

“Readers will hear a united shout of hope in DavidPaul Doyle’s riveting collection of stories, *When God Spoke to Me*. On difficult days, the tales in this book remind us to have courage. In sad moments, the stories bring the promise of joy. And on ordinary days, the stories encourage us to pay attention and listen to the voice of God in our own lives. Doyle has given us a great gift in this book—the opportunity to hear God speak and act in the lives of real people.”

—Rev. Rochelle Y. Melander,
Write Now! coach and author of *A Generous Presence*

“I loved *When God Spoke to Me*! I’ve now added it to my library of resources for developing sermons. These fantastic stories are powerful illustrations of the Truth principles of love, compassion, and forgiveness that I teach.”

—Rev. Lane Williams, Unity of Vermont

“In *When God Spoke to Me*, DavidPaul Doyle reveals intimate stories of God speaking to ordinary people every day. And through these inspiring examples and accounts, readers learn that when we listen to God and follow His voice, we experience more than an ordinary existence; we begin to take hold of the extraordinary life God wants for us every day.”

—Ed Young, senior pastor, Fellowship Church

“This book has perfect timing. Never before has the world been more ready and open to receive the message that *When God Spoke To Me* brings. If you would like to learn how to open to divine guidance and healing, this is the book for you. Pick up two copies; one for you, and one for someone you really care about.”

—Keith Leon,
“The Singing Trainer,” and best-selling author
of *Who Do You Think You Are?*

“I have been reading your book daily and I can’t put it down. It has enlivened my life and touched my soul. I find my self in almost every story. I highly recommend this book to anyone who wants to understand the many ways God speaks to us.”

—Ken D. Foster, author of *Ask and You Will Succeed*

“Each and every story included in this book speaks to me, and of my experience. When we hear what we believe to be the voice of the God of our understanding, our hearts are forever changed. Your heart will never be the same after you read these stories, told by those who have heard and understood what a loving and merciful God has spoken directly to them.”

—Lama K. T. (“Thubten”) Shedrup Gyatso, Portland, Oregon

“This book reeks of hope. These raw stories of genuine people and their encounters with God have a compelling way to help us remember hope, restoration, and goodness. It gives us living, breathing examples of how God scoops us up when all is lost.”

—Daniel McIntosh, pastor, Believer’s Church, Tulsa, Oklahoma

“I loved this book! I told all the ministers who graduated from seminary with me to read it! These heartwarming stories brought me to tears, not tears of sadness, but tears of joy knowing that the tangible love and presence of God is with us always.”

—Rev. Brad Langdon, Unity Church of Anderson, Indiana

“It seems that God does not check on either one’s green card, photo ID, or denominational membership before He speaks! Nothing seems cooked up or even unlikely about these testimonies from a range of people. As for the rest of us: are we really listening?”

—Harvey Cox, Harvard Professor of Divinity,
author of *The Future of Faith*

“You’ll weep as you read contributors’ experiences with cancer, paralysis, drug addiction, depression, the 9/11 tragedy, and the deaths of loved ones...and you’ll rejoice as they describe the contentment, love, freedom, and faith that touched their hearts...as promised in Proverbs 3:6: “In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths.” *When God Spoke to Me* is 256 uplifting pages of proof that if you listen for His voice everywhere you go, He will keep you on track!”

—Loree Lough, best-selling Christian author of nearly 80 award-winning books

“DavidPaul Doyle’s *When God Spoke to Me* is an inspirational, heart-warming, and uplifting collection of stories that demonstrate how God’s guidance is always there for us to heal and support our lives.”

—Dr. Joe Rubino, founder, CenterForPersonalReinvention.com

“I’ve always loved stories about miracles. And I really do believe God is capable of doing above and beyond what we can imagine. The stories in *When God Spoke to Me* are no exception. Both moving and inspirational, I challenge you to “just read one” and see if you don’t feel a genuine rush of joy. What a great reminder that God is good and gracious and kind!”

—Melody Carlson, author of more than 150 books

“As you read the real-life stories of ordinary people who heard the Voice of God, your hope will be renewed. You will learn that God is ever present and desires to interact with you on a personal level, giving divine guidance, courage, assurance, love, mercy, and grace to those who take the time to listen with obedient hearts and minds.”

