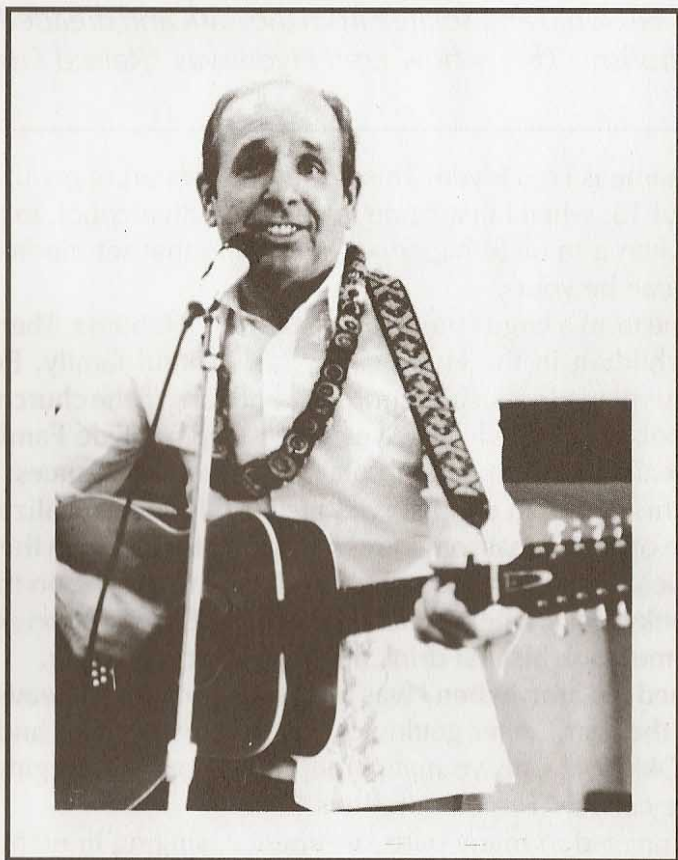




Raised From The Ruins



**The Testimony
of
Fred Hyde**

"Raised From The Ruins"™

by Fred Hyde

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The story you are about to read is a true story. It is about how a man became an alcoholic, his life as an alcoholic, and how he was delivered and set free from the dark and dreaded world of alcoholism. This is how Fred Hyde was "Raised From The Ruins."

My name is Fred Hyde. This is the story of part of my life, from the age of 15, when I first came in contact with alcohol, to the age of 36, when a miracle happened in my life that set me free. This miracle can be yours.

I came from a large family in the state of Oklahoma. There were eleven children in the Hyde family, a beautiful family. Because many of us played musical instruments and sang in the churches and the schools, we called ourselves, "The Happy Hyde Family." At fifteen years of age, I began to play in the country dances. This is where I first came in contact with alcohol. I did not realize at the early age of fifteen that someday I was going to end up in the city of New Orleans, a hopeless alcoholic, with my face lying on the floor of the honky tonks, when I took the first drink. Every man on skid row at one time, took his first drink and was a social drinker.

I joined the army when I was nineteen. I drank real heavy while I was in the army. After getting out of the armed forces and going back to Oklahoma, my younger brother and I formed a singing team. We were called, "The Kay Brothers."

We traveled in many parts of America, singing in night clubs. This was the time in my life that I really reached the depths of alcoholism. We went to New Orleans and sang on Bourbon Street. There were big plans for "The Kay Brothers." There was talk of sending us to Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts or to the "Grand Ole Opry," but there was a beast raising it's ugly head in my life. It was a beast that I could not control. It was the dark world of alcoholism I was entering into. My brother became disgusted with me because I drank so much and he went back to Oklahoma.

In those days I sobered up enough to get a job with a trailer sales company. Success is just as fatal as failure to the alcoholic and person on drugs. He will drink and use drugs with exhilaration to success, but he will also drink and use drugs to sadness and misfortune. I had a real good job. I don't know what my liquor bill ran every week, but in 1957, I was guaranteed ten thousand dollars a year plus my commissions. I had anything I wanted - new automobile, nice clothes. As a matter of fact, I was putting a little bit of money in the bank at this time. I felt for one time in my life that I was getting ahead a little bit, but that beast was still in my life. I didn't get fired. I just didn't go back to work as manager of this company. There were plans to send me to Canada to open a string of trailer sales there, but I didn't go back.

