

# TOO LATE!!

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John Delvis travels throughout France with his own death certificate in his shirt pocket, showing it to people and telling this fantastic story:

When I was twenty years old, I was in a hospital because I was an alcoholic. I was just twenty years old and having delirium tremens; it was just awful. Just ask anyone who has ever had this; they will tell you how terrible it really is.

I started taking morphine and kept on drinking to get relief. The doctors thought that I was going to die because my blood vessels were breaking, and I was losing blood. They tried everything they could to make me stop drinking. They put different products into my drinks to try and rehabilitate me. They also put me into solitary confinement, and I was really going crazy. I would escape at night and come back in the morning drunk, and nobody knew it. One day they found out, and they kicked me out; they told me to cure myself, so I had to leave.

When I got home, I tried every way to stop drinking. I don't want to bring accusations against any churches, but I was burning candles to a lot of different saints and praying to them, but I never got any help from them at all. I discovered my heart was empty. In fact, the power of Satan was so strong, that nothing was able to deliver me. I had lost all hope and decided to commit suicide.

I went downtown with a determination to take my life. When I got downtown, I ran into a group of people, some with gospel tracts. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and I heard someone ask me if I would like to hear the gospel. I said, "What's that?" He said, "We are going to talk to you about God and Jesus Christ," and I said, "NO!" I won't even repeat the words that I used.

While this man was talking, I saw the address on the tract without even realizing it. Before I knew it, I found myself in the last seat in the room and heard the gospel. I was too drunk and didn't understand anything, although the idea of committing suicide left me.

I went home and said to my mother, "Do you know where I went yesterday?" She said, "Probably to some very bad place." I said, "No, I went to hear the gospel. There was a priest preaching without his robes on." I also told her the way I felt at that time. She said to me, "Don't go there; it's spiritualism." The next Sunday the same thing happened again, and the same hand came upon my shoulder again, and the voice said, "Do you want to hear the gospel?" I told him to leave me alone. Again, I found myself in the assembly listening to the pastor. I was really hungry for the words. It was as if he was talking just to me. It was like somebody had told him all the things I had ever done.

I was thinking that these people must be spirits of some sort, because they knew me; so I left, but again the thought of suicide had left me. The next Sunday, the same scenario happened over again. The message was about the Prodigal Son. It really touched me. When I realized what the pastor was saying, I understood how lost I really was. I was no more than an atheist and had the same sins. The pastor was speaking straight to my heart when he said, "You think suicide is going to set you free?" But no, after death comes the judgment. If you haven't accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior and your Master, and if you don't repent of your sins, you're lost and will be lost for eternity, lost forever."

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When the pastor asked if there was someone there that night who wanted to ask Jesus Christ into his heart as his personal Savior, and that that person should raise his hand, only God knows why, but I found myself raising both hands.

I said, "Lord, I know I'm lost. I know for sure it's finished for me; madness and death are waiting for me. I want to accept you as my personal Savior. I want you to be my God on one condition: I don't want to drink anymore." I was twenty years old and I didn't want to die, and Satan was doing everything he could to destroy me. I cried out, "Lord, deliver me, I don't want to drink anymore." In that instant, I felt upon me a cool refreshing breeze—not upon my clothes, but on my body. I felt changed inside, transformed. With my hands still raised, I said, "Oh thank you Jesus, for now I know I'm saved."

I knew I was saved. I ran out of the assembly hall and left because my heart was so full of joy. Later on, the pastor told me that he thought I would never come back. Something marvelous was inside of me, a brand new life. I received a new lift that God gives to us in Jesus Christ. I understood that I was really saved. I went down all of the old streets and past the bars that I used to go to, and when I came to the end of the street, I said, "You got me before, but you will never get me again!" Never will I drink again, and my brothers and sisters can witness that to this day. I don't even drink a drop of wine. The Lord had healed me completely. If I were to drink even one drop of wine tonight, my wife would for sure smell it, for the wine would rot inside of me.

