

**30,000 Miles Of Miracles**

# **30,000 MILES OF MIRACLES**

**1950**

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## **FOREWORD**

Every mile of the thirty thousand was interesting, a journey that will never be forgotten. The name, "Thirty Thousand Miles of Miracles," was suggested by two kinds of miracles brought to mind by the journey: First, miracles of fulfilled prophecy, especially in the Bible Lands; second, miracles of God's grace in the world today. Miracles of prophetic fulfillment are the very strongest evidences upholding the authenticity and truth of the Holy Scriptures. Every passing year makes these prophecies stronger in their fulfillment. In many parts of the world today the gospel of Jesus Christ is being authenticated by miracles of God's grace-lives changed, whole islands changed, thousands of human beings changed from open sin, from spiritual and physical defilement to purity and righteousness. How wonderful the Holy Scriptures are, how blessed is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

In every land my journey was made profitable, and even possible, by the co-operation of many servants of God, missionaries and earnest Christian people. I cannot name them all, but their names are written in the Lamb's book of life. What I saw of earnest, self-sacrificing foreign missionary work makes me more anxious than ever to support the world-wide proclamation of the gospel. I heard not one word of complaint, though some of these earnest workers lived far away from others of like precious faith, some in lonely jungle areas, in far-off mountain valleys, in hot and stifling tropical climates. But wherever they were, they were all looking forward to a better land and trying to make this world better by their lives and message.

This book contains only a partial description of some of the things seen in some of the countries visited. Whole areas have been left out, such as Egypt, New Guinea, Australia, India, Siam, Japan, and the Philippines. A description of experiences in these places must wait for some other time. H. M. S. R.

## 1. Ireland and England

WE CAME DOWN out of the sky at the great airport near Limerick, where the River Shannon flows. Ireland is so far north that the days, especially in wintertime, are very short; so when we landed about five o'clock in the morning it was pitch dark.

It certainly was good to see the smiling face of Pastor Mustard, who is in charge of all the Voice of Prophecy work in old Ireland. He had with him his little British car, and we immediately took off to a hotel which used to be one of the great mansion houses of the nobility. These houses, built in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, surely were stately buildings, the flowering of a magnificent life among the people. I enjoyed walking through room after room and looking at the glories of the past reflected in the majestic architecture.

About daylight we took off for the Lakes of Killarney, winding about the countryside on the narrow, twisting, hedge lined roads - in some places lined for miles with stone walls. There is enough stone in the hedgerows and walls along the highways and lanes of Ireland to build dozens of pyramids. For centuries this stone has been gathered from the fields by hard labor.

Even in wintertime Ireland is green. I was clothed in the usual Southern California garb, including nice wooly Boulevards, and it seemed to me that the winds of Ireland were the roughest and the coldest, and the rain, which fell continually, the wettest of any I had ever experienced. But how beautiful was the land! Here and there were little cottages with the blue peat smoke lifting slowly from their chimneys. Many of the roofs were thatched, some were of slate, others of stone. Most of these cottages were built of white stone.

And the Lakes of Killarney-just as beautiful as the poet Moore contended! We drove by them all too quickly. The mountains around these lakes are wild, severe, mysterious. No wonder the Irish believe in fairies! With its lakes, mountains, moors, wild timbered stretches, it is a land of romance and mystery. It is also a land of great spiritual need.

The Voice of Prophecy has penetrated Ireland for only a short time. From the great 150,000-watt station, Radio Luxembourg, over in the center of Western Europe, we are casting the bread of life over the hills and dales of Ireland, and it is already taking root in many hearts. In Dublin Pastor Mustard has set up headquarters for the Bible Correspondence Course, which he calls the "Christian Culture Course." When I was there, about eight hundred had already enrolled. Mrs. Stevens, as Bible instructor, assists in the work.

But let's go back to the rainy morning in Southern Ireland, just east of the Lakes of Killarney. We saw hundreds of donkey carts as we drove along. The farmers were bringing their milk in to the creameries or to the railway stations. The sale of milk and cream seems to be one of the main sources of income for the people all over this part of Ireland. The little donkey carts were jogging around in every direction through the rain.

Suddenly, as we came around a bend in a narrow lane with high stone walls on both sides, Pastor Mustard said: "There he is! That's the man! Let's stop." So we drew up by the side of a little donkey cart. The man was dressed in rough clothes, for the day was rainy, cold, and windy. How glad this man was when he saw who we were, for he was the first Voice of Prophecy convert in Ireland! He got down from the cart and, as we stood there by the stone wall, we had a wonderful spiritual fellowship together.. We talked of the cause of God, of The Voice of Prophecy, of the wonderful hope and promise of the soon coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. This man is full of enthusiasm and fire for God and will make a real Irish missionary. He lives alone in his community and wants to spread the good news. There in the rain, with our arms on each others' shoulders, we bowed our heads in a prayer circle, and all of us prayed. Then we said good-by. Someday we shall meet in a land where dreams come true, a land still more beautiful than lovely Ireland.

