

NOVEMBER 2018

# CRY OF HIS COMING

"And at Midnight a cry was made, behold the Bridegroom cometh, Go ye out to Meet Him."  
Matt. 25:1-10

## *I WAS LEGION, FOR WE WERE MANY*

*Ralph Collin's amazing Deliverance from demon  
possession in 1967 Trenton, ON Gospel Crusade.*



Ralph and Daisy Collins testify of God's grace in their lives. Ralph's family were restored to him. Max Solbrekken prophesied that Ralph would preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which he still does today!

Photo From Max Solbrekken 1971 Toronto Crusade



## MAX SOLBREKKEN WORLD MISSION

Box 44220 RPO Garside, Edmonton, AB T5V 1N6

[www.mswwn.org](http://www.mswwn.org): email: [max@maxsolbrekken.com](mailto:max@maxsolbrekken.com)

780-460-8444 / 306-477-0200 / **YouTube:** Dr. Max Solbrekken

Greeting in Jesus' name! How thankful we are for the Gospel of Christ and our sure hope of Eternal life. His PROMISE to return to take us with Him is equally sure and steadfast and will one day be a glorious reality! (John 14:3)

We live in a very uncertain, volatile and changing world. Without doubts, everything is gearing up for the **Climax of History** with Satan's unrelenting, perverse and seductive program already being played out across the Globe!

Believers in Jesus Christ must have believed that the end was near in the first centuries when they were being horribly mistreated, tortured, fed to the lions and crucified by the Roman Authorities.

Then came five hundred years of rule under apostates and perverted popes! An estimated five million protestants were brutalized, persecuted and burned on the stake in the Dark Middle Ages!

***They must believe that they were living close to Christ's return. It is no wonder that Martin Luther and all the great Reformers believed that the Pope was the Antichrist.***

Then, communism swept roughshod across eastern Europe, China, North Korea and Cuba. As Christians by hundreds of thousands were incarnated, tortured by Joseph Stalin, Mao Ze Dong and Fidel Castro, many must have believe that the END was near!

***Today, we see the hand of Satan in the hordes of radicalized followers of Mohammed, raping, kidnapping, beheading, plundering and thirsting after raw power to destroy Jews, Christians and moderate Muslims! They are looking for their Grand Madhi, possibly the Antichrist whom St. John warned about in Revelation 13:1-18.***

Let us keep our eyes on JESUS, knowing that our future is secure with Him. We must reach souls for Him before it is too late! Thank you for your support. My prayer is that you will be abundantly blessed in Jesus precious Name!

May His healing power destroy all fear, pain, sickness or disease in your life! Please write us today with your prayer requests.

In Jesus' precious name

A small, handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Mary Ann".



# JESUS GAVE ME BACK MY LIFE

By Wayne Murphy, Grande Prairie, AB

We have been in Brother Solbrekken's meeting in Newfoundland many times. The last time was in 1998. My wife Ivy was healed of bursitis in her shoulder. In 1967 God worked miracles in Victoria Carbonear. Our Pastor was healed in his eyes!

**I suffered 27 years with my back after an accident in 1992. The pain were almost unbearable. I had three operations on my back and recently I turned down the 4<sup>th</sup>. I was like a woman in the Bible, who spent all her living on doctors but only got worse. Jesus made her well. On June 19, 2018, He gave me a miracle He gave me back my life!**



Wayne & Ivy Murphy with Max Solbrekken

F.G. Bursey Memorial Tabernacle, Lewisporte, Nfld. Max Solbrekken 1975 Crusade



After each operation, there were more problems. The pains were indescribable. When I was driving, I would have to stop frequently, and stretch my back and take some deep breaths. When my wife and I would go for a walk, I hurt and had to stop. Now, I am even jogging. And when Jesus heals you, He heals all of you. When the pain is gone, the joy comes and He gives you a new life. Praise the Lord. I am so glad to be in Brother Solbrekken's meeting. I knew once I got to his meeting I would be healed and I was. Glory to God!

We are planning to move to Edmonton so we can attend the House of Prayer Gospel Church. All praise and honour goes to our Lord Jesus Christ who healed me in a moment, when Medical Science could not.



