

# The Journal of Ron Boehme - 1998

## Port Orchard, Washington

*January 1, 1998 – 15,993 – 15,022*

This year is a very special one for me as it marks **my 30th year as a Christian**. It was sometime in the spring of 1968, when I was 14-15 years old, that I gave my life to Christ. Since that teenage beginning, I have never turned back from my pursuit of God.

The details of those momentous days are hazy. In December of 1967, my dad had been taken off to prison, and this left a great void in my life. During the winter months that followed, I was playing basketball for Marcus Whitman and developing a friendship with my coach, Steff Steinhorst, who was the Young Life leader in Port Orchard. With mom now working, and dad behind bars, Steff was becoming a very needed father figure.

I don't remember the sequence of events, **but I do clearly remember the Saturday morning that I found myself in Steff's basement involved in Bible study and discussion with him, which was followed by a prayer of commitment to Christ. I wanted Jesus to be my personal Lord and Savior** and knew that my Lutheran upbringing and confirmation was not enough to bring me peace with God. That morning I bowed my head and found Christ. It was a definite turning from my old ways to letting Christ be the head of my life.

From that point on, I began to read my Bible, pray, fellowship with other believers, and discover what it means to know and walk with God. My new life in Christ has now continued for nearly thirty years. During that time, **by the grace of God alone, there has not been a day of backsliding, or a moment of doubt. Christ has been my life, and I have striven to grow in Him and follow His ways. There have been plenty of sins and failures on my part--but no regrets for three decades of serving the Matchless King.**

I want to revel in the goodness of 30 years of grace in 1998. I want to build on the firm platform that has been laid in my life by faith. And I want to please and serve the Master Who gave His life that I might live. That truth changed my life thirty years ago. For all ETERNITY I will be abundantly grateful.

*January 5, 1998 - 15,997 - 15,018*

The way has now been paved for us to launch a Mission Bridge School at First Christian Church. I've been praying about this for a long time and thank the Lord for now bringing it to pass.

The school will be a joint venture of the Missions Committee, YWAM/Kings Kids, AMOR people, and some individuals that are interested in evangelism and missions. We had a good first meeting the other night and there is great enthusiasm. I am praying that God really use this school to burst open our church into tremendous harvest. May all of God's purposes for it come forth. Starting date will be February 18th and run through June 10th--and I will give direct leadership to it. Visit us with your power, Lord Jesus.

## Hilo & Kauai, Hawaii

*January 12, 1998 - 16,004 – 15,011*

I'm in Hawaii for the statewide Revive America seminars that are taking place in Hilo, Kona, and Kauai. It is quite a test of faith for me as my throat condition has worsened recently and I am in real pain and discomfort. I noticed from last year's journal that this same thing happened about this time last year as we were beginning the series of seminars. Interesting. It has been a real test of my endurance and faith. So far God has sustained me.

I'm staying in a lovely home that overlooks Hilo Harbor with a middle-age bachelor named Chet Maruyama. He's engaged to be married and carries a real burden for churches and pastors in the area. Once a month, he and his fiancé Jill host a breakfast for the pastors to encourage unity in the area. He's one of God's men here.

I flew into Hilo on Saturday afternoon, and after a good night's rest, preached in two services at Glad Tidings Assembly of God. Pastor Henry is a jovial Hawaiian who really shares a burden for these islands and is a spiritual father figure here in Hilo. I preached on "What It Means to Believe--The Scriptural Principle of Renewal" and God really blessed. Hundreds of people in the two services stood up to commit themselves to be obedient to God. I barely had enough voice to get through the second service, but God helped me. I then rested my voice in the afternoon and preached the opening service of the Revive America seminar at New Hope Community Church, the largest on the island. My voice was better in the evening though I was heavily medicated and prayed up. At the end, there was much prayer for God to bring revival again to the islands as He had in the 1830's.

Part of my message referred to that first Great Awakening in the Hawaiian Islands. Missionaries first arrived here in 1820 after being motivated to come through the death of a fellow student at Yale--Henry Obookiah--who had come from Hawaii to study in the States and take the gospel back to his native land. After 10-12 years, they had seen 577 islanders come to Christ.

In the mid 1830's, Dr. J. Edwin Orr postulates that a third general awakening took place around the world as a global prayer movement swelled. Titus Coan, an associate of both Charles Finney and Asahel Nettleton, moved into Hilo in 1835, and by 1837, a visitation of God was underway. Coan and others preached around the islands to large crowds which brought great conviction of sin, weeping, and people seeking God's forgiveness. They were then thoroughly disciplined and tested in their new-found faith (they called this period "probation"), and if their testimony and life was sound, they became members of the church.

Between 1837-42, more than 27,000 converts were received into the church, about one-fifth the population of the islands. They estimate that only one in sixty backslid during this era. On one day, Titus Coan received 1,705 into the new church. This was **Hawaii's glorious spiritual beginning.**

I shared these stories with the first-night crowd, and we prayed for God to do it again. Today there are 1.35 million people in the Hawaiian Islands. Similar results today would bring 270,000 people to Christ. Is God able? Of course. Are we willing to pray and share the gospel as they did in the 1830's? Only time will tell.

*January 17, 1998 - 16,009 - 15,006*

The second evening in Hilo I shared on "The World's Most Dysfunctional Family." There was a decent response, but nothing extraordinary. **The people in Hilo seemed lukewarm** and need a real movement of the Spirit to break through their apathy. My throat was better that night.

The next day I drove the two-hour drive around the island to Kona. Was a peaceful look at a beautiful island. Was great to come back into Kailua-Kona where we did our sabbatical year 1986-87. It hasn't changed too much, just a few more shops, a Wal-Mart, and busy pace.

I arrived at the University of the Nations in the morning to speak at the Crusade Style Evangelism School. The campus hasn't changed much either--they're just nearly completion of the School of Counseling and Health Care facility right at the bottom of Kuakini Hwy. I spoke in the Pre-School complex to a good group of students, half of them **pastors from Tahiti.** God sustained my voice, and I really enjoyed sharing on "The Church at the End of the Millennium" to this good group. Sessions were done with simultaneously French translation. That helped my voice.

After building a good relationship with the Tahitian pastors, I look forward to ministering in Tahiti someday.

Was good to see many friends at lunch and around the campus. **There are 315 students here right now and about 270 staff, making it the largest YWAM base in the world.** Good things are happening, but oddly enough I felt a little lonely in this YWAM hub. The years seem to have

taken away the friendliness--at least many of my long-time YWAM friends are no longer here. It was a different feeling. Maybe part of the loneliness was not staying with friends--I was put up in the home of Jason and Terry Meeghan, Jason being an associate pastor at a church in Captain Cook. I had a mattress on the floor in their weight room. Was fine.

The first evening of the seminar--held in a big tent up behind the campus--I had tremendous pain in my throat, and even asked the leaders to pray for me, Dave Boyd doing the honor. God answered his prayer and I was okay. I spoke on "Restoring America's Conscience" and there were some tears of repentance at the end and many people praying for each other. The next evening, I spoke on "Cultural Compromise," and there seemed to be less conviction that night. Sadly, many of the Kona people seem to be rather religiously robotic--even in a Pentecostal sense. There seems to be a great need for spiritual breakthrough on the Kona coast. Again, as in Hilo, there were not many pastors present.

During my three days in Kailua, I drove in the afternoons down to Keauhou Bay to read, pray, take a jog, and relax. Was nostalgic to see our old home and sit down at the beach where I had so many quiet times 11-12 years ago. Brought back so many memories of the kids and their early years. Time goes way too fast.

Friday morning, I boarded a commuter flight across to Kauai, the "Garden Island." It is a beautiful island that is not as built up as Oahu and Hawaii, though there still seems to be a lot of traffic. It looks more like old Hawaii with some of the old plantation homes, sugar cane fields, and natural terrain. It has some strikingly beautiful areas including the Na Pali coastline, Hawaii's only navigable river, gorgeous waterfalls, and beautiful beaches.

I'm staying at a beautiful, waterfront resort called the Kauai Coconut Beach Resort. It's well established and newly restored with lovely grounds and amenities. It's a very serene setting and seems to cater more to people my age and up. Thanks to the good will of a Mr. Kenny Ching, the general manager, IWT is given some free rooms to enjoy. Praise the Lord. I've greatly enjoyed walking the beach, taking jogs, and praying and preparing in this lovely island environment. My throat has also improved some, and that makes my stay less agonizing. I'd love to bring Shirley back here someday.

Last evening, I drove 30 minutes to the west coast of the island to speak at the RAS at Kalaheo Missionary Church. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd, and over twenty pastors present. The Lord really strengthened my voice as I preached, and at the end there was much prayer, brokenness and the dealings of God. The main pastor in the islands even wept in front of the group and asked forgiveness for his ego and pride. The other pastors gathered around him and prayed. There were touching expressions of repentance and many words from God. It was a moving and exciting time. I believe Kauai in the "revival pearl" of the islands right now, and that God is going to do some amazing things year. I encouraged them to pray and build long-term, and to settle for nothing less than full-blown spiritual awakening.

