

The Journal of Ron Boehme - 2004

Port Orchard, Washington

January 1, 2004 - 17,320 - 12,565

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for another year to live. It was wonderful to have a close circle of friends with us last night to welcome in the New Year at our home. The recent snows, cold weather, beautiful lights still on the homes, and the great blessing of special friends made for an enjoyable evening.

Near the end of 2003, we shared about what God has been doing in our lives and gave Him glory for all the good that we have in our lives. Then as the clock neared midnight, we went into an extended time of prayer that was very tender and powerful. There's nothing like having God and His kingdom desires at the center of your life and pursuits.

I begin this new year having lived over 17,000 days. For whatever remains, I want to be faithful to fill them with CHRIST. A few things are upon my heart as priorities for this year:

PERSONAL

1. Seek to be FRESH in my relationship with God, personally revived and filled with His Spirit.
2. **Take a second look at healing my leg pain** (back problem).
3. **Pursue the completion of my college degree.**
4. Take seriously God's call to do the books on the future (*God Millennium*) and world view.
5. Read a book a month on the US presidents.
6. Pray about my future leadership moves.

MINISTRY

1. **Build YWAM Port Orchard/Discovery Bay into a thriving base.**
2. Participate in a 30-year summer outreach to the Athens Olympics. I began my YWAM summer missions thrusts in 1974. This summer will be thirty years—most of which have been spent on missions trips. We're ending a phase of life and moving into some others.

3. Get back to recruiting through the American Dream Tour and other speaking engagements.
4. Run a quality DTS in the fall.

Father God - please be my compass and power source during this year of opportunity. As always, I am your needy child. Glorify your Name in my life.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

January 13, 2004 - 17,332 - 12,553

I'm returning from an excellent trip to Santa Fe New Mexico. It's my first trip of the year, the year of our Lord 2004. **It's hard to believe that it has now been thirty years since I joined the global missions force through YWAM in January 1974.** Thirty wonderful years of serving God have gone by quickly—and I'm sure the next thirty will go even faster. Lord Jesus, I thank you for the awesome privilege of serving you all these years.

I've been staying with my friends, Ron and Nina Sebesta as their hacienda in Santa Fe. On Sunday **morning I spoke at their church—Capital Christian Center—on the “War on Souls.” At the end, many people seemed to be touched and came forward for prayer. This was a message of FAITH.** How we need to increase our faith for the final evangelization of the world—especially the dropping of the “Islamic Veil.”

The rest of the days were spent at the National Network Forum with about 230 other youth leaders. Dan Webster really challenged me Saturday night on the importance of giving priority attention to my “below water” life (character) while growing my “above water” ministry. (It was a message called True Heart). It's pertinent to me as I seek God about future moves. The Saturday evening session on True Mission by Steve Fitzhugh and Diane Brask was equally challenging on knowing your assignment from God—and doing it with all your heart.

Monday morning, I spoke to the Forum out of 2 Peter 1 and challenged them to master the basics of our faith. It seemed well received. For the rest of the morning we met in Affinity groups and we had an excellent prayer and rap session of spiritual awakening and True Love Waits. I've had some good meetings here with other leaders regarding the TLW rally this summer. God is really giving clarity of vision. May He now give us the grace and wherewithal to achieve the results He desires.

Monday evening, we ended with Greg Stier on True Message, had communion together, and then as a special treat—watched Mel Gibson's soon-to-be-released movie “The Passion of

Christ.” It was moving to the point of tears. I thank God for moving on the heart of this well-known actor to tell the world the truth about God’s love. I’m flying home today to continue the battle. Lord Jesus—let your global revival come.

Discovery Bay, Washington

February 3, 2004 - 17,353 - 12,532

Some noteworthy things have happened recently:

1. We completed what’s becoming an annual prayer summit up at Discovery Bay. This one was three days and attended by about 30 pastors. It was a powerful time. God has given some real depth to leaders in our county—may it grow into revival.
2. We’re moving ahead with plans for capitalizing on the premiere of *The Passion of the Christ*. We spoke in a few churches, talked to people at the theater, held a meeting for pastors, and are moving ahead. Lord, show us how to prepare the nets. We believe that many people are going to come to you.
3. I’m spending a few days this week with Bob Oke in Olympia simply getting a good look at the state government, how it functions etc. Much to pray about it.

Port Orchard, Washington

February 25, 17,375 - 12,510

Today was the day of the release of Mel Gibson’s *The Passion of the Christ* movie. How incredibly God is going to use this film all over the world to teach us once again the depths of His love in Christ. I worked for weeks to excite many churches and pastors to get behind the film, and our prayer meetings in this regard have been extremely powerful.

We scheduled a pre-screening of the movie at South Sound Cinema (I had to greatly persevere to get the theater to do it), but we packed the largest theatre with 281 Christian leaders and wept all the way through. At the end we even broke into small groups for prayer.

Since that time, we’ve taken numerous people to the film and have been thrilled that nearly 20% of the US population has seen it. Praise the Lord. It is truly a movie for this moment in history. That’s also been evidenced that the vicious secular attack against it. The devil doesn’t want anybody seeing a clear presentation of the sufferings of Christ. But he has not prevailed, and we believe that God will use this picture to plow up the ground of many American hearts.

Lord Jesus—thank you for this 2004 miracle film.

February 29, 2004 - 17,379 - 12,506

Had an unusual and precious time in God's presence this morning. It's day number five in this year's 40 Days of Fasting and Prayer. As usual, beginning the fast is never easy—but God is giving me the grace to press in. This morning was very sweet as I spent this Leap Year Day meditating on some favorite Scriptures, and God really spoke through them:

Jeremiah 29 - This is such a precious chapter to me and brings me back to my time in New Zealand many years ago when this Scripture became one of the guiding lights of my life. It's somewhat ironic because a just two days ago I received an e-mail from Clare Houghton about the recent death of Blythe Harper—a man of God that was really used in my life. It was through Blythe that I experienced a deliverance from demonic bondage in 1972 that helped to lay a new foundation in my life.

In the spring of 1973, it was Blythe who stood up in a house meeting and prophesied that I would preach the Gospel in many nations—a guiding word to my young life at the time. Lord Jesus—I thank you for using this precious man of God in my own life. I'm grateful he is now experiencing his Heavenly reward after some years of suffering with cancer. May I be faithful to impart to others as Blythe did.

And today you spoke once again from Jeremiah 29:7:

“Make yourselves at home there and *work for the country's welfare.*”

That's the phrase that really jumped out at me. Am I at a turning point in my life where God wants to take my prophetic voice and missionary zeal into the public sphere—working for the welfare of my country? That's what I am much in prayer about. The other promise remains:

“I'll show up and take care of you as I promised and bring you back home. I know what I'm doing. I have it all planned out—plans to take care of you, not abandon you, plans to give you the future you hope for.”