House of Prayer Gospel Church

# STAGGERING MIRACLES IN TRENTON ONTARIO

## CENTENNIAL CRUSADE

By Pastor Max Solbrekken D.D.

Only by the grace of God and the power of the Holy Spirit, am I able to share what happened in the High School Auditorium at Trenton Ontario in 1967.

I have told this great story numerous times during the years since that event took place. In my mind, it is as though it happened yesterday and something I will never forget.

During our Centennial year and just four years after entering the ministry, I was led by the Holy Spirit to take the Gospel across Canada. **Rev. David Minor** at the Pentecostal Church in Trenton organized a Crusade together with the Ministers of Colborne and Brighton at the Trenton High School Auditorium.

**A number of supernatural things took place during that series of meeting which testify to the All Power Name of Jesus Christ when employed by faith in our Saviour! During the first week a goodly number of folks attended.**

One evening a deacon from the church approached me with a deep concern. He worked for Ontario Hydro and reported that a fellow worker who often disparaged the church, was ridiculing the crusade. We prayed that Lord would save him. This continued for several days.

### **THE HOLY SPIRIT MOVED MIGHTILY!**

During the second week, the deacon was very concern. When all the men were gathered on the job, the antagonist began to ridicule the Holy Ghost, quoting the words of Jesus: “Verily, I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blaspheme wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.” (Mark 3:28,29)

Then, defying the Bible, he boldly stated: “***I blaspheme the Holy Ghost.***” I took the deacon by the hand and prayed: “***Lord, for many days we have prayed together for the conversion of that man, but he continues his tirade again Your Word and now he has uttered words of blasphemy against the blessed Holy Spirit. I do not know how to***



*pray so I place him in thy hand. O Lord. You must deal with him as You see fit. In Jesus Name, Amen.*” The next morning the deacon awakened with terrible pain in stomach and called his foreman to say that he would be unable to report for work, and that he was seeing his doctor that morning. While in the waiting room the pain was severe, but at 10:00 AM as he sat in the Doctor’s office the pain suddenly lifted and they were both nonplussed as to what happened.

Precisely at 10:00 AM, his partner climbed the hydro pole alone and his shoulder accidentally touched a live wire and was taken down a course. In judging that man, God did not want his deacon on the job. The next morning as the workers stood in a group discussing the tragedy, the foreman stated: ***“He went too far, didn’t he”***? to which they all agreed.

### **RALPH COLLINS DELIVERED!**

One of the greatest miracles of deliverance from demon spirits that I have witnessed happen in the ***Trenton Centennial Crusade in 1967.***

One night I preached for about an hour on the *‘Power of the Blood of Jesus Christ!*

The atmosphere was charged with the convicting presence of the Holy Spirit and the liberating power of God. Many answered the altar call. After a prayer of repentance,

personal workers accompanied them into a separate room for some instruction. I asked the congregation to be in prayer while we waited on God before beginning prayer for the sick.

Someone rushed back to inform me that a demon-possessed man was on the floor in the hallway. Several Ministers were holding down a man possessed by evil spirits. As the group was walking down the corridor, a pastor put his hand on a young man's shoulder and he bolted. As the preacher reached him the young man went down and began crawling like a snake.

The custodian and his assistant were standing by when I arrived. He asked me, ***“Reverend, shall I call the white jacket men?”*** I answered, ***“No, I’ll handle this.”*** I fell to my knees and putting my hands on his head, said: ***“In Jesus’ Name, I command every unclean spirit to come out of this man now and enter no more into him,”***

Unbelievably horrible screams came out of his mouth as the demons tore him and came out of him. The struggle was gigantic as I kept pleading the blood of Jesus Christ over him, charging Satan to loose his hold on him. In a short time, he completely relaxed and begin to sob and asked Jesus Christ to come into his heart and life.

We helped him to his feet and we hugged him. Then he said, "I hurt." He pulled up his shirt and on the left side there were fresh bites with blood trickling from them. Everyone watching asked, "***What is that?***" the caretaker said: "***As a sailor for many years, visiting ports all over the world I can tell you, that is snakebites.***" Satan the Evil One had bitten him as he left him.

