

# GENERATIONS

Sharon Garlock Spiegel

## **GENERATIONS**

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Dedicated to my children:  
Crystal, Elizabeth, Bradley, and their future generations.

Praying this testimony of redemption and  
God's unchanging power will continue to inspire  
the faith to live for Christ in this ever-changing world.

“I have no greater joy than to hear that  
my children walk in truth.” — 3 John 1:4



# Acknowledgments



Special thanks to *CrossRiver Media* and *Tamara Clymer*, a dynamic influence bringing to pass an answer to my prayer to show God's strength and power to this generation and even to those who are yet to come with the publishing of this book. (*Ps. 71: 18 paraphrased*)

To *Blanche* and *Alfred Trotter* and *Ruth* and *H.B. Garlock* who impacted my life beyond measure. *Ruthanne Garlock*, co-author of *Before We Kill and Eat You* by H.B. Garlock who allowed portions of that book to be included in *Generations*. Henry's faith, already instilled in him by godly parents who taught complete surrender to God's will, increased when God miraculously delivered him from the hand of cannibals. Through that commitment and total dependence upon God, he and Ruth received God's very best. The many miracles they experienced because their only source was God would take several volumes to record. Some other accounts of the miraculous can be read in *Before We Kill and Eat You* by H. B. Garlock. It can be purchased through Garlock Ministries from their daughter-in-law, Ruthanne Garlock, Bullverde, Texas. Accounts of the dead being raised, deliverances from witch doctors' spells, and other miracles are recorded there. The rescue of Jitueh and deliverance by a heavenly army from cannibals and their desire to kill and eat the missionary H. B. Garlock is taken directly from Henry's book, chapter nine. Harrowing tales were turned miraculous because of total trust and dependence upon God; there was no other source of help.

My cousin, *Alfred Robert Trotter*, who shared the details of his father's (Alfred N. Trotter) plane crash in the African jungle.

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My grandparents *Edward* and *Jessie Garlock* who blessed my life with their examples of unwavering faith and testimonies of the miraculous, which I was blessed to hear firsthand.

*My parents* who picked up the spiritual torch, carrying on a priceless heritage and teaching me what it means to live by faith, to sacrifice, and be obedient to the call of God.

To my aunts *May, Marian,* and *Esther,* my uncles *Wesley, Eddie,* and *Victor* who all in some way impacted my life.

To my husband, *Roger,* who has helped me through my journey these past forty-five years of our marriage, teaching our children and grandchildren through example and accepting the call to minister. What an encouragement and blessing my prince has been in my life. He is a rock.

To our district superintendent, *Dr. Ray Brewer,* and our general superintendent, *Dr. George Wood,* for their endorsement of this book.

To our dear friend, *Randy Brooks,* whose friendship and encouragement has been a blessing for many years.

To my children, *Bradley, Crystal,* and *Elizabeth,* along with their spouses, *Sallie, Chris,* and *Oscar,* for the blessing they are to us, urging us to pass on a powerful and priceless heritage. Pick up the torch and run!

Most of all, to our Lord and Savior, *Jesus Christ,* for keeping me on the right path, drawing me back when I strayed, and reminding me of His mercy, power, and saving grace. He's the only one who can bring about a dramatic and miraculous change such as took place in Edward Garlock's life in 1913.

# Foreword



The year was 1920, when a nineteen-year-old man led his friends to visit a tent revival in West Eminence, Missouri, intending to escort them from his town.

On each preceding night during the advertised revival, Mel, a local lumber mill worker, organized a big dance in order to compete with the revival. His plan was successful and not one person in town attended the meeting. Now Mel was going to the tent of revivalist Dad Strothcamp to explain that he was no longer welcome in West Eminence.

But Dad Strothcamp was so excited to see people coming he began to sing, play, and preach with great enthusiasm.

Mel and his friends began to laugh and decided to enjoy the show for a few minutes. Before long, Mel Brewer, my grandfather, made his way to the front of the tent to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior.

Like big waves washing over a beach, salvation began to wash over the Brewer family. Now five generations later, every member of our Brewer family has confessed Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Such is the effect of the gospel when a man or woman chooses righteousness.