These verses are so loaded once again as I pray about the future. Lord, it is in your hands and deeply in my prayers.

I then turned to Psalm 139 where I was reminded of the promise of God's intimate guidance of our lives:

“Like an open book you watched grow from conception to birth; *all the stages of my life were spread out before you, the days of my life all prepared before I'd even lived one day.*”

I will put this Scripture prominently on my “Lifeview” page. God is the God of the stages of my life.

I then ended in Philippians 2 where God reminded me of the attitude that I'm to have all my life—a selfless and obedient life and death—following in Jesus steps. I again committed myself to that goal. It is my greatest need.

Thank you, Father, for these precious revelations. You are a great and awesome Being who deserves my life. I give it to you afresh. Glorify your Name.

Yesterday we also had the privilege on meeting Sean Hannity in person at a book signing in Southcenter. He's a humble man that God is using. I told him to keep his "head down" and gave him two of my books. Maybe there will be a future relationship. Also enjoyed meeting John Carlson and look forward to having lunch with him some time to talk about state government and politics.

Today Jonathan Macris will be with us in Port Orchard to share the vision for the Athens Olympic Outreach. May God use him to inspire us to pray and to go.

April 2, 2004 - 17,412 - 12,473

March was a whirlwind month of many things. I thank God for the opportunity to do another long fast and pray over some areas that are personal as well as global. I'll list below some of the highlights of the past month, and the truths learned from the fast.

We had our many BIRTHDAY celebrations this month—and they were all very encouraging and exciting. Shirley does such a wonderful job of serving all our needs with the signs, flowers, candles, presents, etc. It's a grueling month for her, but she sure makes her household feel special.

I'm still struggling with the physical pains—trying to figure out what to do with my arthritic hip that apparently needs a replacement and a pinched nerve in my neck giving pain down the arm. These are a few of the things I did not plan on during this stage of my life. They remind me of my mortality, my need to grow in character (and stop whining), and how fortunate I am to live in this time period of great medical progress (where many things can be fixed) and in a nation where great medical care exists. Both of those things are quite a privilege.

We're doing a lot of church services with the *American Dream Tour*. Jonathan is preaching a great message and I'm enjoying teaming with him. There is a great hunger for mission in the church right now—almost more so than I've seen in my lifetime—and this is a great sign that God is pouring out His Spirit on a global scale. May world evangelism be speeded up.

And now for the items of the fast. It was not an easy fast for me this year, but it is always precious to spend some special moments with God. I read and prayed over both Matthew and Hebrews this year, and below are the daily highlights:

DAYS OF THE FAST

1. I will spend this fast praying for revival, future goals, Bethany and her needs, and completing my year of jubilee (turning 51).
2. Matt. 2. - God sovereignly directs our steps—we must simply hear and obey—Like Joseph.
3. Matt. 3 - John's message was CHANGE—through the power of God's beloved Son.
4. Matt. 4 - God's Kingdom has invaded the Earth. Hallelujah.
5. I must live a selfless obedient life. That there is to also be an Eastern movement of the Gospel that will meet with the West.
6. Thanks to Johnathan Macris for the tremendous insight into the Greek names in Washington State (Olympic mountains, peninsula, and Olympia) and their impact on the secular nature of our area.
7. I must lead a life of prayer and continually seek God's kingdom.
8. Jesus has words of Life and words of Power.
9. Jesus heals our diseases (precious to me right now).
10. Matt. 10 - Don not fear. Had a great worship and prayer night at Discovery Bay.
11. Jesus' coming started a cosmic war which continues to this day and may culminate in this century (only the Father knows).
12. Jesus came to destroy Satan's works—to bind the strongman. Since demons are attracted to water, is that why they seek to possess humans and even cause disease?
13. Matt. 13 - God's kingdom rule has already begun and includes, for now, both the evil and the good.
14. Matt. 14 - Jesus' heart of compassion and miraculous faith.
15. Matt. 15 - Again it clicked within me: "I have compassion on the multitudes."
16. Matt. 16 - Prayed for the Massachusetts legislature and the gay marriage issue.
17. Matt. 17 - Don't have littleness of faith.
18. Matt. 18 - Prayed for Bethany as she flew to Arizona.
19. Matt. 19 - I don't want hardness of heart.

20. Matt. 20 - Again, the compassion of Jesus.
21. Today is Megan Joy's birthday - I delight in the gift of her.
22. Matt. 22 - Many are called but few "change clothes" into a new and godly life.
23. Matt. 23 - Never seek status and titles. Stay humble.
24. Matt. 24 - Prayed at Discovery Bay - focusing on the end times.
25. Mat. 25 - Be ready – use your gifts faithfully–care for the needy.
26. Watching and praying is the key to overcoming temptation.
27. Truly Jesus is the Son of God.
28. Resurrection should bring GREAT JOY.
29. Need to be careful and obedient to enter God's rest.
30. I must train my senses to discern good and evil–Jesus is the High Priest.
31. Leaders promote right living and peace - righteousness - Melchizedek, and Salem - peace.
32. The new Covenant - a new high priest with new laws that are written on the heart.
33. Jesus is the High Priest who entered Heaven's Temple with his own blood to bring forgiveness to the world.
34. The life of faith is one of endurance to the end. May I go the distance.
35. Lord - as I age, hurt, and enter the last third of my life on earth, may I BELIEVE you for everything that you've promised in this generation.
36. The disciplines of life produce holiness which in turn produces the peaceful fruit of right living (righteousness).
37. Praise God for Jesus, the Great Shepherd of the sheep who purchased us through his blood.

April 11, 2004 - 17, 421 - 12, 464

A long-lasting, concerning problem was given a medical answer this week. With my dad, I met with Dr. Richard Bliss, an orthopedic specialist who took some extensive x-rays of my left hip and gave us some detailed understanding as to why my left hip has been sore for many years and getting worse.

Amazingly, he said that I had a congenital growth defect called slipped capital epiphysis that occurred in both hips sometime between the ages of 10-15 (during my growth years). Basically, both of my hip balls “slipped” off center and then re-grew where they had fallen over the course of the rest of my life. The good news is that I was able to play basketball and do many athletic endeavors during the past forty years without pain, discomfort or deformity.

That’s my half full cup which I’m extremely grateful to God for. The half empty cup is that I have a severe hip problem, right now in my left hip and probably later in my right hip. Both will have to be replaced—and Dr. Bliss said that hip re-surfacing will probably not work for me. I was stunned by these revelations, took them very hard for a while, and then sought the Lord--and am beginning to emerge out of the doldrums into a position of faith.

More than anything, I want to keep serving my King and become an “overcomer” in His Name. In the Message, it’s translated being a conqueror. That’s exactly what I want to be—a man with a limp who has conquered his infirmity through unflinching faith in the Lord Jesus. If I need a new axle, then it’s a privilege to live in a nation and time when “axle repair” is possible and doable. I just need to pray about the timing and the route to go. No more whining and feeling sorry for myself. I could live in an undeveloped country and need to walk with a cane for the rest of my life.

