

The Journal of Ron Boehme - 2012

Port Orchard, Washington

January 5, 2012 – 21, 138 – 9,612

A New Year has begun and there are no mistakes in it. Thank you, Lord, for even using calendar dates to encourage us to leave the past behind and start fresh with you and others. Your grace and love are amazing things!

We had a nice time with our kids during the Christmas holidays. Nathan came in for eight days and David for five. Had some nice one on one with the boys and then a lot of time around the house. Shirley was in her element, loving and serving, and baking for everybody. We deeply love our family—and keep praying for the fullness of Christ in each of them.

I am still struggling with sore vocal cords, and because of that (and other factors), have made some decisions regarding 2012:

1. I will take the next three months to really try to complete or at least make progress on my doctoral thesis. Time to stay home and write.

[In the summer of 2011, Rob Schenck, who was working on a doctoral a degree at Faith Seminary in Tacoma, invited me to join him for lunch. I drove to Tacoma and when I arrived at the restaurant, Dr. Michael Adams, president of the college, was also in attendance. We shared lunch together and when it was over, Dr. Adams offered me a “scholarship” doctorate at FS because of my background and credentials. I said yes to the \$16,000 gift and thus began a nine-month program of classes that would end with the doctoral thesis mentioned above—my new book “River of God.” The meeting with Rob and Dr. Adams proved very sovereign in God’s guidance for my life in future years.]

2. It is necessary to be close to my parents during this time as dad spent the Christmas week in the hospital and his days may be numbered. I feel the Lord wants me to not travel for the next three months to be available to them.
3. I still need to get my full voice back for all other assignments from God for the remainder of the year. It is better, but still not close to 100%--especially for public speaking.
4. We will delay our annual banquet until fall for the above reasons. I feel good about that decision.

February 10, 2012 – 21,174 – 9,576

God continues a deep and wonderful work in Shirley's and my marriage. We are excited to begin this year madly in love with each other and soar for God's promises, to us, our children, and our ministry in 2012.

Father—this is my 38th year in YWAM and 44th as your son and follower. Help me to be faithful to serve you and those around me with the grace and truth of Jesus. I love you and “seek first your kingdom and your righteousness.”

March 10, 2012 – 21,203 - 9,547

Too much time has gone by. Forgive me, Lord, for neglecting my journal. Right now, I am sitting by my dad's bedside as he recovers from hip surgery and other complications. But before I get to that, let us go back to the happenings of the past couple months.

The main thing is that I have been working on my doctoral thesis almost non-stop. I met with my professor who's overseeing the project—Dr. Dennis Jowers—who has a PhD from Edinburgh, and to my delight he said I could go directly to a “book” and not waste my time on writing in academic language. With that blessing received, I plunged into the “River of God.” I have been writing away now two-to-weeks—about 120 pages are finished and I have about 120 more to go. It is an exciting project and I'm asking God to help me touch peoples' lives.

Seattle, Washington

The last couple of months I have also gotten involved in a big way in the marriage issue in our state. The legislature infamously passed a “Re-defining Marriage” bill and now we must bring it to a vote of the people to protect the institution of marriage. I have been in various leadership meetings—even one at which Rick Santorum spoke—and am fully committed to doing what I can to preserve God's wonderful institution.

The biggest happening in our lives right now is that on March 2, dad fell in the garage and broke his right hip. He was taken to Harrison Hospital and on Sunday—his 92nd birthday—he had the hip replacement surgery by Dr. Olch which went well. He spent a week in the hospital which was difficult and chaotic. Mom and Greg and I took turns manning the night shift at the hospital.

We had some precious times with dad during those days—just like in December. He told me that he was very proud of me, and that he truly looked at me as their number

one son due to my faith. It was like we were saying goodbye to one another. Very touching.

But now—praise the Lord—he has rallied yet again and is doing much better. We have moved him to the Stafford facility (Ridgemont) in Port Orchard, he has a nice room there, and is undergoing much needed rest and therapy. We now know that he is living with congestive heart failure, but there is no telling how long God will allow him to live. He is a fighter. I am treasuring every day with him.

Now I am sitting by his bedside. We enjoyed dinner together, watched “60 Minutes,” and now he is preparing for his first night alone in about ten days. The Lord will be with him.

Thank you, Jesus, for my precious and wonderful father. Thank you for his life, his legacy, his generosity to me and my family, and his faith. I love him very much but release him to you and your plans for this life and all eternity. My work goes on. Help me to persevere with the *River of God* and bring the book to completion.

April 3, 2012 – 21,227 – 9,523

The work on the book, *River of God*, continues with perseverance. I am up to about 200 pages and the end is in sight in the next month. It is the deepest book I have ever written. I also hope it will be one of the clearest books ever written on religion.

A couple of weeks ago I had minor surgery on my throat which I’m hoping will solve my throat pain. Dr. Jungkeit—my Christian surgeon at the North Kitsap ENT clinic, removed a benign cyst from my voice box. It is healing well and getting better.

Father, I am very grateful for your amazing provision.

Washington, D.C.

May 10, 2012 – 21,264 – 9,486

Just returned from a great week with Jason at the National Day of Prayer. I took him back for the annual event as a graduation present and it was a very special time.

This trip also represents a milestone for Shirley and me. Last Friday we sent in Jason’s final papers for his senior year—thus completing twenty-five years of home schooling. That is quite an accomplishment and a blessing that we were able to train our kids at home and release them into their lives. Things did not work out exactly as we had planned, but that is where human free will comes into play. But we did what God asked of us—and we leave the future fruit in his very capable hands.

In D.C., Jason and I stayed with the Creswell family so that Jason could pal around with Jon. They have a very good friendship and spent a good part of the week “making music” and doing events and youth group stuff with Jon’s friends. In some ways, Jason wishes he lived back here because Jon is really a good friend. But they enjoyed their week together.

During the middle of the week, I went to stay on Capitol Hill to make it easier to attend the National Prayer Committee events. Had a good day on Thursday including a banquet with the NDP committee and Shirley Dobson. She has been very faithful.

Jason came downtown with me on Wednesday night, and Thursday morning we walked past 133 C Street to the Cannon Building for the main NDP event. As always, it was a quality time of prayer and inspiration. This year’s theme was “One Nation Under God.” It was that phrase in Russ Walton’s book that really turned my heart toward America many years ago. Lord help me to continue to be faithful to that call.

In the afternoon, Jason and I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue together and after having lunch at the Hard Rock Café, we spent some time at Ford’s Theater where President Lincoln was shot. Jason did his senior research paper on Lincoln’s life, so this visit carried some meaning.

Then we returned to Capitol Hill and joined Corinthia Boone’s group for the evening prayer event with people from the city. It was done for the first time on the Senate side of the Capitol because a group of wiccans took our normal permit. Talk about warfare in the nation. We stayed for the first hour or so of the event, and I got to lay hands on Jason in front of the crowd and use him as “proxy” to pray for the youth of the nation. Then we made our way back to Virginia. Great day with our youngest son.

On Friday I did some work, then took a quick trip down south to Fredericksburg to have a “final” visit with Ray MacAnanny who is near death. I drove almost two hours just to have twenty minutes with my dear friend. I am so grateful for Ray’s life and how God used him in ours during our time in DC. It was special to tell him that, pray with him, and let him know that the next time “I’ll see him on the other side.” Kingdom friendships are special and eternal.

