

The Day God's Angel Came to Amsterdam
Walter Beuttler

[Comments: 1) All scriptures are from the KJV except where noted. 2) This message has been transcribed word for word (from Beuttler's own teachings) as accurately as possible (due to the quality of the recording). 3) Beuttler had his own dictionary of favorite words he used throughout his messages, and they have been transcribed and spelled out accordingly. 4) Spelling on certain proper names, airports, hotels, locations, etc. may not be exact. 5) Messages were spoken late 1960's, early 1970's. 6) Beuttler was a Bible teacher at NBI (a.k.a. EBI, Eastern Bible Institute) for 32 years traveling worldwide since early 1950's until a year before he went to be with the Lord in 1974.]

(Dedication)

The record of this remarkable episode is dedicated to all those whose footprints in the sands of time are pointed in the direction of the pursuit of the knowledge of God (Exodus 33:13), in intimacy of relationship (Deuteronomy 34:10), in intimacy of communion (Exodus 33:11), and in intimacy of privilege (Numbers 12:8).

The spiritually perceptive and devotionally contemplative, whose prayer life is often more a God-ward projection of their longing than the utterance of words, can find beneath the surface of the story itself priceless diamonds of truth, varying in shades of color from one end of the spectrum to the other; from the knowledge of the deep things of God obtainable only by revelation (I Corinthians 2:10) to the hard granite of the reasoned logic of a sound mind with which God has endowed the believer by regeneration (II Timothy 1:7).

Thus he can maintain an experiential equilibrium by keeping his feet on the earth in pragmatic living while seated with Christ in heavenly places of spiritual experience (Ephesians 2:15) and manifested by walking AFTER God in obedience (II Kings 23:3), BEFORE God in sanctification (Genesis 17:1) and WITH God in fellowship (Genesis 5:22).

The night was clear and the stars were shining brightly. There was no sense of movement, as the TWA Constellation G seemed motionlessly suspended between heaven and earth. Only the steady drone of the engines gave any idea of motion on its flight to Europe with Labrador left well behind. It was an ideal night to watch the Aurora Borealis. Those mysterious and fabulous northern lights put on a magnificent display of multi-colored drapes in delicate hues while stars blinked as if to ornament those alluring yet forbidding Polar Regions.

As I behold that spectacular arctic phenomenon in silent wonder well past midnight, the Lord suddenly spoke saying within me, "I have sent thee on a journey." The words came as clear as a bell and as sharp as a razor. Though they were distinctly heard, they did not appear to have been naturally audible. Their implication turned that cabin into a

cathedral of worship for the rest of the night as I contemplated the privilege of being sent by God on a journey. Oh, to hear such blessed words that are more wondrous a phenomenon in the realm of the Spirit than the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis in the realm of nature!

Actually the journey had its beginning in 1951 during a time of revival at Northeast Bible Institute in Green Lane, Pennsylvania. The presence of God hovered heavily over the Friday night service. Through discernment graciously granted by the Spirit, I knew that God could accomplish His purpose only if we did not indulge in spiritual ecstasy, if not in spiritual carnality.

I also knew instinctively that we were to stand in a worshipful attitude and maintain absolute silence. Yet I could perceive that the dam of self-control holding back an emotional outburst was at the breaking point. Some were already beginning to lose control of themselves. Alarmed and becoming increasingly fearful of missing God's purpose, I resorted to rebuke to save the meeting. Immediately all move of the Spirit stopped, the presence of God lifted and left the service as though smitten by a blight. Inasmuch as the service was dead and could not be saved, we dismissed and looked forward to another day.

During the night I was awakened by an audible voice singing in the room. Looking in the direction of the voice I saw the Lord standing by the window in a white garment looking my way as He continued singing while I sat upright in bed. He sang two stanzas of a song I had never heard. The first one dealt with sin and forgiveness, the second stanza with grace and glory. When He came to the end of His song in a deep, rich masculine voice, He was suddenly gone, but the room was filled with His presence.

Seeing that it was 2:30 a.m., I knew it was time to get up, for during this revival the Lord awakened me every night at that same time to instruct me in what He was going to do in both morning and evening services. This instruction could be very detailed including, for instance, who was to sing a special number, at what point in the service, what specific stanza or stanzas were to be omitted, etc. Much time of waiting on the Lord was also required to prepare me for meeting the essential requirement, specifically given for this revival of "*instantaneous, unquestioning obedience.*" When on one occasion I said within myself to myself, "*How will I ever get my (school) work done,*" the unexpected answer was right there namely, "*You don't have any work to get done. Your work is to cooperate with Me to get My work done.*"

While in worshipful contemplation of the solo He had just sung for me, I became aware of an inner uneasiness and said, "*Lord, is there anything wrong?*"

Immediately came the answer, "*Uzzah's error.*" I understood at once that by that carnal rebuke in the heat of my spirit I did what Uzzah did in the Old Testament, (II Samuel 6:6-7). The gravity of my error was obvious from the instantaneous death of the service.

