

The Incredible Mr. Giggles

By Billy Bruce Teague

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The first time I saw him I was standing in the throne room of God receiving instructions for an intercessory confrontation. Apparently, he was being issued orders from the Lord because the two were engaged in conversation. He stood a colossal eighteen feet tall and weighed a massive thirteen hundred fifty pounds. Though I was standing a fair distance from the throne, I could see that he was a physical specimen, second to none. Muscles bulged from beneath his covering. I say “covering” because who ever heard of a one-piece body suit? When all the information had been transferred, he bowed, turned, and walked toward the room’s exit. His size thirty feet, created such a concussion and echo from merely walking that I was forced to cover my ears. The throne doors closed behind him and he was gone. I asked the Lord who this creature might be. His reply was that the time had not yet come for me to meet this manifestation.

This brings me to where I am today. I have been interceding for a family who is struggling to come to grips with a child who has been injured in a traffic accident. As he was crossing the street, a car sped toward the intersection. The driver was unaware he had entered a school zone and did not reduce his speed. Eric, the boy crossing the walk, was struck and knocked unconscious. Several limbs had been broken but the most serious injury had been that of a blow to his head. Blood was leaking underneath his skull applying pressure to his brain. If the condition continued the doctors would need to drill through the skull to allow the collecting blood to escape.

The family had taken the news badly and awaited the doctor’s report as they held hands and told each other that Eric would be all right. It was all they knew to do. Thank God, a friend had enough spiritual training to ask God to intervene. That is why I am here.

“Lord,” I asked, “What are my instructions?”

I was informed that the family having heard the devastating news of Eric’s deteriorating condition had had their joy capsized. Their hope lay only in the ability of the physicians who were still perplexed as to the boy’s condition. Eric had not regained consciousness which meant more damage than was first thought. If bleeding were the only condition plaguing the boy, it could be easily remedied, but the complication of a comatose state meant severe trauma accompanied the injury. The doctors would have to wait for MRI scans.

“He’s going to die,” a little voice said to Eric’s mother. “He’ll never recover from his injuries, they’re too serious,” the voice continued.

She sank her head into her husband’s shoulder, weeping in despair. If something were not done and soon, the child might die.

“Intercessor, you are to pray. Allow me to unleash one of the greatest weapons in the arsenal of God,” the Lord said to me.

“What is this great weapon God had at His disposal?” I pondered. Scanning my memory of scripture, I searched for the answer. The Lord, aware of what I was doing, smiled and said, “You won’t discover the answer that way, Intercessor.”

“Is this great weapon some type of unknown entity?” I asked the Lord. He chuckled and quoted a scripture, “God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. My creation is the personification of my very core. In Him lies all my strengths and delights. Nothing more powerful exists to defeat the evil one. He bears my name and my word and that combination upholds all things seen or unseen. He will arrive soon for I have desired it. He is the key to the survival of all who are involved.” The Lord faded from sight as though He had been only an apparition.

With the Lord gone, I did what I normally would do. I interceded in prayer, waiting for more revelation. As in each case before, prayer transported me into the mind of the one in need. I found thoughts of insecurity regarding his condition and doubt as to what the ultimate outcome might be.

“Do not fear, Eric. God is working on the problem,” I said to him.

“Who are you?” Eric asked me.

“I am an intercessor sent to pave God’s entry into your circumstances. I will not leave until all is finished.”

Eric did not say another word. His focus had been captured by fear. I could hear thoughts musing within his understanding. They told him of the seriousness of his injury and the odds of his recovery. Their input was negative, thus identifying their source. The devil was afoot in Eric’s mind.

I tried to regain his attentions, but to no avail. Fear had completely taken him prisoner. I needed something to distract the boy long enough for him to be able to escape the devil’s negative suggestions.

As I thought on how to accomplish this, a shadow covered me. Turning, I saw him. It was the immense creature I had seen in God’s throne room before.

“You must be the weapon God spoke to me about,” I said to the creature, hoping to break the ice. “He said you would be coming.”