January 22, 1998 - 16,014 - 15,001

Sunday morning. I took an early Aloha flight back to Hilo and spoke at 10 am and spoke at Thy Word Fellowship in downtown Hilo. It is a Word of Faith church, and I spoke on “The Church In the 1990's” to encourage their world vision. There was a good response at the end. My throat really hurt, but I obediently gave the word.

In the evening was the final RAS service at the Meeting Place of New Life Church. Was a good crowd in attendance (though few pastors), and at the end of the message, all went on their knees before God to repent of their darkened consciences and hearts. It was a touching time. Afterwards, a number came forward to share testimonies, which was followed by communion together and the signing of the “Covenant.” It was a moving ending which lays a good foundation to move forward on. Hilo is depressed and the pastors scattered, but God is stirring.

Early the next morning I wearily boarded my flight and flew all day back to Seattle. May God be magnified in the islands of Hawaii.

## Port Orchard, Washington

It's been good to be back home--though my throat is sore and the future of it uncertain. My dad has advised me to take another course of steroids to get me through the next few weeks, and then I need to return to the doctors and begin having some speech therapy. I reluctantly canceled my “Mission America” trip to St. Louis to recuperate some. Though I'm somewhat discouraged about my physical state, God encouraged me one day in Kauai when I was walking on the beach. I believe He said to me: “The next time you stroll on this beach, you will be arm-in-arm with Shirley and your throat will be healed.”

Thank you, Father, for these encouraging words. Regardless of what happens, I am willing to be obedient to you--with or without a voice. My times and my *words* are in your very capable and loving hands.

## Lancaster, Ohio

January 26, 1998 - 16,018 - 14,997

After a few appreciated days at home, I am on the road again to do a Revive America seminar in Lancaster, Ohio. I flew into Columbus on Saturday night, and was picked up at the airport by Tom and Jean Hammer, my hosts for the next few days. They are a fine couple in their fifties with two grown daughters, one of which who serves with her husband in Campus Crusade for Christ. It is a blessing to be in their home.

Sunday morning, I spoke at Faith Memorial Church, an upper-class conservative Wesleyan congregation of about 500 members. They were quiet and attentive, and at the end, some came to the altar to pray and about one-half of the church stood to make a fresh commitment to obey Christ. It was not an electrifying service, but I felt I had obeyed God in the message that came forth.

Afterwards, Pastor Mel Truax and his wife Sally took me and Glen and Carrie Smithson, our YWAM coordinators, out to lunch. Was a good time with good people. In the afternoon and evening I read and prepared for the coming week. It was Super Bowl Sunday, and I also glanced some at the game as Tom enjoyed it on the television.

This morning when I prayed, God really showed me that it was time to make a complete break with my draw toward sports entertainment. Though I'd been reading magazines through most of the game, in my heart I was still drawn to the Packer-Bronco contest and kept slipping my eyes over to see what was happening. I also knew why I was interested: I'd been reading plenty of the sports page pre-game hype, imagining that this wasn't affecting my "interest." But it was--and I felt convicted that to have the authority to speak against the paramount idols of our culture--sex, materialism, and entertainment--I need to "set part" from them by a healthy disinterest.

I asked God's forgiveness for my subtle duplicity in this area and committed myself to stay away from the sports entertainment--in any form. Lord, help me to be consistent and humble in living out this standard of purity. I don't want a legalistic pietism, but a purely focused and passionate heart for God's kingdom alone. I don't want to be drawn by the "things of the world" but have my affections firmly set in heaven.

As I took a lengthy prayer walk this morning through the suburbs of Lancaster, I asked God to strengthen me in this area. May my "Thirty Year Jubilee" of life in Christ find me delivered from double mindedness in this overly hyped area of American life. May Christ and His interests be all in all. Amen.

*January 30, 1998 - 16,022 - 14,993*

My final days in Lancaster were good ones with God moving in the evening meetings. Though I struggled with voice soreness every day God is helping me to persevere. Tuesday night there was much conviction of sin in the meeting, and many repenting of worldly involvements. May God's awakening continue to build.

Monday morning, Glen, Matt Mague, and I traveled a short distance away to do a television interview with Channel 51, WSFJ TV in Thorneville, Ohio. We were on a program called "Friend to Friend", and shared about the Revive America seminar, what God is doing in the churches, and laid vision for the up-and-coming Impact World Tour. God anointed the time. In the evening I had dinner with Dick and Polly Gray, a very saintly couple before speaking in

the evening meeting.

Wednesday afternoon I drove with Glen and Jason Nowland back to Delaware, Ohio where I'd ministered last year at a Revive America Seminar. A meeting had been set up with about ten pastors just to give some encouragement and spur them on. My throat was aching, but God helped me, and I shared about preparing for suffering and building their foundations in prayer and unity together as spiritual leaders. Praying in a circle at the end, we committed God's work in Delaware unto Him alone that can breathe life into all things. Many of them have been through difficult times. The Lord will sustain them and cause their works to flourish.

In the evening I traveled to Baltimore, Ohio and spoke at an Assembly of God church led by Pastor Mick Milem. Great man with a heart for God and His people. I spoke on the "Gift of Suffering" and God seemed to really use it in many people's lives. Precious time.

Had breakfast with Max Karshner, a local businessman, on the way to the airport Thursday morning and caught a flight to Chicago. Rented a car and drove around Lake Michigan about 2-3 hours to St. Joes-Benton Harbor, Michigan for our next crusade. Got in about 3 in the afternoon, and eventually settled in at the home of Ken and Carol Barker. That night was my night off from speaking (good for my throat), but I went to the evening meeting anyway to pray and discern the spirit of the area. It was a good service with a racially mixed audience.

## **St. Joe/Benton Harbor/Battle Creek, Michigan**

St. Joe is a white suburban town on one side of the river, and Benton Harbor is a poor black town on the other side. They are as different as night and day, and quite divided from one another. One of our goals here is to be a voice of reconciliation among black and white, and rich and poor. On a long four-mile prayer walk I took this morning through the Michigan countryside, God really laid it upon my heart to cry out for the pastors and churches to explode into becoming the family of God. Was a good hour and a half of good exercise and spiritual communion with my Savior. It also served as my Prayer Watch hour to pray for revival in America. With the Clinton sex scandal regarding Monica Lewinsky currently swirling around Washington DC, it is an importune time to ask God for forgiveness and cleansing. America MUST be delivered from her addiction to lust.

I have only one night in Benton Harbor. God give me a two-edged sword that will cut to the heart of the matter and bring the word of the Lord into this place.

Was a great night in BH as I preached on the "Dysfunctional Church." Much repentance and even racial reconciliation as many black and white pastors came forward and committed to be the church. I have a sense in my heart that God is really going to use the spiritual leaders in these cities to build the communities into *one* in Christ. I will follow them with my prayers.

My final days in Battle Creek were good ones. One day I was able to look around the "Cereal City," known for being the headquarters of both Kelloggs and Post. It's a pretty, evangelical city that seems to be very progressive. **By Sunday night, we had filled the Wesleyan Church where I spoke on "Restoring America's Conscience."** As Chairman Pastor Bob had prayed earlier that God bring a "holy hush" on the crowd, that very thing happened at the end as there was **a tremendous sense of awe in the presence of a Holy God. Around the auditorium a few wept, and many searched their hearts. After some tearful prayers, we went into a time of communion with about thirty pastors up front and then a signing of the** covenant. It was a precious time.

On two different days I took prayer walks through the town near the Motel Six where I was staying. I prayed for an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches, the pastors, and the entire region. May the rain of God come.

It was wonderful to then travel home to my family. Praise the Lord for His great faithfulness once again.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

*February 10, 1998 - 16,033 - 14,982*

It was a good week at home to rest up and be with those whom I love. The kids are doing well in school, and our home is a busy haven for the Lord's activities. **Shirley's gifts of hospitality and mercy are always in evidence, hosting kids, adults, feeding the neighborhood, and just being available to meet the needs of her children. God sure gave me a wonderful wife.**

Saturday, we had an all-day King's Kids time which was very powerful. There was much prayer throughout the day as we focused on relationships, China, and other needs. We also met in our teams for the first time to begin preparing for the summer.

At the end of the day, we prayed over the Rev Team and concluded with a glorious time of worship that didn't seem to end. God was so present, everyone wanted to continue to "stay on the mountain." Very special time.

## **Joplin, Missouri**

Now I'm in Joplin, Missouri where I flew on Monday for the final Revive America seminar of this winter season. I'm staying in Carthage, a former mining town with much wealth, that is 10 miles north of Joplin. God has placed me in the home of Kenny and Sherry Porter who have a fabulous 8,000 square foot home in the country on 16 acres of Missouri farmland. It's like



staying at Richie Rich's house--except it's nicer. Glenn Sheppard and I are both here together--a special treat--and have a gigantic and elegant basement floor to ourselves complete with gorgeous bedrooms in blue, hunter green and burgundy tones, a full kitchen, rec-area, pool table, weight rooms, elaborate bathrooms, a six foot television screen, and more. Porters owe an oak wood business that makes wood flooring and moldings that go all over the nation. Humble and godly people.