On Saturday, Jason and I returned our rental car to Dulles Airport and made our way home. Thank you, Jesus, for a memorable week with our son and involvement in praying for our nation. Both of those commitments will continue.

Port Orchard, Washington

May 13, 2012 – 21, 267 – 9,483

Two special things happened this week. I finished my doctoral studies and am now set to graduate (after a pressured-packed year of studies) on June 10. I am so grateful to God for this opportunity and thank you Father for giving me the strength, revelation, and perseverance to “get it done.” Lord, I have done it for you. Show me how to use it to glorify your Name.

Also, on Sunday I spoke at our church (with Kevin and Joel) on the homosexual issue facing this nation and the need to support Referendum 74. The truth was well received, and at the end, I had the entire congregation go to their knees to repent over how we have failed to protect marriage.

God—may the Church and this nation see the light about sexuality and turn from our horrific sins. Thank you for your patience, but that forbearance will not last forever.

Managua, Nicaragua

May 21, 2012 – 21, 275 – 9, 475

I am on my way back from Nicaragua and a wonderful time with our YWAM Staff that serve in Mexico and around Central America. It was my privilege to be invited by Rick Allegretto to speak to the group along with Leland Paris, Yarley Nino, and Mark and Gina Fadely.

The meetings were held in the city where Don and Barb Johnson give leadership to a YWAM work that has been expanding over the past seventeen years. They are faithful friends that I met in Hammonton in the mid-eighties. God has really used them in this region of the world.

I landed in Managua late Thursday night and was transported to Diriamba to a small hotel where most of our leaders were staying. The motel was set up around a beautiful courtyard garden with tropical plants, fountains, and much flowing water. (Nicaragua means “We have come to the water.”) It was a place of peace. I enjoyed my stay there.

The next day we were transported out in the countryside to the Skyark retreat center where most of our 230 staff were staying. It was a lovely center with nice grounds and an open-air pavilion where the many meetings were held. I spoke to the group in the evening on “Clear Conscience”—and afterwards, everyone prayed in pairs and God moved in their lives.

On Saturday I enjoyed being with old friends and making new friends at the conference and then on Sunday I spoke in two sessions on Why Nations Fall and the Fourth Wave. God really touched many hearts though I did not feel I did my best job. I'm glad God is gracious and that there is always room to learn. I felt I wasn't sensitive enough in my presentation and pressing a little. Want to stay humble, broken, and becoming a better and better communicator.

In the afternoon, Don and Barb gave Leland and I a tour of their beautiful base which is nearby. They built it from scratch over the last couple of decades. They have about three acres enclosed by a necessary security wall, some homes for staff, and main building and dining hall, some ice classroom buildings, and a Christian school where they minister to over two hundred students. They are strong on training and kids. They touch many lives in the very poor community all around them and send my teams and missionaries around the world. I am very proud of them.

In the final session last night, Leland gave a wonderful message of heritage, vision, principles, and great humor. It was well received. During the worship time, God brought real liberty to my heart which was tangible and powerful. Recent reading of Richard Dawkins and other atheists had impacted my spirit, and I felt the worship time tonight flooded my soul with love and appreciation for our Great and Wonderful God.

Lord, thank you for the joy of serving and knowing you. I am very tired but so grateful to be serving the King of kings. May I be the best communicator of your truth that I can be for the rest of my life.

Los Angeles, California

June 5, 2012 – 21, 290 – 9, 460

Shirley and I are currently in the air on our way home from a nice two-week trip to California to see our kids. It has been our habit for the past ten years to come down to southern Cal, usually during the summer, to see Nathan and David. For eight years, Ryan and Jason came along with us. As our nest has been emptying, for the past two years, Shirley and I have done it alone. Life does have many chapters to it.

We stayed again this year with Nathan in beautiful Marina del Rey, just off the beach. We ended up camping out on the hide-a-bed in the living room and hanging out much of the time. Here are some of the highlights:

One Friday we traveled up to Pasadena and visited “The Huntington” which is a large private estate that now houses some spectacular research libraries and some

amazing gardens. It was a beautiful day and a beautiful sight. God's creation always inspires me.

I enjoyed walking down to the beach each morning for some time with Jesus. There is something about the ocean that calms and inspires my soul. Thank you, Lord for my mornings with you among the sands.

Shirley and I also enjoyed exploring the pretty neighborhoods near Nathan's Archstone Apartment complex. One area is called the Ballona Lagoon and consists of a walking path surrounded by beautiful and very creative homes. We spent hours and walked miles on different days just enjoying each other's company and taking in the sights.

On Sunday, I traveled to east LA and spoke in a Hispanic church pastured by one of my disciples from Puerto Rico named Arnaldo. Had a great time sharing on the Fourth Wave and then spending time with friends afterwards. The Hispanic Church is such a blessing in America.

We visited many great restaurants and enjoyed the California cuisine. On our last evening together, we went down to Manhattan, Hermosa, and Redondo Beaches. The Redondo pier is a gorgeous walk. We ended up that night at an amazing Mexican restaurant called Panchos where the food and atmosphere were special.

At other times, we relaxed, read, and just enjoyed fellowship with our kids. On four different evenings, we got together with David, both in Winnetka and in Marina del Rey to bless and encourage him. All in all, we did well in splitting the time between our beloved sons.

I enjoyed reading a large work on Albert Einstein's life while in California. The theories of relativity that he came up with are fascinating to me, and I spent some hours trying to comprehend them. That is not an easy assignment. I also learned some things from Einstein's interesting and amazing life. Lord—show me what his ideas mean to my love and worship of You. You are the maker of it all.

The final Sunday I went on-line and found a nearby Foursquare Church to attend. In checking out the area, I learned that Marina del Rey is very spiritually barren—there is not one church in the small downtown area—just yoga places and occult shops and gathering points. Some bad principalities rule this area—but I prayed for Jesus to breakthrough. I also counted, during one walk, about fifty dogs and four children. This area seems to be very anti-family, spiritually confused, and consumed with materialism.

Despite that deficit, may our kids find that God's love is greater.

Tacoma, Washington

June 12, 2012 – 21,297 – 9,453

On June 10, I received my D.Min in Strategic Leadership from Faith Evangelical College and Seminary in Tacoma. Here is the blog that I posted about the special event:

I would like to applaud all the grads out there who reached their goal this year. Congratulations. Graduating from high school or university, no matter what the level, is a tremendous accomplishment.

I also had the privilege of graduating on Sunday night, June 10 in Tacoma, Washington by receiving my doctoral (D.Min) degree from Faith Evangelical Seminary. Thanks to all that sent notes and best wishes from around the world. They were special to me.

As I turned down Pacific Avenue in Tacoma on Sunday evening, many memories flooded my mind. It was exactly forty years ago this month that I traveled this *same street* thinking that my academic career was finished. Little did I know, at that early state of being Christ's follower, that "He will direct your paths."

I attended Pacific Lutheran University in the fall of 1971 on a full-ride academic-athletic scholarship. My father/doctor and mother/nurse were proud of me and were certain that I was destined to graduate with multiple degrees and go on to be "successful" in life.

