

The Journal of Ron Boehme - 2007

Port Orchard, Washington

January 1, 2007 - 19,570 - 11,440

We had a good time last night at the Powell's as our small group got together for fellowship and prayed in the New Year together. It reminded me of the Harper Church gatherings years ago when we spent New Year's Eve in church singing, and then eventually praying as the clock struck midnight. We did the same last night and then shot off some fireworks afterwards. I'm grateful for another year of life – though I begin this one with the uncertainties of a ruptured disk and a YWAM leadership transition. Since God is the constant in my life, I'm sure he'll lead me into the '07 future.

Last year was a very different year as I ran for public office. This year, these goals:

1. Get healed of my back infirmity during January-February.
2. Be ruthless with my weight and get back to 175 pounds (lose 15-20 pounds).
3. Develop the good habit of drinking water all day long (for health reasons).
4. Establish the new YWAM office in PO with meaningful rhythms and projects.
5. Re-establish our family finances to a healthy and stable position.
6. Pray about any future runs for public office.
7. Start fasting again one day a week (Fridays).
8. Experience personal revival in a fresh way.
9. Take Ryan and Jason on a missions trip to China and Mongolia in the summer.
10. Be faithful to fulfill God's calling on my life.

January 8, 2007 - 19,577 - 11,433

The Lord really spoke to me this morning through a very familiar Scripture, Matthew 6:33. In the New Living Translation it reads "He will give you all you need from day to day if you live for Him and make the Kingdom of God your primary concern." What a great description of a life well lived. Lord, this has been the prayer of my heart for many years. Please revive these desires once again in me for 2007.

This is a time in my life of new beginnings. It also looks like a year of a little more travel as some trips to Africa, Asia, and around America is coming into focus. God's will be done.

Discovery Bay received a wonderful gift of \$130,000 recently for the work at the Camp. What an incredible blessing from Karsten and Bonnie Solheim. Lord Jesus- richly bless them in return for continuing to bless this sacred piece of land. And multiply the blessing to see the campus developed into a special haven of retreat and sending for your Kingdom alone.

January 27, 2007 - 19,596 - 11,414

We had our first meeting this week with the new board of YWAM US Renewal Ministries. I am really excited about this new chapter in my life and looking forward to God working mightily this year through the new office. Here are our marching orders as I now understand them:

YWAM North American Office -US Renewal Ministries

Mission Statement: To encourage personal, corporate, and national revival in the United States and around the world.

- **Leadership:** Serving the WA State bases, YWAM boards, Port Orchard – President.
- Discovery Bay – President, New Beginnings – Outside Member, Board Membership:
- National Association of Evangelicals (NAE), Youth Ministry Executive Council (YMEC)
- **Prayer:** South Kitsap leaders, 24-7 Prayer Room & Watch, State-wide and national thrusts
- **Communication:** Public Speaking, Articles & Books, *Revive America & Fanning the Flame* newsletters, *Fresh Fire* e-mail.
- **Mobilization:** Education for Africa – March, China/Mongolia – July, Renewal 2007 – September, Paradise – May 25, 2008, Beijing Olympics – July 2008, R&R Teams.

I am really excited about seeing God fill up these priorities with his presence, power, and direction. It's going to be an exciting year.

The movement called Paradise is really taking place quickly. A group of leaders has been dialoguing and praying about this large gathering of youth in Paradise, Kansas now scheduled for May 25, 2008. I believe it could a moment of revival for this generation. Richard Ross is the lead visionary and I trust him. Below is a message I sent today to the Steering Group to encourage them as we proceed.

Thanks for the great report and the wise words as we proceed--at Aslan's breath-taking pace. I'm all for the Warriors guarding the values and let others make decisions of the logo, etc. It was wonderful to be in this "revival chat-room" for the first phase, but now it's time to diversify to maximize our productivity and save Richard's sanity.

On the devotional side, God really spoke deeply to me about *Paradise* out of Psalm 27 this morning:

v. 1 - "The Lord is my light and my salvation--so why should I be afraid? The Lord protects me from danger--so why should I tremble?"

This generation lives in a time of great fear and danger from the collapse of family and culture and the beginning of a global jihad. Paradise will call them to the One who destroys all fear and dread

v. 4 - "The one thing I ask of the Lord--the thing I seek most--is to live in the house of the Lord all of my life, delighting in the Lord's perfections and meditating in his temple.

Isn't this the essence of Paradise? Inspiring youth to seek MOST to know, love, and worship God? Those fields in Kansas will be that very Temple where thousands of young people and adults will delight in God's perfections and be totally consumed in Him.

v. 5,6 - "For he will conceal me when trouble comes, he will hide me in his sanctuary. He will place me out of reach on a high rock. Then I will hold my head high."

Great difficulties are coming to the world in this century. Yet God will protect this generation and allow them to triumph with heads held high.

v. 6 - "At his Tabernacle I will offer sacrifices with shouts of joy, singing and praising the Lord."

This is another refrain back to the worship experience of Paradise.

v.7 - "Listen to my pleading O Lord. Be merciful and answer me! My heart has heard you say, 'Come and talk with me.' And my heart responds, 'Lord I am coming.'"

What a beautiful picture of the prayer aspect of Paradise. We will be pleading for His Presence, His Awakening, for more of Himself. And he will whisper (or maybe thunder) to thousands that he invites us to talk. And our response? Lord- let the conversation begin!

v. 9,10 - "You have always been my helper. Don't leave me now; don't abandon me, O God of my salvation! Even if my father and mother abandon me, the Lord will hold me close."

Do you hear God's precious words to the most abandoned generation of all time? He will not fail them as many of their parents did. He will hold them close.

v. 11 - "Teach me how to live, O Lord. Lead me along the path of honesty."

Out of Paradise will come a tremendous call and empowering to a holy life. God will teach this generation how to live before him. A highway of purity in honesty and transparency will be the tarmac.

v. 13 - "Yet I am confident that I will see the Lord's goodness while I am here in the land of the living."

The revival IS coming. God's goodness will be SEEN by this generation.

v. 14 - "Wait patiently for the Lord. Be brave and courageous. Yes, wait patiently for the Lord."

These are the final marching orders. With great faith and courage God will call this generation to seek him fervently (wait) until he reveals Himself, changes their lives and changes this world.

May God's words bring you encouragement. I am with you in heart and soul.

Christ is all!

Ron

March 4, 2007 - 19,632 - 11,378

It's my dad's 87th birthday, and in my quiet time this morning, I had a warm time of memories and reflection on the gift of my dad to me. **I have learned many godly lessons from him: Importance of family, giving and generosity, hard work, and having the faith and will to climb the mountains of life. Lord- richly bless my dad today and continue to prepare him for his graduation to eternal rest.**

The last few months have not been easy for me. Pioneering the new US Renewal Ministries focus has at times seemed like plodding through mud. Birthing new things is I've done all my life, but it doesn't get easier as we age. For these first few month it's seems like I've been spending a lot of money and not taking any in.

That needs to be turned around. There are many burdens to face of finances, trips, events, and miracles that are needed. **When I was young, I seemed to operate by energetic**

faith—almost a natural quality that was God’s gift to me. Now that I’m in my fifties, it seems that faith is move will and courage driven. But none-the-less, I must live by FAITH--“without which it is impossible to see God.”

During the past few days, I believe God has clarified for me the vision for church renewal and making an impact in WA State. The name I’m using right now is WA R&R, because there are many parallels with the story of Gideon and today’s need to arise and conquer some modern-day foes of God. Here is the summary:

Washington R&R

Mobilizing the Faith Community to impact the state of Washington

METHOD

1. R&R Teams – “Renewal and Reformation Teams”

“We need a new kind of R&R in the American Church.”

- Helping to raise up church ministry teams that unite intercessors and activists to seek RENEWAL in their congregations and REFORM in WA culture and government.
- Need 30 churches in each Leg District to participate.
- Need a motivated church leader and at least ten members.

THREE PRIORITIES

1. *Seek the Lord*

- Pray for the pastor and congregation (revival)
- Partners – Sound the Alarm & various prayer networks

2. *Adopt a Leader*

- During Leg. Session (90-105 days) send a team to Olympia for a half day three times a month to “cover” and encourage your rep or senator, prayer for our leaders, and become educated on the issues of our state.
- Gideon’s 300 – 3 people a day times 98 leg districts.
- Partners – YWAM USRM, Focus on the Family, Daniel’s House

3. *Vote and Serve*

- Register your congregation to vote.
- Serve a felt need in the community
- Be a part of the PCA Alert action network
- Partners – Positive Christian Agenda

I really believe this is one of the most important things I can give myself to for this stage in my life. In fact, if I prioritized the three most important things I should focus on right now, I would say they are:

- Speaking and writing - my God-given gifts
- WA R&R - the call to revival and reformation
- China outreaches 07-08- involvement in world evangelism.

Lord, help me to be faithful to these dreams of yours, to place you first in their pursuit, and have great faith to do your works in them all. It was exciting to publish the new *Revive America* newsletter this week as a part of this new era. I ask you to bring revival to my life, the Church, and our state and nation.

Richmond, Virginia

March 13, 2007 - 19, 641 - 11,367

I have just returned from a good trip to Richmond, VA from a YWAM North American Leadership Council meeting. It was great to be with forty old friends in mission and the younger generation of leaders. I am grateful to have served in YWAM for over 33 years—that made me one of the old timers there. We especially focused on what are our North American values (Truth, Unity, Passionate Obedience, and Fruitfulness)—and then came up with what our marketing message should be (Meaningful, Authentic, Dynamic, and Innovative). It was a fruitful time of prayer and strategic thinking.

Port Orchard, Washington

Yesterday I celebrated my 54th birthday, surrounded by much love and family and friends. The day began with an intimate quiet time, especially focusing on the words of Psalm

71. Very precious to me. In the evening we had a nice dinner with the family and I really enjoyed the expressions of love. We also made it Megan's birthday and that was fun to share with her. She gave me a very meaningful book on father-daughter relationships which really means a lot to me. Praise the Lord for the reassurance that I possess in close, family love and friendship. **As I turn over another year, I dedicate my being to His purposes. There are many challenges—both on the personal and world front—but HE can help me triumph in Christ. He is my life.**

Seattle, Washington

March 31, 2007 - 19,659 - 11,349

I have just returned from a very significant trip to West Africa with Jonathan Stone. Its purpose was to scope out our ministry there and pray about how to contribute to reaching the Wolofs of Senegal and the Gambia. I had not been to Africa in any meaningful way for over thirty years—so it was a delight to be back again on African soil for nearly two weeks. My heart is here on this continent.

Just prior to the trip I attended a two-day Christ College with David Bryant, Steve Hall, and about 100 other leaders from around the US. It was a very motivating time. David has really tapped into the need to uplift the supremacy of Christ as crucial to the future of the Church in America around the world. We need to know Jesus for who he really is—and that revelation and corresponding change of lifestyle will be part of a great revival in our culture. I whole-heartedly concur.

Lord Jesus—may You get bigger and bigger in my own life as I seek to serve you! You are my all-in-all. One practical application of the college has been to get three new Bibles and begin yellow marking every passage that points to Christ and his supremacy. Jason and Ryan are joining me in this new devotion—and that will be good for all of us.

