

A black and white photograph of water splashing, with numerous bubbles and droplets of varying sizes. The top half of the image shows the water surface with a large splash on the left side. The bottom half is a dark, solid grey background.

**BELIEVE IN
MIRACLES**

**BUT TRUST
IN JESUS**

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LOVE WORTH FINDING MINISTRIES

Memphis, Tennessee USA

BELIEVE IN MIRACLES, BUT TRUST IN JESUS

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INTRODUCTION

Between 1925 and 1963 one could drive the highways of America and read delightful red and white signs that dotted those roads. They were advertisements for a shaving cream known as Burma-Shave.

Some of you may remember these. There would be a succession of small signs, maybe one foot by two feet, set in the ground on sticks. They would be placed one after another in intervals of about a quarter-mile or so.

You would have to read each sign as you rode along before you would get to the punch line. The entire thing often took the form of a little poem. For example:

A peach looks good
With lots of fuzz.
But a man is no peach
And never wuz.

You would ride a bit further, and the last sign would say, “Burma-Shave!” You got a portion of the message with each sign, but it all came together at the end.

That is an understandable example of what the apostle John was doing when he wrote his Gospel. The beloved apostle selected seven miracles that

bring as much encouragement to us who live in the twenty-first century as they did to those who experienced them in the first century. They are life-changing!

A PARADE OF MIRACLES

At the end of John's Gospel, we learn that there was a selection process going on as far as his recording of Christ's miracles was concerned. By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, John chose those seven of the Lord's miracles and put them together in a special sequence for our understanding:

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name (John 20:30-31).

The word *signs* in this passage has great significance. It is the plural of the Greek word *semeion*, which means a "miracle with a message" or a "miracle with a meaning." Not just a miracle at face value, but a miracle with a special lesson tied to it. It is a sign with special significance.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan said that every parable Jesus spoke was a miracle of instruction and every miracle Jesus performed was a parable for instruction. I like that. There is meaning in these miracles John records.

Each of these seven miracles of Jesus shows not only His power over nature, but His redeeming power over sin, death, hell, and the grave.

These miracles point clearly to the wonderful truth that Jesus Christ is God's answer to our deepest needs. He is God's answer to your disappointments, doubts, disabilities, desires, despair, darkness, and death.

In this study we are going to learn to believe in miracles, but to trust in Jesus. We are going to learn that miracles of grace are greater than miracles of glory.

This book will affirm your faith in the supernatural. My prayer for you is that you will experience miracles in your life. But I would be disappointed if that is as far as you get. We need to go beyond miracles and go on to Jesus. When we receive Him and truly know His transforming power, we have experienced the ultimate miracle.

As the song says:

It took a miracle to put the stars in place,
It took a miracle to hang the world in space;
But when He saved my soul,
Cleansed and made me whole,
It took a miracle of love and grace!

Bill Gaither once wrote a song that included these words: “There is a long parade of miracles, and it is led by a wonderful King.” Indeed, that is so, and I am one of those miracles. Are you?

While I would not agree with that premise, I would say that a guilty conscience and other neWhile I would not agree with that premise, I would say that a guilty conscience and other ne

THE POSSIBILITY OF MIRACLES

I have good news for you. There is nothing wrong with you that a miracle would not cure. All you need is a miracle.

And I believe in miracles. I really do! Those who have problems with the possibility of miracles really have difficulty with the fact that there is a sovereign God. If one can accept Genesis 1:1 in the Bible, he should have little difficulty believing in the possibility of the miraculous.

God spoke, and the universe sprang into existence. Billions of galaxies spread across the black velvet of space. Planet Earth swung into space and began to teem with life.

It is unthinkable that the Creator, having such incredible power, should subsequently be unable to move miraculously upon His own creation. Is the clock stronger than the clockmaker? No indeed! God is not a helpless onlooker to the work of His hands. The psalmist declares, “The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded them” (Psalm 89:11).

Dr. Robert G. Lee, a great preacher now in heaven, has rightly said, “God is not a bewildered bellhop running up and down the corridors of the hotel He created trying to find the right key.”