Yet, in the fall of 1972, as I drove down Pacific Avenue on my way home-and away from university life, I thought I would never return. It wasn't simply that my freshman year was over. I had decided to quit school and never come back. At that point, God had given me a restlessness to find his plans for my life, and then decide about a vocation.

The following year I traveled to New Zealand where I was introduced to Youth With A Mission. A year later I completed a YWAM missions course in Germany that greatly affected the trajectory of my life. As I grew as a disciple, I came to believe that God had called me to missions, to pursuing revival in America, and that college was not needed.

He will direct your paths.

During the next three decades, I admit that I became somewhat "anti-education." Not that it wasn't important for *some*--for scientists, engineers, doctors, nurses, lawyers, etc. who needed the specialized training to work in their fields.

But during those younger years, I focused on the fact that Jesus Himself was not university trained--nor were any of his disciples. The power and authority that emanated from their lives, following his death and resurrection, was not learned in school--it was imparted to them through the power of the Holy Spirit. They went on to change the world. I decided I would take the same "biblical route" to success.

In fact, probably the most educated man in the New Testament, the Apostle Paul (who was also my middle name sake), had gone out of his way to say that pedigree or worldly credentials were not important. In Philippians 3 he states that though he had ample reason to put "confidence in the flesh" (due to his race, education, social standing and zeal), he counted those things as "rubbish" that he might gain Christ (Philippians 3: 4-11).

Paul had been confident that *He will direct your paths*. Turning away from all human credentials and notoriety, Saul of Tarsus made a greater positive influence on the world than any other man in history.

During my younger years, I committed to follow the same path. Don't need a degree. Don't need certificates on the wall. Just need Jesus and follow him whole-heartedly. Not a bad perspective. But it drove my parents nearly to despair.

It is amazing how family circumstances and generational differences impact our values and sense of what is important. My dad was raised during the Great Depression and his family was very poor. Until he graduated from high school, he lived in a house that did not have running water.

I later understood why my dad did not like to go camping. He had "roughed it" all his life. Camping was going back to poverty--even if it was self-imposed.

My generation came along and loved to camp. That's because we grew up in fancy homes where we lacked nothing. Camping was an "adventure" that a soft generation enjoyed. My dad hated it. There were too many bad memories.

My father was the first one in his family to graduate from college--then the first to become a doctor. God blessed his medical practice and made him a successful man. He attributed much of it to his education. To his generation, education was the ticket to prosperity and achievement.

Deep down he probably hated my decision to leave college and become an unpaid missionary. He never really said so--but there were plenty of hints: "When are you going to get a real job?" "Can you really support a family without an education and a regular paycheck?" "Wouldn't it be wiser to go back to school and finish your degree--just in case?"

About ten years into my missionary career, I was traveling through the Northwest and spoke at my folks' church. At this point, my parents still questioned my non-educated missionary

call. God blessed the message that morning and many people came forward to get right with God and dedicate their lives to him. I stayed near the altar praying with people for quite a long time.

When the people cleared out, dad approached me. I don't remember his exact words, but they were something like this: "I'm glad that you obeyed God and followed his plans for your life. You are doing what God called you to do. From this moment on, I will be your strongest supporter." We hugged and I thanked Him (and God in my heart). My dad had shown humility and changed his mind. He understood that:

He will direct your paths.

Another twenty-five years went by. During that time there was much self-education and learning--but no return to academia. In 2005, God nudged me. Through some friends, I became convinced that it might be advantageous to my ministry to complete the college degree that I had left behind decades before.

When some donors stepped forward to help pay for the education, I began commuting once a week to Northwest University in Kirkland, Washington to finish my BA. The university gave me credit for my one year of college, accepted my vast life experience, (including that I'd written four books), and together we plunged in.

It was a great experience. I am glad I waited. All that I had learned over the decades made me appreciate the atmosphere and not gaze at my professors like a dreamy-eyed wannabe. I had been around the block. I had succeeded at many things and failed at others. A life in missions had been a great "teacher"--and I could challenge myself, the other students, and my instructors with a wisdom that only comes over a lifetime.

(In fact, at one point in the course I challenged a faculty head to put more of a "Christian worldview" into the course because it seemed to be dabbling in secular humanism. He confessed that the module had been taken from Penn State and that my criticism was valid. He committed to keeping the biblical worldview at the center of what we were learning.)

It was special to receive my Bachelor of Arts in Organizational Management in the spring of 2006. I ate a little crow over that: the "anti-education" guy going back to college. Yes, that would be me. Hopefully, we get wiser and a little humble as we age. God had changed my mind, had purposes for my renewed education.

He will direct your paths.

Amazingly, he led me a year later to pursue a Masters degree in Strategic Leadership. I joined a wonderful cohort, mainly of pastors, and spent eighteen more

months cracking the books and writing papers--including a hundred-page thesis--and graduating summa cum laude in 2009.

After graduation, I turned my thesis into *The Fourth Wave: Taking Your Place in the New Era of Missions*. It is now being completed in Spanish, Chinese, and Mongolian, and is being used to draw many into God's tsunami of missions. I guess missions and education can go hand-in hand.

At that point, I thought I was finished. Then a friend invited me out to lunch with the president of Faith Evangelical Seminary in Tacoma, Washington. Over a meal, Dr. Michael Adams invited me to pursue a doctoral degree at the forty-year old institution. He also offered me a "deal I couldn't refuse." So, the anti-educational guy set out to complete a doctorate in Strategic Leadership. I completed it in May. My doctoral thesis will become another book.

He will direct your paths.

That is why I shed a few tears on Sunday evening as I turned down Pacific Avenue and prepared to receive the doctoral degree. Forty years earlier I had traveled the same street in discouragement, a sense of failure, and great uncertainty.

Now four decades later, I was getting my doctorate as a part of the fortieth graduating class of Faith Evangelical College and Seminary. My 92-year old dad was there--not smirking "I told you so," but with gratefulness to God. He nearly died twice during the past six months, and on one of those occasions, my fellow students helped to pray him through.

So as he sat in the front row (with friends and family), and after I knelt and received the doctorate hood, I got up, looked at my father and mouthed the words *Dad, this one's for you.*

The older you get, the humbler you should be. The more you know, the more you should understand how little you know. That is why these words ring out throughout the ages:

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and don't lean on your own understanding. In all your ways, acknowledge Him, and He will direct your paths (Proverbs 3:5, 6).

Now there are two doctors in the Boehme family. Who woulda thunk it? And what is true for me, is also true for you. Don't worry. Be teachable. Have faith in God.

He will direct your paths.

Port Orchard, Washington

June 18, 2012 – 21,303 – 9,447

I am very grateful to God for finishing my doctoral degree—and *on time* according to the word of the Lord. Years ago, He prompted me to attempt to finish my education before I was

fifty. As I got into the process, it appeared that would be an elusive goal—especially the money part. Then God opened the doors through Faith Seminary—and here I am.

Jason is talking about moving into the YWAM house and really stepping up to “take care” of Shirley and I during the coming years. Yesterday, I had a very nice Father’s Day with calls, calls, presents and visits from the kids. We also enjoyed a great time both with Shirley’s parents and my own. You never know when it will be the last.