That night as we left the building, the custodian shook my hand saying: "***Reverend, I have sailed the seven seas and though I had seen everything but I have never seen anything like that which I saw tonight,***"

The next evening, the custodian's wife attended the services and when the altar call was given she joined the others at the altar to give her heart to Christ!

### **WHO IS RALPH COLLINS?**

Here is a small part of his testimony: his mother was a ***teacup reader*** involved in witchcraft, as were many of their forebears. He was involved in ***Tarot cards, Palmistry*** and ***Ouja boards*** and had gone through some terrible times of mental instability. He had lost his wife and children.

At bedtime. Ralph testified that he could not lie in a bed but would sit on the floor biting the collar of his jacket, until falling asleep. I met Ralph in 1971 after his conversion



to Christ and his deliverance from evil spirits. He had gotten his wife and children back and he was taking a Bible College course. I remember having prophesied over him that he would become a preacher of the Gospel.

On **July 26, 2018**, I was delighted to hear from **Pastor Ralph Collins** who said:  
***Brother Max, I have been trying to get your phone number for 50 years. Recently, I was on a Minister's conference call and your name came up and I was given your cell number. I remember you saying that my deliverance was the greatest you had ever seen. You prophesied that I would become a Preacher of the Christ's Gospel. My wife and I have ministered for the past many years among the Native People of Northern Ontario. My wife passed away in 2014. I will be sending you by Canada Post a package containing my written testimony.***

## **MY NAME IS LEGION**

By Chaplain Ralph Collins, Belleville, ON

**“And He (Christ) asked him, “What is thy name?” And he answered, “My name is Legion for we were many.” - Mark 5:9**

Many people today read the account of the demoniac recorded in the fifth chapter of

the Gospel of Mark and dismiss it as being coloured by ignorant superstition. In this so called enlightened age of science, they refuse to believe that the Bible means exactly what it says. There are demonic spirits and they can and do possess human beings, and control their actions.

What follows is a personal account of one such incident. What is recorded here did not take place in some backward Third world jungle community, but right here in southern Ontario, Canada. One other point should be noted that the Evangelist that was involved in this incident has traveled much of the globe and he stated, ***“This was the worst case of demon possession that he had ever witnessed.”***

### **AUGUST, 1967**

The evening was pleasantly cool, after a late afternoon shower. This was the fourth evening of a great miracle crusade and by seven thirty the High School auditorium was filled with believers, scoffers, and the just plain curious. Many had come to see for themselves whether the reports of miracles were true.

***This night was for me. The beginning of an event that would change my life.***

The song service had ended. And the tall animated figure of the evangelist moved back and forth across the platform as he preached the Word of God to an attentive audience. I listened to the slightly hoarse voice and for some unexplained reason began to feel uncomfortable and nervous as a result of the words I was hearing.

I should point out that I was in regular attendance at church, baptized at twenty, and believing I was serving the Lord. On this night I was even working as a counselor during the crusade.

The Evangelist was standing with his Bible resting on an outstretched hand while gesturing with others and his words fell with great impact on my ears: “ **As the precious blood of Christ flowed from the wounds in His hands and feet and dripped down onto the earth, the ground shook and tremble... THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD OF THE JESUS.**”

For almost five minutes the preacher extolled the wonderful power of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. With each moment that passed, I became increasingly agitated and uncomfortable. I wanted to get up and run but fear gripped me and I could do nothing but sit stiffly in my chair and listen, like some helpless captive to the voice of the speaker.



At nine-thirty the altar call was given and many found their way down into the aisle and down to the front of the platform. Once there they directed to counseling rooms on the second floor. I followed the others out of the auditorium and up the stairs.

When I reached the second floor I could not enter the counseling room. Casting my eyes around the hallway like a caged animal, I wanted to run but was unable to do so. Finally, I saw the associate evangelist and began to pour out a tale of strange events that had plagued me most of my life.

