

Frank Gomez – DOA

"But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, And kept back *part* of the price, his wife also being privy *to it*, and brought a certain part, and laid *it* at the apostles' feet. But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back *part* of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? **thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.** **And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost:** and great fear came on all them that heard these things. And the young men arose, wound *him* up, and carried *him* out, and buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, **How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord?** behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband *are* at the door, and shall carry thee out. **Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost:** and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying *her* forth, buried *her* by her husband. And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things." (Acts 5:1-11 KJV)



Frank's Cap - Generacion Latina

It was back on the 17th of September 2002 that I had a very pleasant conversation with a man by the name of Frank. At that time I was "**homeless for Jesus**" – living at the Rescue Mission of El Paso and working as assistant chaplain. In fact I was sitting in the chapel when Frank walked in and asked to talk. Well, for the next two hours I listened to Frank. He not only confessed his love for Jesus but also explained his calling to "bring together the churches in one Spirit". He told me all about his dedication to the Lord, wanting nothing more than to serve Him with his life. And, by the time our little "session" was over and done with, I was thoroughly convinced that this man "knew Jesus"!

However, it was only a few days later (the 23rd) that I received an early morning phone call from Frank. He was desperate; he needed to talk with me! It was urgent that I meet him in front of the El Paso Coliseum.

So, I sought the Lord for His will, and then, after having first received His approval, let Frank know that I would be there shortly. However, when I got in my truck I felt a very heavy spirit come all over me. You see I would normally put my wallet on the seat or dashboard, but this time I felt an overwhelming urge to hide it under the seat. And it was because of this uneasy feeling that I prayed once again for God's direction in my meeting with Frank.

Well, once again, the Lord confirmed what He wanted me to do. And it wasn't but a few miles later that I pulled over in front of the coliseum and let Frank in. However, seeing how the building and parking lot were all fenced in, I just pulled back out into the traffic and continued driving in an eastward direction.

Now for the next four blocks Frank gave me a few more of the details of his life. He shared with me how he had recently gotten out of prison, and was trying to "get established" with a part-time job and apartment in order to do God's work in the churches. But, it was right about then that Frank abruptly changed the conversation by asking "Would you drive me to Wal-Mart to buy some toilet paper?"

Now being perfectly honest with you, that question about the toilet paper caught me completely off guard! I mean, go figure! But seeing how it was my desire to help Frank in any way possible, I told him that I would take him. However, seeing how my truck was running on fumes, I pulled over at the Chevron station to get some gas. I stopped the truck at the pumps, got out and walked around to the gas cap behind the passenger's door, and proceeded to pump the gas when I noticed Frank. He was no longer sitting upright! His head had fallen forward and enormous drops of sweat were falling from his face.

I immediately tried to shake him and wake him through the open window, but my efforts were futile. I ran over to the attendant's station, borrowed his phone, and proceeded to call 911. As the time continued to tick by I suddenly realized that the hospital was only one block away. So I informed the operator of my decision to drive Frank to the hospital, and then quickly proceeded back to my truck.

When I opened the door on the driver's side, I found that I couldn't get in because of Frank. He had fallen over into my seat and was moaning weakly as thick mucus dribbled out from his mouth and nose. Not a pretty sight! I then pushed on his shoulder to sit him upright, only to realize his shirt was soaked with cold sweat. I can still remember exactly how ugly it felt.

Once in the driver's seat, I found it necessary to continue pushing on Frank's shoulder in order to keep him from falling back on me. So with my right hand holding Frank upright, I used my left to steer and shift my five-speed truck to the hospital... burning rubber and begging Frank not to die along the way!

At the emergency room entrance I jumped out and ran inside to get help. As the Lord would have it, there were two of my backslidden "Christian" Brothers at the door, who just so happened to be at the right place at the right time to witness the very gruesome

details of what was about to take place to another backslidden Brother. I returned to the truck with the both of them following, where we prayed for Frank while awaiting the emergency crew. The team finally arrived, but as they were lifting Frank out of the truck and onto the gurney they dropped him! I can still remember the sight of his limp body falling to the ground and shaking. It was all very graphic and ugly to say the least!

So it was probably about an hour later (as the three of us anxiously awaited an update on Frank) that a nurse came out and gave us the very bad news: **He's dead!!!**

Wow!!! What a trip!!! And all because I obeyed God by meeting with Frank. So right then and there I asked God "WHY???" Why did Frank have to die...and why did I have to be the one to experience his death?

That was my prayer, and it didn't take too awful long to get His answer. Because the following paragraph is pretty much what the Lord had to say to me:

"For the past few weeks I've not only been giving you Acts chapter 5 as a reading assignment, but I've also been telling you that you will personally see professing 'Christians' drop dead like 'Ananias and Sapphira'...and all because they have lied to the Holy Spirit. Well Frank was only the first of many! Frank was a 'con artist' who accepted Jesus as his Lord and Saviour while in prison, but then went on to use God in his 'con game' once he got out. You were Frank's next victim! And what you've just witnessed, with your own two eyes, was Frank's 'body' reacting to his 'soul and spirit' dropping on into Hell. The sweat pouring from Frank's body was the results of him entering the everlasting fires of Hell after being smitten by the Holy Spirit! You must use Frank's testimony to warn other 'Christians' not to play around with God...because He ain't nothing to play with!"

So that's what He told me. And even though there was much more to this story, I'll cut it short by saying that, after having left the hospital, the Lord had me to share "Frank's testimony" with yet another Brother in the Lord. And much to my amazement, it was that same Brother who went on to tell me about a similar situation in his life. You see one day, several years earlier and before he became a Christian, he was tripping on hallucinogenic "psilocybin mushrooms"...but it was a bad trip and he was dying. He said it felt as though two invisible hands grabbed him by the wrist and were slowly pulling him into Hell. And as all of this was taking place, his body broke out in a sweat just like Frank's. However, before he became fully unconscious, he cried out for God to save him. Immediately, he said, the two hands let go and he returned back to "life in this world". And as an added note to this real-life horror story, he said that for several days after the incident he had bruise marks on his wrist where the two demonic hands had grabbed him.

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