Last night Glenn spoke at Calvary Baptist Church where the seminar is being held and there was a great response at the end. Today he and I spent some good time together getting better acquainted and looking around the area. One tour we took is worth mentioning.

Joplin is a town of 40,000 that is near to Carthage--the home of Precious Moments, the little angel figurines that you find in most card shops and Bible bookstores. The business is owned by Sam Butcher, a sensitive and talented artist who began painting and marketing the figures and drawings some years ago now. The main figures are little children with very sad eyes and simple Bible verses or encouragements below them. Most of the product is made in the Philippines, but Butcher and some of his sons live here in the area.

All over the area you see scores of billboards enticing you to visit the "Precious Moments Chapel -- the nation's most inspirational attraction." Tuesday morning, we did--driving into the countryside where the monument of Butcher's creativity is scattered among almost interesting display of buildings. On the way in we saw Dusty's Honeymoon Island, a restored Victorian home, bridal suites and chapel for weddings and renewing of vows. It sits alone in the prairie surrounded by lakes and fields. The main building is a Visitor Center that makes you feel as if you were in a mini-Disneyland as you walk past precious moments statues, dollhouses. cascading lights and a huge gift shop.

Behind the Visitor Center is a soon-to-be-opened gallery and then the Precious Moments Chapel--kind of a romantic, miniature Sistine Chapel with a huge painting by Butcher of his view of heaven. Jesus is at the center of it talking to some children. Butcher's trademark figurines in angelic form are all over the beautiful scene, and a guide faithfully tells you what all the figures stand for. Off the main chapel are very sentimental rooms devoted to a son of Butcher's who died in a car accident and a friend who died of Hodgkin's Disease. There are beautiful stained- glass windows (one a series with the beatitudes), and mementos everywhere. Bible verses and even a provocative mural called "Will You Be Ready When Jesus Comes" glisten the walls. It's very impressive. There's even a three-story high "Fountain of Angels" and a show area where the "Chapelairens" share their music and you can eat "Royal Delights" in the cafeteria.

There is one problem. According to a local pastor who spoke directly to one of Butcher's sons, Sam Butcher is a homosexual who believes that his good works and sentimental tributes will get him to heaven. That realization gives a strange spiritual air to this whole property. Something is wrong. After finishing the tour, Glen and I walked out onto a veranda and really

prayed for Sam Butcher and for the people that come here. If the story is true--and it appears to be accurate--then this is a place of great beauty and incredible deception. It's a romantic view of God, with all of us as his little sad-eyed angels, guaranteed of a spot in heaven with gentle Jesus. The problem is there's nothing about sin, man's fallenness and need, and the necessity of repentance and faith in a Jesus who died on a cross. The heart of the gospel is strangely missing from this idyllic world—but in subtle ways. There's more Bible quoted here than in most Baptist churches.

I left with a heavy heart. So religious, powerful, beautiful and serene--but missing the building blocks of truth that vouch for its authenticity. It was an angel of light display--mirroring an American culture that wants all the good vibes of sentimental religion without the cost of discipleship. Profoundly disturbing but deeply intoxicating.

*February 15, 1998 - 16,038 - 14,977*

It has been an incredible week here in Joplin. There has been a very unusual and powerful work of the Holy Spirit not seen in any of the other Revive America cities this year. It's been special.

Joplin is city in the southwest corner of Missouri near the crossroads of four different states--Kansas to the west, Oklahoma to the south and west, and Arkansas to the south. They call this area the four-state area, and crowds of people have been coming from all over.

Every evening the crowds have been building. Tuesday night Glenn spoke on the "Anatomy of Revival," giving a very moving account of the 1970 Asbury Awakening in Kentucky. There was much prayer after the service, especially among pastors as God brought brokenness and His tender presence. On Wednesday evening, God was so present that no sermon was given. Testimony after testimony led into times of prayer, worship, and confession that was rich and deep. Every evening, more pastors are showing up to pray early and God is doing a deep work among them. They are among the most spiritually hungry and humble leaders I've ever had the privilege of meeting. They are a major reason for the powerful flow of the Holy Spirit.

On Thursday I spoke to about seventy pastors at an afternoon luncheon, and God really stirred them to prayer for revival and confession of sin. The evening session at Calvary Baptist was packed, and the Spirit really came down as I spoke on God's heart for unity in the Church. At the end there was much weeping, confession of the sins of division, and reconciliation that went on for hours. The pastor of the Worldwide Church of God (formerly a cult associated with Herbert W. Armstrong), publicly asked forgiveness for their exclusiveness and error. They were prayed for and gladly forgiven. Pentecostals and fundamentalists asked forgiveness of each other for the pride that's kept them apart. When I left the meeting near 10:30 pm, the waves were still rolling over people's souls.

I shared lunch with a couple of pastors on Friday. I cried as one shared his heart with us.

I'll be preaching at his Baptist Church on Sunday. In the evening the room was packed again and God very much in evidence. In the before pastor's meeting, many pastors knelt and cried with passion for God to continue to do His work. I was humbled at the privilege of speaking in this kind of setting. My ever-present throat condition certainly makes me realize my own weakness and need for God. That night, God came again as I shared on "Restoring America's Conscience." At the close everyone went on their faces before God and there was audible weeping all over the auditorium. Following were waves of testimonies, prayers over various areas of confessed sin, and a glorious time in God's presence. At eleven o'clock, the ministry was still going on.

God is moving so deeply here they have decided to extend the seminar. Tonight, we will once again gather at Calvary, then Sunday morning some churches are closing and having the morning service together. In the evening the seminar will continue--and maybe some days after that. Supernatural unity is being born among the churches here, and the leaders especially just want to continue.

This morning I was able to speak at the Worldwide Church of God in Carterville to a very lovely and thoughtful audience. There was a great response to my message on the "Gift of Suffering" and I thank God for introducing me to this new dimension of His Body. They have much to offer. Now after a good prayer and meditation walk through the Missouri countryside, I'm preparing for tonight's service.

Come again in power, Lord Jesus. May all the attention, praise and glory be Yours.

*February 19, 1998 - 16,042 - 14,973*

What an incredible ending to a remarkable week. Saturday evening, the final scheduled night of the seminar, the building was full again and God really moved as I shared on "Restoring America's Conscience." Hundreds prayed all over the floor and many came forward to confess sin and cry out to God.

On Sunday morning five different churches canceled their services to come together at Calvary to "bring forth fruit in keeping with their repentance." The praise team from Bykota Church (a charismatic fellowship with SBC roots) led in worship at the packed house. What a celebration of unity. I spoke at the second service on dying to self, and quickly left the stage to drive over to First Baptist to preach there. Pastor Philip led in the altar call for me. At First Baptist, an older conservative congregation, God really blessed my message on "Change" and some people came forward, and the youth pastor of the church made a tearful confession before the congregation. I'm really praying for Pastor Duane at this church--for God to bust things open and revive His people.

After some rest and another good afternoon prayer walk, I came to the evening service which had been extended beyond the normal days. It was packed with believers from all over the area and about fifty pastors. It was an electrifying service of worship, testimonies, I preached on

the “Church at the End of the Age,” and then we concluded with all the leaders coming up front and leading in a communion time and signing the “Covenant.” The service went on for hours--one of the joyous and deep that I’ve been a part of for a while. After some final fellowship afterwards, and a few hours of sleep, I was driven to Springfield to make my way home.

Joplin was a real highlight city--one of the best that we’ve done in the past four years. God is really moving there--and I’ll never forget my time. May God’s vast awakening continue, to His glory alone.

## Port Orchard, Washington

*March 1, 1998 - 16,052 - 14,963*

It’s been good to be home for a few weeks and getting back into the swing of things. I’m now taking two different medications for my throat, and they seem to be helping quite a bit. I haven’t been this free of throat pain for at least nine months. Praise the Lord. It’s not 100%, but it’s much better. In a few weeks I’ll be going to a surgeon to look at the possibility of surgery to repair the valve. May the Lord guide in all these decisions.

A couple Wednesdays ago we started a small “Missions Bridge School” at First Christian. There are only 10-12 students, but some of them are key leaders in the church--and it’s a beginning. The course will last for about 17 weeks, and then everyone will do something in missions this summer. Oh, may we become a church that thrives on missions.

A few days ago, we watched Nathan perform in his first musical--Oklahoma--up at SKHS. He did a great job as God has blessed him with many talents. I don’t like the story line of the play (there’s a lot of old-time sexual innuendo), but it’s a situation where he’s using his skills and developing his voice, discipline, and other character traits. Mom and I are very proud of him.

Last week we called together a group of about twenty pastors to talk about the up-and-coming “Forty Days of Prayer and Fasting” sponsored by USAPray! It was decided to really blanket South Kitsap with prayer during this time and to visit 29 churches on the weekdays to pray together at noon. I also encouraged the men to consider doing a forty day fast--and I believe a number will.

