

## Alexander Jusczuk

The Lord had sent Dr. R. Edward Miller to a Russian church in the northern Province of Chaco, Argentina. When he got there, he found out that they spoke only Russian. Dr. Miller spoke Spanish and English, but neither of them spoke the same language.

The only way of conversing with the pastor, was to point to a scripture, such as Mark 3:10, and they would look it up. "Oh yes, praise the Lord!" someone would say. Then they would move on to another scripture, like Luke 14 and that's the way they would talk. There seemed to be no other way of communicating. In the natural, it would seem crazy to stay in a situation like this, but God had sent Dr. Miller there through very remarkable circumstances.

When the moment came to preach at the church, Dr. Miller began to preach in Spanish and the strangest thing happened. It was like a Spirit of interpretation came down over the people and they understood everything he said. Even more amazing was that Dr. Miller understood them every time they would respond. He just knew what it was all about, even though it wasn't an actual or literal translation of words. God came down and moved in a glorious way in that church, and they experienced a revival which lasted over six months.

The pastor had a son that was about 19 years of age at the time, who was very, very wild and wayward. He was the head of a band of robbers and his name was Alexander Jusczuk. The co-pastor's son was one of his leading lieutenants in their gang of about 20.

One day Alexander said to the others in this gang, "Hey, there's a revival going on in my dad's church. Let's go bust it up." So they all came one night, packing their hand guns and proceeded to march in. Now the only place where seats were available was on the front row. (Many of us have found the strongest anointing to be in the front.)

The church service was already in progress when they came in. People were busy, lost in God and didn't notice them. The gang couldn't seem to find the right time slot to break up the meeting, as everyone was in prayer, worshipping and speaking to God.

Oh, how wonderful are the "suddenlies" of God! This young lad, Alexander, suddenly found his arms and hands shooting up over his head as in the posture of surrender. He then screamed out, as someone who had been shot, and fell to the ground on his face.

He began crying out to God for mercy. Upon seeing and hearing him, the other boys yelled, "Hey, let's get out of here!" So they got up and started out of the building by way of the center aisle, but God dropped them one by one under His mighty power, and down they went. They were all saved that night.

Months later, at a Bible School located in the town of City Bell (in the suburbs of Buenos Aires), Dr. Miller was teaching classes. For two months he had been taking the students through a study of different Bible topics. In this group of students, there were two young men out of the Russian church that God had moved upon some six months earlier, and one of them was the Pastor's son, Alexander Jusczuk. Everything seemed so routine about the classes. Dr. Miller enquired of the Lord about all this seemingly empty routine. This is what The Lord said to him, "I want you to abandon all classes and I want you to meet

three times a day.” He also gave him the names of the people that would be meeting at each time slot. The Lord ordered him to tell the students, and the four missionaries with their wives, to meet together. They were to bring a Bible, a notebook and something to write with; that was all. So, on that Saturday morning, Dr. Miller made that announcement.

Alexander felt a sense of excitement about what the Lord was instructing, because since he had been saved, he would go out all alone into the woods just to seek the Lord. He was very hungry for God. Once he was saved, he turned towards God as strongly as he had served the devil.

He began leaving the Bible School at night and going out into a meadow nearby to pray and seek the Lord. He became so deeply burdened for many months, without knowing why. Deep, heart-burning prayers and intense longings robbed him of many nights of sleep. He continued to live under that heavy burden of prayer. Out of the depths of the heart of this immigrant lad from Europe, a cry went forth, born of the Holy Spirit. His anguish ascended into the very Heavens above.

Then one Sunday at about two o’clock in the morning, as he was praying in this pasture, to his astonishment, all nature seemed as if it had grown very still and expectant. The night sky filled with glittering stars, which appeared as though they were drawing closer and brighter. These very stars in the sky seemed to press down upon him. So bright became the light, that he could read his Bible there in the meadow. Then in this wondrous brightness, a greater light appeared. He looked all around in amazement to see the source of this vibrant light.

Finally, he looked behind himself and saw standing there a glorious, shining creature from the celestial realms. He knew it was an angel. This being continued to approach him until Alexander was engulfed in the awesome presence of holiness and love, in a way he did not know or understand.