We come to a new chapter in our lives. There are financial pressures due to the lingering Obama recession. I must pursue the publication of the new book. Will teaching opportunities open through Faith or another university? Will my YWAM responsibilities change soon?

In all these things, I place my eyes on You, Holy One. My life is yours. It has been so from the beginning and will be so to the end. Strengthen my faith, empower my prayers, and lead me into the next chapters of my numbered days on earth.

Seoul, South Korea & Hong Kong

July 18, 2012 – 21,333 – 9,417

I have been having a great time here in Asia where God is really moving. I love this part of the world—the people, the food, the sights and sounds, and their tremendous hunger for the Kingdom of God.

I flew through Seoul into Hong Kong on July 8, and my friend Vequi met me at the airport and helped us navigate the MTR (subway) to her apartment in the Gold Coast area. After a night’s rest, one of the Chinese translators of *The Fourth Wave*, a woman named “Sherry” from Shaman, China, accompanied me across the border into mainland China where we took a train up to Guangzhou.

It was good to be in this great city once again, the pastors’ seminar at which I spoke, was located in the same “above ground” church meeting place where I taught a year ago. Pastor Nissi welcomed me there and for the next three days I spoke over fifteen hours, challenging the Chinese Church to rise to their destiny in God.

The second day I was there I caught a bad chest cold which really wiped me out and made it increasingly difficult to speak. Ah—the tests of God related to my throat! I was staying in a little back room in the facility and resting between meetings. Some of the Chinese attendees brought me medicine and herbal products to try to help me. They were a great blessing.

God blessed the time, and I finished sharing my heart on July 12, and Sherry and I got on the train and made our way back to Hong Kong. I was really exhausted, and my throat was sore when we arrived at Ling Nan University, but I was grateful that God sustained me through my assignment in Guangzhou. I believe the Chinese leaders were greatly encouraged through our time. (A team of fourteen of them is coming to the Gateway Camp. Praise the Lord.)

The Gateway staff graciously arranged for me to have a private room in the same building where I stayed last year with Larry and Sodoo and Aldaraa. I crashed for the first day and tried to get well. God slowly brought me back to health through the five days at Ling Nan.

As usual, the Gateway Camp was outstanding under Dale's and Diego Servant's leadership. I SKYPED with them prior to the gathering and they had given me a significant role in the program. The meetings were all done in English and Mandarin.

On Saturday, I did my first workshop on living God's kingdom in the "Spheres of Life." Then Sunday evening, I gave my first plenary session on "Father, Make Us One"—a global call to unity. I felt a special anointing that night that carried me through my fatigue and lingering cold. God's presence continued upon me into the nighttime hours. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for this special renewal. Day by day I continued to get better.

On Monday I spoke to the entire group both morning and evening on God's Waves of Salvation and the Fourth Wave. In the morning session we had trouble with a new translator and had to pull her about half the way through the message. It was an awkward moment, but she handled it with grace (which was her name).

Dale came to me in the afternoon and said that I had offended some folks with some comments I had made from my new book (The River) comparing Jesus to Buddha and Mohammed. I said I would be glad to meet with them to discuss it, and I met them in the canteen later in the afternoon. One was one of Dale's board members, a guy named Steve, who was from England and was married to a Chinese woman.

The meeting began well, but when I mentioned my perceived difference in the European view of toleration of Islam and the America view, Steve went ballistic, bolted from the table, and threatened to leave the camp. Wow. I have never been in a situation like that when a Christian leader refused to dialogue about a touchy subject. I continued to talk to the others, and we ended our time with prayer and good understanding.

On the walk back to my room, I saw Dale and Steve seated in a courtyard with Dale trying to do damage control. I felt that I should linger in the area and hope for reconciliation, and after about fifteen minutes and a time of prayer, Steve came over and asked my forgiveness. We had a good chat and prayed together.

God used this to give me a heads up that I really need to carefully think through how I present the material in the new book. Some of it will be controversial. May God give me wisdom on how to be gracious as well as bold in sharing the truth. I know that he will lead me.

On the final day, I did an afternoon workshop on “How to get Involved in Missions” and then gave the concluding message to the Camp on “You Shall Receive Power.” God really blessed the time, and afterwards we had one of those rare worship moments and times of commissioning with high praise, exuberant dance, and a river of love and appreciation for the privilege of serving our wonderful King.

Afterwards, I signed many books (they all went), had many photos taken with new Chinese friends, and thankfully and wearily made it to bed near midnight. As always, it was my joy and privilege to call the Chinese and international teams gathered to radical commitment to Jesus and the completion of the Great Commission.

It is a wonderful life.

One treat on this trip was SKPING with Shirley every day for the first time. I think it was a great encouragement to both of us and I looked forward to it every day. Made me feel closer to the one I love. Shirley is such a great gift to my life.

While I was away, dad had to go to the hospital with chills, a high fever, low blood pressure and slight pneumonia. I wondered again if God was calling him home, but he rallied yet another time and came home after three days. The Gateway campers prayed for him—and yet another day he remains a blessing to us on earth.

I am in the air on my way to Mongolia. It will be good to be back. We have a small team right now ministering among the Reindeer people, and Chris Bayer, Larry Centeno, and Dale Kauffman will also be joining me on this trip. On the airplane, I sat next to a Mongol Christian who instantly recognized me and who was at the first Shonkhor camp in 1997. What a divine appointment! We are having a good chat.

It's back to Mongolia again. Lord Jesus, please use me to bless this nation.

Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

July 25, 2012 – 21,340 – 9,410

I am sitting on my bunk at the Shonkhor Camp while the earth is pelted with six inches or more of rain and hail outside my window. The campers just arrived here in this beautiful mountain area of Mongolia, and so did a summer deluge that is just pounding

the camp right now. Rivers of water are flowing everywhere. What a way to begin our first Camp Battulga.

It has been a great trip so far here in the land of Jesus Khan. I arrived about a week ago and Sodoo and Aldaraa met me at the airport. Spent a sleepless night in an unfurnished apartment and then went over to the Korean Prayer Center for the beginning of the Gateway Leaders Conference. About 70-80 youth leaders gathered there including Pastor Sasha from Kyrgistan and a group from Inner Mongolia, China.

I spoke on the “Fourth Wave” in the opening segment, and in the evening time, Dale Kauffman and his assistant, Aaron, arrived and Dale shared on “The Unshakable Kingdom.” This is an eager group and God blessed the first day of worship, prayer, and training. On the second day, Larry spoke on the importance of clarity in the Gospel message (repentance), and then Dale once again shared in the evening. They are operating a 24-hour prayer room here that is modeled after the one in Hong Kong.

On the final day Chris Bayer led a time of praying over each of the attendees, and they helped in a final commissioning time, praying over each group from every aimag (province) in Mongolia. I believe God blessed this strategic gathering and will use it to unite the nation in mission in coming years.

Because of the primitiveness of the housing, Larry and I moved to stay at the apartment of Sascha and Sanna who are missionaries in the nation. Sascha is German and connected with Word of life Church in Sweden. Their spacious apartment and two rooms were a real gift from God.