When God does something, He does it good and in its time. I was converted, I was turned around, my old life was finished, and a new life had started. I gave all my heart to the Lord. I've seen some of the most beautiful experiences happen with my God. I've seen children with just one hour to live, and I prayed for them, and the Lord healed them.

In 1945, during the War, I had pain in my legs and in my back. Sometimes, during certain atmospheric conditions I would fall down on my knees for pain. One day there was a very strong storm, so strong that I felt as though I had actually touched electricity. I fell down on my knees and never stood up anymore. I was finished, I would never stand again; I was paralyzed. They tried with X-rays to find out what was wrong with me, but no one could figure it out. I said, Lord, I know you are there, but what's going on? Why am I sick?"

Three and a half years went by. One day, a doctor came to see me because I had caught a cold. He said, "I know why you are paralyzed. I'll come and get you tomorrow." He put me in touch with a doctor at the Royal Hospital in Belgium who told me I had cancer of the spine. The sciatic nerve was cancerous. It was hidden behind the backbone, so you could not see it. The doctors operated and did find cancer on the sciatic nerve; one of the nerves in the cervical column had almost been completely severed by the cancer. After surgery, I was in a coma for five days; they didn't know if I would come out alive. They cut out seven centimeters (approximately three inches) and grafted it back together. The General Surgeon came in and told me, "I've done everything I could to save you, but you will be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of your life."

Some Italian doctors saw me and examined me. They told me that when they did the surgery they cut some nerves. Now I was

even more paralyzed than in the beginning. I was very weak and couldn't talk; my voice had become very weak and feeble. I couldn't move my arms, and my legs were completely dead. I was confined to a bed and couldn't get out. There was a nurse next to me continually. They couldn't leave me alone. I was only able to eat liquid foods through a pipe in my mouth.

I had raised five children, and now I couldn't even do anything by myself. Even though I was in such bad shape, I told the Lord, "I love You with all my heart and soul. I don't understand it, although I know there is a reason, but I know someday I will." When you put your faith in God, Satan is always there to discourage you because he hates it when someone believes God. Satan doesn't want anyone to stand firmly and surely on the Word of God, in which is included all the promises for each and everyone of us. Each day I would talk to my God, "Lord, You said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' One day, I know I'll understand." I prayed in my heart because, you see, I could no longer speak. I said, Lord, why am I here? I beg of you, talk to me, help me." And then, in my ear in an audible voice (it was not in my head, but it was audible), I heard the voice of the Lord as I had heard many times before. When the Lord speaks to His children, His voice goes into the innermost recesses of the heart. It's so sweet and marvelous, it's like a wind of peace that comes inside of me. He simply said, "Faith without works is dead." I said inside my heart, "Lord, I don't understand." And again, in a louder audible voice, "Faith without works is dead." I was sort of irritated because, in my country, to do works would be to give a few coins to the poor, and I said, "Lord, I'm paralyzed. How could I possibly do any works? I can't even move, how could I possibly give to the poor?" And again, the third time, the voice of the Lord came to my ears. "Listen: faith without **action** is dead." (Do you understand, Christians? You that are hearing this gospel for the first time, you that maybe know the gospel but haven't understood the grace and power of the Lord—faith without action is dead.) At that moment, I understood and I started to tremble and to shake.

I put my hand on the shoulder of the nurse. "I want to get up." She said, "What are you going to do?" I told her, "Josie, give me my pajamas." She couldn't understand what was happening. She knew there was no hope of me ever getting up, but when she felt my hand on her shoulder holding on with strength, she rang for another nurse who ran into the room. She said, "Go get the General Surgeon and tell him the man in Room 70 wants to stand up." My voice raised up again, and I said, "Josie, give me my pajamas, I want to get up." She said, "Just wait, the surgeon is coming." I said, "No! Give me my pajamas, or I'll get off the bed." (And of course, I was naked.) There was action now, there was life springing up inside of me. I had to act. I had to show this faith that was in my heart. So she finally gave me the pajamas, and I turned around and let my legs just fall off the bed. If you've ever been just ten days in bed and put your legs on the floor, you know what it feels like. It was three and a half years for me. My legs were trembling, but I commanded them in the name of Jesus to walk. My hands recovered strength, I pushed my right leg in front of me. (If you could have seen the nurse, she was shaking worse than I was.) I said, "In the name of Jesus, I am going to walk." So I walked forward and got to the middle of the hallway just as the Surgeon General was arriving. He yelled, "This is a miracle! Number 70 is walking!" And it was noised abroad throughout the hospital, and even to the factory where I used to work so that the whole factory knew I was walking.