Today the fast begins, and I’m excited about it. God has put a few things before me to consider:

1. To use the 40-day Prayer Guide every day and participate in the noon prayer meetings.
2. To seek revelation on the “idols” of American culture that have separated us from God. I’m going to pray against one of them each day and keep a list.

3. To involve our family in the fast during some dinner times--and also to fast entertainment in our home for these forty days (No TV, movies, or Internet). Some of the king's Kids are fasting lunches at the school, and many other things are happening.

4. To use this time to "prepare" spiritually and practically for their coming days (Easter) and coming time period (suffering). I'm going to complete the food pantry and order a batch of essentials from Provident Pantry.

God has also shown me to consider building a new bedroom for the boys in the carport allowing the girls to have their own rooms upstairs and the boys to have more of a hang-out place. They're all excited about it. We will begin working on that after the fast.

Lord Jesus--I pray that these special days of pray and sacrifice will change all our lives, and lead to true revival in our nation. Listen to the prayers of your people. Expose sin. Pour out your grace. Do something way beyond the norm that proves your greatness, glory and justice. Give us a heart to seek your face earnestly and for Jesus alone to be glorified.

*March 23, 1998 - 16, 074 - 14, 941*

The FAST has been going very well. We're now three weeks into it, and I feel fine. My throat is actually better--probably because I'm not eating and thus not "refluxing" as much. I did meet with a surgeon recently who's going to run some test--and if there's enough proof to do it--operate and try to correct the problem. I'm simply waiting and trusting.

The noontime prayer meetings in the individual churches have been very encouraging. There's usually been five-to-twenty of us, and the prayers have been powerful. At Grace Bible, God really came down with revelation. In other places, we've really sensed God's desire to see us come together.

A week ago, I spoke at Olalla Bible--a church I hadn't ministered at in over 25 years. God really blessed the message and some people were touched by God. Neat time.

I've also expanded our garden 300 square feet by using some of the Harper's land. It will be a joint venture for our families--and also for our ministering to them as a family. I'm doing all I can to obey the Lord in developing our property--and in the coming months, I hope to finish everything: The new bedrooms for the kids, the expanded garden, the "Storehouse" workroom, the chicken coop, and a few other miscellaneous things. I learned years ago that obedience to God in the details is the bottom line of a blessed life. May I be faithful.

*April 21, 1998 - 16,103 - 14,941*

Boy, I've really let the time get away on my journal. Must have been doing too much praying.

The 40-day fast is now ended--and it was a wonderful time in God. In all, we visited 29

churches in the South Kitsap area during the noontime hour and had some tremendous prayer times. (I was able to attend 27 of them, only missing a Monday when I was back in Missouri and missing the last day when Shirley and I went away on a little two-day vacation.) We had as low as five people, and as many as twenty gather during the prayer meetings. I believe God really used it to bless the churches in our area and draw our hearts closer together.

## Joplin, Missouri

Toward the end of the month, I took a flight back to Joplin, Missouri to be with our friends there. I didn't speak because of the uproar that had been caused due to my article on "Precious Deception" which had made its way into Sam Butcher's hands. Instead, Mark Anderson came in to speak at the Concert of Prayer and I used the days to meet with people and make things right. It was a good, but humbling time.

At one point I thought that Sam might meet with me, but in the end he canceled. In all his communications with me, he never denied or acknowledged my allegations of homosexual activity, so the verdict is still out on that score. After the Impact World Tour is over, the pastors and leaders in the area will be taking another look at this situation. My prophetic role is complete.

One thing I learned from this is my need to have an editorial board over my writings in "Fanning the Flame." I have a good board of directors over our ministry. I always have editors look over my books. But I don't have a good set of advisors that will keep me honest and balanced in my monthly writing. It's a chink in my armor that God wants to lovingly close. I made a commitment before Him to strengthen this area.

The other mistakes I made in the Sam Butcher affair were not contacting him first before going public with the allegations, and not thinking through the ramifications of my exposure on the Impact World Tour and my friends in Joplin. My timing was off, and it hurt some people.

I was glad to be able to talk to all of them on the phone and see them in person when I flew back. At the end of the Concert of Prayer--attended by about 1000 people--I met with the committee and asked their forgiveness. They prayed for me and God mended the relationship. When I returned home, I sent a final letter of apology to Sam Butcher along with a copy of my *Conscience book*. On Sundays, I'm praying for him.

Below is the article in this month's "Flame" that I wrote to share both the lessons from the fast and my apology to Sam and friends. I'll include it here:

### *Lessons from the Fast*

The forty days of fasting and prayer are nearly over--and God has done much in my life.

Not just losing twenty pounds, reading the Word more, and having a sharper mind to pray--but some deeper things that really are at the heart of fasting.

The essence of fasting is sacrificially humbling oneself before God (by giving up something we love--FOOD) and crying out to Him to work deeply in our lives. It's developing a brokenness and humility before Him so that His life can more freely flow through ours. Much of my personal fast was spent crying out to God for repentance over the sins of America and revival in the Church. Out of that focus, God re-enforced some truths:

- There are many sins that bring the judgment of God on people and nations. One of my special projects during this time was to meditate on all the Minor Prophets and discern their message to the people of their time. Why were they under God's curse? What sins had separated them from their Maker? I decided to list "a sin a day" that leaped off the pages at me. They included: idolatry, prostitution, rebellion, pride, slavery, injustice, disobedience, greed, acts of violence, murder, immorality, lying, thievery, hardened hearts, unteachableness, oppression of the weak, wickedness, and more. I thought about the shocking parallel of these attitudes and actions in the 1990's--and asked God to forgive me and America for participating in these sins.
- By praying at a different church every day (in my home area Christian leaders held 29 noon prayer meetings around South Kitsap county) I grew to love the diversity of the Body of Christ--it's radiant strengths and obvious weaknesses. God loves the Church and wants her to become His radiant, spotless bride (Eph.5:27). We prayed for baptisms from above of prayer, worship, evangelism, love, and laid hands upon local pastors and blessed them in the Name of the Lord.
- That our dependence on food (much of it junk food) is one of America's greatest addictions. The problem here is that it's an addiction we don't see or want to admit. Alcohol, drugs, and sex are easy to denounce. But Doritos and chocolate? We need to eat, and besides, we're getting too much comfort and having too much fun. Both Shirley and I learned a lot this time around about the negative power of appetite--it's really a battle of the mind. Jesus wants us to be FREE from anything that controls our minds.

But the greatest thing I learned was a deep personal lesson about repentance and being humble. The appropriate title should be "Precious Repentance." Some of you will remember last month's column on Precious Moments, and my burden for its founder, Sam Butcher. Well, my article found its way quickly to Mr. Butcher's door and hurt him and some people in the process. That included a pastor who knew Mr. Butcher, and some friends that are in a large awakening and evangelism thrust in the Midwest.

Many phone calls, and a trip back east were required to make things right. My heart had been zealous and redemptive, but I had missed God in some of the details. As God worked a deep brokenness into my soul, I relayed a message of apology to Mr. Butcher for any personal hurt that I'd caused him. For a while it appeared that we might meet. In the end, he relayed

through a mutual friend his acceptance of my apology and simple desire to “go on with his life.” Though I would have loved to have met him personally, I accepted his decision. I followed up with a personal letter. To the others that I’d been insensitive to, God gave me the opportunity to ask their forgiveness and reveal my heart.

God really showed me through this situation the need to be **careful, timely, and loving in all that we do. That includes sharing honestly-- but doing so wisely and in redemptive ways--just as he does with us.** I’ve asked Sam Butcher and others to forgive my mistakes. I ask you for the same, and especially that you continue to pray.

I learned that fasting *is* brokenness and repentance. It’s hard, painful, revealing but freeing. But that’s His promise: “I give new life to those who are humble. I give new life to those whose hearts are broken” (Isaiah 57:15). Thank you, Lord Jesus. May the lessons continue.

## **Whidbey Island, Washington**

At the end of the forty-day fast, Shirley and I were able to get away for two wonderful days to one of our favorite spots--Whidbey Island--this time staying at our first Bed and Breakfast called the Eagles Nest. It’s a beautiful home just outside the quaint little town of Langley that’s surrounded with forest and has a partial view of Camano Island and the Sound. The rooms are elegant and clean, and the entire house most hospitable and relaxing. From reading books and eating chocolate chip cookies in the library to listening to melodious sounds and frolicking together in the bedroom, we thoroughly enjoyed this little respite from the pressures of life. During the days, we looked around the island, walked beaches, visited a rhododendron park, and just enjoyed being together.

Now we’re back home and heading into spring. I’ve got a bit of a sore back from two much raking rocks, but it appears that my throat condition may be nearing its end. After some tests this week, it looks like I’ll be having surgery to correct a pretty severe acid reflux problem. For this I’m excited and grateful to God. He has helped me persevere these three years and taught me so much. “It was good that I was afflicted that I might learn your ways.”