—Germaine Copeland, founder of Word Ministries, Inc. and author of the *Prayers That Avail Much* book series

“Is God silent? Does He still speak? Thankfully DavidPaul Doyle has sought the answers. The resulting stories of those who have listened to God’s voice and obeyed are profoundly moving—even for a skeptic like me.”

——Phil Callaway, author and speaker

WHEN
GOD
SPOKE TO ME

*The Inspiring Stories of
Ordinary People Who Have
Received Divine Guidance
and Wisdom*

DAVID PAUL DOYLE



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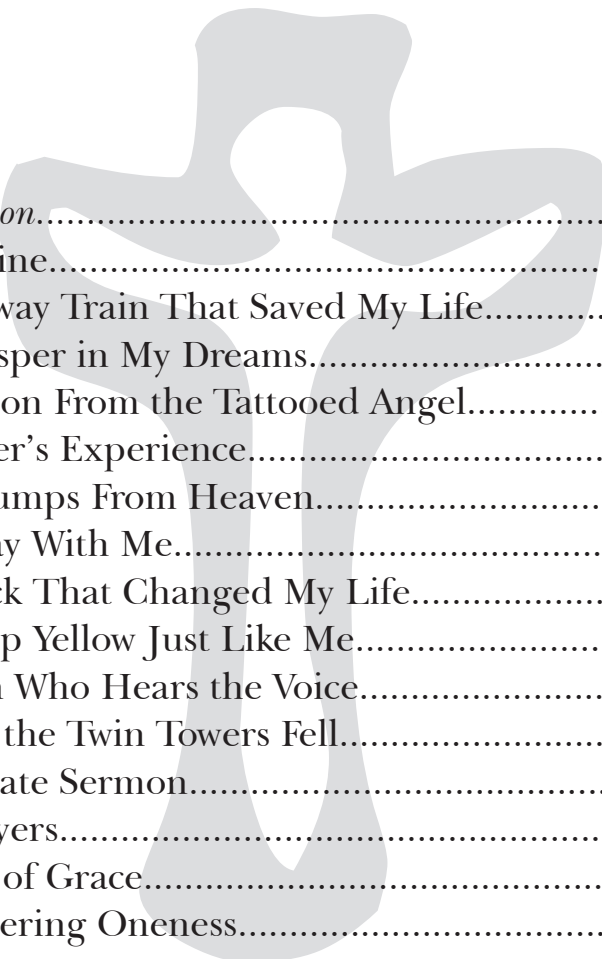
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CONTENTS



<i>Introduction</i>	13
She Is Mine.....	15
The Subway Train That Saved My Life.....	19
The Whisper in My Dreams.....	23
The Lesson From the Tattooed Angel.....	25
A Prisoner's Experience.....	28
Goose Bumps From Heaven.....	30
Lord, Stay With Me.....	34
The Buick That Changed My Life.....	36
Throw-Up Yellow Just Like Me.....	40
The Man Who Hears the Voice.....	43
The Day the Twin Towers Fell.....	48
A Surrogate Sermon.....	50
Tiny Prayers.....	54
The Gift of Grace.....	57
Remembering Oneness.....	60
Lukie's Love.....	62
From Monster to Emissary.....	66
The Listener.....	70
Initiation.....	74
New Beginning.....	76
The Shade.....	79
Drive South.....	81

On Loan.....	85
Through the Mouth of a Stranger.....	89
Four Glorious Days.....	91
Three Words.....	95
Succumbing to an Unlikely Death.....	98
Now Is the Time, This Is the Place.....	102
In My Own Backyard.....	104
My Angel.....	107
The Day I Got a New Name.....	108
Just in Time.....	111
Free at Last.....	116
Finding a Personal God.....	119
Clarity.....	122
The Simplest Thing.....	123
Brothers and Sisters.....	125
Healing With God.....	129
Mom and the Birdhouse.....	132
Cutting Through the Fog of Uncertainty.....	134
Journeying to God’s Voice.....	137
One Breath at a Time.....	140
Expressing God’s Voice.....	144
A New Sensation.....	149
Twist of Faith.....	152
Falling in Love.....	156
Love in its Purest Form.....	159
Don’t Judge a Book by its Cover.....	162
God’s Whispers.....	166
Simple Synchronicity.....	169
Overcoming My “Autism”	174

