

HISTORY

Esther Muller

20 years old - Methodist Church in Indiana "Sunset Methodist Church" - he was the minister
Hoyt and Randolph Street - our own building - he packed it out so we moved

23 years old - Assembly of God Church - Pentacostal - Parkway Blvd. He merged with their
congregation. He insisted that black members should be in the choir, and so when he went
away for a month the church put him out rather than integrate the choir.

People's Temple - New Jersey Street - They put dynamite in the coal. Jim was served glass
in his food, he ate it and it passed right through his system without harming him.

10th and Delaware Street. Here he fed 2,000 hungry people every day. Someone put ground
glass in the jelly, and it was about to be served in the nursing home. I ate a sandwich
with the jelly on it, and after eating it I found bits of glass clinging in my mouth. I took
the sandwich to Jim, and he sent it in to be analyzed. They found ground glass all through
the jelly. I didn't suffer any ill effects even though I had eaten a lot of the glass.

When I was on duty Jim had was gone in Los Angeles. Jim called me up and told me to take
a plate of food upstairs because it would be needed. When I went upstairs I found this
little Jewish lady who had just spilled her food tray all over the floor. She was sitting
there crying because she thought she wouldn't get any food and when she saw me with the
food she smiled happily because I had food for her. Her name was Julia.

Disciples of Christ church where Jim was ordained on Broadway. This was on the same street
we lived on, only further down the street. It was called "Disciples Christian Church". We
had rocks thrown at us, and we were shot at at the residence we lived in (parsonage
2327 Broadway). This was right in the heart of the ghetto. One night near 11:00 at night
some man jumped out from between the houses, staggering and holding his hands out as though
he was going to grab me. At first I was frightened, but then a great feeling of
peace came over me, and I walked toward him. He seemed astonished and left me along. I know
Jim protected me from an attack.

At the end of April, 7 or 8 years ago he had a prophecy that at 3:09 am there were bombs
falling. He prophesied that we should go to California, and that there would be jobs
and a place to stay for all who wanted to come out. He felt we had to come and make this
journey. Marcy came first with Jimmy Jr and Steven and I stayed with the other children
until school was out. Then Jim, his mother and I came out with many other members in
a caravan. We took a sick dog and her puppies and all our other dogs with us. The
sick dog had a heart seizure, but she pulled out of it and lived for many years after.

Ukiah we rented a church. This was when Jim gave a prophecy that the favored child of
Whitey and Opal Freestone would be taken if they didn't stop favoring this child over
the other daughter.

The church of the Golden Rule invited us to come and join them, which we did and stayed
for two or three years until they made us leave.

The Freestones went over a cliff in a car, and their little girl died just as it had been
prophesied. The other girl got ahold of Archie and she told him "mommy and daddy are down
there". They were both badly hurt, but soon they were both back in the church.

We had our accident. I was going to babysit with Loretta. They were going out and on School
Road and Hwy 101 Lou and Jimmy Jr. were thrown out before we got across the road. I could
hear Maxy Marcy say "Oh Jim" and I could feel him put his foot on the brake. The car that
caused it pulled out in front of the other guy, and he got away unharmed. The other car
struck us in the back end and I almost went out where the kids went. I couldn't move and
I couldn't get out. I was blacked out for a split second. My shoe was off and
I put it on my foot. It hurt to do that and I realized I couldn't move. I could hardly
lay on the stretcher. Cleve jumped in with me and he was trying to tell me of Jim's teachings.
Little Jim was dead for several minutes and then I heard him ask what had happened. Lou had
his mouth cut and his collarbone was dislocated. Sue had her head cut. Jimmy was in the

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hospital for several weeks. They left me on the cot for awhile and during that time they took the X-rays. I felt like my heart was torn from my body. My hip was real black. Marcy told me I could go home. My foot hurt and the doctor said we'll keep you, but Jim had told Marcy that I could go home so I went home. I made two trips to the doctor and he released me.

When he was shot in August he hugged and loved about 200 children after that. Before he got shot, the day before I had answered the parsonage telephone and someone said he was the undertaker - the one that burys the dead. Because-of-this-I-was I was doing the dishes the next day and Marcy was told by Jim to come and get me. I told her I would come after the dishes were done, but she said they could wait, so I went over. As soon as I got to the front of the church I heard three shots and he fell to the ground. He immediately got up and walked to the house with the aid of Marcy and two or three close friends and two nurses. They saw the big hole in his chest and he was full of blood. He covered the wounds and went back to the church and preached about two hours after that. As he had gotten shot I felt the impact on my own chest, and Jim discerned this and said "someone here had suffered this same feeling". When he said this someone said "go to Esther" and they came to me. When I went to the house I saw the blood all over his clothes and the hole in his chest. Later they called all the funeral parlors in the area and none of them said they had called.

People come to the door every day, and he meets people on the street and he discerns their need. I've never seen a day pass when he hasn't helped people. He always has love and concern for all people.