On Sunday, Dale shared his Unshakable Kingdom message in the 9am and 1 pm services at Living Word and I spoke on the Fourth Wave in the 11am service. God richly blessed the day. Had some good fellowship with Bold and others also—and a debriefing time with Dale before he left to minister in Kyrgyzstan. It was a blessing to bring him to Mongolia was the first time, and to link him with the brethren here for future missions.

Yesterday, Larry and I drove up to Shonkhor where the first Camp Battulga will be held. It was truly the hardest, bumpiest ride of my entire life. Because Mongolia has received a lot of rain this summer, the roads were nearly impassable with ruts, mud, and pools everywhere. Of course, they are really roads either—just winding dirt and gravel paths across the Mongolian steppe that they call roads.

We got stuck three times, the final one near midnight within one kilometer of the camp (after a harrowing 240-kilometer ride). We once again fell into bed late at night, but grateful to arrive safely at all. Praise the Lord.

And today finds me back at Shonkhor where it all began fifteen years ago. It looks much the same though the vegetation is beautifully green and littered with flowers this year. We brought our King's Kids team here in 1997 when the communists were still in control and we had to be very careful. There were no Christian kids—just a vision for sports evangelism.

Now here we are—a decade and a half later—with many Christian kids wanting to reach the next generation of Mongolians. We will have about two hundred at the camp from five different nations. And it's pouring down rain. May the spiritual showers follow.

July 29, 2012 – 21,344 – 9,406

We returned yesterday from Shonkhor—the fourth leg of the special events that were planned for this summer's missions trip. Like the others, it was a great time of God working in many lives.

The trip began on Tuesday when we left Ulaanbaatar in Sodoo's four-wheel drive. He told us that it was a 240-kilometer ride—but it ended up taking us nearly six hours because of the terrible roads, mud holes, streams, and swells. We got stuck in the mud three times—the last one only 1K from the camp. We arrived about midnight, got settled, and tried to get some shuteye.

Shankhor, Mongolia

Larry and I shared a cabin which was comfortable but cool the first few days. I'm glad I brought my fleece, or I might have been frozen. I went to the water early in the morning and it was probably 40 degrees outside with a stiff wind coming down the mountains which surround this beautiful Mongolian oasis. It's isolated but beautiful here. While we were waiting for the 200 kids to arrive by train and military truck, it poured down about six inches of rain and hail in about an hour!

The kids got settled in the afternoon, and then we all gathered in the main dining hall for a good first Mongolian dinner. Afterwards I spoke to the group on the importance of answering the biggest questions of life: Is there a God? And if there is, then how do I come into a right relationship with Him? The kids were attentive, and I believe it was a good set-up for what was to come.

We got up to another brisk morning without showers and after some preliminaries, spent a good part of the day in a very fun basketball tournament. I was the scorer. Our team also arrived early morning today. They had a good but grueling time with the Reindeer people.

In the evening we gathered for the first time in the old “Disco” building where the King’s Kings teams had ministered some 14-15 years ago. Brought back some good memories. Bold gave an excellent message on “Relationships” as most of the kids here are between 15 and 25. They listened very carefully, and in some presentations they gave the next day, they showered that they had really gotten the message.

On Friday, with beautiful weather, we held volleyball and soccer tournaments, and I was able to climb the mountain behind the property with our team and other Mongols. It was a beautiful view of Shonkhor and the Mongolian countryside—nearly breath-taking. We prayed God’s blessing over this nation.

In the evening, Larry gave a message on Evangelism, and at the end, many kids came forward to give their lives to Christ. It was a glorious moment. That is what we were here to share. Fifteen years ago, we could not speak openly of Christ. Now, because of his work, there is freedom to point Mongolian youth to the one who truly can give them hope. After the message, awards were given out and the evening ended in the wee hours of the morning with a campfire.

Saturday about noon we boarded the military trucks and took the 10 kilometer “Indian Jones” ride to the train station—then a four-hour trip back to UB. I was beat when we arrived back in town, but grateful for a successful camp.

Now we will finish off the trip with future planning and return home. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for a very successful summer blessing both the people of God in China and in Mongolia. No matter how old I get, I never tire of the privilege of the “call.” Thank you for loving and calling me...

August 1, 2012 – 21,347 – 9,403

We’ve on our way back to America in a few hours. This has been a great—but long trip. The last few days in UB have been a bit slower, but substantive.

Terelz, Mongolia

On Monday Bold and Sodoo and I traveled 34 miles east of UB to the Terelz resort area where I believe we have found the property that God wants us to use for Camp Battulga. It is a beautiful valley with flat grass lands, rocks, trees, and high-rocked lined mountains that would make a wonderful setting for a sports evangelism camp. The moment I set foot on it, something inside of me said “This is the place.”

The three of us were able to look around leisurely, pray, and agree on the idea that this camp should be dedicated to bringing kids to Christ through sports. Bold clearly shares this vision and will lead it. We need \$100,000 to buy the land (200 square meters), and essentially

that makes the entire valley ours. We also discussed building the housing using “containers” which would be fast as well as very weather resistant in this climate. I’m fascinated by the idea. Bold thinks we need fifty containers at about \$5,000 each.

Before we leave Mongolia today, we are taking the team out to the site to take pictures and pray. Lord Jesus—this vision is in your hands. Psalm 34 seems to be a Scripture that applies to this land. Show me whom to contact to raise up the funding and how to be faithful with follow your plans and desires. I am thrilled to have a piece of property that seems to fit. But only you can bring this vision into reality.

There is much to pray about as I go home:

- Possibly changing the timing of the fall YWAM banquet.
- Getting my new book published.
- Stabilizing the finances of YWAM PO and the Dullum House.
- Preparing for the Fourth Wave Mongolia 2013.
- Using the winter season to put all my messages on computer.
- **Beginning my first professorship at Faith Seminary (September) on Global Leadership.**

Port Orchard, Washington

August 27, 2012 - 21,373 - 9,377

It has been quite a week of discovery and spiritual warfare. I have been on an emotional roller coaster that has been very dark at times, but I’ve also felt the strengthening faith of God at vital moments.

Most of the test relates to the long-time use and financing of the YWAM House across the street. After getting back from Asia, and taking some down time with my family, I began pursuing some financing that would help us pay off the notes that are due December 31. In a letter to a friend, here is how I described what I learned:

“Things were going well until we ran into some recent snags. Our plan was to re-finance the YWAM house this summer when rates are at historic lows and pay off all the notes by December 31. I approached seven different banks looking for a corporate loan for YWAM. They told me it was not possible because **the federal government changed the rules** in the past two years. For businesses to be given loans, they must show a cash

flow of \$250,000 a year for the past three years. YWAM's gross is \$175,000 a year from 2010-2012."

"When that door closed, we looked into YWAM giving the house to the Boehme family now (which is the goal) and Shirley and I re-financing our home to pay off the personal notes. Amazingly, all seven banks told us that this was also not possible in 2012 because **the government changed the rules**. Because Shirley and I have "low" income and \$120,000 on our equity line, we did not meet the new formula. We were turned down, even though we would use the refinance to liquidate our own equity line debt."