Tap, Tap, Tap.....	178
A Homeless Man.....	181
Awakening.....	184
Ugly Teddy.....	188
God Speaks Up.....	192
Eggs, Farm Smells, and Hidden Gifts.....	194
Alone but Not Alone.....	196
Becoming the Change.....	200
Follow Me Home.....	203
I Do it for You.....	207
Healing for a Wounded Heart.....	209
The Auction.....	212
Finding Peace Amidst Despair.....	216
Fall in Love With Yourself.....	219
Third Time's the Charm.....	222
Coins From the Heart.....	225
Advice From a Dear Friend.....	228
Life-Changing Birthday Gift.....	230
He Was There All Along.....	234
<i>In Conclusion</i>	237
<i>Submit Your Story</i>	243
<i>Index</i>	245
<i>About the Author</i>	251

INTRODUCTION

Have you ever questioned whether your inspiration, insight, or sudden shift in experience was the result of receiving divine guidance or communication? Have you ever thought you received a sign or message from God only to afterward second-guess yourself? How do you know if you are hearing God's Voice or not?

When God Spoke to Me is a collection of inspiring stories from ordinary people that shares the many ways God speaks to all of us in our lives. God speaks to everyone. All it takes to hear His Voice is the desire and willingness to do so.

As these touching accounts from around the world demonstrate, hearing God's Voice has the power to heal our wounds, mend our relationships, provide life-changing guidance and direction when we need it, and instill within us a profound experience of peace, love, and awareness of our union with God.

It is my hope that these heartfelt and moving accounts of hearing God's Voice will help you receive these benefits in your own life, help you recognize how you may already hear God's Voice without knowing it, and inspire you to receive guidance, healing, and communication from God in new and life-changing ways.

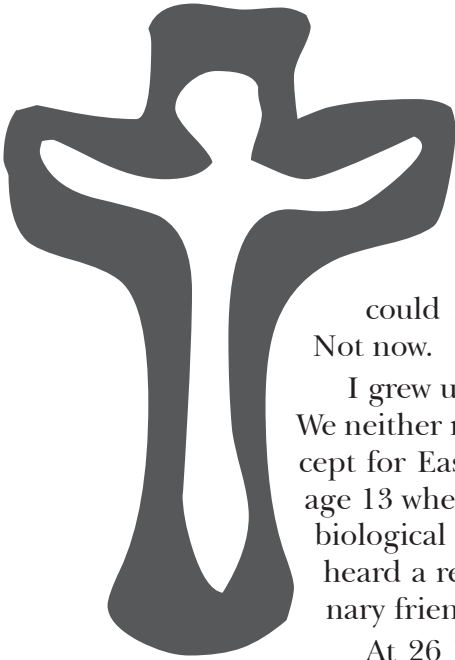
Thank you for joining the millions of people around the world who desire to experience God's Voice in their lives. May you find yourself in these stories over and over and over again.

With love and gratitude,

DavidPaul Doyle

Ashland, Oregon

June 2009



She Is Mine

I was terrified—crying out to Him with all of my heart. I couldn't believe God was speaking to me, nor could I believe He would say this...ask this.

Not now.

I grew up in a non-religious or spiritual home. We neither read the Bible nor attended church, except for Easter Sunday. I began talking to God at age 13 when I discovered my parents were not my biological parents. It didn't matter that I never heard a response from Him. He was my "imaginary friend."

At 26 I married, and we had our only child 18 months later. Our daughter was hospitalized twice in her first 90 days with different forms of RSV pneumonia. We struggled financially. While I worked two jobs, my husband ran his own resume business so he could stay with our child during the day and prevent another bout of RSV. The new business produced income but took all that it made to continue. We had no health insurance and no way to obtain any for a child who was hospitalized so early in life.

Eight months after her birth, I was involved in a car accident and unable to work for months. I remember thinking, my God, what's next? Why are you punishing me? The stress was unbearable. Times were excruciatingly difficult, and we were approaching financial disaster. For the first time I truly felt helpless, and real depression set in.

One Sunday afternoon, our child suddenly became very ill. Within 15 minutes, she changed from an active two-year-old playing with her toys to a lifeless form lying on our living room floor, unable to keep any food down. Her temperature was 102 degrees and climbing. My mom, who lived right behind me, told me to bring her over. We bathed her in cool water and swabbed her down with alcohol to reduce her fever, but still it soared. We gave her Tylenol, but

the medicine wouldn't stay down. Repeated messages we left with her pediatrician's answering service brought no replies.