“Hey,” he said rapidly, “I want to show you something.” The creature then turned his back to me and giggled. His voice had a high pitch and his actions reminded me of an eight-year-old child. He had pulled a ball cap from somewhere and placed it sideways on his head. I could see the

bill of the hat was crooked and as he turned again to face me and I saw that he installed glasses upon his face which were near the end of his nose and pooched his lips. The glasses were also crooked and hanging to one side while his facial expression looked troubled. I instantly began laughing, uncontrollably. This huge intimidating being looked ridiculous.

“Don’t start laughing yet,” he said. “I haven’t said my line.”

Regaining my composure, I stood straight waiting for the punch line he was to deliver.

With a puzzled look on his face as though something had happened, he asked, “Are you sure you didn’t feel a tremor?”

I erupted in laughter as I got the joke. He had made himself look as though he had been through an earthquake, fallen then gotten to his feet wondering what had happened to cause the fall. His mannerisms reminded me more of a comedian than a warrior of God. Yet, his physical presence was overpowering with muscles flexing with every movement of his body.

“Wait!” he said to me. “I have another joke I want to tell you.”

Recovering from the prior laughter, I motioned him to continue.

“One day a nun went golfing with her priest. He positioned himself to tee off and swung at the ball. Swoosh! He missed it. The priest said, ‘Darn, I missed!’ The nun became upset with the priest for using such strong language.

‘Father,’ she said, ‘if you use that type language again, I will have to pray that God punish you.’

The priest ignored her and readied himself again to strike the ball. Swoosh! He had missed again and said, ‘Darn, I missed!’

The nun said, ‘Okay, Father. I told you I was going to do if you spoke like that again.’

Then, she knelt and prayed for God to punish the priest. The clouds above their heads began rumbling and released a lightning bolt that struck the nun. A voice from the Heavens echoed, ‘Darn, I missed!’

I began laughing so hard I could not say a word.

“Do you know the moral of that story, Intercessor?” he asked.

“No,” I responded.

“Mind your own business. It will keep you out of trouble. Judge not, lest you be judged,” he said.

This giant was as giddy as a little kid on Christmas Eve. How was he to help deliver the people involved? For that matter, why had the Lord called him a powerful weapon in His arsenal?

“How rude of me, the giant said. “I have not properly introduced myself. My name is Mr. Giggles, servant of the Most High God.”

“Mr. Giggles?” I said aloud. “What kind of name is that for a warrior?”

“Ah, another doubter of my God given abilities! I can assure you that I am well able to adapt to whatever is needed,” he said through a distorted face, making me laugh.

“How do you expect to achieve anything by acting like such a clown?” I asked him.

“You think I am acting like a clown?” he replied.

“Yes, I do,” I said.

“Thank you for such a compliment,” he said, looking delighted.

I noticed writing on both his forearms. “What is that writing on your forearms?” I asked.

“You’re very observant, Intercessor. Well, these are my origin scriptures that the Lord wrote upon me the day He created me.”

“I don’t understand the writing,” I told him.

“Do you read or speak Hebrew?” he inquired.

“No.”

“The language is Hebrew.” Pointing to his left forearm he quoted is scriptures: “A merry heart does good like medicine.” Pointing to his right forearm he said, “This one reads, ‘Hope deferred makes the heart sick.’” The meanings of the scriptures made no sense to me at the time. So, I continued questioning the creature.

“You act so silly. How could you be so powerful and have a name like Giggles?” I asked.

“Am I silly, or am I joyful? Let me show you something.” Mr. Giggles began to contort his face in such a manner that it made me laugh.

“Do you see what is happening here, Intercessor? Look at my body.”

His muscles were pulsing and flexing as we laughed. Laughter was the source of his power. He lifted the hair from above his forehead to reveal more Hebrew.

“What does it say, Mr. Giggles?”

“It reads. “The joy of the Lord is my strength.”

Mr. Giggles became quiet and sat next to me. “You see, Intercessor, seriousness is a detriment to your faith at times. You become so focused on an evil or circumstance that you forget how much that joy is the essential ingredient for success.”