So, it’s time to THANK GOD that He gave me grace and strength for many years, and now ask him for His grace to get new hips and move on. I’m on the road to glory anyway. The last third of my life has begun, and that means more suffering, breakdown of the body, and growing of the spirit. I submit my life to that process.

[There are two things I failed to mention regarding my hips. After having increasing pain over some months, I went to see Dr. Chris Kain in Bremerton who finally took some x-rays. He was a gruff, say-it-as-it-is kind of a guy.

When he returned from looking at the x-rays, he bounded into the room and exclaimed in a loud voice, “Your hips are shot!” That arrow really struck me and was the first time I knew that something serious needed to be done for me to walk the rest of my life. He referred me to Dr. Bliss who confirmed my need for eventually two hip replacements.

But as I sought God during this time, I had a phone chat with Jeff Dullum, son of Kathy and Larry Dullum, who had gone to Belgium a year ago to have both of his hips “re-surfaced.” I’d never heard of this procedure where instead of removing your hip ball and bone and putting a metal spike down your leg, they simply “resurface” the ball by putting a chromium cup on top and then another in the pelvis. Jeff told me it was a wonderful procedure and gave him back his life.

I began researching hip-resurfacing (especially the website “Surface Hippies”), and after much prayer and consultation with my dad, decided to **send my x-rays to Jeff’s Belgian doctor, Koen De Smet.**

I later learned that Dr. De Smet was considered at the time the third best hip re-surfacing surgeon in the world. He’d learned the technique from two British doctors who began experimenting with metals in the 1990’s when plastics and other compounds failed (the reason U.S. doctors had stopped doing hip resurfacing).

But the British technique succeeded, and Dr. De Smet learned how to do the “four-dimensional surgery” and opened a practice in Ghent, Belgium. At this point, they were way ahead of American medicine (who didn’t even do hip re-surfacing in this country anymore).

Dr. Bliss said I was not a candidate for hip-resurfacing. He was wrong. I emailed my xrays to Belgium. Dr. De Smet looked at them and replied that it was no problem—he could do it. Thus, we began planning to have my first hip re-surfaced in the spring of 2004—just prior to the Athens Olympic outreach.]

Today is Easter. Christ rose from the dead for me and all the world. Hallelujah—what a Savior. I will continue to serve you with every breath and every step that you give me. I’m on borrowed time—my mortality is showing. It’s time to act boldly and continue to pursue your perfect plan for my small life. Lead on O King Eternal.

Washington, D.C.

May 9, 2004 - 17,449 - 12,435

I’m on my way home from a great week in Washington, D.C. for this year’s National Day of Prayer. I did experience some hip pain during the week and a recurrence of my neck and arm pain (pinched nerve?), but I managed to persevere through it all and make use of the time. The older I get, the more I must learn to persevere, see God’s purpose in the sufferings of life, and grow the beauty of character.

Is there any other right choice?

On the trip out east, I had the opportunity to fly with Dr. James Dobson. He had spoken in Seattle the day before for the “Defense of Marriage Rally” at Safeco Field before 25,000 people. We chatted some before, during and after the flight. He is truly a man God has used in our culture over the past thirty years.

After our arrival, as usual I stayed with Ken and Pat Smith in Fairfax, and this time I rented a car. Pat's daughter is now living with them because of a failed marriage and that made the house a little tighter, but it was still a great rest-stop. Below I will list the highlights of the trip.

The first few days we met as usual in the YMEC meetings—about forty leaders from the various youth ministries in America. Powerful time. The second day we attended the launching of the “Mentoring Initiative” at the Justice Department. This is a great opportunity for the Christian adults of America to both share their faith and lives with the nations’ youth. Afterwards, I walked upstairs where John Ashcroft’s office is and had a good visit with both Andy Beach, his scheduling secretary and Janet Potter, his personal counselor. Great people who’ve been called to this man’s side for such a time as this.

The final night of the YMEC meetings Nancy Wilson and I teamed in leading a prayer time for the world—a rich time of intercession helping our American leaders to lift their eyes up to the needs of the kids of the world. Greg Stier told me afterward that the focus was going to change his ministry into calling this generation into world evangelism. I glad for the opportunity to challenge this wonderful group of leaders that has been getting together for fourteen years.

On the National Day of Prayer, I met two YWAMers, Collete and Mario from Salem, for the Cannon Building meeting which began at 9 am. (Beforehand, I went down to 133 C. Street and thanked God for the years spent there. There are now seven Congressmen living in the building and much ministry taking place—praise the Lord alone.) The national meetings led by Shirley Dobson and the National Prayer Committee were very powerful.

Oliver North was the keynote speaker and there was quite a focus on the military due to the Iraq War. That sobered and motivated a powerful atmosphere of prayer. John Ashcroft spoke for the administration and there were many good speakers, prayer times, and worship. I also did a taping for Bible Pathways. It was good to see Dr. Hash and Jerry Wiles again.

As is my usual custom, after the Capitol Hill gathering, I joined Corinthia Boone and other pastors for the pre-prayer gathering for the city NDP event, and then they bussed us over to the Jefferson Memorial—new site—for the city rally. I believe it was the best I’ve ever attended.

The program flowed with prayer, praise and testimonials, and I believe God was really pleased with the spirit of unity among so many nationalities. It was a fitting closing to a glorious National Day of Prayer. I pray that God heard our requests and was pleased with our seeking of His face.

Friday through Sunday I visited special friends and places from our DC years. Had lunch with the new pastor of Christian Assembly, Denis Roy; Had dinner with Ray MacAnanny in Fredericksburg (Ray is now 75 years old, a multi-millionaire, and still reaching out aggressively to the “least of these.”) I went to our old house on Kensington and learned that the Handys had

moved away (that will probably be my last visit to the old neighborhood). I had lunch with Inece Bryant, dinner with Roger and Mary Cresswell and their kids, and talked to Jim McIlvaine and others. I truly value the friendships formed in DC now almost twenty years ago.

On Sunday I spoke at Christian Assembly and mentioned my prayer need of having surgery on my hip in six weeks. Before the service I had a sense that someone in the congregation was going to give me some money for the operation. It was just a hunch from God. Sure enough, after the service a man I'd never met walked up to me and handed me a check for \$500! It was incredible confirmation that I need to move ahead with the surgery in faith. Thank you, Father, for your gracious provision.

And now I'm flying over the land that I love, hurting a little physically, but grateful to God for this wonderful week. On the plane, I finished the book *God and Ronald Reagan*. It's an insightful biography into Ronald Reagan's faith and spiritual life and I was stirred by many aspects of it. One of God's primary purposes for Ronald Reagan was to lead the defeat of Soviet communism in the 20th century. I continue to wonder what my own remaining mission in life will turn out to be. I rest that in the sure and reliable hands of the Almighty.