I said, "*Lord, I am sorry, but what can I do?*"

The reply did not tarry, *“On Sunday morning during the communion service I want you to stand up and with a full confession ask the students to forgive you.”* (These words, as in some other instances, did not come as individual words but in one complete instantaneous thought).

I squirmed saying, *“Lord, I am a teacher. What will the students think of me?”* There was no reply and none was needed.

Sunday morning came soon enough. While the bread was being given out, my heart suddenly pounded heavily and I knew it was the signal to stand up. So I did and said, *“Students, I have a confession to make.”* All heads seemed to turn while a loud silence pervaded the chapel. Having told what happened with great care lest there be any effort to minimize my guilt by any degree of excuse or mitigating circumstances, I ended by saying, *“I want all of you to forgive me for killing the service.”*

Immediately a fellow stood up and in powerful prophetic utterance obviously addressed to me said, *“Because thou hast done this thing and hast humbled thyself before this congregation, therefore the Lord thy God will raise thee up and ...”*

When I heard God’s response (purposely omitted) to my obedience in public humiliation, I dropped on my knees and wept. Immediately the Spirit spoke within me word by word in utmost clarity, *“Go and teach all nations.”* Then the Spirit moved mightily upon the entire student body for some three hours in confession of sin, requests for forgiveness, deeper consecration and rededication to the work of the ministry.

As the school year neared its end in the spring, the Lord somehow gave me these words in my inner consciousness, *“Go, get a passport.”*

I said, *“Lord, I don’t need a passport. I have no place to go and no money to go with.”*

Again there came the distinct words, *“Go, get a passport.”*

I repeated my objection and a few days later the Lord repeated the same words for a third time, *“Go, get a passport.”* I almost went, but since I could see no reason whatever for getting a passport I did not get one.

Then a few days later a lady walked up to me in a church and simply said, *“Brother Beuttler, do you have a passport?”*

I replied, *“No, why should I have a passport when I am not going anywhere?”*

She said, *“Oh, that is too bad. I have an air ticket here for you to go to Europe. This is a chartered flight. I was to go and can’t but although I cannot get a refund I can give the ticket to someone else.”*

I said, *“Oh, I’ll get a passport right away.”*

“No you won’t,” she replied, *“this flight leaves in two weeks and it takes four weeks to get a passport.”* (It did then).

For three days the Spirit of God grieved within my spirit so that it became a grieving together over the failure to carry out an assignment from God. It was one of those failures that neither bitter tears nor deep remorse could reverse. God remained silent until near the end of the year when the Spirit began to stir within me an urge to get a passport. This time there was neither hesitation nor protest for I had nearly given up hope and was only too glad for another opportunity. Without any effort of any kind money flowed in from unexpected sources so that one week before Christmas I was on my way to Germany without knowing for what purpose.

The Lord had given no direction as to where I was to go. However, remembering that the TWA ticket was for Europe, I chose Germany inasmuch as my folk were there. Since my Mother was sick and did not know the Lord, I assumed that He would want me to talk to her about Him. Once in Germany God opened a door of ministry in a Baptist church. Every day the Lord awakened me about 4:30 a.m. with His presence to give me what I should say and what I should speak. (John 12:49, Isaiah 50:4).

All through the week the subject was, *“The Knowledge of God.”* At the conclusion of the last service the pastor said to his congregation, *“I have prayed for a long time that God would lead us into deeper truths than we Baptists have known and now God has sent a man from America to answer my prayer.”* With this he broke down and sobbed openly. Later I was told that they never saw their pastor weep before.

This alone seemed remarkable enough, yet God had more on the agenda. While these special meetings were still in progress, further instructions came from the Lord in a manner that is as clear to understand, as it is difficult to describe. Somehow I perceived distinct words standing in front and above me saying, *“Go to Amsterdam on New Year’s Day about the middle of the afternoon by air.”* These words were printed and of a bluish-purple color. The words stood there clearly readable, yet seemingly not by natural sight.

In my unwillingness to go I said, *“Lord, I have nothing to do in Amsterdam. Besides I want to spend New Year’s Eve with my Mother.”* Later during the week there was an exact repetition of the Lord’s instructions and my reply. Then all this happened a third time in precisely the same manner. I was just about ready to give the same answer when I remembered the missed trip to Europe. Knowing instinctively that this was my last chance, I reproved myself for being so foolish in my refusal and agreed to go in the full assurance that, although this was the most unusual manner in which God ever communicated with me, it was nevertheless His instructions for His assignment at a time most incompatible with my personal interests and desires.