“Isn’t faith a serious thing?” I asked.

“Yes, of course, it is. But, never forget what activates faith.”

“Love is the activator, isn’t it? That is what the Bible teaches,” I said.

“Yes, but love is the natural outcropping of joy. Without joy, your love cannot break free and energize faith,” he told me.

Immediately, Mr. Giggles began telling me another joke. He stood to his feet and said that God had told him something the other day that amused him thoroughly. “God told me that magnetism was the super glue of the universe!”

I stood there smiling but not laughing.

“Wow!” he said, “tough crowd. I thought that was one of the funniest things I had ever heard. Well, I guess you had to be there.”

Turning sideways, Mr. Giggles began running his hands along his rippling abdominal muscles. “Do my clothes make me look fat?” he asked.

I could not contain the laughter. I choked as I laughed, having been taken by surprise. You do not expect a massive, strength-exuding figure of God to ask if he looks fat.

“That’s much better, Intercessor. I can sense the joy rising within you.”

“Don’t we need to pray or something?” I asked him. “A young boy might be dying.”

“I need you filled with laughter and joy to aid me in the battle ahead, Intercessor. I am well aware of the boy’s condition, but what about the driver of the car. Have you bothered to pray for him?”

I was dumbfounded. It had never crossed my mind to pray for him. I thought the child who had been struck and his family were the only real victims.

“No, I haven’t prayed for him.”

“Why not?” Mr. Giggles asked. “I can tell you why,” he continued. “You feel he is only receiving what he deserves, but God wants all men to be delivered. He hurts when they hurt and asks intercessors to stand in the gap for them. If no one prays for him he will be lost to the circumstance forever.”

I had not thought about the torment the driver must be going through. He had struck and may have killed a child.

“There is much more to the story than that, Intercessor. The man was manipulated into that circumstance by the devil. It took years to spring the trap that transpired in seconds. It was no accident.”

I changed the subject and asked Mr. Giggles a question. “Sir, I understand that joy empowers one to overcome, but why do you tell jokes and make funny faces. Can’t I be joyful without those things?”

Mr. Giggles looked directly into my eyes and said, “No, you can’t. Joy is a force that is birthed from deep within God. I am but a physical manifestation of His joy. When I am joyful, I will show that joy to the world. If you are able to contain your joy and bottle it within you, your strength in the Lord is small. Only joy that is released can become strength.”

A feeling of sadness arose within my emotions. Sensing the change of emotion, Mr. Giggles went into joke mode.

“Little Billy was outside tapping on a pile of dirt early one morning. His neighbor saw him when he went to retrieve his paper from the front yard. ‘Hey, Billy,’ he said, ‘what are you doing with that pile of dirt?’

“Oh, my goldfish died so I buried him,’ Billy replied.

“Why did you need such a large hole to bury your goldfish?” the neighbor asked.

“Well,” Billy replied, “your cat ate him.”

I laughed and laughed. Every feeling of sadness was driven away by the laughter.

Mr. Giggles looked at me and said, “Now, we can pray.”

It seemed that the more focused Mr. Giggles became the more he laughed out loud. “Hey, Intercessor. You want to hear something really funny?”

I nodded my head and agreed.

“The devil thinks the boy will die and that the driver’s life will be ruined because of it. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha. Is that funny or what?”

Mr. Giggles took my hand. “It’s time to fight,” he said. “I alone must enter the circumstance while you pray for a path for him to travel. Do not cease praying until I tell you to stop. The Lord wants all involved to be reconciled to one another.”

As usual, I closed my eyes and began praying. I saw Mr. Giggles walk into the boy’s thoughts and enter his circumstance. Chirping and high pitch noises were coming from every direction. I had heard these noises in the past when demons were present. I was right. Devils were resting just beyond the light cast by Mr. Giggles’ joy. I could see Eric just ahead lying on a bed.

