

The Journal of Ron Boehme - 1999

Port Orchard, Washington

January 12, 1999 - 16,368 - 14,718

It is the last year of the Second Millennium A.D. What an incredible time in history-- what a precarious time in the history of planet earth.

In the bigger scheme of things, we have 6+ billion people on the planet, and growing at 1 million a day. There is economic upheaval in Asia, uncertainty and gloom in Russia, great strife in the Middle East, and an American president going through the first impeachment trial in 130 years. It is a time of hysteria on Wall Street with the Dow Jones nearing 10,000 points, and the Information Revolution bursting in every direction through the omnipresent Internet. In my soul, I feel it is a euphoric time before a storm--much like Gay 90's or Roaring '20's of yesteryear. For ten years I have been readying my family for this era and feel like we are close to being prepared.

In one year, the Y2K computer bug will hit the world. No one knows what that will mean, or any other of the judgments of God. On a personal level, I continue to have throat pain, but am seeing a new doctor who is giving me some hope of better diagnosis. For the moment I will persevere and do what God gives me the grace to accomplish daily.

Our family has just survived three auto accidents by Nathan in the past 90 days (two his fault and one not), and we're heading into high gear with the *Mission SK* thrust here in Port Orchard. I'll be giving more of my time to revival in South Kitsap this year than that of any other time. May God bless our efforts.

And in a few days, I'll be leaving for Arkansas for a new slate of *Revive America Seminars* in the Deep South. If God gives me strength of voice, I will give it my all.

In 1999 I want to be persevering, faithful in the little things, content in my circumstances, prayerful, and filled with hope. My eyes have not deviated from living for the glory of God.

Lord--show me what that means as the old millennium closes and a new one dawns. The older I get, the easier it is to say, "Come, Lord Jesus."

Enid, Oklahoma

January 19, 1999 - 16,375 - 14,711

I'm back in the heartland of America--in Enid, Oklahoma. "Oklahoma, where the wind comes whipping down the plain." has been my reminder from Nathan's musical of last year. It IS a lush and extensive plain of wheat fields and gusty winds. This is the first stop on the 1999 Revive America Tour.

I flew into Tulsa on Saturday night, rented a car, and made my way across the plains, about a two-hour drive, to the city of Enid. It's a 48,000-population town that's supposed to have more grain elevators than any city in America. It strikes me as an average, modern, blue-collar, white collar town with nearly 100 churches, or which half of them Baptist. So far only 37 are involved in our Impact World Tour campaign, but hopefully that will grow.

On Sunday morning I spoke at one of the larger churches in town--Oakwood Christian Church--and was warmly received as I ministered on the topic of "Winds of Change." At the end, there was great attentiveness and a sense of the fear of God. A few people came forward for prayer.

After the service, I toured their recently completed Family Life Center--a 40,000 square foot multi-purpose building--that is amazingly like our vision for the Kitsap Center between First Christian Church and PO Nazarene. It has a large basketball courts area, a pull-out stage, men's and women's locker rooms, racquetball courts, and a restaurant area with video arcade. On the second-floor mezzanine is a walking-jogging track, classrooms, a movie theater, and a small bookstore.

I was overwhelmed at how similar it was to the vision God had given us for the center in Port Orchard. In the end, it will cost them about two million dollars, which works out to \$55 a square foot. They did much of the labor in-house. Pastor Joe Wilson, the founding pastor of the twenty-year old church, did much of the design work himself. Would be great to have him help us with our future project. God used this time to stir again the vision within me to persevere with the Kitsap Center vision and not let it die. Help me, my God.

I'm staying on the outskirts of town, in a "converted dairy barn" which almost serves as a nice little bed and breakfast. It is owned by Craig and Judy Vickers who also live on the property. Craig is the leading real estate agent in Enid working with Remax. They are a very generous couple. Judy also has a home business through Ebay on the

Internet where she auctions children's clothing.

In the evening, the Enid Revive America Seminar began to a good opening night crowd. It was held at the Cherokee Strip Conference Center in the middle of downtown. I spoke on "Restoring America's Conscience" and there was much conviction and prayer at the end. This is a divided city with many spiritual needs, but God is starting to move.

On Monday I drove around town, praying for the different churches and getting a little lay of the land. In the afternoon I took an hour's prayer walk, and then spoke in the evening on God's burden for unity in the Church. At the close, about fifteen pastors came forward and asked God's forgiveness for the state of the churches, and there was much prayer and crying out to God. Enid desperately needs to heal its spiritual wounds and bring the churches and pastors together. May last night be a beginning.

So far, my voice is holding out okay. It's not strong, but okay. I'm thankful that many are praying for me. Yesterday I was meditating in Psalm 34 where God promises to "deliver us from all our troubles." I continue to trust and wait for His deliverance with my chronic throat pain.

Today I'm off to Bartlesville for my next assignment there. May God go before me and prepare the hearts of His people for a visitation from the Lord.

Bartlesville, Oklahoma

January 23, 1999 – 16,379 – 14,707

When I drove into Bartlesville, I could immediately tell some of the strongholds of this town: oil money. It is the home of Phillips Petroleum which has been here for nearly 100 years and their buildings and plants dominate the landscape. Over one-tenth of the town of 34,000 are employed by Phillips and that number used to be significantly higher. It is an affluent, white collar, Bible-Belt town that once boasted the higher per capita number of college degrees of any town in America. Bartlesville does not appear to need God very badly. Oh, if we only knew.

My hosts here are Harvey and Kay Little and their two boys. Harvey is a CPA who was mayor of Bartlesville from 1989-1995. We are the same age, and they are a great couple who love the Lord.

I spoke at the Sooner Mid-School on Tuesday night to a moderate crowd who responded well to the call to cast off the idols of our culture. This is a religious town that does not seem very hungry for God, so I preached very plainly and felt God's anointing.

On Wednesday--my day off--I leisurely drove up to Joplin, MO to the scene of last year's wonderful visitation of God. I arrived in the late afternoon and had a chance to see a few pastor friends before settling in at the home of Len and Suzette Clevenger, who'd just returned from a mission to Haiti. Len was last year's prayer coordinator of the IWT in this area and still works extensively with the pastors and Body of Christ.

He's a dynamo. God is still doing great things here. In November, nearly fifty pastors did a prayer summit together and are seeking God about future ministry. There is still a hunger for God here that is contagious. I was able to see Duane Trimble at First Baptist and talk to Philip McClendon at Calvary Baptist. I even peeked in the sanctuary where last year's awakening began. Brought back some wonderful memories.

On Thursday, I drove the two hours back to Bartlesville, and spoke in the evening service to a larger crowd on John 17. There was a good response at the end as people formed prayer groups all over the auditorium and prayed for God to unite the eighty churches in the area. It was a good evening.

The next day I traveled an hour and a half to the west--across the rolling prairie dotted by small towns and oil rigs--to the town of Ponca City where I spoke at a luncheon for about 15 pastors. They had a tremendous hunger for God, and even began confessing sin at the restaurant after I finished. They will be doing some satellite events here, and I believe that God has really laid the foundation for a move of His Spirit among the leaders of this 32,000-member town. God is going to move in Ponca City.

On my return to Bartlesville, I visited the headquarters of Voice of the Martyrs in the downtown area. Tom White, the US director of VOM, gave me a whirlwind tour of their larger office building that they bought for \$90,000 a year ago. Tom is a high energy man of God who really has a burden for the persecuted peoples of the world. (Harvey Little, my host, is a VOM board member.) God has really blessed them the past few years financially (9 million dollars in 1998), and they are literally looking for organizations that are working in the 10/40 Window to GIVE money to for the underground church. We need to pray about future involvements with them in China, Mongolia, or Africa. They are a wonderful ministry that God has blessed.