Woodland Hills, California

June 3, 2004 - 17,474 - 12 410

We're on our way home after a good vacation trip with our two "LA boys." It's always great to see our boys—and get them together with Ryan and Jason—for some good family fellowship. Family is so important—and bringing words of encouragement and acts of love to our children can never be done enough.

The trip down took our normal two days and seventeen hours on the I-5 freeway—this time with a rented Mazda 3 sedan (complete with air-conditioning). We spent the first night on Redding and then finished the 1200 stretch into Woodland Hills. It's not been an easy trip for me with the ruptured disk pain as well as the hip ailment, but I loaded up with enough pain medication each day to make it tolerable. Sleeping on the floor was hard at first in the boys' apartment, but after some soothing and patient words from my steady wife, I stopped grumbling and asked God to help me survive. After that initial adjustment, I seemed to be fine and we thoroughly enjoyed the time together.

As usual, we spent lots of time at the pool, took trips to "The Commons" for ice cream and strolls through Barnes & Noble, and did our beach visit to Malibu which included breakfast at Gucci's and a good time at the beach (on Memorial Day). The kids also went rock-climbing, went to the movies together, and spent plenty of time playing video games. It was good to be with all four of the guys and Shirley went out of her way to mother them, cook for them, and

even celebrate the birthdays of our “other sons” as well as our own. I’d call that the gift of mothering.

Toward the end of the time we took at trip down to San Diego where we briefly stopped by to see Paul Fleischmann’s offices and meet the staff at the National Network, then went on for a day at The San Diego Zoo. Saw many wonderful animals and flora and fauna up close (the hippo and the koalas were highlights). After a great day at the zoo, we went to Oldtown SD and had a fabulous dinner at the Mexican Café de Bandini. Muy bien.

I’ve really enjoyed reading a book on the life of James Madison during this trip. He was a man of tremendous intellectual prowess, energy, and determination, and a strong spiritual anchor that made him one of the key figures in the American Revolution and the forming of the early government. This is my latest book in reading one on all the presidents. Want to glean much wisdom that may be important to me later.

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for this good time for our family. You’re the author of family, and I greatly desire to be a good father to mine and to encourage them in the destinies you have for them. Teach me to love and encourage as you do.

Soon we’ll be home to work for a week then be off to Belgium for my impending hip surgery. It’s a big step that I’ve done much thinking and praying about. There are some trepidations, but the calm of conscience that I’m making the right decision. Thank you, Father, for leading the way—and for providing for this large step of faith.

June 9, 2004 - 17,480 - 12,404

Ronald Reagan—one of my heroes—died on June 6. The nation is spending an incredible week remembering his great life, and Shirley and I are really touched about it all. I’ll paste in below an article I’ve written on Ronald Reagan. May many people follow in His path. Will I be one?

Then a few days later, Megan had a very severe car accident. Here are the details.

On Monday night Megan was a passenger in a car that left the road going 70 miles an hour, went airborne, hit a tree, and fell into a salt-water lagoon (in Olalla, Washington). When we got the call Monday night about 11pm, Megan was unconscious with a severe laceration to her head and was being airlifted to Harborview Hospital.

At the time of the first call, we didn't know whether she would live. Thirty minutes later, the medics told us she was stable, had a degree of consciousness, but that we'd better get to the hospital. I hopped in the car and frantically drove the hour to Seattle arriving just a little after midnight.

When I walked into the emergency room, she was laying on a board with neck collar,

scared and teary, and with a throbbing head. But her vital signs were good, and she was fully conscious. Her face was smeared with blood, half of her hair was stained red (I told her a few hours later when she was in better spirits that she looked like a modern version of Cruella Deville), and she had a gaping hole on the left upper side of her scalp. You could look right in at her skull cavity (I told her later than her home-schooled brain looked very intelligent).

There was a concern about neck and back injuries. Two rounds of x-rays and cat-scans through the night revealed nothing. For four hours they worked on her as doctors and eventually a plastic surgeon sewed up the large hole in her scalp with internal stitches and external metal staples (about thirty of them). By the time the sun rose, she was in intensive care and on the road to recovery.

A few hours ago--Wednesday afternoon--we brought her home. She's sore, her head hurts a little, but **she's incredibly alive and well!** And now to tell the story of how God saved her. I'll call this

911, a Tree, a Light, T-Tops, and Two Rescuers

God's handprints are all over the rescue of our precious daughter. First, when the car hit the tree and plunged into the water, two of our good friends, Penny Proctor and her son Jesse, HEARD the car hit the tree (from their house overlooking the Olalla Lagoon) and immediately called 911. That got the medics on the way in time.

If Penny hadn't called, they would not have gotten there promptly because all the cell phones that people had near the accident were out of range or under water. Jesse also hopped in a car and sped down to help at the scene. THANK YOU, PENNY AND JESSE.

Secondly, though the hitting of the tree was the reason for Megan's head injury (her wound was caused by a large branch), it also proved to be something that saved their lives because the impact with the tree caused the main panels of the roof (T-Tops) to explode off the car and to drop the car near the shoreline--not allowing it to sail way out in the water where it would be hard to reach.

The vehicle dropped straight down about fifteen feet into the water, slightly nose down. Both Megan and Josh (the driver of the car) were unconscious, and the vehicle immediately began to fill with water. In a matter of minutes, the car would be completely submerged in the lagoon.

But God left a light on. Even though most of the roof was gone and the battery and all other lights were under water, there's was a dome light that was still burning under the center post of the blasted-out roof--illuminating the position of the vehicle. Just weeks before Josh had installed an unusually large dome light in the center of his car. It was still burning. This was crucial because it was pitch black around them, no streetlights or house lights near. The dome

light became the beacon of the soon-to-arrive rescuers. Without it, it would have been nearly impossible to see the car and unconscious passengers.

In a car behind them, two boys hopped out when they heard the accident and rushed to the bank of the lagoon. One of them whose name is Zachary, is a big guy--250 pounds and nearly seven foot tall. Guided by the dome light he jumped down the fifteen to twenty-foot bank and waded into the water toward the car.

When he reached Megan's side of the car, the water was up to her waist, and she appeared lifeless and bleeding badly from her head. The windshield had been crushed into her and her passenger door also buckled toward her. At that moment, Josh regained consciousness and had the presence of mind to ask Zachary to help him try to pull Megan out through the holes in the roof. They pulled valiantly, but the dead weight and wedging of her body in the crumpled car held her fast. They stopped for about a minute-- trying to think what to do as the water began to rise toward her chest.

Finally, Josh said that they HAD to get her out, and summoning all their might, they yanked her through the ceiling to safety and hauled her up the bank. Unable to negotiate the slippery, steep slope, they sat down by her to wait for the medics to arrive.

