

Praise Avenue

DON GOSSETT



WHITAKER
HOUSE

All Scripture quotations are taken from the King James Version of the Holy Bible.

PRAISE AVENUE

Don Gossett
P.O. Box 2
Blaine, Washington 98231
www.dongossett.com

ISBN: 978-1-60374-701-1
eBook ISBN: 978-1-60374-702-8
Printed in the United States of America
© 1976, 2012 by Don Gossett

Whitaker House
1030 Hunt Valley Circle
New Kensington, PA 15068
www.whitakerhouse.com

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical—including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system—without permission in writing from the publisher. Please direct your inquiries to permissionseditor@whitakerhouse.com.

This book has been printed digitally and produced in a standard specification in order to ensure its continuing availability.

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who are in pursuit of happiness and those who have caught up with it.

In this age of computers, the Internet, calamity, and terrorism, you need more than just a theory to survive the tensions.

*Take a look at the easy-to-understand instructions in this book.
Then give them an honest try. You'll find that happiness is easier
than you think!*

CONTENTS

Foreword by Andrae Crouch	7
1. Don't Panic—Praise!.....	8
2. The Only Thing We Have to Fear	15
3. How to Get a Home on the Avenue.....	21
4. Permanent Residency	27
5. He Always Answers.....	33
6. Know-How for Beginners	38
7. Logs for the Fireplace	46
8. What's in a Name?.....	52
9. Praise Every Day Keeps the Doctor Away!.....	57
10. He's a Liar and a Thief	63
11. Defeating Defeat	68
12. What Money Crunch?.....	76
13. Handling Hopeless Situations	83
14. Seventy Times Seven.....	90
15. A Gossett Is a Gossett?.....	96
16. No Air Pollution.....	102
17. Social Security	109
18. Just Kids.....	113
19. Here's What They Say	118
About the Author.....	131

FOREWORD BY ANDRAE CROUCH

As I travel to different parts of the world, I meet many people who take a very negative view of life—people who complain and grumble over their misfortunes—people who dream of where they could have been if there hadn't been trials and hard times.

Frankly, I find myself wondering how many of them might have reached far greater heights had they learned how to rise up over their defeats through praise. The secret is simple, and there's something uplifting about praising and rejoicing "through it all."

Don Gossett is a real brother and a man of faith whom we love and appreciate. His message has been a great inspiration to millions around the world. He gets to the bottom of the secrets of praise in this book.

As Don Gossett shares his experiences and what he has learned about the powerful practice of praising, you too will see signs and landmarks directing you to *Praise Avenue*.

Now sit back and enjoy this book. Remember, in all things, keep praising! That's the secret!

ONE

DON'T PANIC—PRAISE!

Hurled from the car, I smashed into a snow bank and felt more than two tons of automobile rolling over me.

Weakly, I gasped out the words, "Lord, help me! Don't let me die!"

Then, from somewhere, came the strong impression: *But you're not going to die.*

"Not going to die?" I thought. "Better to die than to be crippled for life."

Slowly and painfully pulling myself from the snow bank, I was amazed that I could stand. As I stood there looking at the car that had rolled farther down the hill, I began to feel my body for broken bones. I rubbed my hands over my face and neck, looking for signs of blood.

There was none!

Just then, a group of highway workmen came rushing toward me. They were shocked to see me standing there alive, let alone uninjured—especially since the accident demolished my aging Buick.

"Nuthin' but pure luck!" one of the men exclaimed. "Do you realize that car rolled right over top of you? You oughta be dead!"

With as much of a smile as I could muster, I told them that it wasn't luck that pulled me through, but the Lord who protected me.

Little by little, I began grasping that fact more and more. God—that great big God—was taking care of me—Don Gossett! Seeing that clearly, I decided there was no point in worrying about anything. If God was looking after me, then I should praise Him in every situation.

Through the years, that conviction grew. I've been in all kinds of situations that weren't very conducive to praising God. But I've become so convinced about the power of praise that very few things upset me anymore.

Sometime after the first wreck, for instance, I had another serious accident while en route to Chicago. This time I noticed how natural praising God had become. As my car slid off the highway and rolled end over end, my helpless body was tossed from the front seat into the back seat. When the car stopped rolling, it turned out that I was trapped inside. The cold trickle of gasoline was running over my body. I could smell the pungent fumes as I lay there pinned in the wreckage. Immediately, though, the Holy Spirit reminded me to offer up praises to God. Fully confident that God was in control of that situation, I obeyed.

Lying there quietly praising the Lord, I heard a man outside the car say, "We better get that guy out fast! That gas could ignite any minute and burn him alive!"

It might sound strange to some people, but I can honestly say that I wasn't worried. Knowing the Lord would preserve me, I just lay back and waited patiently for the men to pry the wreckage open so that I could get out.

When they finally got me out, all I could do was stand there and thank God for His mighty protection.

Scores of people stopped their cars on that busy highway. When they saw how that Oldsmobile was smashed and battered, they asked, "Who got killed?" "Who was in it?"

Each time, I would step up to them and say, “I’m the one who was in that car. The Lord kept His hand on me, and here I stand.” I don’t think I’ve seen so many surprised faces in all my life before or since then.

“But can praise really change things?” you ask. Some years back, I would never have thought of that question—let alone successfully answered it. Yet, through the years, and time after time, I have found that praise really works miracles.

I am not alone in this discovery. Reginald Layzell was a successful sales manager for a large office supplies company in Toronto, Ontario, when he went west for a series of speaking engagements at a church in Abbotsford, British Columbia. Although prominent in business, Reg often took time to do lay preaching.