I then returned to my host home, sore throat and all, and spoke again in the Friday night Revive America Seminar in Bartlesville. I asked God for strength and compassion and He gave it to me. At the end of my "Conscience" message, hundreds came forward for prayer and cried and confessed their sins. It was a precious night of the dealings of God. Bartlesville is a Laodicea--a wealthy, complacent, religious people--but the

foundations are being laid here for good things from heaven.

Enid, Oklahoma

Today I return to Enid for the final night there. After speaking in a church tomorrow, I'll drive back to Tulsa to fly home. By the end of this trip, I will have driven nearly 1200 miles around Oklahoma.

The stint with the Revive America seminars has left me with a roller coaster of emotions. The highs of seeing God move have been gratifying. But the lows of dealing with my on-again off-again throat have been hard to bear. If things don't improve, I'm coming to the place in my life where I may lay down public ministry for a time and simply be faithful to God in other areas of my life that I can work in without pain.

I want to do my best for God, and I can't continue to do that in the present physical state that I'm in. May He lead me and guide me in the coming days. He knows I am willing to speak, but also willing to die to that part of ministry that I've loved for nearly thirty years. But He is the LORD, and I will follow His bidding whether I understand or not. That's what it means to be a follower of Christ.

Port Orchard, Washington

February 14, 1999 - 16,401 - 14, 685

On February 6 I had the privilege of giving the message at the wedding of Jonathan Stone and Sara McKay. It was a wonderful occasion with big crowds, a great reception (including swing dancing), and the joining together of two special young people with God's call on their lives. God really blessed the time as Kevin Hestead and I tied the knot. That's a marriage that will go the distance.

Bentonville, Arkansas

After some days at home, I flew back to the Southeast for our second slate of Revive America seminars--this time in the cities of Northwest Arkansas. Arriving again on Sunday afternoon in Tulsa, I drove a couple of hours to Bentonville where I began on Sunday night. There was a good crowd the opening night, and deep conviction and repentance after I spoke on "Restoring America's Conscience." The meetings were held at First Assembly of God pastored by James Longmate, a "man of peace" for the area.

I stayed at the home of Kirk and Amy Magee. Kirk is a stockbroker and great guy. On Monday I looked around Bentonville which is a town of 15,000 that is home to Walmart and sits next to another town of 25,000 named Rogers. Sam Walton began his retailing business here fifty years ago in a five-and-ten store called “Waltons” that now houses the company museum in the old downtown square. The massive corporate headquarters of the now world’s largest retailer is a few blocks away, and across the street is the largest Wal-Mart Supercenter I have ever seen. At noon I shared lunch with a local pastor, and then spoke again in the evening to a good response.

Fayetteville, Arkansas

The next day I traveled an hour or so to Fayetteville where I spoke to about fifty pastors at First Baptist of Springdale--Arkansas’ largest church pastored by Dr. Ronnie Floyd. It is a colossal complex that seems to take up many blocks. God really moved in the leaders’ meeting, setting the stage for the days to follow. There was a real tender, loving, and open spirit among the pastors--a good nucleus for the winds of revival.

In the evening I spoke at the University Baptist Church, right next to the University of Arkansas campus. There was a good crowd in attendance and the moving of God’s Holy Spirit. I believe that Fayetteville is ripe for a visitation from heaven. During these two days I stayed with a pastor and his wife that I’d met at the Centralia Revive America seminar years before--Mike and Kim Moreland, now pastoring Mt. Comfort Presbyterian Church here in Fayetteville. Was enjoyable to take many prayer walks in and around their neighborhood, praying for a move of God in this Ozarks principality. On the second night after I spoke, scores came to the altar to confess sin and get right with God, and about thirty pastors led the way. Praise the Lord for the power of His truth.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

My final stop on the tour was Fort Smith, another hour southeast of Fayetteville. Crowds were smaller here, but still a blessed time as I called the Body of Christ to revival. During these days I stayed at the Fifth Season Inn and enjoyed praying for the city and its many churches and groups. They are not as united as Fayetteville and Bentonville, but God is at work. After speaking at a large Christian Church on Sunday morning, I drove back to Tulsa and flew home. God was faithful.

Port Orchard, Washington

I experienced some difficulty with my throat on this trip, but it was manageable and better than past times. It is still a source of frustration for me, but I am at rest in God and His will for my life. **If this is the end of my traveling public ministry, then I accept that and will continue to serve Him any way He allows.** The coming months will tell. Lord--confirm your will for me at this stage in my life. As hard as it might be, I am willing to accept your directions. You are my God.

February 25, 1999 - 16 412 - 14, 674

The beginning of this week we had our **first ever South Kitsap Prayer Summit**. Twenty-seven leaders attended at the Camp of the Cascades. It was a tremendous beginning. There were hours of prayer, worship, and much confession of sin and need. Most of the pastors were not very acquainted, yet the flow of the Holy Spirit was very encouraging and powerful. Personally, I was refreshed in the Lord's presence during the time (despite sleeping with snoring pastors), and at the end, **Rick Best and I really laid out the vision for reaching our county--Mission SK.** Of the 56,000 people who live in South Kitsap, probably 47,000 are outside the influence of the Church. In the next two years, we want to significantly pray for and evangelize them. The Prayer Summit was a launching pad for that worthy goal.

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for bringing together your leaders in SK for this very significant time. May your revival now fall upon us, and all South Kitsap be reached with its sparks and flames. Amen.

March 30, 1999 - 16,412 - 14,641

I've been away from the journal for a time again. Most of this month has been centered around the **40-day fast for revival in America. On my 46th birthday--March 12--we had a tremendous gathering at the Bob Fitts Benefit Concert.**

First the fast. It's not been easy, but obedience and sacrifice are the essence of fasting. My throat condition doesn't help, but it also doesn't HINDER me from obeying God. **I've enjoyed mediating in the book of Romans during this month** and praying some of it out over the needs of our nation. I will finish this 35 day fast on Good Friday. May the Lord be pleased.

The Bob Fitts event--almost an entire week of events--was really blessed by God. On March 12th the Nazarene Church was packed, and the other events were also well attended. God really used Bob to speak encouragement to many hearts. I really enjoyed some good personal times with him and grew to appreciate his very compassionate and gentle heart. I'm grateful for

the friendship, and we're looking forward to bringing him back on an annual basis.

I'm also working very hard to finish preparations around our home--finishing projects, ordering food in bulk, getting more chickens, readying the gardens for spring, closing in the woodshed, and other projects. There's an urgency in my spirit to "work while it is day for night comes when no man can work." I am watching and praying and trying to be a good provider for my family and leader for our people.

Yesterday, on the 32 day of the fast, I strained my back doing too much lifting. It was careless on my part and I'm suffering for it. But there are lessons to be learned in pain and recklessness, and I am resigned to learn them. I'm also asking God to graciously heal my back. His grace is "sufficient."

Lord--this continues to be a hard time in my life. But I know that you are with me and will walk with me all the way. Give me patience and faith and show me each day *what I am to do for you*. I love you and am your servant.