Yoff & Dakar, Senegal

Now to the African saga. Jonathan and I flew out on Monday, March 19, and after a five-hour flight to Atlanta and a **nine-hour crossing across the Atlantic, we arrived in Dakar, the capital of Senegal. It was a very direct route to the Dark Continent.** A long time Norwegian YWAMer in that part of the world named Gunilla picked us up at the airport and took us a short distance to the port village of Yoff where she had secured a room at a local hostel. It was a very primitive “Honeymoon Suite” that we were to enjoy for a few days.

After settling in, we took a long walk around the area, soaking in the sights and sounds of this Muslim fishing village. Yoff is a tight maze of concrete buildings and shacks with garbage and rubble everywhere. The streets aren't paved, but totally built on sand and dirt that is often hard to negotiate in a car. There are goats and horse-carts wandering the streets along with a few cars and the teeming masses of people—most of them children. We prayed as we walked the area and got acclimatized to the African culture.

Unexpectedly, the temperature was mild, almost cool. That was to be a blessing for the first few days of our trip. We had a meal with Gunilla at her flat in the evening, and then turned in for the night to catch up on our sleep. Other than the noise from the ever-present mosques and the planes that screamed overhead from the nearby airport, we slept well.

Goree Island, Senegal

The next day we took a wild taxi ride into town and visited Goree Island, which was the main hopping off point for the slave trade in the 1700s. It is a small island off the Dakar coast, a fifteen-minute ferry ride from downtown. It was established in 1481 by the Portuguese and was the main thoroughfare for slavery from West Africa between 1536 and 1848. All in all, 15-20 million human beings were trafficked through these infamous halls to the destinies of death at sea or a life of servitude. It was awesome to walk the grounds and think about the gross injustice of slavery. It really moved me—more than I anticipated.

Disembarking on the island, a local boy hustled us to give the tour of the island. The island itself is 90 meters by 300 meters and still has 1500 people that live there—1000 of them are Muslim and 500 are Christian. (We visited the Catholic Church there which was the first church in all West Africa.) The heart of the “tour” is the main stockade area where 300 men, women and children were held for weeks at a time in primitive circumstances—almost like caves—awaiting their fate.

Children were separated from their parents—women from men—and the only way to freedom off the island was when one of the African women were raped by the slaved masters and she became pregnant. In the center of the compound was the famous “Door of No Return” where the slaves were marched on the ships that would take them into bondage. (We learned from the movie “Amazing Grace” that the holds on the ships for each slave was only 18 inches by 48 inches—a tiny prison where many died or laid in the vomit and refuse for weeks during the ocean passage.) We prayed in this portal for God to have mercy. It was at this very spot in 1992 that Pope John Paul apologized to the African people for the evils of the slave trade. Both Presidents Clinton and Bush have visited Goree Island.

The tour took a few hours as we climbed the hill, visited the batteries, and interacted with the African merchants. I was very touched by our day on Goree Island and pledged my

life again to God to work for **freedom in the 21st century**. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for courageous leaders like William Wilberforce who helped to ban slavery many years ago. Yet, it is still in our world in other forms. Help us to be faithful in our time.

Dakar, Senegal

On March 21-23 we attended the Wolof Consultation with about 150 locals, missionaries and international reps. The meetings were held at the Baptist facilities in the city—a nice compound. The days were filled with teachings and reports about the work among the Wolof, some good worship times, and prayer together.

A highlight for me was meeting Claudio, a Swiss guy, who works at a home for Wolof kids called the “Monkey Boys” where they are discipling the young guys and teaching them trades. I bought my **souvenirs** [still hangs in my office at FDIU] from them to contribute to their work. One lunch time I shared quite extensively with one of the boys named Djiby Ndiaye. He was a Muslim who was very open to the Gospel. In the evenings we often went out to eat with our missions friends from Kitsap County. One such night even included an American diplomat from the US embassy. She was sharp and committed to Africa.

One morning while in Dakar, I had my quiet time at the beach. It was very quiet, however as thousands of locals were there to fish and take the catch to market. It was quite a sight. It is the Lebu tribe that lives in this area and they are very industrious. I prayed for their salvation.

On Saturday we took a bush taxi to the Gambian border with a woman Gambian pastor. It was another wild ride through warm temperatures and questionable roads. I prayed for the villages as we drove, the trip taking about five hours. Sam, our YWAM missionary in The Gambia, met us at the border and we took the ferry across the river to Banjul, the Gambian capital. It was a long, hot day.

Banjul, the Gambia

After a reunion with Sam’s family (Vickie, and their kids Jeshu and Debbie), we were placed in our second honeymoon suite at the Palm Beach resort. It is a very nice hotel right on the Atlantic. We had some nice days here. I especially enjoyed having my devotional times right on the beach and then having a good English breakfast of porridge, bread, butter and jam, and assorted other goodies.

Our first Sunday in the Gambia was spent in five different meetings. First, I spoke at the Rehoboth Church pastured by Francis Forbes. It is one of the largest churches in Banjul and has a definite western mega-church flavor. Next stop was a smaller congregation called Amazing Grace, pastured by a man named Moses. We had a great service there challenging the local believers to step out for God. That service was translated into Wolof. During the afternoon we shared in a Two Bob fellowship of missionaries which was quite good. The missionaries here are very committed to reaching the Muslims for Christ.

Then I gave a lengthy message at a charismatic fellowship that was a part of a Catholic Church. In the evening we attended a lengthy service at Trinity United Methodist Church which was celebrating the 200th year anniversary of the abolition of the slave trade. It was an interesting mixture of evangelical fervor and liberation theology. It was a privilege to be there on that special occasion.

Monday was somewhat of a down day working on visa details, visiting the market in Banjul and sharing with a woman banker named Regina who had many insights on ministry in this nation. In the evening we fellowshiped with Sam's family and began preparations for leaving for our ultimate destination—the north bank of The Gambia and the village of Memmeh.

Memmeh, the Gambia

We took an early ferry across the river and I enjoyed some conversations with Muslims on the trip. A businessman named Sulaman was especially open to the Gospel. Arriving on the other side, we boarded back into Sam & Vickie's camper/van and traveled 41 kilometers to the village of Memmeh where Sam & Vickie run a pre-school and minister in the community. I have prayed for this place for years, and now it is a delight to be here.

Two young Gambian men—Samuel and Long—are the main teachers here and are doing a good work. It was hot and dusty, but I enjoyed seeing the school building and staff housing areas and taking a walk by the river. In the afternoon, we visited many homes in the village, talking and praying for people. We began by meeting the chief—Accale Kan—who has three wives and many children. He welcomed us to the village.

One family we visited had a teenage girl named Cora that had recently become a secret believer. (Many people in these nations are believers in secret because they will be total outcasts in their families and culture if they convert to Christ. There's a very real price to discipleship.) There are a couple of Catholic homes in the village, but they are sequestered outside the main area in a blatant form of discrimination. We talked and prayed with many, learned how to beat millet into flour, watched the women and children haul water and work in

the gardens, and watched the men building some mud homes. It was over 100 degrees—but it was a wonderful afternoon of ministry.

The next day was our main day of sharing the Good News. We began with two hours of prayer from 6-8 am—with much singing and expressions of faith. In the late morning we visited the Baptist compound at Ndungu Kebbeh—a great work that is dying and that we would love to resurrect. We need God to lead us in this possible project. In the afternoon we had a session with the thirty pre-school kids including a presentation by a CEF couple, and then I gave a lengthy message on moral character to the older students who were 99% Muslim and very open.

They asked me many pointed questions at the end and seemed to be open to the power of the Gospel. We prayed for many of them and even gave some prophetic words. The day wrapped up with some reports on the work, many expressions of thanks, and a wonderful African meal together.

Late in the night, we made our way back to the ferry and began the trip back to the south bank. On the ferry I miraculously ran into Sulaman again who was returning from Dakar. This was an incredible divine appointment. I again shared Christ with him. As I talked, a man to his left suddenly entered the conversation and expressed an interest in the things of God.

His name was Roman, and he had married a Swedish girl, lived in Europe some years, and then returned recently to Africa to “find his roots.” I shared with him about the Lord Jesus and prayed with him. These are two men that I want to pray into the Kingdom of God.

Banjul, the Gambia

The next morning, we had a final de-brief with Sam & Vickie and then boarded the plane back to Dakar—a half hour flight and great improvement on the bus taxi. In the afternoon we met with the Dakar YWAM team (saw Gary and Anka Tiessing there—they are the North Africa directors of YWAM) and then had dinner with Brian Steele’s family in the evening. He is the doctor that runs YWAM’s city clinic. It is a great place of mercy and evangelistic ministry.

At midnight we went to the airport and after waiting until about 4 am, flew out of Dakar for Atlanta. It was a nine-hour flight. We then flew on to Seattle and arrived home on March 30, at about 3 pm.

I learned much from this trip. We will pray about ways to support our missionaries. We will pray for breakthroughs among the Wolofs and other Muslim peoples; We MUST press in for Christ’s exaltation on the African continent. Come, Lord Jesus.

Port Orchard, Washington

April 1, 2007 - 19,660 - 11,348

The Lord graciously encouraged me out of Psalm 91 this morning:

“Those who live in the shelter of the Most High will find rest in the shadow of the Almighty... He alone is my refuge, my place of safety; he is my God, and I am trusting him. He will:

Rescue, protect, shield, shelter and be my armor and protection.

“Do not be afraid of the terrors of the night, nor fear the dangers of the day, nor dread the plague that stalks in darkness... I will rescue those who love me. and I will protect those who trust in my name.”

Lord—I run to the shelter of your security. Thank you for your amazing covering and love.

April 13, 2007 - 19,671 - 11,337

I have really been inspired by reading about and thinking on the life influence of William Wilberforce. God really used him to change England and the world in his day by focusing on the “reformation of morals” and “abolishing the slave trade.” This morning I was thinking about **three great reformation foci for the remainder of my life**. They include:

- Freeing the Children - Ending Abortion
- Freeing Taxpayers - Abolishing the IRS
- Freeing Muslims - Reforming Islam

This are big goals, but I serve a BIG GOD and he is worthy of these pursuits—for his glory.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

April 24, 2007 - 19,682 - 11,326

I’m enjoying a very encouraging week in Santa Fe, New Mexico at the biennial North American Leader’s Conference. There are about 250 leaders here from all over the US and Canada and it has been a rich time of renewing old friendships and making new ones.

On Sunday before the main conference started, I spoke at The Light at Mission Viejo—formerly Capital Christian Center—where my friend, Ron Sebesta, is the pastor. They have built a beautiful complex on the south side of the city. I spoke on “Is This the Generation?” and there was a great response. Very possibly they will send a team with us next year to the Beijing Olympics. Thank you, Lord, that your word never returns without touching, motivating, and changing lives.

The theme for this year’s conference is “He is not Tame, but He is Good.” The meetings have been very open ended with much prayer, prophecy, and ministry one to another. We are believing God for a great move of His Spirit in YWAM—and that movement has begun at our gathering.