At this time, my wife worked for the telephone company and had been with them for fourteen years. We had no children. The Lord gave me a fine little boy two years after He came into my life. I began to depend heavily upon my wife at this time, a very beautiful person, because I knew at the end of the week she would have enough money to get the groceries and pay the rent on the little apartment we had.

I will just tell you one day in the life of an alcoholic. I would get up in the morning and it would seem like my blood was on fire. Trembling, I had to have that drink. As soon as I got that first drink, life began to smooth out. Then I would say to myself, "Everything is going to be all right." I'd take my wife to work and she'd give me a couple of dollars to get something to eat. I would drop her off and go to the nearest place I could find and there I would start my drinking for the day. I would sit there on that bar stool and just drink and talk to myself. I would tell myself that I was going to get myself together, that I was going to get this monkey off my back. An alcoholic's wife once said to him, "Honey, I wish you would pull yourself together." He said, "I would if I knew where to start pulling." I would say, "I am going to get myself together. I am going to get rid of this thing. I am going to go and get my job back and work my way back up as manager." But the longer I sat there, the drunker I became. I learned something in my life in those days - when the bottle is empty, the problem is still there. Alcohol has never solved a problem.

I didn't believe in prayer. I thought church was for old ladies and children. I didn't believe in preachers, but I didn't realize that all this time back in the hills of Oklahoma, there was an old praying Christian Mother down on her knees crying out to God for her lost alcoholic son. After three years without drawing a sober breath, I was drinking in a bar outside New Orleans one day. I was sitting at the bar. There was a man sitting next to me. All of a sudden I became afraid of him and everything in general. There was a fear that came over me that I cannot explain. I tried to reach for that bottle of beer and take a swallow, but I couldn't swallow it. Something paralyzed my throat. I screamed. I ran back away from the bar. The man that was with me came over to me. The bartender said, "Take him out of here - now."

He took me by the hand and led me out, trembling and shaking. He drove me down the road to the little apartment where we lived upstairs right over a restaurant. He walked up the stairs with me and into the bedroom and left me standing there. My wife was in the kitchen getting ready to go to work the next morning.

While I was standing in that bedroom, he had gone back in the kitchen to talk with my wife. For the first time in my life, I was about to come in contact with Almighty God. My life was ravaged by alcoholism. I had reached the end of my life. All of a sudden, just outside of my window, there shined from Heaven one of the most beautiful and glorious lights I have ever seen in my life. It shined down. It was beautiful. I fell right to my knees. This light was from God. Why He did this to me, I do not know. The only thing I can say is that it was through the prayers of my mother.

Well, my wife put me in the hospital in the alcoholic ward. She thought I had had a nervous breakdown. I stayed there six weeks. I learned something in those six weeks in the ward that time. Doctors do all they can. We have to give them much credit for that. But I am thoroughly convinced that alcoholism can never be cured institutionally. If a man is ever going to be set free from that dark and dreaded world, he must have a new identity, a new motive for living, and this only comes through the power and the glory and the love of Jesus Christ.

After being released from the hospital, I had a great desire to go to church. My mother had come down to visit me from Oklahoma and I had taken her downtown to a little church. It was dark when

I took her down there and dark when I picked her up. I was half drunk that day. I didn't even see the name of it. But that Sunday morning I got up, went down town and found that little church. When I walked in church that day and sat down for the first time among God's people, it suddenly dawned on me that these people had something in their lives that I did not have. It was beautiful. They were so happy and such beautiful songs they sang. I thought, "Oh, Lord, if there was ever some way that I could have what these people have got, I know this is what I would need."

That night I went back to church again. I went into the prayer room and knelt down when they made the appeal to come forward. I didn't know how to pray. I didn't know how to talk with God. The only thing I knew was that I had a problem in my life that was too big for me and that I needed help. I did something that night I always wanted to do. I always wanted to go off and break down and cry and tell somebody all about my problems, but I never found anyone I thought would understand how I felt.'

But that night down on my knees at that little church, I will never forget it as long as I live, the most dynamic thing that ever happened came into my life. It was beautiful. I knelt by a chair, tears began to stream down my face. I realized then, that I was doing something that I had always wanted to do, break down and cry and tell someone all about my problems. That night, I not only found Someone who understood my problem, but I found Someone who solved my problem. All of a sudden I stood to my feet and lifted my hands. The most glorious experience that could happen to a human being, came into my life that night. It was the power and love of Jesus Christ. That moment it set me free instantly. It was the baptism of love of Jesus Christ, a real tangible experience. I am not talking about joining a church or shaking some preacher's hand, but this beautiful and glorious experience I shall never forget. I can't explain it - it was so beautiful, but it was so real. It changed me in a moment and I realized then that "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things (this is alcoholism or drug addiction, this is all old things) are passed away, behold all things are become new." II Corinthians 5:17.