In my preparations for going to Amsterdam I went to Stuttgart to get flight information from the Royal Dutch Airlines who regretfully informed me that they had no flight going

to Amsterdam on New Year's Day. Inquiry from Swiss Air yielded the information that there was no air service to Amsterdam by any airline on any holiday including New Year's Day. This information catapulted me into a great personal crisis in view of the fact that I have done much teaching on the subject of divine guidance including the leading of the Spirit. Now my purported leading of God did not seem to square with my circumstances. Either the guidance or the information was wrong. If the guidance was wrong, then what was wrong with me and my teaching?

Such was my predicament as I left the warm Swiss Air office to go out into the biting cold with my French berette pulled down to the ears, hands buried deep in my overcoat pockets, leaning forward into the cold wind-driven rain and snow, sloshing my way through the slippery slush while greatly puzzled in mind and deeply troubled in heart. Neither a fresh evaluation of my discernment of the leading of God nor a mental retracing of my steps brought me any nearer to the solution of my problem. I seemed to be at my wit's end, wrapped up in a question mark inside of an enigma.

In utter frustration I paused in my walk, closed my eyes and said reverently, but in dead earnest, *"Lord, do You know the airline schedules or don't You?"* There was no reply. The only recourse I now had left was to go to the American Express. There the attendant behind his desk searched the Official Airline Guide, looking and looking back and forth while shaking his head in the negative.

"I'm sorry sir, but there is nothing." Then brightening up he added, *"Oh, wait a minute, there is a special bulletin here. You are a lucky man. There is a special flight to Amsterdam leaving Stuttgart on January 1 at 4:20 p.m. Would that do?"*

Immediately the Spirit bore very strong witness within me that this was the flight. At once I bought my ticket with an air of triumph and a joyfulness I had difficulty restraining. God knew the airline schedules after all. Hallelujah!

The flight to Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport was normal enough, despite inclement weather. What did seem abnormal, or at least surprising, was the silence of God notwithstanding a heart constantly poised God-ward for guidance concerning my assignment. Upon deplaning I paused on the tarmac and quietly said, *"Lord, I have arrived. Now what?"* There was no answer. Then in a tone of urgency and hopefully without a tinge of impatience, I asked again, pronouncing each word distinctly and emphatically saying, *"Lord, I have arrived in Amsterdam. This is Schiphol Airport-Amsterdam, Holland. What am I to do here?"*

Since no guidance was forthcoming I followed the "guidance" of the common sense judgment of a sound mind with faith in unconscious providential guidance and went to a hotel for the night, which seemed to be the logical thing to do. However, upon retiring I assured the Lord of my willingness for any assignment in Amsterdam, but if I did not hear from Him by tomorrow morning, I would take a British European Airways flight to London at 8 a.m.

Since I heard nothing, 8 a.m. found me on the London-bound flight, seat belt fastened, all set for take-off. But there was no take-off. We sat out there on the tarmac in bitter cold for some fifteen minutes when the announcement came saying, "*This is the captain speaking. I regret to have to ask you to return to the airport lounge because a heavy fog has settled over the airport and it is too dangerous to take off.*" So among the moans and groans of disgruntled passengers, I returned to the lounge.

Upon entering the door there was suddenly a strong presence of God all around me so that I instinctively knew here is where the Lord has an assignment for me. That inner presence turned into a heavy spirit of intercession combined with intense worship. Being wholly absorbed in this activity of the Spirit while I sat in a corner of the large airport lounge, I became oblivious to time and surroundings.

When I finally noticed that several hours had passed by, I went to check the weather and found the fog so heavy that one could see only the barest outlines of the nearest planes. In front of me stood two men, one of whom was apparently an airport employee, the other one a passenger. The airport employee spoke to the apparent passenger saying, "*We do not understand this fog. There is no fog anywhere in the Amsterdam region except right over this airport. We just can't understand it.*" Making inquiry at the information desk, I found out that all flights had been canceled and none were expected to leave that day because of the density of the fog.

Up to this point everything went well enough. But then I began to lose the way through rationalization. My reasoning being that this could not be God's will inasmuch as I was sitting around here wasting the people's money by doing nothing. In fact, I began to figure out how much money I was wasting each hour by sitting at this airport waiting for the fog to lift. The presence of God, of which I had been so conscious, slowly dissipated and in its place came utter confusion. I, along with hundreds of stranded passengers, was vainly milling about looking for a place to sit.

Finally I went to the dining area and sat at the end of a long table wondering what to do. As I sat there in my distress and confusion, I noticed a man of unusually good-looking appearance coming in my direction. He wore a black suit and had such a regal bearing of dignity that I wondered who that man could be. From his general appearance I concluded that he must belong to one of the royal families of Europe. His whole demeanor was so cultured yet natural and without any affectation. To my surprise, he sat down in front of me across the table. However, I was so troubled in my spirit that I paid no further attention to him.