## **Washington, D.C.**

*May 19, 1998 - 16,131 - 14,941*

It was good, as usual, to go back to **Washington D.C. the first week in May for the National Day of Prayer.** This year I stayed with Molly Woodell in Falls Church not far from our old neighborhood in North Arlington. The week was busy but fruitful.



For four days I attended meetings with youth leaders from all over the nation, the first being the **Challenge 2000 Coalition, and the second the Youth Ministries Executive Council**. Both were really stimulating. The Challenge 2000 group is committed to reaching every kid on every secondary campus in the US by the end of the year 2000. It's much more than lofty vision. It's a profound commitment to a worthy task, and I very much want our ministry to pray about how we can be involved in Washington State and the Pacific Northwest.

The YMEC group is a wonderful group of friends who have built significant relationships over the years and really enjoy getting together for prayer, sharing, and finding ways to cooperate. This year we attended a prayer breakfast at the Pentagon and heard some military leaders share their thoughts on cooperation and teamwork. It was good. Paul Cedar--the head of Mission America--was our special evening guest. His views on revival in America and what God is doing were very sound and inspirational.

On the National Day of Prayer, I enjoyed being on Capitol Hill again, praying for God to move in the United States. This year's tone was deep and urgent--and we prayed from 9:30 am to about 4:30 pm. Hundreds of like meetings took place across the country, and I'm sure God was pleased with this heart-felt response from His people. **In the evening, I also spoke at the evening rally on the Capitol steps. God even held the rain back so His people could seek His face.** It was a wonderfully ethnically mixed time of worship and prayer.

The remaining days of the week I visited friends, and then **spoke briefly at King's Chapel** on Sunday before flying home. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for the privilege of spending this week with You in our nation's capital. It is still a very special place for me--and I'm grateful for the years we spent here.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

I arrived home Sunday evening, and then Monday morning, I immediately went in for my **stomach surgery**. I hadn't been a patient in a hospital for 30 years. The surgery went well, and I woke up Monday afternoon groggy and sore, but grateful it was behind me. After two days in the hospital, I was able to come home and begin convalescing. Day by day I am getting my strength back. It's a good process of learning patience and waiting on God. The many cards and visits from friends have certainly been an encouragement. My voice is still sore (maybe due to the tubes that were down my throat), but I'm trusting in time that will go away. If not, I must continue to persevere with God.

It's been a three-year battle. Lord Jesus, help me to trust in You alone and look to You alone as my Healer, Savior, Sustainer and the One who holds my very life in Your Gracious and Loving Hands.

*June 11, 1998 - 16,154 - 14,918*

My recuperation from surgery has continued over the past weeks. It's been slow at times, but also steady. The doctor keeps telling me to give my throat a month or two, my energy level two months, and recovery from scar tissue a full year. I'm trying to remain patient and live with the process. The throat is still sore--and I get anxious at times that it's all been in vain--but I need to wait and trust God daily for encouragement and healing.

We did have a great **King's Kids outreach over the Memorial Day weekend**. We took our Canada team into the inner city of Seattle and did some "picnic evangelism." It was great. I'm really learning to enjoy the low key, meet-people where they are kind of approach. Takes me back to my Young Life days. It was a tiring but good weekend.

Also attended a First Christian Church Leaders Retreat a few weeks ago. God is really laying it upon our hearts to radically change the direction of our church to becoming more seeker-oriented and evangelism pulsed. Good things are coming. I'm trying to be faithful as a prophet-visionary leader and support Kevin Hestead and the others. I truly believe that our best days lie ahead as a church. Revival and an evangelism explosion are God's desired future. May it come Lord Jesus.

*July 20, 1998 - 16,193 - 14,879*

The summer is whizzing by and I've neglected my faithful life story. I'm sure God's "detailed book" of my life is much better, but here's what I can remember and give HIM all the glory for many different blessings.

#### THE ARRIVAL OF THE MONGOLIANS

**Sharva and a group of seven** arrived in Seattle on June 25th. It was wonderful to see him and meet our new Mongol friends. The two boys, Tolga and Hoyga are about 18, and the girls go in age from 9-15. We've settled them in homes and began to show them around. Nancy Best is teaching them English most mornings and they are having a good time. We are praying that they will come to know Christ while here in America. Sharva told me the other day that this was his "mission." May he fulfill it.

## **Bellingham, Washington**

We also had a good trip together up to WWU for a **basketball tryout with Brad Jackson**. He rounded up 6-7 players and they scrimmaged with Sharva for about an hour. Sharva did well, but he played against a black guy who did even better. His name was Harold, and he plays professional ball in Europe. He was a good test for Sharva. After the workout and time with coaches, we had lunch together in the university commons, met with Brady Anderson the

campus pastor, and made our way back to Port Orchard. I felt somewhat sick all day, but God sustained me. May His sovereign will be done with Sharva and WWU. (A week later Sharva took the Tophel Test to see if he meets the requirements for university in the US. We are still awaiting the results.)

[We found out later that he had barely failed the test, so instead of playing b-ball for WWU he came back some time later and played for the Harlem Globetrotters based out of Denver.]

## Woodinville, Washington

### BOOT CAMP

Had a great time at the Woodinville Alliance Church with our 150 summer missionaries. It was a powerful weekend of teaching, worship, and team preparation. One of the best. Our team of 57 is ready to go to Canada, and the other teams are just as excited. The Canada team has four ordained ministers on it—me, Pastor Marty Anderson from Bothell, Pastor Doug Malott from Spokane, and youth pastor Brandon from Spokane. I call our quartet of leaders the “Four Mouths.” We did a hilarious skit on commissioning night highlighting this fact and drawing attention to our focus on Party Evangelism in the coming outreach. Was a wonderful evening of inspiration. We’ve come a long way in seven years, and God’s hand is really upon us.

My throat is still bothering me, and this was quite a test. Just a week before bootcamp, I caught a virus that really impacted my improving throat and sent me into a tailspin. I was in much of pain during Bootcamp, but God gave me the will power to endure.

## Vancouver, B.C., Canada

### CANADA TRIP

After seeing off the international teams and cleaning up the church, we took off in our faithful old YWAM bus and caravan of vans for Vancouver BC. We’re quite a troupe with 57 members. That’s a big team. At the border we were missing some birth certificates, but the guards waved us through. Our first miracle.

In another hour we were getting settled at our new home--Tenth Ave, Alliance Church--an active inner-city church that is near the downtown area. It just barely accommodated us on two different floors. Shirley and Vickie and the five little ones are all staying in a little room with no windows affectionately dubbed the “cave.” We’re roughing it for Jesus. After setting up shop, we prayed, had a good briefing from Mike Davis and team from Vancouver YWAM, and went to bed.

The next few days we worked with a store front church called New Beginnings that is run by a Pastor Joe. In the mornings we ran a VBS type program with primarily Native American kids that was held in a community center due to the rainy weather. The kids were very needy, and from very poor homes. After a slow start, they warmed up to us. On Wednesday, some began to give their lives to Christ--including one girl named Ashley that Nicole Calhoun led to Christ. Nikki was so excited about getting her first convert. She herself was only saved a year ago through the Impact World Tour. Praise the Lord for His continuous "chain" of salvation.

In the evenings we also worked with Pastor Joe at some three-on-three basketball clinics for older guys. They were rough and uncouth, but God used our time with them. On Wednesday night I even gave my testimony to them all. We would play basketball and preach--just like last year's Mongolian strategy. No direct conversions, but good ministry.

On Thursday and Friday, the weather improved, and we were able to hold the VBS in a park. Was great "party evangelism" as we played with the kids in multitudes of ways, did our daily hotdog barbeque, and then shared a program that was also attended by the parents. At the finale on Friday, Pastor Doug gave the message and 10-15 people gave their lives to the Lord. He spoke on faith being like a child leaping from a burning building in which he couldn't see his father below but needed to jump to save his life.

It was an appropriate illustration as the day before a home near our church had been badly burned. Thursday night we did an open-air in the middle of a housing project. It was a good time of ministry. Our team has done very well, including the little ones. They haven't missed a beat--but have been going flat out for Jesus. Great outreach so far. Much different from our experience in Canada a few years ago.

Late on Thursday evening about fifteen of our older teens went out with some of the YWAMers to pray for and witness to prostitutes. It was eye-opening and life-changing for some of them. They went to the "High Track" area where the high-class prostitutes work and walked the streets and handed out roses. They would approach a prostitute and hand her the rose with the simple greeting that it expressed God's unconditional love for her. Over the years they've had some girls come to Christ through this powerful ministry.

Friday night we went to the beach and had another barbeque, played in the water, and then had a good open-air when many kids from the projects arrived. Brandon gave a powerful message related to his testimony, and a few people came forward, one, a guy named Carl who was soundly converted. He was dramatically changed. The next day he came and spent the whole day with the team--just hungry to learn how to live his new Christian life. Special evening.