Mr. Giggles never frowned or said a derogatory word as he leaned over Eric’s bed. An intravenous drip had been inserted into the boy’s right arm and Mr. Giggles knew that the drip was

the source of the devil's authority over the boy. The liquid dripping from the bottle fed Eric's negative and depressing images of death.

"Eric, Mr. Giggles said, "I have been sent by your Lord to deliver you."

"I can't be helped. The doctors have said that I will never awaken from the coma. If I do, my injuries will force me to live as a vegetable for the rest of my life. I do not want to live that way. I would rather die."

"Eric, I have to ask you to do some things that will cause you to feel angry."

"I told you, I am going to die and no one can stop that."

"What if you could live and be as you were before, running, playing with the other kids. Would you like that?"

"Sure, I would. Can you do that for me?"

"The Lord will do that for you if you allow Him. Will you give Him the chance, Eric?"

Eric was unable to see Mr. Giggles because he had yet to release any faith. He had no idea of the power speaking with him. God manifested in laughter, knelt at his bedside in the person of Mr. Giggles. He was waiting for the approval to remove the drip of negativism.

"What do I do to let the Lord help me?" Eric asked.

"I need you to laugh at your circumstances. I need you to be joyful," Mr. Giggles told him.

"I can't do that. What do I have to be joyful about?"

"Let me tell you a story, Eric. Jesus came to the earth two thousand years ago to set human beings free. Free, not from sin alone, but from the harm it causes. Jesus constructed a means of escape for all that are injured or ill. Do you want to know how?"

"Yes! I want to know," Eric said excitedly.

"Jesus suffered at the hands of the devil. He was beaten and striped with a whip that dug his skin from the bones." Mr. Giggles began laughing. "Ha, hahahahahahahahaha!"

"How can you laugh? The beating must have been terrible," Eric said confused and bewildered.

"Don't you see, Eric? God sent His Son to suffer so you do not have to. Isn't that the greatest thing you have ever heard?" Mr. Giggles began laughing again. "Hahahahahahahahaha!"

"Why are laughing? The beating sounds horrible," Eric said.

"Yes, Eric, the beating was horrific, but you are looking at only one side of what happened. If Jesus suffered, that means you do not have to. That should awaken joy in your heart. Laugh at what has happened because God has already delivered you. You do not have to stay trapped in a

coma. You can awaken and be recovered from the injuries you have sustained. The scriptures tell us that. 'By His stripes, you are healed.' That means, if you desire, healing will overcome your injuries. All you must do is follow my instructions. Tell me if healing is what you desire, Eric."

Eric decided to trust Mr. Giggles and his eyes were opened.

"You are huge," he said.

"Eric, I need you to forgive the man who struck you with his car."

Anger covered the boy's face. "How can I forgive the man who placed me in this situation?"

"He is hurting, as well, Eric. He did not intentionally do what was done.

"Help me, God. Help me forgive!" Eric cried.

"Let me tell you a joke," Mr. Giggles said. "Two hunters came to a river that had to be crossed in order to reach a prime hunting area. The river was raging and would be difficult to cross. One hunter knelt and prayed, 'God, give me the strength to cross this river.' Immediately, the hunter's arms grew to three times their normal size. With his strength now tripled, he jumped into a rowboat and made it to the other side.

The second hunter saw the struggle the other man had gone through while rowing his boat across the river and wanted to find an easier way. He knelt and prayed as well. 'God, give me the wisdom to cross this river.' His prayer was answered quickly. God converted him into a woman who then looked at the map, and she discovered that a bridge lay upriver about three hundred yards."

Eric began to laugh, vigorously.

"Eric, forgive the man. It will deliver you," Mr. Giggles told him.

The boy prayed forgiving the man and released the hurt he had taken into himself.

"I'm going to remove the drip, Eric. It will stop the fear that keeps you in this place."

"Okay, sir. But, before you do I want to know your name."

"My name is Mr. Giggles. I am a servant of the Most High God."

Eric began laughing again.

"That's it, Eric. Laugh and all will be well. Let the knowledge that Jesus has delivered you feed the laughter and overcome what has happened."