And why? Because when you cry out to God from the bottom of your heart, when you really have a need, He is not a God far away and deaf unto our cries. "If one calls unto Me, I will not turn him away," said the Lord, and when someone needs Him, He will

come immediately. But our faith must be a living faith. Our faith cannot be a dead faith. We cannot say, "Lord, please help me" and not move. If I hadn't stood up, I'd still be lying there paralyzed today. But the Lord did His work. I was walking—I was happy—was glad.

My children called me. They were in an orphanage, and when they saw me they said, "Dad, we can go home now." We went back home, and the next day I was playing soccer in the street with them. Because when God does something, He does it with certainty, and does it well.

Lamenting and sorrowing doesn't help. The just shall live by faith. If you need Jesus, if you're without God and without hope, come to Jesus tonight. Give yourself to Him. Have faith in His promises, and you will see that God is a marvelous God.

I was called immediately into the ministry. That's what God wanted for me. I went and preached the gospel everywhere without asking anything from anybody. I was receiving some welfare because of my disability; I've never been without food. I've been preaching the gospel since 1948 and have had some extraordinary experiences. I have seen miracles manifested; I have seen life; I have seen extraordinary signs. I've been walking along with them. I was walking with them without any kind of formal instruction. I didn't even speak French well. I was a stammerer and stutterer, but as soon as I started talking about the Lord, my tongue was loosed. For a long time, I preached the gospel. I gave my all to the Lord. But in 1959, I was tired, really tired. Sometimes on a Sunday, I would have five different meetings in different places.

I was in a tent in the month of November and there was two feet of snow on the ground. After I finished the meeting that night, I headed home on my motorbike in the snow, and I fell down in the storm. I was wasted. I went to bed that night without even taking my clothes off—I didn't even know where I was. When my mother saw the state I was in the next morning, she called the doctor. The doctor said I was really sick. I didn't have anymore antibodies in my system; I was completely drained. I had no more strength in me. He gave me a shot of penicillin. (He should have never given me penicillin. It was forbidden since my surgery.) Unfortunately, it worked contrary to the way it should have. The virus left my throat and went to my legs. In just a little while, my legs started to swell up, and water was oozing out of my legs, and it was stinking. They wanted to take me to the hospital, but I told them no, I would be all right. And then, in the beginning of December, 1959, my toes and toenails started turning black. I had gangrene. This horrible sickness got worse and worse. On December 22, 1959, the doctors said there was only one way to save me—that was to amputate my legs. I heard them talking in the other room. I told them no, it was too late. I told them not to touch my legs. Just leave me alone. That night I was in peace, although I knew I was going to die. It was a marvelous peace. I had joy in my heart. In the afternoon of the 23rd of December, I knew it was really over. My mother was at my side, and I told her,

"Don't cry, Mamma. The Lord will not forsake you. Don't worry about me. I know where I'm going." I felt nothing moving inside of me, and suddenly I knew my heart was stopping. In peace and in joy, I was looking at my mother with a big smile, and it was over. I was gone. But at that very instant, I found myself standing next to my body in the bed. I saw my body lying there. And in that instant, I was gone.

It was very strange passing from one state into another without feeling anything. Then I heard music, and in front of me, I saw a gate, a gate of gold shining as though it had diamonds upon it. The gate opened, and from inside, I heard the most wonderful songs and hymns, and I heard a voice telling me, "Enter in my well beloved.