Last night, during a powerful time of worship and ministry, three individuals came up to me and prayed over my life. The first was Curtis Allen that I had not seen for many years. He prophesied that God would raise up my voice in these latter years in greater strength and power than in the former. I was very encouraged by his words. Then Wick Nease came over the prayed for me that I would be a William Wilberforce in this generation. I told him that was a great confirmation after seeing the movie and being on Goree Island about a month ago.

The tears flowed as I also prayed for a new and powerful anointing upon his life. Finally, Steve Niles also prayed for God to use me in this nation. I am humbled and greatly encouraged by these confirmations. Prior to tonight, I had been feeling a little alone and circumspect at the gathering, but today my faith is strong and vibrant.

As a mission, we prayed for God to unite us in one big “house” and to make us come to life for his harvest during this time. That theme carried over today as the worship and prayer continued. We are allowing God to work outside of a pre-programmed structure. and it has allowed his presence and power to flow. Lord Jesus, continue to come refine, and awaken Youth With A Mission to fulfill your assignment in this generation.

Yesterday Richard Ross flew into town and after a little meal at the Sebestas, we drove out to Glorieta. Before the evening service we were able to meet with Peter Iliyn and Darlene Cunningham and the team and pray with them over the evening. Then after a powerful worship time, Richard shared the vision of Paradise like only the visionary can. After his message, there were many prayers from around the room and Peter asked all the younger YWAMers to come forward and pray for him.

That led to an explosion of prayer and praise at the front that went on for nearly an hour. People were deeply moved and spoken to by God. “Could this be the moment we have been crying out for regarding revival in America?” I was deeply challenged myself as to what my level of involvement must be. Speak your assignment, Lord Jesus. I will obey.

On Thursday the NALC awakening continued with more powerful worship, prayer, and God moving in our midst. At noon I drove to the Light at Mission Viejo and spoke to a men's luncheon group on Cain and Abel, the need to reject fear and live by faith. It was well accepted except for a few that didn't like my comments on global warming. Good lesson is being bold—no matter what. Tonight, we will have a Q&A time on Paradise prior to the evening capstone service. This has been a wonderful time in the hills of Glorieta.

I received the personal affirmations of the Lord at this conference, from the three mentioned above and from many others including Darlene Cunningham. I truly feel that "I'm back" in favor as a YWAM leader and must use my gift to encourage and bless our mission.

YWAM is in an important time of revival and alignment for future growth and expansion. I believe we will pass the tests that are ahead and explode into fruitful ministry.

Paradise may be the moment we have been waiting for all our lives. I will pray about how I can be used of God to mobilize our mission and around the nation to see God's purposes achieved.

I must continue to walk forward in faith regarding the challenges of life and ministry. Christ must be all in all! It's a closer walk with Him that I desire more than anything else.

Washington, D.C.

May 5, 2007 - 19,693 - 11,315

I returned today from my annual trek to Washington DC for the Youth Ministry Executive Council and the National Day of Prayer. I am spending my final few hours at the home of Ken and Pat Smith before I return my rental car and fly to the west coast.

It's been a tremendous week in God. I arrived on Tuesday night from Seattle on a non-stop flight and after getting my car headed for the Bolger Center in Potomac, Maryland for YMEC conference. We had a good first evening together with the forty odd leaders that were there. This year's theme focused on raising up the emerging young leaders in our respective organizations. I have been going to these meeting for over fifteen years now and though there are many new leaders getting on board, the fellowship with old and new is always precious.

On Wednesday we continued our deliberations. In the afternoon a few of us spent three hours talking and praying about the Paradise vision—that was very strategic. In the evening the vision was shared with the group, and I believe they will get behind God's desire to bring together the youth of the nation.

Thursday morning, I met Mark Siljander in the House Dining Room on Capitol Hill for breakfast. We had a great time together as Mark shared with him about his upcoming book on Islam and the insights God has given him. He believes there are many ways to bridge the gaps between Islam and the God's truth that are evident from studying the Aramaic languages and Arabic languages. He believes that both the Bible and the Koran teach the same things about Jesus being the "Son" of God, about the Father, Jesus the Messiah and the H.S. (the Trinity), and monotheism. I will pray for the success of his book.

It was good to be in the capital, to be in prayer there, and begin the day with a good friend. I also got to meet a few other representatives and take my annual stroll over to 133 C Street.

The main NDP meetings lasted from noon to about 3:30pm in the Cannon Building. It was encouraging to talk with many friends from the local area and around the world. The event itself was a fabulous time of inspiration and prayer. Chuck Swindoll gave a stirring word, Rep. Marilyn Musgrave of Colorado shared with powerful prayer testimony (what a lady in Congress), and probably the highlight for me was hearing Mississippi Chief Justice Jim Smith, a powerful Pentecostal, talk of his faith and desire for righteousness and justice to return to our land. We prayed silently, together, on our knees, and praised the God who can "unite" us and bring revival to our land. Great God of the Universe – hear our prayers.

I went straight from the Capitol Hill event to the city celebration with Corinthia Boone and the other pastors and leaders. The city event was shorter this year, and it was a little cooler in the outdoors, but it was also a powerful time of praise, proclamation, and praying for our youth. I sensed the leading of the Holy Spirit to share the Paradise vision with the crowd and pray for the youth of America. I asked Corinthia to forgive me afterwards for preaching. (She said she trusted me.)

I pray that many young people will come from the capital area to meet with God in Kansas on May 25, 2008. I also met Immanuel Burgess and his mother (the young man who had prayed for me last year) at this year's event and it was wonderful to see them, pray for them and chat for awhile. May your hand of protection and blessing be upon that boy, my Lord and God.

On Friday I had a fruitful breakfast with Pastor Bill Jeschke and got acquainted with Pastor Vernon Dean of Christian Assembly over lunch. At dinner time I rendezvoused in NE DC with the YWAM team now located in the city on Rhode Island Ave. We shared a meal together and I shared the history of YWAM in the area, spoke to them some words of counsel and encouragement and we prayed together.

This was a highlight of my trip. Looking into their passionate youthful eyes is like going back thirty years to the time when the Renewal Team arrived in the capital to help coordinate the Washington For Jesus rally. They are young, zealous, prayerful and committed.

Lord—establish the work of their hands in this city. Give us lasting fruit in this area. My final day ended with a good reunion with the Cresswells in Manassas. We hope to meet up with them in California during the summer.

I return home to the challenges and opportunities of the summer and the coming months. Lord, I ask for your gracious provision, for the fire of revival to burn in my heart, and for great fruit in ministry. As the years go by, your grace and love become more and more precious to me. May I be faithful to leading and Lordship.

Discovery Bay, Washington

May 27, 2007 - 19,715 - 11,293

We've just finished a very good King's Kids weekend at Discovery Bay Camp. The Memorial Day weekend theme was *God's Secret Agents* and it was attended by about thirty kids and fifteen staff. It was a joy for me to be with Ryan and Jason.

As in many KK's weekends, there was good worship, prayer, focus on the nations, and evangelism in the community. I even gave a concluding message called *The DaBoehme Code: QT-ET-OT*. It focused on making prayer the center of your life through a consistent *Quiet Time (QT), Everywhere, all-the time prayer (ET), and through Praying with Others (OT)*. I hope all the outreach participants "remember to follow the code."

I really enjoyed the outreach to Port Townsend which included a free car wash, handing out treats and bottled water, and a prayer scavenger hunt. Ryan and Jason really grew through the weekend, and it was good preparation for our summer outreach trip to China and Mongolia. (Our team now numbers eight members and we are very excited about ministering in these nations that are upon the heart of God.)

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for the extremely valuable ministry of King's Kids. This weekend brought back some great memories with our other kids in past years. May they never forget how they encountered and served you through this valuable ministry.

Port Orchard, Washington

June 7, 2007 - 19,725 - 11,283

It's a mundane subject, but I don't want to fail to list here the way God has provided for *the repair of our failed septic system*. It was just recently finished after a long wait—and cost us \$24,000 to put in. I was really sweating borrowing all that money for this fix, and as we

neared the start date my dad saw an article in the paper about a group (Shore Bank) that was making low interest loans to people who were upgrading their septic systems.

I ended up driving to Shelton, WA to meet the people and was really impressed with their program. To make a long story short, in the end, they completely financed our septic repair (done by Butch's Bulldozing, Belfair, WA) on a 2% loan that requires no payments until we sell the house. What a timely miracle. I thank God for the provision—and my dad for his faithful eye to help.

Woodland Hills, California

June 24, 2007 - 19,749 - 11,259

We just finished our fifth family vacation with the boys in Woodland Hills, CA. It is always good to be with them. We drove non-stop to LA in a rental car, had about twelve days with Nathan, David, Aaron and Robert at their Versailles, and enjoyed Disneyland and hanging out with them under some beautiful CA sun. Much of the time was spent reading around the pool and letting Ryan and Jason romp with their bros. They seem to have a great relationship—and for that, Shirley and I are very grateful.

These trips are not easy for me, however, as I am deeply concerned over their spiritual state. They have really taken on a worldly lifestyle in LA that shows in the décor and use of their apartment, their habits and time commitments, and their self-absorbed lifestyles that are not easy to penetrate. They talk about a relationship with God, but they do not attend church, or do much of anything to further their spiritual growth or their pursuit of the kingdom of God. This deeply troubles me, and I alternated between feeling separate from them, and looking for ways to minister to and encourage them.

The greatest thing we can do is pray—and in this I will remain faithful. We love them very much and want God's highest for their lives. May they fall on their faces and find you, O Lord. No amount of earthly riches or notoriety can compare with the joy and privilege of relationship with you. Please move in their lives—and bring them back to You.

Silverdale, Washington

July 1, 2007 - 19,756 - 11,252

I came home with a nasty bug from CA and on Sunday night it developed into a full-blown laryngitis that lasted for days. I wasn't sure whether I'd be able to speak to the Fourth of July Celebration in Silverdale on July 1 and really prayed about it. By Sunday, the Lord had

healed my throat and I spoke my life message “Who Will Stand for Freedom?” (When Free Men Shall Stand) to the folks at Crossroads Neighborhood Church.

There was a tremendous response to the word with my books nearly selling out and the combined honorarium and book sales coming to over \$1500. This was quite a miracle as I’d said to Ryan and Jason that I would use all the proceeds of the day for their missions trip. I was thinking about \$250 would come in. Instead, one person purchased a book for \$1000. Ryan was thrilled –and God be praised.

The Lord really confirmed to me today that *my life message is WHEN FREE MEN SHALL STAND. I have been giving that message for over thirty years, and I want to be faithful to speak it to the end of my life.* Thank you, Father, for entrusting it to me. May I not only be faithful with its delivery—I pray that it’s prophetic call to revival before terminal judgment would come true.

Hong Kong, (China)

July 12, 2007 – 19,768 - 11,240

GATEWAY CAMP

Another summer adventure has begun. Our China/Mongolia team of eight (Laura Lease, Kristin Haugland, Ryan & Jason, Andrew Kruse, Jon Cresswell and Breanna Hemsley and I) is now safely in Hong Kong. We had uneventful flights from Seattle to Seoul and then on to Hong Kong, arriving about 10:30pm and ferried to the site of the **Gateway Camp at Baptist University** about midnight. It was great to fall into bed after seventeen hours of flying. The kids really liked the Boeing 777 that we took from Seattle to Seoul. It had an amazing multi-media consul in each seat where you could watch about ten movies any time you liked, there was music, games—all kinds of stuff. Made the trip pass quickly.