He listened attentively and then asked, “***Who in your family has the spirit of divination?***” I looked at him with a blank stare, not comprehending the meaning of his question. He asked me again, “***Who in your family is a fortune teller?***”

I was startled for a moment and then without any further hesitation I said, “***I have been able to do that since I was twelve years old.***” We continued to talk for a few minutes and then he prayed for me. As soon as the prayer ended I hurried out into the cool night air.

It was a wonderful night. The sky was clear and resembled black velvet strewn with diamonds, but its beauty was lost on me as I mulled over in my mind the events of the evening.

### **A LITTLE BACKGROUND INFORMATION**

During the night, the question of fortune telling triggered my thoughts and memories, that when put into perspective, gives a clear picture of the problem that was coming to the surface of my life. The following is just a few of those recollections.

My ancestry is dotted with instances of occult power, the following examples are just a few such events.

At the end of the Boer War one of my ancestors returned to Scotland to find his lands and title had been stolen. On the Sabbath, he went to church and sat in the pew that belonged to his estate and was informed that he was in the right church but the wrong pew; to this he replied, "***That man that sits in this pew is a thief and will die in an insane asylum.***" This prediction was fulfilled to the letter.

My grandfather was a fire boss in a coal mine and it was his job to set the dynamite charges. This was at a time when they were set off by hand. He was called to the office and was informed that on the basis of an anonymous letter he was removed from his position. He answered this by saying, "***The hand that wrote the letter will never write anything else.***" Shortly thereafter the mine manager's son had his hand blown off while attempting to do my grandfather's job.

During the Great Depression, it was common for women to be delivered of their children at home because few could afford to go to hospital. While helping a neighbor prepare for the blessed event, mother decided to stop for a cup of tea. ***When her cup was empty she looked at the tea leaves and told the women that they were wasting their time as she would have her child in the hospital.*** The next morning the woman was rushed to the hospital and the child was born there.

There are other instances that I could relate but I don't believe it necessary at this point. I grew up at a time when Tarot cards, Palmistry and Ouja boards were viewed as parlor games with which to pass an evening. ***My own interest in these things was not great but at the age of twelve I realized that I could 'read' the cards and the Ouja***

***boards would answer me.*** This made me somewhat a celebrity among my friends, a position enjoyed for a while.

It was not until later that I realized that something was very wrong. These parlor games were no longer fun and I began to live in a world of irrational fears that I could not explain. Some times later I began to have a recurring vision. I would see a bright light, as it were, a gate opening into some other world.

I came to realize it was just that, a gateway or door into the spirit realm'. Then I would see a beautiful woman standing in the gate. She had long black hair and dressed in a white robe that had a cowl that covered her head.

In the beginning, I felt I should know this woman and was moved to trust her. As time passed I began to fear this apparition. Whenever she appeared I would fall into a trance-like state and everything was blanked out of my sight except this woman. I would feel compelled to follow her. Each time I did, I put myself in serious danger. On one occasion I woke up in front of a moving bus. On another, I woke up on the edge of a damn, just one step from falling into the white water below. It seemed now that every time I got into danger I was protected by some unseen guardian angel.



Then I began having dreams in which I seemed to find out things that were going to happen. For example, I dreamed that my girlfriend, that lived in my neighborhood, a hundred miles from where I was working, had been hurt in an accident with a bicycle. When I went home for a weekend I found she had scrapes and bruises on her face just as I had dreamed.

On another occasion, a friend had died in a car accident and my wife asked if I was going to the funeral parlor. I told her no. When she returned I told her everything she had seen. I had dreamed about it a week before. My life became a series of irrational fears that I could not explain.

### **THIS BRINGS ME BACK TO THE CRUSADE!**

I did not sleep well when I got home that night. However, on the next night I again made my way to the High School for the evening service, Again, the sermon was based on the "***Power of the Blood***", and again I was gripped by a fear I could not explain. I sat rigidly in my chair throughout the service. When the altar call was given, I again followed the others upstairs to the second floor. Unable to enter the counseling room I made my way to the far end of the hallway. As I leaned against the wall and conversed with the assistant pastor he put his hand on my shoulder. This resulted in a strange

reaction. It was as if every bone in my body had turned to liquid. I slithered down the wall like a snake and out of his reach.

