

## Endorsements

*“Caspar McCloud is an amazing guitarist.”*

~ Mark Lee, Third Day

*“I’ve never met anyone quite like Caspar McCloud. I hope his story blesses you as much as he has blessed me.”*

~ Peter Furler, The Newsboys

*“Caspar has lived the life of a rock star and renowned painter. He has struggled with some of the most painful issues any of us can face. He has known life and death. At one point his heart literally stopped and God resuscitated him. His story is a gripping read because his struggles reflect God’s grace and power.”*

~ Seth Barnes, Author and Founder  
Adventures in Missions

*“After one doctor stated he didn’t believe Caspar could perform safely, he dared to trust God Almighty and perform anyway. Caspar fainted and at one point had no pulse. Pastor Henry Wright then prayed and his pulse returned.” Another doctor said Caspar hasn’t had an irregular heartbeat since! To learn how he*

*now performs and encourages people about God's healing power you must read this book!"*

~ Michelle Morey, Associate Producer  
TBN Television's "Night of Miracles"

*"Caspar McCloud floats in the clouds -- heavenly music, spiritual inspiration, a gentle spirit in touch with his God."*

~ Robert Lacey, Best-Selling Author and Royal Biographer by  
Appointment to Queen Elizabeth II

*"Caspar McCloud is a great guitarist, singer and songwriter."*

Matt Bassionett, Joe Satriani Band –G3-Ringo Starr – All Star Band

*"We all love a story! And when that story is true it only enhances the book's value. This is such a story. Caspar McCloud shares his journey towards God, and then his journey with God! And from the failures to the triumphs, from the miraculous healings to the agony endured, this story rings true. In the Christian life you don't just 'come to Jesus' and then everything will be all right! Our journey with Jesus is a mirror of His own life on earth; that unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. Caspar has had to experience this literally to the place of death – only to find that the power of God really is enough. Broadway may be where people first came to hear of Caspar and his role in Beatlemania, but heaven is where the real songs of Caspar's life are going to be sung forever."*

~ Dr. Tony Dale, Editor  
House 2 House magazine

*"The scriptures say that before we were ever born, God knew us. We are wonderfully made and the hand of God is upon us (Psalms 139). That is true as far as God is concerned, but every man and woman has their own journey towards or away from this stated will of God. In Caspar's life his journey began*

*and God was not even in his plans. But God had other plans to preserve his purposes. In time Caspar opened his heart to God but the Devil had his plans to join Caspar in defeating God's will for Caspar's life. In short, two kingdoms clashed, and God and Casper won the battle. I am thrilled to have been part of preserving for God what he has planned in Caspar's life."*

~ Pastor Henry Wright  
Pleasant Valley Church

*"It has been my privilege the last few years to know Caspar as a friend. I have watched him minister and serve others with sincerity. In "Nothing is Impossible" Caspar articulates well his emotion-filled journey through life. His story offers more than just success and healing but the greater success and victory of making his peace with God through salvation. This book will challenge you to seek the fullness of life and that can only be accomplished by adding God to the picture. It is apparent that God wanted to join Caspar and certainly proved it."*

~ Pastor Donna Wright  
Pleasant Valley Church

*"Caspar Mccloud is a multi-talented artist. He not only makes music with a guitar but with a paint brush as well. His love of horses is evident in his highly rendered and exquisite equestrian paintings that capture every nuance. Caspar inspires people on many levels."*

~ Bart Lindstrom  
Artist/ Judge and Board member  
The Portrait Society of America

# NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE

Caspar McCloud

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Caspar McCloud

With testimonial contributions from  
Pastor and author Henry Wright  
and medical doctor Terri Allen

Forward by Dove Award–Winning Artist  
Phil Keaggy

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## Foreword

I met Caspar McCloud while doing a show in Ohio. He was in a crowd of people but stood out because he looked very British and I could tell, just by looking at him, that he was an artist. He complimented me and asked if we could talk and visit. It was the first of many conversations we were to have over the years.

I shared my faith with him because I sensed in him an earnestness and honesty. He had this longing--perhaps like we all have--a need to be recognized. A pat on the back. Someone to say, "You go for it; you're good." As artists, guitar players and singers we grow up longing for recognition and wanting to be like our heroes in the music world.

Caspar's a really great guitarist with more of the legitimate rock and roll edge that I never had. He seemed like one of the Hollies. I remember praying for him and sharing with him about what God had done in my life. And after that, we just sort of kept in touch long distance. I would encourage him to explore the Bible, to test God, to put his faith in Jesus Christ. It was a long road and there were many turns. Then finally, after about seven years of praying, Caspar showed up backstage at one of my gigs saying, "I really became a Christian. I really gave my life to the Lord!"