"So, we tried one other approach. My parents were willing to co-sign a re-fi. They had done so when we built our house in 1989. They are not wealthy (they lost that status years ago because of my dad's trials and incarceration), but their home is debt-free, and they have some money in the bank and two pensions. We thought that the addition of their income and the collateral of three properties worth \$900,000, coupled with the rental income on the YWAM house (\$1500 a month), would be more than enough to borrow \$220,000. But again, we were turned down because of the new government rules. Co-signers no longer mean anything. Shirley and my income-to-debt ratio was still the sticking point."

"We had first approached Kitsap Bank where dad had lent and borrowed hundreds of thousands of dollars for over sixty years. They reluctantly said no. The new federal rules are well motivated to protect banks from bad loans, but they allow no flexibility. No loan. All the banks said the same thing. We were stunned. We learned that good credit, strong equity, and friendship and loyalty do not count anymore. It is all about income-to-debt ratio for the primary borrower. There is no longer any such thing as a "hometown bank." Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac control the landscape."

"A number of bankers told us that if we had come to them two years ago, they would have loaned us the money in a heart-beat. Neither my parents nor we have ever missed a payment, we have excellent credit, and the YWAM house has a rental stream that would more than take care of the loan. In fact, it would profit YWAM \$300-\$500 a month after servicing the loan. But that doesn't matter. The rules have changed."

"We find ourselves with only two options left: 1) Sell the house and lose the long-term asset for YWAM and the Boehme family, or 2) find someone to help finance it through private means."

And that is where we find ourselves today. Shirley and I have spent hours discussing the situation, praying to God, agonizing over the many ramifications involved, and also going through a time of yielding our lives and possessions again to the One who gave them to us. It has not been easy, and at times I have felt like Job. But we have put everything in His hands.

Lord Jesus, you gave us this house through Larry Dullum in 1994 and for seven years, it was a wonderful place of life and ministry. Then after we sold it to birth your work at Discovery Bay, you gave it back to us in 2009 and helped us make it into the beautiful place it is today, full of people and opportunity. Now, only you can help us to keep it, and only you can direct us to give it up.

You alone know the future and what is best for us. You have clearly showed me that now is the time *to get our financial house in order*. I commit to that goal with all my heart. Forgive me for laxness along the way. Some things are once again clear to me:

1. We need to personally get out of debt as quickly as possible. If you allow us to do that through a personal investor or a sale, I commit to pay off the remainder with dad's estate gift and then give up our equity line. No more charges on the slippery slope of debt.
2. I commit to monthly savings for the rest of my life. With the kids now moving into their own, we can begin to save as never before for the next twenty years.
3. We will pay off the car ASAP, and I am fully prepared to "work for life." Thanks for the opportunity to begin teaching at Faith Seminary. I ask you to open doors there that no man can shut.

Thank you that you are the God of my life and finances. Truly you have been faithful.

Richmond, Virginia & Washington, D.C.

September 30, 2012 – 21,407 – 9,343

I am in the air again which is often a good time to catch up on my Journal. I'm on my way to Richmond, Virginia via Dallas to participate in the 30th Anniversary Celebration of YWAM in that state, attend some meetings in Washington, D.C., and also speak in the Richmond DTS. It was a privilege to help start this ministry three decades ago and I am looking forward to the time with many friends. May God be greatly glorified.

Last week I performed my first "professorship" by teaching a *Leading for Global Impact* class at Faith Seminary. It took quite a bit of preparation, and was 15-20 hours in length, but I really enjoyed the students and felt that God truly blessed it. I look forward to training more world changers in the arena of university training. Thank you, Lord, for making it possible.

Other than that, it has not been an easy time as there are many burdens on my heart.

The pressure of funding and paying off the YWAM House has also been heavy on my heart as I pursued various loan options and then found out that the government has changed all the rules and we are no longer able to get a mortgage for it, or even for our own home (to pay for it). This was a stunning development that really threw me for a loop. Eventually, I talked with both The Ed & Sue Giaimo and Jack & Elaine Gaudette and both were willing to hold their notes longer—so that alleviated the immediate pressure. But the long term means of funding and paying off the home remains.

I met with a few board members yesterday who gave me much encouragement that God had given us an answer in the note extensions and that we should continue to pray and seek his will. Shirley and I are both willing to sell (to get out of debt) or keep the home as an asset. Lord Jesus—we so desperately need your guidance in this matter.

The other huge weight is the looming presidential elections. Frankly, I am stunned that, at least according to the mainstream news, President Obama appears to have the edge at this moment and that so far, Mitt Romney has not been able to mount much of a charge. It's almost impossible to understand why the American populace could support Barack Obama.

An amazing spirit of deception seems to have descended on this nation. We have eyes but we don't see. We have ears, but they don't hear. Yet, forty days of prayer have begun for the land and I am hopeful that God will hear and bring many righteous into office as a result.

There are many other pressures such as our annual YWAM banquet, the difficult economy, and even another bout with my throat that I am experiencing right now. But I must trust God with both big and small because He is the Victor and he is our Lord and King.

Now to uplift some more intercession:

Lord Jesus—I choose to “not fear” what lies ahead. Help me to be faithful, prayerful, and being an obedient servant to all that you want me to do. Use me in Virginia and Washington, D.C. this week. Heal my raw throat and give me your words for the situations I encounter.

God of miracles—come down in our family, ministry, and nation and do great things that will bring honor and joy to your heart.

October 8, 2012 – 21,415 – 9,335

I am back to the easiest place for me to write and collect my thoughts in an airplane at 30,000 feet. I'm on my way home from a very successful trip to the east coast and I'm grateful to God, as is often the case, that he ordered my steps and allowed me to accomplish all that He gave me to do. Praise his wonderful name!

Here are the highlights:

Had a good week teaching at the Richmond YWAM DTS. I enjoyed staying at eh Carlisle House near the campus and walking over every morning to “The Studio” for class. The students were typical Millennials—great hearts but with woefully uneducated brains—so I poured much into them and believe they can rise to be a blessing in this generation. Great kids—and I built many friendships.

One day Roger Hershberger and I traveled out to the old Rockcastle property and were able to take a tour with one of the nuns—both the Bellmead mansion and our old stomping grounds. The sister reminded us that Rockcastle housed 15,000 African American girls from 1895 to 1972. YWAM came in upon that legacy and used the property for seven years. Then we moved on and multiplied. It was both nostalgic and sad to walk throughout the now dilapidated structure—the Tower even fell a couple of years ago. But the Sisters have a steadfast desire to see it renewed and rebuilt one day, and I hope that happens for the glory of God.

On Friday night, I was privileged to be the main speaker at the first evening of the Celebration. I spoke out of Hebrews 11, 12 and 13, and encouraged the staff and friends (old and new) to appreciate the past era of “the honeymoon of faith,” learn from the middle stage of “marriage” (developing the Richmond ministries), and move with confidence into the “maturity” phase of future work. David Hamilton spoke the next evening and I believe God used the time to bless many. I enjoyed seeing many friends from the past. I am blessed to have been a part.

I also got up to Washington, D.C. twice—for the beginning of “The Summons” as well as prayer events and visiting “David’s Tent” and spending time with Jason Hershey on Saturday.