God is not bounded by the laws of nature because there really are no laws of nature. What men call the laws of nature are in truth the laws of God that nature must obey.

Years ago I heard a delightful story Dr. Lee Scarbrough, one of the early presidents of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary and a great preacher of the Word. He was preaching about Jonah being swallowed by a great fish.

Later at home, Dr. Scarbrough's little son asked a straightforward question. "Daddy, do you really believe that a fish could swallow a man and keep the man alive inside for three days and three nights?"

The wise father replied, "Son, if God could make a man out of absolutely nothing to begin with, and if God could create the first sea creatures from absolutely nothing, don't you think He would have the power to make a fish that could swallow a man and keep him alive for three days and nights if He wanted to?"

The little fellow replied, "Well, if you're going to bring God into it, that's different."

Amen! That's what I believe. I believe in miracles because I believe in God. I would remind all of us of the angel's question to Abraham: "Is any thing too hard for the LORD?" (Genesis 18:14).

I heard someone reply, "Well, I don't believe in God; therefore, I don't believe in miracles."

But whoever says that must believe that nothing times nobody equals everything. The doubter must believe that in the beginning the heavens and the earth created themselves and then generated life spontaneously. Such a person believes in a colossal miracle without anyone to perform it.

Anyone who adopts this as his belief should not pride himself on his intelligence. The greatest minds of all time have believed in a Creator. Socrates, Lord Bacon, Galileo, John Newton, Louis Pasteur, Albert Einstein, and Wernher von Braun all believed in a higher intelligence.

It is impossible to believe in a sovereign God and not believe in miracles. Ignorance of God makes belief impossible, but knowledge of Him makes unbelief impossible. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Paul asked Agrippa (Acts 26:8).

What do we mean when we use the word *supernatural* to describe God and His works? *Supernatural* merely means “above nature.” God is sovereign over nature. The law of gravity is overruled when a magnet picks up iron filings. The superior law of magnetism has taken over. In like fashion, the superior law of divine sovereignty overrules the lesser laws of nature. The patriarch Job said of God:

For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the winds; and He weigheth the waters by measure. When He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder: then did He see it, and declare it; He prepared it, yea, and searched it out (Job 28:24-27).

We don’t have to prove miracles. Christians really don’t need proof, and an unbelieving world wouldn’t accept it. We need not be afraid of science. Christians should enjoy and appreciate science even more than unbelievers.

If a scientist has a good word to say about God and miracles, that should give us no more faith in miracles, but a little more confidence in the scientist. We do not need to defend or explain miracles. Let’s just enjoy them.

PRESENT-DAY MIRACLES

Beyond the clear statements of the biblical text, one would have to admit that miracles happen in present-day life.

God still supernaturally heals the sick. Such a statement prompts raised eyebrows among many more reserved believers. These people have seen the excesses, manipulations, and frauds of the modern-day, so-called divine healing movement. They are so afraid of wildfire that they have settled for no fire.

I have wondered what would happen in some of our cut-and-dried prayer meetings if God were to answer from heaven with a bona fide, industrial-strength miracle of healing right there on the spot. In some churches, it is all right to pray for healing just so long as nobody gets healed.

Let me pause here to say that I, too, am aware of the charlatans and hucksters who parade up and down the land claiming to heal the sick. I will pay my respects to them later in this volume.

But having said that, I must say that I believe God does heal today—sovereignly, supernaturally, radically, and dramatically. In fact, I want to tell you about a precious friend. Her name is Marolyn Ford, and her story is an incredible testimony to the healing power of God.

As a young lady, Marolyn began to lose her eyesight. It progressively got worse and worse. The doctor told her she had an irreversible problem called macular deterioration. He predicted that it would progress until she would be legally blind. This indeed happened. She lost her sight and had to go to a school for the blind and learn to tap with a cane and read Braille.