And I could just see it! Before for me, it was a matter of encouraging Caspar to believe. But now, I could really see that he had become a Christian. He embraced the faith. He was transformed!

I encourage you to read and believe the amazing story written in these pages. And I hope you will listen to his music. May the Lord use Caspar's message to challenge your beliefs and transform your faith.

*Phil Keaggy*  
*Nashville, TN*  
*November 11, 2005*

## Prologue

The testimony you are about to read is nearly unbelievable because in the natural world what happened to me is not possible. On July 3, 2001, around 9:30 p.m., I collapsed on the floor at Pleasant Valley Church in Thomaston, Georgia. I wasn't breathing. My heart had ceased pumping. I no longer had a pulse. And even with one of the finest physicians in the world at my side, I believe there was nothing medical science could have done to help me.

This is a very real and true account of how the God of the universe, who is the same yesterday, today and forever (Hebrews 13:8), reached down from Heaven to perform a miracle. I am alive and healthier than ever and there is none but the Lord God Almighty to thank. He exchanged a heart filled with disease for a healthy new organ. He exchanged a broken heart for a heart that could truly experience peace, love and joy. To a man who lay on the floor without a heartbeat, he gave brand new life.

Ever since that day I have testified to this miracle—whether it is to someone in the grocery store or to masses of people in a concert audience. I pray that those who are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ will read this and have their own faith increased. And I ask those who are skeptical to read this story with an open mind and heart and just judge for themselves.

*Caspar McCloud*

## The Early Years

To begin explaining my amazing adventure, I will have to go back to the beginnings of my love for art and music. The world of the arts always seemed a backdrop to my life. My parents were classical musicians. I grew up surrounded by their influence and gifted with their genes. I was likewise drawn to painting—fascinated by masters such as Leonardo da Vinci in the way other children are awed by Hall of Fame athletes.

Even at a young age creating masterpieces was my passion. I recall being enrolled in art classes for the gifted when I was very young, and spending my weekends at the art museums instead of playing sports outside like most of my peers. Recognizing the artistic bent of his young son, my father tried to start me on the violin. He was greatly displeased though, when I began strumming, pretending it was a guitar!

My father was very European and my mother was first-generation American. Although I was born in the States, I spent enough time in England over the years to develop a distinctly British manner of speech—and I still sometimes think of England as home. During my childhood we moved a number of times, eventually settling in the North of England (mostly Manchester). Years later we moved to London. Even when I moved to West Palm Beach, Florida with my wife and children in 1988,

I found myself once again among a community of English expatriates. It is true that birds of a feather flock together!

I always remember wanting to do art and music—and to be an equestrian. As a child, it was the only sport I ever cared for. Perhaps my fascination with a fellow who rode a horse and played his guitar explains why the guitar became my instrument of choice. He could have been Roy Rogers, as odd as that may sound, because Roy Rogers was actually a gifted guitarist and singer who rode a palomino named “Trigger,” one of the prettiest horses I had ever seen. I still have a passion for horses, and today own and ride a wonderful, magnificent horse named Billy Bob, whom I prefer to introduce as “William Robert”, or “Mr. Bob,” in polite company.

Actually my black Tennessee Walking Horse looks nothing like Trigger! But I thank the Lord every time I see him waiting for me in our back pasture. Every morning when I go out to feed him, it feels like Christmas.

## Disfavored Son

I don't have many good memories of my early years. My family was typically dysfunctional—an unfortunate epidemic running rampant in this present world system. Remember the violin I turned into a guitar? I spent many years trying to gain my father's approval after this fateful incident, but no matter what I did—no matter how many successes I encountered—it never happened. I never heard the words, “I'm proud of you,” or “I love you.” This lack of reinforcement grieved me deeply for many years. However, I will tell you straight up: I am at peace with it now, as I know my Heavenly Father has given me His approval, and that is all I will ever need.

My parents seemed to argue almost constantly. I recall my mum asking me if she should divorce my father. I was about 4 years old at the time—as if I would know the answer to such a question as that! I am certain I agreed that, yes, she should go through with it. He was such an explosive and emotional fellow I never knew how to read him. One minute he could be jolly, and the next he was on a rampage. I used to hide under my bed when I heard his footsteps, never knowing how he was going to behave. To this day, hearing heavy footsteps coming upstairs releases a cortisol flood (the fight or flight mechanism of the body) into my bloodstream that only the Holy Word of God can stop.

