the Chief who was sitting at the console. Sitting there he could see what color of smoke was coming out of the boilers by way of a periscope. On this particular day, there was a flair-back in one of the boilers. Just a split-second before this occurred, I felt a hand on my shoulder push me sideways into the Chief. At just that moment, the top mirror of the periscope was blown off and went by my head. Had it not been for that push, the mirror would have hit me on the head. There was no one standing beside me.

A few days later, I was taking readings off the dials in the boiler room and was standing under the main steam-stop-valve when we had another flair-back. The Chief hollered at me to close the valve. (The wheel on that valve was eighteen inches in diameter, and the steam going through the valve was heated to 1200 PSI). I did not have time to go back and get my insulated gloves, and so I closed the valve bare-handed. When it was closed, I went back to my station and the Chief noticed that my hands were blistered from the tip of my fingers to my wrists with second degree burns. He had another BR (Boiler Tech) help get me to Sick Bay. I won't go into the details of what happened in Sick Bay and getting me off the ship. When we docked, an ambulance was waiting for me to take me to Long Beach Naval Hospital.

After being admitted to the burn unit, I asked my nurse if she would dial the number for the pastor of my church. I couldn't because all of my fingers were bandaged. After explaining what happened, I asked if he could come and administer to me. (This was on a Saturday afternoon.) He asked if it would be all

right to come out after church the next day. I said that would be all right, I wasn't going anywhere.

Sometime in the early morning hours of Sunday, I woke up and saw someone standing at the foot of my bed dressed all in white. When he saw me awake, he came around to the head of my bed and anointed my head with oil, so much so that it ran down my forehead. He then laid his hands on me and prayed over me. When he said, Amen, I turned my head to see who it was, and THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. I thought that maybe I was dreaming, and I put my forearm up to my head and it was wet from the oil. I got out of bed and went out to the nurse's station, that was just outside my door, to ask who it was that was just in my room. She said that no one had been in my room and to go back to bed.

The next afternoon when the elders came to administer to me, I was told in one of the prayers that I had already received a blessing because of the faith of my mother. While the elders were still there, the nurse came in to change my bandages. What she and the elders saw was that there was NO sign of ANY part of my hands having been burned.

I was in the habit of calling my mother on Sunday evening anytime I was in Port. When I called her that evening, I told her where I was and what had happened. She began crying, and I asked her what was wrong. She asked me what time of the day it was when I burned my hands and what time that would have been in Kansas City. When I told her the times, she told me that it was at that time that she heard a voice, almost demanding, that she pray for her son. She was alone in her apartment, and she had no doubt where the voice came from. She went into her bedroom and knelt down and prayed for all four of her sons, as she wasn't told which one. At that time, I understood what the elder told me, that I had already received a blessing, because of the faith of my mother.

**GOD BE PRAISED!**