They came a minute later, got her on a Gurney, and hauled her up to safety--then airlifted her to Harborview Medical Center. By this time, the crumpled and roofless car was completely underwater. THANK YOU, JOSH, ZACHARY AND MEDICAL TEAM.

Without these incredible providential events, the 911 call, the tree blunting their trajectory, the miracle dome light, the exposed roof, one very large and strong guy and Josh's love for his friend, Megan would have drowned. But God obviously has plans for her life, and they were miraculously saved.

Shirley and I and our family want to THANK ALL OF YOU for praying and sharing in Megan's deliverance and subsequent healing. We're glad to have her back and on the road to recovery. Amazingly, neither she nor Josh have any broken bones or internal injuries. But we know WHOM TO TRULY THANK:

"They cried to the LORD in their trouble, and He saved them from their distress. He sent forth his word and healed them; He rescued them from the grave. Let them give THANKS TO THE LORD for His unfailing love and His wonderful deeds for men" (Psalm 107:19-21).

Brussels & Ghent, Belgium

June 24, 2004 - 17, 495 - 12, 389

The trip to Belgium is history. We arrived home after a twelve-day trip about 7pm last night. What an incredible medical adventure. We arrived in this Lowland County early in the morning of June 12 after fourteen hours of flying. We were met by my missionary Dan Ritzmann who is an old Harper friend that's been serving in Brussels for about thirteen years.

He and his wife, Keri, have a good work among Muslims in the city. We briefly visited their home, drove past the site of Eurofest where we had camped out for the Billy Graham Crusade in 1975, and then Dan drove us about forty minutes west to the city of Ghent.

Our first home in this historic Belgium town (Ghent was the second largest city in Europe next to Paris as late as the 16th century) was the Artigand Bed and Breakfast run by a sweet couple named Pierre and Margaret Gillis. Their three-story townhouse near the Old City has been wonderfully decorated with many paintings in the rooms due to the fact that Pierre's grandfather was a famous painter of two generations ago. (We even had an original Monet sketching in our room.)

They gave us the "Japanese Room" which was cozy and quaint. After settling in, we found our way over to the Jan Palfjin Hospital where my surgery would take place on Tuesday. Shirley had a slight ear problem that was checked out in emergency, and we also met Dr. De Smet and two of his patients for the first time. That was a great start.

After catching up on our sleep, we browsed the Old City the next day. It's a beautiful 200,000 population town built on canals and loaded with history. Christianity came here in the 7th century and an abbey was built to St. John and Baptist. In 1180, the Gravenstein Castle (Castle of the Counts) was erected in the city center to protect the population from the Vikings—and it still stands to this day.

Near it are beautiful waterways, and other historical buildings which included St. Baaf's Cathedral (where we saw an original painting of Van Eck called "The Adoration of the Lamb"), the Belfry, St. Michael's Cathedral and bridge, and the Statehouse (where the Treaty of Ghent was signed in 1814 ending the War of 1812 between the US and Britain). We walked all over the area, had dinner at Le Progres and went back to the Artigand.

Before checking into the hospital, the next day, we visited the Belgian chocolate factory where ALL the chocolates are made for the entire country. It was near our B&B. I had to check into Jan Palfjin about two o'clock, do some tests and x-rays, and get ready for surgery the next day.

I also met my roommate for three days, Dr. Graham Turrell (wife Marlys) who is a

nationally renowned psychologist from Toronto. He'd had a double lung transplant within the last year whose complications destroyed his hip. He was smart and witty, and I was able to witness quite extensively to both he and Marlys over the course of a few days. Then I spent a quiet overnight (European hospitals are not as busy as those in the US) and was first up for surgery in the morning.

At 7:30 on June 15 they wheeled me into the operating room. De Smet's crack team were preparing everything for my one-hour surgery. After putting me out, he made a ten-inch incision, pulled away "the curtain of my flesh" and began the hip re-surfacing. He did the surgery from a posterior position which minimizes damage to muscles. The new cap was inserted on the femoral head, the cup was placed into the pelvis, and the hip bone was re-located in the joint—the whole procedure taking less than an hour.

I woke up shivering in recovery some hours later and was returned to my room. Thus, began the hard first day in the hospital where I was on morphine for pain, the leg was very sore, and I didn't sleep hardly an hour that night.

The first day after surgery I got up for the first time. PTL. The leg was sore and heavy, but I was walking on it with crutches. I had my first "physio" exercises and improved all day—even walking the walls a bit. Amazing after major hip surgery. Got a decent night's sleep the second night, even though as Peggy Gabriel warned, the soles of my feet were getting very tired of sitting on the sheets.

Second day post-op I got out of bed myself at 6:30am. I even took a shower and cleaned up and began walking around with only one crutch. Around noon we were picked up by Hugo, Dr. De Smet's assistant and brother-in-law, and taken about fifteen minutes away to the Holiday Inn where the next phase of recovery was to start. It's a very nice hotel with a fabulous breakfast bar.

We spent six nights there with most days being filled with physio sessions with Mark (a forty-year therapist), exercises in the pool, nightly changes of dressing with nurse Fenn, daily consults with Dr. Smet, lounging around the room and much pleasure reading. In the evenings, Shirley and I would either eat in the restaurant or bar or take a taxi downtown.

One night we joined Graham and Marlys for a meal near the "Butchery" (built in 1407) in the Old City. On our last full day in Belgium, we again taxied into the downtown area, looked around at the beautiful sights and had a meal out.

On the morning of July 23, we took a taxi to the train station, a train into Brussels, a seven-hour flight to Newark, and a six-hour flight home. As I reflect on the trip, I have these observations to make:

1. **Dr De Smet leads an A+ team that have given me new hope for my hip. I am grateful**

to God for directing me to him (through Jeff Dullum).

2. Europe is a needy continent that is dying due to the removal of God and His truth. My burden has increased to pray for and send laborers to bring revival to Europe.

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for this time of healing and hope. I give my new hip to you—may I use it to serve you with all my heart and strength.

[Going to Belgium for hip re-surfacing surgery was a tremendous act of faith. All told, with airfare, accommodations, surgery and rehab, the experience cost us \$12,000 cash. All was contributed by our faithful supporters to whom we will be forever grateful. They also provided the second time in 2007 when my right hip needed to be done.]

Port Orchard, Washington

July 15 - 17,516 - 12,368

The summer has been speeding along and I haven't taken the time to write much in my journal. My rehab from hip surgery has gone well—with exercises every day and Shirley helping with the stretching parts. I continue to thank God for the blessing of mobility. The older we get, the less we can take for granted.

I'm praying that God would still allow me to go to the Olympic Outreach—and it appears that this will be the case. I'm having an incredible recovery—and this will allow me to travel once again to Europe where my YWAM missions career began thirty years ago.