On Saturday we got up and had breakfast in the dorm cafeteria which is between the two student towers where the dorm rooms are. There’s a variety menu that’s not bad. After breakfast we got direction to the subway and did our “tour of the city.” It was hot and muggy on the streets, probably 90 degrees or so with 80% humidity. Took us about fifteen minutes to walk to the subway and then we took it a few stops to a “famous” shopping area called “Ladies Market.” All the moms would enjoy this place—a large Asian style bazaar on narrow streets where things are a good price and you can bargain for everything. The kids had fun shopping while drinking water and trying to stay cool. At least when you get on the subway there’s a cool breeze that is refreshing.

After shopping we traveled back on the subway, under the harbor, and over to Hong Kong Island. Hong Kong has a mainland portion and an island portion. These areas contain almost seven million people and there are skyscrapers everywhere. Due to the scarcity of space, this city goes UP not out. On the island we found a double-decker bus (and driving on the left here like in Britain. HK was a British colony for 150 years until 1997.) The bus took us on an incredible 30-minute ride winding up the hills to the high point overlooking the harbor. At the top is an amazing visitor's center where escalators take you up and up to an observation deck where there is a breath-taking view of this skyscraper city and harbor.

We had a good time interceding for HK on the observation deck and took some good photos. Then we boarded another DD bus and went back down to HK Island Central. On the street there, we found the Shanghai Restaurant, a swanky place that allowed us to come in for an authentic Chinese meal. We sat around a large eight-person table with a console in the middle that spun around. We ordered about eight Chinese dishes (including a fish plate that included the fish's head with a cherry tomato for the eye.). The kids all did well in sampling all the Chinese food—and ate with chopsticks.

After the meal, we made our way down to the waterfront where at eight pm the whole city seems to stop and do a laser show and a few fireworks. Many of the skyscrapers on Hong Kong Island put on an amazing display of flashing and moving lights and lasers being sent into the sky. I think they do this every night at 8. We were weary, but it was a good way to end the day. We then made our way back on the subway. Being in the teeming masses and heat all day wasn't easy, but it was a very enjoyable look at Hong Kong and prayers for China.

We even had a few witnessing opportunities which were good. All day God sent us "angels" to guide us throughout the city. (As a leader, I'm always glad when this day is over because it's a nightmare trying to lead a time through crowded streets and subways where you've never gone before, and you don't know where you're going. God helped and protected us, and I believe it was an excellent team bonding day.)

After a good night's sleep, we left this morning at 8:15 am and again traversed the subway system back onto Hong Kong Island and into a skyscraper where "The Vine" Church had a 9:30am service. It was a very modern international church with two English pastors. We enjoyed a great service and a good message about the "Rain of God." I think everyone enjoyed it—along with the drinks and free lattes they received as first-time visitors.

The service ended about 11:30am and we walked back over a skywalk into the rotunda of the largest skyscraper in HK—the IFC building—where there are zillions of shops. Spotting a McDonalds, we treated the kids to their last America meal in a while. (Tomorrow, we begin eating the Chinese food at the Camp. There are British offerings, but most of us, including the teens, are "going Asian" to really live the local culture.) We got back to the university about

12:30 and we gave the kids the afternoon off. They hung out, had a worship time together and looked around the campus.

We will meet back together about 6 pm for dinner (downstairs) and then take a ten-minute walk across campus to Munsang College where all the main meetings will be. There are twelve hundred people here for the Gateway Camp. It's going to be very exciting.

We are enjoying the dorm rooms here. They are very nice and have window air conditions. The bathrooms aren't air-conditioned, so they're hot and muggy, along with the hallways, but that's okay. Each room has two rock hard beds, desks, ward-robos—just like a college dorm-room. We share bathrooms with another room. Most of us are on the sixth floor and I don't yet have a roommate. Maybe they're going to be nice to the old guy. My room connects to Jason and Jon's so I can keep an eye on them. Andrew and Ryan are straight across the hall. The girls are one floor up with Kjirsten and Breanna sharing a room (right now the messiest one) and Laura is in with Becky Burns in the adjoining one. We haven't seen Becky and Amanda Pudwill yet, but I'm sure they're busy bees somewhere on the Camp staff.

Last night (Sunday) was the beginning of the Gateway Camp. There are about sixty teams here from thirty nations numbering about 500, and another 600 local Chinese kids bringing the total to about 1100. We're all staying here at the Baptist University. The sessions are being held about a fifteen-minute walk away through a very pretty park-like athletic field area. The site is a Middle School that is called Munsang. It is a pretty large complex of multi-buildings that is probably 20-30 years old.

The first meeting last night was quite electric with a crammed hall of praising, screaming kids. Unfortunately, when you put that much energy into a fairly compact space it kind of overwhelms the AC system, so it was actually quite hot—a test for us all. (I think it might have been 85 degrees in the room.) We're still getting over jet lag a bit and so last night was a little of a “hitting the wall” time—but I'm very proud of this team. They don't complain—they just persevere. God will reward them for that.

The evening began with a fantastic Performing Arts group that welcomed everyone to their home city of Hong Kong. Everything is translated from the front into English and Chinese (Cantonese—the Chinese on the mainland speak Mandarin). Around the room and balcony are language groups with head sets where there is simultaneous translation going on in Russian, French, German, Spanish, Japanese, Korean etc. It's a little taste of heaven—but we're reminded that one day these languages will be folded into one language of praise and understanding to God.

Dale Kauffman, the founder and international director of King's Kids, gave the opening teaching—calling the kids to this kairos moment in history where God is pouring out his Spirit on China and linking this generation's destiny to it. The evening ended with thunderous praise that went on until about 10:30pm. We were very tired—but enjoyed the opening vision and

worship. Then we are walked back through the park in the muggy weather back to our air-conditioned rooms. PTL.

This morning we began what will be our daily routine for the rest of the week. We got up about 6:30am, cleaned up, and walked over to the Munsang campus where we picked up our food and went to our assigned classroom. All the teams are sharing rooms where we bring picnic containers that have box breakfast, lunches and dinners. We sit on the floor or outside and eat our Chinese breakfast of noodles and other things we don't recognize. Yesterday we had a few "teachable moments" on eating the food set before us, and today the teenagers seemed to do a little better. Then after a team devotion and prayer time centered around the holiness of God, we joined with the throngs in the hall for the opening session which again had great worship and a focus on God's character, holiness, and learning to have a healthy fear of our Creator. This is a neglected truth in today's world and our team seemed to respond very appropriately to it.

After a break, we had a mini-session on intercessory prayer and then broke for lunch—which consisted of rice and pork ribs. Very good. We then walked back to the university where we asked the kids to nap, journal and do "quiet things" in their air-conditioned rooms to renew their strength. I don't want us to be so wiped out here that we're burned out when we arrive in Mongolia. Good teams need to learn how to pace themselves—so we felt today was a good day for some naps. I think we will do this every day to help the kids handle the heat. We're scheduled to be at Munsang all day, but I think that would be too much. You shouldn't kill the missionaries while they're still in training.

I'm typing this to you (4pm on Monday), the team is in an upstairs room working on the Redeemer drama until 5pm. Then we'll walk back to Munsang, have dinner in our rooms and then join the evening session. So today is a routine day.

July 17, 2007 – 19,773 – 11,235

We're having a lot of trouble connecting to the Internet (it's frustrating), but we're having no trouble connecting with God at the Gateway Camp. It's been another phenomenal day of worship, teaching, making new friends and ministry preparation for Mongolia. I'll type this off-line and hope I can get it to you later. The highlight of today was today was hearing from David Wong, the director of Asia Outreach and probably the world's foremost spiritual authority on China. We gave us the "Seven 7's of China" that relates to the great move of God that happened in that nation since 1947. We are learning a lot about the Chinese destiny in world evangelism and how we can be a part of it.

I'm busy with leader meetings for the Gateway Camp and helping Dale Kauffman when asked. Sleep has been fleeting and the temperamental internet has been a pain, but I'm thrilled with the growth in the kids and the vision being imparted here. Today, the teaching focused on China and a burden for lost souls. Please pray for us as we have our final day

tomorrow, culminating in a powerful worship of our Great God and celebration of our cultural gifts. There are people from 52 nations here and many will come tomorrow night in native dress. It should be a powerful conclusion to a life-changing week. Friday morning, we will leave for the airport about 8:30 am and finally get to Ulaanbaatar by 10pm. Then the ministry begins.

Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

July 20, 2007 – 19,776 – 11,232

We arrived safely in Mongolia after uneventful flights. There was a great group to meet us at the airport. What a joy. We got to our homes about midnight. Ron, Ryan and Jason are together, Andrew and Jon, Kjirsten and Bre, and Laura. We're all staying in apartments in UB. Weather here is wonderfully like the Northwest. They wanted me to preach this morning to a youth rally and I didn't have the heart to make the team come also. They are exhausted from the blessed but grueling time in Hong Kong, so I gave the morning off and asked them to sleep in and re-charge their batteries.

I spoke to 200-300 kids at 10am and then prayed for scores of them individually. About ten gave their lives to Christ for the first time and dozens responded to the call to missions. It was a powerful service that went on until 1pm. It was held at our host church--Living Word Christian Church here in UB. They bought a theater and have paid it off.

Darhan, Mongolia

I'm typing at an Internet cafe on the way to Darkhan. We arrive there about 7pm tonight, stay overnight and then minister in a church plant tomorrow and meet with YWAMers in the city. Tomorrow will be our first team performance. Sunday night we will return to UB and Monday we take a day trip to the country to minister at a prison. They have a full slate for us all week, and we're excited.

Our four goals here are: 1) Evangelism, 2) Discipleship of church kids, 3) Missions vision for the church, and 4) Helping to cast vision for a Gateway Camp next year in Mongolia.

July 22, 2007 – 19,778 – 11,230

We have just completed probably the most grueling, yet awesome days of the trip and our warrior kids and friends are pleasing the heart of God and bearing much fruit for his kingdom. Today, my host family--Pastor Bold and Dorchand--got Internet cable put into their apartment--so here I am sitting at the kitchen table on a beautiful Mongolian morning sending off a much easier e-mail to you. Praise the Lord for this provision. It will also allow me to send

a second e-mail with photos to give you a flavor of the ministry here. We have just finished two whirlwind days and I will describe them below.

DAY IN DARKHAN

In the afternoon on Saturday, we loaded into two vehicles (an SUV and an older van--vehicles that we're renting from people in the church) and began our three-hour trek north to the city of Darkhan (pronounced Darkhan--the "K" is silent in Mongolian). The road is decent to this second largest city in Mongolia (100,000 people - UB has one million). It gave the team their first view of the beautiful Mongolian countryside--the Steppes--that the Mongol hordes used to charge across conquering other nations.