Once, free of his touch, I regained my feet and ran wildly down the hallway, only to be tackled and brought to the floor. The assistance pastor (a 300-pound hospital orderly) managed to hold me there while he sent someone for the evangelist. All the while I was screaming at him. ***“Leave us alone!*** and struggled to get free.

When the evangelist finally arrived, I waited until he drew close, then I uncoiled from the floor and tried to grab him by the throat, in an attempt to kill him. He slammed a hand on either side of my head and force me to look him in the eye, and commanded me, in the name of Jesus to cease my struggling. When I was quiet he returned to the auditorium.

I was taken to the pastor’s home and waited for about two hours for the evangelist, his assistant and the pastor to arrive. All this time, I felt as though some great and terrible event was about to overtake me. As we sat around the table enjoying a cup of tea, nothing was mentioned about the earlier events of the evening. After a short time, I was asked to kneel on the floor in front of the evangelist. I did so and he began

to read from the Gospel of Luke chapter 10 and verse 18.

***“And He said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven.”***

Hearing these words, I sprang from the floor in an attempt to attack this man of God. (In order that you have some idea of the following events, you should know that I weighed 150 pounds. I have been told that the pastor was a weight lifter, the evangelist was an athlete and his assistant was a lumberjack) The third man I described earlier.

Before anyone realized what was happening I began fighting with all four of these men, with a greater strength than I should have had. For the third time I attacked the evangelist, but this time I was forced to the floor where it took all four men to hold me down. As I squirmed and fought to be free, someone put a small Bible on my forehead and another on my chest. I was pinned to the floor, as if by a great weight. Unable to move, I screamed obscenities and alternately roared like a lion or hissed like a snake at my tormentors.

The four men took places around me. One at my head, holding one arm. One on my left side, holding my other arm. The third man held my legs while the evangelist knelt by my right side, and while I was struggling to get free of them, he began to speak directly to the spirits that were controlling my actions.

In a quiet voice he commanded them, “***Come out in the name of Jesus***”. A deep graveled voice replied, “***No, never! We own this body! Leave us alone!***” At this answer the evangelist began to question the spirits:

**Q. how many of you are there?**

**A.** Thousands

**Q. How long have you possessed this body?**

**A.** Since birth

**Q. What is your purpose?**

**A.** To destroy this body.

**Q. What is your name?**

**A.** Gemosh...Baal...Dagon

The questioning went on for some time with many things asked and answered. I do not remember, nor was I informed of the rest of the conversation. I am aware that there was a lot of screaming and obscenities from the demonic entities being dealt with.

Once again the demons were commanded to leave in name Jesus. Again they



answered, "***We own this body. We will kill him first! Leave us alone!***"

I felt as if I was being choked and couldn't breathe. Fear began to rise in me and then suddenly I found myself standing at the far end of the room, looking at the four men around my body, in a spiritual fight to the finish, with the powers of darkness. The Lord had removed me from the battleground.

I have often wondered about this "*out of body*" experience. I can only believe that my fear was feeding the demons and that by removing me from the battle, God weakened the strength of the enemy.

Once again the demons were commanded to come out of my body in the name of Jesus. This time they began screaming, "***Beelzebub help us! You promised we could keep this body! You can't leave us to fight alone!***" The fear and torment in their voices grew into a rage of hissing and roars of anger as their power began to weaken. I watched as my body coiled and uncoiled like a snake impaled on a stake while the demons cried out for mercy, begging not to be consigned to Hell.

The point stuck in my mind. Hell is so terrible that even the demons want no part of it. I don't know how long I watched the battle for my body, nor when I returned to it, but I do know that I experience what follows.

**As the four men prayed and invoked the blood of Jesus, demons began to lose their hold.**

Finally, they began to come out of my body, shrieking terrified screams that tore at my throat. The battle had gone on for what seemed to be a very long time. I finally lay still for a time. This was followed by my speaking in a strange language. The evangelist held my head so I was forced to look into his eyes and then he commanded, ***“You foul religious spirit, come out of him in the name of Jesus!”*** There was one last convulsive heave of my body, a terrified scream, and the last demonic spirit left me and I lay on the floor as one dead.