April 4, 1999 – 16,417 – 14,637

Today was a very special Easter for us. Ryan was baptized today, as other siblings have done in past years. Megan was the last--also on an Easter Sunday. It was a real joy to have him come up front at First Christian, ask him if he was committed to Jesus, and after a strong "Yes." to baptize him into the death and resurrection of His Savior. These are special moments in God's eyes, and certainly in the life of a parent.

Lord--we have committed Ryan into your hands. Now we ask that you "who have begun a good work in Him will bring it to completion." Ryan is your *little king*. May he follow in your footsteps every day of his life.

April 20, 1999- 16,433 - 14,620

It's been good to be home this month. King's Kids is beginning to head into gear for the summer. It's going to be great to be working right here in South Kitsap--challenging, but good. I've taken some time to get the house ready for spring: readying the gardens for planting and painting all the trim on the house and grounds. That was a project. I'm very thankful for the help of my dad. At 79, he can still run circles around me.

On April 17 we had the annual *Serve-a-thon* and it went well. I believe it is a good testimony to our area to have kids showing that they care. I was really impressed

with the kid's work.

We've also received our new batch of chicks. They're quite an experience. There's nearly forty of them, and we're going to butcher some and keep the rest for laying hens for the coming years. The little kids are really enjoying them. The animal world really teaches you a lot about God. Sadly, our industrial hi-tech world takes you away from these things so often. That's why I'm glad to be developing a mini farm.

Below is this month's newsletter that we send out.

Fanning the Flame - April 1999

A Little Dose of Faithfulness

Forgive me--but Shirley and I are in the middle of the child-raising years (six of them, and many of their friends too). Much of my thought life is centered around questions like: How do I train our children in God's ways? What lifestyle do I model? What habits do they need to learn to have fruitful and successful lives?

Recently, this focus led me to the words of Jesus in Luke 16:10, "He who is faithful in a little is also faithful with much. If you are unfaithful with things that belong to someone else, then you will not be given things of your own." Little steps of faithfulness. Big rewards. The context is obviously money, but faithfulness applies to all of life.

Steady faithfulness in little things goes against the modern tide of consumerism, lying and cheating, and our overall Western lifestyle that I would label *binge and bust*. Have you noticed how the media encourage us to trudge through the work week, then party on the weekends (TGIF)? During our kids' spring break, I watched numerous teenagers and little ones 1) play to the hilt, 2) stay up at all hours, 3) trash their rooms and wardrobes, 4) sleep till noon, 5) and walk around as if life was a never-ending emotional hangover. Of course, that's what binging does to you. You end up feeling busted in the end. Instead of a disciplined life of faithfulness, you're left with blood-shot eyes and little sense of accomplishment.

But there's a better way--loving God to the hilt while living an orderly, disciplined life where taking care of the little things brings peace, harmony, and glory to God. A little dose of faithfulness goes a long ways--in many areas.

Quiet time. Ever notice how a little faithfulness in your walk with God brings stability to your faith? A little prayer and Bible reading daily. A little personal worship and gratefulness to God. It's spiritual food to our souls that keeps us nourished and well-functioning. Those who

binge and bust spiritually are on a dangerous roller coaster. And it's one that can jump the tracks and even crash.

Doing the dishes. Here's a practical one. For years it's been a rule in our home to go to bed at night with a clean sink and the dishwasher humming. It's delightful to always have a clean dish to use, and not have to stare at huge stacks of gross plates and disease-dripping utensils. A little faithfulness in the kitchen, all day long, is healthy and pleasant. I've been in many homes where the clutter of dirty dishes is an unhealthy eyesore and burden.

Pulling the weeds. Sometime ago I learned a simple lesson: Pull a few weeds faithfully every day and you'll never have to get out the scythe and rototiller. Instead of dreading the huge clean-up jobs, you can stay ahead of it with a little faithfulness. Many times, people have asked me how I de-weed our lawn. What weed killer do I use? I tell them: "I don't use any. I just pull out a few weeds every day" (April through November). That's it. A few weeds a day keeps the uglies away. It's a great analogy to sin in our lives. A little faithful repentance daily keeps your spiritual life-lawn beautiful and green.

Handling money. We have quite a few conversations around our house about this subject. I remind our kids how we became debt-free as a family by faithfully paying off our mortgage little by little over ten years (instead of twenty or thirty). Those extra dollars each month saved us \$200,000 over the life of the loan. A little faithfulness brought an immense return. I admonish them to faithfully tithe, manage their money daily, and be a good steward with little so that God can entrust more. According to the IRS, our family still lives below the poverty line--but I'll take peace of mind to riches any day.

Cleaning the house. Sometimes I go into shock when gazing into our teenagers' rooms. Dishes, cups, clothes, games, books, and electronic equipment are strewn everywhere--piling up through days of neglect. When your house begins to look like a scene out of a World War II movie, you know there's been some unfaithfulness. So, I "encourage" them: "Clean up your room. Do a little every day, and you won't lose things and live in depression." That's how we handle the rest of the house. Once a day, we clean it up. It's simple, daily stewardship. A little dose of faithfulness creates a pleasant and peaceful home.

Making relationships right. Years ago, I also committed myself to go to bed each night with a clear conscience. If I'd hurt someone, I needed to make it right. If I'd been unloving, it needed to be confessed. This daily accountability in relationships changed my whole perspective on friendships. They had to be cherished, nourished, and

maintained daily with honesty and humility. Every little thing mattered because people were special. If it was important to be faithful with things, how much more so with the people in my life who were made in God's image.

The list is endless. Brushing your teeth? Servicing your car? Getting enough sleep? Time with your spouse, friends and family? Healthy eating? In EVERY AREA OF OUR LIVES we need a daily dose of faithfulness. If we're faithful with a little, God will give us much--both in this life and in the greater one to come.

I and my family are learning. Every hour of the day we need to get out a spiritual spoon and take our medicine. It's labeled DAILY FAITHFULNESS. Let the world binge and bust. But let the people of faith rise and shine as they serve their Lord and Master--faithfully.

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Dear Friends,

We hope you had a good Easter. We can't meditate enough on how Christ's death and resurrection changed the world and OUR lives. As modern man continues to binge and bust and hunt for Easter eggs and silly bunnies, we have the glorious privilege of worshiping and serving the True King of kings and Lord of lords. What a difference.

We would appreciate your prayers this month for **our China team as they return home from Hainan. They've had a wonderful time of ministry**, and three of them (Deidra Larson, Kevin Minor, and Anna Korpi), are staying on for two more weeks. Pray that God will continue to move mightily among the Li people. Also continue praying for the Rev Team under Jonathan and Sara Stone's leadership. They are ministering in many places--calling scores of kids and adults to radical faith in Christ. Pray that the team be united, and bold in proclamation.

On April 17th we are once again hosting the Second Annual Youth Serve-athon event. This year we're being joined by kids from Young Life and Youth for Christ--doing work projects all over Kitsap County. It's a great day of training, service, fellowship, and fund-raising for summer opportunities. If you haven't sponsored a kid, please use the enclosed flyer to do so. If you want to send a general donation, we'll make sure it gets to a worthy recipient.

Thanks for your prayers and gifts to our ministry each month. This area of regular FAITHFULNESS makes a huge difference in what we're able to do for Christ. We do have a special need this month to buy a new amplifier for the Rev Team (their other one gave up the ghost at their last performance). Cost is about \$600. Can you help? THANKS! Have a great

month.

Christ is all that is important,

Ron Boehme

Washington, D.C.

