

Inside this Issue

1. Testimonial From Dr. Joseph Webb
7. Praise Report
7. Quotes By Leonard Ravenhill
8. Order Your Book Today

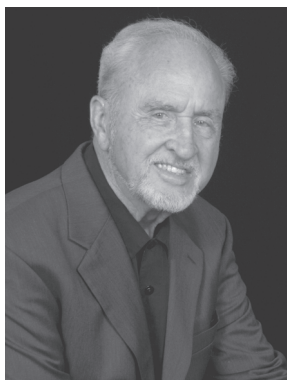
We, at C.P.R. Ministries would appreciate it very much if you would forward this newsletter to many of your friends. So few today in our churches have ever heard these truths. Allow the Holy Spirit to birth a curiosity in their hearts. Maybe they will join us in getting these truths around the world. "The fields are white already unto harvest; BUT the laborers are few."

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Testimonial from Dr. Joseph Webb



I have been working on another book (Maybe I will finish it before the Upper taker or undertaker takes over.)

As I have been contemplating why the Lord led me into teaching such a vital truth as covenant marriage, which is needed so very much in today's churches; The Lord reminded how he worked in my life, through a covenant I wasn't even able to comprehend what I was doing when I made it. He, many years later affirmed to me how He kept the covenant I made with him when I was only five years old and brought me to Him through a very strange series of events. Through this, He caused me to understand how He was and is a covenant keeping God, even today.

When I was five years old, none of my family ever went to church. I heard of Jesus Christ only in my father's language from time to time; but never in the sense of who He was, or why He came to earth. My grandmother used to say our family were "heatherns."

One day, a single lady named Oprah, in my home town, came to our home and asked my father if he would allow her to take me to church with her on Sundays. His response was, "I guess it won't hurt him."

The following Sunday she arrived and we walked eight blocks to her small Free Methodist Church in Fremont, NE. This was a totally unique experience to me. For the first time ever I heard different things about Jesus Christ than I had learned in my home.

After a couple of weeks of attending, this lady (Orpha M.) discovered I could sing. She quickly had me singing with two other young girls in the service. Soon after this she asked my father if she could pick me up at 5:30 am the next Sunday, so I could sing with the other two girls on the local radio station. Again, my father said; "I guess it won't hurt him."

After returning from the radio station, Orpha again asked my father: "Would you mind if Joe attended church with me tonight? We are having revival meetings and we want Joe and the two girls to sing in the service. Again, my father's response was, "I guess it won't hurt him."

That evening, when the evangelist gave what they called “an altar call” Orpha asked the two girls if they would like to go forward and accept Jesus Christ into their hearts; they said no. When she asked me if I would like to, I said “Yes.”

What happened next, the enemy caused me to forget completely. After I asked Jesus to come into my heart, Orpha said: “Joe, I know you come from a non-Christian home and probably won’t be in this neighborhood very much longer, (I moved 9 times before I was sixteen years old.) Would you PROMISE the Lord tonight if He will keep you, you will serve Him the rest of your life?”

I had NO idea as to the sacredness and power of the agreement I made with the Lord that night, but I made a promise, and the Lord affirmed it as a covenant between us.

I moved away from that neighborhood a few months later and never saw Orpha again. I moved into a neighborhood where if a cat had a tail, it was a tourist going through. I was suddenly immersed into an environment that was a total antithesis to everything I learned about Jesus while attending that little church with Orpah. I was introduced to alcohol, tobacco, stealing, immorality, swearing, fighting and fear. Whenever I didn’t do what the neighborhood gang wanted me to do, they would come right into my home (both parents working), drag me outside and give me a beating.

After working at part time jobs for almost two years, I was able to purchase a new bicycle. I was so thrilled to have accomplished this goal, especially since my parents weren’t able to give me any help because of their limited resources.

When I rode my new bicycle home, the gang stopped me and with their baseball bats, smashed my fenders down against the tires and laughed at me. Incidents like these caused me to build up an incredible amount of resentment toward the gang. I became determined that someday I would repay everyone of them for the way they treated me.