**After a time it seemed as though my body was filled by the a very bright, pure light and a river of clear water was rushing through me. I began to speak in tongues as recorded in Acts 2:4.**

I finally got to my feet and discovered blood on my shirt sleeve. Removing my shirt I discovered fang mark on my left arm as though I had been bitten by a snake. These marks remained for three days and disappeared.

**This was the end, I was free. No more would I live in fear. The demonic influences**

were gone. In December, I was reunited with my wife and family. In closing let me say, “My name WAS Legion, for we WERE many”, but through the ministry of the a man of God and the power of the Lord Jesus Christ I was free.

In many stories today, including toy stores we can find *Ouija boards*, *tarot cards*. *Astrology books* and many others such things. These are sold as mere entertainment. Contrary to popular opinion, these are simple games of entertainment.

***They are a gateway that opens the mind to receive influences of demonic spirits that can and will eventually control and destroys the lives of individuals who indulge those practices that almighty God Himself declares an abomination.***

The Bible states, “There shall not be found among you anyone that asketh his son or daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God

doth drive them out from before thee, (Duet. 18:10-14)

In easily understood language, this commandment is a prohibition against fortune telling in any sense and witchcraft in general. The personal testimony recorded in presentation is given as a warning to any and all who will read it. It shows the dangers and results of “playing with witchcraft. The danger is not the individual alone, but to their families and future generations as well.

As one who has been delivered out of bondage of these things, I pray that you will heed this warning and refrain from involvement in such practices. If you are involved, I urge you to renounce the works of Satan and seek the Lord, that you may be set free by the power of the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.



**Brother Max**

**August, 2018**

**Greeting in the name of Jesus!**

Here I a short history of my last fifty years: From 1967 to 1976, I worked in a silver plating factory. In 1976 I took a job as a security supervisor and training officer with the Toronto Postal Services. In 1972, I felt pressured to enroll in a Correspondents Course from Eastern Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. I finished this with honours. In 1980, I joined the Fellowship of Churches and Ministers in Canada and ministered in northern Ontario. In 1999 we moved to Belleville where I became the caregiver for my wife Daisy who became ill. During this time, I was a Hospital Chaplain for about a year and Chaplain for the Belleville branch of the Royal Canadian Legion which position I still hold. My wife went to be with the Lord in 2014. In 2017 I was commissioned as a District Coordinator for FCA and have some 40 ministers that I keep in contact with. My district comprises northern Ontario, eastern Ontario, and points east to Prince Edwards Island. This seems a large area but most of the ministers are in the Ontario portion.