On Saturday we did a prayer town of the old city. When the bus arrived downtown, we were met by a "demoniac" man who started cursing and swearing and threatening some of the leaders who had come out onto the street. No one said a word, and the man passed on. Brandon then quipped to all who were cowering on the bus, "Well, now that we've been welcomed to the

neighborhood, we'd best begin praying." That broke the ice, and nearby we gathered and prayed fervently for lost souls in the city. Even little G'mele prayed a powerful prayer. We then let the kids shop for a while and came back to the church for an evening love feast. It was powerful.

But the night wasn't over. Our final stop was to have "the band" (Nathan, David, Aaron Graham and Christine Crabb) and some of the older teens go into one of the worst areas of the city and minister at a Foursquare Church mission that fed hotdogs to about 200 street people every night. There were loads of drug addicts, prostitutes and street people who came in for their food and sat down and listened to our guys. They did a great job, with Nate serving as the MC. After two sets, Marty preached, and people responded. One man said that he always thought church music was boring, but after listening to the band he wanted to look at Christianity. We praised God for His goodness.

On the final Sunday morning, we ministered at the Alliance Church that had been our gracious host--and spent some final time with Carl who'd come to be with us. He even shared his testimony in church. We then traveled across the border, having hamburgers and prayer at the Peace Arch in Blaine, and returned to Woodinville. **It was a fantastic trip--the best large team outreach I've ever been a part of.**

## Beijing China

*August 6, 1998 - 16,210 - 14,862*

I've now returned from my second summer outreach--every bit as good as the first. Now to recount some of the experiences in God that I was privileged to share.

After only one-night home from Canada (that was a mistake--our home was a zoo and I left for Asia dead tired), I boarded a plane for the Asia on Monday, August 20. Landing in Beijing, China on the 21st, there was no one to meet me. Using every phone number that I had from last year's trip, I finally reached Rev. Park from the Korean Church who picked me up and arranged for me to stay at a college dorm near his home. **In the evening I enjoyed a delicious Korean meal with friends from the church and some good fellowship with Rev. Park. He still remembered the message I gave in his church last year ("Jesus is Winning").** I'd love to come back sometime.

## Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

The next day I dined at a Chinese cafe on the street, made my way to the airport--and after a four-hour delay--caught a flight into Mongolia. It was wonderful to be greeted at the airport by Steve and Donna Watkins, Coach Battulga, and some of the parents of the Mongolians who are still in the US. I was feeling a little sick and stayed that night at the Watkins.

In the morning I had breakfast with coach at the TAS restaurant, then lunch with Tolga and Hoyga's parents. I was getting so nauseous that I barely touched my food. It took every act of will to enjoy their gracious fellowship. That evening we boarded the train to go to Shankhor. I slept fitfully most of the way--still having a bad tummy. Met the team at the camp which revived my spirits. They had a good first week of camp and were glad to see me. Mike and Lynn Davison are doing a great job of leading this team of seventeen--all but two of which were here last year.

## Shankhor Camp, Mongolia

In the morning I felt like a new man, and even walked down to the bridge where I had my quiet times last year. God really spoke to me about His heart for Mongol missionaries to go all over the world to share the gospel in the courage of Chinggis Khan—especially, to reach out to central Asia with the Message. I prayed out God's desires and had great boldness in my spirit.

The next few days I encouraged the team to press into God's goals for the 240 kids that are present. Coach Battulga's camps have become the most popular camp in Ulaanbaatar. We know some kids from last year, but many are new. It is a joy to be with many of our converts from last year's ministry.

Saturday afternoon we gathered the whole camp together and after doing some songs, I preached on the reality of God at the basketball courts. He really blessed it. The next day we did the same thing and Pastor Steve gave a message on "Sin." In the evening, they allowed us to run the disco and we turned it into a Christian one. We even pioneered a new form of prayer: "Slow Dance Intercession." Our kids would pair up with a Mongolian and use the slow dance to fervently intercede for them. The whole atmosphere was changed with the presence of God.

God has given us much more favor this year to boldly preach the gospel. Last year we had to be cautious. This year--we can ask for and do almost anything. Praise the Lord.

During a morning quiet time, God really spoke to me about the importance of going back to the principle of the *Sabbath*. I want to really talk and pray with Shirley about doing something to rest and honor God's command on Sundays. It won't be easy, but I want to obey. Help me, Lord, to follow your commands.

As we did last year, much of our time at the camp was spent playing basketball, refereeing games, hanging out with kids, teaching English, and interacting in every way possible. One day we played the 1+11 team and even scored a moral victory by only succumbing to them by the score of 36-30. Nancy Best used her ESL skills. Laura Lease had her own Gazebo for teaching sewing, making bracelets, doing puzzles, and everything else under the sun. A couple of afternoons I went down by the river to rest.

On afternoon I saw some local Mongol boys fishing and gave them some candy. They gave me three fish in return. That night the team enjoyed fresh trout (prepared by coach's wife, Zaya). **Nearing midnight, a couple of the evenings, I got together with Dembe, Johnnie and Gansoct (of the 1+11 team), at their request, and just taught them.** Gabe will carry on an effective discipleship ministry among them this coming year.

On Monday, August 27, we gathered the camp once again and Gabe preached--not a very inspiring message--but God's Word still did its work and nearly 100 kids responded. There was great follow-up in groups as the kids shared testimonies. **It was our "day of salvation"** (2 Corinthians 6:1,2). Romans 4:20 was also impressed to me: "Abraham never stopped believing. He grew stronger in his faith and gave praise to God."

The final day at camp was the best. Meega, the camp director, had told us that this day was ours--we could do anything we wanted. So, after the picnic at the river, **we gathered the whole camp once again and shared songs, testimonies, the "Redeemer" and I preached--pleading with them to come to Christ and go into the world as His missionaries. One hundred came forward. It was awesome.** Yet, one girl didn't come that I'd been praying for all week--a girl named Baisa--that I recognized from last year. She had been the best girl high school basketball player we played against in UB. Here she was at camp. **After the meeting, I sought her out, and with the help of a translator, led her to the Savior. She cried as she made Christ the Lord of her life.**

That evening we held a final "Christian Disco" and ended with **our favorite slow dance intercession song—"He Will Come and Save You."** We prayed it over many individuals and the whole nation of Mongolia. After 3-4 hours of sleep, we once again boarded into the military trucks and went back to the train for the trip into UB. There a surprise was waiting for us: Coach Battulga had arranged for us to stay at the Chinggis Khan Hotel (the nicest hotel in the capital). It seemed like God's seal of approval upon the good ministry of the past few weeks.

## **Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia**

On the team's final day in Mongolia, we prayed at our old haunt, the Sports Palace, and at the Free Church's new building in one of the ger settlements. Both were precious times. **God also opened a sovereign door for us to pray inside the Parliament building** where the government meets. That evening the team shared ice cream and special going away party with Maria Jeffries and Gabe Garcia, then had a wonderful time of honoring one another late in the evening. The next day, Gabe and Maria and I and our Mongolian friends escorted the team to the airport for their flight home. The three of us then spent 3 days in UB together getting them settled and focused on their year's work to come.

Sunday morning, we attended the Free Church and saw many of last year's converts and

this year's new ones. What a special treat. Most special was meeting with Erdenbat, last year's bodyguard, who gave his life to Christ. He's doing great and growing in God. Sometime last year he decided to stop kickboxing and "use his hands for God." He's now a cowboy, living on a ger outside the city. We had wonderful fellowship together.

Coach Battulga also took us to see some properties that he would love to purchase so that in the coming year we can have our own totally Christian camps. One is a former communist Pioneer Camp about thirty minutes outside the city. It has awesome potential. The other is just a piece of property that could be used as a "ger camp." We're praying about helping with these opportunities.

On Tuesday August 4, we went to the airport to meet Sharva and the returning Mongolians. They had a wonderful time in America, with at least three of them giving their lives to Christ and all the others being challenged. Sharva said it was the greatest trip of his life. All praise be to God Who made it all possible. In the evening, Gabe, Maria and I had a final meal together at Berlin Burger, and the next day I flew out again for home.

There is much to pray about regarding future ministry in Mongolia, God is doing great things--and it is our privilege to be a small part. Now I'm back home once again--grateful for the travels that God has given to me over the last 28 years. I am always amazed at the privilege of serving such a Great God--and humbled by my unworthiness and neediness before Him.

## **Gig Harbor, Washington**

*August 23, 1998 - 16,226 - 14 846*

Had a good family vacation--and before that--Shirley and I snuck away for a day's overnight and outing. We decided to stay close, in Gig Harbor, and enjoyed the new "Inn" there and prowled around the area. Good time to work on our relationship.

## **Lake Billy Chinook, Oregon**

Then a few days later we loaded up our trailer and headed south on our annual camping safari to Cove Palisades in central Oregon. This was our fourth year in a row--so we're really starting to feel at home. It's also the eight straight year we've taken a family camping trip. Good memories fill them all.

I would call this year's trip a true microcosm of life. There were many highpoints: Good camp site, great days on the lake on jet skis and patio boats, good fellowship around the fire, late night poker, just being with our kids. There were also some tense moments that seem to relate to



the teenage years which our kids are definitely in.

