

I SAW A MAN

THE ASTOUNDING ACCOUNT
OF VERA MILLS' SEARCH FOR,
AND JOURNEY WITH, GOD

BY

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Introduction

Vera Mills is a true woman of God. I have known her for more than 35 years. My mother introduced me to this humble, precious spirit when I was a small child; we attended Bible Studies in her home and through these, I witnessed many amazing events and powerful prayers of the saints. She has endured numerous struggles in her life, always leaning on the everlasting arms of God, maintaining her strong faith and determination to keep walking the good walk.

This book is a culmination of wondrous events that occurred during Ms. Mill's life over the past 75 years. May all who read this book be blessed and convinced of the supernatural, and of the one true God, the redeemer, and our precious Jesus Christ, the savior of all men.

—*Marlene Cleaveland*

Dedication

This book is dedicated to Vera's children, Linda Cosner, David and Danny Mills, and her grandchildren, Samantha, Kelly, Daniel Jr., Shane, Chase, and her great grandchild Elliott.

“Earthly brokenness creates Heavenly openness.”

Pastor Vernon Dean

Foreword

I interviewed Vera Mills throughout seven months commencing in the winter of 2007. Vera is a passionate, humble, virtuous woman. She is meek and yet unabashedly strong in her love of, and belief in, God. Before starting this project, she told me that assembling the miraculous events of her life into book form was her deepest desire. The task had been attempted on two other occasions, but never completed. She felt, as I so strongly did, that this was a divine appointment, and we spent many months, talking, praying, laughing, and agreeing with God that this project would see its completion.

Every time I missed a detail while reviewing a particular event with Vera, she would remind me of exactly what had occurred in each instance, never forgetting the specifics, just as sure then as she had been at the moment the dream, vision or miraculous

occurrence had taken place. She has a vivid, detailed memory of these events—the events that so shaped her life to be that of one fully surrendered and devoted to God—a life that shines so others may see.

I am so fortunate to have spent this time with Vera and to have been in her presence as we saw additional healings and miracles taking place. I believe in miracles, and perhaps so will you once you read the following pages. Be blessed.

In Jesus Name and to His glory,

Marlene Cleaveland

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1

The Visit

Vera Eloise Jarrell was born on May 15, 1927, in Orange, Virginia, near Culpepper and the Blue Ridge Mountains. Her mother, Rose Lee Jarrell, died of a heart attack when Vera was 11 months old. Vera's father, Bernard, was left with five young children: Evelyn, Age 12, James, Age 9, Thomas, Age 8 and two 11-month old twins, Vera and Vivien. He hired two women to help take care of his five small children.

Vera's account and memories of miraculous events, exactly as they occurred, begins at the age of four, and she shares those distinct memories as follows:

I remember there being a terrible blizzard and many feet of snow around Christmas-time. Dad was

in the house somewhere, while one of the women who took care of us children was standing near the old wood stove. That morning, she looked at me and said, "Vera, I don't know why God took your mother. Your mother really loved God. She taught at the college, won all the church bake sales and sang solos in the churches."

I thought to myself, "My mom is with God." I remember going out into the garage and sitting down and saying "God, Where are you? Who are you? I want to see you. I want you to come take me to see my Mom and I want you to come get me."

The next winter, it was exceptionally cold and we had another severe snowstorm. I contracted Chicken Pox and Pneumonia. I was very sick and had a severely high fever. [In those days, it was not rare for children with such sicknesses to die. Medicine was difficult to obtain and doctors often had to travel a long way to get to their patients.] My Dad took me upstairs, put me to bed and called the doctor. [Back then, Doctors made house visits.] The doctor arrived at our house around midnight. He entered the room with my Dad, pulling the covers off me so he could give me a medical exam. I remember the doctor saying these exact words,

“She will die before morning.” They closed my bedroom door and left the room.

Immediately, a brilliant light filled the room. There was a window near the head of my bed. I saw a man come through the window and then stand by the head of my bed. I saw his face; it looked very kind; he had brown, long hair that hung around his shoulders. He was absolutely filled with warm, radiant, light. His eyes were the brightest of blue and his smile was warm and friendly. His hand reached out and touched my shoulder; as he did so, I noticed the arm of his garment draping over my bed. I saw that he was walking as a spirit but, he had a fully human body. He wore a beautiful, white garment. Everything in the room was bright and whiter than snow.

*When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow...**Psalm 68:14.** And was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. **Matthew 17:2.** And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them. **Mark 9:3.** Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. **Psalm 51:7***

This man remained in my room for about ten minutes. I was not afraid as I continued to look at him. I saw him turn and walk out of the window! The light went with him.

*Then spoke Jesus again unto them saying, I am the light of the world; he that follows me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. **John 8:12** ...I am the light of the world. **John 9:5**. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and life was the light of men. And the light shines in the darkness and darkness does not comprehend it. **John 1:3-5***

The next morning, no one came to my room to bring me food or water. I jumped out of bed. My Chicken Pox was gone! I did not have a fever. I was completely well.

I went downstairs and stood in the kitchen by the two caretaker women standing near the cook stove.

One of them said to the other, "There is Vera. The doctor said that she would die before morning!"

I then heard the woman say, "Before she died, Vera's mom said that Vera was a peculiar child. She is different from any other child."

I didn't know anything about God or who he was. My mom had died when I was 11 months old. I had never seen a picture of Him and no one ever talked about Him, other than when the lady had said something about not understanding why God had taken my mom.

For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body. All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.