May 11, 1999 - 16,454 - 14,599

I've just returned from a great week at the National Day of Prayer in Washington, D.C. I always enjoy returning to our *other home*. This time I stayed in an apartment (used by many missionaries) owned by Mike and Missy Miller on Capitol Hill--Senate side--near Union Station. It was a great hide-a-way and brought back many memories of our years on the other side of the Hill.

Our Challenge 2000 meetings were excellent, with the Columbine school shootings still very fresh in everyone's minds. I really want to be faithful to take this vision and run with it in our area and state. God help me to be faithful. The YMEC meetings followed, with more participants than any other year.

The first evening I was asked to lead a time of personal renewal among men and women. We prayed for each other in triplets, then had a moving communion time together where each "gave thanks" for their pathway of salvation. Afterwards, many said it was the most meaningful communion they'd ever participated in. The remainder of the meetings, at the FBI training facility, and some discussion with Mike Metzger about ministry in a post-modern world, were invigorating. Our group gets closer to Christ and each other every year.

The National Day of Prayer on May 6 was also very special. The Capitol Hill Caucus Room was packed this year, and every speaker--without exception--was good. Roy Moore, the Alabama judge who refused to remove the Ten Commandments from his courtroom, was the highlight. He spoke with great authority and eloquence of the need to uncompromisingly live out our faith. There was much prayer all day long--and a great sense that God just may be pleased to visit our land once again with a heaven-sent revival. May it be so.

The day concluded with the rally on the Capitol steps, under Corinthia Boone's leadership and the rainbow coalition of pastors that seems to grow every year. It was a wonderful time, punctuated by electric candles that symbolized our commitment to

“Light the Nation with Prayer.” I was asked to pray over the youth leaders, and a spoke to Shirley Dobson briefly. After 14 years of perseverance, I believe that the Body of Christ is coming together in DC to see the city changed.

Then after a few days of seeing friends, and sharing at King’s Chapel in Vienna, I hopped on a plane and came home. Tomorrow, I’m off again to New Mexico for a new set of Revive America seminars. Lord-use me for your glory.

Following is May’s YWAM newsletter:

Fanning the Flame - May 1999

No More Band-Aids

The Columbine school massacre on April 20, 1999 has shaken the nation and world, as well it should. The senseless death of thirteen kids--and their two crazed gunmen--has been hashed over on television, the talk shows, the Internet, and every other possible medium of communication.

Much of this--especially the talk show analysis--has been abysmally shallow. I concluded many years that the proliferation of talk shows today is not primarily owing to the dawn of the Information Age, but rather the absence of transcendent, absolute truth. Without God, and a clear-cut sense of right and wrong, all we’re left with is opinions. So, the past few weeks we’ve heard from mental health experts, gun-control advocates, and zillions of others who all have an opinion on how this tragedy happened and what we can do to prevent it.

Most of the ideas I’ve heard are just band-aids. They try to cover up the wound with superficial remedies that never get to the source of the problem. After the horror of Columbine, the last thing we need is another band-aid. No--we need a revival of TRUTH that will cut to the heart of the matter and bring change and hope to a reeling nation.

What CAUSED the Columbine suicide mission? Here’s the simple truth:

1. *We are reaping what we’ve sown by removing the memory of God from the public arena.* Without the love and fear of God in society, people are cut loose from all wholesome self-control to do crazy things. “Without the redemptive revelations of God, the people are unrestrained” says Proverbs 29:18. Today’s public school is the purest atheist environment that exists on American soil. Under the ruse of the separation of church and state, we’ve removed the name of God, the commandments of God, prayer, the teachings of the Bible, and the power of Christian character.

2. What's left is a vacuum being filled by unimaginable evil. It was bound to happen. Denial of God brings abandonment by God (read Romans 1 very carefully). Being "given up" to the desires of our flesh is a very scary thing. That's why many kids right now are staying away from school. Would you want to go where God and truth weren't welcome?
3. *Satan is creating a death culture in America.* It's amazing to me, that in all the interviews I've seen, not one so-called expert has mentioned that the devil is behind these murders. Why? We don't believe in a devil anymore. Yet, Jesus could not have been clearer when he mentioned the very nature of Lucifer: "He was a murderer from the beginning" (John 8:44). The originator of murder is Satan. He's a powerful angelic adversary whose thirst for death and destruction is now rampant among human beings. He's deceived us to kill the unborn, watch thousands of murders on TV, create thousands of video games filled with shooting and maiming, and even convinced us to kill ourselves when we desire (Jack Kervorkian).
4. Let's call it Satanic harassment. Look at some of the contemporary rock CD covers, or a poster of Marilyn Manson, or watch MTV, or a multitude of other mediums and you will find a message of despair and death. From where? *The Devil*. No more cover-up. No more wringing our hands in denial. There IS a devil. The greatest influencing factor in the Columbine murders was that Lucifer motivated two bitter teenagers to murder their classmates and themselves.
5. *The only CAUSE of the largest school killing in US history was the evil choices of two boys.* Why did it happen? Two bitter, unsupervised, disillusioned young men made a choice to do evil. In one refreshingly clear editorial, Betsy Hart commented: "But why is our society so afraid to call this horrific behavior exactly what it was? Pure evil. Wicked. Totally depraved. For no matter what spin the talking heads and the therapeutic counselors try to put on it, that is what remains.
6. Simply put, these young men exhibited a mature expression of another word we don't hear anymore--sin." She goes on to articulate that we don't want to believe in sin anymore, because then we must believe in God. EXACTLY. Our flight from accountability has landed us in the blood-stained library of Littleton, Colorado.
7. So, we argue about gun control, the boys' mental health, and a myriad of other distractions that keep our guilt before God at a distance. Comfortable--but societal suicide. We can't keep running from God. Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold tried. But soon after blowing their brains out, they met Him and their eternal fate face-to-face. How many of us--even those who don't do crazy things--will end up like those two?

8. *With no moral absolutes, America is sinking, and in desperate need of revival.* The Littleton massacre is not an aberration in public culture, but a warning light of what lies ahead in massive proportions if we continue to shun God and his rules for living. We've filled our living rooms with tons of mental filth and lack of moral inhibitions. For forty years we've drummed into two generations of Americans that there's no absolute right and wrong--and we're "*absolutely* sure."

9. Jay Ambrose writes, "Part of what has gone wrong is that people young and old are too often told that all values are relative. It's on these moral concerns that American attention should be largely focused in the wake of the Colorado shooting." Yes. *We're "absolutely wrong" and paying very dearly for it.* Guns are not the problem. (I settled my convictions on this point many years ago when I saw a simple bumper sticker in Oklahoma which said, "When guns are outlawed only outlaws will have guns.") Without God and godliness our civilization is adrift and downright scary. The only hope is a heaven-sent revival.

Turn off the talk-shows and get on your knees. Stop going to filthy movies and study God's word. There is hope, but that hope is only found in God and our wholehearted repentance and return to Him. We don't need any superficial band-aids. We need a cure. That cure is God.

Finally, Brethren. . .

When you receive this, I'll be in Washington D.C. for the National Day of Prayer. It couldn't come at a more fitting time this year after the events of the past weeks. I hope you set aside special time on May 6th to pray with family and friends, or to attend special corporate prayer meetings in your town or city. This year's NDP theme is "Light the Nation with Prayer." How true.

If you live in Kitsap County, we'd love to have you join the **Mission SK** movement and sign up your household to become a Lighthouse of Prayer. In the coming months, we're looking for one thousand homes who will pray for their neighborhoods. We've even ordered a high-powered database that gives us the name and address of every person on every street in the county. Powerful tool. If you'd like to be a Lighthouse of Prayer, please give our office a call.