Times of bad attitudes, disrespect, ungratefulness--even one time when I fell into Bethany while being knocked down by the wake of a boat--and she didn't speak to me for two days. (She was more concerned about hitting her head and her sunbathing being disturbed than the fact that I almost killed myself by being thrown off the boat. Amazing how self-centered the teenage mind can be.) At times I really cried out to God and was deeply aware of my failings as a father. In the end, it all worked out. There's just much growth that is needed.

For the last two days the Davison family came and joined us, and that was good. The kids are like siblings and Shirley and I and Mike and Lynn are certainly old friends. It was great to have them. One day it rained--and when we hopped in the van to go and find a dry restaurant, the alternator decided to quit. The next day we had to have it towed and fixed (and some mechanics took advantage of us). This was the low point of the week.

During the week, the news came that President Clinton lied to the American people about his affair with Monica Lewinsky. It really hit the papers and hit our hearts hard. During a quiet time, God really spoke to me out of Isaiah 22 about this incident. How desperately we need godly leaders in our land again.

But as I say, this trip seemed to be a snapshot of life--many blessings, some tests, some uncontrollable accidents. Overall, God used it to give us some much-needed rest (do parents ever rest on trips like this?) And some quality family time together. We were grateful this year that Beth even consented to go without a friend tagging along. She is trying to break out of her self-inflicted shell. We just love her and pray for her.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

We're now back into the swing of things and looking toward a good fall. **There is still pain in my throat--I don't know why--but that's something I must leave before God.** It's not as deep as before, but enough to make it unpleasant for me daily basis. I believe my surgery really helped, but it doesn't seem to have totally solved the problem.

I am left to pray and wait on my Savior. This has been very discouraging--I've gone through much with three years of pain--but I also know that God guides my life and that suffering does the best work within us. It's hard but sweet. Help me to be joyful in suffering, Father. That's such a hard lesson for me. Only You can produce it in my sin-infected flesh. I keep my eyes on You.

*September 6, 1998 - 16,240 - 14,832*

We've now back into the swing of school and the fall schedule, and I must admit I'm a

bit down and discouraged. My throat pain has increased--and I've really allowed it to affect my attitude. It's hard to have vision and pep when you're in pain or discomfort with every word you speak. I'm finding myself withdrawing to our luscious garden to avoid talking to people or limiting my words every time I talk. The soreness isn't as bad as the past, but it's enough to cause me concern. I didn't think I would be in this place four months after surgery, but I am. I didn't want to put my trust in surgery, but in God alone.

There have also been some tense moments in our family. In fact, I'd call last night "Black Thursday." As we gathered around the dinner table for a meal, I noticed so many bad attitudes and manners that I felt compelled to speak to the kids. More defiance and disrespect greatly depressed me, though in the end we prayed, and a few shared their hearts.

It has been hard for me to accept that my children don't respect me. There is such an ugly spirit of self-centeredness and pride in them at times that I wonder deeply how I've failed. After another time this morning with David, I cried and expressed my need for change--as a dad--and in them. Both Shirley and David really rallied to me. My hurting throat doesn't help matters--it only puts me slightly on edge. I want these teenage years to be all that God desires--but I fear that many of them are being challenged by the devil. I have learned some good lessons about my failures as a parent and want to change as God gives me grace. David helped me to see that today.

I also want to be a good discipler of these precious lives God has given us. I haven't done as well with the teenage years as I did with the earlier ones. They were easy to "control" then. Now, I must lead more with understanding, grace, friendship, and coaching. Please teach me, Lord Jesus, before the opportunity is gone. I cry out for your wisdom and grace.

*October 19, 1998 - 16,283 - 14,789*

We had a wonderful Destiny '98 Missions Extravaganza last night at the Port Orchard Nazarene Church. The numbers were down a bit from last year, but it was a powerful evening of song, dramas, videos, and a very good message by Peter Iliyn. This annual meeting is one of the good gatherings we do--and may God continue to bless it.

I am continuing to have some discomfort with my throat this fall. Apparently, the operation hasn't cured everything, and I find myself still in the place of perseverance and daily trust in God. I'm not sure where to turn at this point except "to endure hardship" knowing that "His grace is sufficient for me" and that "God works all things for the good of those who love Him." Through the pain and discomfort, keep me--Heavenly Father--in the palm of your comforting hands.

A week ago, we had a great family reunion in honor of dad's retirement. It was good to see many of the relatives that we rarely have a chance to see. I enjoyed a few conversations that pointed people toward Christ. During a small program, the kids and I sang "Great is Thy

Faithfulness" to honor our father and grandfather. He is certainly deserving, after more than sixty years of faithful work.

## Estes Park, Colorado

*October 27, 1998 - 16,291 -14,781*

I've just returned from Estes Park, Colorado where Jonathan and I enjoyed a wonderful YWAM North American Leadership Conference with 180 YWAM leaders and GO'98 with another 550 DTS kids. It was a rich time of renewing friendships, making new ones, hearing Loren, Floyd, Jim Stier and others share the word of God with us, and tremendous times of worship and prayer with the larger group.

The Estes Park YMCA is a beautiful facility, high in the Rocky Mountains (over 8,000 feet) with over 800 acres of grounds, trails, cabins, lodges, and nature galore. Jonathan and I enjoyed going for a run every morning, then being in all the sessions. I'm very grateful for YWAM's contribution to my life over the years. Much of what I am today is the result of God using the wonderful people of Youth With A Mission in my life.

My vision was also greatly expanded for our base. We need to pray about developing other ministries including Mission Adventures, training schools including DTS, and developing more community. God also spoke to me about preparing for suffering and possible martyrdom. I want to be ready to live and die for Jesus. Next year it would be very good to bring a group from our base. It would help elevate our vision and bond us into the bigger YWAM vision.

Great week--good organization--Amazing God. Thank you, Lord, for the privilege of serving with YWAM these many years. May I be faithful to live up to the revelation that you're given.

## Port Orchard, Washington

We also had a good meeting recently about reaching our South Kitsap area for Christ in the coming years. About ten leaders went away recently for half a day to pray and talk. We believe that there are about 60,000 people in our area of which 8,500 attend church. That means over 50,000 people need to hear the gospel. Show us, Father, what you want us to do. May we be completely obedient to You.

## **Juncos, Puerto Rico**

*November 10, 1998 - 16,305 - 14,767*

It's been wonderful to be in Puerto Rico, but not without its challenges. First off, the ministry among the students has been dynamic. They are a very fervent, willing group of learners, joined on the weekend by King's Kids Puerto Rico, one of the best KK teams I've ever seen in ministry.

On the weekend I ministered at the base and God blessed the word. The JUCUM center here sits on a small hill in the city of Juncos, and hour or so from San Juan. Juncos is a city of 40,000 people and the mayor of the city has given YWAM much favor. (I met him yesterday when he came to see how the base had weathered Hurricane George.) The ten-acre YWAM villa is set in the lush tropical hills of the Puerto Rican countryside. They did receive some extensive damage from the hurricane one month ago including losing two small buildings and a roof. They've worked hard at making repairs and very little is currently noticeable. Their land lies right in "hurricane alley" and so they must be people of faith and determination.

## **San Juan, Puerto Rico**

Sunday morning, I spoke at Iglesia Cristiana Torre Fuerte in San Juan to an enthusiastic crowd. God encouraged me to minister prophetically on the need for "Change"--a deep repentance in our hearts and preparations for the coming days of global revival. There was a good response. Afterwards, the King's Kids team did a powerful 45 minutes of music and drama and many came forward at the conclusion. One was a demon-possessed lady who shrieked and moaned in torment of soul, but after much prayer she was delivered and prayed on her knees tranquilly in the front of the auditorium. We enjoyed good fellowship with the believers following the service.

After lunch and brief afternoon rest, we traveled again into San Juan to the Cathedral De La Esperanza, one of the largest evangelical churches. They've just completed a two-million-dollar sanctuary and it was nearly full for the evening service. I preached on the "World's Greatest Army: The Church at the End of the 20th Century" and God graciously anointed the word (and strengthened my voice). At the conclusion, hundreds of young people came down to the altar to be prayed for, and hundreds of adults also committed themselves to be join the end-time harvest. The message was carried live on the radio throughout San Juan.

## **Juncos, Puerto Rico**

By Monday, my voice was really hurting--nearly as bad as when I lost it completely over

three-and-a-half years ago. I struggled through the afternoon session in great pain, and late in the afternoon, **God showed me to humble myself and share my heart in the evening session. The students and staff all gathered and prayed for me,** and God gave me a weakened, but clear voice to share His heart on "The Gift of Suffering." Many were crying and on their faces at the end and we lingered in prayer and ministry for some time.

Today we felt it wise to rest my voice during the day and trust God for strength this evening. I am doing a lot of reading and an awful lot of praying. My flesh is "perplexed," but my spirit is not "despairing." I rest in God's sovereignty and care and only want to grow in my love and character through adversity.

**Years ago, God spoke to me about "enduring hardship."** It really hit me this week that I've encountered a few of them in my 45-year sojourn. Mom's death and dad's imprisonment. Neck problem in Washington, D.C. The failure and testing of 133 C Street. Now chronic throat pain. **God knew what lay in store for me and lovingly lighted the way with His words of warning and counsel.** May I respond as He would have me to.