Psalm 139:13-16, NIV. *Before I formed you in the belly, I knew you (I set you apart); and before you came forth out of the womb, I sanctified you, and I ordained you a prophet unto the nations.* **Jeremiah 1:5**

2

*Boarding School,
a Rose, and
the Narrow Path*

Dad enrolled me and my twin sister, Vivien, into Blue Ridge Mountain School (a non-Christian boarding school) when we were six years old. It housed 250 children between the ages of 5 and 12. I was still a very petite and sickly child. I was always the one who came down with frequent colds and the flu. My sister Vivien was different from me—bigger and healthier. It was a very big adjustment to leave home and stay with strangers, but they were very kind to us. We stayed at the school until we were 10 or 11 years old and did not see Dad during that time.

We had been at the boarding school for several months. One, afternoon, I became very sick and was running a high fever, so the nurse put me to

bed. As I got in bed, I heard her tell the other woman that I would die by morning. I closed my eyes. Very soon after, I saw a man standing by my bed wearing white apparel. I recognized his garment. I felt complete peace and fell fast asleep.

When I arose from sleep the next morning, the women there, especially the Landlord, Mrs. Stingrod, went just about crazy with excitement. No one could believe that I was still alive. Mrs. Stingrod kept saying, "Vera is an amazing child. She's an amazing child."

One summer morning, a large group of us children were taking a walk down a country road with two caretakers. I was seven or eight years old. I started walking down a small path away from the group when I noticed a rose bush and picked one of the roses off the bush. I held it in my hand for a few moments, watching it begin to wilt, fold over and die. I tried to pick the petals up and place them back on the stem, but the rose had wilted.

I began crying because I remembered the woman in my kitchen when I was four talking about dying. A thought came to me. "My mom died and the rose had no life in it and it had also died." I began to understand what dying meant, and I now

believe that God had been trying to explain death to me.

One of the caretakers kept calling my name and I wouldn't answer. She came up to me and said, "Vera, what do you have in your hand?" She took the rose.

The other woman walked up and the first lady said, "Look, this child pulled a rose off of a rose bush with all the thorns on the stem and her hand is not bleeding; how did she do that?"

*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. **Isaiah 35:1.** I am the Rose of Sharon and the bright and morning star. I Jesus have sent my angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.*
Revelation 22:16

One day, later in the year, at about nine years old, I came in from school. It had snowed a few days earlier and was still extremely cold. I walked up on the school porch where the children kept all their boots and galoshes. I tried fervently to find my boots but someone had taken them.

Mrs. Stingrod came out and spanked me because I wasn't out on the playground. I told her I

couldn't find my boots, but I went out on the playground anyway in my socks and I sat in the swing; my feet were very cold. There were many children everywhere on the playground. I swung high in the air.

Suddenly, I saw a man walking out of the woods. I saw him walk through all the children and I said, "Don't these kids see that *man*?" He walked directly to the swing upon which I was swinging and reached out his hand. *With whom my hand shall be established; mine arm also shall strengthen him. Psalm 89:21 Thou has a mighty arm; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand. Psalm 89:13*

The swing suddenly stopped. He took and held my right hand as we walked through the playground; I remember thinking, "Don't these kids see us *walking*?"

We arrived at the edge of the woods. There was one narrow path only one person could walk through. I saw the man's entire body including his feet. He reached down, picked me up, and set me on his shoulders. Then, he carried me down the narrow path.

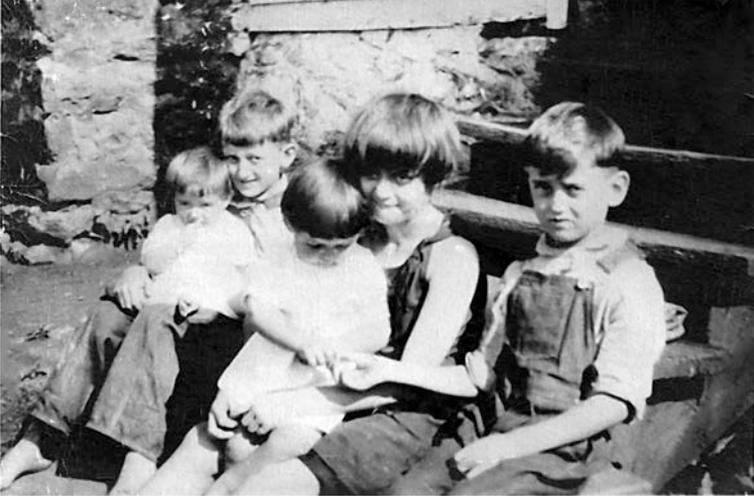
Enter in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, (Hell) and

*many there be which go in thereat, because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way which leads unto life and few there be that find it. (Heaven) **Matthew 7:13-14***

The man stopped at a beautiful, blue pool of water (which I now know was the baptism of the Holy Spirit). He took me off his shoulders and I stood in front of him face to face. [I was no longer a child but appeared to be much taller and about 18 years old.] He looked at the pool of water and looked at me. I looked at the pool of water and then I looked at him. We did this three times.

A magnificent, bright light surrounded his face; it was pleasant and peaceful; he seemed kind, gentle and had beautiful skin.

The man vanished right before my eyes!



Vera (Left, Bottom Row), her twin sister, **Vivien** (center), and their siblings.

*You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever you shall ask in my name, he may give it to you. **John 15:19.** But whosoever drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in a well of water springing up into everlasting life. **John 4:14.** I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he ... shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. **Matthew 3:11** Then Peter said unto them, repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. **Acts 2:38***