It is important to reiterate, at this time, I never once remembered the promise I made to God when I was five years old. When our family moved out of that neighborhood into the only home we ever owned, the influence of that former neighborhood left me as damaged material.

Three years later, my older sister moved out to live with a cousin in Lincoln, NE. She and I couldn’t get within feet of each other without getting into a terrible scuffle. In one of those encounters, she split my head open with a pair of scissors. In another, she threw a knife at me and when I jumped out of the way, it stuck in the door behind me. I don’t say this to embarrass anyone, but to show you the conditions we experienced in our high school years.

The first time I was able to leave the state of NE, I was invited to visit my half sister in WA. When I returned, my father told me my sister had “gone crazy over religion.”

When I heard that, I said, “don’t worry, I’ll get that out of her the next time I see her.”

One day, as I was coming down the alley to my home, the three neighbor boys came out to challenge me to a fight. At that time I had been involved with “Golden Gloves boxing.” I left all three of them in pile in the alley, and their dad came out and hit me. That did it! I went to my back yard; picked up my ball bat and headed for my neighbor, while he and his sons were running toward their house. My dad grabbed my arm to hold me back, and I was dragging him behind me. When I looked around at the back porch of our home, I saw my Christian sister standing there crying.

When I settled down, I went after her with a vengeance. “So, you’ve got religion now! Well, I’ll see how deep it is really quickly.” I should state here; my sister didn’t fight fair. When she left Bible College to come home, she had asked the entire student body to pray for her younger brother back in NE.

I was relentlessly after her. After several hours of tormenting her she turned to me and said; “Get off my back Joe.”

I said; “There she is! That’s the sister I always



knew, and her religion isn't very deep." I was suddenly stunned when my sister turned to me and said: "Please forgive me Joe, what you just saw was not my Jesus, but my flesh, and I am sorry. I don't want to be what I was, but I want Jesus to change me completely."

I could not believe hearing that out of a mouth that at one time thought little of swear words. I watched her when she went to bed and was reading the Bible and praying. I couldn't understand how this could be the same sister I had experienced all my life.

A couple days later my sister invited me to go to church with her. She emphasized there would be a lot of music. (She knew I still liked to sing.)

The first night I attended; when the altar call was given, I peeked and saw the pastor heading for the door during the closing prayer. I don't know why, but for some reason I was afraid he would try to stop me from leaving, so I started running toward the door. The pastor arrived about one step ahead of me and I knocked him into the narthex on my way out the door.

When my sister got to the door of my car, I told her to "shut up." She said: "I haven't said anything." I said again: "shut up." I was so miserable inside and couldn't understand what was happening to me. The next day at work; I, who had the foulest mouth in the factory would cringe whenever I heard someone use Jesus' name as a swear word. I thought to myself; "Am I going crazy? What is going on?"

At that time, my sister noticed when I was watching television, I smoked 12 cigarettes and was lighting my 13th, all in 45 minutes.

To this day, neither she nor I can remember how she got me to go back to the church the next night, but there I was. When the altar call was given, I told her; "I can invite Jesus into my heart, but I can't stop smoking. I've tried to quit a hundred times. (At that time I was smoking 2 ½ packs a day, plus cigars and a pipe.

Her response to me was: "No one said anything about your smoking; they just invited you to make Jesus Lord of your life, and let Him worry about your smoking."

I stepped out and knelt at the altar and as far as I knew, for the first time, invited Jesus Christ into my heart. When I looked up, with tears running down my cheeks, I took the cigarette pack from my pocket and said; "Here sis, I won't need these anymore!"

I feel it is important to give you this background, before you can understand how much of a miracle this really was.

When I got home that night, my father met me at the door and said; "Don't tell me, you have gone nuts over religion just like your sister."

My response was; "If this is what being nuts is all about, I am the happiest nut in the world

When I went back to work, everyone said, "What has happened to you Joe? You seem totally different and your mouth has cleaned up."