Father - after nearly four years of suffering and confusion, I once again bow before you and ask that you be glorified. Heal me or re-direct my labors for You. Show me what direction to focus my faith and deepen my peace and abiding trust in You. As I've said many times throughout these months, I say once again before You: "I don't know what to do, but my eyes are on You."

*November 11, 1998 - 16,306 - 14,780*

After resting my voice some yesterday, I again ministered in the evening session and God gave me the grace to deliver. I spoke on "Religious Idolatry" with conviction and the power of the Holy Spirit.

After the session, I called home and learned from Shirley that Nathan had had a car accident in the Ford Escort on Saturday night. She was concerned about it--but nobody was hurt, and God will show us a way to get it repaired (it did not have collision insurance on it). I prayed for her and Nathan, and our family last night, yielding our possessions to Him, and trusting in His great grace and provision. As my dad would say, this is **another mountain to climb**, but I know that King Jesus will hold our hand all the way. I'm praying that we will all learn some lessons from this experience. Mine are very clear:

1. I need to be forgiving and gracious toward Nathan (as Steve Hulst was to me in 1976).
2. However we fix the car, or get a new one, I want to do it without debt--God's way.
3. I need to put collision coverage on the car the kids use, let them pay for it, and make sure it is their car of use.

4. I need to teach Nathan how to be responsible for his financial life and personal obligations.

The lessons of life go on--under the watchful care of the Master, Teacher, Savior, and Lord.

A recent article I wrote on the 1998 national elections gives a good perspective on what I am seeing prophetically at this time. More than anything it is the need for *evangelism in the United States*. I'll include the article below:

### *Lessons from Election '98*

I've cried over a few American elections. The first was 1976 when Ronald Reagan lost in the Republican primary and Jimmy Carter went on to become the president of the United States. My first book that year detailed the disaster that Carter's worldview would bring to the US government. It proved to be prophetic. I cried in '92 and '96 when Bill Clinton and other ungodly leaders were voted into office. Their reign greatly accelerated the advance of wickedness and acceptance of evil in many areas of American life.

I cried again this year as many godly leaders and issues went down to defeat in election '98. In my home state, the state of Washington:

- Lois McMahon, an effective and godly former representative, lost her election by 10 percentage points to liberal Pat Lantz. We had canvassed hundreds of homes for Lois to help her campaign. Personally, she had knocked on nearly 10,000 doors.
- Linda Smith, one of the most godly and principled congresswomen I've ever met, was soundly defeated by Patty Murray, who's to the left of Ted Kennedy.
- Bruce Craswell and Jim Almond, two godly men who'd bolted the Republican Party in favor of the upstart American Heritage Party (a righteous alternative to the status quo) weren't able to garner more than 10% of the vote.
- Initiative 694, which would ban partial birth infanticide in the state, was defeated. We handed out thousands of brochures on this issue detailing the horror of this late-term abortion procedure. Washingtonians buried their heads in Hitler-like sands and said yes to tortuous murder and no to compassion and common sense.

The national scene was no better. Many outstanding, godly candidates were defeated in state after state. Most commentators lauded the election results as a rejection of extremism (that's anything godly) and embrace of centrist views (that's many things immoral). Even a former professional wrestler who wants to legalize prostitution--Jesse Ventura--won the governor's race in Minnesota. Body slam. How about Devil Dunk?

What do we learn from this election madness? I offer a few observations--and *one* deeply held conclusion:

1. **It's midnight in America.** The forces of darkness have taken over the henhouse and God's judgment is coming. It will be here very soon--as David Wilkerson prophesies.
2. Rejection of godly people and values will soon give birth to out and out persecution of believers. It's already happening to some, but soon will affect many others.
3. **It's time to accept the fact that we live in a post-Christian America. As believers, we are not only swimming upstream, but being shot at from the shores.** A moral, Judeo-Christian consensus--adhered to for all this century due to the power of a 19th century revival--no longer exists. The ungodly minority is now the immoral majority.

What should we do? Do we stop our involvement in godly political activism? Should we flee to Montana? Walk around with a sour face? Fret and fume about all those unthinking sinners out there? I have a better idea: **Why not redouble our prayers and efforts to win masses of Americans to faith in Jesus Christ? Election failures are evangelism failures. We have a nation to win back.**

**This truth really hit home to me recently when we discovered through some research that roughly 230,000 people live in Kitsap County and that only 40,000 of them--just 17%--regularly attend church. 83% of our neighbors and friends are lost without God and lacking His perspective on life. If every church doubled tomorrow, believers would still be outnumbered by nearly 2:1. No wonder we're losing elections. We're losing the battle for the hearts and souls of people! This is where we must begin.**

I've personally made a commitment to help launch an extensive prayer and evangelism thrust in our home area over the next two years. By the end of the millennium (December 31, 2000), we'd like to pray for and share the gospel with every household in Kitsap County. Similar efforts are underway in all fifty states under the banner of Mission America--a phenomenal coalition of organizations, denominations and church leaders. The overall goal is to evangelize every person in the United States by the end of the year 2000. It's our "birthday present" to Jesus.

America needs to be reached before America will vote right. Election '98 is a clarion call to intense prayer and aggressive evangelization. If we do the job that Jesus left us to do--to share the Good News with all people (Mark 16:15), then just maybe our tears in the coming years will be ones of great joy.

## **Selah Inn, Washington**

*November 23, 1998 - 16, 318 - 14,768*

A couple days ago Shirley and I celebrated our **22nd wedding anniversary** with a little get-a-way to Hood Canal. Pat & Bonnie McCullough hosted us at the "Selah Inn," a beautiful

property they've developed which includes a bed & breakfast, conference center, and a couple homes for rent. We enjoyed two days of peace there (with blustery weather outside) in the nicest B&B we've ever stayed in. It was wonderful.

That's the best way to describe our marriage also: WONDERFUL. Our love is such a gift. It was so relaxing to read, walk, talk, play, and make love together in the beauty of godly marriage. **I will be forever grateful for Shirley.**

## **Mt. Rainer, Washington**

I finished out the weekend by traveling up to Mount Rainier to catch the end of the First Christian Men's Retreat. On Saturday afternoon **I spoke on Mark 4**, and the importance of us not just growing in our faith to become "good guys," but in order that we might *produce 30-60-and 100-fold fruit*. In the evening we shared the evangelism vision for South Kitsap that God has really laid on our hearts recently: 56,000 people in South Kitsap; 8500 attending church (14%); 47,500 that are lost without God, living in 19,310 homes.

First Christian ought to reach 1000 of those homes over the next two years. That we should grow our church to 500 members. That each of us men should commit to bringing 3 families into the church. **The vision-sharing led to some precious prayer times, openness and brokenness, and consecration to the task. It was a tremendous time.** On Monday, November 30th, we are calling together leaders from all the churches in SK to share this important vision. May it be an historic moment for Kitsap County. May it spill over into all the earth.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

*December 26, 1998 - 16, 351 - 14, 735*

It has been a good Christmas season. Our home is beautifully decorated, and the pace has been such that I've enjoyed meditating on the wonder of Christ's birth. Yesterday we gathered the family on Christmas Day, and it was rich and relational. The kids also enjoyed opening their presents. Even a touch of snow added to the beauty of the day.

**As 1998 ends, I'm grateful for completing my 30th year of walking with God.** It was a hard year in many ways, but also a very beneficial one. At the center of my concerns was the continuing problem of throat pain which has been severe throughout the fall. In many ways, this bout with affliction has tempered and humbled my soul nearly to the point of despair. Maybe Paul's words are the most accurate: **"Discouraged but not despairing."** One thing I have faced this fall is the willingness to accept the fact that I might have pain for the rest of my life and that



my ministry might drastically change. And if I can't preach and teach like I used to, then I can pray, write, and be a faithful man, husband and father as God gives me grace.

This is kind of a *second* death to self for me. Thirteen years ago, as a result of the 133 C Street debacle, I died to my *ambition* in leadership and position. It was a hard lesson and a crucifixion of self that was extremely difficult. But God knew what was best for me and worked humility into my life in that area. This death to self relates to my *calling or ministry*. Again, I am being asked if I am willing to lay it down.

My answer is *yes*. Hard as it is to contemplate, Jesus is the Lord of my life, and if He sees that it is best for my public life to diminish, then I say, "Yea and Amen" and accept His will. If the best years of my ministry are behind me, then I'm willing to look at the future through different eyes. The throat pain makes me long for heaven like I've never experienced in life, but even that reward I die to at the present time. Right now, I'm a Jacob: a man with a limp. That's okay. Through Jacob's wrestling with God he became an *Israel*.

Lord -- yes you are my Lord -- continue to work in my life for your glory and honor. I never want pain or deprivation to alter my view or trust of you. Create a peace in my soul that comes with submission to your plans. May I become more Jesus-like in the coming year as you work mightily in my life.