The more Eric laughed, the stronger Mr. Giggles became. While removing the drip, two devils ran from the darkness and attempted to stop the deliverance. Mr. Giggles flicked them back into the darkness where they impacted the wall, creating a loud thump. The sound stimulated Mr. Giggles even more. He laughed uncontrollably.

The drip was removed resulting in Eric rubbing his eyes. He was awakening.

“Come, Intercessor,” Mr. Giggles said. “Our work here is completed. The boy will awaken, recovered from the injuries of the accident.”

A visit was then paid to the perpetrator of the accident. The intercessor prayed while Mr. Giggles did his thing.

“Sir,” Mr. Giggles said to the driver, “the boy is well.”

“Who are you and how do you know the boy is alright?” the driver asked.

Mr. Giggles ignored him and continued speaking. “I need you to laugh in order to overcome your hurt and anguish.”

“I do not deserve to laugh,” the man responded. “I may have killed someone. Do you get that?”

“Laugh if you wish to be free. Laugh if you desire all to become whole.”

“I can’t. I can’t do it,” the man told Mr. Giggles.

“I’m going to tell you a joke,” Mr. Giggles said to the driver. “A person kept returning to a body shop, asking to have dents removed from his car. The manager had no time for such a small repair and instructed the person to go home and allow the exhaust to cool. Then he told the person to place his mouth on the exhaust pipe and blow as hard as he could. He assured him that this would force the dents from the car.

The person took the instructions to heart, drove home, and waited for the exhaust to cool. After several hours, the person lay on the ground and blew into the exhaust pipe. A neighbor watched and asked what was happening. The person on the ground retold the story and instructions, to which the neighbor replied, “That’s never going to work. You have the windows rolled down.”

The man began laughing.

“You see, sir. You can laugh. All you have to do is hear something funny. It seems funny to me that a born again man like you would allow a roach like the devil to overcome him when Jesus paid the price for freedom.

“I have broken the law and harmed someone,” he told Mr. Giggles.

“You will have to face the consequences for what has happened, but ask God to involve Himself in the affair. Then, laugh.”

“I can’t. I do not deserve to laugh,” the man said.

“Yes, you do deserve to laugh for the simple fact that Jesus died for you when you were lost and going to Hell. You do not earn God’s love it is given freely and not based upon your

performance. God will make things right if you give Him the chance. Believe in something! What do you have to lose? Repent and change your mind and all will be well.”

Mr. Giggles began laughing and touched the man’s shoulder. Laughter transferred and came from the man’s mouth. “Hahahahahahahahaha!” The man was laughing and it felt good.

“Laugh! The devil thinks he has beaten you, a son of God. Laugh, for the devil thinks he has control over you. Laugh, for you are loved and cared for. Laugh, for God has forgiven you. There is nothing more hilarious in the universe than for the devil to think he is stronger than the Children of God.” Mr. Giggles was preaching.

A police officer came to the cell. “Hey, buddy. You dodged a bullet. The kid’s okay. It’s a miracle. You must have somebody up there who likes you.”

The man leaped for joy. He laughed and laughed. Mr. Giggles could not allow such jubilation to be isolated to one individual so he joined the man in rapture.

“It’s true. What you told me is the truth,” the driver said. “I will laugh when I do not feel like it. I will laugh when troubles persist. I will laugh when all seems lost, because the greater one lives on the inside of me. The medicine of a merry heart has healed my life.” The man was ecstatic with praise for God.

Mr. Giggles said his goodbyes, having completed his mission. The situation was further resolved when Eric and the family visited the man and forgave him. The family pleaded for the man’s release and refused to press charges, resulting in all charges being dropped. All that remained was a two hundred-dollar fine for speeding in a school zone. Once that was paid the man was set free.

The adventure had also had a tremendous impact on the intercessor. All had learned to laugh when life is not lovely. All was well and all because the joy of the Lord is our strength. The intercessor ended the prayer laughing in praise to God who had sent his creation, “The Incredible Mr. Giggles.”