Our team has now returned from China after a powerful month of ministry. We'll give a full report next month. The Youth Serve-a-thon was a tremendous success. Thanks to many of you for supporting our industrious workers. And the Rev Team is ministering nearly three times a week. God is really using them to awaken youth groups and churches. And we could really use

your financial help this month with a specific need: The Rev Team blew an amplifier speaker and we need \$600 for a new one. Can you help? Please use the enclosed envelope.

May God stir all of us to be a part of His revival of truth. Come Lord Jesus.

Farmington, New Mexico

June 1, 1999 - 16,475 - 14,620

A couple of weeks ago I did another round of Revive America cities--this time in the southwest part of the country in the state of New Mexico. Numbers weren't large, but I met folk in every place that had a heart for Jesus and a longing for revival.

Flying into Albuquerque, I rented a car and traveled through the desert about 4 hours to Farmington, a 40,000-population city in the northwest part of the state. This area is known as the Four corners area (due to the convergence of the states of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah. Farmington was originally inhabited by a pre-historic Indian group named the Anasazi--or ancient ones. You can still see the ruins of their ancient adobe cities and dwellings in the area. Quite impressive. Their Indian successors, the Navajos, named the area "Totah" which means "Meeting Place of Waters" (three rivers, the LaPlata, Animas, and San Juan all converge in this area). I prayed during my stay that the living water of the Holy Spirit would wash through this region.

I spoke for two evenings, while staying at the Holiday Inn near the Animas River. In the mornings I would jog and take prayer walks. In the evenings I shared God's Word with the people. There was a gentle move of God's Spirit.

Durango, Colorado

Driving north, I crossed the Colorado border and came into the Durango area. Durango is a Wild West town that was once home to the Jesse James gang, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance kid, and the place where Jack Dempsey won his first fight in 1915 on the way to his heavyweight title. It's a beautiful city of 15,000 perched between the mesa hills. But "things are not always as they seem."

Upon arrival in Durango, I decided to take a prayer walk down the quaint Western-oriented main street that cuts straight through the valley. Immediately I was

aware of a very dark presence. As I walked and listened to God, He said, “There’s a spirit of murder, prostitution and violence in this place.”

I later learned that Durango had been founded after a fight. I learned that nearly half of the pastors of the twenty-seven churches in the area committed adultery and left their wives in the past five years. Also, that some very strong Indian and New Age spirits had a stronghold over the land. I also learned later that George Otis Jr. believes that this Four Corners area is one of the four largest spiritual strongholds in the nation. I felt it--as I got acquainted with the town of my next assignment.

Was a blessing to stay with Shawn and Kit O’Reilly who have been to a Crossroads DTS and are very pro-YWAM. Shawn pastors the local Evangelical Free Church, and has really turned it upside down for missions, local outreach, and the freedom of the Holy Spirit. They met during the Jesus Revolution days and have been involved in a variety of business and Christian ventures for the past twenty years. Two of their children have also been with YWAM.

The meetings were again small here, but very powerful. I shared my heart, and God brought conviction to many. After only two days, I again traveled back to Albuquerque, being grateful just to “break up some of the fallow ground” for future crusade ministry.

Port Orchard, Washington

And now it’s good to be back home for a time. Enjoyed a peaceful Memorial Day weekend this past week. David and Megan were in Spokane with the Rev Team where God really used them. This year’s team has been fabulous.

On Saturday, I took Nathan out and bought him his first car. God gave us a steal of a deal on a 1994 Dodge Shadow for \$3500 plus tax and license. Was good father-son fellowship. He’s truly becoming a young man--and we want to help him to be a godly one. In two more weeks, David and Bethany will also become drivers. Where has the time gone? Lord--continue to teach me to “number my days.”

Los Alamos, New Mexico

June 21, 1999 - 16,495 - 14,600

I’ve just returned from my final RAS trip for this spring--this time to Arizona. We have now done nearly twenty cities/towns this year. Praise the Lord. My throat is still giving me difficulty, but the Lord has strengthened me to impart His Word.

This was two trips--broken up by a brief return home for Nathan's graduation party. The first four days were spent in:

NEW MEXICO

I flew into Albuquerque again (I'm getting familiar with many airports around the States) and drove two hours north to Los Alamos, a high mountain town that has as many physicists as residents. It is home to the Los Alamos Observatory that does much of the nuclear research in the US (recently a Chinese researcher was apprehended as a spy who was sending US nuclear secrets to the Chinese government). **I spoke at a Calvary Chapel Church the first couple of nights to a good audience.** On my way to the next assignment, I stopped and walked through an ancient Pueblo Indian settlement on top of a mesa--with caves in the hills and 800-year old paths cut through the rock. Walking the dusty hot trail through the hills, I pondered the life of these Indian settlers so long ago. If only these hills could speak.

Las Vegas, New Mexico

I then traveled on to Las Vegas, NM for a one-night engagement. Las Vegas is a very needy town--but with some on fine people. One morning while I was jogging there near my roadside motel, I group of black birds dive-bombed me. It was just like the devil was saying "This is my town and I want you out of here!" I bound him in Jesus' Name and claimed the area for Christ.

I finished this quick tour by driving north again into the quaint city of Taos. It reminded me a lot of a southwestern version of Leavenworth or Santa Cruz. Year ago, it was a real hippie haven and many of them still live in the hills surrounding the town. Aldous Huxley and other philosophers took up residence for a time. Today, it is quite a tourist attraction with arty shops and tremendous spiritual confusion. It's also the home of Kit Carson, one of the "Mountain Men" who helped pioneer the region.

My final day here I visited the cemetery where he is buried and honored as "one who led the way." I want to be known for the same quality on a spiritual level. When I first came into town, I visited an ancient Indian pueblo just north of town. It is reputed to be the second oldest Spanish settlement in North America. **In the evening, I spoke on revival to a good audience at a Baptist Church--and God really moved.** After staying overnight with a local pastor, I made my way back to Albuquerque and caught my flight home.

Port Orchard, Washington

On Saturday, we celebrated Nathan's graduation with many other friends at Mike and Ann Clark's. It was a great affair, honoring and encouraging about twelve of our grads. It's hard to believe that we have a high school graduate. Time really flies the older you get. We're grateful for Nathan and believe that God has some tremendous plans for his life.

Prescott Valley, Arizona

On Sunday, I flew off again to Phoenix, Arizona, and began my final week-long tour. My first stop was Prescott Valley, Arizona--a new town of about 15,000 people-- about 2 hours northwest of Phoenix. I spoke there for two nights to a good crowd at the Southern Baptist Church. I stayed at the home of John Jacobson, an associate pastor of the Church of God. There was great conviction of sin and a wonderful group of committed pastors.

One day I drove down to Wickenburg and had lunch with Gary Morrison. He's been through some difficult years, and I encouraged him to stay off his medicine and believe God to bring him into a time of blessing and fulfillment. We had prayer together before I drove north to Prescott to speak for two more days. Had a great pastor's luncheon at the Christian Church where there was great conviction among the thirty or forty pastors. I preached out of 1 Chronicles 12:32. In the evenings I spoke at Trinity Presbyterian Church to small, but enthusiastic crowds.

Flagstaff, Arizona

My final stop was to drive north to Flagstaff, a larger city of 60,000, situated in the mountains, and much greener with beautiful mountain forests. I spoke there for three days at First Assembly of God, and God did some great things in people's lives. I believe Flagstaff is ready for a move of God's Spirit. I was staying in a million-dollar home owned by Ernesto and Vickie Tamayo, a couple that once owned fourteen Mexican restaurants. It was a haven of peace for me during my stay. During the evenings I spoke at First Assembly of God and the Lord really blessed the word.

