



GOD DID IT FOR THIS HILLBILLY PREACHER

The Village Carpenter, Charles Belt



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GOD DID IT FOR THIS HILLBILLY PREACHER The Village Carpenter, Charles Belt Brother Belt, The Country Preacher, That we met beside the road. We stopped outside his tent one day, Such blessing to behold. We met his five teens and his wife, So precious in God's sight. He share the Book of Life with us, And told us about his life. The miracles God had performed, For this hillbilly preacher man. He saved his soul and placed his feet, Upon the Rock to stand. Night and day, he lived for Christ, To set the captives free. The love of Christ, shines through his life, With humbleness to Thee. We thank you, God, that we can be, A part of your great plan. Singing in revivals with this precious, Hillbilly preacher man. He has the burden for lost souls,

He meets throughout the land. This humble, hillbilly preacher, Upon the Word he stands. By Rainie M. Miller.

I didn't come from a Christian home. Dad would black Mom's eye now and then. Whenever he really got drunk, he would try to kill me. I know, now, that God had a call on my life from the time I was born. Satan knew this, too, because many times he tried to end this ministry - - even before it started! One time, I remember, Dad was drunk and madder than usual. I was only a kid, but I loaded my brother's gun and went down to the creek bank. I lay there with that gun positioned to shoot my own dad, if he found where I was hiding. I prayed, "Oh, God, don't let Dad come. I don't want to shoot him." I was born April 24, 1944, in Greenup County, Kentucky, up George Trockters' Hollow. My parents were Estill and Ruth Ann Allen Belt. I was the seventh child. Seven is God's perfect number and I feel good about that. Soon we moved to Mt. Clemens, Michigan. Dad had always been a house painter, but there he, worked for the Hudson Automobile Factory. After work, he played guitar at a couple of honkey tonks. One day, while riding the public bus, a woman looked at me in Mom's arms. She said, "This child will be a preacher." Mom never forgot this, but as the years went by, it seemed to her that I would never amount to anything, let alone a preacher. I didn't talk until I was three. A Cousin hurt me. I jabbered tattling to Mom. She was fed up with me not talking and spanked me. I started talking and haven't shut up yet! It was in Michigan that I fell through the ice. My brothers Estes and Edward and my cousin, Helen, and I saw an airplane crash. We heard the fire trucks and life squad. We ran toward the accident, across the field and over an icy pond. The ice broke and I fell in. It was zero weather, but they were able to get me out. Satan had been stopped in his tracks to take my life. Later, we moved to New Richmond, Ohio, across the river from Kentucky. When Mom got a job at Ball Cranks in Cincinnati, we had a better life. But she had her hands fuller than ever, then. Mom would read us Bible stories and send us to Sunday School, some. I hated school and really made my teachers earn their pay. I was the class clown and always misbehaved. I liked to tell the class funny stories. The kids would laugh, not only at my story, but at my stuttering and speech problems, too. Sometimes, they would ask me to say a word that I couldn't pronounce, so they could laugh. I went along with it. It was attention and that's what I wanted. A better way to get attention was art. I painted pictures and the PTA sold them. I also made a big papier-mâché dummy for the class play and called it the Man on the Flying Trapeze. I swept a barbershop to get hair for it. The school kept it for years. I failed grades, so many times, because I didn't take learning seriously. Mom would try to help me, but I was so far behind and was discouraged, easily. I quit school in the fifth grade. I figure I have a second grade reading level. To bring some peace to the class, the teacher would sit me out in the hall. That was fine with me! As soon as she went back into the classroom, I would get up and walk out of the building.

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