It has been over twenty-four years ago that I received this experience in my life - the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I have never had the slightest desire for another drink since that night. I smoked

cigarettes for twenty-six years and could never quit, but since that night I have never taken another cigarette. Beautiful and wonderful! What power, what joy, what peace!

I walked out of that church down the same street that I had been drunk on for years, but there was something different in my life that night. Something beautiful and something good. Somebody said, “Why were you an alcoholic? Why did you drink?” Well, there was a fear in my life that I couldn’t pin down or even put into words. When I would drink, the fear would go away. When I was sober, the fear would come back, so I would drink to get rid of the fear.

I would call home when I would sober up. My wife was always there; never was she unfaithful to me. She never scolded me, she never threatened to leave me. I remember I would call home and her voice would be so beautiful over the phone. She would say, “Where are you, Honey?” I would tell her and she would ask if I thought I could make it home. I would tell her that I would try. She’d tell me to come home and let’s try again. But this night, when I walked into this little apartment, the minute that she saw me, she knew that something had happened in my life. I told her what had happened, how I had this dynamic experience with the Lord Jesus Christ, and that He had come into my life, and instantly I knew that I would never want another drink.

I lay there on that bed that night with my heart filled with joy, peace, and everything I ever wanted. The next morning, when I put my feet on the floor, for the first time in my life, all fear was gone. So you see, when Jesus came in my life, He wiped the fear out of my heart and solved my problem. An alcoholic and drug users problem is really not alcohol or drugs. It’s another problem. I never approach alcoholism or drug addiction as a physical problem. It is a spiritual need in a person’s life that is only through the power and love of Jesus Christ when He comes to live in a man’s life and heart.



Kay Brothers, 1951

"Raised From The Ruins"

I feel that what I'm saying today is going to reach thousands and thousands of people whose lives were like mine. Somebody said, "What is a problem drinker or drug user?" He is a middle-aged man headed for skid row. Now I have dedicated my life to helping others who are headed in the direction I was.

I hope this testimony touches your life and heart. I want to help you, if you really want help. They will never dry you out in the hospital or get alcohol and other drugs out of your mind. NO SIR! You must want to quit yourself. I'd like to become your friend. I'd like to write to you, talk with you personally. My toll free number is 1-800-535-6011. It is good all across North America. I'd like for you to call me and talk with me anytime. If there is no answer, just keep calling back until you get me. I'd like to write to you and correspond with you.

If I am speaking in your area, I would like for you to hear my life's story just one night. Never in my life did I ever find anything that did more for me than what Jesus Christ did in my life and heart that night in 1958. Today, my life is still filled with excitement, joy, peace and love. There is not the slightest desire for alcohol and cigarettes in my life. It can happen to you.

I am in hopes that everything you have read in this booklet about the greatest love on earth, the love of Jesus Christ, can happen in your life. Write to me or call me if there is ever anything I can do for you. All calls and correspondence is strictly confidential. Please call today.

- ☐ I have the problem with
☐ Alcohol ☐ Drugs

- ☐ I would like Confidential Christian Counseling and Correspondence in regards to my problem.

- ☐ I have no problem with alcohol or drugs, but a member of my family does. I would like counseling in regard to their problem.

- ☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss
☐ Ms

Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Phone Number is () _____



**FOR CONFIDENTIAL CHRISTIAN COUNSELING
CALL "FREEDOMLINE" 1-800-535-6011**

Fred Hyde, one of 11 children born in Oklahoma, came from a singing family, "The Happy Hydes." Learning at an early age to play the guitar, he played and sang at schools, amateur contests, and later in life on radio, TV and nightclubs. It was during the latter that he reached the depths of alcoholism.

Then one night in New Orleans, a miracle happened in Fred's life. You can hear about this miracle in the moving, heart warming story, "Raised From The Ruins," on this tape.

Multitudes have been set free from alcohol and other drugs after listening to the story of Fred's life . . . his dark hours without Christ . . . who he hurt the most . . . and then the MIRACLE!

Fred has dedicated his life to telling others about the saving grace of Jesus Christ and over the years has established the Spirit of Freedom Ministries, a Ministry in family alcoholism and drugs.

You will want to share this beautiful story with a friend or someone you love who might have an alcohol or drug problem.



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