Enter into the house of thy Father.” Now I know why I was in peace when my eyes were closing on this earth. There He was, waiting for me. The One who said, “Where I am, there will you be also.” And I heard this wonderful voice, and knew that voice when I came in. The further I went in, the more marvelous it was. I didn’t see monumental palaces, but I saw a beautiful clarity—all I saw was a beautiful clarity. And I saw in front of me a throne, a white one. And there was a light on the throne. I couldn’t tell what it was, just a light. (There were people at the Assembly of God Church who tossed me out of their church because they said that I said I saw God. I saw a light on the throne, but I cannot say God was like this or that. If I said that, I would be a liar.) From behind the throne came light like fireworks, every color of the rainbow. I heard wonderful songs. The songs were even more wonderful than before. I didn’t see how it was, but Jesus said, “I am the light.” (Try and look at a bright light, and tell me what a light looks like.) But because I was in Heaven with Him, in heavenly glory, I knew who it was. He came toward me and said, “Come,” and took me by the hand. (People ask me, “Was His hand warm? Was it soft? Was it strong?” But, what is Spirit is not flesh. All I know was my hand was in His hand, and He said to me, “Come.”) The more I walked along the pathway, the more marvelous the songs became as I was listening to them. They were just beautiful.

I want to tell you that Jesus is light. It’s Biblical. There I had the same light as Him. I was clothed in the light of Christ, and I’m not lying either. The Bible says we shall be like Him in all His beauty and in all His glory. God loves us so much that He wants us to be dressed in the same glory as Him. That’s why I still wonder why people resist His calling, and why I resisted it myself for three weeks.

The Lord took me next to a huge field; you could not see the end of it. This field was full of lilies-of-the-valley all planted in rows. The flowers were white, and they had the same light as Christ. Inside, they were red. Some Jewish people told me the flower I saw was a Rose of Sharon. It was a gorgeous white with little water drops on them on the top with red inside. I was standing there with Him, and I looked out over the field and I saw there was one flower missing. It was not in the first or second row. It was somewhere out in the midst of the field. I said to Him, “Lord, is that my place?” He said, “Yes, but not now.” He said, “Come” and took my hand and led me to another field even bigger than the other. It had just a few flowers in the corner of the field, but all the rows were made just like a garden ready to plant. I said, “Lord, why are there no flowers in this field?” He said, “There still are many other sheep that are not in the sheepfold yet, and I have to bring them in. So now, you must go back inside your body and tell everyone that will listen to you that all things are ready; everything is prepared. If they will listen to My Word, they will come here to this place.” I said, “Lord, Lord, I feel so good next to You, leave me here.” The second time the Lord said to me, “Go back into your body, and tell everyone that will listen to you that I want to save them and heal them.” Then I said, “Lord, you know how many times I talked about you. They don’t want to know about your salvation and about your healing. They don’t want it.” So the Lord put out His hand, and there was a book in it. (I’m talking to everyone no matter what denomination you are. This is the truth.) He said, “This book is My Word, and the Word is Me. That’s why you must go back into your body and announce all these words of grace. Return to your body, because you can’t even take one word away or you will be taking a part of Me. Go tell people that I want to heal them. If you take one part of My Word away, you take away part of My power. You cannot do this, that’s why I say to you, go back in your body.” I said, “No, Lord, leave me here. You know, Lord, how my life was, one of suffering on the earth. You know all

the difficulties and worries I had on the earth. I feel so good, let me stay here.” He didn’t say yes, and He didn’t say no, He said only, “Come.”

What I’m going to tell you now is really from the bottom of my heart. And I hope that there is no one who reads this that makes fun of this or mocks it or that there should be one who rejects His Word. It should make you think and bring you to repentance that you not be thrown into Hell, because you can come with us into this field that is ready to receive you.