If big waves of righteousness reached West Eminence, a giant tsunami of righteousness swept into the Garlock family at a Maria Woodworth Etter camp meeting in 1913. Author Sharon Garlock Spiegel tells the compelling story of her grandfather's miraculous salvation, healing, and deliverance from a dark life of addiction. The tsunami eventually carried seven of his children into vocational ministry with worldwide results, and it has continued from generation to generation with more

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than 120 members of the Garlock family following in ministry.

Prepare to be drawn back to the early 1900s as Spiegel shares the heart wrenching story of a man who served the devil for forty-four years and then spent the next forty-four years declaring the wondrous good news.

Based on firsthand testimony from Spiegel's grandparents, parents, aunts, and uncles, and supplemented by actual diary entries, this true fiction account of one man's desperate cry for deliverance will inspire you. *Generations* reveals the ongoing effects of one man's choice and it deserves a wide audience.

*Dr. Ray Brewer, District Superintendent  
Northern Missouri District, Assemblies of God*



# Preface



A Christian heritage is a priceless gift, handed from one generation to another. The decision to live for Christ is an individual one — regardless of heritage — but the impact of a Christian parent or grandparent can be life-changing. And when those grandparents spend time in daily intercessory prayer for their children and grandchildren — the results are extended through the generations.

The Psalmist tells us, “He [God] has remembered His covenant forever, The Word which He commanded to a thousand generations.” (Psalm 108:5 NASB) *Generations* deals with the lives of two people whose changed lives brought blessings that followed them and their children, their grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and succeeding generations. Their walk of faith and trust in God produced the miraculous.

All of the accounts in this book are true and factual. They are not legends passed on from generation to generation. They are recorded as told to me by my grandparents Edward and Jessie Garlock (name originally spelled Garlick) and other family who experienced or witnessed these things. The dates are accurate to the best of my knowledge. The dialog, although not exact, follows the story as it was told to me. Some conversations, however, are as recorded in my grandmother’s diaries and from statements made to me by the people who lived these events firsthand.

You will be reading accounts of the life of a man given wholly to destructive addiction. The horrific details are provided only to show the results in such a life when the power of God is applied. My desire is that the reader will be encouraged to be that person whose testimony

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and example will inspire their future generations to seek and serve God. God does not play favorites — His salvation, deliverance, and healing power is available to those who are bound, broken, and hopeless. Then the changed life sends a clear message of His power.

As part of the second generation from the main characters in this book, I am privileged to have the godly heritage they have passed to me. My grandchildren are also reaping the benefit of these testimonies of deliverance and faith. A godly heritage is a priceless and cherished legacy. Because of God's mercy, I am a recipient of the life-changing power of God manifested in my grandfather's life. In the hope others will seek salvation and deliverance, I have been compelled to put pen to paper and write his story of redemption.

My desire is to show God's strength and power to this generation and even to those who are yet to come. (Ps. 71: 18 paraphrased)

God has promised He will make a covenant with you, "As for Me," says the LORD, 'this *is* My covenant with them: My Spirit who *is* upon you, and My words which I have put in your mouth, shall not depart from your mouth, nor from the mouth of your descendants, nor from the mouth of your descendants' descendants,' says the LORD, 'from this time and forevermore.' (Isa. 59:21 NKJV)

This is my Scripture. It can be yours too!

*Sharon Garlock Spiegel*

1  
*Papa's Home*  
August 1910

Wispis of platinum hair drifted across Marian's dirt-streaked face as she struggled with the awkward pump handle.

At four years old, she was small for her age, making priming the pump almost impossible. But it wasn't a new chore, and with all the expertise a four-year-old could muster, she pulled the handle down.

Wedging herself under the curved, rust-speckled iron, her spindly arms strained to push the handle back up again. She stopped, took a deep breath, and bit her bottom lip, her eyes focused on the little tin cup placed squarely beneath the spout.