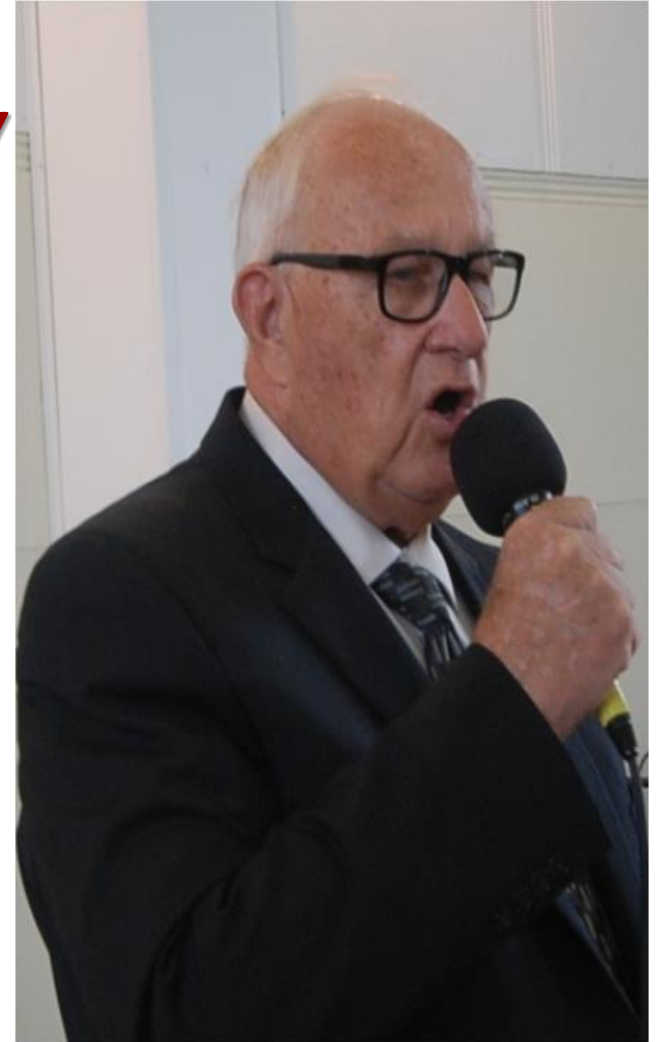
***Yours in His services, Ralph***





**Ralph and Daisy Collins**

**TO GOD BE THE GLORY  
GREAT THINGS HE  
IS STILL DOING!**



**Ralph Collins 2018**

## HEALED OF FOOD ALLERGIES

Written by Pastor Bill Mercer, Carolyn's father.

Carolyn Mercer was born in Penticton B.C., in 1962. At that time her parents were pastoring a church in the neighbouring town of Keremeos. While still at a young age, Carolyn had a serious asthmatic-like reactions to certain foods. Those allergies left her gasping for breath, and sent her to the hospital for emergency treatments more than once. We learned that there were things that she could not eat without immediate, dire consequences. Carolyn, though still a child, knew this too, but in simple faith she would say: "I can't eat this right now, but some day I will be able to eat it."



In 1965 the family moved to Vancouver Island, to become pastors of the Parksville Pentecostal Church. One day, they heard that Pastor Max Solbrekken was going to hold meetings in the nearby city of Nanaimo, and decided to attend. During the time of prayer for the sick, God reached down and miraculously healed Carolyn, and made it possible for her to eat normally from then on. That was over 45 years ago, and she has enjoyed good health ever since.. Praise God for that which He did through the ministry of Brother Solbrekken. To God be the Glory!



**Amedevad Gujarat, India 1986**

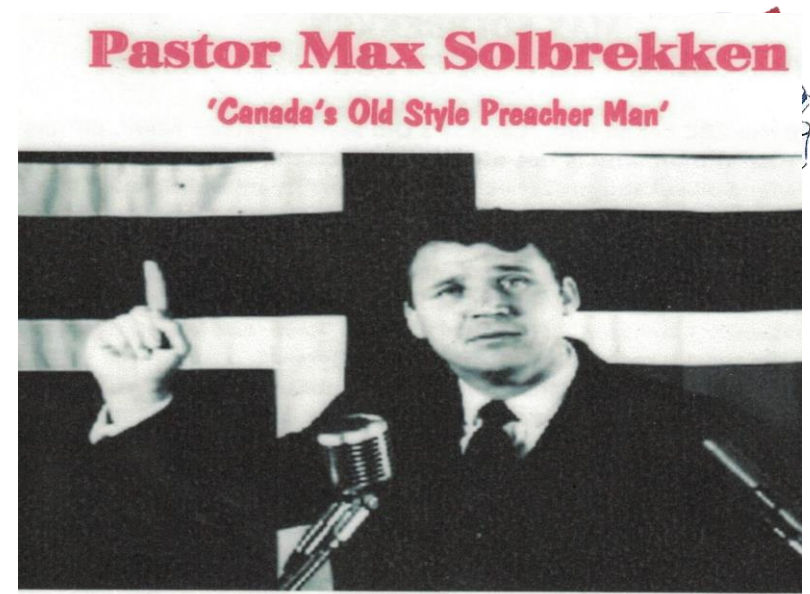


# Powerful Preaching and Miracle Testimonies on DVD for \$10 each



**God Came Me a New Kidney**

## Victory Through The Blood



**CROSSING THE DEADLINE**



**Jack & Maureen Super**



**HOUSE of Prayer Gospel Church  
#623 south of New Sarepta, AB**

## CBC Take 30 TV interview with Rev Max Solbrekken



**Pastor Max & Donna Solbrekken**