His reaction was to panic. He jumped up from his knees and fled from that angelic visitor. He ran back to the refuge of his dormitory at the Bible Institute. The door happened to be locked. He hammered on the door, screaming and kicking until somebody woke up opened it. He ran inside, but the angel went in with him.

Little did he realize at that moment, the part he was destined to play in the great move of God in Argentina.

Now everybody was awake and scared. At three o’clock in the morning they had an incredible repentance service. All the students were wide awake and trembling in fear, as they felt the Holy Presence of God. The fear of God so fell upon them, that they began to repent -- crying out to God for forgiveness! Not one student present could escape the holy fire of His Presence. One young lady student, unwilling to uncover her sin and abandon it, quickly packed her suitcase, disappeared into the dark night, finding her way back to her home and never returned again.

The next morning, June 5, 1951, all the students gathered for the announced time of prayer, which replaced the regular class schedule. Outside, a great storm tore the atmosphere as if there was a titanic conflict in the very atmosphere about them. Lightning bolts would crash to the ground, instantly followed by deafening explosions of thunder.

Inside the Bible Institute, an air of expectancy hushed everyone to tearful silence as they waited to see what God would do next. A few minutes later, as the students were praying, the heavenly visitor came and stood by Alexander, the Ukrainian lad.

He was immediately transported in spirit by this mighty being and taken on a journey over the face of the Earth. He saw many cities and knew the name of each one that he was taken to visit. Deliberately, distinctly and very slowly, he began to speak. He would give the name of each city he visited, repeating each name two or three times.

Beginning with cities in Argentina, he slowly named them. Then he moved out from Argentina to other countries and continued to slowly and deliberately name these cities. It was as if he was reading off the names from some large atlas. Neither student, nor traveler, could have named such a long list, much less this lad from the forest jungles of Chaco, who barely had a primary school education.

As Alexander moved in spirit from country to country, he gave the name of each city in the language of the country -- English, German, Slavic, Arabic and other languages we did not know. Afterwards, he told us that as he looked down, he had the sensation that he was actually visiting those cities one by one. He felt he was stopping to pray for hours over each city. To the rest of us it was only about five minutes per city, but to him it was hours. Hour after hour (for a period of eight hours of our time), the naming of the cities of the world continued.

Later the Lord told us that He would visit every one of those cities before the end would come and He would return.

On an unfinished brick floor, there would be a puddle of tears bigger than any dinner plate. It seemed impossible that eyes could pour out so much water. And they'd be there for eight to twenty-four hours. That went on for ten weeks. All anyone could do was weep and repent. It seemed like nothing was clean; everything a person had ever done or thought or touched, seemed to be unclean in His sight. His world is holy. This holiness was more than words; it was an atmosphere. It was a holiness that was tangible. It was not a destructive holiness, or a condemning holiness, neither was it oppressively legalistic. There was actually a beauty about it.

Although there was a lot of weeping, this weeping was not a sadness, but rather a Godly sorrow. It wasn't depressing, but on the contrary, it was rather elevating. That awesome, tangible, and almost overwhelming presence of Heaven's holy atmosphere, would be in that room every time the angel appeared.

The angel came about 50 times; each time he'd leave a message. When the angel would come, no one could stand. You couldn't even look up. It was like a pressure or heaviness that glued you to the floor, and the fountains of your inner being would be opened up.

People that used to walk by the Bible Institute to go to a grocery store, would no longer do so. They could not walk near the Bible School's premises. They would ask, "What's going on there?" We would answer, "Why?" They would reply, "Because we can't walk anywhere near the site; there is this overwhelming sense of a mysterious atmosphere that frightens us." These unsaved people would weep, as they shared this. What a wonderful opportunity to witness!

Today, Alexander (a white haired saint in his late 70's) and his wife Esperanza (hope) are in Resistencia, Chaco, where they have pastored a church for nearly 40 years. Too numerous to tell are the testimonies of the people saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, and of the miracles, healings and deliverances that have resulted under their faith built ministry.