As she lay on Mom's floor, I suddenly remembered a lady at work who was an evangelical holy roller. At their church, they laid hands on each other and people were healed. The lady never explained how they did it, but I thought it was worth a try. Crying and praying, I kneeled over my child, laid my hands upon her tiny back, and begged God to heal her. I promised God all kinds of things. I begged for forgiveness. I even begged for her illness to be put upon me. My mother watched in amazement.

The doctor finally returned my calls at 6:45 p.m. saying he had called in a prescription to a local pharmacy. It closed at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday and was at least 15 minutes away.

Driving down the road past the church where outdoor sermons were preached from a grounded boat each Sunday, I began to cry hysterically. It hit me that my child could suffer brain damage or die from the high fever. I hated to leave her, but I had to get the medicine. Again I begged God to heal her tiny, innocent body, but this time, I was screaming it out loud in the car through the tears and mucus streaming down my face.

It was then that I heard a firm but loving male voice. The loudness of it seemed to fill the van, but it also seemed to be just in my head. I stopped breathing.

"Will you give her to me?" the voice asked.

"What?!" I screamed. I gulped my first breath in seconds, wiping my eyes and nose on the sleeve of my shirt, and glanced around my van to see if someone had somehow slipped inside.

Again, the voice spoke, louder yet softer somehow. It asked again, "Will you give her to me?"

My mind spun in circles. Had I somehow slipped off of the edge of reality? This was a real possibility considering the stress I'd been under for the past few months. I began a series of small "systems checks." Am I driving? Yes. Is it evening? Yes. Is today Sunday? Yes. I even pinched myself on the arm to be sure I wasn't dreaming or hallucinating. That hurt! The voice waited patiently for me to process what was happening.

“Will you give her to me?” He asked.

“How can you ask me that question?” I screamed. “Are you trying to tell me it’s already too late? Have you already taken her and are preparing me so when I get to my mom’s house and find she’s dead, I can cope with it? Why would you ask this of me?”

I felt so angry and scared that I had actually pulled over into a grocery store parking lot and wondered if I should just go back home. I couldn’t stop shaking. If God was taking my child and I headed back home right now, maybe I could spend the last few moments with her in my arms as she left this world and returned to Him.

As this last terrible thought crossed my mind, I realized that, in truth, she was already His. She was “on loan” to us from God. I cried so hard I nearly choked. As this reality sank in, I whispered the answer through my tears.

“Yes, I will give her back to You, if I must.”

It was the single most profound moment of my life. My heart was breaking, yet at the same time I was relieved because the fear had gone. I couldn’t lose what I didn’t possess. This was the first time since her birth that I fully realized my little girl belonged not to me, but to her Creator.

As if He were right there listening to my thoughts, He said, “I created her. I breathed life into her. She is mine.”

“I understand,” I responded, sobbing. “I don’t want to lose her, Father, but I will give her back to you.”

“Well done, my good and faithful servant,” He said quietly in the most loving voice I’d ever heard.

This startled me almost more than actually hearing the voice. How could I be a good and faithful servant when I don’t even attend church regularly?

The pharmacy was now closed, and I arrived back at Mom’s house within 20 minutes. Climbing the stairs, an indescribable, surreal peace filled me. I knew I would open that door to find my mother hunched over my daughter’s lifeless body. I didn’t know how I would handle it.

“Ma-ma,” my daughter said, as she greeted me at the door, “I feel all better now.”

She had a big cup of juice in one hand and a cherry popsicle in the other as she hugged my leg, turned around, and ran off to play. It was as if she had never been sick at all. The fever was gone, and her appetite had returned as if nothing had happened.

I glanced at my mom who was sitting in her chair munching a popsicle as well.

“What happened to her, Mom?”

“I don’t know,” Mom replied. “Her temperature shot up to 104 degrees right after you left and I couldn’t get her to wake up. I got up to call an ambulance, and when I came back she was sitting up asking for something to drink. It happened about 20 minutes ago.”

What I learned that day changed me forever. God is real. I never needed to know that more than in the moment He spoke to me. What I thought was mine, never was; she is His. And I was “enough” for God, just the way I was.



Rita Carlson is a 45-year-old Tampa native who explores her creative side making and selling jewelry. She and her daughter volunteer their time for the homeless and support other local nonprofit organizations.