But the story does not end there. She went away to a Bible college to study. The professors allowed her to take classes with a tape recorder. There, as a sightless young girl, she met a young ministerial student named Acie Ford. They fell in love, and this young preacher married a bride who was beautiful but could not see her bridegroom.

God gave them a little baby. She could not see the face of her baby either. God gave them a wonderful church, and she knew her church members by voice but could not see their faces.

Marolyn had prayed many times that she might be healed by miracle or medicine, but nothing seemed to help. One evening, she and her husband were driving home late at night and were discussing Marolyn's blindness. Acie talked to her about the impediment it was to the ministry and how wonderful it would be if God would heal her. Let Marolyn tell you what happened in her own words, taken from her book *These Blind Eyes Now See*:

That evening both of us were exhausted. Acie picked up a religious periodical, and I climbed into bed. After reading a minute, Acie put the magazine down, got on his knees for our nightly devotion, and began praying.

We both began to cry as he prayed with great feeling and boldness: "Oh, God! You can restore Marolyn's eyesight tonight, Lord. I know You can do it! And, God, if it be Your will, I pray You will do it tonight." Perhaps neither of us was quite prepared for what happened. After 12 blurred and dark years, there was sharpness and light.

"Acie, I can see!" I exclaimed.

“You’re kidding,” he answered.

I repeated, “I can see! I can see the pupils in your eyes!”

Acie thought that perhaps just a little vision had come back. I said, “Acie, it’s 12:30 at night! You need a shave! I can see!”

Acie still couldn’t believe the miracle that had really occurred. He grabbed a newspaper pointed to the large print at the top of the page, and asked, “Can you see this?”

“I can do better than that!” I exclaimed. “I can read the smaller print!”

Acie got excited. “Marolyn, can you see the dresser? Can you see the bed?”

We shouted and praised the Lord for what He had done! Such a miracle was overwhelming. Things had been rough for Acie lately as he tried to keep up with both his church work and his sales job. He had nearly reached his limit that evening when the miracle happened. We knew that God was able, but we couldn’t comprehend that something so wonderful and miraculous had happened to us.

Jumping off the bed, Acie asked the question again, “Marolyn, you can see?”

“Yes!”

“Praise God! Praise God! Praise God! Glory, glory, glory to God! It can’t be!” Acie exclaimed.

We were beside ourselves with happiness. “This is heaven!” Acie shouted. “It has to be! Oh, God, why did I doubt You?”

Then he turned to me. “Why did I doubt God? I didn’t believe He could do something like this! He did it!”

Psalm 116:12—“What shall I render unto the LORD for all His benefits toward me?”—came to Acie’s mind. We were jumping up and down and crying at the same time. I was getting my first look at my husband. For the first time, I could see his face, his eyes, his nose, his mouth. I could see!

I ran to look in the mirror. I could hardly believe how my facial features had changed. I had become blind at 19; now I was 31. I kept taking a second look . . .

We reached for the phone to call our parents. When the phone rang at my parents' home in Michigan, Mother was awake—she had not been able to sleep that night. For years she had been burdened with the thought of my blindness and her own helplessness in not being able to do anything about it. How happy our news made her! She rejoiced with us over the telephone lines. I asked her to share the news with the others in my family who lived in Holland, Michigan, and with my twin sister in New York.

Acie dialed his parents, and his mother sleepily answered. Acie shouted, “Mother, Marolyn can see!”

Mom Ford had been awakened in the middle of the night by a son too excited to speak calmly. She asked, “Is everything all right?” But Acie could only repeat over and over, “Marolyn can see! Marolyn can see! She can see!”

We tried to explain to Mom and Dad Ford, but we had so little time. There were many other phone calls to make. We wanted to run down the street at 1 a.m. and shout that I was blind, but now I see!¹

The director of the school for the blind said she should go to the doctor and let him confirm this miracle.

The doctor who had examined her before in her blindness put the eye charts in front of her. She read them with ease. He said to her, “I cannot doubt or deny that you can see. Now let me look into your eyes.”