I feel like this is an "end-of-an-era" time for me where I will complete my focus on summer outreaches and evangelism as the primary focus in my revival destiny and move boldly into the realm of cultural transformation. A chapter is closing, and another is opening. Lord Jesus—I'm deeply grateful for the past thirty years of mission travels, teams, and calling the Body of Christ to spiritual awakening. Help me finish my course this summer, and then move confidently into the reformation of culture as I did into the first thirty years.

Athens, Greece

August 30, 2004 - 17,562 - 12,322

I just returned this week from the fabulous Athens Olympic Outreach. Praise God for healing me so that I could go. Praise His Name for the incredible fruit that we saw in Greece. May it grow into a fantastic harvest.

Our team first spent a few days at Discovery Bay preparing for the trip. We are 38 adults and young people and three babies (the Stone's Eliana and Morgan and the Droddy's Kaitlin). The group hails from eight states and our Puerto Rico brothers (Jason, Reynaldo and Brian) will join us in Greece. This is a top-notch team and I believe God is going to use them to further his Kingdom.

Just about two weeks before the trip, Tom Casterline [a tough, old auto-body mechanic with a shop on Salmonberry Road] called me and said that he wanted to go so that he could grow in his faith. I prayed about it, and felt that it was okay, so he scrambled to get his passport and I worked hard to get him a plane ticket. We will be traveling together, and I look on him as a special project for the summer. The team is flying on different airlines to get to Greece, and we will meet up there.

Tom and I went to the airport together on Monday, August 9, and had an uneventful trip to London via Chicago. At Heathrow, they said that I had an in-valid ticket on to Athens, and after nearly closing the flight doors, I prayed and talked them into getting me on the plane and while committing to settle the ticket problem in Greece (a couple days after arriving I went to a British Air office and took care of the dispute).

We arrived in sunny, hot, Greece about 1 pm on Tuesday and were picked up at the airport by Matt Nocas and Heather Poteet. We then rendezvoused with our team at a church downtown attended some Olympics orientation meetings, and then went by bus and subway to our southern Athens home suburb of Glyfada where we were camping out at a Christian Church and School.

On the bus to Glyfada, the team was singing Christian songs, and because of this, were approached by a young man named Dimitrios who lived right near us and had a real heart for the Lord. Over the next week, Dimitrios became a real disciple of mine and even gave me his apartment to use for a few days when he and his wife left on holiday. A real divine appointment.

We slept that night (using the term loosely) on the upper floor of the church in 85-degree heat, wall to wall guys, and much snoring. Not as easy on my 51-year old body as it used to be. The next day we again traveled the hour by public transport into central Athens for more orientation which ended with a special time of prayer and spiritual warfare on Mars Hill—all four hundred of us YWAMers singing and praying over the city.

This was the beginning of many "firsts" where God gave us an open heaven and stopped the authorities from interfering with His work. Was a precious time of fellowship, worship, and intercession for the five million people of Athens. On the commute home, I prayed with a young man named Augusto on the bus—that he would come to know the Lord Jesus.

The next day I traveled by bus, subway and train up to the Operation Gideon Hospitality Center that Jonathan Macris arranged for the outreach. It is a huge convention center, over three

football fields in length, and Jonathan and Hellenic Ministries had transformed it into dormitories, a commons area complete with trampoline, basketball, ping pong, and a dining area.

There was the worship center at one end and the literature depot at the other. The design and use of the facility really showed the organizational gifts of Jonathan's team. I shared the True Love Waits vision with the group in the morning and spent most of the afternoon with Jonathan. In the evening I traveled back to Glyfada where Dimitrios had left me his air-conditioned apartment to use for sleeping. Praise the Lord for His goodness.

On Friday the 13th, the team traveled up to the Operation Gideon headquarters and participated in a practice session for the Light the World parade scheduled for Omonia Square on Saturday night. It was quite an endurance test with hundreds of YWAMers practicing on the tarmac in 105-degree heat.

In the evening, we gathered with all the outreachers to watch the Opening Ceremony of the Olympics on a big screen in the Worship Center. They had also rigged up a second screen where national delegations were introduced, prayer points for their nations flashed on the screen. We turned the whole Opening Ceremonies into a global prayer meeting.

The next day we took the metro into central Athens (near many of the Olympic venues) and participated in the Light the World parade at Omonia Square. It was a great time of declaring the Lordship of Christ over the nation of Greece. Afterwards came the Delirious Concert to a square packed with five-to-ten thousand people. When they began playing the song "Did You See the Mountains Tremble," I sensed the awesome power of God breaking some of the satanic grip over the nation—a powerful move of the Holy Spirit. I was near the mosh pit up front and enjoying the praise and worship with the Macris family. This was another FIRST—uplifting Christ in downtown Athens without harassment and arrest. After Delirious, Madalyn Mims, a former gold-medal winner, shared here very clear conversion to Christ and then sang *How Great Thou Art*. Powerful moment—a great beginning to the outreach.

Corinth, Greece

After this opening spiritual foray, the teams began to disperse to 35+ islands to minister the love of Christ. We traveled on Sunday to Corinth, an hour's bus ride from Athens by charter bus. At the ruins of the old city, I shared the biblical history and encouraged the team to get to know the real heroes of the Bible. We then took time to pray over and look around the ruins where Paul walked and taught some two centuries before us.

Today, modern Corinth is a town of 50,000. In Paul's day it was a city of 500,000. We then drove another hour through the beautiful vineyard-lined countryside of Peloponneuse to our outreach destination of Naflio.

Naflio, Greece

Naflio is a gorgeous seacoast town on the Aegean Sea. Behind and above the city are the ruins of ancient fortresses that were built during the Middle Ages to stop the Second Jihad of the Ottoman Empire. The town is nestled in the hills below the fortresses in a beautiful bay setting with a boardwalk which runs around the mountain. Naflio contains the first Greek Parliament building.

We were dropped off at four different hotels where we will be staying in the older and more charming part of the city. As the 4th group was unloading its luggage and literature boxes, we received the only rain of the outreach—a deluge of about a foot of in under an hour. It saturated us to the skin, prompting many of the younger ones to dance in the streets. Cool welcome to our adopted city.

After a late dinner, we prayed over the city and enjoyed sleeping in real beds with air-conditioning—even though shared with others (Tom and I shared a small room and bed together).

On Monday, August 16, we gathered at our Ligea Hotel, had a cold cereal breakfast, and began to pray about our itinerary for the week. The pattern that we would forge for most of the week was friendship evangelism and literature distribution in the mornings after worship, lunch at 2 pm in the town square, an afternoon siesta, and then evening ministry in the squares and parks, and a light meal afterwards.

This day we did some FE among the shopkeepers and locals and I met a man named Panayiotis that I was able to share with. In the afternoon I scouted out the town for the team and climbed the high fortress called AcroNaflio—over one thousand steps to the top. In the evening we did our first full performance in the main square and hundreds gathered to watch the puppets' "Laughing Song", the Western Dance, the puppets' "Synchronized Swimming" Routine, The Heart Skit, and Redeemer. This would become our normal evening presentation.

