

The Yellow Feather
Matthew Jordon
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How an Indian Revealed The Holy Spirit

When I walked into that taco shop nine years ago, a fellow in a black hat, sunglasses, and feather approached and started telling me about my life. He told me about my struggles, my interests, and even told me about my future. These were things he shouldn't have known, but they were accurate nonetheless. This was a guy going by the name of Hammer. As I stood there stunned in the middle of the shop, he introduced himself as a Korean war veteran who survived a grenade injury. He said God led him to the desert after leading him out of a life of debauchery. *“I had everything you could imagine - corvettes, girls, homes, and good jobs working for Fender Guitars and*

Howard Hughes Aircraft. But - he showed me how I was to desert where I would share the later!” This man was full away from grabbing my speaking wisdom into my me the gift - the gift of word of knowledge...” Since that friends with Hammer the time and time again the



then the Lord gave me a vision leave that life and go to the gospel — and here I am, years of energy - not shying hands in prayer and even life saying - “God has given wisdom / word of day, I have become good Indian. He proved to me amazing power of the

Holy Sprit and that no man is unworthy of God's grace. My own memory serves to say that Hammer accurately prophesied hundreds of times over me and my wife. His humility proved to me that there is such a thing as the power of the spirit and this man has it. Now probably in his late eighties, Hammer still roams the desert - sharing the gospel with those that are weary and broken hearted. As one token of friendship, he gave me a yellow Weber grill which is far more common than men like him. It's a symbol of God's burning love that will never be extinguished.