The thunder of pounding horse's hooves broke her concentration. When someone turned onto the lane leading to the Garlock place, just outside of Woodbury, Connecticut, there was always the soft, even clippety-clop of the horses pulling a carriage or buggy. This was different. The very ground she stood on shook.

It was a horse in full run-away gallop.

Glancing up, her cornflower blue eyes widened in terror. Papa was standing in the buggy, whipping the back of his well-trained horse Diablo. Fury blazed in his eyes.

If she had a more developed vocabulary, she would have described her father as a handsome man with meticulously trimmed handlebar mustache and eyes bluer than the brightest summer sky. But right now he was grotesque and frightening. The difference was a liquid source. Mother called it demon rum, and experience taught Marian to run and hide.

Panicked, she sprinted toward the house.

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In the house, Jessie stretched to ease her cramped back. With the last pie in the oven, she breathed in the tantalizing cinnamon-laced aroma that filled her kitchen. Embracing the fragrance, she stopped short at the thunderous sound of her husband's prized horse approaching. She turned toward the sound as frightened Marian flew through the screen door and into her arms.

Swinging Marian toward the pantry, Jessie deposited her tiny child behind a large sack of flour.

"Be quiet and stay hidden," she instructed. "Do not come out until I tell you."

Trembling, Jessie tried to blend into the homey scene. With her back to the door, she busied herself wiping up the flour and apple peelings covering the countertop as Edward's curses grew louder and closer. Seconds later he staggered into the kitchen, bleary-eyed and reeking of whiskey.

"Wha's goin' on here?" he slurred. Swaying as he approached her, he was not an impressive image of a man. Although small in stature and slightly built, he was strong. He often boasted of fighting ten men at a time. Most people steered clear of him, drunk or sober.

"Someone rode the new mare. I din' buy her for the chil'ren's entertainment! And I almos' fell over a bucket on the porch. Are you tryin' to kill me?"

His rage built with each new accusation. His face, purple and twisted in anger, Edward moved toward his wife — fist clenched and raised. Exploding like a mad man he bellowed, "Don' make excuses for 'em. You're turnin' 'em into a bunch of lazy, worthless brats."

Jessie held her breath, hoping he would stumble to the bedroom and collapse — as he sometimes did — saving her from a brutal attack.

Wild-eyed he grabbed a wooden chair, raised it over his head, and charged at her. She tried to duck, but the chair stuck her back and shoulders, sending her to the floor. Searing pain shot through her shoulders, down both arms and to her fingertips. She lay dazed on the smooth wood of the kitchen floor.

Curled into a fetal position, she dared not move. Struggling to hold back tears, relief swept over her as Edward tossed the chair aside, turned, and lurched unsteadily from the room, mumbling obscenities

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as he left. Jessie knew if he made it to the bed, they would be free of his abuse while he slept.

Hearing the bed creak under his weight, she began to assess her injuries. She could not summon the strength to move, but knew she had to see to Marian and the other children who would be coming in soon.

Jessie tried to shelter her family as much as possible from Edward's drunken rages, but it was growing more and more impossible. The violent attacks on her and the older children had become a way of life. Too many times they were beaten and thrown around as Edward unleashed his anger on whomever lay in his path. He might hold the boys off the ground by the hair of their head, punching them with the clenched fist of his other hand, making contact with their face or the pit of their stomach.

Jessie knew she was the sole protector of her growing family. The present count was five, though she had given birth to six. Only she was privy to the fact that number seven was on the way.

Jessie tried to move but the pain was just too much. Maybe it will subside if I lie still awhile longer. Closing her eyes, she tried a deep breath, which sent a stabbing pain across her shoulders and down her back. Ignoring it, she began to inch her way across the floor. Finally, reaching a chair, she pulled herself to an upright position.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Marian creeping out from the pantry. She ran to her mother, burying her head in Jessie's apple stained apron. They clung to each other sobbing and trembling.

"Mother," Marian choked out the words. "I hate Papa, I hate him. When I am big, I'm going to hurt him like he hurts you. I wish he would die." Jessie did not speak. She could not correct her child for voicing her own thoughts. How much more can we take? Will he kill me or one of the children next time? She felt no guilt as she, too, wished him dead.