He took me a little farther, and I came close to a giant abyss (you know what an abyss is, like between mountains) and it was really dark. I looked and suddenly I heard, from this darkness and from these clouds, voices of people crying, “Lord, forgive us. Lord, forgive. Lord, we didn’t know. Lord, we ask your forgiveness. Lord, forgive us, forgive us.” Then from behind me, that voice that I knew, that soft voice, raised up above me and went out over the abyss like a thunder, “Too late! Too late! Too late!” And He said, “Come closer,” and I heard the same cries, the same screams, screams of suffering and the voice from behind me saying, “Too late! Too late! Too late!”

Dear friends, I beg of you, life does not belong to you. You don’t know the day you are going to leave this earth. I beg you in the name of Jesus, I beg you not to reject the words the Lord is saying to you, because God loved the world so much, and He loves you so much, that He was nailed to the cross at Calvary so you don’t have to go to Hell. I beg you in the name of Jesus, don’t reject the Word of God. Don’t stay just a religious man. In the name of Jesus, become a real Christian, a son or daughter of God. Accept Him as your personal Savior. If not, the pits of Hell await you. He said to me, “Come closer now.” I saw nobody; I heard only the screams. I was looking into the abyss, and I couldn’t see anything, but they could see me, and the voices came out of Hell of young men and women saying, “Go and tell my family that they should believe on the Lord Jesus Christ so they don’t come into this place of torment. Go tell my family, go tell my brother, tell my sister, tell my husband, tell my wife, so they will believe in God and so they won’t wind up in this place, this place of torments. Lord, forgive. Lord, forgive.” “Too late! Too late!”

There is nothing He can do. Lost for eternity, it is absolutely impossible to come out of the pits of Hell. There are no thirty-six places we’re going to after death. There are only two—Heaven or Hell. There is a place for the believer and for the unbeliever. The exaltation of Heaven, or the torments of Hell.

Then the Lord said, “What are you going to do? Will you go back?” I said, “Yes, Lord. I can’t be quiet now. I can’t be quiet any longer.” I wish now I was thirty years younger. I know I will be going one of these days, but I want to keep warning people. I want to warn men. I want to warn women. I want to warn you today. I beg you in the name of Jesus, do not reject the Word of God.

And then I returned to my body. The doctor was at a table in my room, and he knew they were going to take my body, so when they called him, he did not come right away. When he came into my home, he was just sitting there looking at my body preparing the death certificate. He was just looking at me, saying, “I don’t understand; I can’t understand that that could be him lying there dead. I saw so many miracles in this house. I saw cancer healed from bodies; I saw meningitis healed; I saw people who were inoperative that doctors said to just take them home, they’re going to die. He cried out to God and God healed them. I saw blind people see.” The doctor saw all of these things. He knew I had been healed of the paralysis. He knew all of these things and he said, “I just can’t understand how he could be dead now.” So he took out the death certificate, and as he was getting ready to sign it, he looked at me again, and I started breathing. He dropped his pen and jumped up

on top of me and started massaging my heart. I said, "Don't worry. Everything is all right, it's not necessary."

Is it because my name is John Delvis that God gave me more grace than anyone else? This could happen to any one of you. The Lord needed me, and He did with me what He thought was necessary. You see, dear friend, maybe you're saying in your heart I told you some story. I didn't tell you just some kind of story. If I had to spend my time telling stories like this, I would just leave town. I go everywhere telling my testimony, and if someone asks me my testimony I tell them, and I preach the gospel and my testimony. What I preach are one and the same. They go together.