For all I know, my mother told my father about my divorce vote and perhaps he never really forgave me. We had a rather rocky relationship all the years he was alive. Exposed to constant angry voices, I was always looking for a place to escape from the battle lines. I believe that his disdain for me, combined with the rebellion that is “bound up in the heart of a child,” led me to my search for identity.

## Taking the Reins

Because both my parents worked, I was free to do as I liked much of the time. They let me take riding lessons when I was about 12 years old, and perhaps never knew that jumping was included. That was actually very dangerous behavior back then, since we never wore the head protection that is universally required nowadays—and were riding our mounts over hedges!

I remember the first time my class started to take jumps. I was very fearful that my horse might refuse the jump as I had seen other horses do, with painful results for their riders! My instructor kept pushing

me to try. I was the very last rider in my class to go over the jump. (It was intimidating when even the girls in my class had all taken the jump, and I was still trying to avoid it). Finally, I started for the jump in the middle of the arena, putting my horse into a slow canter. Just before we got about a foot away I felt my horse become airborne. It was an amazing sensation! We were actually flying for a brief moment. We hit the ground with such ease I found it incredible that a thousand pound animal could land so gracefully. My instructor gave me the thumbs up. But then he shouted, "Next time keep your eyes open!"

After that first jump, there was no stopping us. I kept galloping back and taking the jumps all over again, loving my newfound freedom. Interestingly, my friend and pastor Henry Wright told me years later that one needs to face his or her fears. Go through them or they will go through you! Once you do, you find freedom on the other side.

I actually got a weekend job in which I would clean fifty stalls in a local horse barn and they let me ride for an hour afterwards as my pay. It seemed a fair exchange at the time. Riding became my great escape; the closest thing I experienced to heaven on earth. There was no strife. There were no problems except an occasional disagreement with my horse, which I usually won.

When I was not riding I fought spirits of depression and loneliness, and found myself drawn to authors like Herman Hess and Thomas Hardy. Their wonderful masterpieces of hardship and tragedy only served to feed my desire to mope about and feel sorry for myself. Today, I recognize that depressive cloud as an unclean spirit of self-pity.

My father wanted to pack me off to a boarding school in London which catered to the arts and took in odd fellows like myself. He thought I was a bit too shy and introverted, and that type of interaction would be good for me. He reckoned that sending me off to school might help bring me out of myself, as it were. But who was I? That was the question I was asking. There was an invisible battle going on

for my life between heaven and hell, but I was not able to grasp it at that point.

## Flower Power: Sweet and Sour

The “summer of love” occurred during my early teen years, the 1960’s. It was a time of incense, peppermints, love beads and “finding yourself.” We lived in the States then, and my pals and I were swept up in the British invasion of rock and roll. I embraced it all wholeheartedly. Bands like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and The Who embodied a style of music that was perfect for a classical music rebel such as me, and I made up my mind to make it my life.

I think that decision was sealed during my early teens when a friend sneaked me into a concert by The Who. We were backstage, two feet away from the legendary Peter Townshend, watching with fascination as he smashed his Stratocaster guitar to bits. Newscasts of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones all showed hordes of pretty girls screaming in adoration, and I’m sure their reaction helped set my course in motion. I remember thinking, “I just want to do that for the rest of my life.”

Throughout my teens and into my twenties I wrote songs, played the guitar and sang in bands—the same things I do today. However, back then I was completely consumed by the power of the music. I also worshipped the *gift* of music and not the *Giver*. Practicing guitar endlessly everyday, I often fell asleep with it in my arms. Friends told me that I even played it in my sleep. It became like an extra appendage to my body. This consuming desire drove me to study classical guitar and voice at music conservatories—only because I saw that as a more direct path into the mysteries of the world of music that I found so complex.

Most times I lived very much in my own little world and was quite content to play Bach or lute pieces of the high Renaissance. But sometimes at night, when there was no one there to stop me, instead of practicing pieces from the great masters of classical music, I would play and sing along with one of my favorite albums by Led Zeppelin. I let loose and played and sang the blues from the depth of my soul! I must have been somewhat of an inconsiderate teenager in those times, especially towards my good neighbors. Sometimes late at night, at very inappropriate moments, I would be inspired to experiment and see if I could get my amplifier to feed back as loudly as Jimi Hendrix's!

The world my peers and I were living in was dominated by rebellion growing out of a sense that the whole world was a mess. People were thinking they had missed it somewhere, so they must get back to nature and live in the forest. "Let's change the world," was the maxim of the day. But in the end all I saw was phony inner and outer peace movements and a generation turned off by traditional church, looking for answers in Eastern mysticism.