One day I drove up north to see the Grand Canyon and found a secluded spot to rest and read and enjoy the grandeur. It is breath-taking creation. Praise the Lord. I was also able the last night to have dinner with long, lost friend Mike Fitzgerald, who lives on a ranch in the area with his wife Karyl and three kids. It was a special treat to see one of the original members of the Renewal Team again. Their family is still solidly following the Lord.

I flew home on Father's Day, grateful to God for the privilege of serving Him on this tour, and just as grateful for having a wonderful wife and six great kids. It was a wonderful reunion.

Port Orchard, Washington

Now, after some birthday parties, David and Bethany getting their drivers' licenses, and the normal summer home traffic, we are preparing for King's Kids outreach number nine. God has blessed this ministry, and I'm looking forward to what He will do in the Summer of '99.

July 14, 1999 - 16,518 - 14,597

A great summer outreach has come and gone. What a tremendous time teaching kids to know God and make Him known. Bootcamp was very precious, with the special ministry of First Priority and Voice of the Martyrs: The worship times were outstanding. Both teams had good times of preparation for summer ministry. Below are some of the highlights:

1. Our team spent the 4th of July ministering at First Christian (powerful service), praying and distributing flyers around Port Orchard, then doing an open-air rally at the Marina Park where I gave my annual 4th of July message. The Middle East team had a great time of ministry at Pike Place Market and down on the Seattle waterfront.

2. Our Mission SK team of sixty-three kids and adults had a wonderful week in Port Orchard. Our evening Summer Slam events brought 400 to Long Lake Park, 300 to Hi-Joy Bowl, 150 to the Swing Dance, and 300 to Jackson Park. During the days, the neighborhood ministry at South Park was greatly blessed by God and the SWAT team prayed over scores of homes and saw 20 Lighthouses of Prayer raised up. It was a very good team that God really used to proclaim His message. Below, I'll paste in our monthly newsletter to give a fuller view of the events.

The Favor of the Lord – July 1999

“May the favor of the Lord our God rest upon us. Establish the work of our hands for us--yes, establish the work of our hands” (Psalm 90:17 - NIV).

We missionaries usually assume that working in our home area is tougher than on foreign soil. Jesus Himself said that “a prophet is not without honor, except in his hometown.” So, we gladly accept assignments to travel to Asia, Africa, etc. where people are often more open and receptive to listen to a message about faith in Jesus Christ.

I accepted this year’s outreach assignment--to invade our home area of South Kitsap with a team of 63 eager missionaries--with some fear and in trepidation. I even briefed the team that this outreach “might be hard”, and that’s “it’s more difficult to share Jesus with people who know you” (especially if they’re privy to your sins and inconsistencies).

How wrong I was. This year’s Mission SK team--was an incredible time of blessing and open doors. The more I’ve thought about it, the more I chalk it up to the *favor of the Lord*. When God’s favor is upon you, nothing can stop the display of His love and power. That’s what we experienced over the past few weeks. Here’s what happened.

Over a week’s time, we ministered in the open-air to over 2,000 people. Four evenings of youth events brought 1200 kids together to hear and share the gospel message. In neighborhoods and parks, we served over 1000 meals. Door-to-door ministry was fruitful as we prayed over people and raised up 20 Lighthouses of Prayer. And everywhere we went, the favor of God went before us.

It started before the summer outreach began when we went to secure permits for all the sights. No one turned us down. Downtown Marina Park in Port Orchard gave us the prime slot on the 4th of July--just prior to the fireworks display. *The favor of the Lord*. Long Lake Park gave us a nine- hour permit. Hi-Joy Bowl gave us their whole establishment for a night. Business owners contributed prizes, money and advertising on their reader boards. *The favor of the Lord*.

When I arrived at the waterfront on the 4th of July to prepare for our evening concert, I was concerned about the noise from the adjacent carnival. Approaching the manager, I asked him if he would turn off his music while we performed. He said he’d be glad to, and even come over to watch our performance himself! Another employee sought me out to help with her delinquent granddaughter. *The favor of the Lord*.

The evening “Summer Slam” events were incredible. Four hundred kids showed up at Long Lake Park the first evening and listened intently as I taught them about the four major views of life. The next night, we bought out the town bowling alley. You should have seen the faces of the employees as kids mobbed the doors to get in. Three hundred came where there was room for two hundred bowlers. After two hours of fun, we shut down everything and had our own Christian band--Route 7--perform for an hour right on the bowling lanes! Then Gabe Garcia, a 22-year-old King’s Kids missionary, preached for *one hour with total attention*. I’ve

never held church in a bowling alley before. It was awesome. *The favor of the Lord.*

The next night we held a “controversial” event--a swing dance in a church parking lot. (One youth pastor told me that his elders had reminded him that it “wasn’t in the manual” for him to attend. He stayed away, but quietly encouraged his kids to go.) One hundred and fifty showed up for an incredible evening of sanctified dancing, a wonderful worship time, preaching, and praying for people. The next night three hundred again came to a “Concert in the Park” where two bands played, and we openly preached the Gospel.

Most noontimes, half of the team went to a poorer neighborhood to serve lunches, play with kids and share Jesus. The apartment manager was thrilled at the kids’ love and care, and even disgruntled older residents held their peace. The final day a number committed themselves to follow Christ. Ongoing ministry is now planned. *The favor of the Lord.* The other half of the team went door-to-door in many neighborhoods using a survey and looking for people to become Lighthouses of Prayer. Most residents met our workers with open doors, and some were prayed for. Our kids LIKED door-to-door. *The favor of the Lord.*

And the list goes on and on. Everywhere our excited teenagers went, doorways of ministry opened wide and never closed. In one of the hardest, unchurched areas of America, God’s favor rested upon everything we did. I kept rubbing my eyes with disbelief. We were being “honored” by those who were supposed to switch us off.

Why did God grant us this favor? Years of prayer and faithfulness had prepared the ground. Maybe the timing was right for a move of His Spirit in South Kitsap. He honored our willingness to hit the streets, be bold, and take risks to advance His kingdom. But the bottom line must be that *the God of the Universe went before us because He is good--and desires that none perish, but all come to eternal life.* He went WITH us and ESTABLISHED the work of our hands because He is faithful. That is why we love and worship Him--and are committed to doing everything possible to bring HIS FAVOR to the peoples of the earth.

Finally, Brethren...

Continue to pray for our Middle East King’s Kids team which will soon be ministering in Jordan and Egypt after a wonderful time in the Holy Land. God has been showering them with favor in Jerusalem, and they believe it is preparation for their final weeks abroad. Pray for Jonathan and Sara Stone as they lead the team and all the other staff and kids.

August 1-8 we're sending a team down to YWAM's Gleanings for The Hungry in Sultana, California to process dried fruits and vegetables for needy peoples worldwide. They'll also be bringing a load of fruit back to the Pacific Northwest. If you're interested in the trip, please give us a call. There are still a few openings.

The fall season looks to be an exciting time of expansion and growth for us as we add new staff, bring a new family into the Dullum House, send out a staff family to China, expand the King's Kids ministry, enlarge our leadership team, and seek God's face for His directives in the new century. Please pray for us this summer as we face many of these decisions. We also deeply appreciate your consistent financial support during the lean summer months. When you go on vacation, don't forget to keep financially supporting the Kingdom. May God bless your summer plans, and your bold steps to share Jesus with friends, neighbors, and holiday divine appointments (call it vacation evangelism). May His favor be upon you.