At the end of Redeemer, I invited a translator out of the crowd and preached the people. They were warm and responsive with many indicating a desire to talk to us and receive our "free gift" of literature. The beautiful packets put together by Operation Gideon included 3-4 tracts, a Greek New Testament, a Christian newspaper, and other pieces. We also carried a book titled "What Matters" in four different languages.

That night I prayed for a young man named Stratas to receive the Lord into his life. It was a great beginning to a wonderful week of ministry.

After breakfast the next day, the entire team climbed the AcroNaflio to do prayer and spiritual warfare over the city. This was the ONLY time we were stopped, as guards eventually made their way to us and informed us that "you can't sing or pray at archaeological sites," meaning that the demons didn't want us claiming these pagan shrines.

We obeyed outwardly but continued to cry out to God inwardly for Naflio. In the afternoon we took a swim at a nearby beach and in the evening, we did our performance at a “Children’s Park” loaded with local families. Twenty people raised their hands indicating a desire to follow Jesus and we handed out many “gifts.” My first choice of a translator that night had turned me down. When I was talking to him later, I found out that he was an angry Iraqi Muslim. Good thing he didn’t translate.

On Wednesday after worship we took a small boat out to the island fortress in the Harbor. We later found out that its original name was “Isle of St. Theodoras” (Theodoras meaning gift of God), and we claimed it for His purposes. After returned to the port, we prayed over the boardwalk area where there are many restaurants.

In the afternoon I worked to confirm some ministry at a hospital, hiked out to a prison almost six kilometers from our hotel and then hitch-hiked back. In the evening we ministered simultaneously at two different sites on the boardwalk and God blessed the time.

On Thursday, we took the team to the hospital for great one-on-one ministry and then passed out our literature gifts in that part of town. At lunch I dined with Pastor John Russas, the pastor of one of the two evangelical churches in town. The Lord had really arranged our meeting.

The day before we had been worshipping in the morning in the hotel, and our praises awoke a young woman named Nadia who lived on the same block. She was a believer and told us about her pastor and the church. Later that night I had spoken to Nadia’s mother and called the pastor on the phone. He was anxious to meet with us and have us come share at their small fellowship.

That night we all traveled out to the church which was in a basement in the suburbs. It was incredibly hot in the small downstairs room and they closed the windows when we worshiped for fear of the neighbors. But we did a full presentation and I preached with great encouragement on “Jesus is Winning.” It was a delightful evening to bless these precious saints who are few in this land.

On Friday, August 20, we did morning literature distribution and I spent some time overlooking the harbor seeking God about the future. It was an incredible prayer and meditation time in which I believe the Lord confirmed that I am to run for government office in the future, and to “Run to Win.”

There was much prayer for God’s strength and leading. He reminded me that I was closing thirty years of focus in ministry to move into the final stage. He also reminded me that it had been thirty years since I wrote my first book on national politics in 1976. At that point, he “knew the path I would take.”

The important election years in the future appear to be 2006 –2010 – 2012 - 2020. I was

greatly strengthened by this incredible prayer time. With fear, trembling, and great hope, I look to you, Lord Jesus, to guide my future days.

In the evening, we did another large performance at the main square. At this point, I turned over the preaching to younger guys like James and Joe from CMC. After the message I began talking to a teenager named Nick who expressed a real interest in giving his life to Christ. His mother translated for me, and it was a delight to pray for him. Later that night, God led me to walk down the restaurant row praying for people.

As I neared the end, I felt a tug at my arm. It was the young boy named George who had early translated for our presentation. He'd been eating a restaurant and saw me go by. I had a great time sharing the Good News with me and he also indicated a desire to know Christ. As I knelt on the cobblestones to pray, he knelt with me, folded his hands, and joined me in prayer. As I began to lead him in the sinner's prayer, he burst out praying on his own, asking God to forgive him and inviting Jesus to take control of his life. When he began to fish for English words, I told him that God knew all the languages, and that he could pray in Greek. He did so with gusto.

Afterwards, I met his beaming father at the restaurant and encouraged him to follow the Lord. This was a highlight night for me.

On our final day in Naflio, we jumped off the cliffs into the water near the boardwalk and spent final times with people that we'd built friendships with during the week. In the afternoon I hiked up above the city and enjoyed another special quiet time with my Savior. As I studied Paul's travels in Acts 17-21 in this part of the world, God showed me that Naflio was in the same harbor where Paul visited Cenchrea on his second missionary journey.

In Acts 18:18 it said that Paul had his hair cut off here in keeping with a vow--kind of a mission accomplished type of scenario. What a thrill it was to realize that Paul had been here also, doing the same thing we were doing nearly 2000 years before. What a privilege. In the evening we performed once again at Children's Park and God blessed our ministry. The next day we would return once again to Athens for our final few days in Greece.

Athens, Greece

We bussed back to Athens on Sunday, getting there just in time for the True Love Waits rally being held at the Dora Stratou Theater near the Acropolis. It was the hottest day of the outreach--probably 115 degrees--and from 3-4:30 we climbed to the high point of the area--Philapapu--carrying pledge cards from kids from around the world. After "ascending the hill of the Lord (Psalm 24), we broke up in groups and prayed.

At 5 pm the rally began with about 300 in attendance in the incredible heat and many journalists. My friend Richard Ross gave the call to the kids of the world to remain abstinent until marriage and an evangelist from Lay Witnesses for Christ (Sam Ming's organization) gave an altar call.

It was also a treat to be able to hear and meet Carl Lewis, the Olympian of the Century, and Joe DeLoach, the only man that ever beat Carl in Olympic competition. After the rally, we had dinner at the Plaka and then returned wearily to Glyfada. Great and hopefully nation-changing day.

On our final day together, we had a very precious four hour "debrief" which was really a time of honoring and praying for each other. All the groups did hilarious skits on the highlights of the trip. We ended with some pizza together in the late afternoon. Tom Casterline and I then took public transport up to Jonathan Macris' house where we shared a late-night Greek dinner and fellowship with him.

He was so encouraged about the 35 islands that had been visited, all the preaching being done with no arrests, and the 350,000 pieces of literature that had gone out. He said that this outreach had accomplished in 3 weeks what would take Hellenic Ministries fifty years to do. After a few short hours of sleep, Jonathan took us to the airport, and we made our way back home via London, Washington D.C., and Denver.

It was a fabulous trip—touching a nation and world. An era of my life is now complete. What does the final era hold? As Gene Edwards says, "Only God knows, and He never tells." (At least in total detail.)

Discovery Bay, Washington

September 26, 2004 - 17 589 - 12,295

The beginning of this fall season has been busy and uncertain. The DTS has begun at Discovery Bay and that is a great blessing. Eighteen students have come to learn, and the staff have prepared wonderfully for their arrival. The campus has really become a real base and we are so grateful for this important step.