Within a year the Lord called me to go to Bible College. I could write several more chapters about how He worked miracles to get me to go. When I graduated from high school I had stated I never wanted to darken another school door for the rest of my life. The lord not only called me; but miraculously provided the necessary funds, and gave me a great anticipation and peace about going.

When I told my father I felt I should go to Bible College, his response was: "If you are going to go off a become a begging preacher, don't expect me to give you any help, because I won't."

After he told me this, I went to my room and asked the Lord for a verse for this situation. As I opened the Bible, I read in the Psalms: "When your father and mother have forsaken you, then will the Lord take you up." I claimed that verse and told the Lord I was going to believe Him to be my total source. I told Him, "I will not depend on people, churches, denominations or jobs." I was claiming Him to be my Jehovah Jireh. I am so glad I made that choice, because I have experienced 68 years of divine miracles!

I had to preface everything else with this history to help you to understand the incredible sovereignty of God.

During my third year of Bible College I was working as a fry cook in a restaurant. One evening, a man came around to the kitchen and asked me: "Son, what happened when you were five years of age that completely changed the course of your life?"

I thought to myself: "Who let this nut out if the institute?"

I responded: "I have no idea what you are talking about."

Again he said; "Something happened when you were five years old that completely changed the course of your life."

Becoming frustrated with this gentleman, I brushed him off with "WHATEVER."

After he left, I continued cooking, and suddenly the Holy Spirit told me, when you were five years old, you made a covenant with me, and I have kept you." I suddenly saw that little church and the altar and was reminded of the promise I had made to Him. I began sobbing and had a hard time keeping up with my cooking.

It is significant to know, while I was totally unfaithful to my covenant with the Lord, HE REMAINED FAITHFUL.

While in Bible College, we travelled representing the school into many states. I gave my testimony; we sang and promoted the school. A pastor from CO where we had visited, wrote to me and asked if we would provide the special music for some revival meetings. We felt the Lord told us to go.

When we arrived, the pastor asked if we would consider a call to be the assistant pastor, minister of music and youth director at his church. This was in 1957, and I told my fiancé: "I do not want a denominational leader to place us in a church. I want the Lord to confirm where we should go."

After praying about it, I told my fiancé "if the Lord wants us to come to this church, He will pay off the large debt on the building because many in the church felt they could not afford another worker until these expenses were dealt with.

Secondly we would ask the Lord to have the vote for us to come to be 100% yes. (If you know anything about churches; you know you virtually never get a 100% vote yes on ANY matter.

Thirdly, I told her we were graduating and had many expenses; we were getting married, which would be expensive, and starting a new life in CO would have costs involved. If the Lord is in this, He will make provision for all of these."

That conversation took place on Sunday night after the evening service. The revival meetings proceeded. On Thursday morning the pastor called and asked us to meet him in his office. When we arrived, he was crying. After a few moments he showed us a huge check!

"What is this?" I asked.

The pastor informed me he had a lady in his church who owned 37 oil wells, who called him the night before and asked if he would stop by her house; It was VERY important! When he arrived, she informed him she had not been able to sleep for the past three nights. The Lord told her it was vital for her to pay off the total mortgage on the church immediately. She then gave the pastor a check for the full amount.

My fiancé and I looked at each in shock! That is step one. But there are two more.

On Sunday night the pastor called for a vote to call us to the church. When the votes were counted there were only two votes no. I said to my fiancé; "Well, that does it!" I no more than got the words out of my mouth when two gentlemen walked up to me and said; "Pastor Webb, we are the two that voted "no" but we do want you to come. We were wrong to have voted the way we did. Be assured; we do want you to come."

Two out of three:

When the service was concluded, and about to be dismissed; the pastor stood at the pulpit unexpectedly and said; "ONE MORE THING. I know Brother Webb has come from a non-Christian home and has had to work his way through college. I'm sure they have some



financial needs to be taken care of before they can feel free to come to work with us. So if the Lord puts it on your heart to bless them, just greet them as they go to the front door."