God said, "I don't want to see any one of you in Hell." You're just satisfied with your little religion, and even if you say you believe in Jesus Christ, you still keep going on with your everyday life. "We'll get ready at the right time." But it will be too late. It's now that you have to do it. Now is the time of salvation; don't wait till tomorrow. Tomorrow, you might not be in this world. God is calling you now, and I am calling you in the name of Jesus Christ. Don't go to sleep tonight without being sure you are a participant in Heaven's life. Repent and convert. Don't resist the calling of God because God has said, "I will speak once, I will speak twice, I will speak three times, and I will not talk anymore." Maybe the Lord has been talking to you for a long time, and you don't want to answer. I beg of you tonight, don't let this chance pass you by. Accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. Come to Him with all your heart and soul. What I have told you is true, and you will taste the truth either in Heaven or Hell. Now is the day of salvation. Tomorrow may be too late. I assure you, when you are in Hell, the words "Too late" will pierce your ears, and you will say, "Why didn't I believe the testimony?" I beg you in the name of Jesus, don't reject the Lord. Say this prayer now:

**My LORD and my GOD, have mercy upon my soul, a sinner.<sup>1</sup> I believe that JESUS CHRIST is the SON of the living GOD.<sup>2</sup> I believe that HE died on the cross and shed HIS precious blood for the forgiveness of all my former sins.<sup>3</sup> I believe that GOD raised JESUS from the dead by the power of the HOLY SPIRIT,<sup>4</sup> and**

**that HE sits on the right hand of GOD at this moment hearing my confession of sin and this prayer.<sup>5</sup> I open up the door of my heart, and I invite YOU into my heart, LORD JESUS.<sup>6</sup> Wash all of my filthy sins away in the precious blood that YOU shed in my place on the cross at Calvary.<sup>7</sup> YOU will not turn me away, LORD JESUS; YOU will forgive my sins and save my soul. I know because YOUR WORD, the Bible, says so.<sup>8</sup> YOUR WORD says that YOU will turn no one away, and that includes me.<sup>9</sup> Therefore, I know that YOU have heard me, and I know that YOU have answered me, and I know that I am saved.<sup>10</sup> And I thank YOU, LORD JESUS, for saving my soul, and I will show my thankfulness by doing as YOU command and sin no more.<sup>11</sup>**

After salvation, JESUS said to be baptized, fully submerged in water, in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY SPIRIT.<sup>12</sup> Then study the King James Version Bible, and, for your benefit and the benefit of others, do what it says.<sup>13</sup>

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If you want the world saved, as JESUS commands, then don't rob GOD of HIS tithes and offerings. GOD said, "Will a man rob GOD? Yet ye have robbed ME. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed THEE? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed ME, even this whole nation [and this whole world]. Bring ye all the tithes [a 'tith' is 10% of your gross income] into the storehouse, that there may be meat [Spiritual food] in MINE house [souls saved], and prove ME now herewith, saith the LORD of HOSTS, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and HE shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the LORD of HOSTS. And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the LORD of HOSTS" (Malachi 3:8-12).

**1** Psa. 51:5, Rom. 3:10-12, 23 **2** Matt. 26:63-64, 27:54, Luke 1:30-33, John 9:35-37, Rom. 1:3-4 **3** Acts 4:12, 20:28, Rom. 3:25, 1 John 1:7, Rev. 5:9 **4** Psa. 16:9-10, Matt. 28:5-7, Mark 16:9, 12, 14, John 2:19, 21, 10:17-18, 11:25, Acts 2:24, 3:15, Rom. 8:11, 1 Cor. 15:3-7 **5** Luke 22:69, Acts 2:25-36, Heb. 10:12-13 **6** 1 Cor. 3:16, Rev. 3:20 **7** Eph. 2:13-22, Heb. 9:22, 13:12, 20-21, 1 John 1:7, Rev. 1:5, 7:14 **8** Matt. 26:28, Acts 2:21, 4:12, Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14 **9** Matt. 21:22, John 6:35, 37-40, Rom. 10:13 **10** Heb. 11:6 **11** John 5:14, 8:11, Rom. 6:4, 1 Cor. 15:10, Rev. 7:14, 22:14 **12** Matt. 28:18-20, John 3:5, Acts 2:38, 19:3-5 **13** Deut. 4:29, 13:4, 26:16, Josh. 1:8, 22:5, 2 Tim. 2:15, 3:14-17, James 1:22-25, Rev. 3:18

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