Selah Inn, Washington

October 16, 2012 – 21,423 – 9,327

Shirley and I enjoyed 36 years of married love on October 12-13, going out to our favorite “local place” (Selah Inn) for a very nice weekend together. I am so grateful for Shirley in my life. She is such a wonderful gift from God, and a person from whom I have learned much about the unconditional love of the Savior.

Now we are diving into the YWAM Banquet—which I hope will be my last. I am essentially doing it on my own and it has been difficult. This is a hard economy and American families seem harried and pressed. I have decided to just do my best and leave the results in God’s hands. This also may be the last banquet I ever do. Father – please guide me.

November 3, 2012 – 21,441 – 9,309

We did have a wonderful YWAM Banquet on Friday night, October 26 for about 280 guests. I put most of it together myself this year. Thank you, Father, for your faithfulness. Here are the highlights:

- The three stories were excellent with Mary McQueen really giving a fitting finale.
- Desserts were excellent by Diane Kelley and very reasonable this year.
- Stars and Stripes practically brought down the house. They were very uplifting.
- Haka (from Mongolia) did a beautiful Mongol dance at the end.
- We concluded by singing “God Bless America”
- In cash and pledges, we raised about \$25,000 for the year. That is a blessing during these difficult financial times.

Discovery Bay, Washington

The next week I drove up to Discovery Bay to speak for the week at the DTS, Good time there, and grateful to God for the missions center he has birthed. This year’s recruits will be going to China and Mongolia. Praise the Lord. This will be a long stretch of teaching for me, and my throat is bothering me some, but as always, I will trust in the God who made my tongue and throat who is gracious and sovereign over all things.

Tyler, Texas

November 17, 2012 – 21,415 – 9,296

I am flying home from Puerto Rico after two memorable weeks on the road. It has been about **six weeks of speaking for me that has been a test for my throat (I have some recurring pain that they can’t figure out). But I did it through God’s grace and I am very grateful.**

The first week in Texas was good—a DTS with about thirty students. I am once again developing a good relationship with the Tyler base and thank God for this renewal.

The only painful episode in the week was being there for the 2006 election result which saw a stunning defeat for Mitt Romney and the re-election of Barack Obama. I will paste in below the agonizing blog that I wrote which summarizes my feelings. It was a sad day for America and certainly accelerates our nation demise.

Election 2012: The Hard Truth

Sometimes your kids break your heart with the wrong choices they make. Sometimes you even surprise yourself with wrong decisions or poor judgment.

Occasionally, nations and civilizations shock the unbiased observers of history by poorly choosing their leaders and future.

On November 6, 2012, America, as a nation, chose poorly in the U.S. presidential election. We chose a course of judgment over moral and economic renewal, self-interest over self-sacrifice.

Maybe God chose as well. Possibly Hurricane Sandy wasn't just a "sign," but rather a divine pronouncement that we must reap what we have sown. Let's talk about the hard truth of November 6, 2012

I must admit that I was stunned by the re-election of President Barack Obama. I watched the election results from a friend's home in Texas where the people of the Lone Star State did their part to point the nation back to God and national sanity.

But as the nation-wide results rolled in across the television screen, my hosts and I watched in quiet disbelief. In state after state, the incumbent president piled up enough wins so that by 10:30 pm Central time, the race had been decided. Barack Obama would be given another four years.

I spent a sleepless night praying, pondering, and tossing in bed. In the morning, I had a speaking engagement where I opened the proceedings in tears--agonizing over the choice the American people had made just twelve hours before.

Today, the political analysis is beginning. The first article I read by [a conservative leader indicated](#) that Mitt Romney was not the right candidate, did not run the right campaign, and that we had better return to standing behind solid-credential conservatives to have a prayer of winning elections. I don't buy it. Mitt Romney was a good candidate. The problem is bigger than that.

Another analysis chronicled the media spin in the campaign that may have given Barack Obama the narrow victory he achieved. It's a well-researched re-cap of [media bias](#). There's some truth there--but not the hard truth.

Then others began to explain why many of us thought that Mitt Romney would win. This analysis contained Monday-morning quarterbacking about the 19% youth vote, 13% black vote, and 10% Hispanic vote that propelled the president to victory. Many seers thought these groups would not turn out in 2012.

They were wrong. I was wrong. The president and his advisors did a very good job of dividing the nation, distorting the truth and turning out their constituents. I said many years ago that secularists are much better liars than faith-based people because their morality allows it. Ours doesn't. But none of this analysis really describes why Barack Obama won re-election.

The person that came closest to the hard truth was Fox commentator **Bill O'Reilly who said during last night's election coverage that "America had changed." That we were no longer the center-right nation that we have been for over two hundred years.**

That is why I believe this was not just a lost election. It was more of an indicator of a lost culture that *has* changed and is no longer worthy of the blessings of Almighty God.

November 6, 2012 may be simply a harbinger of things to come, because, more than anything else, it lays a new foundation beneath the American nation. A godless one.

You say, "How could that be?" "How could one election be anything more than just a lost battle that can be re-fought four years from now?" Because nations do reach dangerous tipping points. Three different situations stand out to me as historical witnesses:

Jeremiah and the Babylonian captivity

Israel's biblical history is replete with the ups and downs of the Jewish nation--in this case, the southern kingdom of Judah. The nation would have good kings-like David--and then bad ones such as Rehoboam. Godly leaders would rise such as Asa, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah, but after their times of renewal, the nation would slide back into evil.

This cycle went on for four hundred years until a boy (Josiah) and a young man (Jeremiah) concurrently participated in a season of revival in the southern kingdom of Judah. You can read the story in 2 Chronicles 34.

But after Josiah died, Jeremiah admonished his nation for twenty more years to not return to sinful disobedience against God. He preached there were four sins of a falling nation that would bring God's justice: 1) Idolatry--putting other things in God's place, 2) Perverted religion--dumbing down the true worship.3) Dull consciences--an avalanche of personal sins and vices, and 4) Human injustice--the end result of a society that forgets God's ways.

Unfortunately for Jeremiah, his ministry wasn't just a bleep between revivals. Near the end of his life, he realized that the nation had become so bad that a *terminal* judgement was

coming. They would not live to fight another day. Babylon swooped in--Judah was destroyed--and Jeremiah died in captivity in Egypt.

Jesus and the Fall of Jerusalem

One day around 33 A.D. Jesus and his disciples were walking by the exquisite temple grounds in Jerusalem and his followers commented on how beautiful and seemingly permanent the buildings were. Jesus sadly replied, "Truly I say to you there will not be left here one stone upon another that will not be thrown down" (Matthew 24:2).

Forty years later, the Roman general Titus destroyed Jerusalem and its famous temple. It took nineteen hundred years for the Jewish people to return to the land--on May 14, 1948. The temple has never been rebuilt. A mosque sits on the site that was so admired by Jesus' disciples.

Augustine and the Collapse of Rome

The Roman Republic and Empire lasted nearly one thousand years and certainly seemed a secure civilization until it became overloaded with debt, promoted a life of leisure and amusements, and enslaved half its population.

In the fourth and fifth centuries, raiding barbarians from the north descended to chip away at Rome's tranquility. In 476, the Visigoths sacked Rome and plunged the known world into the Dark Ages.