This year they have had good rains and the fields and hills are greener than I can remember for many years. That is an answer to prayer. We passed many gers, flocks of sheep, goats, cows, and horses on our trip north (crossing the road at will--you have to be careful!). There were about thirteen of us as the host young people that our kids are staying with also go along with us. So great friendships are being formed with our kids and theirs.

We arrived in Darkhan about dinnertime and met our host group there and all went out to dinner for a large Mongol feast. The kids got to eat "Horshur" for the first time--kind of the Mongolian hamburger--which is beef that has a deep-fried breading around it. It was hot and we sweated up a storm in the restaurant but had good fellowship. The church in Darkhan is a one-year old church plant from the LWCC in UB and pastored by a 28-year man named Sodoo and his wife Gloria (English name). In a year's time, they have grown the work from the two of them to one hundred people. Sodoo is a disciple and close friend of Pastor Bold.

After the meal, they divided us up into homes and we went with our guests to fellowship and rest. Due to the awesome Mongol hospitality, most of us were given more food when we went to their apartments. Most of the team slept on the floor in the various places as the Mongol hosts gave up their "beds" (couches) for us. In my home, which was the home of a doctor, my hosts gave me the only bed in the house and the family of four slept on the living room floor. Would we Americans be that hospitable? There is much we can learn from the people of Mongolia.

The next morning, we rendezvoused as a team at a local park (very large--with Russian origins) for some team time and practice. We went into the old Communist Party booth in the run-down sports track where we could find a little shade and had good prayer, sharing, and intercession time. This is a very mature and "simple" team with no great complexities of personal attitudes or hang-ups. They just want to do it for God. Very refreshing. We then practiced Redeemer and the skits for the final time.

One interesting interlude was having Breanna and Jon do a 100-meter race on the track. Good fun. Many of you may not know that Bre is a young track star at Pt. Townsend high

school who won some medals at the state track meet as a freshman. She won the race--but Jon held his own. We all cheered.

Then we gathered again with our hosts and went to the church facility where the service started at 2 pm. LWCC-Darkhan shares a facility with Christian Fellowship Church--one of the first churches stated in Mongolia by Pastor Bat Ulzi in 1991. He is the lead singer of the band Hargui and this is the church we helped (with the lead of the Proctors) to set up a Christian recording studio a few years ago. I preached there at that time.

We had a wonderful service and the kids did Redeemer and another skit, Breanna shared her testimony and I spoke on "What It Means to Believe." Many people responded to the altar call, and after the service I probably prayed individually (with translation) over about fifty people. Powerful time of response to God's Word.

About 5 pm we all went out for another meal, this time accompanied by the local YWAM leader who is a Brazilian named Ronaldo Lamel. The YWAM work here is three years old and they are running DTSs and doing much ministry among the people. Ronaldo is a very visionary leader who's been in YWAM for 20 years. We had a great time hearing his vision, ministry, and heart for this part of the world. He then took us to the YWAM base which is a community called the "Battalion" which used to be the headquarters of the Russian army during the Communist days.

It's a rustic Darkhan "suburb" (slum?) where 10,000 people live. YWAM bought a building here and renovated it from the ground up. It has a great classroom and living accommodations for about seventy people. Kjirsten said it was nicer than the YWAM base in France. They have about twenty YWAM staff there. We prayed with them and formed a good bond for the future. Then we boarded our vehicles and began the three-hour trip back to UB. We arrived after midnight and got to bed about 1am.

OUR WILD MONGOLIAN ADVENTURE

Prison Ministry near Zuunkharaa

Every missions trip has its wild, unpredictable day where you go with the flow of God (and Mongolian life--eh Pastor Steve and Donna?). Well, Monday was our day. What a day. We got up early after a short night and left UB about 7am to travel five hours (north and west) to a prison for ministry. There were thirteen of us packed into a dilapidated van that was made for ten. Close fellowship. Two hours into the journey our vehicle broke down in the middle of nowhere. Our favorite phrase soon became "God has a purpose." After looking at the engine, we determined that we had serious cylinder problems and would need a new vehicle.

Thankfully one person's cell phone just barely had a connection and we made a call to find another van. While the Mongol leaders worked on this, our team decided to take a hike

about a mile across the fields to visit a Mongolian ger. We had decided that this was "God's plan" for us to see real life in the country. (We had been wondering when to schedule this type of cultural experience and God did it for us.) It was extremely hot as we trudged across the plateau with millions of bugs "bugging" us along the way.

After a hot and dusty trip, we arrived at the base of the mountain at a Mongol ger and were graciously invited in for milk tea, curds, and yogurt. It was wonderful to sit in the ger and hear about real Mongol life in the countryside. This family has a decent size "farm" with a well, many herds, and some fields planted with potatoes and other vegetables. The father is quite a country entrepreneur. He took great pride in showing us his farm and the kids enjoyed playing with the animals and the family kids and even shooting a few hoops at a primitive b-ball court.

The grandfather of the family (80 years old) was sick in bed in the ger. (Of course, the extended Mongol family lives in the ger--really two gers--probably fifteen people in two tents that are twelve feet in diameter.) The grandfather greatly appreciated the prayer--even though they are all Buddhists. We talked openly about faith in Jesus, and the mother said she would come to church and get a Bible when they come to UB. It was a wonderful time of ministry. We spent two hours there. Fantastic. Breanna would have ridden one of the horses, but it was a bit wild. We then went back to the broken-down van.

Because it had cooled off for a couple of hours, we were able to start it and limp it back about fifteen minutes toward UB and park it at a Mongol "rest stop." Since it was now about 1pm (and we'd already been gone six hours), Bold decided we needed to have a meal. (This was the answer to his prayers. Mongols like to eat. The answer to our prayers was visiting the Mongol ger.) We had a good meal ("boots" this time--kind of a dumpling with meat inside) and then waited and waited for the new van to arrive. It came about 3pm, and it was NOT a new van--but worse than the first. Its tires were bald, the bumper was almost off, the passenger door didn't work right, and there was a huge gap in the door that allowed dust to swirl all over the interior. Thus, began our wild, dusty adventure to the prison.

Bold had told me earlier that the final sixty kilometers to the prison was on bad roads and that it was going to be "very dusty" on the trip. That was an understatement--and I should have caught on earlier when all the Mongols put on hats and face-and-nose masks as we traveled. We also had no air-conditioning, were packed in like sardines, and it was the heat of the afternoon and probably about 90 degrees. The wild ride was about to begin.

When we turned off the main road, all that was ahead of us were dirty dusty paths that went on for miles in and around the mountains. I don't know how they knew where to go--there were no signs. The roads were steep, pot-holed, went through riverbeds, and were swirling with a powdery brown dust. We tried to keep the windows open, but then the compartment filled with dust. When we closed the windows, the inside of the vehicle felt like a

sauna. On top of that, the ride through the countryside was kind of like being on the Indiana Jones ride at Disneyland for two straight hours.

Kind of like riding a bucking bronco where your head hit the ceiling, and everybody held on to something. We were laughing, singing and praying outside, and I'm sure a few were crying on the inside and cursing the day they ever met me. But we persevered and arrived at the prison at about 5 pm--ten hours after we had left UB.

I imagine we were quite a sight as we emerged from the brown-coated van. (Some had to climb out of the windows because we couldn't get the door to work.) We probably resembled thirteen coal miners that just emerged from the mines covered head to toe in brown, not black dust. And we were here to minister. Shaking off as much dust as possible, we entered the prison and went to work.

First, a word about this place. I deliberately didn't tell the parents in advance the full story about this prison because I thought it might be wiser to live by the Leland Paris principle that states that "it's easier to get forgiveness than permission." If I'd asked in advance for your permission to go here, you'd probably have said no. This prison is THE maximum-security prison for violent criminals in Mongolia. It is a men's prison that is populated by murderers and rapists. There are 400 men within its twenty feet concrete walls.

And this was our assignment tonight: to share the Gospel with them. God was way ahead of us here as a man who is now associated with the LWCC has been here for twelve years and serves as a "pastor" for about forty inmates. God has given Bold such favor here that the warden has given them a room in the facility that they had beautifully decorated with a stage and a cross--the Jesus Room--and it serves as their chapel. It was our privilege to join in a work that God had already begun.

Bold had asked me whether I wanted the team to just minister to the Christian inmates or to the whole prison. Of course, I asked for the whole prison. So about 5:30pm they gathered all the inmates in the center courtyard where they squatted in the sun and we began our presentation--with guards rimming the crowd. The kids rose to the occasion and did the "Don't Touch" skit, Andrew gave his testimony, and I preached. I read from Psalm 51 and talked about how three of the greatest people of all time--Moses, David, and Paul, were all murderers, but God had redeemed their lives.

I wasn't allowed to give an altar call, but I told the prisoners clearly what to do to be saved. Many nodded their heads, and I believe the angels of heaven rejoiced over some broken and repentant hearts. After the large meeting we went to the "Jesus Room" where we sang some songs with the Christian inmates (they sang some to us too) and I shared a message from 2 Peter 1. I encouraged them to take the seven-character qualities found in this passage and focus on one each day of the week as they grew in Christ.

At the end, they also wanted us to pray for them individually, and I prayed with about thirty of them--and the kids also prayed for a number. After leaving the chapel, we had a quick (and good) meal with the warden and his staff and then got back into our brown bombshell about 8pm for the trip home. Again, it was a wild and dusty ride--this time in partial darkness as it got dark about 10pm.

We sang, chatted, talked, napped, and licked the dust off our lips while rejoicing in the privilege of serving God. We arrived home late last night--an eighteen-hour day--and got to bed about 1am. We told the team: Sleep in, do your laundry, have some time with your hosts shopping etc. Right now, we are doing just that and it's almost 12:30pm on Tuesday. I've been writing this e-mail for about an hour--and I hope you enjoy it.

We will gather at 4pm today to go about an hour outside UB to a youth camp where we will minister tonight. A few of the kids are starting to feel stomach sickness. This is normal--but it's still no fun. I'm glad the schedule is not as intense today. I'm not sure yet of our Wednesday schedule, except that we'll be ministering to a group of recovering alcoholics (Celebrate Recovery program--run by a Korean YWAMer named Jung Mi).

Ulaanbaatar Camp

CAMP MINISTRY

We had an awesome ministry experience last night at a camp near UB. We left the city in our group of vehicles about 3pm and arrived at about 4:30pm. It should have been about a thirty-minute drive, but the roads were horrendous--like driving on the moon around tons of rocks and boulders, up ravines, and down steep ridges. Mongols must go through many tires on their vehicles.

The camp was built by Koreans and is located near a pretty river--about forty acres on the hillside--and it has a cross on the hill above it. I think it is one of the few Christian camps in the nation and is used by all the churches. It was built by the parents of a young Korean missionary who died in a car accident at 25. They dedicated the property in her memory. There are about forty acres on the hillside with dorms, a worship building, gers, kitchen, a b-ball court and spacious grounds. It is only five years old and very well built. It is the nicest camp I've seen in Mongolia. There are about 240 teenagers here with about 100 of them being non-Christians who were invited by their friends.

After dinner we watched a Korean dance group do some excellent dramas on the hillside, then we all crowded into the worship center for a rousing time of praise and worship. Our time to minister came on about 9 pm. We did our full program with Kjirsten MCing and one of our Mongol converts and team member--sharing their testimonies.