Christ is all that is important,

Ron Boehme

July 26, 1999 - 16,530 - 14,585

I've really enjoyed the oddity of being home for a few weeks in July instead of being all over the world. It's given me some time in the garden (things are growing lusciously), and to work on a special project with Rich--building a neighborhood playhouse on the hill near our swing-set.

My original vision was simply to enlarge and roof the playhouse that Adam Minor had won at VBS a year ago, but Rich had a vision for a much larger structure. For the past two weeks we've been working away, almost exclusively with donated items, and the structure is really looking good. It's two story with a loft, contains six windows (one a bay window), and even has scavenged carpeting and linoleum at the entrance. I finished it up with all the colors and trim of our home and other buildings--and now it looks great. Dad Boehme also gave much time to the project. He was a great blessing.

[We built the entire playhouse for less than \$300.]

The other day I received my best compliment about the project when a man visiting the Minor's yard sale looked across the street and ask Vickie what the impressive building was up on the hill. When she told him that it was a playhouse I'd made for my kids and the neighborhood he responded, "I don't love my kids that much!" Well, I do. It made me feel good to realize that this truly was a labor of love. They're are truly enjoying it now.

And I'm enjoying having my quiet times out in the garden in the mornings and being around the wonderful home that God has provided for us.

August 24, 1999 - 16,559 - 14,556

It's been a busy few weeks and I'm finally back to my journal. Listed below are the highlights of that time:

Sultana, California

August 1-8

Rich Riedesel and I took a team of thirteen to the Fresno area in California to work with YWAM's *Gleanings for the Hungry* ministry. We drove straight through about sixteen hours and arrived late at night on Sunday evening. After a short night's sleep, we joined about fifty other kids from different states (and Canada) on a fruit processing assembly line that went on for six days. *Gleanings* is a great ministry--and we really had a wonderful week with them. I would describe it as work hard, play hard, serve God.

The only obstacle in my week with coming down with a bad chest cold on Monday and the flu on Tuesday, which really wiped me out. The rest of the week I had to work in the fields and assembly line through sheer will power. God gave me grace. I was able to spend time with Norma Wenge (Wally's widow--he died in February), and Len and Lois Nylin who now give leadership to the work. One evening we took all the kids to a waterpark, and on the Friday night we did some King's Kids songs for them and I shared. God blessed it. By the end of the week, the crew had processed over 100,000 pounds of wet fruit which translated into 30,000 pounds of dried fruit. We decided to bring back 1200 pounds of the dried fruit back to our base to use as He directs. We drove back through the night on August 8th straight-through. Great trip--and I believe great opportunities in the future to partner together.

Lake Billy Chinook, Oregon

August 15-21

After a week off (finishing the playhouse), we headed off for Cove Palisades State Park for our annual camping trip. Davisons and Riedesels joined us for the first two days, then we enjoyed the final days with just our family. Weather was beautiful and

everything very relaxing. We zoomed around on wave runners and put-putted on patio boas to our hearts content. In the evenings we had our campfires and read the latest sequel to the *Left Behind* series. I deeply thank God for these precious family times. We need all that we can get.

And now I'm facing a new fall, throat hurting only a little, many opportunities for ministry, and some big changes at YWAM Port Orchard. I'm a little dry spiritually, but constantly know the presence of God. Jesus lead on--I will follow.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

September 15, 1999 - 16,581 - 14,534

God has given me two great trips in the past few weeks. The first was to the YWAM North American Leaders Conference and U of N Workshop in Colorado Springs. It was a tremendous gathering of dear friends from all over the world--nearly 1500 from 98 nations--who are stretching out for God to see the nations reached with his love. It was great to be at an international YWAM conference again and God really spoke to my heart.

We stayed at the CO Springs Sheraton and took over every corner of it. During the mornings we met with our North American leaders, and then after a free afternoon of fellowship, pool, and other smaller groups, we gathered in the evenings for the larger Workshop Celebration. There was great diversity in worship from the many nations of the world, and wonderful messages by Loren, Don Stephens, Joy Dawson, Winkie Pratney, Tom Bloomer, Luis Bush, and many others. Powerful time.

God really encouraged me during the conference to walk in the liberty His approval of my life and break away from the trap of "comparison" with any other leaders or friends. It was very liberating. I so appreciate His work in my life over many years--and the privilege of serving Youth With A Mission for twenty-five years.

One afternoon, God really used Ross Tooley to speak to me. Walking past me, he said these words. "Don't give up on your dream. Remember Pietermaritzburg." That final phase nearly made the hair stand on the back of my neck as I thought back to the precious awakening that I was a part of there over twenty years ago, and the time that God healed my throat in answer to Dave Peters' prayers. I really need to seek God for understanding on these words from Him.

God is doing great things in YWAM--especially calling us back to our roots. There is now much diversity and beauty in the ministry, but a clarion call to build on work on the foundations that God gave us nearly forty years ago. Solomon's kingdom will be greater than

David's. It has been a privilege to be a YWAMer from most of my life.

Victoria, B.C., Canada

Upon returning home, Shirley and I took off the next day for four very special days in Victoria, B.C., strolling through the Butchart Gardens, eating in the downtown area and enjoying the gorgeous sunsets, hiking in a park next to our Quality Resort, and having wonderfully romantic times together. It was a special treat (due to Grandpa and Grandma B. taking Ryan, Jason, and Megan to Disneyland).

I'm so grateful for Shirley and our marriage. It is truly God's greatest human gift to me.

Port Orchard, Washington

December 1, 1999 - 16,657 - 14,458

I have deliberately not written in my journal for many weeks. It's not that I haven't had anything to say, but that the pain in my throat has continued to throw me into turmoil concerning the future. A few weeks ago, I realized for the first time that I stopped planning for the future in my life in 1997--two years ago. Everything has been uncertain since that time. I've been treading water, waiting for healing. At this point, God has not chosen to send it.

I've also been close to depression during these months over the constant pain and irritation in my throat, even in normal conversation. I can't seem to either leave it behind, get a glimpse of the future, or obtain much hope in the present. This has truly been one of the hardest times of my life.

Various times this fall, God has spoken to me. Here are the flashbacks.

September 9

I wrote in my journal, after a good time of prayer, that "The Best Is Yet to Come." I don't know exactly what this means, but it brought encouragement to my soul. Deep down I know that God wants to crucify all my pride--like Nebuchanezzar--and make me a humble and loving prophet.

It's just that dying is hard. Thirteen years ago, I had to die to my POSITION in leadership in Washington, D.C. That was a painful process, but so good for life and character. Now I am being asked by God to lay down my MINISTRY. It's a double death of a vision--and at times I've wanted to rather die and go to heaven than honestly face life without being able to preach and teach for my Savior.

I've also faced the practical problem of supporting my family. What do I do with my life, time, and calling? What about all of God's guidance and destiny for my life (I remember struggling with these same questions in 1986-89)? They aren't any easier now, except that I know God and His ways a bit better.

And so, I continue to wait for direction from heaven.