As we walked toward the door, people started placing money and checks in our hands and pockets. When we got to the office, we placed everything on the pastor's desk and counted it. To our amazement, every need was met, plus the tithe! Our Jehovah Jireh (The Lord who supplies.) proved He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Soon after that, the Lord spoke to me and called me to preach His word. He also gave me a helpmeet who added two children to our family.

After getting married, the Lord gave us several very fruitful years of ministry in that church, and launched us into the evangelism field. There also, the Lord continuously provided our every need in miraculous ways.

After conducting crusades across the U.S., with thousands coming to the Lord, In 1961, due to my wife's health problems, we moved back to MN, ministering as my wife's health allowed until 1972.

In 1972, my family and I moved from Minnesota to Florida, where I began pastoring a very small church. It was so small, I was careful not to say "Dearly beloved," for fear someone would think I was flirting with them. I had left full time evangelism eleven years earlier and settled down into pastoral work. When I moved to Florida, I imagined I would find some type of secular work because of my wife's poor health, and was trying to discern how I could support my family.

In 1975 the Lord began to speak to me concerning the covenant marriage issue. Every time I would begin to study for my Sunday sermons, He would cause verses to jump out at me. This became very disconcerting when I was trying to feed my flock. I felt I didn't need this distraction. The more I studied, the more the Lord began to tie one verse to another, and then another. I have to be honest, and tell you I thought "how can this be when no one else is teaching this?"

One hinderance was, my mother had been divorced and then married my father. If what I found in the scripture was true, then I was a bastard, born out of wedlock.

I began to read everything I could get my hands on to DISPROVE what I felt the Lord was revealing to me. The more I studied, the more distressed I became. One day I said; "Lord, how can this be when all the other pastors say I am wrong?" His response was; "When are you going to stop listening to what men say, and listen to what My Word says?"

After many years of questioning and distress, in 1983 I published the first edition of "Till Death Do Us Part? In 1995 I resigned from the church and launched full time into what is now called Christian Principles Restored Ministries International, Inc.

We are now in our fifth edition of "Till Death" and have also written "Divorce and Remarriage, The Trojan Horse Within The Church."

Through all of these years, the Lord has never allowed us to have much extra, but sufficient to fulfill His leading in our lives.

Many of you will remember, on June 15, 1986, the Lord called my wife home with ovarian cancer. Then on January 5, 1989, The Lord told me He was going to call my son home. Jeff had been very ill with diabetes, and went into surgery to have an eye removed. The anesthesiologist made an error in judgment and Jeff was left brain dead.

In each of these situations the Lord told me very clearly; "Remember what they GAINED, and not what you LOST." Those words carried me through.

Eight and one half years later; while I continued as pastor of the church, the Lord led a widow with three children into my life. On May 15, 1994 Patricia and I were married. We just celebrated our 25th Anniversary together.

A few years ago I returned to my home town for a family funeral. I went back to that little

building that was no longer used as a church, and stood on the front concrete steps and talked to the Lord. I said; "Lord, 79 years ago I told you "If you would keep me, I would serve you the rest of my life." You HAVE. I have come short many times, but you are merciful. I am just reporting for duty to announce again; if you will give me the strength; I will continue to lift up your Word. You promised to "be my God TO THE END." I have promised to serve you to the end. Use me however you see fit Lord. All I want to hear is, "Well done, good and faithful servant." AMEN!

Many of you have walked with us through all of these events and have prayed us through the good and bad times. The Lord has proven to be our faithful Jehovah Jireh throughout this whole time. We are reaching more people with this message now than at any other time in our ministry. So many of you have been a constant encouragement and blessing to us as we have trusted Him to open and close doors.

Right now, because we realize reality tells us we are getting closer to the Other Side than ever before. We feel the Lord would have us to challenge you one more time. Please pray the Lord will give us wisdom for the next step of outreach.