Then I preached on "Who Will You Follow" and there was a great response. Probably 80-100 kids stood to give their lives to Christ and then for over an hour we prayed individually for kids. This time, most of the team also joined me at the front. Jason said afterward that he had never prayed for so many people in this life. It was awesome--a great harvest of souls and great encouragement to the Christian kids who brought their friends. We returned late at night on the bumpy roads and got to bed about 12:30am.

BAT ULZI & RECORDING STUDIO

We had another great day yesterday. We spent the morning visiting the Christian recording studio that we helped set up (thank you Mike and Penny Proctor) in conjunction with Christian Fellowship Church and Pastor Bat Ulzi. They started the third church in Mongolia in 1991 with 16 people and it has grown to eight churches with 2000 members. They're a powerful bunch. The band--Hargui--are still going great guns and they have a new, younger band that is called Shalom. They have produced five total albums (three worship CDs that are used by the churches here) and are working on three more. This is a great contribution to the growth of the Church here. We prayed with them and then treated about 20 people to a Mongolian Barbeque lunch. Great time.

In the afternoon we did our full program at the Living Word Church for their college group. I spoke of "Josiah" and them developing the character to change their nation as the young king did. There was an excellent response and we again prayed for many people with the team joining me at the front. In the evening we had a bit of an "informal party" at Bold's apartment and enjoyed getting on the Internet, playing video games, and having home-made chicken soup. We still have a few kids that are fighting the stomach bug. However, so far, no one has missed a ministry opportunity. This team is tremendous.

I want to publicly thank Rita Hemsley for forgiving me for taking her daughter to the prison. It was the most relaxed, peaceful prison I have EVER been in. And to all the parents--we're not REALLY teaching the kids that it's easier to get forgiveness than permission. That's a joke--and they won't come home and pull that one on you in other areas of their lives. I told them to promise.

Last night I took the boys out for some father-son fellowship. We walked to a store nearby and Ryan and I got ice cream and Jason a Sprite for his tummy. Then we walked back to Bold's apartment and sat outside and talked for a long time. It was shirt sleeve weather. Kids were playing basketball at the make-shift court outside and all the Mongol night life was going on. It was a nice time with the boys. We must have sat there for almost an hour and just chatted about what they're learning and how they're doing. I believe this has been a very good trip for them. They were excited to get some souvenirs yesterday when they went shopping with the kids, and that's when Ryan started eating again. He had a smoothie and some French fries at a Western food outlet.

CELEBRATE RECOVERY

Yesterday was the free day for the team and they did some shopping and hanging out with their Mongol friends. They did try and pull a fast one on me yesterday afternoon and attempt to go to a movie, but I found out about the "plot" and said no. I want to keep the troops focused on their assignment. Kids will be kids--and I don't think they lack entertainment options in their lives. If there was ever a time to "fast" entertainment, this is it.

Laura and Ryan and Jason and I had a good time with our original (besides Steve & Donna) contact family here in Mongolia--the widow of Coach Battulga, whose name is Zaya. She has two children, Itgel - 11, and Iveel - 7. Zaya is quite an important sports figure in her own right in the country and takes children's teams all over the world for foreign competition. If we can do a Gateway Camp here in Mongolia next year, then I would like Zaya to coordinate the sports part of it. We had a good lunch together between 11 and 1pm.

In the evening I spoke to a group of recovering alcoholics that is called Celebrate Recovery. Praying individual prayers for people--with words of knowledge and encouragement--has been one of the highlights of this trip. The kids have also participated in powerful ways. Please encourage them to continue the practice when they return home. We want to "ruin them for the ordinary" and hope that many things they applied on outreach will become a part of their Christian lives in every setting.

We will have a team meeting today in early afternoon, then travel about 30 kilometers out of UB to a different camp that is primarily people in their twenties and thirties (adult camp). We will do our full slate of ministry both tonight and tomorrow morning, then hang around for the afternoon and return tomorrow night.

Countryside

FAMILY CAMP BY THE RIVER

We returned about an hour ago from the countryside where we had wonderful ministry at a family camp. It was about 30 minutes outside of UB past the airport. The building part of the camp was very primitive--a good experience for the kids of the remaining poverty and crudeness of life for most here. The camp was very dirty, there was little running water, and the living accommodations grim (for us--not Mongols). After our arrival, the kids took one look at the rooms we were given to sleep in and decided this would be our evening "under the stars." Our room was a concrete cracker box with no windows and tons of bugs. We moved outside.

I have failed to mention that it's been hotter here than I realized--probably 90-100 degrees every day. That kind of got to us at the camp, but we survived. I guess it didn't seem that bad after coming from the "sauna" of Hong Kong. But now we're feeling it a bit. Some

days it has been 85 degrees by 10am. It's very warm in our little apartment and the sweat is flowing freely. We can't open too many windows because most don't have screens--so you just put up with the temperatures.

Back to the camp: Beyond the run-down buildings was the real beauty of the Mongolian countryside--a large field with many flocks of cows, sheep, and goats with Mongol shepherds guiding them in native dress. Beyond that was a pretty river that was deep enough to swim in. The kids were excited and went down to the river the first night and Breanna was the first one to try out the rapids. We then had dinner at the camp--very Mongolian meal--and then the evening service began where the kids did Redeemer and I taught for an hour. Then we prepared for our evening experience.

The only real option we had outside--other than sleeping in the garbage all around us--was to clear a cement eating area and set up wooden chairs and tables on which to sleep. You've heard of "pillow talk." Well, we call last night "table sleep." One could make a bed off the ground by putting eight wooden chairs together. Others slept on the concrete and others on the wooden tables. It was quite a scene, but there was a nice breeze and no bugs, so everybody was happy as a clam.

We got on our tables about 10:30pm and tried to sleep but the Mongol night life was still going strong. I don't think that ended until after midnight. One wonders when the Mongols sleep. Anyway, we all caught a few hours during the night, with the sun coming up a brilliant red about 5am. The stars were beautiful during the night. We sure laughed about this experience in the morning. It's one of those memories you'll always cherish.

After having some nice quiet times at the river, we came back to the camp and ate the traditional milk & rice hot cereal with the campers (probably about 150-200 people). At 10 am we gathered in the meeting place (the only nice building on the property, but very hot). After a good worship time, the kids did our ice-breaker skit and the "Don't Touch" skit. The crowd really loved it. Then Jason gave his testimony and he did well. Then, I taught for two hours on Christian character out of 2 Peter 1 with a break about 11:30. I finished near to 1pm and then the Mongols wanted me to pray for them.

This has been the signature of this trip--praying specifically for hundreds of Mongols, some believers, some not. A few of our kids also prayed for people, but today most of them came to me. I prayed for them one by one for an hour and a half--and I was beat at the end (I'd already preached for two hours in a very steamy room). What I have tried to do in these situations is to lay hands on people and ask God for specific words of encouragement or blessing for them. The Bible calls this "words of wisdom or knowledge."

I usually take a minute or two for each person. I probably prayed for 100-150 today--and we're praying that every word that God gave will be fulfilled in these precious lives. (I

always do this with a translator so that each person understands the prayer. It's quite grueling for the interpreter also.)

At 2:30pm we were finishing praying (and I was half dead) and it was time for lunch. They cooked a traditional Mongol barbeque where you kill a lamb and boil the meat in a large pot of water that contains hot rocks. That's how the meat is cooked. It was served with potatoes, carrots, and a type of coleslaw. Great native food. The kids then wanted to swim in the river before we left, so we went back. and the younger ones all went in the floated down the stream. It was a wild ride--shallow water in most places with a brisk current, slimy rocks and lots of fun.

They went with the current for about a half mile and had a great time. When they got out, they were filthy and a bit bruised from the rocks, but it was a highlight from the trip. We then traveled back to UB and now everyone is in their host home for the evening. We will go to bed early and catch up on our sleep, then minister in the main Living Water Christian Church Service tomorrow before over 1000 people. Bold has asked me to speak on "What It Means to Believe."

FINAL DAYS IN UB

It has been a great final Sunday in Mongolia. We thank you for praying for the church service this morning. This was our final time with Living Word Christian Fellowship. Their church has outgrown their building, so they rent the UB Palace where about 1000 showed up for an 11am service. The team arrived about 10:45am and we sat together near the front. It was a packed house and after a great time of worship, I spoke for almost an hour on "What It Means to Believe." Hundreds of people stood to put their faith in Christ at the end. The pastors had asked me not to pray individually for people as this is a big service and they like to end it on time. Well, thirty to fifty people still came forward for prayer and I spent until about 2 pm praying for them. A couple of them gave their lives to Christ during that time. It was very special.

After the service a few of us went out to lunch with the pastors then met the team downtown. The kids were kind of dragging and a few of them were on the verge of sickness, so we leisurely walked down the main boulevard to have some final team time together. Our hosts didn't come with us this time because we wanted this time to be a special time of fellowship for our team--which it turned out to be, For a while we stopped every hundred yards or so because of sickness and fatigue, but gradually people seemed to revive.

We finally made it to the main square in town and had a good prayer time for Mongolia and took some pictures. We then walked over to the Sports Palace where we took many Kings Kids teams in past years. It was very nostalgic for me. There's an elementary school in the facility that is named after us--the "Kings Kids School" and I showed the kids the sign on the wall.

We entered the building and even watched a basketball game for awhile, then went across the street to the Ulaanbaatar Hotel where they had a **gorgeous room for a love feast**. We ordered ice cream and cakes and drinks and had a very meaningful time together. Everybody seemed to revive there. After the meal, we had a time of honoring one another, sharing about the growth we've seen in each other, and then we gave out some "awards" to the various team members. Great fun. We ended with a season of prayer, then took taxis back to our apartment.

On our final day here, we gathered at 9:30 this morning and drove over to the **JCS (Joint Christian Services) headquarters to see a few of our YWAM leaders**. JCS is an agency that unites the Christian ministries here and sets a good example to the Mongol Church of the importance of unity in Christ. It has existed since the early days of the Mongol Church. We had a good time hearing about the work in Mongolia from various leaders. **They confirmed that there are now about 40,000 believers in this nation in about 400 churches. In one southwestern city there is a revival taking place with 17 churches springing up in the past year. This is a very exciting time in Mongolian history.**

After a couple of hours there, we split up and the team went out to lunch with their hosts and I went to meet with **12 key pastors in Mongolia. We paid for a very nice lunch for them at one of the best restaurants in the city (Korean) and I shared the vision of Mongolia being a Gateway nation for ministry into China. They were very responsive, and we talked and prayed together for a couple of hours.** They will pray about what God wants them to do. Most of them are under forty years old, and very quality leaders. I'm excited to see what the future holds. In the late afternoon we packed, said our goodbyes, and I asked the team to rest for a few hours so that we are not dead tired during our time in Seoul. In a few hours, our 2007 Mongolian adventure will be over.

It was our privilege during this time to minister to over two thousand people, see hundreds respond to the Gospel message, to pray for hundreds of young Christians, to encourage the spiritual leaders of this nation, and to make many new friends. I am very proud of this very fine team. I believe that the smile of God is upon them.