October 11

I wrote in my journal, "wait with hope for the Lord your God" (Hosea 12). I continue to wait, agonize, pray, and be in daily pain. I know it's hard on Shirley, but she has been such a great strength and encouragement to me. In a recent card she said, "Just a little note to remind you of my love for you and that I will be praying daily while we're apart. God will be your all in all. He will be your strength, voice, protector, and give you the full anointing to minister His truth. I know He is honored and blessed by your willingness to serve Him in time of weakness. But remember when you are weak, then you are truly strong in Him. Allow Him to fill you and anoint you as only He can do. Believe that He will because He is faithful. I love you so very much and will be praying for you continually."

What a blessing my dear wife has been to me during this time. She has been my rock--not the only way around--and I deeply thank God for her faithful companionship.

I truly am learning to live one day at a time--to trust God for daily grace. On the despairing side, I oftentimes just long to go to bed and then dread getting up in the morning. When I sleep, I am pain free, but when I awake, it is easy to dread beginning the day. I know that I don't suffer anywhere near what some people do. But this only exposes my spiritual weakness and need to grow through trial and testing.

November 10

I recorded in my journal these sobering words: "Today I died to any medical hope and the future."

I had just returned from my last appointment with Dr. Kessler where he had nicely let me

know that all my tests showed good valves in my upper and lower sphincters (tight pressure was a little abnormal on top), but that basically this was the end of the road. There was nothing more they could do. I would have to live with my painful problem as God willed.

I almost cried when I came out his office. After five years of doctor's visits, numerous tests, one operation, scores of pills and pain medication--and now--it was over. The medical world was stumped by my condition and couldn't help me. Though never completely putting my hope in doctors, I still had believed for many years that perseverance was the key--that someday, God would allow somebody to discover my problem and fix it.

Today I was told that wouldn't happen. And so, I now face the future with only my faith in God and His loving care over my life. In my flesh I am despairing. In my spirit, I'm sure that he continues His good work in me.

Juncos, Puerto Rico

Now I'm in Puerto Rico, in pain, just barely able to speak, and seeking God as I have for many years now. As I cried out to him yesterday and finally gave in to the reality of my situation, a strange peace came over me as I died to my present life and ministry.

This is the last long teaching assignment I will accept. I'm going home to write books, pray for revival, love my family, tend our house and garden and move into the future. No more fighting, fretting, or fuming at my circumstances. No more pity parties and borderline depression.

As I said to Nathan the other night, "I've served God for many years with my voice, and now I'm going to serve Him without it." The decision is made. I will die to my ministry and destiny as I've known it. "Not my will, but Yours be done. "Father, I only ask that you go with me all the way and give me the daily grace to be your child. I'm a little scared, certainly disappointed, but at peace. A major door in my life is closed. Please open a window of hope.

December 10, 1999 - 16,666 - 14,449

It's good to be back home. My time in Puerto Rico was really blessed by God. During the week, my voice began to improve, and on Wednesday night God came down in powerful conviction upon all the students. Many were laying on the floor, crying, and

repenting of sin. It was a mighty moving of God's Spirit that continued through the week. Great group of students that God had His hands upon.

During the week between lectures, while I was trying to protect my sensitive throat, I picked up a copy of Charles Finney's autobiography that was sitting around at the YWAM base. It was a new printing of his memoirs that included all his original notes, and the additions and deletions of those who looked at his manuscript. It was loaded with insights into his remarkable life.

What a tremendous spirit of prayer he had. His co-laborers, Daniel Nash and Abel McClary, bathed each town he ministered in with the spirit of travail and intercession. It was very enlightening reading this unabridged text. Gave me much greater insight into the life and passion of a man who has been a great inspiration to me. Reading this book again brought a great spirit of prayer upon me and an increased anointing upon my own work.

San Juan, Puerto Rico

I especially saw this anointing on Sunday when I had the privilege of ministering in two large churches in San Juan. In fact, this Sunday was one of the most powerful times in ministry I've had in my entire life.

We left the YWAM base in Juncos about 7 AM to drive to San Juan to the Iglesia Cristiana El Sendero Del La Cruz, a large Pentecostal fellowship. The pastor there is named Rev. Guidini who is from Brazil. Good, warm, godly man. The first service began at 8 AM, and I preached for over an hour with great power. At the close, over four hundred people knelt on the floor before God and cried out to Him for mercy. There was an incredible sense of God's presence. The service went on until 11 am.

After a short break, I preached in the second service under an even greater sense of God's convicting and forgiving power. At the close I invited people to come forward, and hundreds responded. There was much weeping and confession of sin that went on for a long time. It was a divine moment. The service went until 2 PM in the afternoon as God worked in people's lives. I got home about 3 PM and rested for an hour and a half.

At 5 pm we left again for San Juan where I spoke at El Catedral De La Esperanza--a large CMA church--in the evening service. As in the morning, there was great power upon God's Word. At the close of the message, hundreds of people came to the front to weep and pray and confess their sins.

The pastor, Rev. Terranovo from Colombia, then gave the most probing communion

meditation I have ever heard. After reading Paul's words from 1 Corinthians 11 saying that failure to judge ourselves rightly can lead to sickness and death in the Body, Rev. Terranova looked into his people's eyes and told them that the communion would be "poison" to their souls if they didn't get right with God. Many then came to the microphone to ask forgiveness of people in the congregation and other sins. And so, the move of God continued. It was a blessed service that went very late.

I returned home exhausted, and after saying goodbye to my JUCUM friends (we sang and laughed with each other almost until midnight), I fell into bed with gratefulness in my heart to God for the privilege of sharing His words in Puerto Rico. All day my voice had been strong and relatively pain-free.

Lord--I thank you for the many years you've allowed me to serve you and speak for You. If that's nearing an end, I'm grateful for the opportunity. If there's more to come, I am your servant.

Port Orchard, Washington

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I've really enjoyed the beauty of this Christmas season. We decorated our house to reflect the beauty of Christ coming to earth--and the lights on the outside--even including the playhouse this year--all proclaim that Light has come into the world. Both Shirley and I really enjoy this time of year as we center on the birth of our Child King, Jesus.

We had a great family Christmas at home with our parents. Very low key and everyone enjoying one another throughout the day. What a blessing to have our tenth Christmas in a row in our own home with family all around us. That's a blessing that many people don't share. We also enjoyed a special trip to the Warm Beach Conference Center for their "Festival of Lights," a wonderfully God-glorifying alternate to Zoo Lights. It was cold beautiful, and with many interesting things to see and do (including a horse and sleigh ride, carolers, concerts, story telling, and the many gorgeous lights).

And now the calendar is about to roll over to the year 2000--quite a step for human history that only happens every thousand years when all four digits change. The world has really hyped the event as the beginning of a new millennium (which doesn't REALLY start until next year), God has used it in my own life to reflect on the years He's given me.

We were born in the middle of a century, so we have the privilege of spanning two-hundred-year time periods. We live at a time of dizzying changes on the planet. Technology is greatly changing the way we live, and the decadence of our secular culture has brought us to strange duality of abundance coupled with a host of great dangers. On the positive side, the Gospel is exploding throughout the earth as more and more people turn to Christ. There is much for us to do, and God is doing great things. Quite a time to be alive.

On a personal note, I am still hobbled by my “thorn in the flesh” and must look to the future with different eyes than I viewed in the 20th century. My passion and goals haven’t changed, but my ministry and methods must to accommodate my limitations. Here’s a way to view it.

My ministry in the 20th century was very vocal and fast-track. My work in the 21st century will be slower paced, more servant oriented, and more through the power of the written word instead of the spoken word. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for my nearly fifty years of life in the 20th century. I give the remainder of my life to you and pray that I will glorify You even more in the year 2000 and the remaining years that you give me on the earth.