When he did, he gave a gasp. He said, “I don’t understand it. There is really no change. A portion of your eyes are like a mirror that had the quicksilver scraped off.” He said it was a bigger miracle than he would have believed. “It is impossible for you to see, and yet you see.”

In the years since then, Marolyn has crossed America giving her testimony. It has blessed and strengthened thousands. She does not believe it is always God’s will to heal, but she cannot deny what God has done for her.

I am blessed constantly when I am around this humble and dedicated couple who have seen God do a miracle. To look into Marolyn’s beautiful blue eyes gives one the feeling that he is seeing with his own eyes an undeniable, supernatural work of God.

Another incident of God's sovereign power comes to mind. We were in Moscow, Russia, during the Orthodox Easter. An elaborate sound stage had been constructed in Red Square by Campus Crusade for Christ. There was to be a concert and then a Gospel presentation. Many thousands had gathered, and the service was to be telecast throughout all Russia.

I was praying with Dr. Bill Bright, the founder of Campus Crusade, when a messenger came with the news, "It's raining. Because power lines are down everywhere, the government officials say that we must shut down the event."

"We can't do that. Too much money, time, and faith have been invested," Bill Bright said. The leadership of our event pleaded with the officials for just ten more minutes to give the rain time to stop. It looked impossible. Gray clouds covered the sky over the Kremlin. The cold rain fell on our heads.

A group of prayer warriors huddled under a scaffold and began to sing and pray. I can hear them now and see them in my memory as they looked up into the face of those threatening clouds and called out, "Stop the rain, Lord, stop the rain!"

I testify to you that in nine and a half minutes an amazing thing happened. It seemed as if a giant squeegee were drawn across the sky. A blazing sun began to smile from an azure sky. Our God had answered prayer. The program that followed had another touch of His mighty power.

We rejoice in these kinds of stories. We must admit that God heals by miracle, and also by medicine and other natural means as it seems wise to Him. Sometimes He heals instantaneously, sometimes over long periods of time. And if we are twice born, we know that He always heals in eternity.

MIRACLES OF PROVIDENCE

Not only are there miracles of healing and wonders in nature; there are miracles of God's providential guidance.

I personally have experienced what I would call miraculous answers to prayer. Some of our prayer answers might be dismissed as mere coincidence, but indeed some cannot.

In one such instance, I had lost my billfold—where and how I knew not. A lost billfold is aggravating, to say the least. Over and over, I mentally and physically retraced my steps.

Then I began to think the normal troubling thoughts for such a time: “I’ll have to get another driver’s license. I’ll have to cancel the credit cards. And what about the other important papers?”

But then I got convicted in my spirit. “Lord, I have been more concerned about a lost billfold than about lost souls. Forgive me. I will worry no more. I commit it to You.” That’s how I prayed that afternoon.

Here is the strange part. That night while my head was on the pillow, just before I drifted off to sleep, I prayed, “Lord, show me in a dream where my billfold is.”

I say this was strange because I had never before asked God to show me anything in a dream. I generally try to keep a little distance from people who want to tell me about their dreams, if you know what I mean.

Yet that was my prayer. And dream I did. I saw in my dream my billfold. It was lying in a big blue mail box—the kind that sits on the corner so people can deposit letters in it.

In my dream I had X-ray vision. I could see right through the box and right into the billfold. I could see cards and even an old Roman coin someone had given me still in the billfold. I also saw that the few dollars that had been in it were no longer there.

The next morning my secretary said, “Pastor, you have a call from the postmaster.”

“Mr. Rogers?”

“Yes.”

“We have your billfold.”

“Don’t tell me—I’ll tell you,” I replied. Then I described to the postmaster the big blue mailbox. I told him that my billfold was in the mailbox, and I described the contents that remained in it.

He was amazed. Maybe he thought I’d put it in there, I don’t know, but actually I had seen it in my dream.

To this day, I’ve not been able to understand all that was involved in that episode. Perhaps God was saying to me, “You were right just to trust Me about the billfold. I knew where it was the whole time.”

The one thing I do know is that this answer to prayer made an incredible impact on me. There was no way this could have been coincidence. This