Seoul, South Korea

Our plane left Mongolia at 12:20am and we landed in Seoul, Korea at about 4:30am. We were greeted at the airport at 5am by John Cheon, a worship leader and recording artist that we had met at the Gateway Camp and Kangmoo and Hyunsun Choi, some personal supporters and former YWAM staff. They took us to John's apartment where we crashed for a few hours then had a wonderful breakfast together.

Near noon we traveled downtown to the **Yanghwajin Missionary Cemetery**, an amazing plot of ground, now surrounded by high rises, where the original wave of missionary pioneers

is buried. A guide showed us around the cemetery, commenting on the graves of many who started the first churches, hospitals, universities and businesses that now make Korea the giant it is in Asia. This is all attributed to the sacrificial work of the missionaries—and they are greatly honored here. It reminded me of how important it is for Christian to lay the foundations of nations and bring them out of darkness into light. Korea is what it is today because of the foundational missionaries that worked here.

We then had a great Korean lunch together and visited Yoido Full Gospel Church, the largest church in the world with over 700,000 members. We enjoyed looking around the visiting this great global church. Praise God for what he has done here. Then we were off to the airport, on our flight at about 6:30pm and nine hours later landed in Seattle. A wonderful trip with much fruit had come to an end. To God belongs all the praise.

Ghent, Belgium

August 20, 2007 – 19,807 - 11,201

After a whirlwind three days at home following the China/Mongolia adventure, Shirley and I headed off to our next step of obedience—my second hip surgery in Ghent, Belgium. The Lord had spoken to me back in March in West Africa that I needed to get it done this summer, so I scheduled the surgery with Dr. De Smet for Tuesday, August 7. I knew this would be a short turn-around time after summer outreach, but it seemed the best “down time” in the schedule and would free me up to not worry about having surgery in 2008—a year of many important events. I’m glad to be going with Shirley—the love of my life. She’s the best helpmeet and caregiver a man could possibly have.

We took two flights to Europe—one from Sea-Tac to Philadelphia (five hours) and a second one to Brussels (nine hours) that arrived about 10:30am local time. It was close to connect to the train station and negotiated the hour’s ride to Ghent. We arrived in this beautiful city about midday and caught a taxi to “Villa Cento Passi” the new home of the ANCA Clinic and Dr. Koen De Smet. This lovely estate in the high rent area of Ghent would serve as our home for the next ten days.

Villa Cento Passi (pronounced Chento Possy), an Italian term for Villa of your “First Hundred Steps,” is a gorgeous property that was built as a private residence in the 1920s for a Ghent shipping magnate. His wife was a musician and even entertained Queen Elizabeth upon occasion. When they died, the estate came into disrepair until 2006 when Dr. De Smet purchased it to consolidate his growing medical practice. He poured a lot of money into it renovating the ornate, gold-leaf interior, bringing the grounds back to their original splendor and building on a whole back section to the main mansion.

That area now houses patient rooms, a sauna and small therapy pool, the ANCA clinic and accompanying medical offices and other amenities. There are fifteen very nice hotel-like rooms that are designed for the care of hip surgery patients and a competent staff of around ten takes care of every need. On the third floor is even a small restaurant that serves as the patient dining and congregating room. When you look at the front of the building from the street it simply looks like a stately early 19th century manor house. Many probably don't realize it houses a very high-tech luxury hip therapy center.

We got settled into our room in the back section (Room 11) of the building and then took a walk around the area to get acclimatized. There were a few other patients here, but it was quiet on the weekend. On Monday we looked around some more, took a trip over to the Jan Palfjin Hospital to map out the route on the tram and then had our pre-op meeting with Dr. De Smet at his office in the Villa. It was good to see him again. I have a lot of trust in his skills and overall care. In the early evening Shirley and I took in a meal at a Belgian fast food joint—then spent the evening relaxing in our room as I prepared for surgery the next day.

They picked us up promptly at 7am on Tuesday and took me to the hospital where I checked in and got placed in a four-person room. Because I've been here once before, I felt somewhat at home at Jan Palfjin. I was second up for surgery on my right hip at 9am and it went off without a hitch. Psalm 27 was my encouragement today as I reflected on "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear?"

Waking up in recovery was even a pleasant experience—not as cold as last time. When I was finally back to the land of the living, they wheeled me into the "quad" for the normal two days of hospital recovery. That is always the hardest time—and this time the three-ring circus of my room was only an added attraction. I spent the next 36 hours listening to other men snore, being dive-bombed by mosquitoes (there are no screens on the windows), dealing with pain and discomfort and generally feeling lousy—especially because my stomach was nauseous the whole time (Mongolia? Anesthesia? Morphine? All the above?) As before, they had me stand on my new hip on the second day, and by Thursday noon I was ready to return to the comforts and therapy of the Villa Cento Passi.

We are now into the routine here of both rest and extensive physical rehabilitation with the ANCA staff. That usually begins with breakfast at 8 am, work with a physical therapist (Marc—same as 2004), lunch from 1-2:30pm, hydrotherapy in the late afternoon in the pool and then rest and icing the leg in the evenings. A favorite part of the day is the meals where we gather with the other patients and their caregivers in the upstairs restaurant for a buffet breakfast in the mornings and then a three-course gourmet meal served by Pieter at 1pm.

These meals have been unbelievably good—like having the best chef in Belgium serve lunch to six to ten people. We are getting very close to Ron and Connie from OR, Kurt and Kellen from NM, Bob and his daughter Kari from WI, Laidi (83 years old) and her

granddaughter, Liz, from Canada, Elizabeth and others from Belgium. There are also two VIP guests here at the Villa—Lou Reed (supposedly a well-known NY anti-war singer of the 1960s who is here with his wife Lori Anderson who had a bi-lateral surgery).

Apparently, Lou did a free concert in Ghent last night. They and their entourage keep somewhat to themselves and Lou sometimes acts a bit spoiled by his notoriety. Everyone else has become very close very quickly. Common suffering will do that to people. God has sustained me greatly through his word during this time:

Psalm 34:19, 20 – Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivers him from all of them. He will keep all his bones...”

Hebrews 12 and James 1 both talk extensively about the need for endurance—even “counting it all joy when we suffer.”

Psalm 40:1 – “I waited patiently for the Lord and he delivered me from my fears.”

Jas. 5:7, 8 – Be patient, therefore, brethren... You too be patient and do not complain.

These are all great reminders to me of God’s goodness in my life and his willingness and ability to guide me, heal me, sustain me, grow his character in me, and lead me on in calling on my life. On Thursday, August 16, we ordered a taxi to take us to the Brussels airport and began our series of flights home. It helped using a wheelchair to get to the flights—especially helps you go to the front of the long lines.

All our seats were bull-head seats and it allowed me to stretch my right leg into the aisle and try to stay comfortable. It was nine hours to Washington, D.C. and then another six hours home. We arrived at Sea-Tac about 8pm and my folks brought us to Port Orchard.

Port Orchard, Washington

I am now faithfully rehabbing the leg daily and looking forward to getting back to health. Lord--I thank you for the provision of Dr. De Smet and his fine staff in Belgium. I believe you are using him to give me my mobility back and get me healthy for the final three decades of my life.

You have been so good this year. The septic was taken care of with an amazing loan. The first year of US Renewal Ministries has gone well. You provided all the funds for the Mongolia trip and gave Ryan and Jason and I a phenomenal experience in missions. You gave me the grace to have surgery and now donors are stepping forward to help pay for the medical costs. Only one 2007 project remains to be fulfilled: Our YWAM 20th Anniversary Celebration

scheduled for October 26. You have been faithful with all, and you will be faithful to make that event everything you desire it to be.

September 23, 2007 - 19,841 - 11,167

A lot of time has gone by while I've worked aggressively to rehab my hip and prepare for the new ministry year. Doing exercises twice a day and walking more and more—first with the crutch and then with a cane—by the 26th day post op I began walking unaided and began to return to health. Praise the Lord. I still have some soreness in the joint when I sit in the car for long periods and some range of motion to get back, but it is coming slow but sure. Many things have taken place in the past month and I'll try to chronicle the highlights here:

Another amazing financial miracle took place when I began to pay my bills and realized that there was an extra \$4100 in our account that shouldn't be there. After some checking we figured out that on July 9 we had wired over \$7000 to Belgium to pay the surgeon's fee and clinic fees, but for some strange reason on July 19 someone had sent over \$4000 back.

No one seems to know why, and everyone feels at this point that they have been paid, so I chalk it up to an angelic messenger that used the money wire to provide for my surgery. That's a first—but I guess no different than multiplying five loaves and two fish. This is just multiplying a wire transfer. With that "provision" we were able to pay cash. God is good.

We then were able to pay for a new furnace to be put in. This was the final financial burden that we were facing this year. After we paid for it and still had money in the bank, I thanked the Lord for his amazing provision this year.

We enjoyed taking the younger boys and Megan to the Puyallup Fair last week. This is a wonderful annual family event. I also got to meet a Mongol woman the other night who was visiting Sharon Gakin from Virginia. Her English wasn't good, so I gave her the only Gospel of Luke in Mongolian that I had and a children's tract. Then I showed her the photos of our 2007 trip and prayed with her. The next day, Sharon e-mailed saying that a miracle had taken place and that Tsolmon had awakened that morning saying that a voice was saying to her "I can help you. I can help you." She recognized it as God's voice and that He was real. She gave her life to Christ—so the Mongol fruit for God's kingdom continues.

We have begun our latest DTS at Discovery Bay and I went up and spoke to the new class on their first day of training. Seems like a good school with quality students. May they become another group of world-changers.

We enjoyed having David come up and visit for about four days in August and Nathan for a weekend in September. We got good quality time with both and appreciated the extra contact. Lord – fulfill your destiny in their lives.

I went to a meeting on September 22nd with the Faith & Freedom Network. In the next 45 days I must decide on whether God wants me to run again for the state legislature in 2008. This is a very difficult decision with my mixed thoughts and Shirley's concerns. But I know God will lead me and I place the decision in his very capable hands.

The final arena of trusting God this year is for God's blessing on our October 26 YWAM 20th Anniversary Celebration. I am feeling the weight of pulling off that event and making the financial goals. In many ways, it seems impossible, and difficult to get people to support. I need a renewal of faith and to set my face like a flint to persevere with calling people and doing our best. The event is now five weeks away and I ask you Lord Jesus to make it everything you desire it to be. May people be inspired and built up.

Victoria, B.C.

October 18, 2007 – 19,866 - 11,142

On October 12-14 Shirley and I celebrated our 31st anniversary in our normal spot—at the Delta Victoria in Canada's most beautiful city. We've been going there for seven years and feel that you can't improve on a good thing. It was a wonderful weekend of talking, walking, and sharing love in a relationship that goes back three decades. I am so grateful to be married to Shirley. She is truly God's greatest gift to me on earth. Not only is she a godly woman—but she's a wonderful mother from whom I've learned quite a bit. I will always be grateful for the ways she has touched my life.