We've also begun a 40-day fast for national revival, the war on terror, and the US elections. I am fasting lunches for the first few weeks, then after our anniversary weekend, I'll go into a full juice fast for the final three weeks. During the fasting and prayer time I've been going over my old Hurlach SOE notes and that has been very stimulating and revealing.

What great life changing teaching God gave me thirty years ago. It laid a foundation for all future ministry. As I pray about my personal future—and even taking a run at political office—I

want to re-lay the foundations and make sure they are strong. I still have a lot of uncertainty in my heart about the future—really doubts about my ability to lead in this way—but that’s a part of the “seeking” of I’ve done during this pastry forty days.

Today I had a wonderful time in God’s presence and these two revelations stood out:

1. “You can’t have a big enough picture of God.” That’s why throughout all of eternity we will worship Him and only chance small glimpses of His immense grandeur. May my vision for God grow bigger each year.

2. I must “become what I believe.” This applies to my future and I want to rise to it in faith and not unbelief. It’s good to be humble and honest about my deficiencies and needs—but another to rise to the challenge of obeying God’s plan for my life. *I will become what I believe.*

Port Orchard, Washington

November 3, 2004 - 17, 627 - 12,257

What a relief to see George W. Bush win re-election as president of the United States last night. After months of worry, activity, prayer, and one of the greatest battles for the controls of the American nation that we have ever fought, the people of God prevailed. An incredible voter turnout of Christians was the difference, including the pivotal state of Ohio.

There is now the possibility of seeing even greater spiritual awakening in this nation, and Father, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your goodness and grace. Thank you for four more years of MERCY.

This victory was as sweet as the Reagan elections of the ‘80's. It’s even more needed because of where the US is today—fighting terror and cultural suicide. May we go forward in God’s strength to bring *total transformation to the land*. So be it, our Lord and King.

Juncos, Puerto Rico

November 13, 2004 - 17,637 - 12,247

I’m on my way back from my annual trip to Puerto Rico. I’ve been coming to this beautiful island for seven years and always enjoy the time with *muchos amigos*. It is a very special place for me to minister. *This year was a joy to bring Megan along with me* for the first five days. After a mechanical problem with our first flight in Seattle, we flew to New York and

ran through JFK to barely connect to our flight to San Juan.

We arrived on Friday evening, November 5, and were transported to the JUCUM base in Juncos. It was special to be greeted by Gloria Riedesel who is attending the DTS. God is doing some deep and powerful things in her life.

Saturday was our play day together. After fetching our luggage which failed to make the connection the evening before, we spent the afternoon at the gorgeous Palmas Beach near Humacao. Was great to relax, swim in the warm water, and have special time with Megan and Gloria. In the evening we had dinner together and did some shopping before returning to the base.

Sunday morning, I preached at the Methodist Church in Caugas on “What It Means To Believe.” The congregation responded greatly to the message. In the afternoon, the three of us went down and looked around Old San Juan. We took a beautiful walk beneath the 500-year-old fort and enjoyed walking the winding streets and browsing through the many shopping booths. This was the first time I’d ever done anything of a tourist nature in Puerto Rico.

Monday morning, I began speaking at the DTS on my normal subject of Revival and Character. In the afternoon, Megan and I again went down to Old San Juan and took time to walk through El Morro—the incredible fortress that protected San Juan, the gateway to the Caribbean, for five centuries. It’s a massive structure with different levels of fortifications, mounded cannons aimed at enemy ships that would enter the harbor, and a maze of batteries and living quarters for the soldiers.

Spain controlled and guarded the harbor from invading British, Dutch, and pirate forces for hundreds of years, finally succumbing to the American forces in the Spanish-American War in 1898. Since that time, Puerto Rico has been linked to the United States. After a nice “father/daughter time” we had dinner and navigated our way back to Juncos.

Megan attended the lectures both Monday and Tuesday and then flew home on Wednesday. I believe she enjoyed the time, and even learned some things from sitting under my teaching. I believe God challenged her to grow in her faith. After she left on Wednesday, I gave full concentration to discipling the precious 25 students who were gathered there. I was still struggling with some throat inflammation (seems to be my lot in PR), but with much prayer and regular Tylenol, I made it through the week’s teaching. Thank you, Lord Jesus.

In the evenings, I felt led this year to speak on “Conscience.” On Wednesday night, God brought great conviction of sin and I sent the students out to be alone with God and deal with their hearts. There were some important breakthroughs. On Thursday I spoke on “The Secret of There was great conviction and soberness and many people prayed to die to themselves. Thank you, Lord. for a precious time of life-change.

I finished up on Friday morning by answering questions and giving an inspired presentation on “The World’s Greatest Army on the World’s Greatest Mission.” After the session, I enjoyed a good Puerto Rican lunch with Pastor Nelson Perez (I spoke at his church last year). On Friday evening, I traveled through the torrential rains to Humacao where I spoke to a combined service. The call to be a modern-day “Josiah” was well received.

Today I am homeward bound via New York. Next week I speak for the first tie at our new DTS in Discovery Bay. I am seeking God about the pain in my throat and looking forward to gracious answers for that—and many other things that I’m looking to decide in the coming months. Lord Jesus—it was a privilege to once again “train the willing” and preach your Word in the land of Puerto Rico. Bless and use the students and multiply your awakening all over the Hispanic world.

Port Orchard, Washington

December 1, 2004 - 17,645 - 12,229

Bethany arrived home a few days before me. Soon after she arrived home, God began to meet her—first in a YWAM meeting where Jonathan Stone spoke, and the next week after my teaching at the CLC SK Ablaze meeting. At the first service, God gave her the gift of tongues and other special revelations. At our meeting, she came and hugged me, and we stood in a pool of tears together as God continued to heal and move.

Since that time, she has been completely set free. Praise the Lord. She is spending incredible amounts of time with Him, God is giving her many supernatural revelations, and we are greatly encouraged.

May our precious Bethany Ann fulfill God’s wonderful destiny for her life.

December 30, 2004 - 17,674 - 12,200

It was wonderful to have Nathan and David home for nine days during the holidays. We had great family times, I met with them one on one, and we celebrated together the coming of the Savior.

I now close out another calendar year of life. These things are on my heart and mind:

1. Does God want me to make a career change and move into politics in 2005? Am I to run for the Washington State senate? This is a huge question that I am waffling over. May the Lord’s guidance be as clear as my call to YWAM over thirty years ago.

2. What about my physical ailments? A weakened throat, rebuilt hip, sore knee etc. Are

these limitations on future vision or an opportunity for God to glorify his Name?

As I end 2004, I'm waiting for your words, O God. I feel very weak and uncertain. But I know who holds the future. Please re-kindly my faith to obey you as at every other time in my life. Nothing has changed. You are still my life and my God.