On we went, many miles, until we came to the famous Rock of Cashel, where the ancient kings of Southern Ireland had their fortress. This mighty limestone crag erupts abruptly from the green plain. On it are fortifications and a great monastery in ruins, largely, and a gigantic cathedral and abbey with the roof open to the sky, results of the troubles and wars in days gone by. Around the base of this great rock is a mighty wall pierced with openings through which archers could shoot. We spent several hours climbing over those ancient defenses. It was interesting also to climb up the secret stairways inside the massive walls of the cathedral, and to visit the rooms high up in the air at the very top. There in those rooms, now of course without roofs and open to the Weather, we saw beautiful mantle pieces where great fireplaces used to bum in the grand old days. This certainly is a magnificent ruin, and I shall never forget the Rock of

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Cashel.

Then on we went farther north to Cork and stayed overnight there. By this time I was so cold that it was absolutely necessary to do something about it, so I went into a shop and purchased a real Irish woolen undershirt thick, and wooly, and warm. The Irish sheep certainly do produce wonderful wool, just the kind needed for such a damp climate. Remember, there was no heat in any of the houses where we stayed—no central heating, at least—and in the hotel rooms there was no heat of any kind. I went to bed with almost everything on except my hat and glasses, and even then I was chilly.

But in the morning we were repaid for all our discomfort of the night before. We visited the famous church of Shandon, where the bells of Shandon ring. This beautiful old building belongs to the Church of Ireland. The attendance is very small now, of course; but at one time it was packed with worshipers and the large school near by was filled with children. How things have changed! Not long ago the famous bells rang out, “God Save the King,” and as a result stones began to fly through the beautiful colored windows. We climbed up to the top of the great tower where the bells of Shandon hang. No doubt you have read the poem about these bells, and really they are beautiful bells. The sexton rang them for us, but was careful to play a purely religious tune because the political complexion of Ireland has changed.

Then we drove out a few miles west of town to the ancient castle of Blarney. What a lovely valley, with a clear crystal stream flowing through it! And here in the midst of this loveliness, on a rocky ridge, stands the mighty tower of the ancient castle. The rest of the castle is in ruins. After spending some time exploring its dark passageways, we climbed up in the great square tower which today is apparently as solid as ever. It is just about 100 feet high and has a very strange defensive parapet that hangs out, away from the wall, and is held in place by a series of mighty stones which also extend out from the wall. This leaves a space of about a foot or eighteen inches between the wall and the parapet, through which stones, arrows, water, boiling oil, etc., could be poured upon the devoted heads of besiegers.

It is on the lower edge of this parapet that the famous Blarney Stone is located. A legend says that anyone who kisses it will forever after be eloquent. Well, of course, it was our desire to kiss the Blarney Stone, so it was necessary to hang by the heels, head downward and backward, in order to reach this stone for the famous experience. Not trusting one man to hold us, we obtained two. I suppose the guide felt that he could take care of \*our 200 pounds easily enough, but I felt safer when he held one foot and Pastor Mustard the other. It certainly is a strange feeling to look down on a hundred feet of empty space and some good Irish rocks below. But we kissed the Blarney Stone!

Then we went on through the countryside, increasingly populated, to Dublin. Dublin is royal, though its glory is tarnished. It looks like a lovely woman who has come on hard times, but with its substantial buildings and the sweep of its streets, there is something about it that is kingly and royal.

There at The Voice of Prophecy headquarters Pastor Mustard and his fellow workers are laboring earnestly to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to the millions who need more light, and thousands are appreciating it, especially the work that is being done through the Bible Correspondence Course. There are some even among the clergy who enjoy the study of the Word of God by post.

We preached to a little group of believers in Dublin and then the next day drove back about forty miles south to Glendalock. “Glendalock” means the Glen of the Lake, and here are several lakes locked in green and glorious mountains. This was an ancient religious center where Saint Kevan and others before him upheld the gospel light in pagan times.

It is a great surprise to many people to know that Ireland at one time, when Europe was covered with the darkness of paganism, upheld the light of the gospel, of culture, and Christian education. Long before England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, and other European countries were evangelized and Christianized, Ireland was full of churches and Christian schools and colleges where Latin and Greek, and even Hebrew, were taught. Missionaries went out all over the western world from Ireland.

I wanted to see the headquarters of one of these great missionary movements and that is why I went to Glendalock. It was with deep emotions that I walked among the ancient ruins and saw there the foundation stones and some of the walls of its seven or eight churches, the beautiful Round Tower in a perfect state of preservation, the homes of the students, the places of study, all surrounded by towering mountains. There in this beautiful, silent, and safe retreat, those early Bible Christians prepared themselves for greater service. It is also an interesting fact that in these early, early days, the holy Sabbath of the Lord was honored by many, and the inspiration of the Bible fully held.

It was from this mighty powerhouse of spiritual understanding and enthusiasm that missionaries went out and evangelized England, converted the savage Britons, Scots, and Picts, and built up the gospel of Christ in those early days. They went on into France and Switzerland, and even today many cities,













































