Two individuals stepped forward several years ago to the challenge of getting our books translated into the Spanish language. They sowed into that program and the Lord has rewarded them with "Much fruit, and much fruit that will remain."

We recently sent over 6000 Spanish books to Central and South America to be distributed, by faith. The result has been MANY covenant marriages being restored and many adulterous relationships abandoned. All of the books have been distributed and now pastor's conferences are begging for more books. Many pastors stated, "Why weren't we taught this in our seminaries?" Other pastors have stated the Lord has called them to propagate this truth to their nation."

I would love to look over the Lord's shoulder when He hands out His rewards to those two individuals who by faith reached out to unknown people, who spoke in a language they didn't understand and believed the Lord would bless their efforts.

We are now believing the Lord to allow us the faith to believe Him to allow us to have our books translated into many more languages and placed online, for the many hungry souls who are seeking truth. We never dreamed this would be possible in our time. The whole world is at our doorstep, if we will believe Him to use us. Which is easier? To go to the mission field ourselves, or send the message in faith through a median used by people everywhere.

Thankfully, we have already had some offer to match gifts with those who cannot afford a language by themselves. We have others who have said: "Let us know what a language translation will cost and we will get back to you."

I cannot thank the Lord enough for allowing me to see this message go around the world before He calls us home.

I know some of you cannot participate in this program, but may we urge you to bombard the throne of God to raise up those who can.

We are attempting to find expert translators of different languages to find out what translating the books into another language and placing them online will cost. Maybe some of you would like to purchase a language as a memorial of a loved one who has gone home, but who truly believed this message. The scripture suggests this when it says "They being dead yet speak". I am sorry this opportunity was not available while they were still with us.

For the first time EVER; WE CAN REACH INTO EVERY HOME IN THE WORLD!

Pray with us for God's blessing on this endeavor.

Drs. Joseph and Patricia Webb





Many are calling, and not E-mailing, to tell me How our books and seminar on YouTube have changed their lives. One lady from SC told how she has finally found peace of heart through her obedience to the Word of God, and she desires to be an active part of CPR Ministries in the days ahead.

A medical professional called to say he and the lady he had been living with listened to the seminar; ordered and read both books, and have left their non covenant relationship and thank the Lord for revealing this truth to them before it was eternally too late. He also desires to become a part of all we do to get this message out.

We received a note from another gentleman who listened to the seminar and responded: "What a wonderful man of God. I love men that speak God's word whatever their opposition. You are awesome sir. I look forward to having ling chats with you in heaven."

Drs. Joseph and Patricia Webb

A Quote by

Leonard Ravenhill: Evangelist 1907-1994

*"Prayer is pre-occupation with our needs;
Praise is pre-occupation with our blessings;
Worship is pre-occupation with God Himself."*



WILL YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY BY MAKING A COMMITMENT TO SHARE THIS VITAL TRUTH WITH OTHERS IN 2019?

All our products can now be ordered Online, quickly and efficiently. Consequently, we have a limited supply of books (English) in storage, which we would like to get into your hands for distribution in 2019.

This book is doing no one any good in storage.

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If you truly believe it is VITAL that we get this message to as many people as possible; as soon as possible: Please contact us right away while the supplies last. Call 407-834-5233, or by snail mail.

Thank you for being such a vital part of all we do! God bless!

Will you join us in distributing this book to pastors and needy couples in your area as a missionary project for 2019. We cannot be everywhere: but you can be our hands and feet. Lives are being radically changed from reading this book. Please take this opportunity to be light and salt until our inventory is depleted. It will be an investment in eternity in someone's life. Thank You

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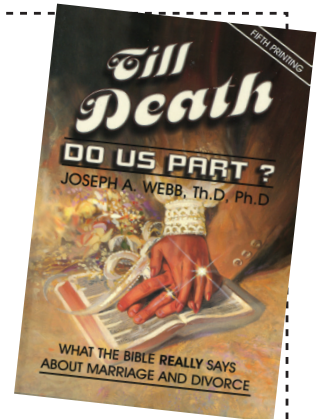
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