Reg tried hard, but the first talks seemed to fall on deaf ears. Admitting that his meetings were a failure, Reg resorted to prayer and fasting. When that didn’t seem to help, he considered the idea of dosing his meetings and going home.

On the first day of prayer, however, something happened. He was reminded of a passage in the Psalms. He didn’t know it was Psalm 22:3, but the words of the verse were brought to his memory by the Holy Spirit, and he knew that he read it before: “*But thou art holy. O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.*”

At first, Reg thought only about the first part of the verse—about how holy God is. But then the Holy Spirit led him on to the second half of the verse, where the Psalmist refers to God as the one “*who inhabitest the praises of Israel.*” Suddenly, the heavens seemed to open, and the full impact of that verse emblazoned itself upon his mind: God actually lives in the praises of His people!

This was a revolutionary thought. Even though God is high and lifted up, He will actually dwell (and manifest Himself) where praise ascends to Him! The thoughts tumbled through Reg’s mind

in rapid succession: "If He dwells in praise, then the thing I must do is fill this building with praise, and God will come down and live in it."

Reg decided to take action. If his thought was from God, then it would work; if not, he would find out quickly enough. Since he was such a dismal failure, he had nothing to lose. And he had everything to gain if it was true.

So, in simple obedience to the Word of God, and with implicit faith in the teaching of that verse, he began praising the Lord, even though he felt depressed and discouraged.

Fortunately, he was alone; otherwise the embarrassment of raising his hands and praising God aloud might have been too much to bear. This was especially true since his entire nature and background were diametrically opposed to this type of practice; he was a composed, staid, solemn Englishman.

After a session of praise in a small study room, he ventured into the church. "I certainly need God at the pulpit," he admitted, "so I'll go up there and praise the Lord." And that is just what he did.

After that, he said, "The pianist is rather dead too," so he went around and around the piano with praises, trusting God to come down and dwell there also.

Up and down each aisle, in and out between the pews, downstairs into every room (including the washrooms) he went, praising God constantly.

The hours of the afternoon rolled by, yet he still walked through the building, audibly praising God. With each passing hour, self-consciousness lessened and the praises grew louder. Supper hour came and went unheeded; the praises continued.

It had been a deliberate decision to act by sheer, raw faith, absolutely devoid of any feelings. He knew only one thing: God's

Word said that He would dwell in praise, and He was going to “put it to the test.”

About seven o’clock, others started arriving at the church to pray before the service; Reg knelt at the altar and praised the Lord a little longer.

A few minutes later, he began the service with the singing of the hymn, “There is Power in the Blood.” They had sung only the first verse when all of a sudden a woman lifted her hands to God in praise, and was mightily baptized in the Holy Spirit. From that moment, the revival was on.

To some, it might seem incredible that such a transition from abject failure to glorious revival could take place through the revelation of one verse of Scripture. But miracles are bound to happen when anyone really believes the Word of God.

Reg, who later became founder and pastor of Glad Tidings Temple, one of the greatest churches in the Canadian West, explains his convictions about praise this way:

On more than one occasion, I have said that if I should be limited to one subject in my preaching, I would choose, without hesitation, the subject of praising Jesus. This would be for various reasons.

First, I owe everything to Jesus and His mercy. If it were not for Jesus, I would still be in my sins and lost. I am sure that, but for Jesus, I would be dead and in hell. Jesus did everything for me and I can’t praise Him too much.

I also find that the Word of God, which is our guide to life, tells us to praise Him in many things and at all times. There are probably more passages on praise and worship in the Bible than on any other single subject.

I have found that in the preaching and practicing of praising Jesus, every avenue of the Gospel is effective. Jesus

inhabits the praises of Israel. Because He is present in the atmosphere of true Bible praise, sinners are saved, people are healed, believers are baptized in the Holy Spirit, and all are blessed.

Such is the power of praise. And after I read Reg Layzell's comments on the subject, my mind went back to a prayer meeting I attended when God was teaching me some early lessons on praise. During the meeting, a gentleman stood up and started to recite a long list of trials, tribulations, woes, and troubles which he was encountering on the way to heaven. I couldn't have sympathized with him more as I sat there and listened.

After this gentleman sat down, another stood up and said, "I see that our friend here is living on Grumbling Street. Every day of life there is a struggle. I used to live on Grumbling Street too." He went on to explain how gloomy his life used to be: how poor his health, how joyless his outlook, how depressed his mentality. "But finally, I moved onto Praise Avenue," he said with a grin. "And ever since that move, I've had a lot more sunshine, the air is better—even my health improved!"

I was deeply stirred, and disturbed at the same time, because I recognized that I was sometimes like the first man who was living on Grumbling Street.

How much of my life was spent in praising God, compared to the times spent in fruitless expression of discontent? I was ashamed to admit that I gave more of my time to worrying than to praising my Creator.

As I mulled over these things on my way home, I thought about the Hebrews as they traveled through the wilderness with Moses. There was a multitude of people whom God delivered from bondage in Egypt. He parted the Red Sea for their escape; He miraculously fed them with manna. But still they insisted on complaining.

They were in a vicious cycle. They complained because they weren't contented. And when God punished them for this attitude, they then complained all the more. God then had to punish them for their increased complaining. And so on it went.

No wonder life didn't get better! No wonder they spent forty years wandering through the desert! All that God required of them was obedience, praise, and worship; yet they failed.

The more I thought about it, the more uncomfortable I felt. Here I was, a Christian who was brought out of the bondage of sin by Jesus; I was fed, clothed, and taken care of; yet I hadn't been praising Him as I should. Maybe the second gentleman was right. Maybe things would get better if I would just begin praising God more consistently.