It is interesting to me that no one ever dared ask, "Why are we listening to some strange Indian on top of a mountain wearing cow dung on his head?" Did we think a fellow like that would have any real answers? Maybe the rock stars, the idols of our time, told us it was so! Upon returning from a trip to India, the Beatles gushed about their new-found guru. He was famous for sayings like, "You feel happiness, you feel peace." And then he would laugh, "He, he, ha, ha," (all the way to the bank with the money he swindled). If he is still living I pray he gets saved in Jesus' name.

I practiced Hinduism for a short time in my teenage years. What did I know? All the guys I looked up to were into this meditation thing. You would sign up as a charter member of the transcendental meditation movement and bring your money and a dozen flowers to your leader, who then started chanting names in another language. As you

were led to repeat the name, that became your “mantra.” No one told you that you were repeating the name of another god! I had to later repent to the Lord God Almighty for my involvement in this old age/new age lie. I recall I did feel a certain kind of peace when I practiced this false religion. But it was a peace that came at a high price.

We were all just looking for an alternative way to live. People did not want to believe anything from their parents’ generation, nor, as the saying goes, trust anyone over thirty. Rebellious spirits were on the loose. And perhaps the church was not equipped to minister to that generation. There are countless stories of hippies being asked to leave a church service because they made the congregation uncomfortable. Pastors like Chuck Smith, who started Calvary Chapel Church and ministry in California, had broken hearts when they saw hippies prevented from attending. Hence, many resigned their powerful positions to start ministries to help get the hippies saved. God blesses that kind of obedience, and today Chuck Smith leads a church of many thousands from all over the U.S.A. I thank the Lord for raising up men like that.

There was also a counter—counter—culture going on populated by “Jesus Freaks.” These young people, totally sold out to the Lord, would claim, “Jesus is the answer!” Someone would think it funny to respond, “What’s the question?” I thank God that in the midst of my rebellion and idolatry, when religious “freaks” were the butt of my jokes, the Lord had mercy on me and even then had a plan for my life.

## Trip to Nowhere

I had a few good friends who put up with me being the temperamental artist type. They were good students and good kids, but eventually we all got caught up in the end of the hippie drug age and experimented. I held out longer than most. I would pretend to smoke whatever my friends handed me. Only I never inhaled, I just squeezed the end so hard that nothing would come out! I tried to just fit in, but never quite did.

I had a friend who was an excellent guitarist and I greatly admired him and his talented family. He and his brothers toured at times with hit musicals like “Godspell,” and he would sometimes get to jam with a number of rock stars. One day, when I was about 15 years old, he convinced me that if I smoked hashish with him I would learn to play better—that it would free my spirit and give my spirit energy. Right! My other friend, who was also an artist I greatly admired, said it would help me paint even better. I finally gave in, and it all went terribly wrong. I ended up at a clinic on a bad trip, thinking I was dead. If I had problems before, experimenting with mind-altering drugs only made things much worse.

I suffered from frequent flashbacks, reliving the horror of that trip. My friend’s parents, Pete and Heidi, took me in, nursed me until I came back to reality, and let me live with them from time to time after that. They were the only parents I’d ever met who really loved each other and I became quite dependent on them for all kinds of advice. No matter how bad things got in my life, they always helped me see a rainbow at the end of the storm.

One day, I asked Heidi why they were so kind to me, and she told me the story of the Good Samaritan. They were kind to all of us teenagers. It was common to go to their home where the music of the Byrds played in the background and teenagers filled every available

space. We were eight miles high as a normal, everyday experience. Pete and Heidi made their home a refuge, a place where we could be safe from the outside world, but where they could keep an eye on us. Little did I know that the real danger came from an invisible spirit world that wanted to keep us from knowing the truth.

Pete and Heidi did not have all the answers, however much I loved them. They attended a church that was hardly a church at all, but a place to drink tea and coffee and chat. I concluded it was for people who were raised to go to church, but who were now in rebellion and just wanted a place to go on Sunday morning. They believed in God, but weren't sure who he was.

I went to their church for a while, but it still did not fill the void in my heart. People there were as strange and mixed up as I was. And I was rather strange at times, to put it mildly! Many of my artist friends would spend time at Pete and Heidi's home. It seemed we were all into surrealism and it penetrated our everyday view of reality.

I kept asking questions and searching for truth in all of this. Even though I had friends who really loved me now, it still wasn't enough; something was missing in my life.