Port Orchard, Washington

I continue to pray about running for office—and believe that the Lord has been speaking to me in steady and clear ways. While reading Jeremiah chapter one, God reminded me that my primary call in life is to be a revival-prophet in this generation. Then out of Jeremiah 2:26, the Lord made it clear that there are four major kinds of leaders in today's world: "kings, princes, priests, and prophets." Kings would be those gifted to rise to a high level of executive leadership. Princes would be legislators on a lower level of government service and calling. Priests would be pastors that minister to the flock of God, and prophets are those that proclaim God's standards and words.

Of these four, I fit most clearly in the category of the prophet. If this means that I would not best serve in a "king or princely role" then that is fine with me—and it's something that I'm deeply pondering. I have a call to be a Josiah in this generation, but maybe more accurately

a Jeremiah that prophesies to the Josiah's of the world. The Lord will give me clarity. My life is his, and my highest aspiration is to live the life you desire.

October 28, 2007 - 19,876 - 11,132

A few days ago, we had our YWAM 20th Anniversary Celebration here in Port Orchard. It was a tremendous night that took a lot of work but was worth every minute. I don't think I can summarize it better than I did in the November Revive America newsletter:

We live in that area of the United States where the world's richest man resides. He has billions of dollars and great notoriety, but after our YWAM 20th Anniversary Celebration attended by three hundred friends on Friday night, October 26, I honestly feel like the richest man on earth. The riches I possess are found in deep friendships with many wonderful people, and they are treasure troves that will go on forever. These are not riches where "moth and rust destroy" and where "thieves break in and steal." They're the precious treasure of eternal relationships that have greater value than anything else a person will ever own. On Friday night, October 26, they were on full display.

First, let me thank those of you who attended our special anniversary party. The room was packed with a wide spectrum of folks, both friends and family members that came to rejoice in God's goodness to us over the past twenty years. The "jewels" included:

- Groups or delegations of friends from over twenty churches in the Puget Sound area.
- Commendation letters from leaders of Young Life, Campus Crusade, Youth For Christ, the South Kitsap School District and others. Some pastors and leaders were also in attendance.
- A good King's Kids contingent. In fact, the evening ended on a dramatic note when we played an old King's Kids video of "This Little Light of Mine" where our then eight-year-old daughter, Megan, sang a solo. Halfway through the song, a grown-up Megan, now 21, led a group of former King's Kids on stage in a retro appearance. It brought the house down—and many of us cried as we thought of the thousands of kids whose lives have been touched by Kings Kids.
- A special reunion of the very first YWAM team that went out from this area in 1975—a group of twenty special "youth" (now in their forties and fifties) who shared their faith boldly in Belgium, England, and Scotland throughout that summer. Some of us had not seen one another in 32 years. We cried and hugged and thanked God for his faithfulness.
- Giving out awards to special people. Ken Morrison served on various YWAM boards for over two decades; He received the "Totally Bored" Award. Roy Sandstrom joined our staff when he was in his seventies. In August he went on a missions trip to Mexico

at the age of 92. He received the “Methuselah” Award. Steve and Donna Watkins, who married Shirley and I in 1976 and later went out to pioneer a church in the nation of Mongolia received the “Coolest Missionaries” Award. Don McKay received the “Feed My Sheep” Award for his years of cooking for the kids and received a standing ovation (he’s suffering from liver cancer). My parents, Bob & Mary Boehme, received the “Give and It Shall Be Given Unto You” Award for their incredible personal and financial support, and Jim Waller—a member of the first team—received the “’75 and Still Alive” Award.

Another pearl of the night was keynote speaker, Dr. Joe Fuiten, who gave a stirring message on how “presumption without prayer will nullify the promises of God”—a thoughtful analysis of the leadership failure of Joshua and its lasting consequences in today’s world. He encouraged us to rise and not fail to fulfill God’s promises on our lives.

After the rousing finale, the evening concluded with pockets of people renewing friendships around the room and praying for one another. Many didn’t want to leave. **It was special and precious to realize how much we love and value one another—and are grateful for partnering together in God’s work over the past twenty years.** As I wearily left the building around 11:30pm, I thought to myself, **“It doesn’t get any better than this. This is a taste of heaven—and due to all of our wonderful partners and friends, I truly feel like the richest man in the world.”**

Yes, wealth is far more than money and things. None of that physical stuff can be taken with us into the next life, but every godly friendship we forge and every person we bring to a saving knowledge of Christ is an eternal asset and treasure whose worth cannot be measured.

I want to again thank YOU for being one of the treasures in my life. I’m the wealthiest man on earth because **I am filthy rich in wonderful friendships.** Don’t neglect that truth today. Forget about your wallet and bank accounts and rejoice in family, friends, and relationships you have, possibly around the world, that will last forever. That’s where your true treasure lies.

In the end, *all lasting riches are found in relationships*—to Christ—in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge (Colossians 2:3)—and friendships with others that He gives us through our mutual salvation. If you’re a friend and a believer, then you’re rich indeed. Thanks again for being a part of the riches of my own life.

Puerto Rico (various towns)

November 19, 2007 - 19,898 - 11,110

I'm in Puerto Rico for my normal week at the JUCUM base. I began by speaking on Sunday morning for Pastor Arson at Iglesia JesuCristo in Humacao. I'm doing a two-part series on Conscience that will conclude on Friday night. They are a great church that really has a love for God.

The rest of the week I shared my heart with the DTS—about 16 students this year from different Latin countries and the US. As usual, they were very inquisitive and receptive to my series on Character, Revival, and special messages such as *The Secret of Happiness*. In some sessions there were fervent and tearful prayer and many breakthroughs in the young lives. I've enjoyed dialoguing one on one with many of the students as well. I seem to fit well in Latino culture.

While here I've sought the Lord about a few things in my life. One is that I've made the final decision not to run for public office in 2008. I'm not sure how to totally understand God leading me to run for office in 2006, but I'm settled in my understanding now that I am more a "prophet of God than a prince among the people" and my best role is to exhort and teach on the outside and not get on the inside. I have a Josiah call on my life for reformation and transformation of nations, but my best role is in the prophetic realm rather than the leadership one.

I'm not sure if this slams the door entirely on any career in public life, but it does for the time being. I also believe I can be most effective trying to raise up the Church to engage the culture in all 49 legislative districts in our state and around the nation than just serve in one. To put it another way, I'm more interested in revival and world evangelism than in lowering taxes and ferry fares.

I began to suspect this last year when I was on the campaign trail but tried to be faithful to follow through with what I felt was God's leading. Maybe I needed to try to find out where I really fit. A funny way to look at it is that God encouraged me to run for office in 2006 to get it out of my system because he knew I would lose that year. Lord—please give me your perfect view on this issue. What's never changed is my desire to be obedient to you.

On Saturday I fly through New York and will be having lunch with April Autry at JFK airport. That will be fun. Then Sunday morning, I speak at First Christian on *The Father Heart of God*. Then next week I'll teach on worldview at Discovery Bay before heading home for Thanksgiving. I'm grateful for these opportunities to share the goodness of God.

One thing I must pray over for the future is both the finishing of a Masters Degree—to open up more opportunities for teaching on a collegiate level—and also publishing more

books. If my main calling for this final two-thirds of my life is being a prophetic voice for renewal, then maybe the printed page is the greatest way to make an impact and to leave a godly legacy. I ask for your guidance, O Lord and Master.

Discovery Bay, Washington

December 4, 2007 - 19,913 - 10,095

I enjoyed my normal week speaking up at Discovery Bay to the DTS. I spent three days teaching on worldview, and then finished up with my character series. The students were responsive, and I always enjoy being at the base. We have now renovated the last building on the property—the Craft Cabin—and have renamed it “Bayview Commons.” It’s very nicely done up as a student lounge and hangout area with wood floors, a kitchenette, bathroom, sofa areas and pool table. We’ve come a long way since God gracious gave us the Discovery Bay Camp. Praise His Holy and wonderful Name.

Kansas City, Missouri

During the middle of the week I took a whirlwind trip to Kansas City for a meeting of the Paradise Advocates—about seventy leaders in attendance. I had to take a red-eye to Washington, D.C., then come back to Kansas City for the five-hour meeting, then on again to Denver and finally back home—all within 24 hours. It was tiring but very good. Paradise is on the heart of God for 2008.

Leavenworth, Washington

This past weekend Shirley and I traveled with our other YWAM friends to Leavenworth to attend the wedding of Debbie Wade and Bill Newell—the owner of Mountain Springs resort. It was a great time of fellowship with deep snowfall, an overnight in one of the beautiful lodges, an even prettier wedding with about 150 guests, and “Julie Andrews coming down the aisle to marry Captain von Trapp.” (That’s what the ceremony reminded me of.) We’re all very happy for Debbie.

Port Orchard, Washington

When we returned home, we found a flooded western Washington with nine inches of rain, swollen rivers, and much damage everywhere. Our back yard was flooded for the third time in eighteen years and even downtown Port Orchard was flooded on Bay Street due to high tides and cresting rivers. It was the biggest water deluge I can remember in my lifetime. There are mudslides all over the place, and even a large sinkhole near the Hi-Joy Bowl. These situations always remind me that life is very fragile—and we are at the mercy of God and other elements. Lord—I'm grateful for your care and protection.

I'm feeling a little vulnerable at this time in my life as the coming year needs to come into greater clarity and I deeply desire to get closer to my Lord and Savior. I feel like I'm drifting a little—outside the bounds of my normal laser-beam life. I know it's the year after the election and a new season as YWAM director for US Renewal, and the rhythms and priorities are not clearly established yet. But I don't want good patterns. I want YOU LORD in greater measure in my life and in my thoughts. I want to be fully consecrated to you, taking "every thought captive to Christ" and living a life that is pleasing to you.

December 31, 2007 - 19,988 - 11,016

We've just finished a good Christmas week with all our children in town. It is always so good to see Nathan and David. I'm encouraged by some of the maturity that I see in their lives. They are growing up—and God continues his work in them.

We ended the New Year the same way we did last year—with a good fellowship and prayer time at the home of the Powells.

I listed twelve specific goals for 2007 as the beginning of the year. Seven of them were achieved:

- Getting my back healed (and hip fixed).
- Stabilizing and growing our family finances.
- Getting direction for running for office (not to run in 2008).
- Fasting and praying a day a week (I want to do more in 2008).
- Taking Ryan and Jason on a successful missions trip to China & Mongolia.
- Finishing my degree (praise God for the miracle of Steve Boyce's interest).
- Being faithful in my calling.

In four areas I feel that I didn't get fully to where God wanted me to be:

- Bringing my weight down to 175 (I remain closer to 184).
- Drinking more water (need to improve).
- Meaningful rhythms and hours at the YWAM office.
- Personal revival (never satisfied).

I also failed in one area:

- Writing the worldview book.

I pray that I will accomplish ALL that God wants me to do in 2008. I'm excited about color-coding my Bible this year with a study of the seven leadership spheres of society and all the other goals that God has. I certainly long for 2008 to be a year of revival. I also deeply desire to see a move of God's Spirit here in America and around the world.

In the natural, there are many storm clouds on the horizon. "But through our God, we shall do valiantly. It is He who will tread down our enemies. We will sing and shout the victory. Christ is King."