Instead I closed my eyes and prayed saying, "*Lord, where am I?*" I meant, of course, with respect to the will of God. When I opened my eyes, I looked at this man for no reason that I could give. At that very instant I saw him lift a book from his lap, which he opened as though he wanted to read. Quite naturally my eyes fell on the title of the page, which was, strangely enough, in German namely, "*FUEHREN WOHIN DU NICHT WILLST*" (LEADING YOU WHERE YOU DO NOT WANT TO GO). Then the man put the book back on his lap as though he had changed his mind.

Instantly I knew I had my answer from God. Thereupon a waiter came along and said, “*Will you two gentlemen please move? We need this table to feed some passengers.*” He got up and walked toward wherever he had come from while I walked in the opposite direction.

This man again arrested my attention with his outstanding appearance; erect bearing and cultured steps so that I asked myself again who this man could be. Again I dismissed my own thoughts with the explanation that he must come from one of the royal households of Europe. However, since that time the Lord has confirmed to me both personally and publicly that this man was none other than the angel of the Lord whom God had sent to Amsterdam to bring me back into His will.

(Incidentally, a number of pastors who told this story to their congregation had a move of the Spirit and confirmation by the Spirit of the validity of this account. The story was also read to the students of the A/G Bible school in England by the late Donald Gee who wrote to me personally that this reading was followed by a move of the Spirit of God in their school.) So I confessed to the Lord my erroneous rationalization and unbelief and asked for forgiveness, whereupon the awareness of His presence returned as before.

With many passengers looking for an empty seat, I was fortunate (providentially) to find one at a little round table with a dark skinned stranger sitting at it. Quickly I took the chair, shut my eyes and continued with my intercession in the Spirit. However, I was interrupted by this man with the words, “*Sir, tell me your secret.*”

Opening my eyes I saw him leaning half way across the table with an inquiring look on his face. I answered by saying, “*Sir, who are you? What do you mean?*”

He replied, “*I am an African businessman, brought up in the Mohammedan faith. Notwithstanding my earnest seeking, Mohammed could not bring me forgiveness of sins nor the peace I sought. Therefore I left Mohammedanism, tried other religions both Eastern and Western, but in none could I find what I needed. Finally I gave up all religions, but for many years I have prayed one prayer, namely, ‘Oh God, if there is a God, show me the way to true peace.’*” Then he added, “*Sir, are you the man that has what I am seeking and if so, can you show me the way to true peace? I was watching you this morning for several hours sitting over there in that chair. There was a light on your face. What was that light?*” Wondering I said to myself, “*Could this be the man that has what I am seeking? If so, what is your secret?*”

When he was finished I gave him the testimony of my salvation when under similar circumstances I walked the streets of New York very lonely, without friends and no peace in my heart. I told him how I found what I was seeking through Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace. In conclusion I was going to say, “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,*” repeating a scripture I had used before in speaking to him. So I said, “*Believe on the Lord J...*” when I was interrupted by a voice from the ceiling which said, “*Attention please, will all passengers on British Airways flight number (whatever it*

was) *go to your plane immediately. We are leaving in ten minutes because the fog is lifting.*” With this we said goodbye and never met again.

Looking at the entire journey in perspective, a remarkable panorama of the interplay of divine providence emerges. God heard this African pray for many years, *“Oh God, if there is a God, show me the way to true peace.”* He was on one continent where God heard his prayers and gets the wheels of divine providence into motion to answer him. His chosen instrument was in America, a second continent. By a most unusual supernatural leading, God brings them both to the same place at the same time on a third continent. To make possible a personal contact and provide the necessary time, God shuts down one of the world’s busiest airports with an unusual fog. When the instrument loses the way, God sends His angel to the airport to reorient His servant. Although many passengers were looking for a seat, God has one vacant right in front of the African. As the delivery of the message is being completed the fog lifts and planes resume their operation. Thus God answers the man’s prayer by showing to him the way to true peace through Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. It was January 2, 1952; the day God’s angel came to Amsterdam.

Hymn of a Solo Traveler

“TO THE ONLY WISE GOD AND SAVIOUR...”

Who for some 22 years opened doors for teaching the knowledge of God to the uttermost parts of all continents and the remotest islands of all oceans, supplied every need without strain or stinting, guided time and again in amazing providence, preserved in circumstances of mortal peril, and granted the companionship of His presence on some 33 trans-oceanic flights with ten around the world and one over the seemingly endless white desert of the North Pole (Paris-Tokyo, courtesy of French A/G)

“BE GLORY AND MAJESTY, DOMINION AND POWER, BOTH NOW AND EVER. AMEN.” Jude 25