I was curious about the man from the past who was called Jesus Christ of Nazareth and claimed to be the Son of God. Somewhere along the way I read a story about the shroud of Turin, and concluded that this Jesus Christ of Nazareth was real. But I was not yet ready to surrender to Him. I was having too much fun! (Much later, after I became a Christian, I ended up recording a song on my first Christian album entitled, "I'm Having More Fun Going to Heaven than I Ever Had Going to Hell.")

## A Divine Appointment

I was awarded a scholarship to an art and music college in Cleveland, Ohio and started playing in clubs on the weekends. One night I was auditioning for a band in front of a live audience at a pub, and a fellow came up to me and started to offer me a management contract. He told me I was the best thing he had heard since Christian guitarist Phil Keaggy. Well, it turned out that he was Phil Keaggy's old manager—the one who managed Phil's band, "Glass Harp." Phil had recently left the band and this man apparently had a plan to keep things going with me.

A friend at school told me she knew Phil and his wife Bernadette. She suggested I find out why he left the band before I signed my life away. She arranged for us to have dinner with the Keaggy's that weekend. We had a wonderful evening together and Phil shared his faith with me. One of the most profound scriptures he quoted was Psalm 33:3, "Play skillfully with a loud noise." Now, coming from parents who played classical music, and coming at a time when organized religion rejected anything remotely "loud," it just stunned me. How could something that had been written in the Bible thousands of years ago be so applicable in my life today?

I had never before met anyone like Phil. It really did not matter to me then, nor does it matter to me now, that Phil is such a brilliant musician. He won me over with the love of God. I could tell Phil and Bernadette genuinely cared for me. There was such love and concern in Phil's eyes that sometimes I felt as though it was really the Lord Jesus looking through him at me. Often Phil would quote something from the Bible which made me feel uncomfortable because I was living in a way that didn't line up with what it said. I really wanted to know how Phil and his wife knew God personally! But when I would leave them, the world would grab at me once again with all its empty prom-

ises of fame and fortune, and I would be lost and lonely again. What a blessing to have the Keaggys befriend me at that time! In those days I struggled with suicidal thoughts because I did not understand much about spiritual warfare and the importance of bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ (II Corinthians 10:5).

## Of Three Minds

I have learned that thoughts originate from one of three places. They are either genuinely your own, such as, “Boy, I’m hungry” when your stomach growls, or they can come from somewhere else. If you are a believer you have the Spirit of God and the thought can come from him who dwells within you. This is the still small voice of your conscience. Then there is a third source for thoughts: the enemy, Satan, and his army of evil spirits.

Few people realize that there must be a being to think a thought! In Genesis, God asked Adam, “Who told you that you were naked?” The thought couldn’t have originated with Adam because he was unaware of the whole concept of clothes. And it certainly didn’t come from God. I believe that the thoughts of guilt and shame that accompanied Adam’s sin came from Satan because they caused Adam to run *from* God, rather than *to* Him in repentance.

Even today, the Bible says, Satan roams about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Does he physically eat us alive? No! He attacks us in our thoughts, because “as a man thinketh, so is he.” That is why we need to take our thoughts captive; if they don’t measure up to the Word of God, we need to cast them out. Disallow them! Pay them no heed! Satan wants to hold us captive through guilt and

shame and fear, but the Holy Spirit gently leads us into repentance and restoration.

Before I was a believer, I remember thinking that if I ever really got into trouble, Phil would be the first person I would call. He would write me from the road, his letters salted with Bible verses. He'd call me on the phone and hit me with Scripture, and I would think, "Why can't he just speak English?" Since I was still resisting, the Word of God made little sense to me. Yet, all that time, Phil kept bringing my name before the Father. I know now that God watches over his Word to perform it, and his Word does not come back to him void.

I will be forever grateful to Phil for his faithfulness because after years of searching, I finally surrendered my life to Christ Jesus the Lord—but not before I began looking into the occult. Phil warned me against it, but I recall thinking he just didn't understand this intellectual world. He understood it much better than I knew, and I should have heeded his warning! I know now that this attraction to the occult wasn't even my own thoughts, but evil spirits who were assigned to try and pull me into deception.

## Ungodly Music

I was trying to finish my degree but kept dropping out to play in bands that were hoping to accomplish something important—whatever that was! We were so idealistic in those days. Music can be a very powerful emotional trigger that can even change your body's chemistry and cause you to feel many things—some that you may not want to confront.

Let me please warn you to be careful what you listen to and take into your spirit and soul! The devil—who was called Lucifer before