When the Vandals penetrated North Africa in 430 A.D., the great Latin father Augustine was hoping to meet them. But when they arrived at his house in Hippo, he was already dead. Rome would never rise again. That brings us to America in the early part of the 21st century.

There is no question that the United States of America is a God-blessed and exceptional nation. **Here's what makes the U.S. unique to history:**

- It began in spiritual awakening and a movement of biblical liberty. No other nation except Israel had such a God-ordained start.
- Its government and laws were based on biblical ideas--not perfectly--but more consciously and profoundly than any other nation in history.
- It became a beacon of human freedom to the nations of the earth, and millions came to its shores in search of personal freedom.
- It rose to greatness in government, education, business, and philanthropy. In the 20th century it liberated Europe and stood down the Soviet Union.

- Its free economy produced the greatest wealth the world had ever known.
- For over one hundred years, it has been the beacon of missionary advance around the world.

But during the latter part of the 20th century, America lost its way. The Bible was removed from the schools, a youth rebellion challenged many areas of faith, morality and family life, the church began to shrink in influence and charity, and big government began to grow to fill the void.

Yet, until the 1960s, America espoused--whether they elected Republicans or Democrats--a Judeo-Christian view of life, and every president we voted into office professed faith. Every president said he believed in marriage, morality, and was committed to freedom. Never perfectly or completely---but the righteous foundations stood.

By the time Barack Obama became an historic president in 2008, the drift toward secularism was growing. President Obama was elected as a man of faith, but he governed as a secular man including his signature issue, Obamacare--a massive bureaucratic take-over of one-sixth of the American economy.

After a few years of his Administration, it was apparent where Barack Obama wanted: to take America toward godless, European socialism. The only hope for America was renewal of the church, repentance, prayer, and a change of leadership in 2012 that might help direct America back to its original faith moorings. Americans began to pray.

I participated in some of those prayer times as did many of you. We sought God with all our hearts and asked for his mercy upon our backslidden country. Even the aged, Reverend Billy Graham took out newspaper adds to encourage Americans to return to biblical faith. But North Carolina, his home state, just barely voted the biblical line. Many others did not.

Instead, Hurricane Sandy hit the eastern seaboard. Barack Obama saw his poll numbers prop up with a trip to New Jersey and an arm-in-arm photo op with Republican governor Chris Christy. At the time, we didn't know that the "October Surprise" was actually an act of God.

Here is the hard truth: *Last night, secularism triumphed in America. A biblically-hostile political party and president won over the American public and altered the American foundation.* Obamacare will not be repealed. An avalanche of sin remains in personal and public life. We are staring at sixteen trillion dollars of debt with no will to deal with it. The people like "stuff" from the government. The 47% have become the 51%. That is a majority. I don't think this was just another election. I think America as we have known it may have crossed a tipping point.

God still yearns for our return to Him--but for the moment, he is allowing us to choose our own fate. We have chosen poorly. There will be just, but devastating consequences. But we must not give up.

I just took a long walk and enjoyed a beautiful, red Texas sunset. Sunsets can indicate the end of a day. Or, as they say, "Red sky at night, sailor's delight." That means that sunsets can also be signs of great days to come.

[During this walk, God also spoke clearly to me that we needed to sell our home at 6830 Arlington Place and move across the street into the YWAM House to build an "ark" for the future.]

The hard truth is that *America has changed*, and it could be fatal. However, another possibility is that our greatest days of revival might be just ahead--albeit, through judgment.

Right now. We have lost this nation. A trusted friend of mine believes that America's demise--and a corresponding global economic collapse--could bring one hundred years of pain and suffering to the world. It could also prompt cries for a world government. But do not lose your courage. The worst days AND the best days lie ahead.

Jesus said, "I have said these things to you that in me you might have peace. In the world, you will have tribulation. But take heart; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33).

Let's accept the hard truth and re-commit to advance God's kingdom in our nations and world. No matter what happens, our clear and triumphant marching orders remain: "Occupy until I come" (Matthew 19:13). Let's do it with renewed passion.

Juncos, Puerto Rico

Then I flew on to Puerto Rico for my annual visit. There are some big changes there as the staff has challenged Yarley's leadership style causing her to take a year's sabbatical and putting the future of the ministry in jeopardy. Dean Harvey and I had dinner with Yarley and Lisette on Friday and Yarley cried voluminally as she shared the painful story. Many couples are leaving the base and it is very sad—and could have been avoidable if it had been handled in a more mature way. YWAM PR has been such a fruitful base for decades. I pray that God would truly lead them to preserve the fruit and increase it in the future.

I did have a very special week with the students—small school of only twelve—but we really hit it off and God really moved in their lives—especially the afternoon that I spoke on "The Secret of Happiness." Toward the end of the week, I was meeting with them in groups daily and really getting close. They are a special group of "new disciples." I am proud of them.

Now it is home for the holidays, facing a few family crises, and making some big housing and financial decisions because of the Obama victory and what it means negatively for America. Lord – I pray for your wise and sure guidance as we work with our kids and these very important decisions. You are the faithful God who says: “Do not fear—just believe.” That is the commitment of my heart.

Port Orchard, Washington

December 12, 2012 – 21,440 – 9,271

It is wonderful to be home for a wonderful Thanksgiving and Christmas season with both of our parents well. Thanksgiving was a great time to gather as a family and thank God for his incredible blessings in our lives. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for all you have given us.

The remainder of the past few weeks has been “steeling” the decision to sell our home—the house in which we raised our family—and move into the YWAM House which we believe will be a “House of Refuge and Rescue” in the future. We have certainly had our share of tears and nostalgia but know in our hearts this is the right decision to downsize, get out of debt, and set up our family for the future.

We have begun to get out the word, dream about the improvements to the new place, and get ready to make the move (Lord-willing) by April 1.

Lord, to do that we need the *right family* who can hear about the home, fall in love with it, have the means to buy it, and then enjoy it as much as we have for the past 23 years. A chapter is ending and a new one is beginning.

But that is the reality of life. It is one book, with many chapters, all written by the Holy One who weaves his tapestry of destiny into our lives. I am excited about the next phase and want to be obedient to the Master. Lead us forward in your will, our Lord and King.

December 31, 2012 – 21,459 – 9,252

Another year on the human calendar has come to an end. I am grateful for the fifty-nine years of life that God has given and look forward to his closeness and direction in 2013.

The past few holiday weeks have been good. Ryan flew up from Arizona for Christmas week and Nathan drove up with Basel and Josie. David got here late on Christmas Eve after the rest of us worshiped at Life Church—enjoying Jason on the drums. It was a modern but very meaningful service.

Christmas Day really turned into an encouraging day as both of our parents made it (dad was in the hospital last year) and we shared quality time with each of our kids. Much love was evident from everyone. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for your love that conquers all.

This year will now begin a new chapter in our lives—Lord-willing—in a new home across the street. In some ways I look at it like I did 1989—the year we built our house. That was a time of “sacrifice” to set up our family for the future. I modified ministry, worked on the house myself, we lived in small quarters, and God used all of that to allow us to establish a home in Port Orchard.

That chapter now gives way to the next one—and I am willing to do anything this year to continue to move in God’s will.

Lead us, our Wonderful Savior and Lord. May your Kingdom come and may your will be done on earth, and in every area of our lives.